Jan 1937 Out 45-46, 95-98
Feb 1937 No Cuts
Mar 1937 No Cuts pub A. C. Lyman Jr., date Frances Farmer
Apr 1937 No Cuts
May 1937 No Cuts C3 Norman Rockwell Beechnut ad
Jun 1937 No Cuts
Jul 1937 No Cuts
Aug 1937 No Cuts
Sep 1937 No Cuts
PHOTOPLAY

ROBERT TAYLOR'S True Love Story
MADAME SYLVIA'S Diet For Glamor
Paris or Penang, Capetown or Cairo... in 75 lands where women count the days to Christmas...they're jotting down on their wishing lists..."fragrance Gemey." For fragrance Gemey is so gay and young and joyous it has won its way wherever there is music and moonlight, wherever hearts and dreams are young. And what could be a lovelier gift than this exquisite essence, expressed in perfume and powders, in compacts and cologne, presented by Richard Hudnut at the perfume counter round your corner (priced from $1 to $15). You pay a lovely compliment to the name that tops your Christmas list when you ensemble her gift in this single thread of perfume...an international favorite, fragrance Gemey.

In crystal clear flacons...$2.50, $4.50 and $15. Special stocking-gift size...$1

RICHARD HUDNUT
"I gargle LISTERINE twice a day and have had fewer sore throats"
Says Florence Sundstrom

"It's slick for giving quick relief for sore throat"
Says Ronald Pierce

"I haven't had a cold in the three years I've been using LISTERINE"
Says Albert Herman

"I don't have sore throats like I used to"
Says Emma Wohlrab

Listerine gargle kills millions of germs associated with colds and sore throats

If you are a regular user of Listerine Antiseptic because you like the wonderful freshening effect, you've probably made this happy discovery: that you have fewer colds and sore throats—and milder ones—than you used to.

Such results are not at all surprising. Remember, that when Listerine Antiseptic is used as a gargle, it kills on throat and mouth surfaces, literally millions of the bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Even 4 hours after its use, tests have shown germ reductions in mouth rinsings ranging up to 64%.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic twice a day—at least during the winter months. See if your health is not better. At the same time note how much cleaner and fresher your mouth is—how much sweeter your breath.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
The Trustworthy Antiseptic
REUNION-IN LOVE-
BY REQUEST!
You asked for it and you'll be de-
lighted you did! They're together
again! Joan and Clark taking their
"Love On The Run"—kissing and
kidding their way from Mayfair
to the Mediterranean in a trans-
continental caravan of jollity!

Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
LOVE on the RUN
A W. S. VAN DYKE Production
with
FRANCHOT TONE
REGINALD OWEN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by
Joseph L. Mankiewicz
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES
RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, by James Montgomery Flagg

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BOOS and Bouquets

Photoplay awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. Photoplay reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

First Prize $15.00
The Winner!

1936 has seen a tremendous change in motion pictures—namely, the development of character rather than mere plot, or spiritual as well as physical adventure. When Hollywood can produce a picture of the scope and magnificence of "Anthony Adverse," the film industry has legitimate cause to rank its finest products with the best art, literature and music of all time. Anthony, at any rate, Fredric March's Anthony, is not just a hero with a little love affair—he is a man with a soul.

The picture (and fortunately it was selective, reducing the bulk of a large book to fine patterned essentials) made us unhappy, but we felt the better for our tears. Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, grave little Billy Mauch, what a delightful series of beautiful beings were there for our eyes to feast upon. And as for Mr. March, who is a great actor, his Anthony is a sincere, tragic, young figure. We shall remember him on the dark boat with the little child whispering questioningly "Anthony Adverse?" Here is a picture to comfort all the orphans of the world.

Miss Annette Trudeau,
Brockton, Mass.

Second Prize $10.00
News from India

I am a regular reader of Photoplay and think it is simply swell, or as we say in Hindustani, khub hai. It has occurred to me that maybe you and your readers would be interested to read what an Indian film fan thinks of recent American pictures. There are tens of thousands of us in this ancient land who never miss a single American film, so our opinion must also be heard.

"The Life of Louis Pasteur" is the greatest picture sent from America in 1936. There is only one word for Paul Muni's acting—perfect.

Bombay went simply mad about this picture. It has shown us almost for the first time that the screen is something greater than a mere form of cheap entertainment.

"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" was swell. Gary Cooper's forceful, quiet acting appeals to us. We love him, tux and all.

Isn't she cute? It's Polly Rowles, a Pittsburgh society girl who has just been signed by Universal. Her first appearance will be in their new film, "Love Letters of a Star.

We liked Cooper in "Desire," too, which was a sophisticated and fast-moving picture. Marlene was good, but for heaven's sake let her stop painting her eyebrows on her forehead. She looks simply awful in close-ups, when one can see the filled-in putty and grease paint.

Talking about the much boasted "Great Ziegfeld," now that the tumult and shouting is over, don't you think it was too long, and that the elaborate settings and Follies numbers left no scope for real acting? Anyway, Luise Rainer was delightful and "jizzily."

K. Ahmad Abbas,
Bombay, India

Third Prize $5.00
Freddie Is Fine As Is

The frantic efforts to prove that Freddie Bartholomew is not aissy are becoming slightly nauseating. After all, what matter? Because that child artist, and I mean artist, displays a gentleness and refinement so foreign to the average American child is no reason why one should not be able to read a single article in which his complete manliness is not stressed.

Who else but Freddie Bartholomew could have given such tenderness to "Little Lord Fauntleroy." He has given old world charm to all of his characterizations which have been a source of delight to many people. I have heard more than one person express the desire to possess a child of his calibre. After all, not every child is born with a "King Kong" complex. People love Freddie as he is. He should not be bothered with the importance of being a "tough guy." Should he adopt an American way of speaking, the American public would immediately lose interest in him. Let us hear no more of the "remaking" of Freddie Bartholomew.

Joel Kohler,

$1.00 Prize
The Whole Firmament

According to your system of rating, a star beside a picture's title indicates that it is one of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]
DORIS NOLAN
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF THE TOWN
THE HIGHEST PEAK IN GLORIOUS ENTERTAINMENT
Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!
LOOK WHO’S IN IT!

DORIS NOLAN
The new fan topic of the nation!

GEORGE MURPHY
Broadway’s greatest dancing star!

HUGH HERBERT
GEORGY RATOFF
HENRY ARMETTA
Filsdon’s top comics together for the first
time in one picture!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
Radio’s greatest songstress!

ELLA LOGAN
Internationally famous radio & night club star!

THE THREE SAILORS
They’re nuts to everybody!

PEGGY RYAN
Eleanor Powell’s protege and dancer supreme!

GERALD Q. SMITH
Where fun is—there he is!

JACK SMART
Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of
“My Man Godfrey”?

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL
BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS
“I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On”
“There Are No Two Ways About It”
“Blame It On The Rhumba”
“Fireman Save My Child”
“I’ve Got To be Kissed”
“Top Of The Town”
“Where are you?”

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the
greatest song hit team in pictures!

STORY AND SCREENPLAY
By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson,
Bob [Academy Prize Winner] Benchley and
Brown Holmes!

DIRECTOR
Walter Lang who gave you “Love Before
Breakfast”!

GOWNS AND SETS
By John Harkrider, illustrious Ziegfeld set and
wardrobe creator!

DANCES
By Gene Snyder, famous director of the New
York Music Hall Rockettes!

CHARLES R. ROGERS, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL’S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL
BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS
“I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On”
“There Are No Two Ways About It”
“Blame It On The Rhumba”
“Fireman Save My Child”
“I’ve Got To be Kissed”
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CHARLES R. ROGERS, Associate Producer

THE NEW UNIVERSAL’S GREATEST MUSICAL TRIUMPH!
ALL-AMERICAN CHUMP—M-G-M.
—This hilarious story is filled with comical situations. Stuart Erwin is a human adding machine who is thrust into a bridge tournament by a bumbling carnival group. A laugh a minute. (Nov.)

ALONG CAME LOVE—Paramount.—A story and amusing comedy with an unexpectedly dramatic climax, concerning a schoolgirl's (Irene Hervey) love for her ambitious classmate, boy friend (Charles Starrett). It is a story for a baby doctor. (Dec.)

A SON COMES HOME—Paramount.—A charming down-to-earth picture of justice triumphant over mother love. Mary Boland, switching from comedy, deserves superlatives for her convincing performance. Julie Haydon, Donald Woods and Wallace Ford are excellent too. A grand picture for everyone. (Oct.)

BACK TO NATURE—20th Century-Fox.—Another amusing episode in the Jones family with laughs and chuckles as the family go on a vacation in a trailer, with hard luck dogging their trail all the way. The cast is the same as the two previous ones. (Oct.)

BULLDOG EDITION—Republic.—A confusing melodrama of rival newspapers fighting a circulation war. Ray Walker is an enterprising manager; Evelyn Knapp the sob sister and Regis Toomey, the editor. Just average. (Nov.)

CAIN AND MABEL—Walters.—Clark Gable teamed with Marion Davies in a swash story, laughably produced. All the good parts are done by Zelma Davis, a prize fighter who are pressагент into romance. Timer music and a grand cast. You'll like this. (Oct.)

CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Walters.—A complicated and unsatisfactory version of 'The Black Cat' by Edgar Allan Poe, about a rich old man with an evil problem. Ricardo Cortez exceptionally good; Jane Travis, Craig Reynolds and the rest of the cast do well too. (Dec.)

CHINA CLIPPER—Walters.—Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander and Humphrey Bogart turn in strong performances in a story of the thrills and drama behind the launching of the famed plane. Beverly Roberts scores as Pat's wife. Stirring photography. (Oct.)

CRAG'S WIFE—Columbia.—The Paul Henreid picture depicting the rain womaned by a barge wife, superbly translated and acted by Rosalind Russell and John Boles. Jane Darwell and Billie Burke are excellent support. Gripping entertainment. (Nov.)

DANIEL BOONE—RKO Radio.—A vivid picture of the history of the early part of Kentucky and their struggles with the Indians. John Carradine and Joseph Sawyer portray George O'Brien outstanding as Boone, and Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel, too. (Dec.)

DODSWORTH—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Walker Hagen, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor are in Sigmund Lubin's story of a middle-aged wife fighting to retain her youth. Direction, photography and production are superb perfection. A must see. (Nov.)

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—RKO Radio.—The sequel in a cycle of stories portraying the evil of the parole system. (Nov.)

PICTURES REVIEWED
IN THE
SHADOW STAGE
THIS ISSUE

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Bruce Cabot does a Jekyll and Hyde in a model son by day and a criminal by night. Lewis Stone is good. You like it. (Nov.)

DRAEGERMAN COURAGE—Warner.—Vividly dramatizing the men who risk their lives in the depths of the earth to rescue entombed miners. Barton MacLane proves himself both a hero and a good actor. Jean Muir is his daughter. Entertaining with a punch. (Nov.)

EAST MEETS WEST—B-G.—George Arliss, brilliant as the potentate who upsets the diplomats of two countries, prevents revolution among his people and rescues his son from a world war. Clever dialogue and a splendid cast. (Dec.)

EMPTY SADDLES—Universal.—A superior type Western with Buck Jones buying a cattle ranch, turning it into a resort for dandies. The feud between cattle and sheep men furnishes the plot. Picturesque scenery. (Dec.)

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER—GB.—Trumped up situations and ridiculous dialogue tax one's credibility in this story of Constantine Bennett's attempt to help escaped English officer out of Germany. Oscar Homolka splendid as usual. Disappointing. (Nov.)

IS MAIDEN LANE—20th Century-Fox.—Abounding in robberies and murders this is draped around the information of how stolen jewels are recut for selling. Cesar Romero is a cool crook; Claire Trevor a detective. Lloyd Nolan, Lester Matthews and Robert McWade help keep it moving. (Dec.)

FOLLOW YOUR HEART—Republic.—Marion Talley, Michael Bartlett and the Hall Johnson Choir in a gorgeous song festival. The story concerns a family of show people whose daughter longs for a normal life. Lot of his tunes mixed with operatic. Worthwhile. (Oct.)

GOLD DORMITORY—20th Century-Fox.—A beautiful picture which introduces the sensational newcomer, Simone Simon, in a strong appealing story of a school girl's love for her teacher, Herbert Marshall. Ruth Chatterton is superb, Fine cast and able direction. (Oct.)

GRAND JURY—RKO Radio.—Not very interesting small town drama with Fred Stone as the neurotic old citizen determined to clean up the town. Romance blooms between Louise Latimer and Owen Davis, Jr.; with the latter taking all the honors. (Oct.)

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE—M-G-M.—Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor in an unusual and unhappy story, concerning a playboy scientist torn between his duty to his estranged natives and his love for a neurotic woman. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

"Accused" is Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s second venture as both producer and actor, With him is Dolores del Rio. Doesn't he look just like his father?
Come On, Everyone
THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

RING out the old... SWING in the new 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL

in
"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON... A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarbrough

Warner Bros.
THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in REUNION
*with* the year’s most important cast: JEAN HERSHEY, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA
in BANJO ON MY KNEE

WARNER BAXTER and JUNE LANG
in WHITE HUNTER
*with* Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE
*with* JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in STOWAWAY
*with* ROBERT YOUNG - ALICE FAYE
Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn.
Directed by William A. Seiter.

ONE IN A MILLION
*with* SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU, JEAN HERSHEY, NED SPARKS, DON AMECE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love.
Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
CLOSE UPS AND
LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

PROBABLY it is as good for editors as it is for actors to get away for awhile from Hollywood. As I write this I am speeding toward New York aboard the Union Pacific's Streamliner, quite the most amazing train in the world. When I left, Los Angeles (the climate show-off) was all blue sky and high temperatures. This morning I am riding through a snow storm. It's very exhilarating, such change, making me more ambitious.

| HOPE for better luck on my New York vacation than Clark Gable had. He went for three weeks and stayed three days. The reason he had to leave was because he couldn't keep the chambermaids out of his hotel room. Even if the crowds in the streets did knock over a taxi-cab in which he was riding, due to the crush they created in trying to grab a glimpse of him, he did eventually escape. But he couldn't get away from the chambermaids in his hotel. They bootlegged the keys to his room to one another so that America's favorite he-man could neither sleep nor take a bath.

I doubt that my fate will be the same. My rooms will undoubtedly stay as always, about as bustling as General Grant's Tomb.

| AM returning to New York with exactly twelve issues of Photoplay's editorship behind me. Do you remember that a year ago I gave you a pledge of a more vivid and exciting magazine? Do you notice in this issue the finer paper, the better printing, the expensive use of color? You, with your generous support, have made such costly expenditures possible and I do thank you.

CONCEAL it as I will, but Photoplay has a purpose. It wants to give you the true Hollywood, and to me the true Hollywood of today is not one of sensationism and cheapness but a glamorous community where art is thriving. I expect the self-styled intellectuals will hoot at me for this but I think that little town is becoming just as important in its way, and very similar to, Florence of the Fifteenth Century or London at the beginning of the Eighteenth. Like those cities, it is gay; it is debonair; it worships beauty; and it aspires constantly toward art.

THAT the best actors in the world are there is self-evident, but the actors are only a small part of it. There are the best producers, the finest directors, the cleverest designers, the most vivid writers, every and all trades from carpentry to sewing, all represented by experts. Hollywood is packed with people whom you have never heard of—but who each in his individual way, is raising the standard of pictures generally. Such a man is Boris Morros, head of Paramount's music department. Few people outside of the most inner Hollywood circles will even recognize his name and yet he probably knows as much about music as any man living today. He it was who was subtle enough to provide for Stokowski playing Bach and Benny
Goodman playing Bugle Call Rag one against another in the same film. A man with his sincere musical appreciation attracts to Hollywood the greatest of living composers and conductors, does it rationally without any frothings about higher principles.

Claudette Colbert went back to work before her fractured skull had completely healed. When she discovered that the drunken driver who crashed into the back of her car was unemployed, she dropped all charges against him. But she struggled to get back to work several days before she should have gone—and it wasn’t all heroism on her part. The first scene she had to play on her return was one of suffering and agony, and she figured her genuine illness might add a bit of realism.

In those hilarious scenes in the trout stream in “Libeled Lady” Bill Powell clowned around for hours in water so icy that his legs were numb from the shock of it. But he believed this very factor made his jumping about more hilarious, so he stuck it out.

While this artistic integrity is part of Hollywood, that’s only one section of it. There is the goof-muts side, too. Have you heard about that painting of Dick Barthelmess that the above mentioned Mr. Powell has, and how he and Ronnie Colman dab it up every time Dick is going to call, so that Dick looks worse and worse? Or do you know about that Christmas gift gag between W.S. Van Dyke and John Miljan, which made John deliver a horse, just ready for the glue factory, to Van last Christmas? Or the mad jokes that Carole Lombard pulls on Clark Gable?

There’s the side of Hollywood that means the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and Marion Davies’ clinic for crippled children and Joan Crawford’s endowment that pays a great specialist to take care of all patients she sends him as she discovers them in the extra ranks or among the prop boys or wherever she beholds sickness.

Oh, you could be in and of Hollywood twenty-four hours a day, as I am, and neither exhaust it nor know the half of it.

The swift excitement of previews, seeing a great one like “Come and Get It” registering the birth of a new star, Frances Farmer, or knowing disappointment over an effort that didn’t quite come off... Noting that live look in the eyes of those who are on the way up, like Bob Taylor, or realizing the poignant gallantry of a once great star who said recently at a party “I’m at Columbia—now,” pausing between the words to get a laugh, but knowing what hearing that laugh must have cost him.

And that very human side of Hollywood where a dancing star is in love with a nice actor who doesn’t know she adores him because he’s in love with another exquisite who much prefers a tall dark lad... or the charming star who said he loved good food and bad women... or a thoroughbred like Norma Shearer, facing her sorrow so bravely and whom I hope, and believe, will soon come back to the screen despite her announcement that she may retire.

This is the Hollywood Photoplay will continue to bring you. And this year, and hereafter, I pledge you—if you see it in Photoplay, it’s true.

Frances Farmer, the beautiful unknown, whose brilliant performance in “Come and Get It” marks her as one of the most talented girls in Hollywood, and raises her close to stardom
Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph
CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
"The PLAINSMAN"

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."
I am going to tell you a secret. It is a very big one, a very strange and inexplicable one—at least, that is what the newspapers and magazines call it, and they ought to know. That is what Robert Taylor calls it too—and he knows. So does a dark-eyed, slender Irish girl. So do I.

It is about the scar in the most secret place of Robert Taylor’s heart, and the wound beneath it that has not healed yet, so the newspapers say. It is about the wound in the heart of a dark-eyed Irish girl, and that wound has not healed yet—I know.

It is the love story of a young boy and a young girl who gave each other up. The boy rose out of his misfortune to become a famous motion picture star. The girl lost herself in the arid desert of another country, faithful to her conviction that her life was more necessary to another man.

I am not betraying a confidence in telling you this. There are many who know the story, but the time was not apt to reveal it. The other day in a theater I heard two women talking about Robert Taylor.

“He’s bigoted!” said one.

“Yes,” agreed the other, “he’s awfully self-centered and conceited!”

I thought then that the time had come to tell the true romance of Robert Taylor. To show him as we knew him in his college days as a sincere, likable young man. To solve the enigma that has been thrust upon him like the glamour and isolation that has been thrust upon Greta Garbo.

Perhaps it is good publicity to do these things. But have you seen Garbo in person? I did the other day. She was walking across the studio lot alone. Everybody was avoiding her, stepping out of her way. I saw her eyes. They were the sad eyes of a lonely woman.

That is something of what is happening to Robert Taylor.

Robert Taylor’s TRUE LOVE STORY

A magnificent future beckons him on, but he is not happy.

Out of his past a lovely face comes to haunt his dreams

By H. BRITTON LOGAN, JR.

Small, dainty, her body filled with the eagerness of youth, she was a delightful dancer. Does she remember the days when Bob was her favorite dance partner?
A FEW years ago—1932 to be exact—I was walking one evening through the corridors of Frary Hall, the great building that houses the men's dining room on the Pomona College campus. The new students were having a get-together dinner. The clink of dishes and hearty gusts of talk and laughter drifted through the doors. A waiter staggered through an exit into the corridor, a tray of dishes on his shoulder.

"Hi!" he greeted me. "Have you seen the new collar ad?"

I had not, but he did not have time to explain. The next day that phrase was shouted over the campus.

"Have you seen the new collar ad?"

Eventually I did. The phrase was apt, though it carried a sting like most barbaric college witticisms do. The collar ad was not Robert Taylor then, but a young boy of twenty-one, fresh from two years of college in the middle west, a little bewildered and considerably lost by his sudden notoriety.

He was S. Arlington Brough, which is pronounced "Brew," a name much too long to be said in one breath by college men. They quickly shortened it to "Home" Brough. After the "collar ad" had established himself as a regular fellow, he became mere "Doc" Brough because of his avowed intention to become a doctor.

You could nearly always find Doc by locating the brilliant yellow coupe he drove. Rarely was he more than two hundred feet from it. It was almost a part of him and he drove it with all the verve that he puts into his latest high-powered automobile. He walked with a verve, too, one hand in his trouser pocket, his coat tucked nattily back. His stride was swift and eager, taking him up steps two at a time and down them in jumps of three or four. On the level ground he went places fast.

The college girls—even men—would stop to watch him go by. He always looked as if he were fresh from the barber shop and the barber had forgotten to remove his stylish make-up, but he shaved him by some miracle in spite of the grease paint and rouge.

The girls would look at Doc once, and then a second time in order to figure out why their breaths were taken away. Having looked again, they never bothered to find out why. It was a sheer pleasure not to have any breath.

Doc was not insensible to his attraction. More than once he had cursed fate for giving him such a face. He was blessed when he was born with good common horse sense—the corn-fed sense you get in the middle west—and he never took advantage of his face to get by. He liked clean fun and a clean conscience.

THERE was the episode of the "Tavern." Neither on the campus at Pomona, nor in the city of Claremont, was there a place where the students could congregate to gossip and eat. A long time before Doc arrived at college, the Sage Hen filled that need, but the Sage Hen flew away on an expired lease, leaving a gap behind it.

Doc recognized the need for a gregarious institution. So did two other students, and between the three they cooked up the idea of the "Tavern." An old peewee golf course was going to be converted into an outdoor cafe. Tables would be set up in the broad areas where the green holes were, with beach umbrellas and comfortable chairs. There would be plenty of fountain drinks, sandwiches, and a frightful amount of gabbling.

Doc was slated to be the head waiter. He would attract all the girls. The two other students would be manager and cook. A striking, exotic brunette from Scripps girls' school, adjoining Pomona, would be the head-
CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1936

Each year Hollywood and the motion picture world watch for PHOTOPLAY'S Gold Medal Award. Once again you are invited to help select the winner!

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920  "HUMORESQUE"  1921
1922  "TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1923  "ROBIN HOOD"
1924  "THE COVERED WAGON"
1925  "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1926  "THE BIG PARADE"
1927  "BEAU GESTE"
1928  "7TH HEAVEN"
1929  "FOUR SONS"
1930  "DISRAELI"
1931  "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1932  "CIMARRON"
1933  "SMILIN' THROUGH"
1934  "LITTLE WOMEN"
1935  "THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET"  1936  "NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

Outstanding Pictures of 1936

Ah, Wilderness  M'Liss
Anthony Adverse  Modern Times
A Tale of Two Cities  Moon's Our Home, The
Big Broadcast of 1937, The  Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
Captain Blood  My Man Godfrey
Captain January  Nine Days a Queen
Charge of the Light Brigade, The  Petrified Forest, The
Come and Get It  Poor Little Rich Girl
Country Doctor, The  Poppy
Craig's Wife  Ramona
Devil Is a Slasy, The  Reunion
Dodsworth  Rhythm on the Range
Fury  Road to Glory, The
Gay Desperado, The  Romeo and Juliet
General Died at Dawn, The  Rose Marie
Girls' Dormitory  San Francisco
Ghost Goes West, The  Showboat
Gorgeous Hussy, The  Sins of Man
Great Ziegfeld, The  Story of Louis Pasteur, The
Green Pastures, The  Small Town Girl
Let's Sing Again  Swing Time
Libeled Lady  Theodora Goes Wild
Little Lord Fauntleroy  These Three
Magnificent Obsession  To Mary—With Love
Mary of Scotland  Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The
Milky Way, The  Under Two Flags

FOR the sixteenth time the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor, recognized as the highest reward in the world of motion pictures, is to be awarded. Voting in this award is now open.

As heretofore, the conferring of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal rests entirely with the readers of this magazine. Ever since 1920 PHOTOPLAY has awarded a gold medal to the screen production selected by its readers as the best motion picture of the year. A glance over the past fifteen awards indicates why PHOTOPLAY has such complete faith in the accuracy and soundness of its readers' judgment. The readers of this magazine have been unerring in choosing the best motion picture production of each twelve months.

Once again, PHOTOPLAY wishes to point out that the gold medal is awarded as an encouragement to the making of better pictures. Each year the medal has gone to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY readers, has come nearest to the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal is YOUR award of merit. Be sure to give us your judgment on the best picture of 1936. For your assistance in making a selection, a list of the outstanding photoplays of 1936 is presented on this page. You are not limited to films listed here, of course. You can vote for any photoplay released during 1936.

Another suggestion: vote as early as possible. Fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to The Gold Medal Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 122 E. 42nd Street, New York City.

Vote now! Here is your opportunity to encourage better pictures.

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHAININ BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY
In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1936.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME  ADDRESS

16
Who has a very good chance of having a Happy New Year. Although she had no previous stage experience when Paramount signed her last year, she is one of their most promising youngsters. Taught to sing by her mother, a well-known music coach, she trills for the first time in "College Holiday"
Generally considered Hollywood’s most beautiful girl, Virginia is certainly the most popular—with Jimmie Stewart currently in the lead in devotion. She plans to take a European vacation when she finishes “Women of Glamour” at Columbia. She is also in “Born to Dance,” Eleanor Powell’s new film.
—has just finished "Ready, Willing and Able," in which she has several big dance scenes. Completely unspoiled, Ruby doesn't really care about a career. All her thoughts are for husband Al Jolson, who is ill right now, and their little adopted son. Next comes golf—her score is in the middle eighties!
After completing "Beloved Enemy" for Sam Goldwyn, Merle sailed for London where she will appear once more under Korda's banner in "I, Claudius." Her team mate will be Charles Laughton, with whom she first impressed American audiences when she played Anne Boleyn in "Henry VIII".
THE soft breeze caressed the ship like a lover, for, although it was late September, southern California takes no account of seasons. It is always summer there. Somewhere in the distance the ship's orchestra played dreamy waltzes.

Inside one of the saloons a gay gathering was feverishly laughing, chatting, celebrating the wedding of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Wine and liquor flowed like water. Selkow has a more sumptuous repast been spread out on tables. Although neither of the principals was drinking, they were flushed with happiness.

On one table was piled a number of small boxes of wedding cake, the tops monogrammed "J. & D. P."

I roamed gaily about, my piece of wedding cake clutched tightly in my moistly predatory hand. Suddenly someone grabbed me by the sleeve and almost yanked me through an open window. "The cake!" a feminine voice kissed. "I've got to have a piece of that wedding cake."

"It's the only piece I have," I objected, "and there's barely enough to go round. Some people came who weren't asked."

"I'll give you five dollars for it," the girl insisted.

I looked at her. She was old enough to know better. I shook my head firmly, negatively. "I have to take it home and dream on it," I explained gently.

"Ten dollars!" she said obstinately. "I've got to have it. She's the only star I care about. Oh, please!" I detected tears in her eyes. Dripping with the milk of human kindness—and champagne—I shoved the box in her hand and fled, almost knocking Joan over.

"Isn't life wonderful?" she philosophized jubilantly.

I nodded gloomily.

Near the door a fat, dark, dumpy woman was trying to force her way in. One of the guards stationed there caught her just in time. "I'm back again!" the woman announced blithely. The guard looked grim but said nothing.

"Can we raid the tables pretty soon?" the woman asked.

"All ashore that's going ashore!" a voice sounded. I hurriedly kissed Joan goodbye and shook hands with Dick. "Happy?" I smiled. "It's all too wonderful," Dick grinned.

I nodded once more and went home. Instead of dreaming blissful dreams on a wedding cake, I had a nightmare on nothing—a nightmare in which girls snatched wedding cakes out of my hands and older women went about determinedly raiding tables while Joan and Dick floated airily about, chanting, "Isn't life wonderful?"

NEXT day things had quieted down. The honeymooners had collected themselves and were proudly disporting bits of their new trousseaux. Their fellow passengers were polite, friendly, but, sensing that they wanted to be by themselves, let them alone for the most part.

The second night out they stood on the forward deck, their arms unashamedly about each other. Flying fishes leaped about the ship, their fins refracting the silver moonlight. The moonbeams seemed to make a ladder of dreams across the water. The soft velvet sky above them—the stars so close it seemed they could almost reach up and touch them.

"Isn't life beautiful?" Joan sighed.

Dick nodded, too happy to speak.

Day followed day like that. Dick played deck tennis and Joan found time to read "Gone With the Wind. "I read the last hundred pages as we were going through the canal," she told me afterwards. "Just as I finished the last page I looked up and we were through the last lock. I've got to make the trip over again so I can see what the locks are like."

One morning about seven-thirty they docked at Havana. Thousands of people stood on the dock cheering them. A band played "Happiness Ahead!" and "I'll String Along With You. " Some friends met them and took them about the town. People cheered them wherever they appeared but no one bothered them.

The love birds, Joan and Dick, returning to Hollywood weary but happy and very much wiser

They went to New York for fun and kisses and all they got—well read

By S. R. Mook
OUT on the 20th Century-Fox lot, at the moment, they are pondering on whether they have a million dollar investment or a million dollar headache. The problem child in question is Mlle. Simone Simon, whose name 20th Century has spent a lot of money making famous, and which they sincerely hope will shortly be pronounced "Success."

Simone Simon was born under the sign of Taurus the Bull, on April 23rd, the year the World War broke out. To save wear and tear on your fingers, she'll be twenty-three come April. And in its own way a film war practically broke out when Simone stepped on the Fox lot. She was, to begin with, that organization's major attempt to create a Star. They went at it in a great big way.

Taurus, no doubt, resents some of those press-agent yarns sent out about her. In spite of having spent her childhood in such romantic places as Madagascar, Budapest, Berlin and Paris, Simone's brief career has actually been about as colorful as a Topeka time-table, and so she has wisely swathed it in the mystery of her vast silence on the subject. In sheer desperation the press agents pepped it up and began writing tales of a "tender savage" who roamed the Madagascar woods with two pet leopards.

Feeling somewhat lonely and orphanish, Simone first arrived at the 20th Century-Fox studios on her birthday. She was delighted to discover that the day had been given over to feasting and festivity.

"It's a birthday celebration," somebody explained. Simone was very flattered. "For Shirley Temple," continued her informant.

Simone was struck by this coincidence. Being born on the same day as the most popular star in pictures gave her a pleasant sense of kinship, for Simone is a confirmed believer in Destiny.

Simone Simon decided, then and there, she wanted to meet Shirley. She was taken to a stage where the little girl was rehearsing.

Simone was impressed. This child had all the natural charm and the conscious talent of a grown-up actress. Oddly enough, she saw a resemblance between them. Above all, Shirley was spontaneous—everything she did seemed done on the spur of the moment, without effort.

Well, if Simone's star was in the ascendency, she had better make the most of it.

The studio decided to put her in "Under Two Flags," playing the gaminish rôle of Cigarette. She was ideal for the job. Simone could look as innocent as a baby when a Legionnaire got fresh, and as experienced as a courtesan if he didn't pay his cafe bill. She was Cigarette all over again.

It would seem that the weaving of the Fates had indeed tricked out a lucky design. The studio was lacking in big name stars, the
gates were wide open, and here was a made-to-order part.

But the opportunity was muffled. Whether the studio got cold feet or Simone's astonishing outbursts of temperament were to blame, nobody quite knows. Claudette Colbert was wooed with a huge offer and she played the rôle.

And those who were trying to build Simone into a star shivered at this bad omen. The girl with the French name was indeed difficult. Simone Simon—difficult to pronounce and difficult to handle.

Simone Simon—pronounced Temperament!

But the girl herself has a different account of it all.

"I am not temperamental," she says stoutly.

"I merely change my mind. I am always like that, and I cannot help myself."

Misunderstandings seemed to crop up like deadly mushrooms. For one thing, Simone did not trust herself to speak English, and she went around the lot with a studio escort who acted as interpreter. It was a wise move, but our mischievous little Simone couldn't restrain herself from having some fun out of the situation. At a press gathering she pretended a vast ignorance of what was being said to her and answered in halting, mangled English, giving all the wrong answers. She gave the press a fine ribbing, but it backfired when those sympathizing gentlemen discovered she spoke English without any trouble. They immediately began to suspect everything about her.

Her reputation as a problem child grew apace as stories about her temperament on the set leaked out.

Hollywood chuckled over one of these yarns. Simone, it was reported, had summoned the producer to settle a dispute with the director.

"He called me a liar!" she charged hotly.

"Is that all I called you? Well, now I'm going to say what I really think," he declared, and lived up to his word.

That little episode is amusing, if true, but it didn't settle the question of temperament. Come to think of it, who was being the most temperamental in that scene?

So we have to probe a bit deeper for the truth about Simone.

She was an only child, and a lonely one. Moving from place to place, she had no chance to find herself. She can remember going to eleven different schools. Lacking permanent friendships, she had to entertain herself in a world of her own imagination.

"My mother did not know what to do with me," she said.

"I was so shy I would not talk to people; I would hide in corners by myself. I was like an animal in the woods, wanting to run from everyone, yet wanting to come close, too, and see if they meant harm."

There you have an explanation which clears up the picture of Simone considerably. No wonder her actions may seem odd at times! At twenty-two she hasn't outgrown that lonely, unnatural childhood.

"Sometimes when I see a lot of people standing around the cameras, staring at me, I become frightened," she said.

"It is like the child who wanted to run from people, not like me. I try to will myself to go ahead with the scene, but I get scared inside. So if I do the wrong thing then, people say I am temperamental."

Simone, in her teens, simply willed herself out of her shell. Some give the credit to Tourjansky, who had fled from Moscow where he was one of the principal figures in the Art Theater. He was directing pictures in Paris when he saw her and arranged a film test. Simone, at all events, made up her mind to quit her make-believe world for one of realities. Tourjansky appeared out of a clear sky, singing her from among a group taking coffee on the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix.

Her roles in French films became more and more important. Teamed with Jean Aumont, she made a sensation in Vicki Baum's "Martin's Summer." When 20th Century-Fox signed her she was a sensational success on the Continent.

But in Hollywood she was a nobody. She couldn't understand this sudden transition, and quite naturally she rebelled.

After "Girl's Dormitory" she was in a position to take her revenge, if revenge was what she wanted. Actually she just had a little fun out of the situation.

Before this film was released she sat home night after night, forgotten and ignored. After Hollywood read the raves about this new French actress, who had been given billing over such outstanding stars as Herbert...
The most startling CONFESSION any star ever made

HOLLYWOOD, as a general rule, doesn't "tell tales out of school." This story, therefore, is an exception, for in it a man bares his soul and talks, with uncompromising, sometimes painful, honesty, about a weakness which nearly wrecked, not only his professional career, but his entire life.

The man is Lee Tracy, one of the finest actors who ever stepped before a camera. The weakness is—or rather was—intemperance.

One day, a few months ago, I was a guest on Lee Tracy's schooner-rigged yacht, the Adoree. We were fishing for albacore and tuna off the coast of Anacapa Island, and one of our party, a fellow guest, was drinking far too much for his own good. But he drank covertly, dodging in and out of his stateroom, trying to make sure that Lee Tracy did not see the bottle.

"Got to hide it from Tracy," he explained with maudlin cunning. "He can't leave it alone and he can't take it."

Lee, at the time, was at the wheel, but he could look down the companionway into the yacht's main cabin. And, as the inebriate's efforts grew more and more clumsy, I saw Tracy smile—understandingly and, I thought, bitterly.

"He needn't go to all that trouble," he said. "I'm on the wagon—for good. I've been kidding myself for years but I can't kid myself any longer. Liquor's got me whipped and I know it. I've quit—and every time I see a drink, I stop and tell myself, 'Tracy, you're not afraid of anything else on earth—but you've got to be afraid of whiskey. It's got you licked! You've got to run!'"

And then, as he held the pitching schooner into the white-capped waves, he told me this story:

"I was just a kid—only eighteen—when I started drinking. I think I started as much out of stubbornness as for any other reason. I've always been stubborn; whenever people tell me 'you must not,' I always bristle and tell myself, 'none of that must not business; I'll find out for myself.'"

"In Saint Louis, where I was born, there was a saloon in every block and people were always at pains to point out their swinging doors as the entrances to 'the devil's workshop.' Their intention, of course, was excellent, but they invariably aroused in me that innate streak of stubbornness. I wanted to see what lay behind those doors; if the devil was there I wanted to meet him. I investigated, all right, and, instead of the devil, I met bartenders who were jovial, likable people.

"I liked the good fellowship, the con-

Lee admits that his rôle in "Blessed Event" in 1932, with Mary Brian and Ruth Donnelly, gave him the biggest chance of his lifetime to make good—but he threw it away
viviality that went with drinking. And, to be completely frank, I instinctively liked the taste of whiskey. I still do. Too well!

"By the time I went on the stage in New York, I was drinking pretty steadily. Every night, after the show, I'd go somewhere with a friend or two and usually I'd end up tight. One drink, to me, always called for another. I never knew when to stop.

"Believe me, I was serious about my work in the theater—more serious than I've ever been about anything else in my life. I worked hard. I wanted to be a good actor, and I studied every little detail of a characterization until I was perfectly satisfied that I could not do the part any better. I honestly think that if my drinking had interfered with my work then, I would have gone on the wagon and stayed aboard for all time. But that's just it—drinking didn't interfere. No matter how many hightails I had after a show, I could always sleep until late afternoon of the following day and turn up for the next show clear-headed and ready to play my part. And, in the theater, no one ever cared what we did outside of working hours. There, on Broadway, we were lost in the crowd—we weren't the objects of interest and gossip that actors and actresses are here in Hollywood.

"I CAME to Hollywood, for the first time, in 1930, under contract to Fox. I was getting $1500 a week, and every time I thought of that salary I pinched myself to see whether I was dreaming or awake. I wasn't particularly interested in pictures, for I'd thoroughly convinced myself that I had no possible future on the screen. It hadn't taken me long to reach that conclusion. All I had needed was one good look at myself in the mirror. Who on earth would ever pay money to see a close-up of a mug like mine?

"But that $1500 a week, on a forty-week contract, was real enough—and $1500 multiplied by forty is $60,000. I wanted that money, for it would give me independence. With a bank roll like that I could go back to the stage and choose my parts. Mean while, what business was it of mine if some studio executive had blundered?

"And I guess the studio executive in question agreed that he had blundered all right, for I spent one entire year in Hollywood, drawing my salary check every Wednesday, and, in all that time, played just two minor parts! After signing every available stage aktor, the powers-that-were in the studios had apparently decided it was all a mistake. Even Paul Muni was in the same spot. He came here on a Fox contract and played only one part in a year.

"That year was a bad one for me. It would have been a bad year if I had been earning ten times my salary. You see, I worked my heart out on the stage; here, I had nothing to do and twenty-four hours a day to do it in. For several years life had meant just two things to me—the theater and drinking. I'd never learned how to play. I didn't know how to amuse myself unless I had a glass in my hand. Well, they wouldn't let me work, so I made a full-time job of the drinking. I stayed—not just tight, but drunk—for the entire year, sobering up just long enough every Wednesday to collect my pay check. And when I took it to the bank, my hand shook so that I could hardly endorse it.

"Disgusting? Suicidal? Pitiful? Certainly, the course I was taking could be qualified by those and a lot of other unpleasant adjectives. I realize that now, but I would have either scoffed at or resented criticism then. You see, I kept telling myself that I would quit when I..."
WHEN Director William Wyler talks to Simone Simon on the telephone while guests are present, she speaks only French. When no listeners are about, she resorts to English.

It looks like a romance—but then Simone goes with so many people!

Once they bought purple Rolls Royces, and then castles, and they even put up stables and super-kennels when Hollywood made them suddenly bulging rich. But newcomer Jane Wyman, of Chicago, has gotten them all another better.

She’s building on her estate, not a mere swimming pool—because all you can do is swim in a pool—but a complete artificial lake!

You see, she likes surf board riding. And also she already owns a motor boat.

From United Artists comes the short story of a prop boy and his girl friend.

She came to the studio to see him one day.

She was very pretty, carrying about her a certain young glamour.

A producer came by as she stood there. Result, a screen test next morning at eleven.

An hour later she had a long-term contract.

A friend said to the boy that afternoon, "You got a date with Mary Frances Gifford tonight, as usual?"

"No." The prop boy frowned. "And what's more I'm not ever going to have again. I know when I'm licked."

It seems particularly sad in Hollywood that so shortly after making the outstanding hit of his picture career in "The Man I Marry," Chic Sale should have caught a bad cold which developed into lobar pneumonia, and which a few days later caused his death.

The man, who started in small-time vaudeville and rose to stardom and could equally well play youth or old age, was actually fifty-one years old. He left behind him his wife and his two children, Charles Jr. and Mary, all of whom were at his bedside when he died.


Recently Mr. Laurel was about to make a scene, and spying Ham called him over.

"Ham," he said, that placid face expressionless, "run up to the wardrobe department and get my laughing suspenders—will you? I need them for the scene."

Ham looked blank. "You know?" continued Stan, "the ones with the leather straps and elastic over the shoulders. I always use them for laughing."

Ham, convinced all was on the level, started off. The wardrobe, catching the gag, explained they had been loaned to RKO. Immediately Ham leaped in his car and made off for RKO, while the Roach studio phoned on ahead, explaining the gag.

And that was enough. From RKO they sent the harassed stand-in to Warners. Warners had him down to M-G-M. M-G-M had him back to Columbia. Columbia sent him to Paramount. Each studio immediately took it up claiming they had loaned the other elsewhere.

At four that afternoon a tired, worried stand-in drove back to the Roach studio without the suspenders. "Oh well," Laurel said, "I had to make the scene without them but of course the thing lacked the life and vim the laughing suspenders always give my scenes. We'll probably have to retake it."

Ham went home with a headache.

Leave it to Charlie Ruggles. In the Paramount make-up room a friend looked over at Ruggles and said, "That surely is punk make-up on the back of your neck, Ruggles."

Charlie sniffed. "I hope never to have the back of my neck photographed," he said, and made off for the set.

Two girls in Hollywood are considered the luckiest of all. Luckiest because they have captured the two most popular men in Hollywood. And here is what the beau says about them:

Clark Gable speaking of Carole Lombard:
It's her naturalness. There are no affectations about Carole. She's honest in what she thinks, says and does.

Robert Taylor speaking of Barbara Stanwyck:
It's Barbara's straightforwardness that I like. She
never yesses a fellow to death, refuses to flatter or indorse his ideas if they aren’t hers. It’s her honesty about herself and the world that I like best.

DIXIE DUNBAR is a little girl who believes in remaining loyal to the home town and its industries. Just because they make Coca-Cola down her way, Dixie drinks it for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"I feel I wouldn’t be keeping faith with everyone I know down south if I didn’t," she smiled.

But Dixie doesn’t wear cotton stockings just because cotton comes from there, we noticed.

GEOGIE JESSEL claims he’s had a really magnanimous offer from Herr Hitler himself. Three weeks’ personal appearances and all funeral expenses paid. Geofige feels he can’t do better than that.

AGUSHING cutie cornered the newly arrived Earl of Warwick who has come to Hollywood to make pictures for M-G-M.

"Oh, dear Earl," she went on, "is it true they are changing your name?"

He said they were.

"Oh, that’s terrible, just terrible. And what are they changing you to?" she asked.

"Guinea pig," he answered politely.

The red mouth of the cutie dropped a mile. "Www what?" she cried.

"Yes, you see I’m to be experimented on. Things tried out on me. Tests, and what not. So I suggested the guinea pig thing. Deuced clever, don’t you think?"

And with that he strolled off, leaving the girl friend wondering.

LOT of Hollywood high school boys are going to get their first chance to grab an honest-to-goodness movie star, push him in the face and otherwise mistreat him, and get away with it. Jackie Cooper is the young student looking forward to such a reception. You see, Jackie has enrolled in the Beverly Hills High school, and made the football team.

GUESTS at the exclusive Desert Inn Hotel in Palm Springs were greatly amused on a recent weekend to watch an unusual tennis match. It was raining torrents, but the two funsters would not give up their match. Half-drowned they continued to bat the ball around in feverish competition. "Just a couple of crazy nuts," one guest remarked, from his sheltered porch position.

Imagine everyone’s surprise when, at the end of the match, those suave screen charmers, Paul Lukas and Ralph Bellamy, came dripping up the steps exhausted but happy.

"WE Love Home and Fireside and We Won’t Go Out." The theme song of the newly married Dick Powells, if you please. Since the two have returned from their New York honeymoon they refuse to budge from their love nest and all the coaxing and planning does no good. The Powells are at home in earnest. And remember this. They are just as happy if you don’t call, either.

The truth of it is Dick and Joan decided that what breaks up too many marriages in Hollywood is party-going and party-giving and, if they can help it, no such thing is going to happen to them.

HOLLYWOOD is raising its well-plucked brows over the fact that Harmon Nelson, husband of Bette Davis, walked out on the fair actress during her recent court trial in England.

'Tis whispered Nelson hid himself away in New England while Bette fought her court battle alone. Her attempt to free herself from Warner Brothers earned only a failure and a headache for Bette.

BACK where Buddy Ebsen ‘came from the folks used to think he was a pretty good golfer—so last week he agreed to go out with Sid Silvers and Ray Walburn and beat them all hollow.

His score, at the end, was 143! So now every morning at six o’clock he shows up at a course on Pico Boulevard and practices madly for two hours. He’ll bring his score down to 100, he says, or—or—he’ll eat Walburn’s pet niblick.
IN a town where people get up at six o'clock in the dawning and work under nervous pressure for ten hours, then slave like troopers most of the night in an effort to forget the day—and the town is Hollywood—a gag is an important thing. The small-boy trick, the sophomoric practical joke, is one of the few measures of insouciance these people have. They never treat the gag lightly.

Wherefore the other evening when Sid Grauman—one time Colossus who is rapidly turning into one of Hollywood's greatest tragedies—asked Bill Powell and Myrna Loy to imprint the outlines of their feet and hands in the forecourt of his Chinese theater, Bill and Myrna began thinking hard.

So when the two of them stepped from a limousine on the appointed night, from somewhere they had dug up two pairs of clown shoes, size twenty-three, Grauman took one look and burst into tears.

"Oh Bill," he blubbered, "this is the most sacred thing in my life. You can't do this to me!"

"Sorry," explained the two stars together. "These are the only shoes we've got."

They gave in finally, and brought their own shoes from the waiting car.

A REGULAR watch-giving epidemic has hit the Fox-Twentieth Century lot with everyone striving to give everyone else bigger and better watches.

It began with Connie Bennett handing out lapel watches to the crew of "Ladies In Love." Barbara Stanwyck topped that little gesture by giving the "Banjo On My Knee" group platinum tickers that simply stupified the cast and co-workers.

The chorines, not to be outdone, mind you, chipped in and presented dance director, George Haskell, with a really beautiful time piece. But the climax so far has been reached in Arline Judge's gift of the wardrobe head. That super-special wrist watch actually set back the little actress four hundred dollars.

And they even whisper the end is not yet in sight. Someone has suggested the entire lot chip in for something nifty in the way of a super super watch for one Mr. Zanuck.

Where, oh where, will it end?

T HE old gag about contest winners never being able to crash the movies because they're usually beautiful but Gosh how dumb, has cracked up at last. Anyway, little Charlene Wyatt is the living example.

About a year and a half ago she rolled in her perambulator into the "Better Babies Contest" conducted by the Los Angeles Herald-Express and rolled out again clutching the first prize in her little fists.

So Mama and Papa put her into a professional school and began hammering at studio gates. Paramount decided to give the child a chance, and the part of Lady in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" was

At the Cafe Lamaze are Janet Gaynor and Count DeLamur, with whom she is seen constantly these days. Her next picture is in Technicolor. Won't her red hair be grand?
And now, with a long-term contract stowed away with the Better Babies prize, she is scheduled for miniature stardom.

**Alice Faye has the perfect system for getting your man, if only for an evening.**

She pulled open the door of the Joan Bennett and sister Connie in the newest of bonnets at Merle’s party. Gil Roland and Connie seem to go on and on “Banjo On My Knee” set the other afternoon, went up to Tony Martin, gestured him into a corner, and planted a big kiss on his cheek. After a little of this—she went away again. With a date to go dancing that night.

At Merle Oberon’s farewell cocktail party at the Vendome, before she left for England, a.e. Heather Thatcher, Gregory Ratoff, the lovely hostess, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his wife, the former Lady Ashley. The Fairbanks sailed with Merle on the Queen Mary each time she brought her dog and left him in the car.

On the fourth day she couldn’t find the animal anywhere, and after a hasty search drove on over to the Derby for lunch. And there was the pup at the door, waiting. “He’d never shown any intelligence before,” puzzles Rosalind, mystified.

Roz Russell lives only a few blocks away from the Beverly Hills Brown Derby and last week, while the cook was ill, she lunched there three noon-times in succession.

Out at Metro they’re having trouble on the next Marx Brothers story—you see, no ordinary yarn could possibly fit those three crazy guys so each one has to be especially written.

Studio scenarists tried and tried and flopped—then the boys in the publicity department got together with a bottle and tried and failed—so finally Chico Marx himself got disgusted and said “I guess I’ll have to do it myself—”

He turned out a script in about two weeks and brushed his hands triumphantly. “There!” he said.

The circus was in town and Spencer Tracy, remembering his childhood, decided to go. Before the big show he was wandering down the street of freaks and saw displayed the picture of an Abyssinian Wild Woman. He had never seen an Abyssinian Wild Woman so he bought a ticket and went in.

She was in a sort of cage, ranting and howling and carrying on, and Spencer was enjoying himself immensely when—this I swear—she stopped her antics suddenly and said in Yankee English. “Why, of course, you’re Spencer Tracy, ain’t you? Would you give me your autograph?”

Arlene Judge gave the Ritz Brothers one and all a birthday cake at the Clover Club in Hollywood. The gag was—it was nobody’s birthday!
WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN to the STARS

In Hollywood the stars are no exception to those strange events that happen in the lives of nearly all of us, those weird, half-unreal, inexplicable happenings that make you believe more than a little in mental telepathy.

The stars who tell these amazing stories cannot explain the why or the wherefore of them. But each does testify that such coincidences, or psychic warnings, did happen to them, and that, in turn, each of their lives was thereby affected.

Consider the story which Ida Lupino tells.

One day last summer Ida Lupino visited a fortune teller at Santa Monica. He was an East Indian, about seventy years old, aristocratic looking, with a large wart under his right eye. He was absently stroking a yellow kitten when Ida was shown into the room where he waited, but his preoccupation disappeared immediately he saw her.

"Hello, little lady!" he said, quickening. "How have you been all this time?"

A shadow passed over his eyes. "I'm sorry," he explained, "I mistook you for someone I knew a long time ago. I forgot she no longer would be young. Your hand. May I see it, please?"

Ida's hand lay in his, small and white.

"Your mother," he went on, "isn't she an actress? And her name, isn't it Connie, Connie--Emerald?"

"That's right," Ida told him. She knew who this Indian was now. She had heard her mother tell about him ever since she could remember. Thirty years ago he and her mother had met on a corner of Piccadilly Circus.

All day Connie Emerald had called upon theatrical agents. Down to her last shilling, she was bonnie to go home with no encouraging news. Waiting for the traffic to stop she felt a light touch upon her shoulder and turning she saw an Indian, about forty years of age, aristocratic looking, with a large wart under his right eye, who was dressed in the occidental manner, except for a turban.

"Don't touch me," she said, frightened.

The Indian smiled. "Don't be afraid, little lady," he said, "I only want to help you. You won't find what you seek here. To find it you must go down a little street which leads off a main thoroughfare. You must walk up wooden stairs which are dusty and which will creak even under your little weight. On a landing you will see a blue gas flame spitting in a jet. And there, under the roof, in a shabby office, there will be two men. They will help you."

Even when the traffic halted Connie Emerald continued to stand there. She knew just such a place as the Indian described. It was the office of a Lyle Street theatrical manager she hadn't visited in a long time. Her eyes were wide and incredulous.

The Indian handed her his card. "Have your mother bring you to see me," he said. "It will be my pleasure to tell you many things. Never before, for anyone, have I been able to see so clearly."

CONNIE EMERALD went directly to the office of those Lyle Street managers. It was all as he had described it, even to the blue gas flame spitting in the jet.

"Hello, Mr. Clayton," she said, opening the office door.

"Hello!" Clayton answered. And his partner said, "We've been talking about you, Connie, wondering where we could find you. How'd you like to go on a tour to Australia?"

That night there was great excitement in the Emerald household. Not only were they delighted at the contract for an Australian tour which Connie had in her pocket, they also were jittery over her story of the Indian. The next day, early, she and her mother set out to see him.

He told Connie many things, true to his word. He told her she was at last on the right road, that she had not her worst poverty behind her. She would, he predicted, marry a man with a famous name who would be famous in his own right;
Pyschic warnings, mental telepathy, or sheer coincidence—however you explain them, you will enjoy these amazing tales

that she would have three children and the eldest would die. As you probably know, all of this came true. She married Stanley Lupino. Their children are Ida and Rita, for Richard, their first child, died.

All of this Ida remembered.

"Tell me," the Indian said to her, "all the things I told your mother in England when she was young like you; have they come true?"

Ida withdrew her hand from his slowly. She had a strong sense of unreality. "Yes," she told him, "all the things you told her have come true."

He smiled, pleased as a child. "For her I could see, so very clearly," he said simply.

At the time this happened Ida's mother was away. But the hour she returned Ida told her she had met her famous Indian and together they drove to Santa Monica to see him. They were too late. He had gone. His booth was empty and his shingle, "Your Fortune Told," flapped in the wind.

[N 1917, on July 7th, Basil Rathbone was in a French hospital suffering from trench fever. In a way, brave though a man might be, it was a relief to lie ill. It meant release from fighting so heavy that it made the ground tremble. It meant that five minutes after the man beside you had smoked one of your cigarettes he wouldn't sprawl at your feet, a horrible grin splitting his face. And lying between the cool sheets you could trace the leisurely course of the summer sun in the golden shadows on the wall.

The midday meal, such as it was, over, Basil Rathbone closed his eyes. In his sleep he hoped he might lose the unaccountable depression which had closed around him. Sleep wouldn't come. But tears did. They flowed steadily down his face and he had no power to stop them.

He says, speaking of this time: "An uncontrollable impulse forced me to ask for paper and pencil and to write my brother who was some twenty miles away in a front line trench. While I was writing I looked at my watch to check the time I judged it to be by the shadows on the wall, and I remember it was twelve forty-five."

At twelve forty-five exactly on July 7th, 1917, the brother to whom Basil was writing was killed by shell fire. And when he died he was writing Basil a letter which later was delivered to him.

It is interesting to consider the deviously parallel paths Claudette Colbert and her husband, Doctor Joel Pressman, traveled to meet each other. And considering them it is natural to speculate on the matter of fate and whether our lives are preordained.

When the New York Paramount studios closed Claudette was scheduled to work in California. She packed up and left for Hollywood.

At the identical time Jack Pressman, a young physician and scientist, having graduated from the Harvard Medical School and served for a time at Bellevue, had a strong instinct he should start in the West. And in spite of the fact that his family and his professional associations were eastern, he packed his bags and started out for San Francisco.

For a year Claudette worked in the Hollywood studios.

For a year Jack Pressman worked in San Francisco.

Then Claudette came back to New York on a visit, and half-determined to remain, to return to the stage.

Simultaneously Jack Pressman came east on a visit, half-determined to accept one of the affiliations which had been offered him.

Claudette finally decided in favor of California and pictures. And again simultaneously Jack Pressman also prepared to return to California, to Los Angeles this time.

Claudette went to work in the studios and Jack Pressman went to work at the hospital, in
THE current phenomenon of Hollywood is William Horatio Powell.

Bill is neither new, nor particularly handsome, nor particularly young. Just about three years ago, when his contract with Warners was finishing, no one would have been too surprised, not even Bill, if his career was about through. He had defied all the rules, had been at the top of the movie business for more than ten years, and if he had begun to slip debonairly (and Bill would have been debonair about even that) it would have been quite according to the movie pattern.

Instead, what? Instead, Bill Powell today is more important than ever. Right now he has before the public three of the greatest hit pictures ever made, "The Great Ziegfeld," "My Man Godfrey" and "Libeled Lady," and in each of them he is superlative.

But if you think any of that is an accident, you don't know our man Willie.

Let us stop and consider the interesting case of Mr. Powell.

In 1921, Bill had almost ten years of stage experience back of him. He hadn't set the world on fire, but he was a veteran actor who had done everything from Shakespeare to singing—yes, singing—in musical comedy. Usually he was a villain, and we'll grant you that Bill was only acting in such a role.

When he finally got into movies, he was pretty well typed. His first film, prophetically, was a detective story. He played a minor role in John Barrymore's "Sherlock Holmes." Next he was a menace in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and an even more important villain in "The Bright Shawl."

He even carried the part off-stage, being particularly snooty to Dick Barthelmess, to whom he had taken a fancied dislike. He snooted him until the company took a boat for Havana to go on location, and then Bill discovered that Dick was the grandest guy in two hemispheres.

After another stage play, Bill went to Italy to make "Romola" with Dorothy and Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman. And there began another friendship. Rov—

"The Canary Murder Case" gave Bill his first detective rôle. It had far-reaching consequences on his future career.
Thin or fat—hero or heavy
—whatever his rôle, Bill Powell is first and foremost his own amusing self

By GEORGE PETTIT

Bill and Myrna in "The Thin Man." For mystery, humor and sheer entertainment it has never been surpassed. With them is Asta, the only wirehair star in pictures

detective novels under the nom de plume of S. S. Van Dine. Between the rumble of trolleys on the new sound stages, somebody in Hollywood learned that S. S. Van Dine was not the name of a steamship, but the author of detective stories that would make excellent talkies.

VAN DINE was summoned to town and told to bring his Philo Vance with him.
Paramount offered "The Canary Murder Case" to Bill. But Bill took a vast dislike to that infallible super-detective, Philo Vance, and said so in no uncertain terms.

"He was a conceited, insufferable prig, in my estimation," said Bill.
But he did like Van Dine, Philo's creator. The two met to talk things over. As they sipped their cooling drinks in Bill's patio, the Fates must have chuckled. It should have been an occasion for champagne and speeches of dedication, but neither Powell, Van Dine, nor the Studio could have known the far-reaching consequences of this little talk over the character of Philo Vance.
"Philo is too synthetic," Bill put it bluntly. "He's fine between book covers, but he won't do on the screen. They'd want to throw pies at him. He's just too utterly utter, don't you know."

Van Dine listened with interest, and then with growing approval. Bill was convincing. He pointed out that no man can be perfect and win the...
We have seen Garbo—The Woman No One Ever Sees. We have had a close-up of an opera star, not being temperamental. We know, now, what a dust storm is like. We have been disillusioned about chorus girls. We have had other unexpected experiences. We have been looking around the studios again.

Like every other month we have ever known, this is a good month for looking around. All kinds of things are happening, to all kinds of people, in all kinds of settings. And different kinds from last month—or next month.

Hollywood wouldn’t be Hollywood if movie making were a changeless art, an exact science, or a predictable business. Hollywood thrives on experimentation.

Consider Grace Moore, for example. She is the center of a new experiment at Columbia. She has two (count them) directors on her new picture, and both work simultaneously.

We wonder if Joseph von Sternberg might have suggested to Producer Harry Cohn, after “The King Steps Out,” that the direction of Grace was a two-man job? Or if Grace told Producer Cohn, after her encounter with one von Sternberg, that she wouldn’t mind working with a couple of other fellows?

Our curiosity aroused, we set out to investigate.

One of the two directors is Harry Lachman, an ace from way back, with countless hits to his credit. The other is Robert Riskin. He is the man who wrote the scripts for “It Happened One Night,” “Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,” “Lost Horizon” and—now—the new Moore picture. He has given plenty of players things to do and say, but this is his first attempt to tell players how to do and say them.

Temporarily, but only temporarily, the picture’s title is “Interlude.” That hardly gives an inkling of the story.

Grace plays an Australian prima donna, who comes to America on a tour, and wants to stay. When her visitor’s permit expires, she goes to Mexico, to re-enter under the immigration quota. There she discovers that she may have months to wait, and there she meets a violent young American artist (Cary Grant) who has a phobia about prima donnas. Hating each other, they marry—Grace to get into the United States, Cary to get out of a Mexican calabozo.

The amusing story, typically Riskin, goes on from there. It gives Grace opportunities to sing everything from opera to “Minnie the Moocher” (done with “bumps”). Halfway between is a grand Jerome Kern tune called “Our Song.”

The scene we are to watch is the meeting scene. But before we walk onto the sound stage, an advance scout reconnoiters for possible signs of temperament. When none are seen, we are granted safe conduct.

Inside, as we walk toward the set, we are confronted with small, neat, freshly-painted signs: “There has been some ‘flu’ going around So please be careful to cover face when expectorating or coughing. Thank you.” Thus are singing stars protected from marauding microbes.

The setting of the scene is Grant’s large room in a Mexican hotel. A setting colorful with Mexicana. The camera is in a corner, aimed toward a door at the side of the room. Beside the camera is Lachman, suggesting how the scene should be photographed. Sitting in a chair in the setting itself is Riskin, quietly suggesting to Grace and Cary how they should play the scene. Thus do the two directors divide their responsibilities.

Grace is wearing white satin pajama trousers, with a tunic coat of dark-blue figured satin. Cary wears slacks and a rough sport shirt. These are their clothes for the scene.

As the action begins, Cary is in the room alone, playing records on a phonograph. With strained casualness, Grace strolls in through the open door, pretending to be attracted by the music. Ironically, he greets her with, “Oh, it’s you, Queen.” She wants to know why he calls her “Queen.” For a special reason of his own, which she wouldn’t understand, he says. He’s willing to end all conversation there, but she smiles too, too coyly and asks him if he has any of the records of “Louise Fuller” (He doesn’t know, but that is her name.)

He warns her to utter that name with reverence; she is the one singer about whom he still has any illusions—and even she is slipping. Grace remarks that the last time she saw Louise Fuller, Fuller looked like an old battle-axe. Cary says he wouldn’t know about that; he has never seen her, never wanted.
Grace Moore, talking to Cary Grant, is the center of a brand new experiment
to see her. She should be heard. "Listen—" and he sets the phonograph needle on a record.
They stand listening, as if music were pouring from the phonograph. Actually, no sound issues forth. Somehow, the music will be dubbed onto the film later. Anything is possible in Hollywood!

Before the camera goes into action, they have two rehearsals. Between rehearsals, Moore and Riskin, both smiling, discuss possible improvements. No one twenty feet away can hear what they are saying.

So this is temperament—!

We move on, to the set of "Help Wanted—Female," to watch Jean Arthur and George Brent. We see enough to convince us that Jean and George will do all right as co-stars in this comedy of a romantic girl and an unromantic man.

He is the publisher of a health magazine, who holds to the theory that the seat of emotions is the liver, not the heart—and that, therefore, everybody should eat more carrots. He would be a problem for any woman. Jean, as his secretary, has her troubles, trying experiments to make him human.

We watch them rehearse their first encounter as employer and employee. George sits behind a big modernistic desk, facing the door. Through the door hurries Jean, bearing a bud vase, and murmuring an apologetic "Good morning." He barks out that she's late. Yes, she is; a minute and a half late. She puts the vase down on his desk. "What's that?" he demands. A flower. Hastily, he snatches it, throws it away, with the reminder that flowers give some people hay fever. As he does so, he notices that she is wearing rouge. Whereupon he tells her that she doesn't have the idea of this organization; this is a cult of idealists, dedicated to correct living. She nods, stunned. He starts to dictate . . .

Director Al Green—you'll recognize him by the inevitable hat and the equally inevitable cigar—gently, persuasively makes George more brusque and Jean more timid. This is important, to point up their later character changes. Finally, the rehearsal satisfies him. But the cameraman isn't satisfied with his lighting yet. Green almost blows up. If the lights can't be arranged by the time rehearsals are finished, what's going to happen to the spontaneity of the acting?

On this set, Jean is given a surprise birthday party—and on the same day Director Green is also given a party to celebrate his twenty-first year as a director. Jean kisses him on the cheek, leaving red lip prints there. Green says he intends to keep them there the rest of the day. . . Lionel Stander, also in the picture, gutturally wails, "The last time I had a birthday, all I got were three poison-pen letters and a dun from the Retail Merchants' Credit Association."

NEXT door, Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce are supposed to be making "Women of Glamor"—the love story of an artist and a model. Virginia is not working today. Melvyn is playing a scene with a tall and talented newcomer from the New York stage, Leona Maricle.

The set is very small—just large enough to suggest the corner of a society girl's living room. On a divan, with her profile to the camera, sits Miss Maricle. Beyond her, on the edge of a chair, sits Douglas. They are engaged, and in this scene the engagement is broken.

Renunciation scenes always are difficult. They have tendencies to be too theatrical. But Miss Maricle suggests repressed emotion, and unspoken heartache, with such finesse that the stage remains hushed as she finishes. In a few brief moments and in an unsympathetic rôle, she has created a mood, fashioned a spell. It is a promise of longer moments to come. Columbia should experiment with Miss Maricle.

At RKO-Radio, we expected to find Ginger Rogers performing the greatest experiment of her young acting life—a dramatic rôle, in costume, in "Mother Carey's Chickens." But surprising news awaits us.

While Ginger was doing this picture, Fred Astaire was to do a dancing picture with some new feminine partner (also as an experiment). The partner-to-be had not yet been announced when Fred started creation of the dances for "Stepping Toes." Ginger was in the middle of costume fittings for her picture; sets were being built; a cast was practically assembled. When,
The biggest thrill of the month is Sonja Henie, skating champion who is making her first picture. Top, Bobby Breen, singing star in "Rainbow on the River," at RKO.

suddenly, on the eve of production, all preparations for "Mother Carey's Chickens" were halted—to remain unhatched for three months. Ginger put her dancing shoes back on.

She will play her dramatic rôle after the first of the year. But meanwhile Fred won't dance without Ginger. A silent, but eloquent tribute to her importance in the Astaire-Rogers pictures.

We cannot watch the rehearsals. Fred says, reasonably, "How would you writers like anyone to see the first drafts of your stories? Well, these rehearsals are 'first drafts.'"

Neither can we watch Katharine Hepburn, except in the studio commissary, where she lunches in slacks at the directors' table. There she is not withdrawn, elusive; she talks animatedly and banteringly; she is more a tomboy than a glamorous queen.

But the set of "Quality Street" is closed, as all Hepburn sets are closed.

And closed in with her is Franchot Tone, playing opposite. Wonder if Joan Crawford minds?

The only other picture shooting this afternoon is "Criminal Lawyer," with Lee Tracy in the title rôle and Margot Grahame in the feminine lead.

This scene takes place in Tracy's office. As the action begins, Tracy alone comes in, says a few words to Margot (his secretary). Then in come Betty Lawford, Erik Rhodes and Frank Thomas, Jr. Betty kisses Lee; they exchange a few lines; and then Tracy, suggesting "a snifter," leads the other two men to a small portable bar at the near end (that is, camera end) of the room. As he pours out drinks, the telephone rings; Margot answers.

They rehearse this action for an hour; perhaps more than an hour. First, the cue light (a light on the outside of the door, operated by a button in Director Christy Cabanne's hand) refuses to work. That is remedied. Then Betty rushes in, kisses Lee, and a five-way conversation starts. One of the five, and each time a different one, takes his cue at the wrong moment. That is remedied. Then the talk of the three men across the room isn't brisk enough; then it's too brisk. At long last, that is corrected. Then the telephone bell has to be repaired. The scene is finally shot.

The sound man asks the script girl (who has a stop-watch in her hand): "How long was it?" She answers: "Two minutes." It takes patience to act in the movies, to spend an hour on a two-minute scene.

At RKO Pathe, Producer Sol Lesser is spending a half million dollars on the second picture of Eddie Cantor's eight-year-old protegé, Bobby Breen. The picture is "Rainbow on the River," a sentimental story about a waif who sings his way into a home and a fortune.

This afternoon he is not singing. He is amusing other children at a party, with four dancing white mice in a small wire cage. He is whistling a tune for them to dance by, when another boy snatches at the cage and the mice fall, supposedly, to the floor. Actually, they fall into a black cloth, held by two men lying on the floor just below camera range. They are almost prone because the camera is built so close to the floor for the small-statured Bobby.

There are about thirty children on the stage, which means that about thirty mothers are present, all hovering on the rim of the set, hoping their offspring will be able to push up forward. Bobby's "mother" on the set is his seventeen-year-old sister, Sally, who spent all of her own savings to get him his first break.

THE biggest visual thrill of the month is the Madison Square Garden set for "One in a Million" at 20th Century-Fox, with twelve thousand square feet of the stage floor converted into an ice-skating rink. And on that ice, a Viking Venus whirling toward stardom.

She is a round-faced, pretty little thing, this twenty-three-year-old Sonja Henie, who has been Olympic skating champion three times. And, oddly enough, her first picture—a musical—is about an Olympic skating champion.

This skating rink is a story in itself. There has never been anything like it in Hollywood. Three days were required to freeze the water for the rink, by means of refrigerating pipes along the floor. Then, the cameraman discovered that the pipes showed through the ice. The whole tedious task had to be undone, and redone. This time skimmed milk was used for the first liquid layer. That was allowed to freeze. Then water was poured on it and frozen. That gave the desired opaque appearance.

Don Ameche plays opposite the newcomer, with the Ritz Brothers for comedy relief. But she will steal her own picture. Nothing can compete with her effortless skating and dancing. And if she can act half as well as she skates—well, 20th Century-Fox has another new feminine star to find rôles for. (Attention, Miss Simon?)

We cannot see Shirley Temple making "Stowaway," or hear her jibbering Chinese, for the simple reason that, for the first time in her career as No. 1 star of the screen, she has been taken home ill—with a cold. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]
What promises to be an enormously effective new team is that of Kay Francis and Errol Flynn, together for the first time in "Another Dawn." The background is a British military post in Iraq. Completing the picture both stars hope to take a vacation from Warners—Errol to the South Seas, Kay to Europe.
The occasion for the party was Mr. Bernarr Macfadden's recent Western speaking tour. It was a delightful turnout, and the first time the movie colony had met him. At the left are Una Merkel, Anne Shirley, Mr. Macfadden, Dixie Dunbar, Madge Evans. Below, Beverly Roberts, Editor Miss Ruth Waterbury, the hostess, Olivia de Havilland and Dixie Dunbar.
Right, Dixie Dunbar, Helen Macfadden, the Publisher's daughter, who travelled with him. June Lang, Marian Marsh. Below, Ruth Waterbury greets Gladys Swarthout and her husband, Frank Chapman.

Above, among the galaxy of stars who came to meet Mr. Macfadden were Martha Raye, Tom Brown, Paula Stone, Cesar Romero, Glenda Farrell and Inez Courtney. At left, Richard Dix is most interested in hearing Mr. Macfadden's views on the state of the nation. The party was held late one afternoon. Left, sampling the refreshments are Jacqueline Wells, Marian Marsh, Inez Courtney and Glenda Farrell. It's evident they had a genuine good time.
Right, Mrs. Charles Starrett, Preston Foster, Helen Macfadden and Charles Starrett. Below, Miss Waterbury having a grand time at her own party with the newly engaged Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Errol Flynn is with them. Below, right, Mr. Macfadden discovered that the stars are just as attractive in real life as they are on the screen. He's conversing with Madge Evans and Martha Raye.

The producers and publicity heads of the studios were represented too. Right, Walter Wanger entertains Preston Foster, Binnie Barnes, and Richard Dix.

All comparative newcomers to the screen, these lovely creatures (left) have a little confab in the corner about their experiences. Here are Olivia de Havilland, June Lang, Anne Shirley, Beverly Roberts, Martha Raye.
When Gable—never the tea type—isn't working or beauning Carole Lombard, with whom he still seems very much in love, he borrows Allan Jones' schooner, Alrene, and goes off by himself. Much interested in his new picture, "Parnell." he is wondering whether to grow a beard for the part
So many studios want Irene Dunne, she has hardly had time to finish her new house. Since she emerges as a deft comedienne in "Theodora Goes Wild," her best picture, it probably means quite a new type of career for her. Her new assignment is a musical, "High, Wide and Handsome."
Gene Raymond has changed recently. From a shy, rather introspective young man, he has turned into a gregarious youth, bursting with happiness. The reason—Jeanette MacDonald. They hope to be married June 17th, which is the second anniversary of their first date. Love IS Grand!
Jimmy: A cool and a housekeeper and a sort of community valet and butler.
Y. C.: Thought you said something about saving money.
Jimmy: Well, it cuts the rent to fifty bucks apiece. And all the food and service and everything only brings the final total to about two hundred and fifty. It'd cost more eating in restaurants and all that stuff. Besides, you forget the bachelor's making more money than he's ever looked at before—that's your stipulation. And besides, there are all the other advantages of a house.
Y. C. (reflectively): Logic tells me that there might also be some disadvantages. As for instances when all four of the fellas want to bring their separate dates home to entertain them there—on the same evening.
Jimmy: Now I admit that. There, as you say, was—is—a problem. But then you can figure out certain nights for certain people and the others can just stay away or go quietly to bed. As they like. Or they can take their girls up to look at the swell view there is from the hills all around Hollywood. Boy, is that a swell view.
Y. C. (hurriedly): The bachelor is established with his friends, and the housing thing is settled—but remember this guy doesn't know any girls yet to, uh, show the view to. There oughta be a rule or rules about that.
Jimmy: I'm getting to that. You huddle, you see, you and your friends, and you discuss the situation. Women, you discuss. You dig up all the old rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers and spread 'em out and look 'em over. Of course some go on the impossible list right away—the married ones, for a palpable reason, and the bespoke ones, and those that are, or might be, any producer's girl, and also Greta Garbo. Divorces are okay, but the beautiful single ones are the stuff.
Y. C. (slightly astonished): Carry on.
Jimmy: Then, when you've picked out the ones you like, you analyze your chances of meeting them. You figure out how to get an introduction—and then you do. Sometimes it's not so easy, but with us—well, we had Kent Smith. That guy—he either knew everybody already or fixed it up for himself within a day or two. Marvelous technique he's got, believe me. So we were lucky. Kent was appointed committee-of-one to get the girls we wanted over to the house, and that was all there was to it. You should give a dinner party, first. Y. C. (whistling through his fingers at the waitresses): More coffee!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
ON THE AIR

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

In the theater, it is "Half Hour!" In the movies, it is "This is the take!" But in radio the warning call to players to be ready to start the show is "Thirty Seconds!"

To this reporter of activities along the Hollywood radio front nothing is more indicative, than this, of the difference in pace between the stage, the movies and the radio. Just think of the terrific speed bottled up behind these two succinct words of warning. "Thirty Seconds!"

No call boys go ambling along, rapping on the theater dressing room door, calling to the star within, "Half Hour, Miss Barrymore?" No assistant directors nonchalantly survey the setup, take one last look to see that Miss Crawford's make-up is straight and that Bob Taylor's uniform is brushed, then call "Are you ready? All right, this is the take ... Roll 'em over." No creaking of cords and rumble of pulleys as the theater curtain is rolled up. No last minute sweeping and polishing by movie prop boys or powdering and combing by maid or valet. No, none of this—a single bell, the words "Thirty Seconds," while players' hearts mount to their throats and the thirty seconds tick off as if they were hours.

Incidentally, a minute on the air is valued at approximately $500.00. So even a split second of delay, one muffed line, or a half minute pause in the show is extremely expensive. Which means there must be a scientific exactitude to the radio show that no other form of entertainment has yet approached. It may sound like a casual piece of theater as it comes to you over the air, but it isn't. There's nothing lackadaisical about it. It is the modern Twentieth Century speed and pace, tuned and timed (if it's good) so perfectly that it simulates casualness.

Because of this and because the technical part of radio is so interesting, backstage at a broadcast is a most fascinating place for anybody. When you stop to think that radio is really in an embryo state of development, that its possibilities are limitless, your imagination races on and you become even more excited. But enough of this, of your reporter's feelings about what she has been viewing. What of last month's shows and what of our Hollywood personalities?

In New York, Joan Blondell, on a honeymoon trip with her new husband, Dick Powell, did a superb dramatic broadcast which won her much praise. It was an important occasion in Joan's radio career, for not only was she one of the most highly spotlighted figures of the moment with all eyes upon her waiting to see what she could do, but the broadcast was a significant one.

If I may digress a moment, I will point out that two motion picture stars married to one another face an awful lot of problems that ordinary mortals do not know exist. Two temperamental individuals married to one another, two stars with two demanding careers in the same family, have quite a load to carry in a dignified and unselfish manner. Upon whether they do or not depends the success of their marriage. (I have always had my suspicions that the crack-up of the Ina Claire-Jack Gilbert marriage started with Ina's flip reply to a reporter, when asked how it felt to be married to a great star, "Why don't you ask Mr. Gilbert?")

Right, Bob Taylor and Olivia de Havilland at the Lux Theater. Bob tells a good story on himself in the accompanying article. Below, Eddie Cantor and the famed Abbe children, Dick, Patience and John
Well, it seems that when Mr. Powell and Miss Blondell arrived in New York, Mr. Powell was called by the advertising agency which hires him for "Hollywood Hotel" and told that he was scheduled for an appearance on their Kate Smith hour; that Miss Smith had been so informed and was delighted.

"Fine," said Dick. "That'll be great. I'd love to appear with her. When do I go on?"

It developed that Mr. Powell was scheduled to broadcast at exactly the same minute and hour that the much-touted show of Joan's was to go out over the ether. Dick was agast. He couldn't do a thing like this to his wife—it just couldn't be done.

"But you are important, too, Mr. Powell," they told him. "In fact, you are very important. Your broadcast may be more significant than hers." (Or perhaps in not so many words, but that was the gist of it.)

Dick was in a spot. He didn't like to offend the firm which hired him. After all, he was an actor working for his living, but he just couldn't go on in opposition to his bride. So he hemmed and hawed and sputtered and delayed and finally called up Kate Smith direct.

Kate listened, understood and called the whole thing off. And thus a major crisis in the Powell-Blondell menage was avoided.

I really think there are mighty few of Dick's calibre in Hollywood who would and could have handled such a ticklish situation so capably. Most of our men are actors to the teeth, with an eye on their own spotlight first, last and always.

More and more radio is proving a great surecase to film lovers of the screen. On the screen they may have to make vigorous love to a Garbo, a Crawford, or a Shearer, or somebody else every time a camera clicks but they are beginning to discover that they can have radio scripts which omit females. You haven't noticed? Well, that's why Clark Gable picked "Valley Forge," in which he portrayed George Washington, the Father of his Country. It gave him the opportunity to do something other than toss kisses at a beauteous lady, or take her into a big clinic, which, believe it or not, bores Mr. Gable exceedingly. George Washington was a he-man—in fact, the he-man of all times in these United States—and there had to be no "la-la" love making. For the same reason Jimmy Cagney, who will never live down his reputation for smacking dames with grapefruit, chose the war play, "Journey's End," for his Camel broadcast.

But speaking of George Washington Gable, when he arrived at the theater the afternoon of his show, he found his dressing room had been decorated in a most elegant fashion with cherry trees and blossoms. There was also a large sign which read: "The Screen's Great Lover Becomes the Father of his Country!" What did Clark say? I dunno, I didn't hear him, but I imagine some good masculine exclamations emerged from his lips. Who played such a joke on him? Why, his girl friend, Carole Lombard, of course.

Jimmy Cagney is the one film star, to whom I have talked, who frankly admits he is not crazy about radio.

"I like it all right," he told me, "but I don't get any lift from it. It is not like the stage; it has no zoom, no feel for me. I like pictures better. Yes, they asked me to sign for a series of radio broadcasts when it looked..."
Have you heard a new and thrilling tenderness in the golden voice of the Metropolitan’s tiniest soprano? There’s a reason . . .

By KAY PROCTOR

The gracious little diva and Andre Kostelanetz, famed orchestra conductor, were brought together by a mutual love of music.
I am not going to attempt to reproduce that delightful accent with which she speaks English; in the first place I probably would make a botch of it, for it is an elusive, difficult thing; and in the second place, you've heard it yourself on the screen and radio and know just how it sounds. But back to that memorable meeting.

ANDRE remembers more than the hour, the date, and the place. He recalls that she wore a tailored dress of dark blue cool that made her look more like a little school girl in uniform than a great Metropolitan Opera Star, that it was snowing, and that his heart suddenly started going thump, thump. He clicked his heels in approved foreign fashion and bowed gravely. She smiled politely and gave him her hand in greeting. Had he but known it, the Pons' heart was doing a little unexpected thumping on its own account. They spent a prosaic evening discussing business.

For it was business that had brought him to her apartment that January night, the business of discussing the new radio program for Chesterfield on which she was to star and he to be her conductor.

Andre's happiness was increased that night by the knowledge
that Lily had expressed delight that he was to conduct for her. Even though she had appeared on the radio prior to that time, she still suffered painfully from “Mike fright” and had been persuaded again to sing on the air because Kostelanetz was to be the maestro of the program. Not only did she have a tremendous faith in him as a musician, but she respected his technical knowledge of radio and knew that if anyone could help her overcome her dread of “the little machine,” as she called it, it was he. Besides, something in her had responded to the dynamic force of his personality and his conducting as they came over the air waves.

And so they talked business for three hours.

WHEN her door closed behind him that night, Lily said quietly to her secretary, “I like him. This work will be good. But Mon Dieu! Such a name! Kosteranal. Kostermane—whatever it is! I shall never be able to say it!”

“It is Kostelanetz,” the secretary said.

Slowly, obediently, Lily repeated it over and over. Yet the next time she saw him, she had to revert to the subterfuge of simply “Maestro.” She still could not pronounce it and dared not offend him by letting him know. It was a full three weeks, in fact, before she learned it!

Had his physical appearance been as she had mentally pictured it? I asked. She had not thought much, one way or the other, if his eyes would be blue or brown (they are blue), or if his hair would be light or dark (it is light brown and a bit sparse), or if his figure tall or slight (it is medium in build, perhaps just a bit chubby). But—

“His gentleness, his understanding, his reserve, his controlled power, they were all just as I had known they would be,” she said. “That was the important thing.”

They met again at her apartment for rehearsal of the program on the three successive Tuesday afternoons. But it was all very serious and formal, with not a hint of the personal intruding. This aria must go such and such a way, this number must have this and that. But all the time there was that in his eyes when he looked at her which said very plainly he would very much like something more, if only he had the courage to suggest it.

Lily, being a well brought up French girl, most certainly could not take the initiative in such a situation, no matter how shy the man. But there are ways and ways in love, as any woman knows. She decided to give a party. That certainly would put him at his ease, open the way for the invitation he was too timid to offer.

It was a gay little party at her apartment after one of the broadcasts. Just Andre, herself, and six close friends, gathered around an informal supper table. But nothing happened.

Rehearsals and broadcasts followed each other through several weeks. Then Lily, ill from overwork, went to the country for a short rest. And Andre drove an hour and a half through a pouring rainstorm to call on her!

As they chatted, the dinner hour drew near. Lily asked him to remain for the meal, just a family affair with Mama Pons, Lily and her secretary at the table.

“I would be delighted,” Andre answered with marked promptness. Then his face fell. “Mademoiselle, I am so sorry. I cannot. I must return at once to New York.”

He had just remembered a Kostelanetz family dinner had been scheduled for that night, and one does not ignore Russian family dinners, not even for love. Back he went.

“It is enough!” Lily fumed. “I shall try no more. Now it is up to him.”
Hyman gets snapped snapping Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. The news of the Cary Grant/Mary Brian romance is—they’re together again. Check it! Valiant is the word for Bob Taylor in that dressing gown, his pride and joy. With him is Dave Gould, M-G-M dance director.

Hyman surprises that inseparable about-to-be-married couple, Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland. Left, Madeleine Carroll created a sensation at the Cafe Lamanze both with her bandeau and her beau, Tyrone Power, Jr.
A S ye eat, so shall ye reflect! You think I'm kidding? Just ask some poor soul who is constantly in the distress that has been generated by haphazard and unwise eating. Nothing suffocates allure more quickly than the miseries and discomforts of internal warfare.

What you eat has more to do with allure than you realize as you sit there with a bon-bon in your dainty fingers. Drop it, and listen to me.

Hollywood is noted for allure. It's the one commodity they sell, first, last and always. Some of you may envy the movie stars their allure. But while you're envying, remember those Hollywood belles that have it realize the value of eating properly to retain it. The smart ones are on guard every moment, dieting, using extreme care in the selection of their foods, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

Three outstanding examples of allure in movieland are: Dietrich, the languorous type, whose allure is heavy scented and exotic. Jean Arthur, more youthful, vivacious and spontaneous. And last but not least, Mary Astor. Take your choice if you would select one for an ideal.

You'd like to acquire that quality of loveliness so often referred to as "charming femininity," wouldn't you? Well, you can, darlings. But you must obey me. You should know by now I'm a demon when it comes to fat, unattractive bodies and unhealthy complexions. I've given thousands of women, and men too, for that matter, new figures, new health and new lives. I've made glamorous creatures out of movie stars who at the beginning had no more to work with than you. I'll do the same for you. But I demand that you snap out of it, stop being lazy and get rid of all that excess flesh. Yes, you'll have to exercise, too—and how. Otherwise there'll be no such thing as "charming femininity," but rather waddling bovinity (if there is such a word).

There is nothing alluring or intriguing about fat. Fat is ugly and unhealthy. Women loathe it. Even the thin ones who could stand a few pounds, hope the additional weight will be in the form of firm, strong, fibrous flesh (and in the right places, I might add), not flabby fat.

Have you ever met people who try to help the doctor out by taking a much larger dose of medicine than he prescribed, thinking the more they took the quicker they would get well?
The obvious result is that they felt worse. Well, it's the same story with eating, especially where reducing is concerned. You want to get thin and say, "I'll go on the diet one better, I'll do without food entirely. That will get rid of these extra pounds more quickly." Well, babies, you'll lose your health more quickly, too. You'll end up jittery and suffering from malnutrition.

But that's not necessary. My diets provide you with sufficient chemicals and minerals to keep the body functioning normally. And that's how your body must operate if you want to lose weight healthfully. And while I'm at it, I want you all to understand that when I give you a diet, I'm doing it for your health, not for mine. When I say, "a glass of orange juice in the morning," that's just what I mean! And you're not to omit it. Is that clear? I'm sorry to fly off the handle like that, but I've just finished a consultation with a woman who came to me for some personal advice. She told me she followed the diet in one of my articles, but even though I gave her an ample breakfast, she just skipped it because she "just had to get rid of those bumps and bulges in a week." This woman hadn't followed my diet at all. She thought she was being helpful and literally starved herself. Her neck was stringy, she was still bumpy and bulgy and her disposition was anything but alluring. The poor darling has a doubly hard job now, to correct her faults. Her resistance is shot and she's as weak as a cat.

The world is full of such sick sylphs. Women who make pitiful wrecks of themselves by abusing their digestive systems. They indulge in any and all kinds of fantastic diets, injurious patent medicines and other violent and dangerous methods of reducing. These women never call upon their own common sense about eating, until the undertaker has opened the lid! Are you one of them? I sincerely hope not.

Being well-fed and properly nourished is not synonymous with the addition of pounds of fat. Neither does removing excess flesh from the body mean that you must cease to be well-fed and properly nourished. On the contrary, in order to reduce properly, proportionately and above all healthfully, it is absolutely necessary that you furnish the body with nourishing and energy-giving foods. You must have strength to reduce. Strength to be alluring. Strength to be gay and happy. And you can only find strength through good health.

You may have heard some female remark at some time or other, "the curse of the modern woman is dieting." Well, let's be a little more specific. Take it from me, sweethearts, the curse of the modern woman is her lack of common sense in you eat vitally important, but of equal importance is how well you digest what you eat, and how quickly you are able to pass it through the system, casting off the waste and retaining the valuable elements that nourish and regulate the body.

Many so-called beauty experts are often blinded by a false aesthetic sense and refrain from discussing the subject of constipation. Just as many others don't know, which is worse and an insult to the name "beauty expert." Yet these people are supposed to give their readers help and advice on their problems and struggles to be healthy, alluring human beings. Well, I see no reason why it should be...
THIS is sheer beauty, complete artistry painted against the authentic horror of impending disaster. Maxwell Anderson's play is translated to the screen in terms anyone can understand, a brutal 1936 fantasy so compelling that it will loom in your mind for days.

Burgess Meredith, Broadway actor, portrays Mio, son of a radical executed for a crime he did not commit. One man could prove the innocence of Mio's father. When the case is revived, he is visited in turn by the judge who directed the sentence, by the real killer and by the son. Meanwhile Mio and the hunted witness' sister have fallen in love. Thereafter is enacted a tragic, searing, ruthless battle between truth and fear. The entire production is superbly cast, especially in the case of Meredith, Margo and Edward Cianelli.

THIS is a whimsical yarn, and the best Bing Crosby picture to date. Replete with charming melody, it swaggered happily to a tune of romance and laughter.

Crosby is a ne'er-do-well just out of jail after serving an undeserved sentence. Looking up the family of a prison pal, he finds it consists of Edith Fellows and her grandfather, Donald Meek. He soon discovers that Edith is the particular problem of Madge Evans, a social worker, and his troubles really begin when he turns an old house into a cafe to make money enough to keep Edith out of an orphanage, where Madge is determined she should go.

Bing, as the lighthearted troubadour has a role ideally suited to his talents. You'll love the four hit songs, "One, Two, Button Your Shoe," "Let's Call a Heart a Heart," "So Do I," and "Pennies From Heaven." Edith Fellows is superb.

CROWDED with every requisite for excellent entertainment, this is an indelible landmark in motion picture progress. A cast of new players, supporting Edward Arnold and Joel McCrea, offer such individually superlative performances as to insure for themselves great futures, but purely as a production it is technically fine, beautifully directed, superbly synthesized.

Picturing with graphic detail the significant tempo of 1884 to 1907, the story concerns a clear-minded ambitious lumberman who falls in love with a dance-hall girl. Caught in the need for power, he marries his boss' daughter, whom he doesn't love but who can aid him in his career; many years later, successful and bitter, he meets the honky-tonk belle's lovely daughter and toward her directs the bleak passion of his middle-age.

Edward Arnold is outstandingly good as the ruthless businessman who sacrifices personal happiness for achievement; and Frances Farmer, cast in the dual role of the vulgar cabaret singer and her ambitious daughter, is sensationaly brilliant.

Against a background of gripping beauty Edna Ferber's best-seller becomes a living reality, with Walter Brennan excitingly authentic as a Swede friend of Arnold's, Joel McCrea good as Arnold's son, and newly discovered Andrea Leeds delightfully refreshing in her small role.

You'll cheer at the log rolling sequences, at the really great performances of the cast, and at the vivid effectiveness of the picture as a whole.
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

CASTILDE
COME AND GET IT
CHAMPAGNE WALTZ
REUNION
BORN TO DANCE
SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Greta Garbo in "Camille"
Robert Taylor in "Camille"
Katharine Hepburn in "A Woman Rebels"
Frances Farmer in "Come and Get It"
Edward Arnold in "Come and Get It"
Gladys Swarthout in "Champagne Waltz"
Fred MacMurray in "Champagne Waltz"
Jean Hersholt in "Reunion"
The Dionne Quintuplets in "Reunion"
Bing Crosby in "Pennies from Heaven"
Burgess Meredith in "Winterset"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 114)

THE REUNION—20th Century-Fox

My, how those five Dionne movie stars are growing. With their wide dark eyes flashing and sturdy little bodies romping in lively fun, the Quints give rollicking performances in their second starring picture. They hold a mad tea party, cavort on musical instruments, and bubble wildly over their toys.

Their famous Doctor again played superbly by Jean Hersholt, is a beloved country doctor who is persuaded by loyal townfolk to give a reunion bringing together the thousands of babies he has brought into the world. Everybody has fun and many have their adult problems ironed out by the understanding doctor. Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen, Slim Summerville, Helen Vinson, J. Edward Bromberg, and Alan Dinehart all are interesting in supporting roles. Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent furnish the young romantic interest.

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ—Paramount

TRUE to its title, this tinkles like champagne against thin glass. It's a charming and original love story set to the melodic pace of waltz time, with gorgeous Gladys Swarthout at last given the production she deserves, and Fred MacMurray at his engaging best.

The story is fabricated ingeniously from slight coincidence and plenty of mistaken identity. In it Miss Swarthout and her grandfather, Fritz Leiber, are direct descendants of Johann Strauss, and own a little waltz-parlour in modern-day Vienna; they are successful until Fred MacMurray brings his jazz band, his wailing saxophone and his manager, Jack Oakie from America. Then Gladys' patrons exchange the waltz for the Harlem stomp. Furious, she goes to the American consul's office to protest; and MacMurray, who is there, pretends to be that dignitary. They fall in love, and the preposterous lies he invents to save his face carry the story bubbling onward with Gladys and her grandfather finding success in America, and Cupid whizzing frantically about trying to clear up misunderstandings.

Miss Swarthout brings great glamour and beauty to her rôle; her singing of both classic and hit songs will delight you. MacMurray is versatile and completely charming; Veloz and Yolanda do a spectacular dance number, and the whole cast including such prominent players as Vivienne Osborne and Frank Forest, is splendid. The result is sheer romance.

CAMILLE—M-G-M

DIRECTOR George Cukor, with his genius for recreating the past (as witness "Romeo and Juliet," "Little Women," and "David Copperfield," to mention but a few of his successes) brings the same subtle touch to "Camille," imbuing the classic love drama with a new vitality and presenting a Garbo more vivid and alluring than she has been for several years.

You must remember the story of the exquisite Parisienne courtesan who falls in love with a young man, whom she assumes to be some one else, and finally denies her love at his father's request for the sake of the boy's own happiness.

Nothing new has been added to the story, but the production is one of glamour and nostalgia. Garbo will gloriously break your heart and Robert Taylor is the most ideal Armand. The whole cast is excellent.
BEAUTIFULLY produced, but cluttered with slow incidents, this offers woman as feminist in a dull and dragging story. Katharine Hepburn is superlative, as an English girl of the Eighties who fights convention; has a baby who coincidentally is known as her niece; and forbids herself happiness with devoted Herbert Marshall. The story is trite, but see it.

THE superb singing of Lawrence Tibbett will thoroughly delight you in this poorly constructed film story of a famous opera and radio singer who breaks with his conniving manager, Gregory Ratoff. Tibbett is excellent and Wendy Barrie pleasing; Ratoff and Arthur Treacher furnish good comedy, but the whole is sadly disappointing.

WHETHER you are a flying enthusiast, or not, you'll enjoy this exciting little airplane picture dedicated to the heroism and feminine charm of air hostesses. Judith Barrett is a graduate nurse who finally becomes "an angel of the airways," and saves her ship. William Gargan, William Hall, Andy Devine and Astrid Allwyn support.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

☆

TARZAN ESCAPES—
M-G-M

A NOOTHER thrilling episode in the adventures of Tarzan and Jane, depicting their happy home life in the African jungle. Cousins Benita Hume and William Henry attempt to lure Jane home, are captured by savage tribes and saved by Tarzan and his stampeding elephants. Johnny Weissmuller as Tarzan and Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane are splendid.

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY—
Warners-First National

NEVER a dull moment in this hokum story of murder in a transcontinental plane taken over by Public Enemy Number One and grounded by a dust storm. Howard Phillips is fine as the gangster. Warren Hull, as the enterprising reporter, and John Litel, as the arm of the law, also turn in good performances. Jean Muir has charm in a lifeless part.

WILD BRIAN KENT—
Principal-20th Century-Fox

RALPH BELLAMY as Wild Brian Kent becomes thoroughly tamed through rescuing their farm for Mae Clarke and Helen Lowell against the evil machinations of the villain, Stanley Andrews, who is trying to get the farm for himself by poisoning cattle, and sundry crooked things. The acting is fair, but the plot old. Children will love it.

GENERAL SPANKY—
Hal Roach-M-G-M

THE genuine comedy in this first feature-length "Our Gang" picture makes it one of the best laugh specials of the month. "Spanky" McFarland, "Alfalfa" Switzer and "Buckwheat" Thomas divide acting honors as members of a "kid" army during the Civil War. Phillips Holmes and Rosina Lawrence are a romantic touch.

LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR—
Universal

A MILD mystery tale of a wealthy girl who commits suicide when blackmailers fail to return letters written to Ralph Forbes, third-rate actor. The blackmailer is killed and the girl's family escapes with Detective C. Henry Gordon in pursuit. Henry Hunter, Polly Rowles, Walter Coy, Samuel Hinds and Alma Kruger rise above mediocre material.

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—
Republic

A CLEVER little comedy, depending for the most part on the grand team of Olsen and Johnson, a pair of high-powered promoters who sell worthless stock in an oil well only to have a gusher come in and save their necks. The dialogue and gags are exceptionally fine, and the supporting cast is good.
You may have been a homely child; your mother may have said when she didn’t know that you were sitting on the stairs, “She’s not as pretty as her sister, but she’s awfully sweet.” Or you may have had a wretched time during adolescence and listened with a frightening envy to the gay chatter of other girls while you were miserably powdering your nose in the dressing room—as you had been for the last hour. Perhaps you have wondered why a prospective employer picked the girl with beauty instead of brains. You may even now be hugging some such problem to your heart—but we doubt it.

There just isn’t such a thing as an unattractive woman any more—hasn’t been for years. We call her careless. Any woman, for the price of her theater ticket can go to the free school of beauty which Hollywood offers—and an overwhelming number of them do.

The proof is right in front of us. When Joan Crawford adopted a new lip-line, women all over the world imitated her—and they changed back again when Miss Crawford explained that this exotic make-up merely accentuated the character she played on the screen and was not a part of her real-life personality. When Jean Harlow went from platinum to brownette, hundreds of blondes started letting their hair come in its natural shade. And I was interested to note that, at a recent fashion forecast for hair styles right here in New York, the smart shade was brownette.

A noted Hollywood beauty authority, well-known to all of you, believes that at least one or two beauty secrets are offered to alert observers in every single picture and that the average woman, by watching the glamorous stars on the screen, can profit both by their triumphs and their mistakes. He quoted several cases which he thinks are outstanding in which certain stars provide excellent examples of the proper use of cosmetics.

“Claudette Colbert, for example, has mastered the technique of applying lipstick properly. She uses it to accentuate her lower lip, making her mouth appear full, sensitive, alluring.

“The glamorous Latin star, Dolores Del Rio, can give fine pointers on hairdressing. Her coiffure is molded to her head and is designed to fit the contours of her face exactly.

“For eyebrows, any woman might profit by the example of Joan Crawford. Hers are natural and full and are not ravaged by eyebrow tweezers, though they are always well-groomed.

“Correct application of eyelash make-up and eye shadow is perfectly shown by Loretta Young. The haunting beauty of her eyes is brought out to full advantage by the deft and subtle manner in which she applies her cosmetics.”

If there is something about yourself that displeases you, do something about it. When Joan Blondell was in New York on her honeymoon (looking very radiant and even prettier than she is on the screen) she told me that she had a curl in her upper lip which she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]
SUMPTUOUS SIMPLICITY
An asymmetric gown of metallic cloth in princess silhouette has a raised waistline. The skirt sweeps into a train. Myrna Loy wears gold and brilliant ornaments with it. Upbrushed hair frames her piquant beauty.
In "Love on the Run," Joan Crawford wears a wedding gown of mousseline de soie. Ribbon tucks are spaced on waist, sleeves and the very wide skirt. From neck to hem are cluster buttons of orange blossoms and baby gardenias.
A black masterpiece has been designed by Adrian in fine woolen. Hand embroidered gold thread palm leaves spread from a diamond and star sapphire clip. Galyak gloves, with huge gauntlets edged with silver fox, match a hip-length cape Joan wears in the picture. Her bag is of velvet and silver fox. A simple black velvet hat and suède pumps complete the costume.
Joan has bought this costume, as well as the black one, for her own wardrobe. She loves the suit of mustard woolen with its black velvet collar and wooden buttons. Over it she wears a coat trimmed with lynx. Her hat is of the same material, with a feather accent. These costumes of Joan's are typically Adrian.
In her next picture Grace Moore will wear this magnificent cape designed for her by Bernard Newman. It is of black velvet, with white fox used vertically. Under it is a sophisticated gown of black velvet cut with a square décolletage, across the front of which curl tiny Prince of Wales ostrich tips.
Plus-fours are the outstanding novelty of the sport season clothes. Wendy Barrie wears them in gray uncrushable material. A black angel-skin blouse matches her heavy suede shoes and the green bordered handkerchief in Persian design picks up the green of her socks.

Coats are long or short. Here Wendy wears one of heavy white cotton over a blue and white Lastex bathing suit. Her head scarf complements the suit in color.

Upper right: Wendy and Caesar Romero fly up to the opening of the Desert Inn. Wendy has a date for tennis so she covers her suit of blue piqué with a long coat of heavy white silk. Blue cotton bandana.

Right: Judith Barrett likes the new dressmaker suits and has one in gray satin. Her giant hat is made of cellophane and her transparent sunshade is bright red.
A costume combining sheer gray wool for the dress with a burgundy coat, the latter lined with self-colored taffeta. Burgundy platter buttons are on the dress and coat, and the hat is of gray felt with a crown of birds in burgundy color. Gloves and bag match.

Extreme right: Wendy has a betting hunch as she steps out in a dress of beige, green and brown striped wool, the revers lined with the same green wool as is used for the long coat. The great collar is of blue fox and the hat of gray felt with a green feather.

Lower: Pressed pleats give crispness to Wendy's pink tweed skirt, with which she wears a swagger coat. Her blouse is of aubergine crépe to match her scarf, suède shoes and gloves, and her bag. Her becoming hat is of stitched tweed.

A close-up of Wendy in the suit shown at extreme left. Wendy's clothes on this page are from Howard Greer.
Ideal for the holidays is an evening wrap of Italian brocatello. It comes in gold, eggshell, and blue. Shoulder width, fitted waist, high adjustable neck—all are leading fashion points. To be had in practically any shade you fancy, this lustrous satin evening dress is made with a tunic formed by a fold of the material. Flowers are very important this season, so a huge bouquet is added for beauty.

Found in the Shops

This useful dinner or cocktail dress comes in suède crépe—in blue, green, red, white and black. It has a separate sleeveless short jacket opening in the back. Rhinestone bands add this year’s touch of glitter.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 102.
Charming on the dance floor would be this youthful net rock in blue, black or white. Satin bands its entire length and the sheath-like slip is of satin. A large bouquet of flowers is worn at the neck.

Karen Morley, appearing in Goldwyn's "Beloved Enemy," makes your holiday clothes shopping easy for you in these pages. A tall tea gown in white, black, royal blue or red, studded with rhinestones.

Karen smiles with content in her metal cloth aperitif frock. She had a color choice of wine, blue, green or black, with silver. Note the self-buttons, raised bust line, neckline and princess silhouette.

PHOTOPLAY
HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Photos by A peda
Above: Two views of a tortoise shell purse, a gift from Rosa Ponselle. Grace's initials are in gold as are the clasps. Below: (left) The gold medal presented to Grace by King Christian of Denmark. (right) The gold medal presented her by King Gustaf of Sweden. Below, center: While in Oslo, Norway, Miss Moore had tea with the King and Queen. King Haakon gave her this pin of diamonds set in platinum.

Above: Ostertagg of Paris designed this bracelet, ring and clip of blue-white diamonds set in rich yellow gold. Left: The Cullinan blue diamond was split into three parts. The marquise was set into King Edward's crown, the round stone into his scepter, and the bouquet into Grace Moore's superb necklace. Below: an orchid of diamonds and emeralds, with separate leaves, flashed at the neck of Grace black woolen frock.
A Toast to Shirley Temple

Your head a dream ship piled with gold,
Such treasure as no pirate knew—
Wind-crumpled gold in living rings
Of light; a favor granted few.

Your ruddy lips, they shame the rose,
Expressing all you wish them to;
They are fond doors that open wide
When song and gladness ripple through.

Your laughing eyes imprison gnomes
Of mischief, and the starlight, too;
And in their innocence the world
Of God that all have longed to view.

Your chubby hands and chubby wrists,
Your feet, that ramble as they do,
The whole sweet bundle that you are
We love, my dear, because it's YOU!

By P. J. Cleveland

Illustrated by Frank Doria
WHEREFORE it was 1932—and Claudette Colbert was newly a Hollywood resident; and she was groping, seriously but increasingly in vain, after happiness with her husband, Norman Foster; and her first picture, "Man From Yesterday," was as dismal a flop as has ever thudded into any box office.

She had just come from two thoroughly unhappy years in New York, years spent making pictures in which she played the wife who loses out and then feels sorry for herself. Norman, his contract inexorably labelled "Hollywood," had been able to see her only twice in twenty-four months—which is no formula, applicable under any circumstances, for a successful marriage.

Bag and baggage and protesting wails and all, she had moved Mother and Tante and Smoky, her frivolously sheared black poodle, from the modernistic apartment on Central Park West to strangely beautiful Southern California. Madame Chauchoin was violently silent about the entire business. Tante grumbled about living in a winter resort. Smoky merely leered. Claudette, inherently shy of life and its exigencies, felt panic beetling inside her.

I don't know exactly what an ordinary person would have done under the circumstances. Lovely Miss Colbert locked herself in her room one evening and held an exacting conference with herself. Methodically she broke down the causes and origins of her unhappiness, logically she enumerated the various things she might do to allay each situation. Her family, first, must be settled in a house they liked, and made to love the Hollywood of which Claudette was already so fond.

Her mother, she knew, subscribed to a phobia about people walking about overhead. In New York, the apartments they had lived in had always been on top floors. So Claudette haggled with agents until she secured a tremendous house on the sheer point of an outpost crag. There were terraces and a swimming pool far down in a cleft and winding paths through a clinging, tumbled garden. Visitors were wont to say, first, "Whee—what a climb!" and second, "But my hat—what a view!"

Several hundred square miles of California, and half the Pacific, were spread out below; "And on a clear day," Claudette would explain triumphantly, "you can see Catalina. . . ."

Always a little delicate so far as health was concerned, she was bearing almost constantly the sharp, vicious pain of an infected sinus, with the accompanying throb of tattered nerves. So she hunted up a specialist in that field, one Dr. Joel Pressman, and went to him for treatments.

SOMETHING had to be done about her career, too. Cecil B. DeMille was hunting for a Poppea for his prospective "The Sign of the Cross." It was an unsympathetic rôle, unnaturally exotic, and there were few who could afford to take the chance.

When DeMille came to Claudette she thought, "There's nothing to lose and it's a part that could be built into a terrific thing."

She put her chin up. "You can bring on Nero," she told DeMille, "and the milk baths, too—"

You who saw that picture must remember that the Colbert Poppea was less a stilted figure from history than a warm human being, possessive and proud and understanding and emotional. You believed in her, and additionally you believed that such a woman once actually lived and loved and took baths in milk. Audiences discovered Claudette, delightedly sent other people to discover her, sat down and wrote letters to her studio, clamored for more.

But her best-laid plans weren't altogether successful. Mother and Tante got weary of the view ("So seldom is the clear day you talk about," they complained explosively) and extremely weary of the climb. The sinus began to let out an occasional

Claudette's striking portrayal of Poppea. Nero's wife, in "The Sign of the Cross" was the beginning of a new life for her. Freddie March was the hero. Above, with Clark Gable in the now famous, "It Happened One Night"
indignant peep once more, so that the treatments with Dr. Pressman had to be resumed. She was working too hard, since her studio demanded that she make "The Phantom President" simultaneously with "The Sign of the Cross." Therefore at eleven o'clock each day she was consort to a Roman Emperor and at two she was enacting rigidly modern satire with George M. Cohan.

At least her career was looking up. "I'll make a success in pictures or else," she had told herself fiercely the day she arrived in Hollywood. And this was it. This was the beginning of that success. This was real fame and what was beginning to look like real money.

Then, in 1933, in the midst of the mad confusions of a new President and a New Deal and NRA's and AAA's and the reaction of the American people who thought they were turning at last the corner Prosperity was just around—somehow in that hectic year Claudette's personal pattern straightened into a clear, workable thing of values. Maybe she had grown up at last; maybe she found herself, as the phrase has it; maybe she got the breaks.

But whereas her entire life until that time had been one of struggle, of headstrong impulse and regrets and disappointment and vain attempts, suddenly it settled quietly into smooth routine, a quietly working machine that evolved and produced unhesitatingly and without effort.

Convinced finally that Madame Chauchoin and Tante were really discontented with the hilltop house, Claudette leased the charming home next door to ZaSu Pitts' property—a walled seclusion which Garbo had fitted for her own peculiar exactitudes and which, with a few changes, suited the French family perfectly. They moved in, sat complacently behind windows that framed no extensive view, and ceased to grumble.

At the same time she and Norman began to realize, and the realization became an unspoken agreement between them, that their modern marriage was a failure; that all their consistent attempts to salvage it were merely food for heartbreak. Sensibly they decided to let it ride its own course for a while, and to Claudette the decision was [please turn to page 81]

Concluding the heart-warming story of this star's rise from obscurity to fame

Advance reports indicate that "Maid of Salem," with Fred MacMurray, is one of the best pictures Claudette ever made

The dazzling girl was responsible for the success of quite a few male stars. Above, in "The Gilded Lily" with Ray Milland. Right, "Private Worlds" with Charles Boyer and Joel McCrea. It was Boyer's first American picture.
A Sucker for a SOB

GEORGE RAFT is a sucker. He admits it himself. The hard-boiled bumper-off of the movies, the cold-blooded rubber-out who skyrocketed to stardom by nonchalantly turning the heat on fourteen different mugs in a single picture— "Scarface"— actually is the biggest softie in Hollywood. On the screen he piles up the corpses like cordwood, but in his private life he himself falls for a sob-story harder than a baldhead falls for a blonde. That patent-leather tough look of his doesn't mean a thing.

Right now George has living with him, in his swank Rossmore apartment, a kid who came out here from New York. The kid has an invention, and he got to George. The invention is a new electric vibrator that looks like Cal Coolidge's mechanical rocking-horse—you sit on a saddle like riding a bicycle and the vibrator does things to you. The young inventor thinks it'll be a sure cure for all human ills, and perhaps it will. You never can tell about inventions.

But the point is that George is backing this invention simply to do something for the kid. So far the vibrator has cost him exactly $7,500 in cash—experiments are expensive, you know—not to mention the kid's living expenses. The kid, you see, had nowhere else to go and no other place to work on his invention, so naturally George invited him to move into his own apartment. George, being a movie star, happens to have plenty of room.

When the invention is perfected they're going to send the first one to the President. Nobody can stop 'em, either.

"Oh, well," explained George self-deprecatingly, "that kid got me some ice when I had diphtheria in New York and there was an ice strike on—and besides, the invention may work."

GEORGE won't tell you about these things. Like all these hard-panned and soft-hearted guys who go around doing anything they can for anybody, George is about as loquacious as the proverbial oyster concerning his own boy-scout deeds. Even his press agent won't tell you—not because he is bashful, but because George doesn't tell him.

But The Killer will tell you...

The Killer also lives with George. He has lived with him for several years now, before George got his initial "break," in fact. The Killer is from New York, too, and he earned his nickname
legitimately because he is almost as tough as George. Whenever those two see a beggar on a street corner they break down and weep a duet.

Anyhow, The Killer knows all about George and everything George does because he's always with him. His real name is Mack Grey, and, again like George, he's so flint-souled that if he had to swat a fly he'd give it an anesthetic first so that it wouldn't hurt.

It was quite all right for George to do something—something else—for The Killer, of course. The pair go to the fights every Tuesday and Friday night (those are Charity Nights in Hollywood, as any panhandler will tell you when they line up for George), and on this particular night The Killer happened to see a fighter who looked good to him.

"I could do something with that guy if I had him to handle," he remarked casually to George.

"Like him?" asked George.

"Yeah, I sure do."

"Then he's yours," said George.

And he was, because George bought him for The Killer—hat is, he bought up his contract [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Beneath the hard-boiled exterior of George Raft is a heart as big as all outdoors . . . and there are plenty in Hollywood who will testify to the truth of that frank statement

BY REGINALD TAVINER

There have been many rumors that George will marry Virginia Pine. In the meantime, he is a year 'round Santa Claus to her little girl.

Below, George and his bosom pal, Mack "Killer" Grey, who lives with him. When this pair go to the fights, every panhandler in town lines up

STORY
Top left: Jane Wyatt finds this minaret of black felt, with its gold ornament and black tassel, perfect to complement a tailored suit. Its original is seen in "Lost Horizon".

Lower left: Perfect for informal dining out and dancing is this little hat inspired by "The Plainsman" and worn by Helen Burgess. It is of black velvet velour, and trimmed with a soft blue ostrich plume.

Lower right: In "Lost Horizon" Jane Wyatt wears hats of Tibetan inspiration. The halo hat is in black felt with gold braid outlining the brim and scrolls over the ears.

Upper right: Helen wears another "Plainsman" hat—this time an exact copy of the military cap worn by Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. It is of brown stitched woolen with a trim grosgrain band.

You can purchase this smart millinery in any of the department stores or shops starred (*) on page 102.
fashion letter for January

by Kathleen Howard

Omar KIAM was looking at the new silks for spring when I visited him in his studio. They cascaded from chairs and tables and desk in a cataract of glowing colors. Citron yellows, scarlet, purples set the air around them dancing with their live vibrations.

When I could drag him away from running them through his fingers, I pinned him down to talking about the clothes he has made for Merle Oberon in Samuel Goldwyn’s “Beloved Enemy.” The cape photographed is of heavy beige woolen material, and could be nutria lined or faced. The woolen dress under it is of tobacco brown, the hat and suede gloves match it and the quill on the hat is a blend of beige and brown. The high shoes are of brown suede, kid trimmed. An alligator bag of practical proportions completes the costume.

Omar sent for the sable cape in the other photograph to show me how it fastens in the back, a new idea I think. It has clever pinches in it to break the line. Miss Oberon wears it over a black broadcloth dress which is trimmed with velvet. Her black velvet hat he calls “Gyroscope.” It is crownless and the blades certainly suggest its name. They flop over in the back, as they will. Black suede gloves, bag and pumps are worn with this. Note the great oblong buckle of velvet on the giraffe.

He showed me a photograph of a costume conceived to stress the character Miss Oberon will play, that of an English girl, a lady, conservative but smart. A tweed jacket in what I call wasp colors, that is orange, pale yellow and brown (sounds dreadful, Omar said, but is really lovely), was worn over a brown woolen dress. What intrigued me most was a bag of the jacket tweed with jagged edges outlined in brown leather. A large leather initial was stitched onto it and the gloves matched.

Omar loves to use brown on the screen. It gives depth, he finds, and photographs more easily than black. I noticed new highlights on Merle’s hair and Omar told me it was powdered in gold dust. He said when they were filming “These Three” they picked up light relief in her hair by putting peroxide on the tips, but now they achieved almost the same effect with the gold dust. You will remember we showed you in November that Norma Shearer was using the same means to brilliancy and I was interested because these two girls are close friends. Omar thinks black hair outlined with silver where the waves edge, would be beautiful. In New York I saw a black-haired woman who had powdered greenish-white powder into the hair which swept back, behind her ears. Exotic, you will say, but she was of that type and it suited her.

IT was a pleasure to welcome Robert Kalloch back to Columbia after his year spent in New York, where he designed for some of its smartest women. I asked him whether he found upon his return that there was a gap to bridge between the smart society woman’s clothes and those of screen heroines.

“No,” he answered. “The taste of screen stars has made such strides in the last few years that I can proceed along the same lines here as I did in New York. I have to stress certain points on the screen, of course. If I make broad shoulders in New York I make them a little broader for the screen. But screen clothes must now, before everything, look real. No more electric lights on them. No more eccentricity. I’ll admit there was a time when they were sometimes so exaggerated as to be comic, but that day is past, and we have the rebound.”

The type of clothes he loves best are plain in silhouette with marvelous gadgets, as he said. Accessories are a subtle way of telling your own personal story. You should start with the make-up appropriate to the occasion and build your appearance around that. For instance, the creamy white indoor make-up, with scarlet lips, is not appropriate to scampering out of doors; just as unpowdered suntans clash when combined with the black satin, afternoon type of costume. So Mr. Kalloch thinks you should start by planning your cosmetics and then build up your costume.

He likes to see prints used. [Please turn to page 113]

To the left: In “Beloved Enemy” Merle Oberon wears a cape of beige tweed, faced with nutria. To the right: Black broadcloth and sable for formal occasions.
"Fire Over England," the London Films Production brings to the screen an entirely new conception of Elizabeth. And one more truly representative of what she was—the beloved guardian of her people during one of Britain's most memorable epochs—her struggle with Spain which culminated in the rout of the Armada and England's rise to world dominion.

Flora Robson, one of the foremost actresses of her time, is the Good Queen Bess. At her feet is Laurence Olivier (also at left), who begs to be permitted to serve her, and avenge his father's death by the Spanish Inquisition. Above is Vivien Leigh as a lady-in-waiting with whom Laurence is in love.

In these exclusive stills you may see the scrupulous authenticity of each detail of the costuming and sets, for which the British Museum was consulted. Directed by our own William K. Howard, "Fire Over England" promises to be one of the most distinguished pictures of the season.
"You girls who want a lovely skin— use my beauty care"
says
Ginger Rogers

"Don't run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way"... 
- It's when stale powder and rouge choke your pores that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. "But," she says, "I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap." Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—always before they go to bed. "Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless," says Ginger Rogers.
HAVE you noticed that in practically all the outstanding classics which have been filmed, Edna May Oliver has been responsible for a delightful characterization of some beloved character? Aunt Betsy in "David Copperfield," angular Miss Doss in "A Tale of Two Cities," Juliet's nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"—in these roles and many more, her inimitable drollery, her caustic wit, and her dramatic artistry have long remained in the minds of the audience, and received the fervent applause of critics.

Born Edna May Nutter, in Boston, on November 9, 1884, she says her first public appearance was in the shows she and her brother staged in the back yard—admission, six pins. She wrote the plays herself, and prophetically took her characters from Dickens' Child's History of England. Her voice was remarkable, and after singing in the Congregational Church in Boston, she began to study for opera. Just as she finished her apprenticeship, a series of domestic tragedies left her without funds, and she turned to dressmaking. Some time later she joined a stock company.

Soon she went to New York where she played opposite Arnold Daly in "The Master." Appearances in "The Quaker Aunt" and "Oh, Boy!" were followed by featured parts in several of Victor Herbert's operettas. Finally she played one of the "Cradle Snatchers" with Mary Boland, and in Ziegfeld's production of "Show Boat," as Parthy Ann Hawks bossed the boat for three years. She entered pictures in 1924. Her talent for concentrating scorn, disgust and a few other emotions in a single sniff has made her an invaluable comedy character. The only other woman in her class was the late Marie Dressler.

Miss Oliver's favorite entertainment is music; she plays the piano beautifully. As good a cook as she is a comedienne, her other hobbies are gardening and swimming.

PEGGY DUGAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—Jack LaRue wasn't born in France, but in New York City in 1902. His real name is Jack Biondolillo. He is five feet eleven and one half inches tall, weighs 130 pounds, has black hair and eyes. He has five sisters and is living with one of them, Emily, who is also in the movies. His hobbies are boxing and playing the mandolin. His most recent picture is "It Couldn't Have Happened!"

ALICE SPINGLE, LEE, MASS.—Your favorite, Alan Mowbray, was born in London, England, on August 18, 1896. He served four years in the British Army and was decorated by the late King George for his bravery. After the armistice, he won recognition on the London stage and came to the United States about fourteen years ago. His first movie was "The Devil Was Sick" in 1930. Since then he has been in a great many pictures, the most recent being "Mary of Scotland" and "My Man Godfrey." He is currently appearing in "Ladies in Love."

INA DELIGHT KULBERG, IRONWOOD, Mich. —Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., on Feb. 27th, 1905. He is six feet tall, weighs about 165 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. He graduated from Cornell, where he was President of the dramatic club, assistant to the head of the Romance language department, and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. He's been married only once, and that was to Joan Crawford at Englewood Cliffs, N. J., on Oct. 11, 1935. They are very happy together. Franchot will play next in "Quality Street" with Katie Hepburn.

MABEL MEISSNER, MILWAUKEE, Wis.—The Jones Family's most recent picture is "Back to Nature," and I think if you write to 20th Century Fox, they will send you a family picture. Sydney Blackmer isn't a reduse like Garbo, anyone else, and you can see him featured as the villainous president of the National Canneries in "The President's Mystery" which is his latest picture. Jeanette MacDonald will make "The Firefly," but her leading man is scheduled to be Allan Jones, not Nelson Eddy or Robert Taylor. This picture won't be released until after "May-time."

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to

The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.
Claudette Colbert’s Climb to Stardom

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73)

... a definite relief. Nevertheless, the knowledge that they had failed, that their great love could have lost itself in the separate struggle for separate careers, hurt her deeply. The unhappiness it caused her might have been disastrous except that, fortunately, she was so extremely busy she had no time to think.

She made “Tonight is Ours” with Fredric March, as a follow-up to “The Sign of the Cross” and it was a distributors’ bonanza. Then came “Three Cornered Moon,” an hysterical comedy which Mary Boland took unto herself but which was no slouch so far as Claudette’s popularity was concerned. Sometime during that year she made “I Cover the Waterfront,” which turned out well, and “Four Frightened People,” which turned out badly. But just before the end of 1933 she finished “It Happened One Night,” and although that rollicking little masterpiece wasn’t released for several months, both she and the studio saw the rushes.

The vicious, not-to-be-ignored, sinus—which at the time she cursed bitterly but which in only a year she was destined to bless with all her heart—nagged relentlessly, and relentlessly Dr. Pressman treated it. 1934 whizzed past with Mother and Tante happy at last and Claudette finding, unaccountably and unbelievably, that living could be a steady pleasure.

She saw very little of Norman, and since the desperate sense of strain and disquiet between them had disappeared with their decision not to try any longer, the meetings were pleasant and friendly.

Two things of vital importance occurred: “It Happened One Night” was released and was so over-poweringly successful that the Colbert name became one of the five best in Hollywood, and so did the Colbert contract. “Cleopatra,” which followed, was one of those commercial champions. She enjoyed making “Imitation of Life” and the public enjoyed seeing it; and “The Gilded Lily” not only made Fred MacMurray, and thus in itself was noteworthy, but it redoubled Claudette’s fan mail.

And in December of that year she went one morning to play golf and ran into Dr. Pressman on the course. She had never seen him without his white apron and the little mirror doctors wear on their heads while at work, and here was revelation. Here was a young man whose nubilic was as expert as his scalpel and who, furthermore, was being terrifically non-professional in his attentions to her.

Claudette drove squarely into a sand trap and fell just as directly in love with the man whom she had seen three times a week (and had hardly noticed) for two years.

Early in the afternoon, when Claudette’s score was in three whopping figures and Pressman’s was nearly in two, he motioned to the caddies and took her arm. “Lunch, now,” he said. “There’s a good drive-in just down the road.”

For one instant she let her mind dwell on the Vendome menu—and then she grinned. “All right,” she agreed, and tucked the worst score she had ever shot into her pocket.

Sitting in his car in the sun, they ate layer after layer of Nuttyburger and talked against time of the most fascinating subject in the world—their own. He told her of the work he was doing. She talked of transparencies and locations and scene-burbling and camera shutters. To her he was genuine and without artificiality, a man with a purpose and the ability to achieve it. After the multitude of movie heroes she had known, this selfless, dispassionate person had about him a refreshing excitement.

Deanna Durbin, thirteen-year-old songstress, invited Radio Announcer James Wellington (right) to visit her on the set at Universal. Every week he is her host when she sings on Eddie Cantor’s broadcast. You probably recognize the other man, Charles Winniger, known to thousands of radio fans as “Cap’n Henry” of the Showboat program. He has a part in “Three Smart Girls,” in which Deanna is working...
Half an hour later she started her motor, whizzed around a corner, and skidded directly into Sunset Boulevard. It was purely fate that there was a real-estate agency only half a block down.

Then began one of the most hectic and pleasurable periods of her life. She bought the knoll, at a price several figures above its value because the realtor had recognized her; "Baby needs new shoes and Papa needs a new car," he said, in a quick aside to his conscience, and hurriedly added digits to the original sum. The house she decided to build would be Georgian, of course, in accordance with her reaction against modernism in any form, and there would be a theater-playhouse and a tennis court—but no swimming pool, because of Mr. Sinus.

The plans were brought to her for an okay while she was on the set, frantic with work. She'd never looked twice at a blueprint before in her life.

"What's that?" she'd ask, pointing, and helpful friends, clustered around her, would say, "M. B. Master Bedroom."

"Don't think it looks large enough?" she'd say.

"Well, it'll be about as long as from here to that camera over there."

CLAUDETTE would look at the camera. "Gosh, that's a long way, isn't it? That's fine. They can go ahead on it then ... !"

It wasn't only work that kept her from supervising the building of her house. In July she decided, finally, to divorce Norman, and she wanted the entire affair to be as unostentatious and as quietly simple as possible. Wherefore, when she wasn't at the studio, or running about with Jack, the details of her impending suit took every second of her time.

In the end she had to tear out the living room two or three times and replace it—walls came down and new beams put in and other walls came up; paint was scratched off and fixtures were pulled out. Ceilings expanded.

It was finished, finally, in December of 1933. It was finished just a few days before she took a plane for Yuma and, in a short ceremony, became Mrs. Jack Pressman.

Anyway, they had moved in by Christmas. There were only a few borrowed tables and chairs—Claudette would go to New York later to buy the beautiful furniture she wanted—but at least they were home. There were a few more tribulations, of course.

A mouse had been walled into Madame's dressing room and, having died there, created such an evil smell that something had to be done immediately. Workmen came, held consultations, brought tools, and began cracking holes in the tile. By the time they found the mouse the room was a shambles; it had to be completely re-done.

The plumbing leaked and ruined the wallpaper, necessitating new plumbing and new wallpaper, with all the attendant mess and expense. Someone had installed a water heater sufficient for two hot baths, if you took them sparingly and in succession. The lawn wouldn't grow.

But by June, 1936, peace had come to Cezar Colbert; literally and in every figurative sense.

CLAUDETTE stretched lazily in her chair. "And that's all there is," she said.

"And as for the past year?" I asked.

"Just two pictures, 'Under Two Flags' and 'Mail of Salem' and sheer happiness with Jack," she smiled. "I'm afraid this is one story that ends with achievement and contentment ... I'll keep on working now, making pictures, and pretty soon I'd like to take time out and have a baby. Beyond that." She shrugged.

Lily Chabwin, if the brown eyes and the distinctive face, of the rebellious, intelligent spirit and the pigtail, has come a long way.

THE END

As We Go to Press

Sally Haines and Bert Wheeler will probably be married by the time you read this.

Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., are all over their lovers' spat now.

It has been discovered that when Director Eddie Sutherland made that trip to Europe on the Hindenburg a few months ago, it was to go directly to Rome to have all his former marriages annulled. He is waiting for word from the Pope in order to marry Loretta Young.

When Mae West discovered that her personal appearance tour began on Friday 13th, she immediately had all bookings rearranged so she could leave later.

Kay Francis, having finished "Another Dawn," sailed to Europe for three months' vacation along the Riviera.

Brothers Kenneth and Colin Hunter have now joined Van Hunter in Hollywood and will all act in movies.

Doughas Montgomery back from England for two reasons. First to consult with doctors about a serious wrist injury because English physicians want to reoperate. Second, because of Whitney Bourne, New York society actress, who was scotched by a Martini glass.

Says Douglas, "It's a romance." He will probably start pictures again.

Tom Brown is now freelancing so could accept Warners' offer of lead opposite their new Australian import, Mary McGuirie in "If Love Begins." She requested him especially because of his Australian popularity.

Production of "Parnell" held up while producers decide if Gable should wear a long black beard. Authenticity demands it but Gable looked so fierce in the thing it's doubtful he'll don it.

Elios Lundii and Nina Martini continue to see each other nightly and apparently Elios is resuming her vocal lessons.

Spencer Tracy interrupted his vacation on his hetch by coming in for his mother's birthday. Also scotched rumors he was at hospital having nose remodelled.

Katharine Hepburn feels her new stage play "Jane Eyre" will be the test of her acting ability. If it flops, Katie will be content with movies forever.

Jimmie Stewart is a regular visitor on the Ginger Rogers set at KKO.

Robert Montgomery back from three months on his Connecticut farm. Has opened Hollywood house. Brought back flack of plays with him hoping to get producers to buy them and put him in them.

Herbert Marshall will return shortly from England to co-star with Miriam Hopkins at KKO in "Escadrille."

Paramount is far from chagrined at Geo. Raft's sudden withdrawal from studio; after all $4000 a week is a lot of money for a discontented boy, they feel.

Dehnar Davies is rushing his writing assignments at Warners' to join Kay Francis in Europe.

George Brent is dining nightly at the Garbo manse now that "Camille" is finished.

Sam Goldwyn is pleased over acquiring Director John Ford for "Hurricane."

Johnny Downs went to Lake Arrowhead for week-end leaving Friday and Saturday night to go on the stage. They were going to have a good time without any sorrow at the end of the week-end.
Get at that Faulty Under Skin

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

Horrid skin faults are usually underskin faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands underneath are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin crinkling, because your underskin is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin feels fresher—looks brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—briskly. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

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

POND'S, Dept. 15-Ca, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name

Street

City State

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company
Jimmy: You invite about twelve people, and you shout the works. (He lights a cigarette, lights it, scratches one knee, peers into his empty cup, and grins suddenly.) The works. Cocktails before dinner and wines with dinner and then liqueurs and highball. You have those little roasted things (he waggles descriptively with his hands)—squabs, and truffles. All the trimmings.

Y. C.: Is that what you did?

Jimmy: We must've. I paid the bill, and it was so much we must have had everything there was at the caterers. It was so much, anyway, that we haven't thrown another one since.

Y. C.: Swell advice, I must say.

Jimmy (hastily): But it's the only way. You get to know the winners that way, you see? (Dreamily) That's what started the Virginia Bruce thing—

Y. C.: It sounds a little formal to me. (With cynicism.) What d'ya do, sit around and play charades afterward until ten o'clock?

Jimmy: You've forgotten—the biggest part of that bill was the bar check. You sit around, all right, but you play records like "Jangled Nerves" and "Swing That Music." You play Louis Armstrong and Fletcher Henderson and, intermittently, all the fine nostalgic tunes from the summers past. And you harmonize at the piano. And you sort of strike up acquaintances. Somehow or other the party just seems to take care of itself after that.

Y. C.: All right, then. The bachelor has accomplished a lot so far. He's met the girls, anyway.

Jimmy: That's the idea. He's got an excuse to ring them and ask for a date, you see. Now there are two methods of doing this, depending entirely on the girl—you can either call and say, "Haryabe? How about an evening at the Palomar and a hot dog afterward? It's cheap and I'm broke." Or you say, "Good morning, Miss Such and Such. I wonder if you are going to be busy tomorrow evening—I understand there's an excellent concert at the Bowl, and the Trocadero, one hears, is quite nice."

Y. C.: But how do you know which is what?

Jimmy: Simple. If she's a featured extra and makes four hundred and fifty a month then you put on tails and plop open the opera hat and send orchids and go gliding into the Troc where all the new photographers are. If she's a thousand-a-week gal, or over, then you can go to the beach and shoot clay pigeons. She can afford to.

Y. C.: Now there is a hint of hidden wisdom there, if only I could catch it. Eludicate, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Well, gosh, you ought to know that the biggest thing with girls in this town is Career—with a capital C. With lots of them you can't just go out and do whatever you feel like doing, such as a Central Avenue dive, because the swing orchestra is good there, or going to the skating rink or anything like that, because that isn't very good publicity.

They want to swish around in a smart night club with all the ermine and sequins they can carry. And the biggest pastime is adding up the number of camera flashlights that go off in your face. You have to weed out gals like that just as soon as possible, so that you are left with three or four really wonderful girls like Eleanor Powell and Ginger Rogers and Virginia Bruce—they can forget their careers for the evening and what they want is to have a good time, whether it's on a roller coaster or in a middle-class dance hall.

Y. C. (beginning to turn faintly purple): My hat, technique on a roller coaster!

Jimmy (earnestly): Now don't say anything about roller coasters. Roller coasters are very fine things. I could go on for hours about how fine they are.

Y. C.: By all means.

Jimmy: Well, roller coasters should be got on at night, not because of the reflection of the pier lights in the water but because the turns are dark and you can't see where you are going. Women on roller coasters who can't see where they're going always scream. They always put their arms around your neck. And when they have their arms around your neck and are screaming then you are safe—it is when they have their arms around
your neck and begin towar, that the
Hollywood Bachelor has to look out. They all
say they wouldn't go on one of those things
for anything—but they always do. Be careful,
though, that on the turns you don't
bump heads. That happens often and sort of
spoils the frivolity because it's liable to break
something besides the ice.

Y. C. (biting through his cigarette): Hey!
Jimmy (with dignity): I am quite serious.
If you have cleared off the career girls and
the ones that aren't any fun, why, a roller coaster
is the thing,—because of the dips. Also,
fly a kite because that is a nice breezy way
to spend an afternoon.

Y. C.: They have places where they put
people who make puns like that.

Jimmy: You wanted rules. And rules
you'll get. Next thing to do is get a pencil
and paper and figure out your monthly in-
come, and then decide how much of it must
go toward absolute necessities of living; after
that cut the necessities budget in half and add
one of the halves to the sum you've put
aside for entertainment. If you're careful
you may be able to get along on this without
running into debt.

Y. C.: Now listen—
Jimmy (incororably): Also it is one of the
most uncompromising rules not to go out
with the same girl twice in succession. Now
this has several reasons,—in the first place
if you are seen two nights with a woman without
any lapse in between, then the next morn-
ing you are married in all the newspapers.
Either that or you've established a love nest.
And then the telegrams start coming in; con-
gratulations from friends, excited squawks from
relatives, bitter recriminations from your
family and a warning to start annullment pro-
ceddings immediately from the studio...

Y. C. (with careful calm): Only two dates,
Jimmy?

Jimmy: Only two. Well, as you can readily
imagine this is a slightly difficult situation
the Hollywood bachelor is in. The last thing
in the world he can do is give out a denial,
because then the papers will say he is pro-
testing too much and reaffirm the entire thing,
with details and the name of the pilot who flew
the newlyweds to Yuma. And it is terrible as
regards the other girls he likes—especially
if he is kinda more fond of one than of the
others. Because then there is a studied in-
difference to the situation between them, but
at the same time an awful artificiality in their
relationship. And pretty soon they either
stop seeing each other or there is a tooth-and-
claw battle. "Well, you must have given
those reporters some reason to say what they
did," says the girl. "After all, newspapers
don't make up everything out of thin air.
Where there's smoke—"

I watched it happen with plenty of my
friends. And you know of one young star
who lost the woman he was really in love with
under exactly the same circumstances.

Y. C.: This commissary has got everything
else, it may also have walls with ears. Be-
sides, the discussion is degenerating into a
serious one. What about technique? What
about giving things to these girls who have
everything already?

Jimmy: The four-fifty a month wimmens you
send orchids to, because they're still poor
eough to like 'em. The thousand-a-week gals
you send expensive but out of the ordinary
trinkets, like a diamond-studded thimble or a
platinum coat hanger. When they make three
thousand a week or over then it just doesn't
matter any more. You can send a wooden
hand to hold all the star sapphires when they
take a bath or you can bring them an avocado
you grew in your own window. Or a Duesen-
berg. It's the sentiment that counts with
them.


... Any more rules?

Jimmy: Yes. (His cheek is smooth because sud-
denly his tongue isn't there any more, and there
is a small crinkle across his forehead.) If this
particular bachelor, as you say, has suddenly
been dumped off a Broadway show onto
Hollywood and a big contract, then remember
—anyway, he should remember—that there
hasn't been any logic in his life so far and that
probably there never will be. So he's not to
take himself seriously, you see. He can fall
in love if he wants to, get married if he wants
to, work himself into stardom or whatever else
he wants—but if he takes himself seriously
then everything is ruined, and so is the guy's
personality. (Both Jimmy and your corre-
spondent absent-mindedly put money on the
table, and stand up.) D'you understand what
I'm trying to say?

Y. C.: It couldn't possibly be an explanation
of why you haven't gone Hollywood yourself.
could it? Why all this sudden success and
running around hasn't done anything to you?

Jimmy (embarrassed): Hey! You know what
we did? My good gosh—we tipped that
waitress seven hundred and fifty per cent of the
bill...

Curtain

APPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good
times for many girls and boys after
the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, im-
portant glands develop and final growth
takes place. The entire body is
disturbed. The skin gets
oversensitive. Waste poisons in the
blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pim-
ple pop up.

If you are bothered by adolescent
pimples, do as thousands of others—
eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears
these skin irritants out of the blood.
And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one before
each meal—plain, or in a little
water—until your skin is en-
tirely clear again. Start today!

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And the Marx's were just getting ready to learn it when word came from the producer. "That newest story that was just turned in is the loveliest one of the lot," said the note. The wardrobe department has next turn.

So Garbo thinks she is going to leave Hollywood, and retire to the house she has bought in Sweden, and live there in peace! Little does she know.

The English and Swedish newspapers are giving the situation five column spreads; America knows little of it. You see the estate is haunted, not only by a family ghost which floats moaning through the halls at midnight, but by thirty-two Vikings.

And that's not all.

"Haarby" is a beautiful old mansion situated on the Lake of Sillen forty miles from Stockholm—and just across the lake is a property of meadows, privately owned,

Garbo can wall in her own acres but she can't put a picket fence around the lake. Besides, she likes to swim.

So the owner of the meadows and of the opposite shore is having a road built out from town, so that tourists, for an admission price, can view the star through telescopes at three hundred yards. Greta's brother, Sven Gustason, tried to buy the man out,

And the price was thirteen thousand five hundred pounds Sterling—about sixty-seven thousand five hundred American dollars, which is all Garbo paid for "Haarby."

There's a town ordinance there which says no one can swim in Sillen Lake because it affords the population its drinking water, but they're going to kill the ordinance for Garbo's benefit. And then they're going to sell the water in which she has bathed at a shilling a glass...

And they say America is unkind to its celebrities!

The Los Angeles Assistance League is run for the benefit of under-privileged children, and stars as well as society find it a delightful place to lunch. Shirley Deane and Jimmie Gleason Jr. stop to chat with Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn. Below, Virginia Field, Freddie Bartholomew and Tyrone Power Jr. That Power boy surely gets around places!

Two interested spectators are Francis Lederer and Marjoe, who are seen everywhere together these days.

HAVE you been wondering what ever happened to Neil Hamilton, one of the smoothest actors on the screen! Here's the answer, from his latest letter to us—"a little gossip and a little news thrown in for good measure."

(From London, England) "Have been working a week on 'No Escape' with Brigitte Horney—and very good too. We have three weeks to go, and then maybe Hollywood.

"Several people have written me saying they had heard that I was considering the idea of taking out British Citizenship Papers. Have you heard of this?—Of all the absurd ideas and notions! How do you suppose they get started?"

"I'm still an American, and glad of it, and proud of it."

"June Knight has just opened in a new musical called 'Going Places,' with Arthur Riscoe and Olga Baclanova—and she has made the biggest personal hit of anyone in the theater since we've been here. The next morning the notices were astonishing: 'New Star Discovered'—'At Last A New Reason For Going To The Theater'—etc., etc.

"Well, I go to tend the fires. There's no central heating in the country—Ah, to be in California now that winter's here!"

YOU can't get much about the incident from Preston Foster himself, but seaman Martin Hersticks, of the U.S. Coast Patrol Tahoe will tell you all about it.

The two men were standing on a landing atop the funnel, with Preston scrambling the stack. A sound man ordered the whistle blown to test the mikes, and the unexpected blast of steam flooded Hersticks from below, burning him badly.

He tumbled to the landing, rolling, and was headed headfirst for the deck far below when Preston caught him—and held him, what's more, until rescuers could climb up and get the screaming man down for treatment.

Just an ordinary, unfortunate incident—but the seaman owes his life to Foster's presence of mind. And he won't forget it soon.

SPRING BYINGTON tells us the latest about the autograph fiends.

Her dressing room is on the second floor of a studio whose walls rise directly from the street. She went into the little adjoining washroom late one afternoon, after work, and was just turning the hot water tap preparatory to an attack on the case paint, when there came a loud banging on the opaque, frosted, barred window.

Spring paused, started. "Who's that?" she quavered.

"I want your autograph!" a voice called daintily from outside.

She was outraged. "GO AWAY! You don't even know who I am!"

"If you'll open the window," said the voice, "and show me your face, then I'll know who you are.

Grease paint and all, she fled. And it was two days before she could laugh.

THE way it goes: Arline Judge saw the most beautiful evening gown she'd ever laid eyes on in a downtown window, and plunked out $300 to buy it.

It was blue, and simple, and it did amazing things to her not-so-bad-if-you-ask-me lines.
She wore it for the first time to a dinner party and had to go home because of a mysterious illness that hit her suddenly. The next time she put it on the same thing happened—and the next, and the next.

"It's a jinx dress," her friends told her. She scoffed at first, and then began thinking.

It turned out that she was allergic to the blue dye in the gown. And there was nothing to be done. A little stand-in at the studio, whose chemistry is different from Arline's, has it now.

**Prediction:** Maybe, and then again maybe—no—but we think Palm Springs has just a year or two more of being a vacation center for the stars. And then some desert ghost town with a swimming hole in it will grab the trade.

Because Palm Springs has suddenly turned into the biggest boom town in America. Lucky people who stubbornly paid taxes on their useless property there for years are now taking European trips on the proceeds. And despite the fact that the two exclusive hotels have raised their prices to a prohibitive level it won't be long now.

Witness Malibu, which was the stars' Mecca until a highway came along bringing the multitudes.

Witness any other sneaky resort that went public suddenly. Just now, to allay our cynicism, everyone in the business is there—and loving it.

**Martha Raye, the chesty but happy hunk of syncopated dynamite who came out of a radio station and wowed the movie crowd in "Rhythm On the Range," has added romance to her current good luck. The fellow's name is Jerry Hopper.**

She made the announcement at a special party to which only married or engaged couples were invited. And you could hear her "Oh-H-H-H boy" in Palm Springs.

He's just the man she's always wanted, she tells us. He's "super-maturo," she says, turning up those eyes and bunching those shoulders.

Blissfully: "And he calls me 'Angel Fuss' . . ."

"If you want to lose some weight do a dancing picture," Eleanor Powell told us the other day. She was just leaving for the foot-surgeon's office to have treatments so those famous toes would be ready for the New York season. Her slacks hung loosely at her hips.

"I didn't realize it myself," she said, "until I went down to Bullocks for a dress or two. 'I take a fourteen,' I told the clerk and she brought out five frocks in that size. They looked like tents on me!"

"My mother put me down to the 'young misses' department and try a twelve. They were still too big. Eventually do you know what I had to do? I had to have them send up a size ten from the children's floor and even those had to be taken in . . ."

Her mother put a worried face in at the door.

"That isn't at all funny," she said. "Fifteen pounds—and she's booked right through until next picture. I've made her promise to go to bed at nine o'clock every night for the next month. She can't have any more dates until she gets her weight back up where it belongs."

And will Jimmy Stewart love that?

We're simply babbling over with the old inside information this month. We even know what Garbo did at Virginia Faulkner's party. She came in wearing slacks, as usual.

Immediately she became the center of the party sitting before the fire on the center davenport. All the females at once grouped themselves about her, two or three sitting at her feet. She talked and even laughed (Garbo Laughs) a great deal. In fact one writer, with a grand sense of humor, isn't sure yet whether Garbo was laughing with her or at her. She, the writer, suspects both are correct.

"I know several of your friends in New York," the writer said, "and I've been anxious to meet you."

"It was only an accident you did," Garbo said throatily. "Be sure you tell them it was only an accident. With anyone who meets me it is only an accident."

"I go so little to parties," Garbo continued. "Aren't you having a good time now?" the writer asked. Very dramatically she lifted her hand and let it fall. The hostess practically passed out. Plainly the gesture said, "and what do you think?"

Her accent is much more noticeable off screen than on. But on the thing the guests are convinced of is that M-G-M must certainly have arranged the lighting effect for the reflection of the fire fell full upon Garbo's face leaving the others about in a deep shadow. "Lighting by M-G-M" was expected to be announced over the radio any minute.

But the pay off came when one of the guests lost her best beau over it. It seems he decided he'd work that night and didn't go to the party. When he discovered later that Garbo had been there and his girl friend hadn't immediately rushed to the telephone and summoned him, he went into a sulk.

"Accidents" like meeting Garbo don't happen every day.

**Here is Radio in Hollywood. Above, the little white bungalow of KNX on Sunset Blvd. KNX is proud that it was the town's first radio station**

A far cry from its New York offices atop the RCA Building, is the gay new studio of NBC in Hollywood. There's something in California's sun!
Jean Harlow sat at her make-up table talking to a friend. We couldn't catch his remark but suddenly Jean turned to him and said, "Look, I'll just bet you a thousand dollars to one that I won't be married again until I'm thirty. That's how sure I am."

All of which seems to put that Powell-Harlow romance on a purely platonic basis. Or does it?

For the first time we give you a peep behind the scenes of a broken-hearted woman, Norma Shearer, and reveal how courageously she carries on in her darkest hour.

Despite the aching loss of her husband, Irving Thalberg, and her recent illness, the work she inherited from her husband must go on. The exploitation and advertising campaign for "Romeo and Juliet," about to be released in small towns, is for "Camille" and "The Good Earth," her husband's own group of pictures, must be planned and executed.

Each morning a member of the M-G-M advertising department calls at Norma's home with a heavy portfolio of business papers. If she is too ill to rise from her bed, as she has been in the past, the work is conducted at her bedside.

Each picture is gone over carefully. Exploitation suggestions are made by Norma and are then sent on to New York. The suggestions, while not exactly original, are usually other buyers—has read the book; and Selznick, they know, is having a tough time with his casting.

As soon as it was known he had bought the screen rights to the best-seller, private suggestions began to flood his office—Clark as Rhett in a proposed Gone With the Wind; Miriam Hopkins as Scarlet; ZaSu Pitts as Aunt Pittypat hold the leads. Secretly the beaver-knitting producer has been testing practically every star in the industry, with small success. The latest is that he has sent out the offer to Eastern and Southern scouts to find a non-professional for the coveted feminine lead. Qualifications are a natural southern accent, the MFFF! or what have you that Scarlet possesses in the book, and a smart face and figure. Of course the rôle would make whoever gets it a star overnight. Hold your hats, girls!

We bumped into Una Merkel searching busily and with a fiendish expression upon her face for Nat Pendleton. She finally caught up with him and gloatingly demanded that he eat his hat. It seems that Nat lost an election bet to Una, and that was the penalty. However, Una was foiled because Nat, who began to get cold feet after he had made the bet, had had a hat made up out of candy, and eat it he did!

Without a wedding ring or a dime to his name, Jack Barrymore flew to Yuma with his "Ariel," Elaine Barrie, and was married. The ring had to be borrowed from a spectator for the ceremony, Mr. Barrymore having forgotten to buy one. The money for the marriage fees had to be borrowed from his brand new father-in-law, Mr. Barrymore having forgotten to bring his wallet.

Loneliness is given as the reason for the hurried elopement. "I was too lonely in Hollywood," Mr. Barrymore said, "so I telephoned Elaine, who was playing in a small New York theater, and arranged for her to fly out for the wedding."

"How do you like my new mother-in-law?" Jack asked the reporters.

"Your what?" they gasped.

"My mother-in-law," Jack repeated playfully showing Mrs. Jacobs forward. Mr. Jacobs remained in the background.

"Isn't they darling?" Mrs. Jacobs is reputed to have gasped.

Miss Barrie was married in a wine colored suit. Mr. Barrymore wore a pearl gray overcoat—and with that little Barrymore touch—white shoes.

Not till this minute will the inhabitants of Benedict Canyon know the names of those roistering boys and girls who disturbed their peaceful slumbers with sounds of revelry by night. And will they be surprised! And will you be surprised?

Listen to this: About nine o'clock of a warm evening not so long ago, two cars drew up before director Walter Lang's house in the canyon. Out of the first car stepped Carole Lombard, Clark Gable and Fieldcise, Carole's secretary. Out of the second alighted Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper. And the fun was on.

At this happy little group were merrily parading up and down the above mentioned canyon lustily singing, "The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze."

At four-thirty the neighbors gave up and sat waiting for the dawn. Never dreaming for an instant that the merrymakers were filmdom's greatest out for a bit of fun, in secret.
waitress. She would attract the men. All in all, then, the "Tavern" would be a riotous success.

It was a swell scheme, perfectly serious for awhile, though it never matured. However, it did serve to make an evening of talk exciting until the wee hours. Cigarettes, coffee and talk, with once in awhile a dash of women—that is a college man's evening.

Of course there was the school, and studies, serious enough when the final exams rolled round. But you could say that the only reason for Pomona was Scripps. Doc was an habitué there. So much so that he was accused of attending school there and not at Pomona. He was also diagnosed as having "blonde trouble," because a girl had to be blond, statuesque and "smart" before he called on her in his yellow coupe, which might have had something to do with his leaning toward blondes.

One or two girls occupied Doc's time the first few months at school. Then he went to a program at Scripps. Doc could play the cello with remarkable finesse and his teacher asked him to play at a performance of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" that the girls were putting on.

The theater at Scripps is not very large. It is an intimate place where the performers, the musicians and the audience mix with one another. After the play was over that evening, the group gathered on the stage to amuse themselves while others were making hot chocolate and sandwiches for refreshment.

At the insistence of the others, one of the girls danced for them. Something about her made Doc do what he had never done before—look twice at a girl, while he lost his breath.

She was small, dainty, as delicate as the most exquisitely jeweled Swiss watch. Her feet were surely placed in their patterned steps, her body was filled with the eagerness of youth. Doc loved beauty in any form—music, pictures, dancing—and he recognized a kindred spirit in the girl. He made up his mind to know her.

Soon she looked toward Doc. You could never miss him. He stood out in a crowd like the Eiffel Tower. The admiration and respect that she saw in his eyes attracted her. In that instant a feeling was established between them.

As soon as the dance was finished, Doc brought a cup of hot chocolate to her. She thanked him and that started it. Doc told her how much he admired her dancing and how much it would mean to him to be able to dance with her.

"Why not?" she asked, putting her arm about his shoulder in a warm embrace that he wanted to keep. Her voice was low and caressing as she talked to him while they danced. Her eyes changed in the light from hazel green to a soft brown.

Not once during the rest of the evening did Doc leave her.

Thus Doc met the girl he had dreamed about, as each man sometime in his life meets the girl he wants most of all. When she laughed there was a sob in her throat, and when she cried you knew that tears could not last long, though she cried many times after she met Doc.
Yet she only cried about him once. The next day—and the next, Doc was constantly at Scripps, always in Julie’s company. That was the beginning of many lovely days and nights spent roaming together over the campus and riding over the countryside.

Within the month Doc took Julie to the Sugar Plum Tree. Everybody takes his best girl there. It is a tradition of Pomona College men that when you are in love you must declare your love beneath the Sugar Plum Tree, a tall spreading pepper tree that a car can be driven under and not be seen, standing in a low valley beside the campus. Somehow the graceful tree, the cool evenings, the concealment make it easy for a man to speak the things he generally stumbles over.

Doc told Julie that he loved her. For the first time in his life he meant it, although he might have used those words many times before. He asked her to wear his fraternity pin, but she refused, saying that she could not become engaged to Doc—which wearing the pin would have meant—because she was practically engaged to another man.

That was the first Doc had heard of another man and it dismayed him. It is ever that way when a man falls seriously in love and finds his heart broken. As they drove home, Doc still tried to persuade Julie. If she was not quite engaged, there was still a bare chance for him. If he had only known it then, that chance was bigger than he suspected. No woman are in love you must declare your love beneath the Sugar Plum Tree, a tall spreading pepper tree that a car can be driven under and not be seen, standing in a low valley beside the campus. Somehow the graceful tree, the cool evenings, the concealment make it easy for a man to speak the things he generally stumbles over.

SOMETIMES later I stumbled on Julie in an out of the way corner at Scripps, crying as if her heart were breaking. I tried to help her—and learned what most of us had suspected, the misery another man, not Doc, was causing her.

“I haven’t heard from Carlo (we will nickname him that) for more than a month,” she sobbed. “I can’t imagine what has happened to him. I think he wants to punish me, but I don’t know what for.”

In broken words she told me that she was in love with a dark, romantic Latin—a man full of conceits, temperament and quixotic surprises. Carlo had been going with Julie against her family’s wishes. Sometimes he accused her of making her family dislike him, then punishing her for it by not writing to her for weeks at a time, or failing to keep an appointment without notifying her.

And now Doc had stepped into Julie’s life. His sweetness, kindness and consideration had opened her eyes. Her troubles were almost more than she could bear. She realized that the two men could not be compared in the same breath. Yet she also realized that as long as Carlo was near her, she could never think of Doc in any way except as a man who had been nice to her.

There was much I would have liked to have said then—much I would have liked to have done. Yet, you can talk about life as much as you want to—argue about it, it still goes on in its irrevocable path.

So did Julie. She tried to seize a little happiness by being near Doc. To store up something to remember in later years. She was made for happiness, not for sorrow. After she had been riding with Doc, I have seen her dance happily about a room. She was a magnificent dancer. It was in her blood, she might have been in her own right as fa-
Doc took the test and flunked it, because he could not combine motion pictures and college successfully. He was more interested in getting a degree from Pomona.

He got his degree and the following summer he went to Balboa for a vacation. While there he had a long talk with a friend. Most of us thought that Julie had finally passed out of his life, that Doc was somewhat cured. How wrong we were!

"I don't know what I am going to do when the summer is over," he confessed to his friend. "For the first time in my life I am not going back to school. There is nothing else that I can really do—or want to do now. I thought I knew once, but that failed me as so many things I have wanted have failed."

That was the speech of a bitterly disillusioned and disappointed man, not a bigot, or a conceited person.

"I can still go back to motion pictures though," he continued. "Probably that will fail also. If it does, I will be lost. In fact, I guess I am just afraid to go out into the world alone."

Doc went back to M-G-M.

Once in awhile, when life seemed particularly useless to Doc, when his training at the studio looked hopeless to him—when he thought he would never achieve fame, or anything worth while, when the stars and even the extras passed by him at the studio without a glance of recognition, he would bridge time and space with a telephone call to Julie, merely to talk with her for a few moments.

He called her perhaps a half-dozen times in two years, though he had not seen her since the day of his graduation from Pomona.

Came fame, and not so long ago Julie came to Los Angeles for a visit. Doc heard of it and she invited him to come and see her—to meet her husband—and to see her baby.

The excitement of becoming a great star paled at the prospect of seeing Julie again.

Promptly, on time to the dot, Doc arrived at Julie's home, after first sending a present to her baby. A maid met him at the door. He gave his name, said that he was expected. The maid shook her head.

"My lady hasn't been here for several days," said the maid. "I am sure that if she expected you she would have told me."

Doc went away. The bottom of his world had fallen out. To this day he has not tried to reach Julie, because he was not at home to keep her engagement with him when he called. But Doc did not know, could not have known that two days before he called, Julie became seriously ill and was rushed to the mountains to be given a chance to recover in the clean fresh air outside of the city. Before she left she wrote Doc a note explaining her departure and asking him to come again as soon as she was well.

She addressed the letter to the studio. Naturally it did not reach Doc. It was shunted off into his fan mail—not to be read perhaps for weeks until a tired secretary came to it.

When Julie came back to the city, Doc's continued silence puzzled her. She wrote to him once more, addressing the letter again to the studio, not knowing where he lived. That letter went into the fan mail box also.

I don't know what Doc thinks about Julie now. But if he ever reads this he will understand why she did not meet him.

And I am sure that you will forgive Doc now that you understand why he is so often lonely in the midst of his fame and the adoring crowds.
as if I couldn't go back in pictures, but I didn't want to. Certainly, it meant money. But money isn't what I want."

Funny boy, that Cagney. He does what he feels in his heart, and while I don't think he is of "Can This Be Dixie" to appear in costume. For some reason, Slim Summerville objected. An argument ensued, with both sides standing adamant until Jane, who is really the star of the film, entered the field of battle.

The night that Miss Parsons had the boys from "The Devil Is a Sissy," was really a night. Mickey Rooney disappeared and couldn't be found. They searched the theater, the control rooms, the dressing rooms, the alley back of the theater, everywhere—but no Mickey. The cast was frantic. What could have happened to the boy? Even Jackie and Freddie were disturbed. Just before the troupe was to go on, Mickey, with a sly grin on his face, reappeared. Ye-eh, he'd been there all the time, hiding! The mischiefvous young devil!

A HEART-WARMING occasion for Louella came on the night of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" broadcast with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Haviland. It marked Louella's 104th weekly or second yearly anniversary with Hollywood Hotel. As you may remember, in the middle of her little speech to the audience, the "The Charge of the Light Brigade" broadcast with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Haviland. It marked Louella's 104th weekly or second yearly anniversary with Hollywood Hotel. As you may remember, in the middle of her little speech to the air audience, she was interrupted and presented, right on the stage, with one of the most beautiful sets of glassware imaginable. Louella was completely surprised and so startled and pleased that she couldn't say a word. Which, I guess, was what the sponsors wished, for it gave them an opportunity to say loads of nice things about her.

Did you hear that loud, rather abrupt, laughter which followed Bill Koenig's introduction of Bob Taylor when he appeared in the Lux Radio Theatre of the Air show—when Koenig remarked that Bob was the new Rudolph Valentino of the screen? Well, Bob himself inspired that horse laughter. Thereby hangs a tale which may give you an idea of how unspoiled the Taylor lad remains despite his two-and-a-half year stage and romantic glory.

Bob told me the story himself in what you might call an exclusive airplane interview obtained by your enterprising reporter, the author of this piece. Only it wasn't an interview. Bob, at Omaha, climbed on the same

"What's Uncle Slim goin' to do?" she inquired. (She adores Slim Summerville and always "uncles" him.) Upon being informed that "Uncle Slim" objected to encasing his long legs in costume for the radio appearance, she announced firmly, "Well, if Uncle Slim doesn't, I won't either." And thus the matter was settled.

[continued from page 49]
United airliner by which I was returning from New York and we had several hours of shunting at each other over the hum of the plane.

"Say," he told me, "I was never so startled as when I heard Koenig make the speech and compare me with Valentino. I was just sitting there, waiting to get up and start when I heard this and I thought it must be hooey. I laughed right out loud at the idea. Then the audience laughed—a kind of dirty laugh it was, too. Then there was a pause and everybody roared good naturely."

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One of the finer broadcasts of the month was John Barrymore's reading of the famous Mercutio speech from "Romeo and Juliet" in the Kraft Music Hall program. From what I have read from time to time in our public prints about Mr. Barrymore, I glean the impression that most scribes think he is a rude, abrupt man. I've never seen him be anything but a polished gentleman and I've met him as a reporter and on the set many times.

As a matter of fact, he couldn't have been more thoughtful or considerate of everybody than he was on the occasion of this Kraft broadcast. He was unusually helpful and charming to Beverly Roberts who was nervous about her radio appearance. He kidded with Bob Burns and deferred to him as only a Barrymore can.

I must say that John didn't look any too well. He seemed tired and worn and nervous, but he was his gracious, best Barrymore self.

He was working very hard to get his timing correct. He rehearsed and rehearsed the Mercutio speech, which he can probably repeat backwards. But he wanted it right for the air. (Probably one reason why Barrymores are such good actors is that they are painstaking in their work.)

"Does the speech sound too fast to you?" he inquired of me. "It must be given rapidly for the air and yet, of course, it must be right."

I told him I thought it was beautiful, and it was. He smiled and said, "Yes, it is one of the most beautiful speeches I know."

Incidentally, Mr. Barrymore faced the microphone so that his right and not his famous left profile was visible to the audience in the auditorium. But he didn't seem to care.

As I told you, in the theater it is "Half Hour!" in the movies, "This Is the Take!" in the radio, "Half Minute!" In the magazine or newspaper world, when you get to the end of your piece, you write "30." Well, this is "30" for this month's edition of "On the Air in Hollywood." Until next month, then, your reporter signs off.

**YES, SIR! HERE'S YOUR BABY**

It's not too late to make the best smoking resolution. "I'm going to save my throat... I'm switching from liots to KOLS!"

The reward? A blend of the choicest tobaccos ever put into a cigarette. A touch of mild menthol that cools every refreshing puff. Cork tips to save lips. Finally, a valuable coupon for high-class premiums. (Offer good U. S. A. only.) Do better by yourself in 1937. Get started on KOLS today!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville. Ky.

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**HE HAS ALWAYS LIVED DANGEROUSLY**

Spencer Tracy has known poverty, tragedy, romance, failure, wealth. He has dared to be himself at all times as you will discover in his "The Life Story of a Tough Guy" beginning in the February

**PHOTOPLAY**

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**SAY COUPONS... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS**

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**RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS**
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FREE: Write for illustrated 28-page
R.A.F. premium booklet, No. 12

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchhausen)
NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.
his offices, and in a laboratory. Both in their way thought this was all there was to it. They had no sense of having been shuttled back and forth across a continent three times by a romantic and purposeful Fate. Even when Claudette suffered a sinus infection and was recommended to Jack Pressman and they sat facing each other in his office, neither of them suspected the strands of the pattern which they represented were being swiftly and securely drawn together and that it wouldn’t be long before they’d be married, living in a gracious white house in the California hills, happier than they previously had known it was possible for two people to be.

back, that he undoubtedly wasn’t up to the program anyway. And he concluded by saying he was going out and try hard to forget what an idiot he had been to borrow eight thousand, five hundred dollars.

Beside Bing’s note his agent found a tele-gram from Seattle, Washington, from Mrs. Crosby. She wired that she had heard the announcement of her son’s illness and had asked the Poor Claire nurses, an order which lives in retreat, to pray that Bing would be all right, that he would be able to sing that night.

The agent that night in his pocket and started out on a round of the speakeasies. He flattered himself he knew where to find a man

wretched letter writer and anxious to make a good impression upon her young man who was in South America, so he had to carry on her part of their correspondence.

Fay wrote such provocative letters that the man proposed marriage.

When the girl friend went to New York later on, she and Fay drifted apart. One night a week afterwards when Fay was in New York, she found herself with some leisure and decided to telephone a man she knew and see if they might have dinner together. Of the voice that replied she asked for Mr. Halton. The man who answered the phone explained she must have the wrong number. She hung up and called again. The same man’s voice replied and, amused, they laughed together. Then that man asked Fay if, by chance, it was his friend she was calling. She admitted it was, thinking this a very strange coincidence. But in a minute it became much, much stranger. The man, naming other people he thought might be mutual friends, mentioned the girl for whom Fay had written the love letters.

“I used to know her well,” Fay said. “When she was in California we saw a great deal of each other.”

“Well,” the man announced, “we’re going to be married next month.”

Fay hung up—hurriedly. She thought it just as well for that man not to talk to her any longer, not to know her any better, not to realize exactly how strange it all really was.

Then there’s the fascinating story of Bing Crosby’s radio debut on his own program. Bing had been on the air previously with Paul Whiteeman, but this was different. As the star of this program Bing was to sing over eighty-five stations, a tremendous hookup at the time.

A few days before he was scheduled to sing there was trouble, lots of trouble. Through political maneuvering, business enemies made it impossible for any Union musician to play for him. He had to get busy and fix things and to do this he had to borrow eight thousand, five hundred dollars. This represented a good-sized fortune to Bing then but, confident of himself and infuriated at the injustice done him, he was willing to take the gamble.

Borrowing that money and straightening out the hundred technicalities involved presented an intense nervous strain. As a result, when Bing awoke the morning of his broadcast he couldn’t sing a note.

They announced that Bing was ill, that he would sing the night following. They could only hope his voice would return as suddenly as it had disappeared. But it didn’t. The next night his appearance had to be postponed again.

On the afternoon of the third day, still voiceless, Bing saw his own ruin. He went to his agent’s office and when his agent wasn’t there he left him a note which filled him with alarm when he returned. In his note Bing said it probably was just as well his voice hadn’t come

Talking things over at the new studios of London Films at Denham, England, are Alexander Korda, head of London Films, and Noel Coward, author, actor, impresario. Mr. Korda is the discoverer of such famed stars as Charles Laughton and Merle Oberon. Mr. Coward is at present appearing with Gertrude Lawrence in New York, in a series of one-act plays which he wrote

GLENDA FARRELL will tell you it was because her mother, thwarted in her own life, came to center all of her ambitions in her that she is where she is today.

It was Glenda’s mother who put Glenda on the stage when she was a child and who later sent her across the continent to New York, when they had to scrape together the money for the fare and Glenda had to live during her three days and nights on the train on the sandwiches her mother had packed for her. And still later when Glenda came home for a visit with her mother and her little boy, Tommy, after an absence of two years, it was her mother who urged her to return to New York and take up the struggle again.

Every minute Glenda was away, her mother missed her. She worried when Glenda didn’t have enough money to live comfortably and to eat properly. But she never ceased to drive her on. She knew what life was like when you didn’t do things, when you didn’t get anywhere. Loving Glenda she wanted something else for her and counted no sacrifice that would help her on her way too great.

“At least a hundred times,” Glenda says, “I can remember my mother saying to me, ‘I’ll never rest until you have us in lights!’”

Urged on this way, naturally attractive, dramatically capable, it was inevitable that Glenda should make progress. About a year after she left her mother in California she was cast in a promising play. During rehearsals her voice was broken, but it was far more important than it had been originally. Glenda played this part with a warmth and spontaneity which impressed the critics and when they opened in Brooklyn her notices were splendid. The second night Glenda’s name went up in lights.

Glenda was...
The Dick Powell's Hectic Honeymoon
[continued from page 21]

At eight that night they returned to the ship. There was another—a larger crowd—on the dock. More cheering. As the ship moved slowly out to sea the strains of a band playing "Shipmates Forever!" floated out to them. "Isn't Life Wonderful?" Joan went into her theme song for the last time.

Dick nodded happily. It was all perfect. It was too perfect, as they soon discovered.

Inside the cabin they found that Fate and Warner Brothers were taking a hand in their honeymoon. The enterprising studio had sent an emissary by plane to meet them in Havana and escort them into New York. The man was grand chap. But he had a job to do. He was full of plans for their stay in New York. A cocktail party, interviews by the dozen, personal appearances here and there, radio appearances. Joan and Dick shook their heads firmly. "We're not on salary so we're not working for Warner Brothers right now. We've wanted to enjoy ourselves in our own way—just mill around, look up some of our old friends, see some shows and shop."

"But..." the publicity man began. "No!" they said, "and that's final. You remember what happened to Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone just because they happened to be married in New York around the time one of her pictures was going to be released? Everyone thought they were trying to cash in on it and, as a matter of fact, it was the only time in a year they had ever been able to get away at the same time. Don't you dare mention the names of any of our pictures or try to tie us up with any publicity stunts."

"But you've got to see the press," the publicist warned.

"All right," they conceded. "Let them come out to quarantine to meet the ship and we'll talk to them from there in."

They quietly assured each other this would only take a few minutes after all, and being so happy, they couldn't begrudge anyone a few minutes. At quarantine forty strangers bearded them in their cabin. Ten of them were additional publicists sent out by the indefatigable studio—but Joan and Dick didn't know that. Nor were the reporters all. Tags, variously reported as numbering from twelve to twenty, escorted the ship in from quarantine with banners flying and sirens screaming "Welcome Joan Blondell and Dick Powell."

Airplanes circled overhead trailering speakers saying "Welcome Joan Blondell and Dick Powell."

At the dock an open car was waiting for them to head a procession up Broadway.

"What do you think of all this?" one of the reporters asked.

"It's lovely," Joan murmured, genuinely moved. "Does the City of New York do this sort of thing often to welcome visitors?"

"The City!" the reporter ejaculated. "It's Warner Brothers—to the tune of twelve thousand smashers. This is a 'bought' welcome."

"Oh," Joan cried. "How perfectly awful."

One woman, a prototype of all the reporters caricatured in films, followed them into their suite at the Waldorf. "I want to talk to you," she announced.

"What is it?" Joan asked politely.

"I want to know," the woman continued, "just what you think you've got that nobody else has and why you think you can make your marriage last when none of the others out there do?"

"I haven't anything anybody else has," Joan whispered, too surprised to raise her voice. "I haven't thought about making our marriage last. When two people are in love they think about marrying. And when they marry for love they naturally expect it to last."

"Well, why?" the woman persisted. "Are there so many divorces in Hollywood? You ought to know."

But finally, the questions answered. Joan and Dick were alone again. But not for long.

There was a gigantic cocktail party planned for the afternoon to which the studio had sent out invitations without consulting them. There was no way of ducking it. So they attended dutifully. They still were happy. They still wanted to be charming to everyone.

Joan and Dick were in a spot. If they waited for the guests to come up and show a little interest in meeting them, the guests would accuse them of being stand-offish and highhat. If they attempted to mingle with the guests they would be accused of trying to "push" themselves.

The nightmarish party was finally over and they sought their rooms. "It would be awful," Dick muttered, "if it weren't so funny. Well, we have the evening to ourselves, anyhow. Let's go to a show."

"Yes," Joan agreed. "But let's leave early enough so that even if a few people should stop us we can still be there before the curtain rises."

You remember how they panned Constance Bennett that time because she arrived a little late.

They left the hotel at seven-thirty to drive the three short blocks to the theater. They reached the theater in a reasonable time, but as they left the cab a mob of autograph hounds fell on them. Joan's new gown was ripped in several places.

Somehow they managed to get into the theater five minutes before the curtain rose—at 8:40. During the intermission they went out for a smoke. Hardly had they got outside when another mob had them again and they were forced to sign autograph books, papers and handkerchiefs until after the curtain had risen.

As they started down the aisle to their seats they heard a woman whisper: "Isn't that like actors? They always have to make an 'entrance'!"

During the next intermission they remained in their seats, their heads bowed in the vain hope no one would recognize them. "What are you trying to hide?" someone behind them jeered. "Are you ashamed to look up?"

That ended their theater going.

They started out next afternoon for a walk down Madison and Fifth Avenues. They wanted to go window shopping. But scarcely had they set foot out of the hotel when the mob, lying in wait, pounced upon them. Books and papers were shoved in their faces and pens and pencils in their hands as the autograph seeker cried, "Sign this!"

Joan has always had a terror of crowds. She says she feels like those shots in movies where there are hundreds of faces in the distance that come closer and closer, growing larger as they come, with the music swelling to a deafening crescendo.

Sylvia Sidney
in her most dramatic role!

The HIDDEN POWER

... A great story by JOSEPH CONRAD...

masterly direction by ALFRED HITCHCOCK of "39 Steps" fame...

a brilliant cast with SYLVIA SIDNEY
OSCAR HOMOLKA
JOHN LODER
and DESMOND TESTER

A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS

Coming to your favorite theatre

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1937

99
Her new coat was ripped where hands clutched at her. Buttons were torn from the jacket by souvenir hunters. In the jam a couple of fountain pens were broken and ink spilled all over Dick's new suit.

They returned to their room.

The next day Joan was determined to buy some things for her baby. She went out through the rear entrance of the hotel, jumped into a waiting car and fled to one of the large specialty shops. She had an hour and a half to spare between appointments. She had barely reached the children's department when word of her presence sped through the store. Women dropped whatever they were looking at and rushed for her. Less than five minutes after her arrival she was the center of a storming crowd.

At the end of two hours all the autograph books had been signed and Joan was free to limp down to a taxi and return to the hotel. She hadn't been able to buy a single thing.

"Honey, I don't poke my nose out the door again while we're here. We should have bought an auto trailer and gone to Yosemite for ten days."

"Yep," he agreed gloomily. "We come here for a good time and we can't leave the place. We might as well be invalids."

Three days later he was an invalid—a bad cold and a mild attack of the flu. He was in bed for three days. At the end of that time they booked reservations and left for home and Hollywood. They crawled into their drawing rooms and never came out till the train reached Pasadena.

There was California. There was their car waiting and it pushed them to their house. Inside, they leaned wearily against the door after the manner of Henry Fonda when he reached his stateroom in "The Moon's Our Home."

"Sanctuary!" they murmured.

Joan glanced about the luxuriously appointed living room. "I'll tell you, she said, her spirits mounting, "he'll ever so humble, there's no place like home. And after a honeymoon like ours I've decided never to go on another one."

---

Lily Pons' Song of Love

[continued from page 52]

He must have known it too, for the following week, in stumbling, bashful phrases, he asked her to honor him by having dinner with him.

They went to an intimate French restaurant and sat long over the candle lit table and innumerable small cups of black coffee.

She told him of her girlhood in France and her musical career that began the night she was five years old and was taken to her first opera in Cannes. How, later that night, her parents had found her standing at the family piano picking out, with one tiny finger, the arias she had heard a few hours before. How that led to lessons and her playing Chopin compositions at six. Of winning prizes in the Paris Conservatory when she was ten. Of her sudden desire for a theatrical career and the contract she signed with the Théatre des Variétés when she was fourteen. Of her retirement from the stage when she was twenty to marry a wealthy Dutch widower, August Mesritz, and begin another career in his hotel. Of her begun her vocal studies at the urging of her husband and friends, and of the tremendous but unexpected success to which that led. Of her concert tours and her debut at the Metropolitan Opera in 1919. And finally of the break-up of the marriage in Paris in 1933, a marriage that became aspirtual in the career in which Mesritz had no active part or interest, and its ending in divorce.

André in turn told her of his boyhood in Russia and of how he, too, began his musical career at the age of five. Only he had possessed such a repertory for his piano lessons at that time that he hid in closets when the music teacher came to his home. Of the dawning of his love for music and his graduation from the Petrograd Conservatory. Of his appointment at nineteen as assistant conductor of the Petrograd opera. Of his subsequent marriage and of his immigration to America. Of the struggles and disappointments of his upward climb and the success that finally came, first as assistant conductor and arranger for the German Opera Company in New York, and later as their vocal coach and accompanist with Metropolitan Opera stars. And finally of his joining the Columbia Broadcasting system as arranger and conductor.

Completely unaware of their surroundings, they were still talking when André felt a light touch on his shoulder.

"Pardon, Monsieur," the sympathetic café manager said. "I am sorry, but we must close. It is, you see, rather late."
shrouded in mystery, and I'll be darned if I'll toss it off with such indifference. It's too important. It's all important. It's the very basis of allure and beauty and health. It is my job to show you how to attain your desire and we must discuss it, out in the open, like intelligent human beings. All the external applications and so-called beauty aids that you apply, will never do the trick until you get the mechanism of your body running normally.

Constipation can make you morose, depressed and uninteresting, and, of course, shrouded in mystery. Naturally you can't expect to be radiant and alluring when you're being beaten down with all these devitalizing forces. Finally you give up and say, "What's the use?"

With your mind in such a state your body suffers accordingly. Little by little your complexion looks grumpy and gray. One squint in the mirror and you give yourself the horrors. This makes you unhappy and interferes with your ambitions, hopes and plans in life.

It doesn't seem foolish to heap all this misery upon you two capricious organs that give a little thought and consideration to the food you eat? You're awfully careful that little Johnnie doesn't drink the bottle of iodine in the bath cabinet. Sure, that's poison. Well let me tell you, babies, the chemical reactions that result from wrong combinations of food create poisons in your tummies, too. They may be slower, but they can be just as deadly.

One thing that helps establish a condition of constipation is the very bad practice of not feeding Nature's call. I have known people who have actually been in pain because of silly pride or false modesty in excusing themselves for a normal function of life. Don't do such things. It's ridiculous and you are the loser in the long run. Cultivate the habit of establishing a regular time daily for the movement of the bowels. Well, you'll feel better, for sure.

You office workers often are troubled with constipation more frequently than your more active sisters. You must have physical activity of a corrective nature. Particularly should you concentrate on exercises that work on the stomach and trunk muscles. Also, deep breathing, and in front of an open window every morning and inhale deeply at least ten times. Or if you like, while you are walking to work. But inhale deeply.

NOW, my darlings, without further ado, I'm going to give you a diet that will help keep your system well regulated and at the same time keep your figure sleek and alluring. Along with your diet, you are to do your exercises, every day, naturally. Here goes:

For breakfast: The night before put eight prunes in a little cold water and soak them overnight. In the morning squeeze a little lemon juice in front of an open window every morning and inhale deeply at least ten times. Or if you like, while you are walking to work. But inhale deeply.

Write me your problems, whatever they are. You may need my hip exercises, complexion diet, my chart for weight control or diet for reducing the bust. Just let me know which you want. I have worked out a routine for all your faults. The address is MADAME SYLVIA, care of PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

I ask nothing from you except cooperation. That's fair enough, isn't it? Well, come on, let the letters pour in and I promise you your allure will shine out.
PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

ORIGINAL SELECTIONS

appearing on pages 68 and 69 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these leading stores

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*PHOTOPLAY Hollywood hats can be purchased in these stores, but not PHOTOPLAY Hollywood dresses, coat or suit fashions.

PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 36 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y., for complete PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION information. Also send the name of your leading department store or shop. And when you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY.
Boos and Bouquets

[continued from page 4]

best pictures of the month. This being true, a
star is not enough for "Dodsworth"—a sun
and a picture should be added. "Dodsworth"
is a really great picture. Walter Huston and
Ruth Chatterton are splendid, but there is
glory enough for all. Each part finds the right
person in the right place. The one special
boquet that I wish to present is to Barness
Fan Obersdorf, played by Mme. Maria Oues-
penskaya. If one could frame acting as one
does a picture, the scene between the Barness
and Fran (Ruth Chatterton) would deserve a
frame of gold.

Mrs. S. R. Martin,
Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 Prize

Taylor versus Gable

What's all this about Robert Taylor taking
Clark Gable's place with the fans? Isn't there
enough room for both? What do the anti-
Taylor fans want to do? Screw up his
face a la Barrymore to get his effects? His
chief charm lies in his naturalness, his un-
concerned air, his youth. Perhaps Taylor has
had enough playboy parts, but that's just the
way anything goes that is successful. The
movie moguls are all too willing to cash in on
one success by copying it for a brief spell.

Gable is now a seasoned actor, more essen-
tially a character actor, and as he gets on in
years he can go on indefinitely with such
"meaty" parts as he draws. Taylor has the
youth that Gable never had on the screen—
that youth, fresh, unspoiled, appealing. Can
he help it if he's handsome? He's not another
Gable, except in the fact that he packs them in
at the box office. Gable didn't start to act
until he got "Red Dust"—give Taylor a
chance.

In "His Brother's Wife" Bob went through
enough emotionalisms to please his would-be
critics—who claim he is a pattern of what
the well-dressed man should wear. I admit
the story was trivial and overwrought. With
a good story, Robert will really pack a punch.

Miss Leonette Brennan,
New Orleans, La.

Mistress of a Masterpiece

Congratulations to Dorothy Arzner! Let the
men directors look to their laurels.

"Craig's Wife" is a masterpiece of the cinema.
The fine restraint, excellent peise, complete
understanding of each character, the settings,
every detail perfect, the incidental music,
ever too prominent, the well-knit continuity,
indicated the perfect sympathy of the director
who has produced, in my estimation, the best
picture of the year.

Rosalind Russell, gave a performance which
ranks with the best stage tradition of the day.
Let us hope that her success as Mrs. Craig will
not cause directors to type her. The entire
company followed her lead in making "Craig's
Wife" splendid entertainment. Thanks,
Dorothy Arzner.

Cora Randolph,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Agriculturally Speaking

As many must realize, the movies play an
important rôle in the economic life of the
country, and following is an example. Certain
sections of Utah have been affected by the
drought. To make matters worse, grasshoppers,
also, appeared on the scene. It sounds as if I
were writing for a farm journal, but wait a
moment.

About this time, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
was ready to commence the production of Pearl
Buck's novel "The Good Earth," and director
Fred Niblo, found that he required several
million extras for one of the scenes. And those
extras had to be locusts—a close relative of
the grasshopper. So he came to Iron County,
Utah. The stricken farmers were hired to trap
the pests and gather them from the field.
Good wages were paid them and those most
afflicted by the plague were given work as prop
boys and carpenters also. The grasshoppers

Smooth, satiny shoulders—lovely
skin "all over"—a radianty clear,
youthful complexion—men admire
them and modern style demands
them.

To be truly lovely, you must rid your skin
of ugly pimples on face and body. And thousands
are doing it, with complete success.

The real cause of disorders resulting in
ugly pimples may be nothing in the world except
a lack of the yeast vitamins B and G. When
these elements are not present in the human
diet in sufficient quantities, the intestinal tract
becomes weak and sluggish. Its function is
badly impaired. Constipation is a kely to ensure
and this, in turn, often shows up in pimply skin.

Countless men and women have found that
in such cases, Yeast Foam Tablets work won-
ters. This pure dry yeast supplies vitamins
B and G in abundant quantities and thus
tends to restore the intestinal tract to normal
in those instances of vitamin deficiency. With
the intestinal tract again in healthy function,
pimples should quickly disappear.

Start now. Try Yeast Foam Tablets and give
them the chance to do for you what the same
welcome relief they have brought to so many
others.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets
today—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

* NORTHEASTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.

Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast
Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.)

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
were exterminated after they had played their parts, the farmers had benefited and director Nikon had obtained what he wanted.

When “The Good Earth” is shown in this State, you may be sure that Fred Nikon will be voted the greatest director in Hollywood.

F. W. Lloyd,
Salt Lake City, Utah

A Swell Fellow

While the winnins are falling right and left for Robert (handsome) Taylor, going into trances over Nelson (what-a-voice) Eddy, and sighing over Clark (he-man) Gable, I would like to put in a few words for my favorite, John Beal.

He has been at the top of my list since I saw “The Little Minister.” The earnestness and sincerity of his portrayal in that rôle; his fine characterizations of Gene Stratton Porter’s Indian braves, then indeed do we clamp our palms to our brows, moaning, “Oh for a peep at modernity” and “oh for the sight of a Garbo bob or a glimpse of a silken ankle!”

EISTEL L. KATZ,
Brockton, Mass.

Give Westerns a Chance

At last a Western which has been given as careful consideration in the way of casting, directing and dialogue as any big musical or straight drama film. Compared with “The Texas Rangers,” all the other horse-operas appear about as exciting as a dime novel.

Everything about “The Texas Rangers” is big. The Indian battles, the mountains, the train robbery, and even the boulders which the Indians hurl down the canyon. There’s human interest, thrilling fast action, romance and comedy with big stars like Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Lloyd Nolan and Jean Parker to show that a Western can be just as fine as any other film if given a chance.

Why not a few more Westerns like “The Texas Rangers”?

F. K. BECKWITH,
Seattle, Wash.

Remember Grace Moore

“I knew her when.” The first time I ever saw Grace Moore was when I visited in Jellico, Tennessee, and she came to call. She was just a pretty little blonde girl with a blue ribbon on her hair, and I was not particularly impressed.

Later she visited in Kentucky and lived across the street. We did all the usual things together that sixteen-year-olds would do, including much courting by the village swains. Grace loved to sing even then. She was the effervescent type, gay and vivacious, always bubbling over with excitement about something. I think this spirit has helped to make her the success she is now. Her voice is glorious, but her tremendous energy and determination have been big factors in her development.

The movies have been the vehicle which crowned all her former achievements, because they have brought her magnificent voice to so many people.

MRS. JAMES S. GOLDEN,
Pineville, Ky.

Even As You and I

I want to say that actors and actresses are not just story book people, but every day individuals, just like you and I. Some months ago I was on the docks, when a man came up to me and started talking to me about his horses. I thought his face looked rather familiar and remarked, “You look like someone I know.” He answered, “Perhaps you have seen me on the screen, my name is Leslie Howard.” He continued talking to me about his horses and the interest he had in polo. The screen wasn’t even mentioned again. The stars have won our hearts with their acting; they are also very fine individuals to have a conversation with, if you happen to meet them in your daily life.

JAMES KERR,
Los Angeles, Cali.

Oh, for a Vamp

I may be old fashioned, but there must be a few Old Timers left who with me would like to register a protest against all this devamping of the vamps. Every time I pick up a magazine lately I read where someone is congratulating himself because he once advised Myrna Loy to get away from the slynk siren rôles and how Merle Oberon saved her career because she insisted on not being typed.

I admit both actresses named were entitled to stardom, but did their personalities have to be changed to achieve it? I well remember Theda Bara and Barbara La Marr and the thrill they gave me long ago, while I haven’t a glimmer of remembrance of who starred in their pictures. I went to see Myrna Loy every chance I had, when, for all I know, no other living person got a kick out of her half-caste villainies, exotic parts.

We had only a glimpse of Merle Oberon in Henry VIII, but I will never forget that brief vision of the person Anne Boleyn should have been, whether she was or not. I’ve been to see her recent pictures, only to be disappointed. They say now she is only being natural, but if these girls who are born to be Scherazades of the screen refuse to play their parts, who is going to take their places? As far as I am concerned, the world is full of saccharine Alice Adams, but those of us who must seek our adventures and thrills vicariously, to whom the cinema is the only relief from humdrum, I say we want our vamps to vamp, our sirens to siren and those that have glamour to humdrum. I

BERYL N. RODGERS,
San Angelo, Texas

A Protest

I wish to protest against mustaches. The producers are now moaning about the lack of suitable leading men in Hollywood. I am moaning about the way many of the handsome leading men have been completely spoiled for me. To me George Brent looks hideous with a mustache. Many fans believe Gable better looking clean shaven. A “misplaced eyebrow” made Dick Powell look ten years older and spoiled his youthful charm. Freddie March is another who is so handsome, it is really a crime to change him, no matter what the role.

MARION L. HESSE,
Elizabeth, N. J.
A Sucker for a Sob Story

[CONTINUES FROM PAGE 75] and gave it to Mack. What that deal set him back neither of them will say, but quite frequently are fighters as expensive as inventions. The fighter in question is a gentleman known as Pete de Grasse, and now, since his property is one-half Mohawk Indian, The Killer naturally has a round nose and Louis's scar.

"That's the way George is," said The Killer. "I only had to say I'd like him and George put up the dough. He'd have done the same for almost anybody."

The chances are that George would have, at that. But I can scarcely believe how hard it is for George to say "No" to anything or anyone. It costs him. The Killer says, at least a hundred dollars in hand-outs every time he goes to those fights. In one week alone, lunching around the cinema spots, he put out over six hundred bucks in fives and tens and twenties to people he had never seen before but felt sorry for.

George didn't keep track of it, of course, but The Killer did.

"Oh, I don't know how it went," said George when he was pinned down, "just different fellows—you know, it just goes—it's sure tough to take away from a good fellow."

Yeah, George is sure a tough guy, he is.

ALL that sounds as if George were just too much of a sucker to survive even on his salary, but he isn't, exactly. He knows what he is doing and he has a quantum little philosophy of his own which, in his eyes at least, justifies his prodigal open-handedness.

"I know that most of those I try to help are taking me for a ride," he admitted, "but I know too that some of them are on the square. And rather than refuse those who do really need a boost, I'm willing to let the others stick me."

There was, for instance, the guy who wrote to George saying that after being out of work for three years he had at last landed a job. But the job was in a distant town and the man lacked bus fare to get there. The Killer was skeptical.

"Oh, well," said George, "send his bus fare anyway—he might be on the level."

There was the extra on one of George's sets who said that his "tall"s were in hock and that he could get better checks if he had them out—there was the make-up man who broke a tooth and needed money to get it fixed—the youngster whom George brought in off the street to work in a mob-scene and who took him for $50 besides—the one who mentioned in George's hearing that he couldn't pay his rent—another who happened to be bald and for whom George bought a toupee—the pork-and-beaner whom George saw fighting without a mouthpiece because he hadn't the price to buy one.

George took care of all those things, of course. The Killer could go on relating such incidents indefinitely, and they are just the high-spots, the instances which happen to stick in his memory because of something unique about them. For every one of these there were dozens of the other kind, dozens of down-and-outs who skirled up to George with some touching recital which he stops short with a five or a ten.

He has to stop 'em short or their troubles would literally break his heart.

"Sure, brother," he'll say, "take this—never mind the details." Or, when somebody tries to sell him something: "Here—but keep it and sell it to somebody else." Or, when some hoo helps simply that he is hungry: "Okay, buddy—go ahead and eat."

"Can you imagine turning down some poor devil who actually is hungry?" asks George.

George can't. If he ever did it would bother him all through the night, he said.

"Sure, he knows that half of 'em beat it for the nearest gin shop with his money," remarked The Killer, "but that doesn't stop him from giving the next one a stake. And I remember once when George knew that the ten-dollar bill he gave a guy was going for whisky."

That time the guy was approached by a bedraggled suppliant who obviously had been on an extended bout. He was shaking all over as though he had the palsy, and he made no bones about the cause of his shakes.

"I'm just getting over the d.t.'s," he confessed frankly, "blew my whole wad and now I'm trying to pull myself together. I've got to have a drink."

This once George did hesitate. He himself doesn't drink hard liquor—he's never tasted it in his life. He looked at the man for a long moment and then put his hand into his pocket.

"I guess you know best what you need to snap out of it," he said at last, "but get yourself some food as well."

They don't have to be down-and-outs to get in on George's bounty, either. Go into a story with him and you'll have something new when you come out; he'd no more think of taking you shopping without making a purse- chase for you than he'd think of taking you to a restaurant and not buying you a meal. Tell him he has on a good-looking tie and he'll take it right off and give it to you—and The Killer tells of the time when the apartment house elevator boy happened to admire the suit George was wearing.

"Like it?" asked George, already in the act of slipping off the coat and vest. "Here, take these now and when you come up the next time I'll give you the pants."

He did, too.

Naturally George is just a year-round Santa Claus for Virginia Pine's little girl, of whom he is tremendously fond. When that pair go out together, he's known to simply launch all the keys on their cash registers because if the baby even looks at anything it's immediately hers. But George's greatest delight is to take the youngster down to the amusement zones at the beach and spend the afternoon with her riding everything and mentioning filling her up with hot dogs, ice cream, soda pop and such. That's how hard-boiled George takes 'em for a ride outside of the movies—on a merry-go-round.

SOMETIMES, however, even George gets an idea that somebody is playing him for a sucker, and then—well, it's just too bad for whoever happens to be on the receiving end. George is one of those guys who hates to be fooled and find it out, and when he does find it out he's just plain mighty.

The Killer can recount a few instances of that, too.

There was, for example, the bum who "touched" George so often that George came to know his face. He was a moosher whose plea was always for a coffee and 15, and finally, after giving him money for three successive nights, George took him by an arm.
"Come on," he said, "tonight you're going to get 'em." With The Killer on the other side he led the bum to a lunch-wagon and ordered a whole flock of food. "There," he said, "that's what you asked for. Now go to it.

But as George had suspected, the man wasn't hungry at all. He played with the food for a little while and then said that he was through.

"Oh, no, you're not," George declared, "you're going to eat it and like it—or I'm going to beat the tar out of you!"

Then there was the hitch-hiker who decided that he wanted not only George's money, but George's car. George has two cars, a big one and a small one, and instead of riding in the big one behind the chauffeur he hastily prefers to drive the little one himself. Of course, he's a push-over for thumbs; George has been known to walk himself, but never to let the other guy.

On this particular occasion the roadside weary Wilie that George picked up looked all right—he had his duffie done up in a bandana handkerchief and everything. George says—but when George stopped the car to let him out and produced his roll to give him a five, the hitch-hiker produced something himself. It was an automatic pistol.

"I'll take the whole roll," he announced, "and you can thumb a ride back."

That made George pretty sore, and George, as you know, used to be a dancer on the New York main stem. Before he himself knew what he intended doing, he had kicked that gun out of that guy's hand.

But did that cure George? Not so that you could notice it, it didn't.

Another hitch-hiker makes George pull rather a wry face when he remembers him, too. This one was just a kid, and as they were riding along he got to telling George how homesick he was, and how he was trying to beat his way home before winter came on. Old softie George fell for that right away.

"Well, I guess we can fix that," he said, "where do you live, kid?"

Even George winced when he got the answer. But he was game—and so the kid got a ticket to Portland, Me. That's as far as you can go from Los Angeles without turning around and coming back.

But perhaps the most extraordinary "touch" that George ever experienced, strangely enough didn't cost him anything to speak of, although there is probably no other star in Hollywood who would have done what George did. He was standing on the sidewalk outside the studio one day quite recently, waiting for his car, when two women spotted him and came across the street.

"Oh, Mr. Rait," they bumbled, "we came all the way out here from Des Moines to see a

studio, and we haven't been able to get into one yet. We've got to go back tomorrow and this is our last chance—could you get us in?"

That time, if never before in his life, George wanted to say "No." He had an appointment; he was late; he had dozens of things to do. He looked from one to the other of those women—and then he not only took them into the studio but personally escorted them all over the lot, explaining everything they saw, and wound up in the cafeteria buying them lunch. They had always wanted to see the stars at feeding time, they said.

They were elderly women, too. You saw George slap Fay Wray in the face in "The Bowery"—yeah, George is sure Hollywood's hardboiled hombre, he is.

A SK the grief-stricken young woman whose he heard about, and whom he never even saw, but for whom he footed all the bills of her husband's fatal illness and then sent the body back East to be buried. Ask the cheerful bum whom he picked up one night and took to a restaurant. "Two steaks!" he called to the waiter. "Yeah," echoed the bum, "I'll take two, too!"

No wonder that in Hollywood the watchword is not "let George do it," but "let George buy it." No wonder they're calling his latest picture "Yours for the asking."

"Yeah," remarks The Killer feelingly, "he sure is."

### Facts of Hollywood Life

**WEDDING BELLS**

For Caryl Lincoln, actress, and Baron Stevens, brother of Barbara Stowaway, at Kingman, Arizona, October 16th.

For Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, pioneer film producer, and Eva Willard Russell, daughter of Charles Willard Russell, at St. Mary's of the Angels Church, October 17th.

For Sue Carol, daughter of Howard Wilson, actor-playwright, and First Congregational Church of Hollywood, October 30th.

For Boris Petroff, Grand National producer, and Jane Hauptman, at Beverly Hills Hotel, October 22nd.

For Gay Bates, poet and Lillian Kemble Cooper, October 26th, in Las Vegas, Nevada.

For Stanley Borowett, comedian, and Dallas MacDowell, in elopement to Santa Ana, October 21st.

For Elaine Shepard and Terry Hunt, physical culture director for United Artists, Thanksgiving Day.

For Lila Grey, former wife of Charles Chaplin, and Henry Aguirre, Jr., actor, at Santa Ana.

For John Barrymore and Elsie Barrie, a midnight elopement to Yuma, Arizona, on November 9th.

**PARTING OF THE WAYS**

Mrs. Dorothy Mitchell from Sidney Mitchell, writer of screen songs.


Mrs. Artie Tucker from Richard Tucker, character actor.

Mrs. Stan Laurel from screen comedian. Stan Laurel.

Paty O'Day from Clement F. Loyd.

Princess Natalia Pavlovna, known on the screen as Natalie Page, from Paris hubby, Lucien Lelong.

Merna Kennedy from Busy Berkeley.

Mrs. A. Deane Welbourne from Chris S. Welbourne, Hollywood photographer.

Virginia Reid, actress, from Dr. Ralph McClung, Birmingham dentist.

**GONE**

Anne Coldwell, librettist and lyric writer, at her Beverly Hills home, October 22nd.

"Mother" Conner, beloved head of Metro Women's Wardrobe, from heart attack, October 24th.

Hugh Buckler, veteran English actor, and his screen actor son, J ohn Buckler, at Malibu Lake, when car in which they were riding overturned into lake, October 30th.

George Danielson, studio scenic department employee, in suicide leap from Santa Monica pier, October 31st.

Laird Doyle, brilliant Warner Studio writer, when his plane crashed at Grand Central Air Terminal, November 3rd.

"Chic" Sale, noted comedian and author, of lobar pneumonia at his home in Hollywood on November 7th.

**GOOD MORNING JUDGE**

Chico and Groucho Marx were named defendants in a $25,000 infringement suit filed by Garrett Graham. He claims boys used a comedy sketch written by him.

Adolph Menjou and his wife, Ferre Yeatsdale, adopt a baby from the famous "Cradle" in Evanston, Illinois.

Allan Jones asked court to make Gail Irene Fenderson, daughter of Irene Hersey, his legal daughter.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer suing Frederick Lonsdale, noted playwright, for recovery of $30,000 paid him to write original screen stories, and a sequel to "The Last of Mrs. Cheneys."

Gloria Swanson Farmer received permission from the courts to legally drop the Farmer name.

Carole Lombard legally drops private life name of Jane Peters Powell.

Ann Harding wins her court contest to keep her seven year-old daughter, Jane, in England until next June.

**SPARKING**

Marguerite Wasser, Kentucky society girl, and Joseph Ricketts, director.

Luise Rainer and Reginald LeBorg.

Paula Stone and Henry Moore.

Kay Hughes and Burdaw Graybuhl, Metro photographer.

Virginia Cherrill's boy friend, the Earl of Jersey, has come from England to woo her.

Robert Kent and Astrid Allwyn.

Russell Gleason and Shirley Dorne.

Eugene Whitney gets diamond bracelet from Johnny Downs.

Betty Fairless and Allan Lane have resumed their sighing.

June Travis and Charles Collins.

Cecilia Parker and Henry Willson.

**HERE AND THERE**

Caill Patrick to Honolulu for vacation as guest of the Maharajah and Maharani of Indore.

Maurice O'b Onor off to London for a picture.

Olivia de Havilland and her mother to New York for short trip.

Harry Croucher, well-known newspaper man and his wife, Elizabeth Jens, actress, are in Hollywood. She will do pictures for Selznick.

Sally Fields with hubby Harry Joe Brown and her baby, back in Hollywood after their London hop.

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The Shadow Stage

ELEANOR POWELL'S first starring picture — though weak in plot is elaborately produced and filled with spectacular dancing numbers and colorful songs. Never did the fleet-footed queen of dance do better, or more difficult routines.

The story concerns an ambitious girl who leaves her small town to try her luck on a New York amateur radio hour. She starts singing, but gets the gang. Disillusioned and lonely, she goes to a Lonely Hearts Club, operated by Una Merkel, where she meets and falls in love with Jimmy Stewart, ensign on a submarine. As a publicity stunt, Jimmy is hired to escort Virginia Bruce, musical comedy star. He succeeds in getting Eleanor the job of understanding the star. Complications commence when Virginia really does begin to fall for Stewart.

Eleanor is excellent, and the supporting cast, including Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Alan Dinehart, Frances Langford and Buddy Ebsen are grand. A musical treat.

GARDEN OF ALLAH—Selznick International—United Artists

THIS well-known story of a man and woman’s struggle to reconcile strict religious ideals with love is so incredibly beautiful in color and technique that it deserves your attention. Though psychologically correct, it drugs terminally, and Marlene Dietrich never once brings to life the lovely mask that is her face.

Charles Boyer as the outcast monk is superb. Recommended for its compelling physical beauty.

MAD HOLIDAY—M-G-M

SUPPOSEDLY a satire on murder mysteries, this is done so badly as to be ridiculous. Edmund Lowe is an actor on vacation who gets involved in wholesale massacre and solves it with the aid of Elissa Landi, writer of blood thrillers. Ted Healy, with his usual formula, wrings a few laughs from the cluttered action. There are corpses everywhere, and the picture belongs in a coffin too.

HIDEAWAY GIRL—Paramount

NEPT in many places, but with several original twists this fast comedy-mystery offers Martha Raye at her bowling best. Shirley Ross is the lovely object of Robert Cummings' dastardly affection against a background of stolen diamonds, yachts, music and superb drinking. Martha's hit number is "Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Liszt."

CAN THIS BE DIXIE?—20th Century-Fox

THIS hodge-podge couldn’t possibly be Dixie! True there is the old southern colonel, played by George Meader, the dark and handsome villain, Donald Cook, the sweet southern belle, Helen Wood, and above all Jane Wilmer and Slim Summerville, but put them all together and they spell unfunny entertainment. We most emphatically advise against this one.

THE PLOT THICKENS—RKO Radio

ASY if this hang-up mystery weren’t entertaining enough, they’ve given us ZaSu Pitts with her flutty hands and coquettish James Gleason to dress it up in fine style. As a wide-eyed school marm, ZaSu aids police inspector Gleason to locate the criminals. But before everyone has had plenty of laughs, Owen Davis Jr. and Louise Latimer furnish romance.

PIGSKIN PARADE—20th Century-Fox

WHEN it’s football time in Hollywood you can expect a new crop of films featuring this favorite sport and in this annual setup "Pigskin Parade" comes as a very neat entry. It is gay with youth, vitality and good humor.

Through an error a jerkwater college in Texas is invited to play Yale. They need a halfback and discover him in the person of Stuart Erwin, a local cantaloupe heaver. They get him into the school on fake credentials and then the silly thing Jack Holt, their silly coach, is hired, but the team is run by Haley’s wife, Patsy Kelly. Mixed into all this are the yacht club boys, Dixie Dunbar, Judy Garland, Arline Judge, Johnny Downs, and Betty Grable. You’ll enjoy them.

EASY TO TAKE—Paramount

YOU’D find some enjoyment in this mediocre comedy about a radio artist, “Uncle Roddy,” who inherits the guardianship of a spoiled brat. John Howard, Marsha Hunt, Eugene Pallette, and Richard Carle give satisfactory performances, but the hilarious singing done by little Alfalfa Switzer is the only thing easy to take in an otherwise dull show.

THE MANDARIN MYSTERY—Republic

MYSTERY and comedy are poorly mixed in this weak film story about a detective’s son. Eddie Quillan, who outshines his dad by solving a mystery surrounding a valuable mandarin stamp. Two murders add to the confusion. Charlotte Henry has the unimportant feminine lead. Rita La Roy, Wade Boteler, Franklin Pangborn and George Irving give support.

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS—Paramount

WITH stampeding elephants, marauding monkeys and native uprisings, here is romance and drama in the Malay jungles, and swell animal shots keep the interest alive despite a weak and improbable plot.

Dorothy Lamour, new from radio and the stage is the buxom girl who lives with tigers and monkeys. Meeting Ray Milland, big game hunter, she proteges him from the animals and leads him to safety. He falls in love with her, thus arousing the jealousy of his civilized sweetheart, Molly Lamont, who makes an attractive menace.

Akim Tamiroff, Lynn Overman and Hugh Buckler are good support. Mala of "Esquimo" fame is a native headman.

Coughs

HURT HERE

TAKE THE SYRUP THAT

CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work where the cough is lodged ... in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers—it’s safe! 55c and 60c.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP

NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

Enchanting...Hair

The fascinating allure of borne- or treated hair has long been recognized by stars of screen and stage. To be absolutely safe and to obtain just the desired shade, always insist upon genuine Hopkins “Rajah Brand” Egyptian Henna.

J. L. Hopkins & Co., Dept. H.
320 Broadway, New York
That Thin Man’s Here Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

approval of the audience. The way to put Philo across was to make him human. He could be permitted to wear clothes with an air, but he mustn’t be a stuffed shirt. And he must have a sense of humor.

As the noted author heard his brain child being made over, I wonder if he didn’t glance with momentary suspicion at his host. He saw a rather spare, tallish fellow who wore clothes with an air, but most certainly was not which had something to do with the Bill of today, as we shall presently see.

F ROM that moment dates the great success of Bill on the screen. If Bill had gone on playing other people he could never have become a star. When he started playing himself there was no holding him back.

Naturally the time came when he began to worry about this Philo Vance business. There

“Now there is real a story!” exclaimed Bill. Actually, there at last was Bill Powell, to perfection.

Either Nick Charles was the spittin’ image of Bill, or vice versa. They merged so completely and cleverly that the fans haven’t quit raving yet. They applauded so long and so loudly that nearly three years later Metro put Bill and Myrna Loy in a sequel, called “After the Thin Man.”

If this picture doesn’t clinch the case, come now to the matter of Bill’s private life.

SUPPOSE you were going to make a movie of Bill off the screen, whom would you put in the cast? The rôle of the modern, modish ex-wife, who still thinks her ex-husband is swell, couldn’t be played better by anyone than Carole Lombard.

Then take his best pals, Dick Bartholomee and Ronnie Colman—they form the Three Musketeers in private life better than anything you could put on the screen.

And for romantic interest, the off-screen character of Jean Harlow—honest, vital, a true-blue friend, could not be a more ideal choice. Don’t get Jean mixed up with the blonde bombshell Harlow of the screen—that’s sheer acting and sheer dramatic talent.

Now move in for a close-up of Bill, himself.

The scene is a house Bill rented in Beverly Hills. Philo Nick Powell, his butler at his heels, inspects the dinner table, set perfectly for the guests. All is in order. The organist? He will appear promptly, Mr. Powell, for your concert after dinner in the music room.

The event comes off in fine shape, and the guests, charmed with the wit of their host and pleasantly crammed with good food, prepare to hear choice music. The organist sits down to play.

But from the pipe organ comes only a bubbling morn, a wheezy gurgle!

Flustered, the unhappy fellow tries again. Glug, blub, glug! This was horrible. Never before had people laughed when he sat down to play!

Bill said heh, heh, there seems to be something wrong here. There was—the machinery in the basement had been flooded by a leaky water pipe. The laugh was on Bill, but he’d show ‘em.

HE moved at once and presently built a house that only a set designer for a super colossal film production could have thought up. It was a veritable palace. Overlooking Beverly Hills, this magnificent mansion became the mecca of all tourists, coming a thousand miles for a glimpse of Powell’s Folly.

When Bill drove his car in front of the gates, a photo-electric cell opened the portals as if by magic, the inner drive lit up like Santa Claus Lane, the garage doors swung wide, and the master entered in proper style. Whenever anybody else’s headlights hit the photo-electric cell the gates also performed, with a fine lack of distinction, so that they waved“Well, forth in the breeze almost all night long, lights flashed on and off, and the garage doors did their pet trick until Bill nearly went mad.

Within the house Nick Charles Powell had only to press a button to make a wall swing back so he could take his daily exercise by

Many hands make light work and Warren Hull, Warners’ player has a labor brigade only too willing to help Papa build a playhouse in the back yard. The little carpenters are Paul, age three, George, a year older, John, age six

a stuffed shirt. He had a temperate fondness for gin, to make him quite human, so far as human frailty goes. He had a humorous glint in his eye; he was an enchanting conversationalist with a gift of natural wit.

If Van Dine suspected what Bill had done, he was alone with his secret, for no one else, including Bill himself, realized what had happened.

Bill had put himself on the scene. He had adapted himself to the medium of pictures and was adapting pictures to himself. All of were the Canary, Benson, Greene and Kennewick and murder cases—and that’s quite a string. By this time he was Philo to Carole Lombard. She calls him that even now. Maybe that’s why they got a divorce. I don’t know.

Anyway, something still was lacking. Bill thought maybe it was story trouble or maybe a lack of sparkle in dialogue, but at all events, he decided to switch studios. He went to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and W. S. Van Dyke drew his attention to a story they had called “The Thin Man.”

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BILL is a practical man. He sold his house and turned a bit of profit on the deal. Being a congenital worrier, the fact that the house was all right for a Philo but not so good for his pocketbook, was always bothering Bill. He is not overly careful with his money, but he knows where it has gone and how much has stuck with him.

Like the man on the screen, Bill feels responsible for the well-being of other people. He makes at least two pictures a year at no profit to himself, due to the way income taxes are figured.

Most big stars cut down to a few films a year for this reason, but Bill goes right ahead.

"Anyway, it gives employment to a lot of grips, juicers, and exhibitors," he explains.

The point is, Bill now enjoys playing Bill.

Sometimes the mixture of the off-screen and on-screen personality of Powell pulls a boomerang. Dick and Ronnie read in an article that Bill was "The Wittiest man in Hollywood." So they called on him with the serious demand that he produce some wit.

Bill tried to pass it off with a laugh, but his pals sat around like vultures, waiting for him to toss off a quip. As a matter of fact, Bill tried to rise to the occasion and pulled off some nifties, but Dick and Ronnie greeted his best efforts with dead pans. What's more, they turned up their noses.

Bill loves to fish, which gave him one of the most amusing sequences in "Liberated Lady," wherein he gives a parody of an amateur angler, fly-casting for trout.

"After finishing that picture I flew North to join Ronnie in a fishing trip off Vancouver," he relates. "We fished for salmon for days, and never got a nibble. We could look down and see the water just boiling with salmon. I fear those fish had their minds on other matters.

"We did, however, catch one fish. That one is now dried into a dingy tied to the stern of our boat."

When making a picture, Bill usually takes liberties with his dialogue and directors lean heavily on him when it comes to making up the "business" to go with the words. He has a special flair for a slyly humorous touch.

And now for a medium long shot, followed by an intimate close-up, and we will close our case.

The scene is a second rate night club, the picture is "After The Thin Man," and the dialogue played by Bill is that of a head-waiter and a group of somewhat unsavory looking underworld characters. The time is New Year's Eve.

"What time is it, Nicky?" Myrna asks.

Weaving ever so slightly, Bill manages to focus his gaze upon his watch.

"It's twenty minutes to twelve, darling. Our first New Year's Eve alone!"

A loud harrumphs it.

"Or maybe I'm mistaken," Bill adds, one eyebrow going up.

"Hello, Nick! Say, I got the Weasel here, see, and he's on parole, see, and he oughta be seen with the right people, see? So I thought if we could join youse, see—gee, thanks, Mr. Charles!"

"These men," says Bill, turning to the head-waiter," are with me, see?"

"Cut! Hey, you put in 'see,'" "Director Van Dyke explains, while everyone on the set howls. In jest, that is. But come to think of it, that's a good gag. Let's keep it in, what?"

There's no expression on Bill's serene countenance to prove he inserted that word for a gag, although Myrna gives him a sidewise glance.

That's Bill in the movies. Or rather Nick Charles. Which is which—now I'm all confused!

THIS is a close-up of Bill off the screen. It's another New Year's Eve—a real one, not a movie—Bill drove to Pasadena for this one, and in the wee small hours he gathered himself and lady fair into his car for the trip to Beverly Hills.

For some reason he couldn't figure out, the telephone poles whizzed past his car like a picket fence. Bill shook his head sternly. This would never do. But aha, he knew the remedy. And a clever one, too—funny nobody had thought of the idea before.

He shifted into second gear and that way he couldn't go too fast.

Mile after mile he cruised along in the pouring rain. Suddenly there was a loud crashing of gears and the smell of burned oil. The rear end had burned out.

They tried thumbing a ride, but there wasn't any traffic. Finally Bill had to walk the girl to her home.

Now I ask you, can't you just see Nick Charles getting into the same scrape in a movie starring Bill Powell?

All of which should indicate something about Bill that he only admits when he is pretty serious, which is, indeed, seldom. But this is it.

UNDERNEATH all the nonsense and the pleasures of life, Bill is always thinking. He thought for a while that it was leisure he wanted. So he tried that and found it too how.

He thought, subsequently, that it was grandeur for which he yearned, so he tried the impressive house and the opulent swimming pool. He hated that, being as real a person as he is.

Now he knows what he wants, and that is his work.

When he goes into a production now he knows why. When he plays a character, he knows why that character acts as he does. He gives to his work not only his conventional heart and soul, but his brains and imagination as well.

And that, in Hollywood or China, or Lost Egg, Texas, is one of those combinations that can't be beat.

And when with all that, you add the fact that what you see is all pass for ambition and drive and what have you, then it's tops. Tops, or in Hollywood, William Powell.
The Most Startling Confession Any Star Ever Made

[cont. from page 25]

went back to the stage to work. I told myself I could quit any time I needed to quit. I told myself that I had liquor whipped—that I could take it or let it alone. That's the insidious part of drinking: a man becomes a—well, I still don't know the word, but there's no other word for it—he becomes a drunkard without realizing it.

That year gave me the foundation of a reputation, here in Hollywood, that I suppose I'll never live down. My friends warned me—and I succeeded in arousing my stubbornness. They told me I'd kill myself in Hollywood if I drank so much in public. So I made it a point to drink in the most public places I could find. Well, at least I wasn't a hypocrite! Call me a fool, for I deserve it, but give me credit for that one virtue.

The picture was a smash hit; the part was tailored-to-measure for me, and I was in demand.

And I threw the opportunity away—not in a day, not in a month, but by a year's steady drinking. I couldn't let the liquor alone and I kept adding to the reputation I'd acquired during my first year here. And what I didn't add, by my own follies, Hollywood's gossips added for me. The rumor-mongers of this town are a pack of human wolves. Give them a seed of truth and they cultivate it so diligently that in a day's time they succeed in raising a forest.

If I took a drink, they had me wallowing in the gutter, if I was fifteen minutes late in the set for any reason, they had me listed as drunk and missing for a week.

But, mind you, I'm not trying to alibi. I have no just brief against them, for God knows, I gave them plenty of seed to plant. I'm not trying to dodge the blame for my own actions. But I do make this point—whenever I heard some lie featuring my name, I was fool enough to overlook the underlying fact that my own folly was responsible. Instead, I grew bitter toward the industry and the town and the people.

I began to drink alone—and that's the beginning of the end for any man.

The net result was that the producers started turning thumbs down on me. 'Tracy's a good actor—but you can't trust him to stay sober. He'll delay production...'

Sure, I knew that was happening—but I was just big enough to tell myself that I didn't give a damn.

You see, I didn't realize the essential difference between the stage and the screen.

I didn't stop to think that an actor in pictures can't burn the candle at both ends for the very simple reason that he is on call at eight or nine o'clock in the morning when his close-ups will inevitably tell the story of the 'night before.'

The Adore rounded the point of Anaconda and headed over before the freshening wind. Leaning heavily, it moved ahead and ran forward, assurance-footed as a cat on the slanting, pitching deck, to trim the slatting jib.

I suppose you remember the famous Mexico City episode during the filming of 'Viva Villa,'" he said, as he returned and again took the witness. "The wildest exaggerations were circulated and published. When I came back to Hollywood, I heard that I had stood on a hotel balcony, naked, and deliberately insulted the Mexican flag.

That was a lie. But, on the other hand, it wasn't a lie that I was drunk. And it was true that I struck a Mexican officer who came to the hotel room, where we were drinking, to ask us to make less noise.

That cost me a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And I'm sure it caused me to be blacklisted with the other studios for a time, because I couldn't get another job in Hollywood until after I had gone to New York and played on the stage for several months.

You'd think that a jolt like that would have been enough to bring even me to my senses. But it didn't—it didn't have any more effect on me than a dozen other jams that I've been in.

Now listen, because this is important. It's the only preachment I have to make against drinking but it's so serious an indictment that it's sufficient to keep me on the wagon for the rest of my life.

When any man has been drinking long enough, he reaches a state in which nothing else matters but whiskey. He loses interest in everything else in life. And I reached that state. I had been ambitious, I wasn't any longer. I just didn't care, actively, about anything.

The ban that had been erected against me was dropped after I came back from New York, and I had plenty of attractive offers, offers that I should have accepted and would have jumped at a year or two before. But I turned most of them down.

I was like a man in a coma. I was lazy. I just wanted people to let me alone. On several occasions I asked my agent to take me off his list for months at a time.

And I spent those months drinking, by myself. I didn't want company when I was drinking. People annoyed me—some wanted to drink too fast; some wanted to drink too slowly. I wanted to drink in exactly the way that I enjoyed the most.

After a while, I'd take a bottle of liquor to my hotel room, sit down with a book or a magazine, and deliberately get drunk. Before long the type would blur, before long the room would start growing foggy, but I'd keep on until I quietly passed out on the bed.

And, when I awoke the next morning, the first thing I reached for was the bottle and the glass.

I've noticed that, almost invariably, the confirmed drinker who finally breaks the chains of his habit and reasserts himself will tell you that some particular incident, some profound regret or some tremendous new incentive, was responsible for his sudden resolve.

That was not so in my case.

The thing that saved me from going on for the rest of my life as a habitual drunkard was this:

The conviction gradually formed in my mind that whiskey had me whipped.

That should have been obvious? Certainly, and it is obvious now—but you've got to take into consideration the peculiar, devious egotism that governs any man who is letting a habit make him its slave. I had that egotism to an unusual degree. No matter how consistently I'd been drinking, I had never failed to assure myself that I could 'take it or let it alone.'

"I didn't quit drinking because I considered the use of whiskey immoral, or unrighteous, I quit because one day, lying in bed recovering from a week-long spree, I suddenly began to review the things I had lost.

I looked around for my ambition and couldn't find it. I tried to recall the great joy that I had once had in my work, and discovered that I had lost the ability to feel that joy. My nerves were shot; my energy was shot; I had lost interest in things.

I lay there for thirty-six hours, thinking it over. And over and over I kept telling myself, 'Tracy, from now on you've got to be terrified of liquor. It's the one thing on earth that's got you licked!'

And then and there I made up my mind to quit. Instead of telling myself that I was strong enough to refuse liquor in the future, I told myself that I was too weak to accept a drink.

"'Tracy,' I said, 'you're never going to take another drink—not even one drink. If some one offers you a single highball and tells you that there isn't another drink within ten miles, you're going to refuse that one drink, just the same. If you take it, you'll walk ten miles to get more!'

I went to see my doctor and had a thorough physical examination. By some miracle, I was still in pretty fair condition—and that report was an added incentive for me to keep my resolution. It gave me a foundation to build on.

I started spending more and more time on this boat. Instead of having a big crew and leaving all of the work to them, I carry a skipper and a cook and do my full share of the labor with the canvas.

Last summer I entered the Adore in the Santa Monica to Honolulu race. Thirty some days at sea, drinking in the salt air, working like a dog during the day and tumbling exhausted into my bunk at night. And not a drop of liquor on board!

"And I came back feeling like a new man. I'm living again. I've acquired a new interest in my work. For the first time in years, I look forward every morning to the first scene on schedule.

"I'm taking an interest in things—discovering that life holds a lot of real happiness, excitement and sport that isn't connected with a highball glass. And I'm a better actor. I've acquired a new brand of self-confidence. I feel things more keenly."

He smiled and looked again down the companionway.

"No," he said, "he doesn't need to dodge around corners to have his drink. I've quit—and quit for good. Life is a matter of contrasts. And when I compare myself, today, with myself, yesterday, I have no urge to turn back the calendar.

"You can write this down as gospel—that guy Tracy's been a damned fool, but he's through being a fool. His conscience doesn't hurt, but he's scared—scared to death—of liquor!"
Myrna Loy's part is centered for formal occasions. It offers a variation of the same sweeping lines off the forehead seen in the hair-style below. Ringlet curls tend to soften an otherwise severe mode.

didn't like. So Joan, the ingenious, mixed about two-thirds of lipstick with one-third vaseline and, with a Chinese paint brush, drew on the shape she thought most becoming and filled it in. Very becoming it is, too.

Nothing, of course, creates a new personality like a new coiffure.

Claudette Colbert has her own ideas about hairdressing. She says that nothing matters. The kind of a forehead you have, bangs improve it. If your brow is too low, she recommends that you wear your bangs very fluffy and coming out from the forehead in the manner that Hepburn wears hers. If your forehead is too high, keep the bangs fairly straight and flat but not long enough to cover the eyebrows.

Sit down and take inventory. If you eyes are good, play them up. If the shape of your face is pleasing, let it be seen. If you have lovely skin don’t hide it under layers of makeup. There are any number of tricks that you can employ to highlight your good points and minimize your bad ones.

Let your most important New Years’ resolution be to create a new and more attractive self. You will find that good grooming and the consciousness that you have done your clearest by your physical attributes will make you more aware of your own charm and give you a feeling of self-assurance.

For the busy girl, the business woman, the woman whose time is limited, we have prepared a new leaflet—“Beauty in Boxes.”

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.
Simone Simon—Pronounced Problem Child

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

Marshall and Ruth Chatterton, Simone was at once the most sought after young lady in town. When the studio tried to find her for settings and interviews, Simone enjoyed the last laugh. They were informed she was on the verge of pneumonia, coupled with a dash of appendicitis, yet executives would encounter her that same night dancing at the Trocadero! Next day a phone call to Simone would reveal she had one foot in an ambulance, yet an hour later she would turn up at the tennis matches and appear that evening in fine fettle for the preview of “Dodsworth.”

Keep this under your hat, pal! Here is the picture of the irrepressible Simone snapped by Hyman Fink under the amusing circumstances you read about. She and Max Constani, the French aviator, are having fun at the Clover Club.

During this hide and seek, Hyman Fink, Photoplay’s demon photographer, snapped her in the midst of one of her gravest illnesses, and Simone gave him a broad wink when he snapped the shutter. It was more than a wink, it was an impish leer! Now the studio began to give her a terrific build-up.

WHEN Darryl Zanuck goes to town on a star or production, there are no halfway measures. From one end of the land to the other, billboards shrieked the triumph of Simone Simon. Magazines and newspapers featured the French typhoon with a whirlwind blast.

Simone Simon—pronounced Si-moon Simone! Simone read the ads and wrinkled her renounced nose.

“So much bother,” she remarked, “when they could have spelled my name as it is on my birth certificate. Simone. Simone is a common girl’s name in France, like Yvonne.”

We asked her to pronounce it for us. “Okay, Simone. That is easy. Secemom. My last name, Simon; that is easy, too. Simomgh.”

Not so easy, though, unless you know how the French pronounce that final consonant sort of through the nose, giving it a nasal twang on the g string.

By the time Simone went into “Ladies in Love” she had learned a few lessons from the book labeled “How to Get Along with People.” With particular attention to the chapter on handling temperamental directors. She was a perfect little lamb.

To make sure that murder, mayhem and other acts of hostility did not break loose on the sound stage where four stars were at work—Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon—the studio barred them with a double key and a watchful eye.

And in this unenviable position, Simone Simon stands today. Whether she will bounce right back remains to be seen.

SHE has the most astonishing ups and downs ever recorded in so brief a space of Hollywood history. Simone has gained great personal popularity in the colony, but her position among the fans is uncertain.

After “Girl’s Dormitory,” with all the ads featuring Simone and her pronunciation of her name, Herbert Marshall was credited with a quip which was widely quoted. Seems he answered a call from the studio casting office with this: “This is Herbert Marshall—pronounced Simone Simon!”

They’ve changed that a trifle now. It’s (Simone Simon, pronounced Doubtfall).

If present plans go through, however, Simone may yet knock the country for a complete loop. The studio has announced she will do “Seventh Heaven,” the picture play that made Janet Gaynor famous.

Janet wants Simone to take her old role, hat of Diane. She believes Simone can pick up the torch and carry it to new heights. Janet would not want to remake that picture herself.

But young Simone still believes there are seventh heavens to be found.

“The studio ran out of that picture for me the other night,” she said. “I cannot find words to express my admiration of Janet. And the way she showed her love—so clear, so pure and fine!”

Certainly the studio is going to try again. And just as certainly Simone is a real personality, much more moving than the Anna Sten whom Goldwyn tried to manufacture, much younger than the Mady Christians whom Metro tried to put across, much more glamorous than anyone of the half dozen starlets Paramount is trying to launch.

Actually she is a girl with fire and romance and undoubted talent. And even, if at times, she disturbs her studio, you must grant her this:

She restores to Hollywood color and humor and excitement, qualities that today’s well-behaved business-like stars seldom show—hit qualities which the world always needs and always adores.

Good luck, Simone. We are really very much for you.

NEWS FLASH!!!

Barbara Stanwyck’s divorce decree becomes final New Year’s Eve. All Hollywood is wondering about Robert Taylor’s feelings on this subject.

Worst flu epidemic in years hit Columbia. Chester Morris, Walter Connelly, Lione Stander all had it.
the year round. "What is more lovely," he said, "than a russet brown and yellow print under a mink coat? Or a black and white print trimmed with silver fox to give it a wintry look? It is fun to slip out of a heavy dark wrap at home, after a long day out in bad weather, and show the lovely multi-colored bouquets on your printed silk frock. It is cheerful. It is good."

A FEW seasons ago I remember seeing Heather Thatcher in New York for the first time. It was at one of those smart parties where everyone was gowned in the usual heavy winter fabrics—lame's, velvets and furs in rich dark colors. In came Heather, like a California sunbeam, her fair hair flashing, her deep blue eyes laughing, her skin a golden brown. Her dress was a clean amare-blue and white silk print, made on simple lines. The effect was like coming suddenly upon a flash of sunny wild flowers in the snow; it was as though someone had opened a window in that rather stuffy room, and let in a sunwarmed breeze.

Karloch also has ideas about winter jewels. Gobs of carnelian or jade, he believes, go better with out-of-door semi-sport clothes. While for winter, diamonds in lacy settings are appropriate. Old paste certainly looks better in a cozy candle-lit drawing room, at tea time, than it does out of doors in the sun. There is a lot of wisdom in this theory, I think.

The evenings I love best in Hollywood are the informal little dinners of not more than six or eight people. We had such an evening recently at Gloria Swanson's home. Her house has a spacious old-world atmosphere, with its high ceilings, great open fireplaces, and beautifully chosen furniture. I was the first to arrive; I always am. Gloria came running down to greet me. More thoughtfully beautiful than she has ever been, she had chosen a simple black crepe informal dinner dress as a background for silver jewelry. Round her neck, on a long chain, was a circular, cut-out plaque of silver from which dangled tiny silver balls. One wrist was covered, inches wide, with nautch girl silver bangles, fringed with the same little silver balls; the other wrist had two close-fitting flat Indian bracelets of silver. A ring, with a tassel of silver shot, added its tinkle to the musical chime of the bangles as she moved her charming hands.

All this may sound like over-emphasis of ornament, but combined with the solid black of her dress it was perfectly in place. Through her belt she had pulled a huge black chiffon handkerchief with a great initial in red embroidered on it. She wore very open silver kid sandals over the thinnest stockings I have ever seen. The coral of her toenails matched her fingertips and lipstick.

Another friend of mine, the wife of a famous director, wore a very short flaring-skirted frock of black taffeta. The short sleeves were full and crisp, the belt of patent leather. Her ornaments were part of her collection of green jade and gold.

We had our first course in an angle of the living room, for those who wanted a cocktail. An enormous platter holding seven or eight dozen oysters on cracked ice was in the center of the circular table. Then there was a tureen of solid foie gras, and a plate of thin buttered black bread to spread it on. It was hard to leave that table and go on to the dining room, but Gloria said it always seems to be. If you want to know what we talked about it was mostly about an expedition to the Gobi desert and what it had revealed. Not very Hollywood, you will say? On the contrary; very Hollywood, as I know it.
WARNERS believe that "Black Legion," based on the activities of masked gangs in the United States, will be as startling and true to life as "I Am A Fugitive" and "Black Fury." Humphrey Bogart is told to do or die by Joseph Santley.


VALENTINO was discovered there; JON GILBERT used to make love to lovely girls; a marriage broke up beneath its shaded lights.

WHERE?

REAL

UNTOLD TALES of the Famous "COCAOANT GROVE" beginning in the February PHOTOPLAY.

ON SALE JANUARY 8TH.
This is a surprise! Everyone thought that Leland Hayward would marry Katharine Hepburn, but instead Margaret Sullivan is the new Mrs. Hayward. They were married at Newport, R. I., on November 15th. It is amusing to note that Margaret, playing in "Stage Door" on Broadway marries a screen scout at the end of the play too!

IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED—Inevitable.
-Fennoce and rather amusing murder mystery. Redmond Denny is the author and is featured into solving the murder of two producers. Jack LaRue helps out. (Nov.)

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—20th Century-Fox—An honest-to-goodness young Gavroche, with Alan Dinehart as the crook who wants Rosalind Keith's mine. Robert Knef is the Mountie who gets the man, the mine, and the girl. Junior will bite his nails. (Nov.)

LADIES IN LOVE—20th Century-Fox—Slow-moving with Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Simone Simon and Loretta Yvonne each having a romance in Budapest. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas, Laila. The music is the main Recommended for cast and production. (Dec.)

LADY BE CAREFUL—Paramount.—You'll enjoy this simple tale of a shy color who gets the reputation of being a Lothario and has to live up to it. Lew Ayres plays his part in the sun with an excellent performance. Nice photography, too. (Dec.)

LABELLED LADY—M-G-M.—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow copying their own previous vivacious performances in a stylishly farce built around Bill's efforts to 'courageous' Myrna who has sued Spencer's paper for flirt. A How. (Dec.)

LOVE ON THE RUN — M-G-M.—Jean Crawford, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone in a deliciously amusing comedy. All about a bride who leaves her fiancé at the church, tears across half of Hollywood pursued by reporters. Swell. (Dec.)

LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—Universal—Well-paced and numerous little romance involving the tribulations of an heiress who marries a penniless tennis player. Lewis Hayden and Jane Darwell extremely capable. Highly entertaining. (Dec.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND—RKO-Radio.—The love story of the tragic Queen magnificently produced under the direction of John Ford. Katharine Hepburn as the queen and Fredric March exception with the amusing Earl of Bothwell. Gripping, but solemn. (Oct.)

MURDER WITH PICTURES—Paramount.—Cameramen and triggers snap constantly throughout this mildly entertaining mystery. Lew Ayres, the news-hawk gets involved trying to shield a suspect, Gail Patrick. Not for kiddies. (Nov.)

MY AMERICAN WIFE—Paramount.—A breezy comedy about the Americanization of Francis Lederer, a European count who marries an American heiress (Ann Sothern). Fred Stone excellent as the old grandfather. Billie Burke and Ernest Cossart are good. (Oct.)

NINE DAYS A QUEEN—GB.—The tragic story of Lady Jane Grey in line for succession to the English throne after the death of Henry VIII. Cedric Hardwicke splendid as the Earl of Warwick, Norma Shearer lovely as Lady Jane. To Desmond Tester go top honors as the little King. Superb cast, adroit direction. See this by all means. (Sept.)

OLD HUTCH—M.G.M.—Wallace Beery is the town's busy man who discovers a stolen fortune; thus unleashes a series of bewildering events. Eric Linden and Celia Parker are able support. Recommended for Beery fans only. (Nov.)

PICCADILLY JIM—M-G-M.—Good dialogue and amusing situations abound in this flick tale of a cartoonist who falls in love with the daughter of a family he has caricatured to fame. Bob Montomery at his best. Madge Evans, Billie Burke, Frank Morgan, Eric Blore are all excellent. Swell contemporary. (Oct.)

POLO JOE—Warners.—Another laugh riot for the Joe E. Brown fans. Joe becomes horse breaker, gains his wish through a tournament to win Carol Hughes. Fay Holden, Skeets Gallagher, Joseph King and David Newall satisfactory support. (Dec.)

POSTAL INSPECTOR—Universal.—A shallow story, with Ricardo Cortez as the Government man, wandering around from floods to mud robberies always raising suspicion by revealing secrets, but reforms. Dull. (Oct.)

RAMONA—20th Century-Fox.—The latest Hollywood version of the delightful book. Miss Julie Adams cast as Esidene. See it for its pastoral charm. (Oct.)

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE—Paramount.—This film is an outgrowth of the introduction of Martha Raye, a new comedienne, who is to be the new acting partner of the boyfriends who gets into mixups with a cowboy. Swing music too. (Nov.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—M-G-M.—Shakespeare's classic love story produced with accuracy and lavishness. Norma Shearer's Juliet is lovely. Leslie Howard the perfect Romeo. Basil Rathbone, John Barrymore, Ralph Forbes, Edna May Oliver add to the excellence of the outstanding picture of the year. No version has ever surpassed this one for sheer physical beauty. Not to be missed under any circumstances. (Sept.)

ROSE BOWL—Paramount.—A nice little picture about grid heroes and their loves passing between a Midwest University and Pasadena's famous stadium. It gains romantic yardage in the love scenes between Warner Whitaker and Todd Karnes. (Nov.)

SING, BABY, SING—20th Century-Fox.—Adolph Menjou, J. T. O'Brien, Tom Fadden, Tony Faye, Ted Healy, Gregory Ratoff and Patsey Kelly in as hilarious a farce as you will see. Adolph is a fabulous actor on a song. Lunacy and laughter. Don't miss this. (Oct.)

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Warners.—Pleasant film with singer James Stewart as a department store becoming a music clerk, falling in love. It's enjoyable, but sometimes lackluster. (Oct.)

SITTING ON THE MOON—Republic.—Roger Pryor and Grace Bradley are brought together with a song interpolated by a beautiful old song. This is the film Sturges should and Billy Newell brighten up this a bit. Grade B. (Nov.)

STAGE STRUCK—Warners.—Dick Powell is a young dance director struggling with the concept of a temperamental star Joan Blondell, Frank McHugh, Warren William, and Craig Reynolds all help make this good entertainment. (Nov.)

STAR FOR A NIGHT—20th Century-Fox.—A tenderly appealing and musical back stage comedy of errors. Jane Darwell grand as the sightseer. Claire Trevor sings; Arlene Judge sparkles as a chorus girl. Take the whole family. (Nov.)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER—Paramount.—Uninteresting and unexpected except for the children. It involves the hearts and courage of a little girl, David Holt, and the singing of Bellamy, whose father, Arthur Treacher wasted on ridiculous dialogue and bad direction. David Niven and others troop valiantly. (Nov.)

THE ACCUSING FINGER—Paramount.—A stinging story which is the political statement of capital punishment as its theme. Paul Kelly is the prosecuting attorney who is accused, convicted and reprieved. These are splendid. (Nov.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937—Paramount.—A smash hit offering the best radio programs of the day, guitar, swing music and a complete love story set in the background of a broadcasting station. Jack Benny, Don Pardo, Barton Maclean, Arlene Francis, Rosemary Clooney, Bob Burns, many and more. (Dec.)

THE BIG GAME—RKO-Radio.—Filled with excellent mining football stars, a few All-Americans and a lot of humdrum. This is the film that should entertain the sports minded. Andy Devine, Phil Hutton, Jimmie Gleason, Bruce Cabot and Jane Travis are whole hearted. (Nov.)

THE CAPTAIN'S KID—Warners.—Unimportant and improbable little comedy about treasure in a desert. Paul Kelly plays the part of a private, Ray Robson is her cantankerous grandmother, Newcomer Fred Lawrence's voice is nice. (Nov.)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

[Verse 1]

March 1st

[Verse 2]

March 2nd

[Verse 3]

March 3rd

THE DEVIL IS A SISSY

THE GAY DESPERADO

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE

THE GORGEOUS HUSKY

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

THE MAN I MARRY

THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND

THEODORA GOES WILD

THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY

AS WE GO TO PRESS

Mary Pickford and Charles (Buddy) Rogers announce their engagement. This has been frequently rumored and denied in the papers, but now is made official by the announcement of Al LEY & B. Betty Wilkox and Betty Farnes are fine. Recommended. (Dec.)

THE TATTER.-Warrens.—Brining with it a new novel for the fall, the publisher has been given an advance look at it. The story is this: the story of a poor little rich boy who visits his estranged father on New York's East Side and finds Americanization a painful process. Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper divide honors. For the whole family. (Nov.)

THE TEXAS RANGER.—Sturdy, stirring, blood and thunder drams of the old West. MacMurray and Jack Oakie are two reformed bandits who are gunning for an old rail, Lloyd Nolan who is outstanding as the "badie." Will please young and old. (Nov.)

THREE MARRIED MEN.—Paramount.—A forced marriage leads to the breakdown of rival families in a small town. Pretty Mary Brian is wooed, married, separated and reconciled. Odd stuff but you'll laugh. (Nov.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Warner.—Arac, rascacum comic with Frank McHugh as the dim wit who picks winning horses out of the blue. Joan Blondell, Kay Kisker grooms throughout, McHugh piles up laughs. Lots of fun. (Dec.)

TO MARY—WITH LOVE.—20th-Century-Fox.—Myrna Loy, Warner Baxter and Ian Hunter depicting the emotional trials of married life through the years by prohibition, the Lindbergh Flight, the 1929 crash, etc. Hunter, as the family friend, seals the picture. (Oct.)

TWO IN A CROWD.—Universal.—An amusing but weak horse story, not too well done. Joel McCrea, Loretta Young and Stanley Field are outstanding. Recommended. (Nov.)

WALKING ON AIR.—RKO-Radio.—A nice romantic picture, comedy, short on path but long on laughs. Headstrong Ann Sothern hires an unknown (Gene Raymond) to prove that he is her father; gets caught in her own net. (Oct.)

WEDDING PRESENT.—Paramount.—A faddish farse of two gag loving reporters, Gary Grant and John Bollitt who clone their way out of love and joke their way into marriage with the aid of William Demarest, Gaspardo, Raymond Hatton, Joan Blondell, Conrad Nagel and additive to the goodness. (Dec.)

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE.—RKO-Radio.—Producers—Willard Mack, director—John M. Stahl. David L planned book written in the death house, this is a powerful indictment against capital punishment. John Beal is the young man who is about to be beheaded by Bater, rain's prosecuting attorney; Ann Doran is beal's sweetie heart. A human and provocative story. You should see it. (Dec.)

WIVES NEVER KNOW.—Paramount. Rollicking laugh material with the Charlie Ruggles-Mary Craven who are a real comic couple. In the family, senior of human beings is the only one who can save the family. Recommended. (Nov.)

WIVES WHO ARE FOR THEASKING.—Paramount. Dolores Costello and David Manners. A real family comedy. In the family, senior of human beings is the only one who can save the family. Recommended. (Nov.)

CHING CHATING CHEATSERS in a novel form you'll like it. (Oct.)

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Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave.

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warner-First National Studios

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

American Studio, 1309 N. Gower St.

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

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20th Century Fox Studio, Box 900

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UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

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MADAME SYLVA, the beauty adviser to Hollywood's famous stars and New York's elite, now reveals to you the secrets of a magnetic personality. You can be a most captivating and intriguing person if you will but follow the simple secrets of charm and personality as described in Sylvia's new book, Pull Yourself Together, Baby!

This stimulating and inspiring book by the author of that national best seller No More Alibis has already become the most talked about book of the year...

... and it has been on sale only a short time. Critics, book reviewers and women in every section of the country acclaim Pull Yourself Together, Baby! It's a book that you will want to read and re-read. A book that you will want to live with, day after day, year after year.

Get Out of the Rut

Personality, as Sylvia of Hollywood defines it, is that magic touch which makes an ugly woman fascinating ... a beautiful girl simply irresistible. It is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, wins friends, it draws beauty like a magnet. It keeps husbands in love with you. And make no mistake about personality ... you can acquire it ... you can develop it. Not by "acting up" or by any foolish frills or mannerisms, but by carrying out a few simple secrets of charm.

Magnify Your Personality

So many of us are blundering, stammering self-conscious folks that we really never give ourselves a chance to express our true personalities. We shrivel up into knots when in company of strangers and act as awkward as elephants in rubbers just at a time when we wish to radiate with loveliness. This need not be. For it is but an easy matter to acquire self-assurance and poise if you will but heed Sylvia's advice.

You are familiar with those persons who are bursting with personality. It's fun to be in their company ... they have a host of friends and are always the center of attraction wherever they go. You've always admired them ... wished you could be like them. Well, you can! You can magnify your own personality. You can acquire and develop all those traits which you admire so much in others.

Sylvia of Hollywood wrote Pull Yourself Together, Baby! to tell you these very things. This book is packed solid with valuable hints ... secrets on charm and personality that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity. Don't hide at a time when you should radiate with beauty and personality. Read Madame Sylvia's new book ... apply her secrets and you will experience a marvelous change in yourself. You will enter upon a new world ... a world in which you are the master of your fate.

Only $1.00

Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is written in Madame Sylvia's typical rapid-fire style. It fairly bristles with enthusiasm and is brimful of amusing incidents. The clever cartoons which help to illustrate this book will give you many a chuckle. The price is only $1.00.

If unobtainable at your department or book store, use the coupon below.

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The Personality Diet, The Personality Figure; Forest Thy Neighbor; Glamour in Glandular, From the Neck Up, The Personality Washhouse, The Step Children of Personality, How Are Your Companions Manners?, Peace Under Pressure, The Art of Being a Good Sport, The Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department: Take A Chance!

Madame Sylvia's Other Book

If you haven't read No More Alibis by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price $1.00, postpaid.
And I wish you many of them...

They Satisfy
THE EXCITING INSIDE STORY OF Margaret Sullavan's MARRIAGE by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THE MADCAP LOVE of the ERROL FLYNNs

February 25 CENTS 37
REFRESHING AS A SHOWER, THIS

Beauty Bath for Teeth

Exotic New York models use only Listerine Tooth Paste to keep their mouths alluring, their teeth bewitching

Fragrant, satin-soft, milky white... such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you employ Listerine Tooth Paste as your beauty aid. It's as refreshing as a shower!

Why don't you emulate the lovely women of studio and screen, who know beauty aids as few women can? Why not have your teeth looking their best? Change to Listerine Tooth Paste today and see what it will do for you. You will never regret the change.

There's a Reason

Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit essences that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Do not take our word for it; let this wonderfully safe dentifrice made by the makers of Listerine prove itself.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢
There she sat... TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!

The most vividly emotional role in the entire career of this great dramatic star you love! ... Not even in "The Dark Angel" nor in "These Three" did she approach the excitement and power of this never-to-be-forgotten role...

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE
in
Beloved Enemy
with
HENRY STEPHENSON - JEROME COWAN
DAVID NIVEN - KAREN MORLEY
Directed by H. C. POTTER
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but his kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before... The glamorous Garbo—handsome Robert Taylor—together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta Garbo LOVES Robert Taylor

in Camille

with Lionel Barrymore
Elizabeth Allan · Jessie Ralph
Henry Daniell · Lenore Ulric
Laura Hope Crews

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Joan Crawford, by James Montgomery Flagg

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ALL-AMERICAN CHUMP—M-G-M.
This hilarious story is filled with comical situations. Stuart Erwin is a human adding machine who is thrust into a bridge tournament by a bankrupt carnival group. A laugh a minute. (Nov.)

ALONG CAME LOVE—Paramount.
A homey and amusing comedy with an unexpectedly dramatic climax. Concerning a salesgirl's (Irene Hervey) love for her ambitious doorman boy friend (Charles Starrett) who is studying to be a baby doctor. You'd better see it anyway. (Jan.)

A WOMAN REBEL—RKO-Radio.
Beautifully produced but tired and dragging story with Katie Hepburn as an English girl of the eighties who fights convention, has a baby, but refuses happiness with devoted Herbert Marshall. You'd better see it anyway. (Dec.)

BORN TO DANCE—M-G-M—Elouise Powell is in this picture elaborately produced and filled with swell songs and dances. Eleanor is a talented country girl who joins a Lonely Hearts Club, finds Jimmy Stewart. The outstanding cast includes Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen. A treat. (Jan.)

BULLDOG EDITION—Republic.
A confusing melodrama of rival newspapers fighting a circulation war. Ray Walker is an enterprising manager; Evelyn Knapp the mob sister and Regis Toomey, the editor. Just average. (Nov.)

CAMILLE—M-G-M.
The famous story of the Parisian courtesan's love and persecution directed with subtlety and glamour by George Cukor. Garbo more vivacious and affable than ever; Rob Taylor an ideal Arnaud. Outstanding cast. (Jan.)

CAN THIS BE DIXIE—20th Century-Fox.
This bodice-ripper couldn't be Dixie though there is an old Colonel (Bonde Gilbert), a villain (Donald Cook), a Southern belle (Helen Wood) and above all June Willyer and Minnie Suzannercille. Emotionally—No Good. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Warner.
A complicated and unsatisfactory version of Erle Stanley Gardner's mystery about a rich old man with his troubles. Ricardo Cortez exceptionally good, June Travis, Craig Reynolds and the rest of the cast do well too. (Dec.)

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ—Paramount.
A charming and melodic love story of modern Vienna. Fred MacMurray brings a jazz orchestra to town, appears Gladys Swarthout's musical life until Curjaid and Jack Oakie fix things up, Gladys' timing is delightful; MacMurray is grand. You'll love it. (Jan.)

COME AND GET IT—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.
Edna Ferber's novel superbly produced, excellently directed and beautifully cast. Edward Arnold outstanding as the lumber king; Joel McCrea does well as his son, and Frances Farmer is sensational in a double role. Put this on your "must see" list. (Jan.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—Republic.
A clever little comedy depending on the laugh team of Olsen and Johnson, a pair of high-powered promoters who sell worthless stock, but opportunity save their necks after some funny gags. Nice supporting cast. (Jan.)

CRAIG'S WIFE—Columbia.
The Pulitzer prize play depicting the case brought by a nagging wife, superbly translated and acted by Rosalind Russell and John Boles. Jane Darwell and Billie Burke are excellent support. Gripping entertainment. (Nov.)

DANIEL BOONE—RKO-Radio.
A vigorous exciting slice of the history of the early pioneers in Kentucky and their struggles with the Indians. John Carradine technically villainous; George O'Brien outstanding as Boone, and Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel, etc. (Dec.)

DOESWORTH—Goldwyn-United Artists.
Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton and Mary Astor superb in Sinclair Lewis's story of a middle-aged wife fighting to retain her youth. Direction, photography and production are sheer perfection. A "must see." (Nov.)

DON'T TURN 'EM LOOSE—RKO Radio.
The second in the cycle of stories presenting the evils of the parole system. Bruce Cabot does a Jekyll and Hyde in a model son by day and a criminal by night. Lewis Stone is good. You'll like it. (Nov.)

DRAFTERMAN COURAGE—Warner.
Vividly dramatizing the men who risk their lives in the depths of the earth (PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118)
AT LAST!...THE MASTERPIECE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST FILM GENIUS BLAZES TO THE SCREEN!

Millions to make it!...Two years in production!...The best-seller that set a new style in romance floods the screen with splendor and drama surpassing Frank Capra's greatest past achievements, "Mr. Deeds" and "It Happened One Night".

FRANK CAPRA'S MIGHTIEST PRODUCTION
RONALD COLMAN
IN
"LOST HORIZON"

First Prize $15.00

The Winner!

Let no charge be preferred against "The Charge of the Light Brigade." A triumphant toast to Tennyson! Great Britain's Cross of Victoria to this valorous cinema that hangs Hollywood's name high in the Hall of Historical Film Fame.

Not on the three principals alone—the dashing Errol Flynn, the restrained, talented Patric Knowles, the lovely Olivia de Havilland—do I bestow my bouquets; but on those powers behind the production (nameless to me) cameramen, technicians, directors, who marshalled marching men and prancing steeds and sent the light brigade over the hills in its breath-taking charge; who built background and battles as a glamorous setting for the colorful, tragic romance of a Scottish girl and two English brothers stationed at an Indian army post in the days of Queen Victoria.

Yes, artistry of production and a capable, well-chosen cast make "The Charge of the Light Brigade" achieve that perfect balance between beauty and action which pronounces a fitting benediction on true dramatic art. My gratitude to Warners. Jeanette Edwards, Nashville, Tenn.

Second Prize $10.00

Simone Is Set!

No wonder Simoleons have been rolling in—certain Hollywood producers ever since Simone Simon (plus career) was thrown upon us—a gullible public. Ever since that double s pronunciation gag—a French lesson a la Willie Howard—was launched life's been lots of fun for us, the movie public. That other famous Simon, "Simple Simon," had nothing on our Simone for popularity.

What would we have done without that stunt, with nothing exciting in the air except little stunts like the Spanish revolution. And what a godsend it was for a host of radio comedians crying for new gags. Yep, Simone SIGH or MOAN—you're all set!

As far as the excellent movie, "Ladies in Love," is concerned, in spite of early advertising which hinted Simone was really the star of the picture, I say three cheers for the other three, Janet, Loretta and Connie. No, Simone, you weren't the only Decorative Diversion in this natural, satisfying, delightful picture. It wasn't only satisfying, it was swell!

Fred Zeserson, Roxbury, Mass.

Third Prize $5.00

Katie Is Keen

Goody-goody for Kate! Goody-goody all around. I'm singing praises for "The Woman Rebels"—not the plot, mind you (we all know that a lady's place is not in the home) but the acting—the lovely, lovely Hepburn acting. O madcap Jo, O wild little Babbie, O silly young Alice Adams—you've done it again. I double dare the critics to laugh at you now.

And you, strange far-off Pamela in your funny Victorian hair-dos and bustles, in your ribbons, scarves and fluffy umbrellas, you strenuous lady of donkey-rides and archery and lawn tennis, you unhappy heroine who can't sleep nights despite night caps and the flannel nighties of the eighties—you come to life before our startled modern eyes, and your terrible troubles that have

Isn't this a wonderful make-up job? It's Charles Laughton aging dramatically for "Rembrandt"
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Lyrics — Again Warner Bros. steal the film spotlight with a streamlined musical as smart as the "Queen Mary"—as modern as the "China Clipper"—returning radio's romantic rave to the screen in a rollicking riot of rhythm and roars.

Laughter — It's like a holiday in a madhouse—with the craziest comedy cast ever corralled in a single straight-jacket running wild on all eighteen floors and the bargain basement of a big city department store!

Lunatics — Zasu as the last rose of leap year and Hughie as the Hammerschlag quadruplets (pronounced Cuckoo Cuckoo) are only two of the milder cases in this nuthouse set to music—by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

Love — Ask any lovely lady if Patricia isn't striking a real bargain when she sells her heart for a song—as Jimmy pours vocal magic into the rhythmic hit, "The Little House That Love Built."

"SING ME A LOVE SONG"

Plus These Other Stars—

NAT PENDLETON
ANN SHERIDAN • HOBART CAVANAUGH

And These Other Songs—
"THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR A LADY"
"SUMMER NIGHT" • "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"
Lyrics and Music by HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN
A Cosmopolitan Production • A First National Picture
Directed by RAYMOND ENRIGHT

For this joyous entertainment that so easily romps away with picture honors this month—thanks are due to

Warner Bros.
Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before February 10th, 1937, we will pay you $10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your own experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Send it to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

For twenty of my twenty-seven years, I have been an ardent movie fan. I've seen as many pictures as I could. I remember some that even the players, who starred in them, must have forgotten. I've read everything pertaining to movies—from PHOTOPLAY's aristocratic pages to the lowliest nickel magazine. I tell you this so that you may better understand my feelings when one of my dreams came true—meeting my favorite star in person. For five years I've been an Edward Arnold fan exclusively.

When I read that Edward Arnold had been chosen to portray the part of my great-grandfather in "Sutter's Gold," I immediately wrote to him how happy I was that he was going to bring Captain John Sutter to the screen, and wonder of wonders, he answered my letter and invited me as his special guest to the premiere of the picture in Sacramento.

Universal sent a special trainload of stars and players to the opening of the picture. I was to join them at the station in Oakland. Of course, I was there bright and early and by the time they arrived I was worn to a frazzle. It wasn't difficult to recognize Edward Arnold. He is the same jolly person that he is on the screen, but much younger looking by ten years. Much to my delight he seemed to know me right away and came over to shake hands with me. I was introduced to Mrs. Arnold, a sweet, charming woman, and to the other stars, among them Binnie Barnes, Lee Tracy, Wallace Ford, Gloria Holden, Jean Rogers and many others.

When we arrived in Sacramento there was a gala reception. The Governor, Mayor, in fact the whole town turned out to greet us in Pioneer Day costumes. Mr. Arnold introduced me to everyone. He was so kind and thoughtful and treated me like an old friend. The people loved him and no wonder, his ready laugh boomed all over the place as he signed autographs on everything.

Later I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold in their suite. What a thrill that was!

At last came the premiere, a regular Hollywood affair with all the trimmings. Just imagine riding in a car with the stars of the picture, Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes and Mrs. Arnold, who had taken me under her wing. Picture yourself sitting in the Governor's box with all those celebrities. I kept pinching myself to see if it was really I and not a wonderful dream. I almost fell out of the box when Mr. Arnold introduced me and I had to take a bow! But that wasn't all, there followed a banquet. We all sat at the Governor's table—and Edward Arnold sat next to me, handling me things, asking me if I wanted anything, I, who was too excited to eat.

It was over, all too soon, but as long as I live I shall treasure the memory of those days that I spent in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, the kindest people in the world. Now that I've come back to the humdrum existence of a wife and mother I am satisfied. If nothing exciting happens to me again I shan't mind, because I have something to remember and talk about for a long, long time. Something that few fans are lucky enough to experience.
Eves in modern garb are these European and American stars whose seductive charms illuminate three major English productions. Marlene Dietrich is playing in "Knight Without Armor" opposite Robert Donat, and one suspects the handsome Donat will need all of his defenses.

This is a fine romance—between the fiery Elisabeth Bergner and Raymond Massey who are yearning for each other in "Dreaming Lips"—or are we dreaming? Seen at the right is our own honey chile Miriam Hopkins, imported for "Men Are Not Gods" with A. E. Mathews, British actor.
THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!
Scene upon scene of beauty and splendor!
Glittering with luminaries from five show-worlds!
Romance and fun! Melody and drama!
AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking beauty!

Introducing to the screen the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHEYHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECE
RITZ BROTHERS
ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to be a million... you'll never see anything like it again!
CLOSE UPS AND
LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

PHOTOPLAY, being twenty-five years old itself, salutes Adolph Zukor since this month is his twenty-fifth anniversary as head of Paramount Pictures.

It is all love and kisses now within that firm and no one mentions that Zukor was dropped out of the studio a couple of years ago to be replaced again and again during his absence by sets of executives who could not fill his place. No, Zukor in his quiet triumph is great enough to forget all that, and everyone in the industry is glad at his return. Paramount stock is booming in Wall Street. On the Paramount lot where too long things have had that listening stillness of political factions watching one another, the peace dove whirls from set to set while the hired help bustles happily about. Actually this short-legged, subtle-brained, unspoiled little man has a success story as colorful as that of any star he has ever discovered. There have been four great crises in his motion picture life and he has risen above each one with devastating ability.

The first came on September 11, 1915, when a loft building on West 26th Street, New York, went up in flames. Somewhere in those flames, Zukor knew, were tangled strips of celluloid which represented not only his every cent but the entire fortune and future of Famous Players, the company which he had founded. He knew that his faithful cutter, Frank Meyer, who had been snipping away when the fire broke out, had shoved the film into a safe. But in Meyer's rush to escape the flames, the man couldn't remember if he had thrown the combination of the safe. They discovered that the safe had escaped the fire intact, but for three days it was too hot to open. "Tell Mary Pickford and the others," said Zukor through those tense seventy-two hours, "that their salaries will be paid as usual." He knew those salaries would break him but he determined to live up to his obligations. Finally the safe was cool enough to touch. He and Meyer fumbled with the catch, breathlessly pulled open the door.

Not a foot of the film was injured.

ZUKOR'S next great crisis was when Pickford and Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith decided to break away from Paramount and form their own company, United Artists.

As you doubtless recall, it was Zukor alone who was responsible for feature pictures. This little Austrian graduate of the fur business has the vision to see how important was a movie which he imported and which starred the
Adolph Zukor, Paramount's guiding genius for twenty-five years, surrounded by his youngest star-to-be, Billy Lee, Jackie Moran, Bennie Bartlett and David Holt

great Sarah Bernhardt, how important not only for itself as current entertainment, but as a possibility for entertainment of the future.

Zukor it was who later brought James K. Hackett and James O'Neill to act in movies in the days when it was not respectable for any actor to be seen in them, and Zukor it was, too, with Jesse Lasky, who was behind the movement that brought film production to Los Angeles and thus established Hollywood as geography's glamour girl.

But when Pickford and Fairbanks, who were stars he had created, announced they were not only leaving him but going into business against him, his world rocked—for about five minutes. He scudded back to New York, created a batch of new stars, and survived.

Shortly thereafter the nameless Arbuckle-Rappe tragedy broke. Fatty Arbuckle was at that time one of Zukor's biggest stars. The studio owned over a million dollars worth of unreleased prints with Arbuckle as star. Zukor faced the loss of a year's profit plus the condemnation of the public. He made his choice. Every print of Fatty's pictures was scrapped. But again by ceaseless labor and intelligent planning he pulled his studio through.

Then about three years ago his own firm decided the Chief was aging a bit, was getting a trifle behind the procession. Zukor stepped down with such grace they should all have been warned that he hadn't really abdicated. One after another, business men from other lines tried to step into his sturdy shoes.

The Paramount product went from good to ghastly. Finally, struggling for existence against the triumphant strides of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Twentieth Century-Fox and the other stalwarts, Paramount cried out for Zukor. As quietly as he had left, but with a wise little smile, he returned. The recent Paramount releases, “The Plainsman,” “Maid of Salem,” “Champagne Waltz,” and others, testify that the Master is holding the reins again.

Zukor is about sixty now. Creating stars excites him most. “Finding someone like Fredric March or Claudette Colbert, developing their latent talents and watching them justify my taste, that's excitement,” he says.

He believes in the future of color in pictures “when we have learned more about it” and is not afraid of television. “It is like the difference between a short story and a novel,” he explains. “The screen can handle the novel easily while radio must deal with the short subject. I suppose we will produce special features for television when it's perfected, but more probably we'll control it.”

The vitality of this pioneer—looking forward like that, unafraid, at sixty! Paramount assets today are recorded at over $150,000,000. Zukor himself is fabulously rich. But behind his back the studio force, and rightly, refers to him as “Poppa.”
Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either, one of these stars has ever made)

The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"

S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys

Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world... Veloz and Yolanda
Nobody who knew them believed they were serious about being in love with one another.

The brilliant young stage and screen star, Margaret Sullavan, who at twenty-five had already married twice, once to a famous director, William Wyler, and before that the newest matinee idol, Henry Fonda, and was always featured in the columns as being seen here or there with some new and attractive beau.

And Leland Hayward—well, it will take the whole story to explain to you about Leland. But, briefly, Leland Hayward, the most famous agent for writers and stars in the business, the young man of Manhattan, who for years had been front-page news and who was always being reported as just about to marry or to have just married the great Katharine Hepburn, or to be squiring Miriam Hopkins, or being seen everywhere with Ginger Rogers, or about to elope with the gloriously beautiful young Doris Dudley.

There's bound to be a lot of talk and excitement when such Greeks meet.

As Michael Arlen once said, “When charming people meet, compliments are exchanged.” And that's about what we figured the Leland Hayward-Margaret Sullavan romance as reported. Oh sure, they were going everywhere together. They werecolumned holding hands at the famous Stork Club in New York. Leland was traipsing all over the country following Sullavan's new play “Stage Door,” but after all Leland was her agent, and it was probably just business and even if they managed to mix a little pleasure up with their business that was their business, if you know what I mean.

Then, just after “Stage Door” had clicked into place as a sell-out and the biggest money-maker of the Broadway year—Leland Hayward and its beautiful star got married.

Now I do not pretend to be clairvoyant or anything like that. I'm lucky if I'm right after it happens, to say nothing ahead of time. But every once in a while the law of averages turns me up the right answer. I knew two years ago, at least, that some day Hollywood's favorite eligible bachelor would get married. I knew that he wasn't married to Katharine Hepburn. And I knew it all for a funny little flash of that wonderful subconscious reaction best known as woman's intuition.

I'll tell you why. One day I went into the Vendome for lunch—the Vendome which is to Hollywood what Claridge's is to London and “21” is to New York. In a special side booth—the ones that always have “Reserved” signs on them and are for the special clientele—I saw Leland Hayward and a slim, rather quiet looking young girl whom I didn't recognize, but when I went over to talk with them I found was the just-becoming-famous screen star Margaret Sullavan. She looked shy and likable and I thought the longer I looked at her the lovelier she looked, which unfortunately is not always the case.

Now it seemed that Miss Sullavan had lost her hat. That gave me a sister feeling at once, I practically always lose my hats. In fact it has now gotten to the point where my sister Jessie, who rules me with a rod of iron, will not let me pay more than five dollars for one because, as she says, and quite rightly too, “What's the use?” So I felt a warm, friendly feeling for the famous Miss Sullavan. And when she looked up and Leland, who always pretends to be very cross over things like that and said, “But, Leland, I didn't mean to lose it,” and he said, “Honestly, Maggie, you are the most helpless child I ever knew in my life,” a shiver of premonition ran down my spine.

Because Leland is utterly helpless in the hands of any pretty, helpless woman—and the most helpless one he ever knew was bound to be a milestone in his life.

So you see, for once I was right. I thought, “He doesn't...
know he is in love with her yet and maybe he isn't, but he will be, and if he's really in love with her she'll have to be with him Leland is like that. You just can't deny him anything.”

So when I got a phone call, on a certain Sunday night, that they had been married that day in Newport at the home of Leland's very socially exclusive family, I said, “Oh, I knew that would happen,” everybody made fun of me and said I was a great prognosticator after the event, but honestly I did know. Here's why.

A number of years ago, before the famed wit Wilson Mizner died, somebody in a group in which we both were sitting, suggested that I was the one person that should write the biography of his amazing life. Bill, from the depths of his great chair, where he presided like Samuel Johnson, said, “No, no, never. Anybody else but Adela. I couldn't bear that.” Well, my feelings were lacerated into a pulp, until Bill came over and put his arm around me and said, “Listen, Irish. The reason I don't want you to write it is because for fifty-five years I've convinced the folk that I was a hard-boiled cynic who would steal the pennies off my grandmother's eyes and shake her honor in the public square for a good idea and sell my soul for a laugh. I was the guy who originated the line, 'Never give a sucker an even break.' Sure, that was me. But in fifteen pages you'd undo my life's work and prove the truth, that I'm a sucker for anybody in trouble, right or wrong, that I'm a sentimental old fool who spends a lot of time and money covering up his decent qualities, and can still cry over the harsh father turning the little girl out in a snow storm and who actually loves Isabelle's petunia bed better than anything on Broadway.” (Isabelle was his only and much beloved niece.)

All that was perfectly true.
I mention it to illustrate a modern and amazing creed, which is that you spotlight your faults and hide your virtues, if you're a regular guy, and that a heart of gold often beats beneath the best-tailored vest on Park Avenue (Leland Hayward is one of the best dressed men I've ever seen) or a diamond necklace. (Such as a star of the theaters and the celluloid like Margaret Sullivan often wears).

So you have Margaret Sullivan. On the screen she shines rather than glitters. She is a fine and serious young actress, with real talent and the training that comes from only hard work and much self-discipline. Off the screen she is clear cut and somehow to me suggests that pear tree to which Anne Lindbergh referred in her modern classic "North to the Orient." You remember that a Japanese statesman told her that the pear tree represented courage and Mrs. Lindbergh couldn't understand that, thinking rather of the mighty oak or the stately pine. But with a smile the Japanese said, "Oh, no. You see, the pear tree has the courage to put forth blossoms while the snow is still on the ground."

MARGARET was a sensation in the New York smart world. Her smart, brittle sayings were quoted. She was columned and headlined in two divorces and half a dozen brief romantic friendships. She seemed very hard-boiled.

But all that was a big fake. That was just the child in Margaret Sullivan—and there must be a great deal of the child left in all people who are really great at make-believe—being what she thought she ought to be to be popular, what she thought a movie star ought to be to be glamorous.

The other fake in this new combination is the most successful of all artists' agents, young man about town, Leland Hayward, of Hollywood, New York, Newport and Princeton.

Now there is no use in my attempting to deceive you. Leland is my friend, one of those friends who make life a fine thing of which to be a part. I love him and I know he loves me. I think that since we have been friends for ten years, in spite of close business associations, for ten years in spite of good times and bad, for ten years of trouble and fun, I think that should make him someone of whom I expect great things and in whom I am disappointed when they're not forthcoming. (Sometimes they're not. He's a very human guy and I've been a lot of trouble to him one way or another.)

Leland has been my agent, my business manager, my severest critic, my scourge for ten years. He has nagged at me about my work until the sound of his name sent shivers up and down my spine. He has gotten me out of as many jams as there are in a good New England closet. We have had battles that shook the elegant Madison Avenue building where he had his handsome penthouse offices.

But in spite of that I always call him "Papa" and I run to him in tears every time life gets too complicated for me. You see, I'm one of the helpless women whom Leland has taken under his protection. And let me tell you right here that no ten percent will ever pay for what Leland does for you.

Once you're in his paternal embrace, he takes care of you. If you wake him out of a sound sleep at four in the morning because your dog is sick, he will be right over and take it and you to the best vet in town. He will come to see you every day when you are flat in the hospital, and bring you a radio and a phonograph and all the latest funny books.

He can be tough, too. "It happens" that I am something or other where roses are concerned—like hay fever. They swell up my eyes and nose and behave very badly indeed. One time when Leland was very angry with me because I hadn't finished a piece of work on time, he sent me a gorgeous hamp of white roses, which he knows I adore, with a card which said, "I hope they poison you." But when I was really ill last year and thought my number was up, it was Leland who straightened out all my tangles and took charge of my enormous family, and saw to it that my hospital bills were paid until I could get on my feet again.

You've heard and read much of his tremendous selling power. Of the Hayward high pressure—and there can be no doubt about that. You've heard that he flies airplanes in all sorts of dangerous times and places and that women of fame and beauty fall for him like lilies of the valley before a steam radiator. You've read that he is tall, slim, blonde and very good-looking in an ugly way, if you know what I mean.

Leland is nervous, dynamic, and he can sell anything—if he believes in it. And I've seen him muff a sale pretty badly when he didn't. So he believes in lots of things and in lots of us. He also sells things because people trust him—and you trust him because he has proved himself over and over again.

In all these things I am trying to give you a picture of the man who won and married Margaret Sullivan.

For months the papers believed that Leland was married to Katharine Hepburn. He always told me he wasn't, and I believed him. I think at one time I please turn to page 110
Carole Lombard has the best sense of humor in Hollywood. She's very ambitious. And deeply devoted to—the great God Gable, Fieldsie, her secretary, and Pushface Lombard, who is a pekingese. At one time she was a brunette and very fat. Now she is glorifying "Swing High, Swing Low," for Paramount
Florence Rice is one of the most up-and-coming youngsters on the screen. She came from the Broadway stage to Columbia, and from Columbia to M-G-M. She is the daughter of the famous sports writer, Grantland Rice. She's one of those most dated girls but quiet about it. Her most recent picture is "The Longest Night," for Metro.
Even though Barbara Stanwyck goes with the world's most popular bachelor, Robert Taylor, she insists she doesn't want to get married. Outside of her career she's most interested in her son, Dion. Thinks it's silly to be moody. Believes in fighting her own battles. Under contract to RKO, her next is "Banjo On My Knee," for Fox
Frank Borzage discovered Maureen O'Sullivan. John McCormack made her famous in her first picture. Then came her lucky break in the first "Tarzan." In that you saw a lot of Maureen, but the censors got after her, now her jungle costume comes demurely to her knees. She is under contract to Metro
GINGER ROGERS’ Life Threatened!

“Arrest Sailor in Ginger Rogers Threat.”

“Sailor Confesses To Rogers Death Threat.”

You’ve read those headlines in your newspapers in the last few weeks and the terse accounts of the real-life drama Ginger lived through. And drama it was, as exciting and fraught with danger as any you have been depicted on the screen.

But—you have not read the whole story, the details of the plot, the maneuvers of the G-men, the guarding of Ginger and her lovely mother, Lela, who also was threatened with death, and the final capture. You have not read it because up until the time of this exclusive Photoplay story it was dangerous for all the facts to be told.

Only in one small respect will this account fail to tell the entire story. The detailed account of the actual workings of the clever counter-plot, devised by the government agents to capture the writer of the two notes who promised destruction to the Rogers women if $5000 were not paid, may not be revealed. Obviously they must be kept secret if they are to prove effective in the future in similar extortion cases. This is how it all began.

The usual sackfuls of fan mail was dumped on the desks of the clerks, who attend to such matters, at RKO studio a few weeks ago. Busily they sorted it, placing requests for autographs in one pile, praise or criticism in another, business matters in this place, appeals for aid and so forth in another. This, as you may know, is the custom of all the studios.

Nonchalantly and casually the clerks went through the hundreds addressed to Ginger. One was postmarked Long Beach, California, and addressed in handwriting in blue ink. There was nothing to indicate it was of more importance or interest than the others except that it was addressed to Miss Virginia Rogers. It must be from someone who had followed Ginger’s career rather closely, the clerk surmised, as most fans do not realize or know that is her given name. He began skimming through it to determine into which pile—business, autographed picture and so forth—it should be placed.

The next moment he was on his feet and dashing out the door, the innocent looking letter grabbed tightly in his hand. Direct to the studio authorities he raced. “Get me the Department of Justice,” he barked. “Quickly.” Riotously things began to happen. For the letter read in substance:

“I want $5000 or else you [please turn to page 106].”

By KAY PROCTOR

GINGER Was Threatened With DEATH!

The story behind the headlines—of a sailor who demanded money or her life

James F. Hall who wrote the extortion letters to Ginger Rogers, and for the strangest reason

 Courtesy of Los Angeles Evening News
Pat O'Brien was responsible for Spencer's joining the Navy during the War—Here's Spencer as a gob

THIRTY-SEVEN years ago, when this present century crashed into being to the accompaniment of a gleeful world banging on tin pans and blowing whistles, it brought with it many things:

A commercial answer to wiseacres who protested that the motor car was only a toy for millionaires; the conviction that there would never be any more wars; the sharp vision of flight by mechanical contrivance; the discovery of a new star; three front page murders. . .

And, in its first year, a Peck's Bad Boy, born in Milwaukee on April 5th in a swank apartment house facing Prospect Avenue. His parents—the John Tracys—unknowing named him merely Spencer.

He was turbulent even at the beginning, causing as much trouble as possible and frightening everybody, even the doctors, out of their wits. Upon his eventual arrival he was unduly noisy. But he was a husky born with sturdy arms and a crop of brown hair and his own ideas, and a large hunk of wanderlust.

JOHN TRACY was general sales manager of the Sterling Truck Company, a position that carried with it the need for intelligence, and a salary large enough so that a little time after the break of the century he was able to move himself and his wife and his two small sons out of the apartment on Prospect Avenue and into a house.

You must know the sort of house it was—solidly American, on a solidly respectable street, presenting a clean face behind the hydrangea bushes and under the slate roof. If you remember, the furniture of the period was a hideous revival of ponderous walnut, curving mahogany, plush; well, there could be none of that in the rooms over which Carrie Tracy presided. She was a Colonial lady in every delicate sense, stately in mien, gentle of eye, controlled of voice—and the chairs and tables and cabinets of her house had the dignified grace of the Colonial period.

They weren't stylish, but smart; which is a different thing. You would have loved Mrs. Tracy—everyone did, and does now in this modern-day Hollywood where she lives with her sons and is still a great lady.

But you would have adored her husband.

Behind him generations of fighting Irish, with their shades of banshees and flailing shillalahs and the sod; with him the reserved, meticulous influence of Carrie; before him a new, 

He has always lived dangerously. Beginning the absorbing biography of the

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF SPENCER TRACY

By HOWARD SHARPE
briskly antagonistic century—he represented the first, reflected the second, met unhesitatingly the problems of the third.

Of which the worst was Spencer. Family, teachers, counselors could only, in their exasperation, mutter “That boy!”—and reach for the hickory.

He was a little brat, and admits it cheerfully. His saving graces were an inherent honesty, sympathy for animals (later, after he’d been hurt enough times himself), and a flaring temper which burned itself out quickly. He was not sullen. He did not lie, because he had courage.

Spencer will tell you these things, as he told them to me, if you ask him. And there’s no sentimentality in the telling. He does not excuse the things he did with the alibi of environment, since his environment was ideal, you will get no anecdotes relating how he beat up the neighborhood bully and untied cans from the stray mongrel’s tail.

The thing was that the boy had enormous energy. He had imagination. His mother tried to understand this, and seldom did, and thus wept often. His father understood, to the extent of having a twinkle in his eye as he trounced his son for escapade after escapade. Spencer knew about the twinkle and felt the weight of his father’s hand without any special consideration of its meaning.

It was his mother, with her quiet air of I-am-puzzled-and-hurt-but-I-love-you-still, who had the most impressive effect. She had only to look at him with sorrowful eyes brimming, and he would burst into an orgy of wailing repentance, self-reriminations and promises about regeneracy—all of which he meant at the time.

His first recollection (at the age of seven) is an amusing one. He awoke one bright summer morning in his own bed, blinked in the sunlight that slanted through the windows, noticed that he had kicked off all the covers during the hot night, and sat up. Simmering at the back of his mind was an unpleasant thing in connection with this day.

Then he remembered School. Good-by to habitual freedom, fast-moving days spent playing in the sun, other little boys, older than he, had told him about the teacher with the mole on her chin, a fearsome creature with a ferrule and a gimlet eye. She made you sit, with your hands folded, while she talked to you. She made you add up sums and read out of silly books. She stood you in a corner if you socked anybody. Also she tattled to the folks, and they licked you when you got home.

**fighting Irishman who battled his way through poverty and tragedy—and won**
DEAR JEANETTE:

It won't be long now—only until June seventeenth—before you will be standing at the altar beside a handsome young man who suddenly seems a complete stranger to you. There'll be that choking moment when you say "I do," in a voice that sounds as if it came from some girl way back in a rear pew, and not from you at all.

Then you'll toss your bouquet and discover how bad your aim is, because it will sail right over the head of the girl you intended it for and be torn in the clutches of three cousins. And then, with rice trickling down your neck, you'll realize you are now and forever, for better and for worse, Mrs. Gene Raymond.

When that time comes you'll wish that somebody had given you some plain, unvarnished advice about your husband.

Oh, he's a grand guy and all that, but remember, every young man in love puts his best foot forward. You'll find him out sooner or later, and it will be profitable in the long run to learn right now his faults as well as his virtues.

Don't take alarm, Jeanette. He will make you a good husband. But since this is the first time either of you have been really in love, and since this is your very first adventure into marriage, it may help to figure out just what sort of a husband Gene will be.

To begin with, you should be forewarned about some of his personal habits. Gene has been used to living his own life, and in some respects he is set in his ways. He can be very stubborn, as you will find out, but then no girl wants a husband she can lead around by the nose. It's those little things in life, though, that may cause you some concern. For instance,
It's important for a lovely prospective bride to know how to keep her future husband's love and loyalty. With Gene Raymond, marriage will be a glorious adventure for Jeanette—if she follows this sound advice appreciative of just ordinary, everyday food, so long as you have had a hand in its preparation. He weighs a little better than one hundred and fifty pounds right now, and if you see him getting under that, fire the cook.

Gene is regular in his household hours, and except for those extra demands of picture work, with which you are only too familiar, he will come home and depart on schedule. When he is working he usually retires about ten. That is, in theory. You'll have to watch him on this, as he is inclined to dawdle. He will know full well he should turn in so as to be up at a quarter to seven, but he's the kind who always finds some last minute affair to dawdle over, so that he may not get all the little odds and ends attended to until one in the morning. Be firm with him and he will train easily.

YOU will find that he is the kind of man who organizes his life rather than drifts along with the current. From the very first he has been self-reliant and a good provider—and any wife will hang onto that kind of a man no matter what faults he might have.

Even if he is a wife beater. From a pretty thorough knowledge of your prospective husband, I am confident he will never beat you up, even if you have it coming.

It is wise to know as much as you can about a future helpmate's attitude toward money matters. He seems to have more than the average share of common sense in this regard, he listens to the advice of others and then forms his own capable opinion, and his finances are kept in tidy shape by the man who posts his books.

He is not in the least stingy, but [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
The old rumors, so long unfounded, that Gary and Sandra Cooper are not as too happy together are just about to pop up again—this time with substantial evidence.

Gary (and this is so confidential you mustn’t tell anybody) doesn’t go home always, right after work. Increasingly often the phone rings in the Cooper manse—so they say—and it is announced the lord and master will not sup at home this night. Dinner for one, please Snodgrass.

Where does he go instead? Well, the other night it was to Walter Lang’s house, with Clark Gable and Carole Lombard and Fieldsie, Carole’s secretary—and an unidentified (so far) girl, so conspicuously not Sandra . . . So we’re told.

We’re not predicting anything, yet. Not even a little, unobtrusive divorce or anything.

No one believes it yet, but it’s out that cross-country Elaine Barrie Jacobs Barrymore is being very good for husband John. As a matter of fact he’s going so choir-boy that he’s boring all the rumor-sippers and predictors of ill fortune to death.

Elaine, we understand, took care of her own happiness first. No. 1 Tower Road, famous nest of John and Dolores Costello, might remind him of things, she said—so that went on the auction block.

His yacht, the Infanta, a Diesel-powered cruiser said to have cost half a million dollars, was too expensive to maintain—she said—and also offered temptation to John to keep him away from work. So the Infanta is up for sale, at $50,000—a loss, but worth it, if you ask the new Mrs. Barrymore.

Now, whenever they go out for the evening, Papa and Mama Jacobs come along too. Mama likes the gay spots, and has a swell time; but Papa gets sleepy and yawns about midnight. Polite Mr. Barrymore takes them home—and thus is getting more sleep than ever before in his gay Lothario existence.
Meanwhile disapproving Lionel Barrymore looks on—and mutters—and refuses to accept his eyes as witness.

Immediately after the death of Irving Thalberg Hollywood turned both of its inquiring faces toward Norma Shearer. What would she do, with all that money and with all the power she possessed, now that she owned what amounted to controlling interest of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?

Where would she live—palace, shanty, at home, abroad? What about the children?

The money she invested. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stock she sold, it's reported, to an English concern.

If you listen to close inside rumors here, the story is that Louis Mayer tried to buy the interest himself, and that while he was stalling she made a British magnate one of the prime Metro factors.

As for the Santa Monica house—friends thought, of course, that she would move away from it and all the close sentimental memories it held. She wanted to, it seems; but her two children are subject to constant colds. The heavily pollenized inland air of California is tough on little throats and noses, the sea air is clean and healthful. So there she'll stay, she tells her closest friends—memories or no memories.

For the first known time in Hollywood, Greta Garbo attended the preview of her own picture.

She astounded everyone at the night of the preview of "Camille" by appearing in very gay spirits arm in arm with George Cukor, her director.

Not only that, but instead of disappearing immediately afterwards, she stayed laughing and joking with Cukor.

Robert Taylor joined them and the three of them seemed to be having a grand time all by themselves.
DO STARS EXPERIENCE GREATER DRAMA IN THEIR REAL LIVES THAN THEY DO IN THEIR REEL LIVES?

Recently Joan made "Love On The Run" with Clark Gable as her leading man and Franchot Tone, her husband, in the cast. When the picture was completed it was discovered the thing was completely thrown off balance by the superb playing of Tone.

Now here's the situation. Joan loves Franchot. Joan also knows Franchot needs a break far more than does Mr. Gable. Therefore should she step in, use a star's prerogative, and shout to the heavens about the cutting of Mr. Tone's part and thereby sacrifice herself and the picture, or should she think first of the picture, the company for whom she works, and incidentally herself?

Can you conjure a better plot than that? What would she do under the circumstances? What would you do?

Here's the answer. Joan was ready to let the picture go out as it was, completely out of proportion, for, Franchot's sake. But not only the studio but Franchot himself refused to permit it. So, when you see "Love On The Run" remember the little drama behind it.

TO FIGHT OR NOT TO FIGHT.

At the Brown Derby, the Trocadero and on every set in Hollywood you hear this same question argued over and over. On one side is Bette Davis. On the other is George Raft. Bette the loser. Raft the winner.

After having rebelled and walked off the Warner Brothers lot, Bette returned, having lost her suit in England, defeated and humbled. "I was wrong," she said, "and if they'll just let me work again, I'll never question the rôle or story. But let me work."

On the other hand, Raft has become known as the fighter of the industry. Kicking about everything possible. Complaining about the cameraman, the story, the director. Each time, the studio met all George's requests and shot up the salary of the man who said (and I quote directly), "I'm not a good enough actor to trust myself to any but the best director, best cameraman, best story," to a mere four thousand dollars a week.

It failed to satisfy him. He wanted his "Souls At Sea" rôle rewritten. And although half the good actors in town begged for the rôle, the studio once more yielded to Raft's demands, rewrote the script, boosted the salary up to $4200 weekly and even paid him the $24,000 he lost in the layoff.

It's no secret, not even to George, he is no Barrymore. His draw at the box office is good only in certain localities. In Texas, for instance, they just don't bother to put Raft's name on the marquee. It means nothing. What is the answer?

IN AGAIN, OUT AGAIN.

I love you, no I don't—yes and no. Thus the gossip about Mary Brian and Cary Grant. They are having a tiff, no reconciliation in sight. They are being seen everywhere together.

But we talked with Mary only yesterday, and in the course of conversation mentioned Cary.

Top, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (Sally Eilers). Middle, Gertrude Neisen, Ella Logan, Margot Grahame. Left, Gracie Allen and George Burns try out the phone arrangements. Very comfy!

Above, Hala Linda chats with Mr. and Mrs. George Jessel (Norma Talmadge). Hala is a new British star you'll be hearing about. Isn't Norma pretty?
Her face for a moment was uncomfortable; then only her eyes were unhappy.
“Don’t let’s talk about Cary,” she said. “Don’t let’s even mention him...”
So figure it out for yourself. Almost a year ago Cary told us he wouldn’t
marry Mary—or anybody—for five years.

LOVE-IS-A-FUNNY-THING ITEM:
Virginia Bruce has a theory. It’s called, “I run away and you follow.
As long as you follow I’ll keep on running. When you stop I’ll stop.”
Wherefore she doesn’t bother much about tact when she talks with
her many boy friends. If they don’t like what she says, and say so in
no uncertain terms, then she gets interested. If they just hang
around, and agree with her, she’s a little bored.
There’s only one exception—Jimmy Stewart. “He can take it,”
Virginia told us the other day. “And he’s so sweet... Last
night we were out dancing, and suddenly I decided to tell him I
didn’t like the stereotyped gestures he was beginning to use on the
screen. You find out a certain attitude or gesture gets a laugh,
and you overwork it sometimes, you know. So in my usual
way I burst forth with what I had to say.
“And then I was so frightened—because I didn’t want him
to be sore. But gosh, he was awfully nice about it. He ex-
plained why he did the things he does, and that maybe I was
right, and he’d see about it.
“For once my theory was all haywire. He was nice
about my frankness—and—it didn’t bore me!”

REAL ESTATE HERO.
William Powell has sold himself right out of a
home. After he sold his big Beverly Hills home
some months ago, he bought another and then
sold that one too, and purchased a third house which
was just what he wanted. However, all this sell-
ing having gone to his head, he informed his
agent that if he could get a good price, he would
sell this one also. But then Powell changed his
mind and decided to stay in his house and
so informed his agent just two minutes after
the agent had concluded a deal to sell. Now
Bill is without a roof to his head and is
frantically looking for a place to live.

GIGGLE NOTE:
When they were ready to start pro-
duction of “Sinner Take All”—a mys-
tery yarn—they discovered the author
of the piece had been too busy to get
the thing done in time. So they
put him to work night and day, and
each morning he brought in the
script for the day—no more.
Which meant that this was one
little gore epic that began at the
beginning and followed the con-
secutive scenes through to
the end.
Wherefore—the fellow
who plays the murderer
didn’t know he was the
murderer until the final
day of shooting. He had
worked through the en-
tire schedule thinking
his rôle was a sympa-
thetic one!

NO VIEW.
Anna Sien, the
broad-faced Com-
rade from
[PLEASE TURN
to PAGE 53]

Snappiest Shots
What NOT to do on a date

Two-reel short subject, with several casual conversations

TIME: HOT WINTER DAY IN CALIFORNIA

CHARACTERS:

VIRGINIA BRUCE
ELENAOR POWELL
MARY BRIAN
GLENDA FARRELL
ANNE SHIRLEY
An agent
And your correspondent;

OPENING scene in Virginia Bruce's dressing room on the Metro lot. It is very modernistic, done in beige and blue and mirrors; in it Virginia sits, looking inexpressibly lovely, eating lunch from a little portable table. The door opens precipitately, and Your Correspondent barges in, coattails flying.

Your Correspondent: Darling, I'm in a terrible hurry. Got a deadline. What I want to know is, what don't you do when you're out with a man for the evening?

(Virginia hauls off to swing, V.C. automatically ducks.)

VIRGINIA: A nice thing to say to a respectable girl!

V.C. (looking longingly at the luncheon table): What a mind you've got, Miss Bruce. Is that sauce Colbert on that turkey? I haven't had breakfast. (He sits in a chair.) What I mean is, you go about an awful lot, and with the town's best numbers too. The way I figure, gals all over America would like to know from Hollywood's most popular girl what not to do on a date, so the evening will be a success. How not to be a dud, d'you see?

VIRGINIA: Oh. Very well, do have some turkey. (V.C. brightens perceptibly, reaches for a fork.) Inverse things always confuse me, though. I know lots of things you should do when you're out with a gentleman.

V.C.: I didn't specify gentleman.

VIRGINIA: That makes it easier then. Well—you don't drown the remains of your cigarette in the remains of your dessert.

V.C.: Mmmm. What are you having for dessert?

VIRGINIA (firmly): I'm not having any. (Grinning) Shall we analyze this business? There are three kinds of dates, you know. Any- way, there are in Hollywood. Number one is the swank, or for-business-reasons invitation.

V.C.: How about just a swank date?

VIRGINIA: Any date in this town's snooty is also for-business-reasons. Otherwise why should you fix up in Schiaparelli's latest and spend hours at the hairdresser's and dig out the ermine and come sweeping in like Astor's favorite nag? Like Jimmie Stewart and myself at the "Born to Dance" preview and broadcast. I looked very pretty, I must say, but my waistline was too tight — and Jimmie hated his collar, but with all the public there...
Y.C. (Vaguely): Pretty good that turkey is—was.
Virginia: One other thing. A generality. Always be frank with the men you like. Tell them to go to the dickens and they will always hang around trying to find out what you mean. (She laughs ruefully, remembering something.) Sometimes it works too well. The son of a very famous European statesman came to Hollywood the other day, and we were introduced at lunch. Well, he's a forthright bore—makes after dinner speeches before dinner—and when he rang next morning for a date I told him I was busy that night. So how about lunch Tuesday? Sorry. Dinner Tuesday? Still sorry. Wednesday? Nope. Thursday? Uh-uh. By the time he got to Sunday I was tired of holding the phone.

"Listen," I said, "it seems to me you're being too insistent. Don't you know when you're not wanted?" And what do you suppose he did? He sent three dozen roses that night, and has hung around ever since, phoning and sending flowers.

Y.C. (At the door): Is that turkey—or tongue—that makes your cheek stick out like that?

Virginia: Come and see me again, when I'm not lunching.

(Your Correspondent salutes in farewell, walks down the hall, and is bumped into by Eleanor Powell who comes running around a corner.)
Eleanor: Hello, I'm just off to New York.
Y.C. (Picking himself up from the floor): You'll be there in two hours easily, at this rate. Eleanor, what shouldn't a girl do on a date?
Eleanor (Standing on one foot, poised for flight): In addition to the fact she shouldn't stick out in back when she dances, she shouldn't let the gentleman take her to dives, she shouldn't neck at tables or on the floor. She shouldn't ever neck where people can see her. So now I have to go to New York—stick around, we can have the rest of the interview when I get back. (She takes off.)
Your Correspondent looks at his watch, yelps, and rushes out. The scene shifts abruptly to an extravagantly furnished agent's office in a minor skyscraper on Wilshire Boulevard; in it the agent and Mary Brian sit, each tapping impatiently on the arms of their chairs. Y.C. cuts a quick, sits down.

Y.C.: Sorry to be late.

[Please turn to page 114]
HOLLYWOOD is a moonstruck town, where love runs amuck, and its citizens view the usual amorous dolores of the movie people—out so much as batting a fake eyelash. And so it is a glowing tribute to the mad unpredictability of the rambunctious romance of Errol Flynn and Lili Damita that it has the film world in a highly nervous and jumpy state, and that throngs stand before newspaper offices watching the fever chart that records its ups and its downs.

For the "off ag'in, on ag'in, gone ag'in, Errol Flynn" union of this extraordinarily handsome pair is as colorful and exciting as any Hollywood has ever known. To the mere beholder in the cheap seats it is more thrilling than a cage of Nubian lions in an earthquake. They love each other like crazy and they hate each other like mad. They part forever—and the next day hurl themselves into each other's arms, swearing deathless devotion. Sour-faced realists on the sidelines say these two beautiful, willful people should never have dared the married state, and they are probably right, from the standpoint of sanity. But sanity plays no part in such love as that which grips the Flynn and the Damita. Apart, they would have missed glories and agonies such as few know—and the rest of us would have missed a thumping good show.

The fact is that I do not see how I can keep this story from dating. I had no sooner started to strew rose petals on the grave of this romance than I learned that Lili and Errol, after ending it all, were once more closer than a three-cent stamp on a gas bill, and were about to set off on a European post-honeymoon. Before I reach the end of the chronicle of this passionate adventure I am fully prepared for the news that the couple battled and divided in Budapest, and that Flynn is in Tahiti, Damita in Cannes and Cupid is dead and buried. They can't get along without, they are miserable. Without, and if the Flynn kept a diary (which God forfend) it would read something like this—

Jan. 3—Lili is a selfish, silly butterfly. Drives me mad.
Jan. 4—I adore her, the darling!
Jan. 5—Going stark wacky with this routine. Packed and moved out.
Jan. 6—Moved in again.

Why is this thus? Why do these mag-

The MADCAP LOVE of the ERROL FLYNNS
They love each other like crazy—they hate each other like mad. The amorous didoes of these two beautiful, willful people have all Hollywood guessing.

By LEONARD HALL

If ever a man was not the husband type it's this headstrong young Irishman.
Beginning:

hollywood honeymoon

By Foster Collins

Illustration by Phil Berry

Don Roberts, ace producer for Climax Films, stood at the curb, shivering, holding up a futile finger to a dozen taxis. He felt as if the fates had tenderly wrapped a large section of the blizzard around his neck. A tall young man, whose lean, blond attractiveness held a visible tension, a panther-like restlessness of spirit.

The interview with the bankers had just ended, and he had been given his ultimatum; either produce pictures that paid dividends, or send in his resignation. For a moment, there, thinking of the huge profits he'd always made for Climax, he had wanted to knock Arnstein down; but he had thought better of it.

His burnt-out eyes were weary. A bitter recognition came to him that despite his former sensational successes, the flattery and adulation that surrounded him, he had not one genuine friend anywhere; and after it became known why he had been summoned to New York—He shrugged. He could well imagine the different versions Hollywood would give it. Success and failure do not use the same dictionary.

A wordless anger stirred deep within him. Still, he didn't blame the bankers who controlled Climax Films. As a producer, he had been a conspicuous failure this last year.

Times Square looked familiar, yet alien. Pedestrians, bending before the fury of the wind, sought to protect their faces from the stinging crystals of snow. January, in New York, he thought. A taxi finally pulled up. Roberts said, "The Plaza," and sat back in the cold cab to think.

The traffic was impeded by the storm. Winter was making a leonine entrance, and Hollywood had spoiled him for this sort of weather. The cab stopped. The wind blew harder here, on Central Park South, savagely sweeping the snow across the park so the whirling flakes stung his skin. It was years since he'd worked in New York. And this summons cast, to explain his debacle to the bankers, looked like his Waterloo! The entire picture industry, everyone in Hollywood, knew that he had failed. The story would erupt now like a hot lava tide. In his ears was the howling of the fates.

His career, which had started so brilliantly, was, seemingly, crumpled tinsel. He felt a leaden weariness. He had to hold his teeth clenched to stop the sounds in his throat. His jaws ached with the effort. It was no good. You couldn't pry open the iron fingers of fate. Some ribald gesture, some fantastic momentum had carried him along to the heights, out of the gaunt days of newspaper poverty to opulence; to the point where he was the most cogent producer in Hollywood; to Nina Taylor—who had been Nina Kazanovitch—the beautiful, sultry, titled Russian emigré he had discovered and made a star, and married.

They had been extravagantly happy—until she became a

He halted at the door of his son’s room and looked at the nurse, seeing her for the first time—her dark eyes, tawny hair, and skin with the faint glow and translucency of a gardenia...
star in her own right. After that last, tense, unreasoning quarrel, as cataclysmic as an explosion in a powder house, they went beyond quarrelling. Had they lived in a small house, anything could have happened, violence—or reconciliation on a rising peak of hysteria; but in a big house, they achieved aloofness; an antagonism that was an ultimate state, a finite condition. She had told him that she hated him.

She had divorced him, a year ago. Incompatibility, she had claimed; but people said that she had fallen in love with the magnetic Gilbert Ross, the screen’s handsomest bad man. Losing her, as his principal star, had started Don slipping. Since then, he knew he had failed. There seemed to be no meaning, no purpose left in life. He had dropped into an abyss, alone, exhausted, like a convalescent, trying to learn to live all over again in a singularly upset world.

He let himself into his hotel suite silently. His valet wasn’t around. His thoughts went from his own debacle to his little six-year-old son, Lee. Lee hadn’t been able to walk since his third year, when he had escaped from a careless nurse and had fallen down a flight of stairs. Lee would be in his wheel chair now, no doubt, watching the snow—a miracle his young eyes had never before beheld. He had exclaimed over it, on their arrival, fascinated by the feathery flakes, while the famous specialist, whom Don had called in, had examined the boy.

Lee hadn’t objected, this time, though he was scared as the strong, exploring fingers roved. There were times, he knew, that when a new doctor poked at him, touching hurting places, it usually meant that he would have to go to the hospital again; and that meant more hurt and pain; pain that made him shrick. He wished his legs would work, like other boys’ so he could play in that snow.

Later, Don had questioned the specialist. “I brought him to New York, doctor,” he said, “to see if there was anything you could do for him. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have moved him into winter climate.”

The specialist had shrugged. “It wasn’t a good thing to do.”

“But—you’re our last hope, doctor! They told me on the Coast that if you couldn’t do anything, why—” He paused.

The specialist had considered, gravely. “His physical con-

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*It was a strange love triangle that created itself from a defeated producer, a lovely young nurse and a crippled child whom they both adored*
Coming in from the wintery day, Don walked softly across the reception room, and halted, unbelieving. From Lee’s room came a burst of childish laughter. Don tiptoed noiselessly to the door.

Lee, in a wheel chair, sat facing the window. Kay sat on the floor. Neither of them saw him standing there. His eyes went to his son, so fragile, so lovely. He had Nina’s beautiful heart-shaped face, the same great topaz eyes, but his hair, unlike hers, was a wealth of blond curls. Only a sick child, Don reflected bitterly, had such startling perfection, such cameo-like beauty. The thin little hands were clasped together.

Kay sat on the floor and he examined her, himself unseen, really seeing her for the first time. She was, he recognized, pretty. Her slimness was merely suggested by the concealing uniform. A young girl, with widely-opened, frankly virginal brown eyes; a wisp of tawny hair showing. Her skin had the faint glow and translucency of a gardenia. She had a pure and exquisite serenity; an aura, now, of mystical elation. Her eyes held a dark intensity and some vital quality exuded from her; she seemed to shed some material radiance, as a lamp sheds light. She was telling Lee a story in a low, intensely musical voice. The child listened, entranced.

“The pirate,” she said, “came out on deck, and he had on his cutlass and pistols, and he looked at the island. It was a little place, all golden sand and palm trees; and the pirate said, ‘We’ll bury our gold here, then we’ll go and look for another bartkentine.’”

“What’s a bartkentine?” asked the boy, absorbed.

“It’s a ship. Then—what do you think happened, Lee?”

“What?” he asked breathlessly, leaning forward.

“This! Listen! When the pirate turned around, there was an American warship coming for him! And the big guns were pointed at the bold pirate; and from the top of the warship, there were the Stars and Stripes flying in the breeze—red, white and blue!” She came erect with a swift movement, facing Lee, her tiny hand at salute. “And the old pirate remembered that he used to be a good American—and he stood up—like this—and saluted his flag! Now—you try it, Lee!”

Lee stirred. He tried, but he couldn’t. He wished he could. He fell back in his chair, and his chin began to feel queer.

“I can’t,” he whispered, with a bleached and desperate look.

“You can,” she assured him, gravely. “You must try. Every good American wants to stand and salute his flag. You must try, dear; and by and by, before you know it—you’ll do it! It will come just like that—poof—if you try. Then, you can be an officer in the Navy and sail all over the world on big battle ships; and wear a uniform with gold braid, and a sword; and you can catch pirates, too!”

Don’s eyes misted as he listened.

“Bar,” objected Lee. “I want to be a pirate, and have a red handkerchief, and a cutlass; and I want to bury gold—”

“Pirates have to walk the plank,” she told him, swiftly; “just as I explained to you—and they have to be double brave. You can’t sail away to the Spanish Main until you can walk the plank!”

“Can Pop come, too?” he asked her, sitting back.

“Certainly,” she agreed.

“Is it very fair—the Spanish Main? Where is it?”

“No—it isn’t very far, but you have to be brave and strong to go there. You know what? I think I know where to get a red pirate’s handkerchief to tie around your head. Would you like that, Lee?”

“Oh, sure!” he said, eagerly. “Where will you get it, Kay?”

“I’m not allowed to tell, darling! But—remember—if you wear that—it means the red badge of courage! You know what I told you.”

“I’ll try,” he told her, and his chin wouldn’t keep still.

“I’ll try awful hard, Kay. But maybe I can’t—”

“Oh, but you can!” she cried. You will—if you try! I used to think I couldn’t, too, but I please turn to page 87]
Salute! The most popular team in pictures, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, photographed here in color — and pretty swell too. Together again in "Maytime," Victor Herbert's melodious operetta, they will enchant you with new arias and duets written specially for them. Great pals off the screen, they face a separation soon, as Nelson starts on his yearly concert tour, and Jeanette, the vivacious, begins her next film "The Firefly." She will have another hero, Allan Jones
When it was announced that Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn were both to play in "Stage Door"—Margaret Sullavan's Broadway opus which RKO recently purchased—well—the studio found out that all revolutions were not confined to Spain. We are willing to bet our last spondulix that these temperamental lovelies will NOT appear in the same picture—ever. In the meantime, Gingie reveals that she doesn't need the flowing chiffons she dances in in "Stepping Toes," with Fred Astaire, to make herself alluring
Has Katie made a covenant with costumes? Despite the agitation of her fans to get Miss Hepburn back into modern garb, she is playing another of her Victorians in "Quality Street" with Franchot Tone as her leading man. Not content with this, her third period picture in succession, she returns to the footlights this winter in Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," for the Theatre Guild. As Katherine's last stage venture "The Lake" in 1933 was a flop, the beautiful star plans a lengthy out of town tour before tackling New York.
They're so in love! They're so young, this pretty Anne Shirley and debonair Owen Davis, Jr. They're never happy doing anything, even quarreling—without each other. Anne is just seventeen. In "Make Way for a Lady," her new picture, she gets her most worldly rôle to date.
In contrast to the romantic realists on the opposite page are Garbo and Robert Taylor, acting in “Camille.” All the glamour and nostalgic sophistication of Paris in the Eighties is here. You will see a gay and laughing Garbo, a graver, more mature, even handsomer Taylor.
Of course it's Jean Harlow, always changing yet changeless as Eve, a St. Louis Blues girl set to swingtime. Here's the blonde bombshell right from the days of "Hell's Angels" straight to today (that picture at the lower right) where she's looking her most dramatic.
Rhapsody in BLONDE
The wardrobe girl shoved them over the counter. The stiff stayed corset, the high-laced shoes, the wasp-waisted Gay Nineties gown.

"Here y'are, Honey. Now what you going to do with all that junk?"

"Learn to walk."

Learn to walk! Now tie that one. These kid actors over at the coaching school. Nutty as fruitcakes, every one of 'em. Nutty! Well—the tall, serious, straw-topped girl who strolled away with the Floradora merchandise did use it to learn to walk.

She went home and squeezed into the antique instruments of torture and switched up and down the carpet. She did it every time she had an off hour for days until she developed a provocative get-along-the like of which your Uncle Archie hasn't seen since that fly soubrette came through town with the Parisian Steppers.

She did some other things. She made a couple of records. One in a throaty, tough, cigarette voice—the other of virginal timbre. She talked and sang with both these records for days.

Besides her script she learned two other parts, just for the practice, "Anna Christie" and "Sadie Thompson." She rehearsed all three day and night.

Then she walked into the biggest newcomer's break of the year. You saw the grand result if you saw "Come and Get It."

Her name, of course, is Frances Farmer, and she looks like a Swede but she isn't. She's got English and French and Holland-Dutch bumping along together in her veins. The combination hasn't made her particularly pretty. Her forehead is too high and her jaw is too long and her wide, assertive mouth is inclined to slide off at the corners. Her manners are none too gracious and a lot of people already cordially dislike her.

From the rich double rôle of Lotta and Lotta's Daughter in "Come and Get It," she has stepped out as the prime new sensation of the season. Her director, who has seen them come and go for years, goes overboard in his predictions to say she'll be as great and probably greater than Garbo. Her dramatic coach says she has everything a great actress needs. Her studio says she is now too precious to play a mere lead, as planned, opposite Gary Cooper. She'll be preserved for starring rôles.

And she says she's too busy to talk about any stuff like that. Chances are you are going to hear a lot about Frances Farmer from now on. Unless all the signs in the crystal ball lie, she is your next big star. But what you may hear is that she is another irritating enfant terrible, out-Hepburning Hepburn, out-sulking Sullavan, a cocky brat gone Hollywood in that particular way. That's already the impression in some parts. So you might as well get her straight right at the start.

The Farmer is the most ambitious youngster to hit town in years. Ambition fairly boils inside her. She is the hardest working, imperfection scorning actress, young or old, in Hollywood. She can't rest a minute. She's as direct as a bullet. Sober as the Supreme Court, industrious as an anvil.

Right after the preview of "Come and Get It," when half of critical Hollywood was babbling her praises, she slipped up on a drugstore counter stool beside her dramatic coach, Phyllis Loughton.

"Good work, Frances," mentioned Miss Loughton, trying to hold it down. "You did even better than I expected."

The reply she got was, "Say—did you see those tight throat muscles of mine? Boy—have I got work to do on my voice!"

I'm going not only by the crushing mass of evidence that smacks you whenever you mention Frances Farmer's name around people who really know her. I have just seen the young lady. And as I labored to extract from her the most individual success story I have run across in moons, she tapped one foot and then the other, poked her scalp and patted her knee fretful as a racehorse to be off to—what? Work! In fact, if you will revolve this story in a clockwise direction—

"I've got to go rehearse," said Frances. "What time is it?"

Not much more than a year ago this young Farmer character was a fairly raw and very lanky co-ed at the University of Washington in Seattle, a junction known more for the unforgettable Mr. Addison Sims than for its artistic spawn.

Like a thousand other long-legged, long-haired campus dreamers, Frances was stage struck. Unlike nine hundred and ninety-nine of these sprouts she was short on talk but long on action.

So she did something about it. What I mean is she did plenty about it. Before she was through, her teachers were moaning that they were "disgraced," her folks were a bit embarrassed, her alma mater was wondering if its fair name had been tarnished, and around Seattle and elsewhere Frances loomed as the incarnation of The Red Menace To Our Youth.

But she got where she set out to get. Even if she had to go around the world to get there.

"Yes," said Frances. "I believe you make your own breaks. What time is it?"

This belief had been simmering back of her wide brow for a good many of her growing girl years. But it wasn't until she stepped on the wooded campus [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
Hyman Fink got this scoop shot of the newlywed John Barrymores at the “Born to Dance” show. Were they pleased!

It was practically a French love fest when Adolphe Menjou and Lily Pons played in “Conversation Piece.” It was Lily’s first rôle on the air as a dramatic actress. With them is Majorie Gateson

EVERYBODY in Hollywood with an ear to the microphone is still talking about the “Born to Dance” film and air preview staged simultaneously in tres grand premiere fashion at Grauman’s Chinese theater.

It was really something. Although the show began at that Hollywood buh hour of 3:45 o’clock in the afternoon, most of our best people turned out, including Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Joan Bennett, the Robert Montgomerys, Louis B. Mayer, et al, in their very best bibs and tuckers and swept into the theater as if they were going to a swank evening film opening.

A whole phalanx of M-G-M publicity men, a line-up of news photographers and a bigger than ever crowd of autograph hunters and fans jammed the Chinese foyer.

The film was flashed on the screen first. Then a Hollywood Hotel radio show preview of the same picture and the very same stars—Jimmy Stewart, Eleanor Powell, Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Buddy Ebsen, Frances Langford—with Louella Parsons as their hostess and official mistress of ceremonies, went through their paces in the air show.

Not only many stars and film bigwigs, but the press, some six hundred strong, and a fine, fine crowd of paying cash customers filled the theater to capacity. It was the most spectacular broadcast which Hollywood has ever seen or in which it has ever participated. It was the most successful—critical opinion afterward was practically unanimous that the air show was better than the film!

It all went smoothly. True there were one or two hitches, but not serious ones. For instance, in the excitement of shooting pictures in that teeming, milling theater lobby, not

In the starry line-up for “Born to Dance” air preview, Buddy Ebsen, Frances Langford, Virginia Bruce, Jimmy Stewart, Eleanor Powell, Sid Silvers, Una Merkel. See how Jimmy is watching Virgini...
a single M-G-M publicity man, nor a single news-wise cameraman, spied John Barrymore and his shy Ariel bride firmly treading their way into the theater. How they missed 'em, we don't know, but the oversight must have given John quite a few chuckles, even though the new Mrs. Barrymore's reactions were different.

They didn't completely escape. Photoplay's redoubtable Hyman Fink discovered the newlyweds when he scanned the audience later. Flashlights, bulbs and cameras immediately went into action with John being most pleasant and Elaine veritably beaming with delight.

The other almost serious mishap occurred when Mr. Sid Silvers was missed about three and one half minutes before Miss Parsons was due to lead her little brood onto the rostrum. No, Sid wasn't playing tricks and hiding out like Mickey Rooney. No, he hadn't gone downstairs on a last minute errand. He was right in full view of everybody (he said), but so great was the excitement and so high the tension backstage that the mere suggestion an important performer was missing put everyone responsible into a state of jitters.

A nice, authentic note was lent by the informal introductions of celebrities from the floor of the theater by Louella who ran hither and thither with a portable microphone in her arms.

All in all, Hollywood had quite an afternoon at its first combination film air broadcast. Nobody got out to supper until after seven o'clock. Whether the show set a precedent or not, we don't know yet, but we would be willing to wager something important, like a new spring bonnet, that it did. That this is not the last of such shows to be staged, particularly by M-G-M, which was enthusiastic about the fine gobs of publicity it attracted for the picture. (We dunno what they thought about the broadcast being better than the picture?)

Well, you've no doubt been wondering what Hollywood was going to think up to take the place of those gorgeous, glamorous premieres, at $5.50 per, which used to have the populace lining the sidewalks on their wooden boxes and benches hours before the limousines and their glittering occupants rolled up.

We spied Joe Penner with a broad grin on his face signing autograph books left and right both before and after the show. We accosted him. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

The Franchot Tones at the broadcast of "Elizabeth the Queen." Joan no longer has microphone fright, but someone else has it very badly!
THE WEST wild and woolly. Gary Cooper at his finest. A story forceful and thrilling. These are the ingredients of this superior, exciting Western drama crowded with colorful characters and stirring historical events. Director De Mille reveals Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody, General Custer and Calamity Jane all leaders in the development of the old West. Cooper, as Wild Bill, sets out to rid the country of lawless whites and murdering Indians. His bravery and reckless adventures contrast with the boisterous yet tender love scenes between himself and Calamity Jane. Jean Arthur as the famous frontier woman, handles the rôle superbly, keeping the rough and ready character appealingly sympathetic. James Ellison makes a handsome youthful Cody while John Miljan is an ideal Custer. Porter Hall, as a weakling who betrays Cooper, will have you hissing and hating. A walloping picture!

BELOVED ENEMY—United Artists

THE conflict between romance and patriotism, the perennial appeal of two lovers, caught against their wills, in forces almost too great to be borne, such is the motivation for "Beloved Enemy." The lovers are the exquisite Merle Oberon, as the daughter of a titled Englishman who is sent to Ireland to quell the rebellion, and Brian Aherne, an Irish leader of men who knew only the most seething hatred of all things British. All the intense political feeling and martial activity of those fateful days during Easter of 1921 are powerfully depicted, with a restraint that makes the picture highly dramatic.

Samuel Goldwyn has produced this very touching romance with his usual mastery and cast it magnificently. Karen Morley, Henry Stephenson, Jerome Cowan and David Niven lend intelligent support but it is distinctly Miss Oberon's and Mr. Aherne's picture. They are both very fine indeed.

AFTER THE THIN MAN—M-G-M

THE thin man and his most charming screen wife, Myrna Loy, return again in a comedy-mystery calculated to send you snorting with laughter and shivering with terror from the theater. It is masterly cinema. William Powell, in his original rôle, is more than ever the casual too-calm playboy detective who asks only for peace and gets chaos instead.

This time the melodrama takes place in San Francisco where the two have returned on New Year's Eve; Myrna's musty family call upon the thin man to help Myrna's cousin, Elissa Landi, whose husband has disappeared. During the search, which involves three murders, gunmen, massacre in basements, and a doctor who declares everyone mad, Powell chatters easily along toward the climax. With a drink in one hand, a gun in the other, and endlessly complaining, he manages to solve everything.

The story is incredibly involved, but handled with sly humor that sometimes becomes amusingly ribald. Powell in his usual manner loses no opportunity to ridicule himself and everyone else for a laugh. Myrna is ever the poised, incomparable helpmate. Miss Landi manages restraint in a difficult rôle, and Jimmie Stewart, as the jilted but hopeful lover, displays an acting ability unrealized before. Joseph Calleia is satisfactorily menacing and the whole cast handle their respective parts well.

You will enjoy, too, the minor plot starring Asia, the dog, and his troubles with an unfaithful wife.
S AVES Y O UR P I C T U R E T I M E AND MONE Y

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

AFTER THE THIN MAN  LLOYDS OF LONDON
BANJO ON MY KNEE  THE PLAINSMAN
BELOVED ENEMY  THREE SMART GIRLS
GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937  RAINBOW ON THE RIVER
THAT GIRL FROM PARIS

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

William Powell in "After the Thin Man"
Myrna Loy in "After the Thin Man"
Jimmie Stewart in "After the Thin Man"
Merle Oberon in "Beloved Enemy"
Brian Aherne in "Beloved Enemy"
Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman"
Jean Arthur in "The Plainsman"
Tyrone Power Jr. in "Lloyds of London"
Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls"
Victor Moore in "Gold Diggers of 1937"
Bobby Breen in "Rainbow on the River"
Jack Oakie in "That Girl from Paris"
Gene Raymond in "That Girl from Paris"
Lily Pons in "That Girl from Paris"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 116)

☆ GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937—First National

THIS edition of the annual "Gold Digger" series is a highly entertaining combination of catchy tunes, good gags and marching girls (there isn't a chorus kick in the whole picture).

Dick Powell is good as the singing insurance salesman who befriends stranded chorus girl Joan Blondell, writes a million dollar policy on theatrical producer Victor Moore, and finds himself in the show business to protect his income from the policy. Dick and Joan put plenty of realism into their love scenes, but it is the song numbers, and the fine work done by Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore, that you will remember.

Lee Dixon does several lively tap numbers; Osgood Perkins and Charles Brown are the scheming heavies, with Rosalind Marquis and Irene Ware as their "gold digging" girl-friends.

"With Plenty of Money and You" and "Let's Put Our Heads Together" are the best of many songs.

☆ LLOYDS OF LONDON—20th Century-Fox

MASSIVE epic, this pretentiously produced film combines the destiny of an empire, and the great love of two beautiful people, in surging melodrama. In addition, it introduces Tyrone Power Jr. as the newest Hollywood star.

Built around the rising fortunes of Lloyds' insurance house tightly welded to the affairs of Britain, the story follows the career of a tavern boy, played by Freddie Bartholomew and, as a grown-up, by Power. Freddie has a childish pact with young Lord Nelson; on one of their adventures they uncover the plot of insurance robbers and Freddie treks to London with the news. Lloyds' officials give him a job and when he is older he heads one of their syndicates and becomes fabulously wealthy. Tyrone, as the adult Freddie, meets and loves gorgeous Madeleine Carroll, and then he discovers she is married to a vicious nobleman. Climax of the piece comes when Lloyds faces ruin through Admiral Nelson's failure to whip the enemy fleet. Power risks his honor to save the situation.

Miss Carroll is convincingly restrained and sympathetic throughout. Virginia Field does nice work and Sir Guy Standing handles his role with professional good taste. However, the entire picture is necessarily Power's; he has refreshing youth, innate ability, and the elusive quality of the born gentleman. The only detriment to absolute entertainment in this is the preponderance of national spirit which makes it seem a bit like propaganda. Otherwise it's superb cinema.

☆ THAT GIRL FROM PARIS—RKO-Radio

THE problem of presenting an opera singer so that she will please all types of audiences seems to have been solved in this dizzy comedy musical. Gay, funny, bright with music and laughter, it rolls along at a delightful rate.

Lily Pons, justifying previous predictions, is discovered as an accomplished comedienne as well as the authentic musician she is. Backing out of an unwanted marriage, she stows away aboard ship to America and is unwillingly aided by four members of an orchestra, Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Mischa Auer and Frank Jenks. Everyone gets into trouble with the immigration department and a mad chase ensues. Raymond does his best work in this. The unrelenting pace is maintained by Oakie to whom comedy honors go; by Mischa Auer whose unjointed antics are especially amusing, and by Herman Bing. Miss Pons sings both operatic and popular melodies.
SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

THREE SMART GIRLS
—Universal

Clever, intelligent and witty, this delightful bit of entertainment has a genuineness that is rare. Deanna Durbin, Barbara Read and Nan Grey plan to extricate daddy Charles Winniger from gold digger Binnie Barnes and mama Alice Brady. Deanna, a newcomer of thirteen, sings and acts divinely, walks away with the first honors. A knockout!

BANJO ON MY KNEE—20th Century-Fox

Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea meander through this melodramatic musical, loving and hating each other. McCrea is the Mississippi shanty boater with the wanderlust; Barbara tries to make him stay home. Meanwhile, Anthony Martin, Walter Brennan, and Buddy Ebsen sing and dance. It's amusing and mischievous. You'll like it.

RAINBOW ON THE RIVER—Sol Lesser—RKO-Radio

Bobby Breen reaching the heart with silvery song and sentimental story. Orphaned during the Civil War, Bobby is reared by a colored mammy played by Louise Beavers. His kinsfolk are eventually located but the lone orphan faces many heartaches before he finds happiness. May Robson, Alan Mowbray and Charles Butterworth lend superb support.

MORE THAN A SECRETARY—Columbia

Risky as a kitten is this gay young story that pokes fun at health fads and faddists. As an editor of a health magazine, George Brent finds his magazine slipping until Jean Arthur comes into his life, injects new ideas into the book and herself into his heart. Snappy indeed are both Brent and Arthur. Ruth Donnelly and Lionel Stander are very funny.

THE GREAT O'MALLEY—Warner

You'll enjoy every minute of this comedy drama in which Pat O'Brien, as a Manhattan cop, passes out tickets right and left, until he meets Sybil Jason, lame daughter of Humphrey Bogart, whom he has sent to prison. Ann Sheridan does light romantic duty, with Friclca Inescort, Donald Crisp, Henry O'Neill Mary Gordon and a fine supporting cast.

SMITH BALLEW, a millionaire auto manufacturer who owns a racing stable, buys Dvorak's winning colt in a claiming race and hires Ann as his trainer. The horse is stolen just before the big handicap but the resulting climax is not difficult to guess. The story moves along weakly to the thrilling and exciting race which gives the picture its only interest.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

SMART BLONDE—
Warner Bros.

THIS entertaining picture features Glenda Farrell as a smart, wise-cracking reporter and Barton MacLane as a detective. This sleuthing combination, with romance on the side, proceeds excitingly to solution of two murders—the outcome of a night-club operator's desire to marry. Winifred Shaw, Addison Richards and Jane Wyman give nice performances.

WHITE HUNTER—
20th Century-Fox

PAINFULLY thin story of a wronged man (Warner Baxter) who becomes a white hunter in Africa. On a safari comes Wilfred Lawson, his wife Gail Patrick and daughter, June Lang. Baxter realizes Lawson has been responsible for his downfall, but is prevented from seeking revenge by falling in love with his enemy's daughter. Pretty weak material this.

HAPPY GO LUCKY—
Republic

THE fact that it pokes fun at itself saves this mystery spy yarn from too dreary a fate. Phil Regan's singing is tuneful as he warbles code messages to his sweetheart, Evelyn Venable who looks beautiful. The plot is a bit complicated in spots and strictly grade B. Jed Prouty, as a go-getter airplane manufacturer, helps. The cast is adequate.

COME CLOSER, FOLKS—
Columbia

JAMES DUNN, a high-powered racketeer salesman, talks his way out of jail and into a job with department store manager, Marian Marsh, who has complained of his sidewalk sales tactics. Romance and honest ambition prove difficult for Jimmy, with early pals, Wynne Gibson and George McKay, around. You can guess what's coming, but you'll laugh.

CONFLICT—
Universal

DONALD COOK and Peggy Shannon in a melodramatic and fast moving picture about the efforts of three crooks to get away with a million dollar hold-up and escape with the loot through Ellis Island. Kidnapping and hijacking complicate matters until Cook, as the Island official, comes to the rescue. Plenty of comedy.
Exclusive candid camera shots taken on the set of "Ready, Willing and Able" show two perfect reasons why gay and lithe-some Ruby Keeler is one of our brightest Queens of the Dance. Her lovely legs, her verve, her dash are all revealed here enchantingly. Lee Dixon, no slouch himself, is her new dancing partner. Together they add remarkable teamwork to their sensational footwork as they swing, strut, tap and engage in some very active hi-de-hoes. Try this yourself some evening.
"READY, WILLING AND ABLE" - and how
PULLING yourself out of the dumps is no easy job, if you’ve let yourself get into it up to your neck. But remember, darlings, what happens to the rest of your lives depends upon how completely you triumph over your moods when you are blue.

Many of you get depressed because you think you are just drifting along, time is passing quickly and you are accomplishing nothing. Many manufacture some alibi to satisfy themselves that all is lost . . . that nothing can be done about it. Well, plenty can be done. But you must do it. Get down to business and find out your weakest point and say to yourself: “My gosh, I will correct it.” Unravel those blues like you’d rip up an old sweater and pick up the stitches that are causing holes in your life. Stop being wishy washy and a softie with yourself. Stop straddling the fence mentally. Make up your mind. Be definite. You can never overcome the fear that you’re licked until you first develop a little backbone. Certainly you once had ambitions, dreams and hopes. When they materialized you know darn well that it was only because you fought to make them materialize. And you smiled with pride over your accomplishments. All right then, if you did it once, you can still do it. Gather up the pieces and fight.

Maybe you’ve been working to make a dream come true and just when you thought you had the finished product in your hand, you failed, or only realized it in part. Of course losing out is hard, but one failure doesn’t make a failure. Believe me, nobody to-day who has been successful would ever have arrived if they had quit after they flopped the first time. Every successful person has taken it on the chin. Some of them are plenty scarred from the battle to get to the top. And why do you call them successes? Because they got there. They learned to profit by their temporary failures and so can you. Try to find some good in every disappointment you suffer. Figure out why you failed. Then use that experience as a virtue in tackling your next job.

Whatever you do, don’t sit around and feel sorry for yourself. Little by little your worries are magnified and you lose faith in yourself.

Envy and jealousy have a swell breeding ground and, as quickly as guinea pigs, each produce a mental illness called bitterness. Sourness sets in and the first thing you know you find yourself in the middle of a nervous breakdown, suffering all its agonies and tortures. Self-pity is your worst hurdle. Forget it! Sure you can if you’ll get up on your hind legs and jump!

In the large portrait see how blue the gallant Gloria Swanson looked when she discovered M-G-M, though having her under contract, wasn’t going to cast her in any pictures. Below you see her, just a few weeks ago, radiant and charming at a broadcast in her home. She is a perfect example of a woman who triumphed over the blues
Here are a few simple rules on how to achieve that priceless asset—a happy outlook on life

Some of you may envy the movie stars their looks. You get so blue, and say, “Gee, if I could only be a movie star, my troubles would be over.” Don’t kid yourselves. Movie starring is no picnic. These Hollywood girls have just as many days of sulkiness and melancholia as you do. Most of them live from option to option. Six months is often a Hollywood lifetime. You never hear the anguish of the worthy hearts that crash out here. All you get is the thunder and hullabaloo when they succeed.

Some of the stars not only get blue and depressed, but have leaping hysterics when they see themselves on the screen. I mean the rushes, not what you see. A double chin or jowls down to here are not very gay companions for any woman. For a movie queen, they’re fatal, and she knows it.

Often newcomers have a bitter experience at the first studio. In spite of the build-up, they don’t click. Maybe the story is not right for them. Maybe they’re not experienced enough to handle the responsibility of their first rôles. The burden is too big. More often than not . . . they’re too big in the hips or around the waist and they photograph fatter; all of which makes them self-conscious and their performances stilted and ragged. That first failure depresses them so that they are convinced that they’ve had their chance and now are failures forever. Worried, nervous and [please turn to page 111]

Ruth Chatterton went to Columbia under contract. Her marriage to George Brent was over. She hated the rôle which the studio assigned her. Did she let these disturbances in her life get her down? You can find the answer in her radiant face as she appears in her recent sensational hit “Dodsworth”
HOLLYWOOD has been hearing, and telling, tales about Jean Arthur. Strangely familiar tales—tales told, and heard, about others before her.

Hollywood doesn't know whether they are true about Jean, or not. For Hollywood doesn't know Jean—even after all this time. Even after "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," "Adventure in Manhattan" and "The Plainsman."

It takes time and trouble to know our Miss Arthur.

She doesn't enjoy interviews. She doesn't like to meet strangers, especially strangers who will write about her. Not because she is trying to cultivate a Garboesque remoteness (that's one of the stories); but because she is afraid of people. Afraid of what they might expect her to be and do and say. Afraid of their possible disillusion.

Her struggle has left that mark upon her.

She wants desperately for people to like her. And if they do like her, as an actress, why complicate things by going on exhibition as a person? It amounts to a complex. A strange complex for Hollywood, where self-esteem is excusable in the successful.

Time after time, she convinces herself that if she can win vast audiences as an actress, she can, as a person, win lone interviewers. Then, time after time, that complex rises up to plague her, to change her mind.

Hollywood knows that Jean Arthur interviews are rare—but it has never known why. Jean has never told. So Hollywood supposes, "She must think she's too important to be bothered."

While she was on location for "The Plainsman," she promised a luncheon interview to a writer she had never met before—a writer who was to get his first off-screen impression of her.

The location site was Lasky Mesa, in the sun-baked foothills forty miles from Hollywood. And when he arrived there, after an hour's driving, what happened? He had a box lunch by himself, a touch of sun, and "regrets" from Gary Cooper's co-star.

The situation was this. Jean had worked late the night before, and afterward had been unable to sleep. Without rest, she had worked all morning under a merciless sun. She was half-ill from the heat, tired to the verge of tears. And hours more of work were ahead of her. She couldn't face an interviewer in her single rest-hour, that day, even if one had driven forty miles only because she had made a promise to talk to him.

She suspected that the writer's opinion of her could be had for two cents, both Confederate. She had visions of how he would enlarge upon the rumors that she wouldn't see interviewers. She could hardly expect anything else. She could hardly expect him to come back, at some indefinite future date, to get a second impression.

She didn't foresee that even though she wouldn't see him, he would stay at the location that afternoon unbeknown to her, to see her—at work.

He had a sample of that semi-desert heat. He watched Jean, obviously weary, return to work smiling, exchanging quips with the camera crew. He saw her, bareheaded and wearing a heavy costume, struggle through high prairie grass under that blazing sun. Not for a couple of minutes, but for a couple of half-hours...
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND JEAN ARTHUR

—until Director Cecil B. DeMille was satisfied with the "take." Gary Cooper, Victor Varconi and some Indian extras were also in the scene, all on horseback; Jean was the only one afoot. It was a tough test of her patience, endurance, good sportsmanship.

Jean came out of it smiling, joking with DeMille.

And this was the girl who was supposed to have acquired a "queen-complex" and be carrying a chip of temperament on her shoulder!

That writer asked again for an interview. (P.S. And Jean gave him one—at her house in Malibu.)

P.P.S. This is it:

EXCEPT for her almost painful shyness, which makes her dodge parties as she dodges interviewers, Jean Arthur fits the mental picture that you are likely to have of her as a person after seeing her on the screen.

She is like the ambitious, yet sensitive girl reporter in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." Like the crisply alert ex-Mrs. Bradford. Like the emotional actress in "Adventures in Manhattan." Like the straightforward Calamity Jane (her favorite character to date, by the way). Like the heroine of her new picture,

"More Than a Secretary," who has a talent for doing the unexpected.

Certainly, she looks like each of them. There is no make-up magic in her appearance on the screen. If anything, she is more strikingly blonde in person, with her hair a bright honey-gold.

All of her screen clothes, even the simplest, are created especially for her. She is super-critical of their style and fit, their feminine appeal—as you would expect a glamorous star to be. But off-screen, she is constantly forgetting to strive for glamour-effects.

One morning, a few weeks ago, she was taking a tennis lesson from May Sutton Bundy on a Beverly Hills court. With her teacher an ex-champion, Jean was having a real workout. She was lobster-red from huffing and puffing; she was glistening with perspiration, and her shirt and shorts were clinging.

On the next court, two girls were playing. Jean heard one of them tell her companion, "That's Jean Arthur."

The other girl glanced over, appraisingly. "I don't believe it," she said. "I'll bet it's her double."

That amused Jean, who has no double. Secretly, it also delighted her.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95 ]

Above, the "silly" Jean whom the dramatic Miss Arthur of today left movies to escape. Her reasons for her recent success are fasc'inating
"Grapefruit?" asks Jimmy Cagney of Mae Clark in "Great Guy." But Mae remembers their famous fruit scene in "Public Enemy," so this time things are different.

You never saw so much action in a color picture as in "A Star Is Born" with Freddie March and Janet Gaynor. Aren't they a swell team?

EVEN in Hollywood, the inevitable always happens. Only, in Hollywood, it never happens in the expected way. That's why life here is never—well, seldom—dull.

If you don't believe it, just follow us around studios, seeing pictures in the making. This month, for example:

Hollywood finally gets around to showing the world how Hollywood looks in natural color—and the occasion is a delirious satire. Hollywood tries to top the "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" number in "The Great Ziegfeld"—and the result isn't photographed in color. Hollywood finally finds "another Eleanor Powell"—and the girl is eleven years old. Jimmy Cagney finally makes a picture in which he doesn't sock a girl—and the girl doesn't sock him. Hollywood makes a picture about a democratic king who falls in love with a pert American—and the date-fixer-upper is none other than Edward Everett Horton.

This month's color picture—Hollywood is beginning to make them at the rate of at least one a month now—is "A Star Is Born." David Selznick, of "Garden of Allah" fame, is producing it. Janet Gaynor and Fredric March head the cast.

We know a color expert who says that, in the all-color future, the biggest stars will be redheads. ("They have more natural color than blondes or brunettes.") Gaynor is the first titian to risk a test of the theory. In her case, it looks like no risk.

She plays a movie-struck girl from the Middle West named Esther Victoria Blodgett. She comes to Hollywood, gets a job in the home of a star named Norman Maine (March). With blase grandeur, he arranges a screen test for the little girl; her name is changed to Vicki Lester (pronounced Vicki-Vicki); and to everybody's amazement, she becomes an actress. She rises, while he slips. Until finally—you anticipate us—her love does things for him.

It sounds like "Cinderella," Hollywood style? Wait till you hear some of the other names in the cast. Adolph Menjou plays a producer who can't be told anything. Lionel Stander, of the one blue eye and one brown eye, plays a brash press agent. Owen Moore, a bored director. Andy Devine, his over-ambitious "yes" man. May Robson, Janet's grandmother and chaperon. Edgar Kennedy, a slow-burning clerk in a small Hollywood hotel.

Turn that assortment of comedians loose on one set, along with the Gaynor and March, and no picture could be Pollyannaish. It would have to be a satire.

On this particular set, nothing is quite sane. That's the Director William Wellman influence, as much as anything. When he makes a picture, he kids himself and everyone around him. And he has a double right on this picture. He helped to concoct the story.
The scene we watch is the one in which I‘cki has her screen test.

In real life, Janet has a luxurious portable dressing room in the form of a trailer. This is drafted as background for this action. It is supposed to be March’s dressing room in the scene.

In the foreground are “prop” trees and bushes, Kleig lights, a movie camera, folding chairs for director and script girl (played, by the way, by Wellman’s own script girl). The huge color camera is getting a behind-the-scenes shot of a movie test.

Janet stands in front of the “dumb” camera, in a frilly yellow gown, a picture hat, and a make-believe agony of self-consciousness. Owen Moore strolls on the make-believe set, very bored. He asks the set workers what all the delay is about; don’t they know this is Saturday and there’s a football game?

Pandemonium breaks loose, as they rush to get this over with. You never saw so much action in a color picture before. Wellman isn’t pampering his color camera. He’s making it do what the regular camera can do.

JANET looks panic-stricken. Nobody notices. Moore slumps into a chair, calls wearily to March. Freddie, in a frock coat, steps out of the satin-lined dressing room, walks up to Janet, takes her in his arms.

“Very good, Miss Gaynor,” Wellman tells her, after the scene.

“Almost epic.”

“Really, Mr. Wellman?” Janet’s voice is very little-girlish.

“Really, Miss Gaynor.”

There seems to be something Hepburnian about their accents. There is something Hepburnian about them. Janet does an imitation of Hepburn in the picture. Not to mention Garbo. And Simone Simon, who was with her in the feud-filled production of “Ladies in Love.”

If Freddie is mimicking anyone, he isn’t telling. He looks uncomfortable in his stiff collar. He is uncomfortable. “This workhorse,” he says, “never seems to get out of harness.”

On the same lot, but for another producing company (brand new Grand National), James Cagney is facing a movie camera for the first time since he “took a walk” out of Warners, more than a year ago. The picture is “Great Guy.” The title fits Jimmy.

He doesn’t like it. He doesn’t want fans to think he calls himself that.

It’s a picture that’s likely to start a housewives’ war. It shows how racketeers get ten cents out of every American dollar spent for food. Jimmy is chief of a Bureau of Weights and Measures, in a position to do some high-powered exposing.

His love interest is Mae Clarke. The first time they played together (in “Public Enemy”), he pushed a grapefruit in her face. The second time (in “Lady Killer”), he dragged her across a room by her hair. But in “Great Guy”——

“We’re more subtle this time,” says Mae, with a coy smile.

“Every time I try to tell him off, Jimmy just turns on that fiendish Cagney grin, and says, ‘I love you, baby.’”

We watch them do a cafeteria scene. The set looks real, even to the food, which is real. Jimmy and Mae edge their trays along the counter, with the camera facing them. Like all cafeteria shoppers, they look as if they are searching for they-know-not-what.

At the dessert section, a waitress proffers Mae a grapefruit. She shakes her head, with an acid smile. “No—ello,” she says.

That gets a laugh, on the set, that ruins the first “take.”

After this scene, the company breaks for lunch. Although this is a cafeteria set, everybody goes somewhere else to eat. This food has to be saved for afternoon shots.

During the lunch hour, Jimmy decides that the next scene needs “more business”—some little gesture that will trademark the characters he and Mae are playing. He has an idea. Producer Douglas MacLean likes it.

Jimmy and Mae start edging along the counter again. Jimmy has his coat collar half-turned up. Mae absent-mindedly turns it down. As he turns to see what she is doing, a fat man on his left snatches a plate of food practically out of his hands.

They repeat this business throughout the picture—Mae turning down his upturned collar.

The first time they do this particular scene, Jimmy meditates quizically for a moment afterward. Then he says, “A little bit on the ragged side.” They go through it three times before he is satisfied that it is smooth.

After “Libeled Lady,” it was inevitable, probably, that there should be an epidemic of comedies about “the richest girl in the world.” But who would expect three in one month, and all of them Grade A calibrated? Two of them are in the making at 20th Century-Fox.

On the largest set ever constructed, the cast of “Top of the Town” waits for Peggy Ryan, 11 year old protegé of Eleanor Powell, to go into her dance—and what a surprise!
MADELINE goes to a theater and in a revue skit sees herself, her father (Barbier), her eccentric aunt (Witherspoon), and her stuffed-shirt fiancé (Mowbray) lampooned. Dick is guilty of the skit and appears in it. She goes backstage to tell him what she thinks of him. And the comedy-romance commences.

On the first day of this picture, Madeleine makes the mistake of asking Mowbray what Director Roy Del Ruth is like. Mowbray tells her that Del Ruth is very sensitive—particularly about his deafness. She will have to speak very clearly, and loudly to make him understand.

Picture Madeleine, one of the screen’s most beautiful women, practically shouting—and seeing Del Ruth flinch every time she speaks to him. She thinks he doesn’t understand her, and doesn’t want to admit it. She raises her voice still more, enunciates every syllable. Del Ruth begins to think he has a mad woman on his hands. He has never heard such shouting on a set in his life. And he has directed some honeys.

Meanwhile, over in a dark corner, watching the outgrowth of his inspiration, is Mowbray, in spasms.

This goes on for about two hours before he finally confesses.

Del Ruth is twice a victim of pranksters this first day. Dick shows up on the set in make-up a la Barbier, for the skit scene. The make-up is so perfect that he might be Barbier’s twin. They gang up on Del Ruth. Barbier hides; Dick occupies Barbier’s chair. The minutes pass. Del Ruth begins drumming his fingers on his chair arm; he sends messengers in search of Powell; he finally begins to fume. He says what he thinks of stars who hold up production. Six feet away from him sits Dick, enjoying the diatribe.

In “Love Is News,” Loretta Young (also the world’s wealthiest girl) has a feud with a newspaper. City editor of the paper is Don Ameche—older and more dynamic than heretofore, wearing a mustache and hair grayed at the temples. He has the most hilarious part, but the fellow who wins the girl is star-reporter Tyrone Power, Jr.

Young Mr. Power is a good actor and the handsomest new arrival since Robert Taylor. The set workers are beginning to call him by a nickname. Success is his. The nickname is “Ty.”

Also in the cast, as Loretta’s girl friend, is a pretty newcomer named Pauline Moore—no relation to Colleen Moore, but the wife of Jeff Machamer, the artist. She took a screen test in New York on Friday a.m., signed a contract late that afternoon, planed westward on Saturday, arrived on Sunday, and started work on Monday. (And they say Hollywood never hurries!)

We watch a scene in which Loretta, Pauline and Tyrone enter an ultra-ultra set—Loretta’s home. We hear Tyrone utter a line that we have waited years to hear somebody (anybody!) say, when confronted with such a set. “Like Grand Central Station,” he comments.

Loretta looks refreshed after her Hawaiian vacation. In a trick hat and a mink coat, she is ultra-ultra herself in this scene. (P. S. It isn’t fun to wear a mink coat—under those broiling lights. Loretta says so.)

Directing the picture at a fast pace is twirky-eyed Tay Garnett, smartly tailored even to hat and cane. He never carries a cane anywhere but on a movie set. It keeps his hands busy there. “And off actors’ throats,” he adds.

With a large proportion of land locations already used, it was inevitable that Shirley Temple would eventually go to sea. The unexpected part of “Stowaway” is that it is she who speaks a bit of Chinese.

She is a white orphan in Shanghai, who falls asleep in the back seat of wealthy Robert Young’s car, and is unwittingly put aboard the ship on which he is sailing. The unexpected part of “Stowaway” is that it is she who speaks a bit of Chinese.

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Over a closely fitting white satin slip Travis Banton has designed black organza circled in black and white chenille. Shirred waistline with a belt of twisted black and white velvet ribbons. Claudette Colbert keeps to the magpie motif or adds colored accessories.
When Constance finds a gown she likes she has it made in different colors. This hostess gown is in both blush pink and blue. Heavy crépe is gathered above and below the waistline. The skirt is slashed in front and forms a train in the back. Handmade poppies are worn at the throat.
Starched black silk voile is mounted over a white silk taffeta petticoat for a dinner gown. Bandings of coral, blue and white form the belt and edge the sleeves, neck and hem. The skirt is enormous in width.
Grace Moore has bought this adorable costume from her latest picture "Interlude." It is of peach lamé shot with gold. Bernard Newman has banded the sleeves with sable and placed a soft double bow below the wide collar. Miss Moore wears diamond and ruby clips, bracelets and rings with it.

**Radiant is the word for Grace**

Newman designed an afternoon coat of black broadcloth and lavished silver fox upon it. These loop on the shoulders and their muzzles meet at the back of the collar. Two long straight fronts of the cloth give Grace pockets and show only when the coat swings open. John Frederics made the black turban.
Informal Pose
in a formal coat

A glorious coat for formal occasions, which would be just as good in woolen material for day wear, is worn by Loretta Young in "Love Is News." Black Lyons velvet is bordered at the front and right side by Persian lamb, which also makes the standing collar. The coat fits the waist snugly and flares into a Cossack skirt. Her turban is of the fur. Accessories are an antelope bag with a closing of jade and white sapphires, strapped suède shoes, suitable for indoors when Loretta takes off the coat, black suède gloves
Binnie Barnes hikes over the desert in slate-colored linen crash. Her accessories are dark green knitted beret, green and white silk scarf, green leather belt, green and white wool socks and green suède shoes. Up in the mountains Binnie prefers dun-garees. Her sweater is navy heavy knit wool, as is her beret which has her initials on the side. Indian-made gauntlets of tan suède have rawhide fringes, and cowboy boots protect her feet. Below: For aqua-planing Binnie wears a red, brown and white taffeta suit, lined in light wool. Her new Shanghai boots are of closely woven white linen with inner protective soles. Note, the big toe gets special attention
"What do my gauntlets say?" asks Binnie. "Say Storm!" says the chief. Below: For a campfire supper of hot dogs with John King, Binnie wears a brown suede Norfolk jacket, brown gabardine jodhpurs and brown boots. Her hat is brown felt.

Stopping for a chat with a miner Binnie wears a non-crushable silk linen suit with a white wool beret, brown and red taffeta scarf and red and brown kid sandals.
Like the plumage of jungle birds is the col-oft in this evening dress. Dorothy has chosen this lace frock in white. Heavy taffeta overruns the net foundation in an embroidered design. The bodice is cut high in front and low in the back, but here Dorothy is wearing the bolero, with luscious velvet flowers for contrast.

To be had in six pastel shades, Dorothy has chosen this lace frock in white. Heavy taffeta overruns the net foundation in an embroidered design. The bodice is cut high in front and low in the back, but here Dorothy is wearing the bolero, with luscious velvet flowers for contrast.

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores listed on Page 90.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

This tag identifies an Original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashion. Look for it where to buy them.
Dorothy Lamour, who will be seen in "Swing High, Swing Low" with Carole Lombard, is a sultry brunette and this cherry strewn black crépe frock is particularly becoming to her. The yoke and sleeve tops are of black taffeta and the print is appliquéd upon them. Diamond clips. Right: A coat dress is always slenderizing and this one of black, white and royal blue is strikingly smart. Black crépe flares in the skirt and forms a gilet which hugs the neck. Note the sleeve detail and the wide black suède belt.

This is one of those dresses you will wear and wear. It comes in various colored grounds, also black and white and is printed in multi-colored flowers. There is a long sleeved jacket and a pale green suède belt to be worn over or under it. Left: Dorothy's long hair coiled round her head suits this dress of peasant influence. It is of black crépe printed in a small brilliant design. A wide belt of black velvet is laced with black velvet ribbon. Neck and sleeves are edged effectively with tiny pippings of red and green taffeta.
Upper left: For the ballroom scene Adrian has designed this spray for Garbo to wear in the parting of her hair. Upper right: A magnificent necklace in diamonds and emeralds with matching earrings and ring. Left: Necklace, bracelet and earrings of diamond stars. Right: A chain of gold with six separate bracelets and diamond ring. Lower left: Chain collar of green gold. Lower right: Comb worn in the opera scenes is made of square cut emeralds and diamonds. By Adrian

Garbo's Jewelry in Camille
“THINGS long remembered” are those to be cherished. Our grandmothers knew secrets of daintiness that we have forgotten and they certainly took far, far better care of themselves than we take time to do. A Hollywood star has to take care of herself—it’s her business—and most of them hoard at least one secret which they have had from their grandmothers. For them, grandmother’s quaint little beauty rites retain an old-fashioned and ever fragrant charm.

For instance, when grandmother finished doing the dishes she probably tied a little oatmeal into a cheese cloth bag and rubbed it briskly over her hands to keep them from reddening and chapping. Instead of throwing away her old kid gloves, she probably cut them into little squares and saturated them with perfume.

You’d be surprised what a grand sachet it makes and how long the scent lasts. At night, she very likely put mutton tallow on her hands and encased them in cotton gloves. She took her favorite flowers—four o’clocks, carnations, clover—and dried them slowly and carefully away from the sun.

The mutton tallow days are gone forever but Jeanette MacDonald covers her hands with liquid vaseline and goes to bed in white cotton gloves. Anita Louise likes to pin a sachet inside her dress. She says that that way the fragrance stays with you all day long. Maureen O’Sullivan pins her sachets to the coat hangers in her closet. And while Helen Wood, possessor of one of the loveliest pair of hands in Hollywood, doesn’t use an oatmeal bag she uses a remedy equally old fashioned. She keeps them soft and lovely with the famous old recipe of glycerine and rose water and applies “sweet oil” to the base of her cuticle.

She also suggests that this same treatment be given tired, aching feet nightly. . . . bathing them first to relieve tiredness, then stimulating circulation by rubbing in the glycerine and rose water. Apply a little of the oil to the toenails to keep them from becoming brittle.

Gloria Stuart treasures a favored beauty hint passed down from her grandmother. It’s a face cleaner made of a secret blend of camphor and peppermint oils which leaves a film on the skin to hold the face powder but keeps the pores from clogging. Another lotion that she uses at times for a powder base is a cucumber emulsion and cucumbers have always played a large part in a beauty ritual.

June Lang says that her mother taught her to keep her brows well-brushed rather than to tweeze them into shape. She uses a child’s size toothbrush. Constant attention to the brows will train them into a lovely, well-groomed line.

We came across two interesting bath accessories. Astrid Allwyn has a quantity of powdered boric acid and cornstarch made into a powder for dusting purposes. It’s a combination frequently recommended for infants as the purest of all dusting powders and imparts a feeling of luxury to the skin. Sonja Henie, the . . . [P]lease, turn to page 105.
Joan Crawford's new hair style is news! Note the individual treatment of the little curls, the halo effect about the shapely head and the three feathers in the hat so reminiscent of the headdress worn by ladies presented at the English court. A fitting coiffure for a Coronation.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR PHOTOPLAY BY HYMAN FINK

A CROWN FOR MISS CRAWFORD
MARY BOLAND'S

Poignant

LOVE SECRET

Her emotional rôle in "A Son Comes Home" showed Mary as she really is

Have you wondered why this popular actress has never married? Here at last is the touching reason—one that's in keeping with the fine person she is

By Ben Maddox

Many people are highly amused for an idle hour by Mary Boland. But women who have been lucky at love will cry a little inside for her after they have read this story.

For this same Mary Boland actually has shut romantic love into a secret closet of her heart. She has resolutely turned her back upon the men who have wooed her. Even the devotion of the one man for whom she cared really passionately was evaded. She, who is Hollywood's funniest frivolous matron, has never married at all.

Instead, she curbed her emotions with a fierce determination to think of her family first. They had to be provided for, considered before selfish pleasure. For twenty-five years she has been the main support of relatives.

And today, at last, she is quite alone. She catches herself debating, "Will this make Mama more comfortable?" Then abruptly she remembers that she doesn't have to wonder any more. All those for whom she sacrificed so long are gone. Finally and suddenly she is left to her own whims—to pick up the inner self she abandoned.

But the changes in her life have always broken like this surprise—without warning. She is almost a fatalist, and no wonder that she has sought a protective philosophy! After all, Mary Boland is flesh and blood and deep emotions, too. In a strange way she is fulfilling a prophecy. Her mother, noticing what a grave child she was, said one day, "You'll be giddy at forty!"

So she is. But in a manner and place neither of them imagined. The screen hadn't been heard of then, and that this serious young person should eventually be applauded as a flighty comedienne is part of the irony I can tell you about.

The urge to act was an inheritance from her father. "He courted my mother for seven years and had to quit the stage to make enough money to marry," Mary said. "During those years he read aloud to her the complete works of Shakespeare, Balzac, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Sand. Beaux aren't like that any more. The light's so poor in rumble seats!"

She was born in Philadelphia, where her father settled. They went to Detroit when he was offered a better position there as an interior decorator.

She had an older sister, but as in many families their natures differed. Mary was the serious one. She was going to do something great, something that would satisfy the vague restlessness she felt continually. She preferred reading to playing with other children. Her parents saw Booth and McCready and the noted actors of the old school, and her father blithely re-enacted the big scenes for them, often whirling up from the dinner table to illustrate. To her sister this was merely fun, but to Mary it was more. It struck that mysterious chord within her. By her twelfth birthday she had memorized all the lines of five of Shakespeare's heroines.

There was a talent for religion in her, also. The only classes she ever attended were those of the Sacred Heart Convent in Detroit. Perhaps if the family hadn't been plunged into unexpected financial despair she might have become a nun.

Today, alone in her fine house, Mary is wholly domestic in spite of her servants. She enjoys counting the silver and the linen every so often. She had this same fondness for her childhood home.

[Please turn to page 98]
Miss Trevor likes an off-the-face model and has this one in many different colors. A grosgrain ribbon circles the crown. Below: The most useful hat in the world is a fabric turban. This one is tucked and has an interesting stripe of solid color. It can be purchased in many becoming shades.

Lacquered wings half circle Claire Trevor's felt turban and a nose veil adds becoming softness. Black, white, navy, brown, Coronation red or blue. Below: Claire chooses a straw fabric beret with a squared crown and a tri-colored ribbon bow. It comes in six different colors.

You can purchase these hats in any of the department stores or shops starred (+) on page 90.
A SUMMONS to a party at the home of Grace Moore always draws an enthusiastic response. She is such a delightful hostess. On a recent Sunday she gave a cocktail party at which I was present. I have known Grace ever since we sang at the Metropolitan Opera together, but never have I seen her as vital, as glowing as she is this season. I told her so, and "Happy marriage!" was her answer.

She was wearing a polished lead-colored lamé frock and the beautiful set of gold and diamond jewelry we showed you in January. An Argentine orchestra added the exotic rhythm of their throbbing rhythms to the conversational background. Stars were everywhere. Gloria Swanson, that thoughtful, gentle little lady, was in burgundy satin, ankle length. Deep matching fringe fell from her shoulders to her elbows and swirled round her ankles. Virginia Bruce was in yellowed green sheer wool, with a hat to match. It was exactly the right shade to bring out Virginia's delicate coloring.

Glady's Swarthout, who has an immense flair for clothes, was in a taupe woolen dress with a suède hat of the same color worn off the face. It was absolutely plain, high and round and smartness itself. Round her neck was the Paul Flato necklace her husband, Frank Chapman, has just given her. It is in gold and spells C-H-A-P-P-E-N-N-Y round her throat in broad, squat letters.

Two days before, I had been on the set at Columbia, where Grace is making her next picture. We had tea with Robert Riskin, her director, and Aline MacMahon, between shots. Grace was wearing a magnificent peach and gold lamé gown Bernard Newman designed for her. Bands of sable stiffened the short puffed sleeves. Grace told me she was going to buy it to use on the concert platform. She clipped two ruby and diamond ornaments into place as she talked and then added two smaller duplicates of them to her ear lobes. "Look, Kathleen," she said. "Are they too much? Shall I wear them? Now look!" and off they came. "Younger without them, Grace," I said. "I know," she answered. "Earrings do that sometimes, don't they?"

Goodness knows she could have afforded the few extra months they added to her, for Grace bubbles with youth and joy.

Aline was wearing a perfect afternoon costume for a woman of her type. It was of stiff black silk velvet, made with a rather severe coat and skirt. Her blouse, which was worn over the skirt and was beltless, was of silver and pale blue velvet bows at which I followed its length and a lamé bow at the neck was held in place with a diamond clip.

GOING upstairs to talk with Bernard Newman about the rest of Grace's wardrobe was a thrill. He showed me a most interesting coat of black wool bordered with silver fox (see page 56 this issue). Underneath the straight hanging fronts were two tailored fronts of the wool alone, with great patch pockets. This is a coat that takes wearing, but it has endless possibilities for photographic poses and I shall watch for it eagerly on the screen. The foxes on the collar are looped doubly, on top of each shoulder.

There is a hostess gown of blue taffeta in long coat effect over pleated pink chiffon. Three little bows tie the bodice of the coat trimly in place. There is a semi-sport outfit with a white flannel jacket checked in pale brown, worn with a brown skirt. Over it goes a swagger coat of the same checked material. With it is a hat of beige felt, the brim lined with brilliant green suède. Speckled pheasant feathers Hut out at a rakish angle, and Grace wears green suède gloves to match the hat.

Joan Crawford went to a polo match the other day in a black woolen suit with a vest of nutria. Little girl mittens of nutria attracted much attention. Color accents were a flame-colored chiffon scarf and a grosgrain band of the same shade on her black hat.

At a preview Miss Crawford looked particularly distinguished in a tailored suit of black Lyons velvet. The coat was high-necked and was fastened with pearl buttons. Six strands of pearls hugged her throat closely. Her high crowned hat was of black panne, with a shallow brim.

I spent a happy afternoon snooping about behind the scenes in Paramount's designing rooms and wardrobe. Edith Head, who has done the costumes for "College Holiday," showed me some of the very young clothes three young players, Eleonore Whitney, Marsha Hunt and Olympe Braden will wear in that picture. They should be full of suggestions for the college girl. Each of them wears a "Prom" gown. Marsha's is of pale blue chiffon.

New and slenderizing is the raised waistline on this dress of Carole's. Narrow belt added at natural waistline.
Paramount’s biggest night in years was the gay testimonial dinner at the Troc to celebrate Adolphe Zukor’s twenty-fifth year as a producer, and his return to the studio. Testifying to their affection for Zukor were the Harold Lloyds (top left), the Fred MacMurrays and Randy Scott (top). The newly engaged Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers were in attendance too.

Frances Farmer, one of the most promising of young Paramounters with her husband, Lief Erikson. (Did you read the swell story about her on Page 45?) And Cary Grant looking too too nonchalant. Right, Madeleine Carroll chats with producer Bill Goetz.
Top, at the speakers' table with George Jessel, master of ceremonies, are Mr. Zukor, and two of his greatest friends, though business rivals, Darryl Zanuck, head of 20th Century, and Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M. Top right, Mary Livingstone, Gracie Allen and their spouses, Jack Benny and George Burns. Below them is Claudette Colbert and Henry King, the director.

Above, the distinguished Sir Guy Standing because one of the younger beauties on Paramount's roster, Dorothy Lamour. Left, madhatter, Jack Oakie, wondering how far is up? Maybe he is thinking of making a speech. That's his pretty wife, Venita Varden.
CHOOSE THE BEST PICTURE OF 1936

EVERYBODY who has enjoyed a motion picture last year will want to take part in awarding PHOTOPLAY's Gold Medal to his favorite film. This medal is the only honorary distinction that YOU, the public, have an opportunity to bestow on a picture. You are the only jury. Hollywood, and the whole motion picture world await your verdict. You know too, that the picture you choose this year will influence the type of pictures made next year. After all, you are the ones the producers want to please. Don't miss this chance of deciding on such an important matter. What picture do you think tops them all for 1936? SEND IN YOUR VOTE TODAY.

Think over the pictures you have seen from every angle: expert interpretation of character, effectiveness of photography, excellence of direction. Did you like musicals, farces, westerns, adventure, horror stories, sea sagas, sophisticated drawing room comedies, costume pictures? What about the new color pictures?

As an aid to your memory we have printed a list of outstanding pictures of the year. As this list is limited by space, it of course does not include all the fine pictures of the year. You may think that some other film is entitled to the prize. That is all right, too. We want your vote for the picture you think is the best.

At the bottom of the page we have printed a convenient form of ballot; or you may write or print your choice on a slip of paper with your name and address, and send it to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal is solid Gold, designed and executed by Tiffany and Company. Acting as representative for thousands of our readers all over the country, we will bestow this distinguished award on the studio which produced the picture which wins the most votes. PHOTOPLAY has been deservedly proud of your sound taste and judgment in making this award for the past fifteen years. We know you will not disappoint us this year. SEND IN YOUR VOTE TODAY!

PHOTOPLAY again offers you an opportunity to award its annual Gold Medal. Don't delay. Send in your vote NOW.

Outstanding Pictures of 1936

Ah, Wilderness
Anthony Adverse
A Tale of Two Cities
After the Thin Man
Big Broadcast of 1937, The
Captain Blood
Captain January
Change of the Light
Brigade, The
Come and Get It
Country Doctor, The
Craig's Wife
Devil is a Sissy, The
Dodsworth
Fury
Gay Desperado, The
General Died at Dawn, The
Girls' Dormitory
Ghost Goes West, The
Gorgeous Hussy, The
Great Ziegfeld, The
Green Pastures, The
Let's Sing Again
Liebeled Lady
Little Lord Fauntleroy
Lloyds of London
Magnificent Obsession
Mary of Scotland
Milky Way, The
McLiss
Modern Times
Moon's Our Home, The
Mr. Deeds Goes to Town
My Man Godfrey
Nine Days a Queen
Petrified Forest, The
Plainsman, The
Poor Little Rich Girl
Popsy
Ramona
Reunion
Rhythm on the Range
Road to Glory, The
Romeo and Juliet
Rose Marie
San Francisco
Showboat
Sins of Man
Small Town Girl
Story of Louis Pasteur, The
Swing Time
Theodora Goes Wild
These Three
To Mary—With Love
Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The
Under Two Flags
White Angel, The

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET"
1935
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT

GOLD MEDAL EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1936.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS
When dining, think of digestion too!

A welcome mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of digestive fluids — alkaline digestive fluids — so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On shipboard," says O. Naffrechoux, Maître d'Hôtel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."

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

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- Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
- Miss Mary Byrd, Richmond
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
- Mrs. Caswell Dunton Lapham, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Pemberton III, Baltimore
- Mrs. Anne C. Rockefeler, New York
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS
She's Not a Glamorous Beauty, Yet Dozens of Men Whisper ‘I Adore You’ Into Her Attentive Ear

This girl is no stranger to you. She's the center of attraction in any group. But she's not a raving beauty... she's not expensively dressed... and she's not brimful of brains or wit. And yet, when she arrives at any gathering, every man in the place starts straightening his tie and immediately strives for her attention.

The prettier girls ask, ‘What do they see in her’? The answer is obvious. For the popular girl has mastered the simple secrets of charm... allure... glamour. She has a radiant, magnetic personality— one which draws people to her and incites men to whisper, ‘I Adore You’ into her attentive ear.

Fortunately, her charm is now be acquired by any woman. You can quickly learn the secrets of captivating personality in the privacy of your own room. For Madame Sylvia, the famous beauty adviser to the Hollywood stars, describes hundreds of ways to develop charm and personality in her new book. This book, Pull Yourself Together, Baby! contains all the secrets on glamour that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

A Guide Book to Popularity

Make no mistake about personality... you can acquire it... you can develop it. Not by acting silly, or by acquiring any foolish frills or mannerisms. But by following the secrets of glamour as described in Sylvia's new book. And if you think you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't win the admiration of others— forget it! You can build up charm just as surely as you can build up a thin body.

The tricks and stunts that you can use to send your popularity stock skyrocketing are endless. So simple things as a proper diet or a stimulating exercise will help tremendously. Then there are many tricks in make-up that you should know. New stunts on hair grooming. Ways of getting personality into your clothes without spending a fortune. Simple ways to acquire self-assurance and poise. Tips on how to act in the company of strangers. New ways to develop a graceful smile. These and hundreds of other personality hints are completely discussed in Sylvia of Hollywood's new book.

Make A New Start

If you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity, don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are— Read Sylvia's new book... apply her secrets of charm and you'll be a changed person within a short time.

Book reviewers are enthusiastic in their praise about Pull Yourself Together, Baby! And you'll prize this book for years and years to come. It's inspiring... brimful of amusing incidents... and illustrated with many pointed cartoons. The price is only $1.00. Get your copy today. If unobtainable at your department or book store, sign and mail the coupon below.

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- The Personality Diet
- The Personality Figure
- Forget Thy Neighbor; Glamour is glamorous. From the Neck Up: The Personality Wardrobe, The Populace, Children of Personality, How Are Your Company Manners?; Police Under Pressure, The Art of Being a Good Sport, This Thing Called Love, Care for the Blues Department, Take a Chance

Madame Sylvia's Other Book

If you haven't read No More Alibis by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national bestseller at once. This book contains all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price $1.00, postpaid.

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□ Check here if you are also enclosing $1.00 for a copy of No More Alibis by Sylvia of Hollywood.
For ultra chic and added smartness a girl has to be a quick-change artist. Are you as clever about your coiffure as beautiful Madge Evans? For sports her hair is a soft and tumbled mass of curls; for the afternoon it is parted on the side and the little bangs introduce a dressier note; for still greater formality she parts her hair in the center and rolls her curls up in more stylized fashion to form a flattering frame for her face. It's not magic—try it in front of your own mirror.

HEAD-DRESS

in 3 PARTS
HANSDOME, redheaded Dick Foran is the principal object of interest in our mailbag this month. Flemington, N. J., famous for the Hauptmann trial, was his birthplace. His father is Colonel Arthur F. Foran, who for twelve years was Controller of Customs for New York. Dick was educated at various public and private schools including Mercersburg Academy and finally Princeton, where he made sports headlines as tackle for the Princeton eleven, got his first dramatic training in the Triangle Club of that institution. Much interested in music, he studied at the Liebling Studio in New York, and later sang on the radio on two programs, one the S. S. Melodic.

Dick ambitiously set out to form his own orchestra, but couldn't get any bookings, and on disbanded the unit found himself broke. He took a job with the Pennsylvania Railroad which necessitated his going to the Pacific Coast. There, he met an old friend, Lew Brown, who was casting for "Stand Up and Cheer" at Fox. Dick's voice so impressed studio officials that he was put under contract and appeared in that picture, his first.

He has played in numerous pictures, sometimes under the name of Nick Foran. Some of the best known ones were "Shipmates Forever," "Accent on Youth," "The Petrified Forest" and "Earthworm Tractors." His superb physique, his expert horsemanship and not least his fine baritone voice made him a perfect setup for Westerns, and Warners, where he is now under contract, consider Dick their Number 1 Western star.

Dick was born June 18th, 1911, is six feet two and one quarter inches tall, weighs 205 pounds. His particular hobby is raising game birds, quail and pheasants; his pastime is hunting. He hates to dress up, is superstitions about number thirteen, is a bachelor, and his full name is John Nicholas Foran. You'll be seeing him soon in "Bad Man's Territory."

DR. J. KARASZEK, BRNO, CZECHOSLOVAKIA.—I don't wonder you admire Eleonor Powell, and you'll have the pleasure of seeing her soon again in her new picture "Born to Dance." She was born in Springfield, Mass., on Nov. 21, 1913; is five feet five and one quarter inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has blue eyes and chestnut hair.

JAMES KERR, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. — Brian Donlevy will be thirty-six on February 9th. He was born in Portadown County, Armagh, Ireland. He's six feet tall but doesn't look it because of his leg shoulders. His hair is brown, his eyes grey green. After running away from school to be a bugler in Pershing's Mexican Expedition, serving three years as a

Off duty: Dick Foran, the stalwart "singing cowboy," hadn't been working on the railroad, he wouldn't be in pictures now.

is six feet tall, weighs 235 pounds; Jack Oakie is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 150 pounds; Lionel Stander is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds; Cary Grant is taller than the rest at six feet one and one half inches, and he weighs 174 pounds; Stuart Irwin is the shortest, measuring five feet nine inches and weighing 165 pounds.

ADOLPHE FREI, NEWARK, OHIO.—All the stars like to get mail, so I'm sure that Henry Wilcoxon does too! He was born on Sept. 8, 1905, in Jamaica, W. I., and lived there until he was sixteen when he went to England. He is very tall, standing six feet two inches, weighs 190 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. He appeared on the English stage for six years before he came over here, and during that time played 150 roles. His new picture is

"The President's Mystery." This is the first time he has been out of costume pictures.

A. G. ELFABETH, N. J.—Valerie Hobson was born in 1917 at Terne, Ireland. She's five feet four and one half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. She has dark grey eyes and chestnut hair bordering on blonde. Gail Patrick was born a few years earlier on June 20th, 1911. She's tall, at five feet seven inches, weighs 125 pounds; her hair is black and her eyes are brown. Her fine performance in "My Man Godfrey" as Carole Lombard's sister, puts her among the young stars you'll be hearing a lot about.

MRS. A. G. ERLANDSON, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your husband was eight—Carl Brisson is Danish. He was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on Dec. 25, 1898; is a former welterweight champion of Denmark, and sang on the stage before entering pictures in 1933. He is back on the stage now on Broadway, starring in "Forbidden Melody." His real name was Carl Pedersen.

GUENDOLYN CARBONE, ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—Stanley Morner was the young man who sang the delightful "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody" number in the picture "The Great Ziegfeld." John Steele sang it in the original Folies on the stage years ago.

CARL STORH, JR., GRANBY, QUEBEC.—Evelyn Venable was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on Oct. 18, 1913. She is five feet six and one half inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. She was educated at Vassar and the University of Cincinnati played in Shakespearean roles on the stage and entered the movies in 1933. Evelyn is married to Hal Mohr, well-known cameraman and has a little daughter, Dolores, a year old.

Anna Sten has not made a picture in Hollywood for two years.

DOROTHY ANDERSON, ISHPEMING, MICH.—Ross Alexander was married for the second time on Sept. 17, 1936. His wife's maiden name is Anne Nagel, and she is in pictures too. Yes, Fredric March played opposite Sylvia Sidney in "Merrily We Go To Hell." The boy who took the part of Jack in "Jackie Shaw" was Richard Quine. He is fourteen years old; was born in Detroit, sang over the radio. He played in "The Dog of Flanders" before "Dinky."

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to

The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.
PRETTY, POPULAR—ON TOP OF THE WORLD—THE GIRLS WHO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what's in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep, carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—young. You'll find it pays!

DONT RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!

I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHOKE MY PORES. I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

LORETTA YOUNG...
An Open Letter to Jeanette MacDonald

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

on the contrary is very generous to those dear to him. I think a man's true character is most clearly seen in his actions toward his mother, before he leaves the home roost for his own domicile, and follows the Biblical instruction: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife."

From the time he was fifteen he supported his mother and was a dutiful son. In preparing to set up his own domicile, he made a present of his lovely home to his mother, along with a most generous income.

I happen to know the house which he gave her could have been sold by him at a profit of $10,000, which he refused in order to make this gift to one he dearly loved.

Bob Montgomery, Nelson Eddy and Clarence Brown, three of Hollywood's extra-grand souls, having lunch and laughter together at the M.G.M commissary. Director Brown's next assignment is the Broadway success "Idiot's Delight!"

All this is important to a prospective bride, for ingrained loyalty and love is the only essential in life. That love and loyalty will be yours without stint.

The material things in life mean very little to Gene, except as a means to an end. He does not gather possessions for the sake of ownership, as many men do. He has sold ideas about ownership, and told me once: "Being wealthy means nothing if you can't write a check. I prefer good, old-fashioned cash in the bank to a lot of stocks you may or may not be able to cash. I consider real estate a good investment. I don't go in for speculation."

Gene is not a gambler. Of course he may drop a nickel in the slot machine for the fun of it, but real gambling—not a chance! He has earned his money the hard way, through constant work, study, and training, and the intelligent use of the talents God gave him. He will be, at times, irritatingly meticulous about your own money, for he has almost finanical ideas about supporting his wife. His

You?" used in his picture, "The Smardest Girl in Town," is something to boast about. Since Gene is so darn quiet about his own accomplishments, you may not be fully aware of his musical talents. Encourage his creative efforts; imagine the thrill it would give him to have you sing one of his songs!

Incidentally, don't be alarmed if, when you are talking to him some time, a faraway look comes into his eyes and he suddenly breaks out with "I've got it; conclusively and exclusively!" Don't think he's lost his mind. This abstraction means he has been thinking of a lyric, and now he has a rhyme he wanted, such as "Let me be conclusively your sweetheart exclusively!" I've even known him to drive to the studio at midnight to get his rhyming dictionary, when he left it in his dressing room, during one of his song composing spells.

Frankly, one of the dangers to matrimony in Hollywood is jealousy between two stars living under one roof. It's the one thing that licks Dan Cupid, so let's look into the matter. You can't have jealousy unless you have a big opinion of yourself. The green-eyed goddess simply must have that cooperation in order to get anywhere.

In Gene's case, he started his professional career when he was a towhead in knee pants. He bucked up against hard-boiled Broadway and made good strictly on his own. He was practically an infant when he began getting rave notices for his work in "The Potters," and that went on for two years—one on Broadway and one on the road. When he was eighteen he was the fair-haired boy of the Rialto in that smash hit, "The Cradle Snatchers."

That made Gene Raymond pretty cocky about himself. For five years he had enjoyed a continual round of applause. He figured he had learned plenty about acting. He was a success, making a fine salary. If you stop and compare, he was in the same spot as most movie stars. The average star gets five years of huzzahs, and a swelled head. Well, that was all knocked out of Gene years ago. He had no solid years of failure, after sitting on top of the world. Five flop plays in a row. He would start in one and it would fold under him with a wheezy gasp. He took it standing up, and he learned to grin when he read those heartless reviews of the Broadway critics. His cockiness disappeared, never to threaten him again.

"It was the best thing that could have happened to me," he has told me. "I'll never forget those two years!" So there's one thing you won't have to worry about—which one of the family gets top billing. He won't be jealous when he sees the MacDonald monicker in bigger lights. He'll be proud of you, just as the rest of us are proud of you, only he will be even more so, since you're his wife!

Putting on a Hollywood front is another sinecure to disaster which a movie star's wife most fears to see along their road through life. It indicates one thing—that he believes what he reads on the billboards. And that's fatal.

Again you are a very lucky bride-to-be, Jeanette, whether you know this or not, for a literal sock in the teeth gave Gene a complete Hollywood education in one afternoon.

It happened out at the Riviera Country Club. Gene's hobby being horses, he used to hang around there and the summer he spent in Hollywood. He started playing polo, and the way he took to the game made the boys sit up and take notice. As you know, he's won medals for jumping horses, and loves riding. He was just naturally born for the game of polo.

One afternoon, during a strenuous mix, the horse jerked up his head and knocked a tooth through Gene's lip. It was pretty messy, and it hurt like the devil. After the game, Gene thought the matter over, arguing things out.

"I might make a good polo player," he reasoned, "but the wages aren't very good. On the other hand, acting is a profitable business so long as I don't flatten my nose, lose a
Reduce Pores...Soften Lines

WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1937
85

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five...you're twenty-five...you're thirty or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your countenance than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged! Lines form when fibers underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibers functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, cleans them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils.

Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat it in more cream—briskly. The circulation stirs. Glands awakened. Tissues are invigorated.

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

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

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

POND'S, Dept. 16-CB, Chilton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and a different shade of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name: ____________________________

Street: ____________________________

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few teeth, and keep out of the way of flying mallets. I think I'll choose acting."

If you'll pry under this little episode you'll see Gene's attitude toward his profession. He has no illusions about it. He has no intention of jeopardizing his career with any foolish moves, of which polo was but an insignificant example. It's a business with him, and he intends to give his best to that business.

That's the sort of good old-fashioned horse sense that will make Mrs. Gene Raymond a happy wife and keep her that way. No keeping up with the Joneses, no failing for false glitter.

You have doubtless discovered that he is a man of wide acquaintanceships but few intimates. Beware of the husband who has a bosom pal in every pool hall that lies along the road home. Fly from the man who has the doormat spread in welcome for Tom, of the class of '22, for Dick who was this, and Harry who was that. It's no fun. But it's safe to cotton to a fellow who has one or two close pals and that's all. He doesn't wear his heart on his sleeve, but under his vest, where it will be warmer for those closest to him.

I have noticed that you had a mutual circle of friends long before you became engaged. That's just one of many indications of congeniality which lightens my heart during this trying pre-martial season. And you needn't crow about having introduced Gene to Nelson Eddy, for I remember when that happened, and it was during the drear pre-Jeanette phase of Gene's career. As a matter of fact, Gene was taking Marion Nixon out that night. Nothing serious you understand, but Marion was doing an RKO broadcast on the same program with Gene, and he suggested going out afterward for a snack. And Nelson Eddy barged up at the moment, so they took him along.

They all got along so well that they stayed at the Colony Club until the waiters startedshaving chairs around and piling up tables. Nelson was induced to sing "The Last Roundup," and when he discovered that he actually wasn't making a spectacle of himself but rather was giving everybody the fun of their lives, he really went to town. Everybody sang, everybody gathered around.

Nelson Eddy is certainly a friend to be proud of. He is a gentleman of the old school. I've gone over the list of Gene's friends, and there isn't a flaw. I guess the right people must gravitate together by instinct.

I spoke about Gene's stubbornness. It's part of his will to succeed in the project before him, and when he strives toward a cherished objective he won't take "no" for an answer. You are foreordained, as you probably suspect, to saying "yes."

After those two tough years on Broadway, Gene didn't quit trying. He landed a plum in "Young Sinners," and made a sensational hit. Coming to Hollywood on the crest of the wave, he was shoved into some pretty crummy pictures, but he waited until he knew the ropes and then struck out for himself as a free lance. Sam Goldwyn practically kidnaped Gene to put him in a picture with Anna Sten, and when an irresistible force meets an immovable object, that's when Gene and Sam locked horns! They emerged from the encounter good friends—but Gene did not play the role. Metro had to rewrite "Sadie McKee" before Gene would play in it. Columbia revised "Brief Moment" to gain his signature. No denying it, the lad is stubborn. But the beauty of it is, he gets his own way without stirring up the least animosity. I'm just preparing you, that's all. You might as well give in gracefully at the start, and save your breath. And you have one consolation: Gene's judgment is pretty high perfect. Rely on it.

One last word about the head man in your life, and then I leave him to your tender mercies. His sense of humor is infallible. You can add up all you know about a man, and if he doesn't laugh in the right places let some other woman have him.

Gene has a definite flair for comedy, which RKO has been recognizing in his latest pictures. Although he made his earlier film successes in straight drama such as "Zoo in Budapest," now you'll note that he has found his best métier in farces as a light comedian. "Love on a Bat," "The Bride Walks Out," "Walking on Air"—all his new pictures are comedy.

Maybe I set too much store in a sense of humor, but to me that's the most important quality in the list. I suspect it holds the same position on your own inventory of requirements. It's safe to predict smiles and rich laughter in your life together, for you both have the saving grace of humor.

And that's about that, except for one small item. His blonde hair.

Gene is touchy on that score and squirms if any one kids him about being a platinum blond. He can't help it—that's his most vulnerable spot, like being ticklish.

With that last hint, dear Jeanette, I now turn the subject over to you, and commend him to your tender mercies. May you have long life and great happiness, and sail always before the fairest breezes the gods can bestow!

Ever your friend,

JACK SMALLEY.

---

Stan wouldn't want no

READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST RUINED TINA'S DATE FOR THE PROM

TINA DEAR, WHAT IS WRONG?

MY GOODNESS—WHAT'S GOING ON—WHO'S GOING TO HATE YOU TINA?

OH AUNT KATE, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF PIMPLES?

STAN, AREN'T YOU WITH ME?

HE'S MARVELOUS ISN'T HE TOO THRILLING—WANT I'D Y'KNOW... AND HE'S ASKED ME TO... I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN GO NEXT MONTH OH TINA—YOU'RE GOING TOO—AREN'T YOU WITH STAN?

WELL—I HAVEN'T BEEN NURSE 20 YEARS FOR NOTHING—PLEISCHMAN YEAST IS WHAT YOU WANT—EAT 3 CACKS EVERY DAY AND THE PIMPLES WILL CLEAR I'M SURE.
Hollywood Honeymoon

[ continued from page 36 ]
after a while, I kept trying and trying—and then—there I was—sullying the flag!” She stopped, abruptly. Lee had slumped in his chair, tired. “Time for your nap,” she told him, her voice subdued to a moving sweetness, and Don tiptoed away, raked by a savage pain. A sense of empty futility swept him with the impact of physical sickness.

What was there ahead for him and for Lee? He had to justify himself within six months, or turn in his resignation and leave Hollywood. That meant oblivion.

His head ached with pulsating throbs. His feet, he remembered, were wet. He must change at once and take a bit of rest. He took a still drink, threw off his shoes and laid down on the bed in his room. Maybe he was sick.

Surges of prickling chills raced down his spine. He fell into a state of lulled, listless meditation, between waking and sleeping, induced by fatigue and a mounting fever. That girl, Kay, he thought, had a young courage, a steadfast, refreshing radiance. Mounting delirium brought him her face, pure and shining, gravely young, smiling to him out of a bellowing mist.

Nina was in England, adding fresh laurels to her growing international fame. It was a year now, since she had consented to let him keep Lee, because she expected to be abroad, filling her contract with a London film concern. He had lived without any intimate companionship since. He had deliberately set himself to the task of killing every personal necessity; frozen himself into a barren, unemotional state. He had plunged into his work, to little enough purpose, since he had failed miserably. He was lonelier now, than he had guessed.

He wondered if Nina, upon her return, would instigate another of those bitterly contended Hollywood battles for the custody of Lee, fighting her case in the newspapers, with the usual accompanying mud slinging. Well, he’d never give Lee up to her. She would never get Lee. A gust of wind rattled the window and snow whispered against the pane. Darkness seemed to rush over him from the corners of the room.

Kay Stevens looked down at the sleeping Lee, and brushed a quick tear away as she straightened up. Would this little chap have to face a surgeon’s scalpel again? Or could she, by the power of will and suggestion, set in motion again the astrophyled fibres that would send life to his frail limbs? Was it so important to walk that this beautiful child must die for it? It meant that, she knew. He would either walk—or die. Why was walking so necessary? A man of wealth could live quite a full life, even in a wheelchair. He might never join his fellows in their games and pursuits; he might never be a favorite of lovely girls; but his father, apparently, was a wealthy man. Wealth could command continued care, servants, attention, much enjoyment, even to a cripple.

Anthony, Mr. Roberts’ man, came into the sitting room of the suite. He looked worried. “Oh, Miss Stevens,” he said, “Will you take a look at Mr. Roberts? He came in and went to bed. I went into his room just now, and he’s muttering and tossin’.” She nodded and followed the valet into Don’s room. Competently, she laid a finger on his pulse and her eyes opened wider. She felt his forehead and turned to the valet. “Better call a physician immediately,” she advised. “Mr. Roberts has a raging fever.”

The doctors pronounced it pneumonia. Another nurse was called in; a physician was in constant attendance. Don Roberts balanced on the edge of death for three days. The turn for the worse came on the third night.

His night nurse developed a severe cold and needed rest, and Kay offered to relieve her in the sudden emergency. Dr. Gilcrest expected the crisis that night, and he was pleased with Kay’s fresh vitality and competence.

The girl knew by now something of Don Roberts’ affairs. She had read, as had thousands of others, about his divorce from the flaming Nina, a year ago, when it had been front-page news. Now, knowing Don Roberts having been given the care of Lee—who had twined his baby fingers around the roots of

---

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to worry about good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Wasteproducts in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann’s Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes daily, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!
Here you are! Exclusive advance shots of Gable as "Parnell" in M.G.M's life of the Irish statesman. Note Clark's capocet. Will he set a new style again? His sideburns, instead of a beard, are the Gable compromise on the "Parnell" make-up. Myrna Loy plays opposite him as Kitty O'Shea.

her heart—her interest was sharp and personal.

After midnight she took her place in the sick room, while the doctor and the other nurse retired for a brief rest.

Don Roberts, his face gaunt, his eyes glazed, lay gasping for his life.

Kay, in involuntary compassion, smoothed the tumbled hair away from the wide, feverish forehead. He stirred, restlessly, at her touch.

The dews of a mortal agony were thick on his forehead.

"Nina!" he whispered, and gasped; then, he scowled. "If it's Ross—I swear I'll shoot him on sight... ."

"Hush!" soothed Kay. "Try to rest quietly." She saw the empty phial that told of his last inoculation. It was a desperately large dose. She knew what that meant! She drew back, momentarily. Death brooded here in this quiet room; death shrieked outside and tore at the windows with icy fingers. Death would make little, helpless Lee an orphan! She braced herself.

There were many times when her professional calm was pierced. She had recoiled, at first, mentally, physically and spiritually from the sickening scenes, the red mark of an operating table, the odors, the nauseating nakedness of the hospital. Her experience as a nurse had revealed passions and sins, though these were all written in a dead tongue for her. She had achieved a measure of serenity with which to face crises; but there were times when her armor was not thick enough.

She eased Don's position, adjusted his pillow and got a fresh, cold compress. The minutes ticked away and she watched him closely. The anti-toxin was battling for his life, but his chart told an ominous story.

"Kay," he said, weakly, all at once. "Is it—the end?" He was rational, she saw.

"No," she told him, through a sudden mist of tears; yet, death was an old story to her. "You've got to fight."

"Don't go," he begged. "Stay here—with me."

"I'll stay," she promised. She seated herself near the bed. His groping hand found hers. The dark tide of fever flooded his cheeks. His ravaged eyes, deeply sunken, were grateful. He remembered little of the past few days. It was all a confused nightmare, peopled by dim figures and a pain in his chest. The fever mounted and he clutched at her hand like a child lost in the dark. So they sat for an hour.

The doctor came back, intent, frowning. He examined the patient carefully. Fear clutched at Kay's heart as he turned away finally and went to the door. Gently, she released Don's fingers and followed.

"DOCTOR," called Kay, and the physician stopped. He shook his head slowly at her inquiring look.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," he whispered.

"He hasn't much chance. He hasn't given us any help. He doesn't fight."

"Then—?" she asked.

He shrugged. "There's nothing further I can do. He'll probably go before morning. I'll see him again in an hour. I'm pinning my faith on the serum. When he's rational again, find out if he has any relatives here—or if he wants a priest. Call me in an hour."

"There's—no hope?"

"I'm afraid not. His lungs will fill before morning."

Unaccountably stirred out of her professional calm, she returned to the bedside. Fever swept him relentlessly; a tense delirium beat at his struggle for consciousness.

"I swear I'll keep Lee!" he reiterated, time and again. "If you leave him—Lee stays with me!" Vague, unintelligible snatches followed. An hour went by. It was time to call the doctor. Don grew calmer. The fever subsided. He opened rational eyes and looked up at her.

"Kay!" he gasped. "Kay! It's the end, isn't it?"

She couldn't lie, looking into his desperate eyes. She turned her own away, suddenly blinded by a mist.

"Kay," he whispered. "You love Lee, don't you? Tell me the truth—I must know the truth. I know what to expect—I heard what the doctor told you—"

"Do you want me to send for anyone?"

"There isn't anyone." A convulsive agony shook him.

"Would you—care to talk to a priest?"

He gasped. "Is it that near? Listen, Kay—we haven't much time. I'm perfectly lucid. I know what I'm saying. Listen, Kay—you love Lee, don't you? You'd like to look after him—after—I'm—"

Her eyes were streaming now. She was deeply moved, her professional reserves tottering. "Yes, I love Lee," she said.

"I thought so. The little chap loves you, too. Listen, Kay—I have an idea. I want you to marry me right away. I want you to be my widow."

BEWILDERED amazement widened her eyes. She told herself, wildly, that things like this didn't happen. Fever, she thought. He sensed her attitude. "It's only for an hour or two. I'll be gone before morning, Kay! It's only so you'll have control of my money—and you'll be able to look after Lee. There's still enough left so you'll never need to work again—including—my insurance. I don't want courts or disinterested people to control or dictate Lee's life...

"Please! Try to be quiet," she said, gently. She knew the futility of trying to argue against the delusions of a sick bed.

"Kay—I mean it! If you're my widow— it will be more certain than having someone contest a will made in your favor! As my widow, you can look after Lee. You can live— in a modest, comfortable life, without worrying any more. You're competent—and fine—and you love Lee. He would be secure—with you—sheltered by your affection. I can't—go and leave him—alone. He's helpless! If there's some man you love, you can explain this—and marry—later—"

"There's no one," she said, huskily. "But Lee has a mother—"

"She'll—be glad to have you look after him, Kay. Her ambitions come first. She's abroad—becoming a great star. There's no room in her life—for children. She—divorced me. Please—Kay, this isn't fair—"

The doctor stepped into the room, frowning. He made a brief examination. He called Kay aside and said: "Looks bad! Better get Father Mallory up here."

She left, a sob in her throat. She phoned and returned to the bedside. Don was in a confused state. He coughed violently; it became a hemmorhage. Thirty minutes went by. Father Mallory came in and sat by the bedside. Don Roberts opened his eyes and saw the priest—and correctly interpreted the import of his presence.

"You see," he pleaded to Kay. "It's only for a few hours! I can trust you, Kay—no one else. You'll look after Lee—and no one can stop you—as my—my—"

A gray pallor crept over his face; his breathing came with a
She had everything but love

Until she found this lovelier way to avoid offending...

Fragrant baths with CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Why Modern Girls Are Flocking to This Lovely Perfumed Soap

HELEN MERRIAM, of New York, points out: "No girl can afford to risk perspiration odor. Men simply can't stand it! That's why I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For the deep cleaning lather of this lovely soap keeps me so sweet and clean... so safe from any danger of body odor. And then, its lingering, flower-like perfume leaves my skin so alluringly fragrant!"

AND DORIS ELLIS, of Amarillo, Texas, explains: "Cashmere Bouquet is so utterly different from ordinary perfumed soaps. Its fragrance is just as exquisite as that of the costliest imported perfume. And long after your bath, this perfume clings to your skin... makes your daintiness simply irresistible! Isn't it wonderful that this lovely soap costs only 10c?"

Keeps Complexions Lovely, Too!

Cashmere Bouquet's father is so gentle and caring, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. This pure, creamy-white soap keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth!
PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

ORIGINAL SELECTIONS

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<td>Hazelton, Pa.</td>
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<td>Hempstead, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Indianapolis, Ind.</td>
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<td>Jacksonville, Fla.</td>
<td>*Lumar's, Inc.</td>
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<td>Knoxville, Tenn.</td>
<td>Mayme McCampbell Shop</td>
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<td>*Anthony &amp; Son, Inc.</td>
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FOREIGN

- Auckland, New Zealand | Smith & Caughey |
- San Juan, Porto Rico | P. Giusti & Co. |

*PHOTOPLAY Hollywood hats can be purchased in these stores, but not PHOTOPLAY Hollywood dress, coat or suit fashions.

PHOTOPLAY'S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your home city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 36 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. for complete PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION information. Also send the name of your leading department store or shop. And when you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY.
city of Los Angeles—is virtual ruler of the set. When she says that Jane must study. Jane
studies, picture or no picture. Three hours a
day. Her favorite kind of lesson? “My most
special subject,” she says, “is recess.”
She is studying in the midst of bedlam.
Waiting for Jane's recess, the company is
shooting a close-up of a parachute jump. Three
wind machines are in action, tilted upward,
keeping a parachute filled out near the high
roof of the sound stage. Dangling from it
about twenty feet up in the air, is a stunt man.
At a given signal, unseen ropes holding him up
are lowered. He and the parachute come down.
They both do a good imitation of a real drop.

On the set of "Captains Courageous" we
find Freddie Bartholomew also studying. Writ-
ing a composition—about fish, of all things.
He has been doing nothing but seeing, smelling,
catching and catching of fish for weeks on end,
and here he is, writing about them.

The picture is based on Kipling's saga of the
New Bedford fishing fleet. It also stars Spence-
ty and Lionel Barrymore. Spencer is off the set
today, out to sea in his new boat, the Carrie B.
Lionel is at home, perhaps brood-
ing about John.

Freddie is making some "home" scenes with
Melvyn Douglas, hastily borrowed from Col-
bumbia to be his screen father. They are not
easy scenes. Freddie is to be saucy, Melvyn
severe.

Melvyn goes for a walk around the M-G-M
lot, to say his lines to himself. Freddie, after
"school," rehearses by playing tag with an
idle prop man. Yet, when the scene begins,
he knows not only his own lines, but Melvyn's.

That's a happy star for you. No income tax-
es to worry about, no sex problems, no head-
aches of any kind.

It was inevitable that Nelson Eddy and Jean-
ette MacDonald should make "Maytime"—
unexpected that they should make it twice.
The first version was halted by Producer Irving
Thalberg's death. Cast changes were made.
They started anew.

We see a scene of a street in Paris in 1862.
This colorful set, built outdoors, is as long as
a city block. High above is spread black
cloth, which also surrounds it on all four sides.
Enough black cloth to give Mussolini a hun-
dred thousand shirts. It is a night scene, be-
ing filmed at high noon.

Down the street, first at a slow trot, then at
a faster rate, comes a carriage drawing a victoria.
In the carriage rides Jeannette, ignoring the
efforts of Nelson to climb aboard while running
alongside. He keeps trying all the way down
the street—with the camera, moving along on
a specially-built track, keeping pace with him.
The dirt in the roadway has been wet down
with a hose "and my perspiration" (says Nel-
son). It is slippery underfoot. On any one
of three rehearsals, the period-dress extras
expect to see Nelson skid on his ear. He fools
them.

ANOTHER colorful set is one for "Swing
High, Swing Low," co-starring Carole Lon-
dale and Fred MacMurray. This also is a
street scene, but built entirely indoors. It is a
hot, soiled street somewhere in Panama.

Carole has been having a salary quarrel with
Paramount. It is now settled. Just how com-
pletely it is settled is testifed by a brand-new

Watch Tangee's loveliness glow on
your lips. Orange in the stick, it
changes on your lips to the exact
blush-rose shade that becomes you.
Only Tangee has this magic Color
Change Principle. Tangee isn't
paint, so avoids a "painted look."
Paris insists upon delicate make-up
to harmonize with today's fashions.
Use Tangee Lipstick. And on your
cheeks use Tangee Rouge. Also con-
tains Color Change Principle...gives
natural youthful look.

JUST BEFORE BED—use Tangee, feel it smooth
and soften your lips for the night!

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—
don't let anyone switch you
Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more
color for evening wear, ask for TANGEE THEATRICAL.

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET" P27
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Check Shade of Powder Desired: Cheeks: Rachel Lipstick:
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This box contains:
1 Compact Tangee Creme Rouge
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Do not confuse Tangee Natural with
ordinary cosmetics you must remove
at night. Tangee Lipstick's special
cream base prevents chapping and
ageing dryness...soothes and
softens day and night. Awake with
smooth, lovely lips. No more faded
"morning look"...Tangee doesn't
come off on bed linens.

Try Tangee, the lipstick you can
safely use both day and night. In
two sizes, 39¢ and 81.10. Or, send
coupon for Tangee's 24-Hour
Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.
portable dressing room behind the false front of a Panama boleó. It is a gift to Carole from the director of the picture, Mitchell Leisen—who, by the way, looks a bit like her first and only husband, William Powell.

At the moment, she isn’t in it. She is watching Director Leisen and Dance Director Le Roy Prinz select some dancing girls for the picture.

The girls go through a stiff test of self-consciousness. They come into the sound stage, two dozen of them, in dresses and slacks, and strip down to swimsuits. They stand in a wide semi-circle in front of the two men. The sound of each punch is heard. Everyone watches them. Everyone, that is, except Fred MacMurray and Charles Butterworth.

Carole asks them if they aren’t interested.


A prop man crowding into the front row of spectators attracts Prinz’ attention. “Is someone asking you to pick anybody?” asks Prinz.

“No,” answers the prop man, as he dacks for cover, “but it isn’t a bad idea.”

Six are singled out of the semi-circle and asked to stand at one side. These six are picked as “good showgirl types.” All are about the same height. Prinz asks Carole to step over to them for height comparison. They will dance with her.

“Let me see your kicks,” he says to Carole, as she starts walking away afterward.

“You’ll see ‘em,” she quips, over her shoulder.

O

X the set of “Coast Patrol,” at RKO, we see a battle between Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster. One of five in the course of this Coast Guard melodrama.

The climactic fight takes place on a studio-made iceberg. This one, however, occurs in a neat waterfront cafe. McLaglen is standing at the bar; Foster is at a table. They spot each other in the crowd. They rush together, wildly swinging. The camera is high above the bar, shooting down on them, to catch any possible falls.

Screen lights, Foster tells us, can’t be re-hearsed. Not if they’re the rough-and-tumble kind. They just have to trust to luck that punches can be “pulled” and that, in falls, they’ll hit the light “breakaway” furniture (made of yucca wood), which looks like the real stuff.

McLaglen and Foster, both big men, go to it hot and heavy. Sixty seconds later, winded, both have only one thought. They ask the director, “How was it?” He says, “Okay.” Strong praise on a movie set.

We see Foster again three days later. He is still talking, has his hands full of papers in his hand. “Does McLaglen look?” we ask. “Say,” he tells us, “you couldn’t bruise him with a crowbar!”

It was inevitable that there should eventually be a different kind of courtroom drama—unexpected that Helen Broderick should be the star. “In the Jury,” the defendant and the lawyers are unimportant. Broderick is on the jury.

She is the only one who votes “not guilty.”

How she sways the other eleven to her side is the drama. Drama plentifully salted with controversy.

We see the courtroom, dingy and musty-looking, like most courtrooms. In the jury box, we see Broderick. Alongside her sits Victor Moore, her Nemesis in “Swing Time.”

He is a timid soul. He asks permission to question a witness, then fumbles for words, putting the question. Broderick pulls his coattail, prompts him.

In rehearsal, everything goes smoothly. In the first “take,” what she whispers to Moore makes him laugh. Again they rehearse; again the camera turns; and again Broderick whisks something that gives Moore hiccoughs.

The third time, she manages to restrain her sense of humor.

Inevitably, any racket picture these days starts out as a B picture—something for the double bills. Unexpectedly, “I Promise to Pay” has become an A picture in the course of production at Columbia. Chester Morris and Helen Mack are that real, as a young tenement couple victimized by loan sharks.

The set showing the interior of a tenement flat, is, for one of the few times in movie history, no larger than a tenement flat. Chester and Helen, having supper in the kitchen, are aurally cramped. A large fly buzzes around, as the scene is about to start. Production is halted ten minutes in a vain effort to assassinate the fly. Finally, Director Lederman says, “Let it go. They have flies in tenement houses.”

Before the scene, a prop man whips up a stew on the gas range that is part of the set. The camera catches the food steaming later in dishes on the table. And Chester and Helen practically steam before the “take” is over. Part of their scene is played with five-year-old Patsy O’Connor. She remembers her lines, but can’t seem to relax, riding “horsy” on Chester’s knee. They shoot it over and over, until finally Lederman, behind the camera, is steaming like the players in front of it.

How to persuade a five-year-old to relax? It’s a problem. Chester has an inspiration. “Just look in my eyes, Patsy,” he says. It works. Hypnotism—of a sort—is the answer.

WARMERS’ (and Mervyn Leroy’s) picture about the democratic king who falls in love with an American girl hasn’t any Windsor Castle implications—unless you want to put them there. The scenario hasn’t. It’s just coincidental, understand, that he calls on her in her apartment, invites her aboard his yacht, and is as human as she is.

The unexpected thing about “The King and the Chorus Girl”—aside from Edward Everett Horton as royal dote-maker—is the newcomer who plays the King to Joan Blondell’s Chorus Girl. His name is Fernand Gravet (pronounced Grav-vay).

He is Belgian, young, tall, athletic, handsome, with coal-black hair and brown eyes. He has been a star in French films. He starts singing here.

That’s his reward for being the first Continental arrival to speak English almost like an Englishman.

At the moment, he is in a dressing gown and pajamas. As soon as the lighting is arranged, he turns into a regal bed, where Horton (now glumly waiting) will bring him dithers news about the piquant Yankee who doesn’t seem to realize that he’s a king.

Gravet looks good even in pajamas, with his hair uncombed.

“TOP of the Town” boasts the largest set ever constructed in Hollywood. (Universal, crossing its heart, swears to this.) In sheer size, if nothing else, it will top the “Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody” set. And is designed by the same man, John HafTekrider. It rates color photography—which it doesn’t get.

The set is a night club, called the Moonbeam Room.

It covers 45,000 square feet. It is sixty-two feet high. Around three walls, from roof to floor, hangs a two-story cellophane curtain—30,000 square yards of it. Four thousand lights are scattered behind the curtain to represent stars. More Kleig lights than ever used before on any set fill every available inch of roof space. The floor is carpeted with heavy lead foil.

It looks like something that could be afforded only by a movie studio—or the richest girl in the world. And the principal girl in the plot (Doris Nolan) is just that. A bit balmly from having so much money, she decides to have a night club that will be as breath-taking as television.

She meets George Murphy, dance-band leader. He knows some talent. And the talent goes to work. Such talent as Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer, the Three Sailors, Jack Smith and—Peggy Ryan. The number that busts them.

We see her do one scene, and if that scene is any criterion, she may dance away with the picture.

Peggy, aged eleven, steps out on that big floor by herself and dances as no youngster ever danced before. Two cameras are turned on her. The director has great beads of perspiration on his brow. He has never had to trust a scene like this to a youngster. The whole atmosphere is tense.

And how is Peggy taking it all? She smiles to a thousand sympathetic faces in the crowd on the sidelines, and shows her crossed fingers. Her mother tells us, with a smile, “I have to say her ‘Hail Marys’ for her. She doesn’t have time to say them, herself.”

The music begins. The youngster glides out on the floor, tapping, moving all over the stage. The cameras follow her. She doesn’t falter once, or slip, or miss a quarter of a beat. Her expressions constantly change. The music whirs to a final flourish. On the last note, Peggy ends her dance.

The dancers on the set, watching, are supposed to clap. But everybody on the set applauds.

The youngster is a real discovery.

The director sums it up in three words: “One—Take Ryan,” he calls her.
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Roohia, has hoisted a personal flag of war and is muttering guttural, threatening invective these days. All because of the high fence she built around her beach house to keep out the prying curious.

One Dr. George M. Prince, a vividly social Pasadena physician, bought the vacant property next to hers and built himself a cottage on it. And then he moved in, and went to his front windows to see the view. There wasn't any view, only Anna's fence.

So he went to court about it. He had spent all this money, he complained, in order to smell the fresh sea air and look at the ocean. The Sten fence not only shut out the ocean, but allowed only the smell of Anna's dinner borsch to reach his anticipatory nostrils. So far as the star's privacy was concerned—she could pull her blinds at night. And if she forgot sometimes—well, he was a doctor, wasn't he?

What can you learn?

The city council denied his first petition.

PRODUCTION STUFF: Lily Pons has signed for another picture with Radio and wants to do "Carmen" when she returns from New York; however Paramount has the same picture in mind for Gladys Swarthout, and neither studio has yet found time to buy out the operatic rights... Sam Goldwyn is beginning casting for "Dead End," one of the most terrific gangster stories ever written. Naturally George Raft wants the lead, now that he's free, but certain inside sources say he's going to have a pretty tough time...

Grace Moore has an amazing schedule ahead of her: having finished "Interlude," for Columbia, she will sing "Mignon" at the Chicago Civic Opera; then to the Metropolitan in New York for Christmas week; then back to Hollywood to do another unannounced picture, and on to London to sing for King George's Coronation ceremonies. Paramount will make "Bulldog Drummond's Holiday," with Ray Milland in the starring role. Good casting, because Milland does that type of thing so well—but what about the public which has already placed Ronald Colman in its mind as the characteristic Drummond?

GRACIE ALLEN has been aing everyone at the Paramount Studios by coming to work with her hands full of completed crossword puzzles and airily remarking, "Oh, yes, I did these last night—they're really very simple. I never could imagine why people find them so difficult."

This used to floor everyone until finally the secret leaked out. Gracie merely clips these puzzles from all the papers and lets her guests entertain themselves by working them. When they're all finished, she gathers them up and then takes them to the studio.

OUTSIDE the commissary at M-G-M we saw Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and about forty other big stars and directors huddled in a group around something, so interested and averted by what they saw that their mouths were practically hanging open down to their knees. After forcing our way through to the center of the group to see what so fascinated these sophisticates, we discovered that Mickey Rooney was keeping them all

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NORFORMS have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient, easy! These antiseptic suppositories are completely ready for use. There's nothing to mix or to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the dainty, modern way to inner cleanliness.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated, yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—Parahydrecin—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy," Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, makers of Unguentum.
agog with his skill at hi-li, that little game
where you hit a ball against a paddle. All
were clamoring for the first chance to try it
after Mickey got through!

If you ever become an exhibition ice-skater,
like Sonja Henie, you’ll find, when moving
time comes around, that you have accumulated
a whole wardrobe full of fancy skating cos-
tumes. Most of them will be full of skirt
and trimmed with fluffy fur. To ensure proper
moving of them, you may ask some friend to
run them over to your new apartment in his
car. That’s what Tyrone Power, Jr., promised
to do.
But getting into your car with them, Tyrone
regulating traffic, she was told that they would
give her a motorcycle license, but she’d have
to keep the thing inside the studio lot.
That, says Arlene, is all the thanks you get
for being so conscientious about licenses.

We were amazed to see Robert Taylor and
Barbara Stanwyck staggering down the street a few nights ago. “It’s all just good,
clean fun,” they moaned. They had gone
down to the Ocean Park amusement pier for a
nice quiet evening, when the fans espied them
and chased them down to the roller coaster,
where they were forced to ride up and down
on the dizzy track for nineteen times before
the fans finally dispersed and let them get off
stretched all out of shape, ears flapping
curiously. They were preparing a screen test
of Margo, for a rôle in “Hurricane.”

“We’ll do just a little bit of a love scene,
first,” one of the directors said. “Only we
got to have a man for you to make love to.
So call the casting office girl.”

Francis Lederer stepped out of the shadow.
“But no, don’t do that,” he said, smiling.
“I’ll help, if I may.”
The director frowned. “You won’t get
any dough,” he said.
Lederer kept on smiling. “That’s all right,”
he told the director. But he was looking at
Margo. “It’ll be nice anyway.” And it was.

REMEMBER the good old times when
studios were famous for their extravagance?
Well, they’re back again, after all these years
of depression.
At least they’re back for Twentieth Century-
Fox, that ambitious organization. Just now,
we’re told by authentic inside sources, the
officials there don’t know what to do with the
money that’s rolling in to them.
For example: minor employees of the company,
excepting departmental people such as
the publicity lads, have never been allowed to
park in the studio grounds. They complained.
“We have to walk two blocks,” they said,
“after we’ve left our cars in the morning.” So
the powers-that-be decided to run up a special
lot nearer the main buildings.
On one side of the studio grounds is flat,
barren land—covered with weeds and pretty
cheap. On the other side is a golf course, arti-
ficially made rolling and difficult; the most
expensive land in the neighborhood.
So Twentieth Century bought up the
equivalent of two city blocks—from the
course committee—at a tremendous price!
And spoiled the looks of the course, and
spent thousands having the knolls and hillocks
levelled off. The employees, they figured,
would get less dust on their cars if the lot were
surrounded by sod and greens.
Now they’ve got to put up a screen so the
golf balls won’t come in and smash all the
windshields.

DIXIE DUNBAR had been so proud of
her unsmirched traffic record—and now
it’s got a black mark over it. Because of an
auto flirt, of all things.
She was driving along (within the speed
limit) the other day when another car drew up
along side, and a young man—apparently not
a very good-looking one—leaned out and put
on some very romantic heat.
Dixie stepped her motor up to about fifty
miles an hour; out-ran the masher; and then
heard a siren. She explained to the cop
the reason for her offense, and off he whizzed
to catch the man with the come-on-sister act.
But the guy had disappeared. So back
came the officer, disbelief written on his face.
He transferred his cynicism to a ticket.
And poor Dixie had to pay the fine.

ONE of the hugest boners in the history of
movieid can be laid at the door of some
advertising man at Twentieth Century-Fox.
Thinking that the public would have a tough
time pronouncing Simone Simon’s name he
started the trick of putting an explanation in
parenthesis this pronounced See-Moon See-
Moon) after her name on all copy.
It was just too good a pun for the national
columnists, and for all the unemployed gag-
gisters in America. “See,” they shouted in
yards of type. “and moon .”

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
Now You'll Understand Jean Arthur

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

When you earn your living by acting, and critics comment on your naturalness, that is sweet praise. But to have someone, especially someone who doesn't know who you are, call you "natural!" in private life—that is sweeter.

Make no mistake about it; this Arthur girl has a penchant for naturalness, both off-screen and on. Not to mention a liking for adventure.

BACK in the hills behind Malibu stands a huge, mysterious house that has never had a guest—or a tenant. One can just see it from the main road, a half-mile away.

It crowns a small hill, is castle-like in proportions, and, like a castle, is girded by a moat. It is a vast stone monument to pre-depression ambition and post-depression ruin. It is unfinished.

It is forbidding in its lonely isolation. Barbed wire encloses the acres surrounding it. There are warnings to trespassers, and stories that armed guards constantly roam the property, ready to shoot trespassers on sight. The mysterious house is intended to remain a mystery.

But Jean decided, one recent morning, that she wanted to penetrate that mystery. Her husband, Frank Ross, Jr., fell in with the idea. Together, they climbed over the barbed wire fence and headed toward the hill. They crossed the moat, its water shrunk to a mere trickle. They reached the house, which was even more forbidding at close range. It was boarded up.

No one had yet molested them. No one seemed to be around the house. They looked for a broken bit of boarding, an entrance. They found one, in a high window. They climbed through it, into the still, dead air of the interior.

No guard appeared to stop them. They were alone with the sun-motes and spiders and silence. The house needed no human watchman, they discovered. No intruder could stay long in that breathless heat, that dizzying dead air. In fifteen minutes, both Jean and Frank felt faint.

They climbed out through the broken window. And, after a rest outside, they climbed back in. Now that they had gone this far, they intended to explore from top to bottom this house haunted by a dream. And they carried out their intention, followed their little adventure to its end.

Perhaps the exploration of a forbidding mystery house doesn't impress you as an adventure. Perhaps you would call it just an interesting new experience, particularly for a movie star. But—

"Anything that you haven't done before is an adventure, if you give your imagination a chance," says Jean, smiling. "After all, that's where every adventure begins; in the imagination. The only people who lead dull lives are the unimaginative ones."

She is reasonably certain that she would have had an interesting life, even if she had not taken up acting.

"I didn't know what I would have become—I didn't have much chance to experiment before I did take up acting—but I know I would never have become 'just a wife.' My imagination would have seen to that. I would have felt stifled with only housework to do."

### All Day long

**YOU NEED THE 3-WAY PROTECTION THAT ONLY KOTEX OFFERS!**

1. **CAN'T CHAFE** The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2. **CAN'T FAIL** The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

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3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX 
A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

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

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

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

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75¢ at leading toilet goods counters.

Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Across the room, husband Frank Ross, Jr., nods approval of her feminine independence.

"It's hardly fair," Jean continues, "for women to do the same things at the same hours every day of their lives, while men have new experiences, meet new people every day. I felt that way as a little girl, with two older brothers around the house. It seemed to me that they led adventurous lives, compared with mine. I felt cheated, frustrated. I became a tomboy, in self-defense. I decided that I was going to do things that were exciting, or at least interesting."

Strangely enough, she didn't decide—then—that acting might be the answer. She went through grammar school, and into high school, without dreaming a single Thespian dream.

"If I ever thought about acting, I never thought of it as something for me. My destiny, as 'twere. I wasn't a great beauty; I was horribly self-conscious; and the possibility of my ever being able to go to dramatic school was as remote as Kamchatka—wherever that might be.

"No, I didn't feel the stage or the screen calling little Jean Arthur. And I didn't waste my time dreaming. I kept both feet on the ground and my head out of the clouds, and tried to decide what career was within my reach. I wondered if it might be fun to teach one of the Romance languages, or work in a publisher's office, or clerk in a gift shop. There were a few other possibilities, too. But I didn't know which one, above all others, I wanted to do.

"I was still in high school and still trying to decide, when I went to a photographer's studio one day with a girl friend who was a model. I wasn't looking for a job; I didn't fancy myself as a photographic subject. But it seemed that the photographer had more assignments than he had models to pose for. He said that he could use me. I was scared stiff that he would discover that he hadn't known what he was saying. But who was I to refuse an unexpected offer of a job that might be interesting?

"So I became a model—and liked it. The work wasn't difficult, paid five dollars an hour, and varied from day to day. It also had a future. Hollywood talent scouts were becoming model-conscious. I received a movie offer.

"And—I headed for Hollywood, starry-eyed. As a Cinderella who, by a lucky break, had become a movie actress overnight. The newspapers said so. But it was a typographical error. I had a screen chance, yes; but that didn't make me an actress. I discovered that very, very painfully."

But it was an exciting glisten in the gray-green Arthur eyes! It is!

"First, I played ingenues and Western heroines; then I played Western heroines and ingenues. That diet of roles became as monotonous as a diet of spinach. (Those roles were spinach to me!) And I couldn't seem to persuade the studio to do anything about it. So I became a free lance player. And I found myself still playing ingenues and cowboys' sweethearts.

"The studios wouldn't trust me with any other kind of role, because I had no experience in any other kind. And I didn't see how I was ever going to acquire any other experience if I couldn't get any other kind of role. It was a vicious circle. I got off the merry-go-round finally by admitting that Hollywood was right. I wasn't yet an actress. And the day I admitted that was the day when I started to become one.

"I left Hollywood. I went back to New York. After six months, I landed a small role in a stage play. And in that role, for the first
time in my life, I had to make a characterization believable to a visible audience. When I walked out on that stage, I was completely 'on my own.' I didn't have a director to guide me; I couldn't make a retake if I wasn't convincing in a scene.

That role led to larger ones, completely different. Then leads. Then re-discovery by Hollywood. I had, at last, become an actress."

And from here on in, her movie life will be interesting—no diet of spinach. Her roles will be varied.

Che denies that there is any mystic secret—behind her new success. She explains it in two words; "Hard work." And if she has any advice, out of her own experience, to give other ambitious girls, it is those same two words, reversed.

If she was self-conscious once, and is self-possessed today, there is no secret to this that can't be explained in one hyphenated word: self-expression.

Her voice, probably her greatest asset, is the same voice that she has always had—rumor notwithstanding She has simply learned how to use it.

She denies that she has changed in becoming the sensation that she is today, "except as we all change as we mature and develop."

"If I weren't myself, I couldn't live with me," she says. "And I'm sure that Frank wouldn't enjoy life with a chameleon." Frank asks to be "left out of this story." But that isn't possible.

He is dark, slender, handsome enough to be in films himself. And he has had (and declined) offers.

They were married four years ago in the East, when she entered the theater and where he was in the real estate business. After she returned to Hollywood, they tried long-distance matrimony, with frequent trips back and forth. But life is too short for such an experiment, so Frank has transferred his business interests to California.

To the acute distress of only-too-willing advisers, Jean relies on the judgment of no one but Frank. He is her best friend, most honest critic, and only manager. She consults him about everything, from clothes to contracts. She may have feminine intuition, she says, but Frank is practically occult.

They are great walkers, when they can walk together. Both swim and both play tennis. Both have the same suppressed desire—a long sea trip. They even read books together. They must be in love.

Jean Arthur has attained the apex of success. She has become a Target for Criticism. A very pretty target—but armored. The criticisms won't "stick," particularly at close range.

Can Robert Taylor escape the great lover curse?

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Read this most startling story ever written on the screen's most spectacular success, in March PHOTOPLAY.

On the newsstands February 10th

...IT'S TIME YOU TRIED THEM!

You've only one throat to last you a lifetime. And there's only one cigarette with a touch of "mild menthol" to keep it cool and easy. You and Kools ought to get together. First, because it's a magnificent blend, judged on tobacco quality alone. Second, because without spoiling that fine tobacco flavor, the mild menthol makes each puff as stimulating as a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room. Finally—the coupon on each pack! Save 'em for stunning gifts. (Offer good U. S. A. only.) And there are extra coupons with every carton! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchausen)

NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9-10 P.M., E. S. T.

SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Silverware—Onida Community Far Plate, 2 pieces, for 6 . . . 000 coupons FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B&W premium booklet, No. 33

Luncheon Set—Pure linen; hand embroidered. 3 colors . . . 225 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS
When she was just fifteen she had to go to work. Her father lost his job. Soon they had to give up their home and this was a bitter blow. The cramped quarters where they moved grated on her every nerve.

"Of course there was a good deal of rebellion in me then," she admits honestly. "Youth is so self-centered. I looked at the others of my age and believed I was cruelly buffeted. No adored nice clothes more than I, and I could no longer have them. I hated having to count pennies!"

"But when tremendous responsibility is put on a girl she's automatically taught self-discipline and frugality. And when you have to scrimp in your 'teens you appreciate what you earn for yourself. Rebellion eventually becomes gratitude for your chances to prove you have merit."

The man who now owns the Detroit Free Press was then running the city's leading stock company, and he was a friend of Mary's father. So she decided to start salvaging the family fortune by acting.

Her father finally agreed to take her to the theater, and thanks to appearing older, and to her self-trained speaking voice, she was allowed to substitute for a player who was leaving. It was a romantic rôle and she presumed she had definitely arrived.

But stock companies weren't like the silent movies, with overnight rises. They kept her on through the summer, and took her to Cincinnati for the winter season. But she was relegated to "fifth woman." Which means that the incidental mothers and grandmothers and aunts in the casts were allotted to her. She couldn't skip the groundwork.

"Mother made all my dresses and my costumes because we had to supply our own," she says when she reminisces. "When I got to Cincinnati I used to lie awake nights worrying how I could squeeze enough money to pay for the next week's costumes. I'd write mother what I was supposed to be, and she'd exercise her judgment. Then I was in perpetual agony for fear the box wouldn't come in time."

She was sending money home, so she stayed in the poorest room of a shabby but respectable hotel. It cost her a precious dollar a day.

"Out of my second check I budgeted enough, somehow, to fix up my place a little. I bought chintzes, at ten cents a yard, and made slip covers for the chairs and drapes for the window. Mother had given me doilies for the bureau. I made fancy paper lampshades to hide the light globes artistically."

The first major crisis away from home was caused by loneliness.

"Mother visited me one week-end. 'If you are so lonely,' she said, 'why don't you come on home?'

"'But I knew if I gave in I was sunk. I'd have confessed I couldn't stand on my own feet. There are moments, you see, when you have to fight or be licked. After she had gone home I believed I just couldn't stick there. But I did manage to. The dresses always came in the parcel post and gradually I discovered that most of the troubles we anticipate never happen. I slowly realized I had to struggle to be any sort of an individual, and that I could struggle.""

Her meals were what she could cook over a tiny Sterno plate. She found out how to get by with the simplest of utensils.

"In the mornings I read sentimental poetry. I liked it best when the rain beat against my window. Then I'd hope some terrible tragedy would occur to me so I should be a wonderful dramatic actress!"

She was in constant rehearsals the afternoons when there weren't matinees, and the manager of the troupe saw that she reached her hotel safely after the night performances. Men didn't bother her. She was all young blonde innocence, but she wasn't flirtatious and so she didn't attract the undesirable. She was too engrossed with getting ahead to want to have any dates. Besides, she had no money for party clothes.

A NEW stage director joined the company and when he went to Nashville to reorganize there he took Angela McCall, the ingenue, and Mary Boland. The two women are still dear friends.

Six months in Tennessee and Mary had saved her fare to New York and enough to live on for maybe three weeks. She was not quite seventeen, but she sensed that she had to get to the Great White Way to become an important actress.

Her mother, back in Detroit, carefully designed her a taffeta dress in which to dazzle Broadway. It was her only street dress.

In Nashville they had told her of a Mrs. Martin's boardinghouse, catering to theatrical folk of New York. She located there and the very first day began making the rounds of the casting offices.

At the end of two weeks she was still without a rôle. Then she chanced into Sam Harris' office. Last year she starred for him in the play "Jubilee," and many of her Broadway hits were under his banner. But she raised his ire first. He was then managing second-grade road companies that presented hectic melodramas.

"You're just the girl I'm looking for!" he exclaimed when she walked in. "I'll give you sixty dollars a week on the road, as a substitute!"

She smothered a gasp. This much salary was being offered to her! Ecstatically she picked up the proffered manuscript and clutched it closely as she hurried back to the boardinghouse.

"There are plenty of girls walking the streets who are prettier and more capable than you!" he shrieked.

But she blindly stuck to her stand. A sickening uncertainty seized her when she closed the door of his office. She wasn't sure she was right.

Then after three dreadful days she landed a part in a promising first-class production. There were four weeks of try-outs out of town and she was thrilled; she slaved over every nuance of her characterization. The play folded in Chicago.

There was a sympathetic married couple in the cast who took pity on her. Her fare to New York had been guaranteed, but Mrs. Martin's boardinghouse was beyond her now. These friends in need insisted she return to New York and stay with them until she got another rôle. So she did, sleeping on the couch in their sitting room.

"I was walking towards a casting office when I met the man who was head of the Actors' Society. He told me that Robert Edison was desperate for an ingenue, and I was the type. I ran home and borrowed my new friend's coat and hat and walked ten blocks to the theater where Mr. Edison was. I couldn't afford cab fare.

I announced myself and when I was shown in he said warily that I might as well read the part, too. 'You'll be the fourth!" He didn't let her have the script, she had to go back next day and read it cold. She couldn't fall, and so she didn't.

HER acting struggles climaxcd then and there. She was on Broadway, opposite the popular Edison, and next season, at eighteen, she went to England with the play. Then she really had to have an evening gown!

'Mother slaved over a black net triumph. She made a sedate, square neck. After we'd opened in London I had my first exciting date. A distinguished Britisher invited me to supper at the Savoy! I could see mother's masterpiece wasn't stylish enough, and I'd always yearned for pink satin. So I rushed out and bought the satin and took it to a dressmaker who promised to be economical. There were no sleeves and it was décolleté. When I was positive every fold, and tuck were correct I couriered myself in my mirror. I was in London society! But we followed.
When my gallant escort and I were ushered into the magnificent dining salon our wafer-tripped and spilled consumme all over my gown!

I did what any girl does—endeavored to be nonchalant. I wanted to sob; my evening was ruined. But I tried to pass it off as though I had dozens of such gowns at home."

Charles Frohman, the Broadway-London theater king of that time, was so entranced with her stage charm that he engaged her to be John Drew's leading woman, replacing Billie Burke. So before she was out of her 'teens she was playing opposite one of the theater's greatest idols. She was his last heroine, for five seasons.

After that it was one success after another. She was set.

Except so far as love was concerned. The family, back in Detroit, was invariably taken care of. One who set the tone of the career that enabled her to make things easier for them, Mary pasted Kipling's adage in the wardrobe trunk that stood in her dressing room. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

It wasn't cried over, this brave motto, until "she was twenty-eight.

Then she met him, the only man who ever mattered as a man can to a woman. He was seventeen years older than she, a polished, cultured gentleman. In the beginning it was mutual respect; but he had all the qualities of splendid manhood in addition to social rank and similar tastes.

The family kept Mary Boland single. Not by any express interference. But he wanted her to give up the theater and if she stopped working the weekly checks home would have had to stop. She refused to let him assume any of her responsibilities. Her sister had married and was left a widow with two children; this was another burden she had to help lighten. He pleaded with her, of course. There were anguish moments between them. But Mary wasn't in a position to marry yet. She couldn't!—!

And so she learned that a woman doesn't have to love. There are other things in life.

She attacked her career with renewed vigor and, by accident, evolved into a comedienne. Lynn Fontanne went to Europe, forsaking an hilarious part in "Clarence." The producer was in a dilemma and begged Mary to go to Atlantic City and essay the role for the tryout there.

She was so mirth-provoking that she kept on, and a hit! That started her in lighter vein, in the mood in which she has clicked in Hollywood. Although, as I am sure you know, she can still be compelling in straight dramas.

She is thoroughly sold on California after spending last winter on Broadway.

When she took her last leave of absence from Paramount she headed East with her party, which included her mother and her mother's companion, her chauffeur and his wife who is her maid, her secretary, and her two dogs.

One week after the play opened her mother died. Within three weeks her chauffeur became so ill she had to put him in a hospital; when he was sufficiently recovered she had to send him West and his wife, too, to look after him.

Her secretary was taken sick and she had to send him back.

Her best friend, meanwhile died. One of the dogs became sick and it, too, had to be shipped to the Coast.

Now she is busy on pictures. She isn't, as you'd suppose, socially inclined. She likes bridge with a couple of clams, and she reads a lot. Lately she's been going over Dickens once more.

In the storeroom of her mansion, in a far corner, stands the old wardrobe trunk. With its adage, a bit frayed, still pasted on the inside of the lid.

Her father, her sister, and her mother are no longer her problems.

She was poor and now she lives in a beautiful house in Beverly Hills. Its furnishings are exquisite and in the center of the garden she wished for is a gem-like swimming pool sparkling in the California sun.

She has the security she's earned entirely through her own efforts, the affection of the few intimates she's permitted herself to have.

And she has fame—an option on the attention of millions of distant, unknown fans.

She doesn't say anything about falling in love now that she is free of family responsibility.

Mary Boland has plumbed that other kind of love, unaltering faithfulness to one's family. She says she only did her duty. She says she is happy, probably more so than if she had married.

But she is afraid it may be too late to begin afresh and seek the sort of love she might have had!

---

**Skin Flaky?**

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky? Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of first. To insure her concentration upon the career that enabled her to make things easier for them, Mary pasted Kipling's adage in the wardrobe trunk that stood in her dressing room. "He travels fastest who travels alone.""

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base—Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and range go softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after with it for a whirl and aaying. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

---

How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top, sealhouse, catch powder. You can melt them off!

**WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?**

Melt it Smooth... Instantly!

**8-Piece Package**

Pond's, Dept. 39-VT, Clinton, Conn. Rich 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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grow so absurdly minute with the passing of years grow great again. There's nobody but Katharine Hepburn who could convincingly turn into a page of Godfrey's Lady's Book—fragile and brittle as a pressed flower—and yet alive.

Furthermore, "A Woman Rebels" contains some of the finest photography we've seen.

Estelle L. Katz, Brockton, Mass.

ruthlessness, and tenderness. By the mere set of this man's jaw can be read every emotion. He is what is known as an Actor.

In this age of Taylors and Gables, Gary's following has increased instead of diminishing; his type of restrained romancing seems to be just as pleasing to the female of the species as the more flamboyant antics of his contemporaries.

From out of the wastes of Montana came this

**So you always thought Bob Taylor stood out like a flag, did you? And you were positive "Society Doctor" was his first movie? So did we—but no. Here's America's lever-giver in his honest-to-goodness first rôle, in the late Will Rogers picture "Handy Andy." Isn't changed so much, has he?**

**$1.00 Prize**

**Franchot a Smoothie**

In a movie world of thrilling heart-breaking playboys, popular lads about town, and adventurous thrill seeking he-men, Franchot Tone, with his pleasantly soft voice and frank boyish smile, his polished reserved manner, adds a note of sincerity and refinement to every picture in which he appears. He is one actor who can be counted upon to give a smooth flawless performance. Remember for example "Dangerous," "The King Steps Out" and "Suzy." Here's to Franchot Tone, always the perfect gentleman. May he never disappoint us!

Marion Newman, Long Beach, Calif.

**$1.00 Prize**

**A Garland for Gary**

For consistency, virile manliness and excellence of performance I nominate Gary Cooper!

This long, lean, lanky cowpuncher has developed into one of the most pleasing and competent performers on the screen; merely by walking across a room he can convey to his audience, anger, happiness, indecision, action man of silence to bring pleasure to the hearts of the multitude. Fate works many strange things.

Thomas Nathan Pappas, Memphis, Tenn.

**$1.00 Prize**

**Short Division**

My bouquet is for division among three lovely ladies, whose sincerity, charm and talent have given me many happy movie hours. They are Kay Francis, Frieda Inescort and Gail Patrick.

These three tall, impeccably groomed charmers are always dressed distinctively, yet in the most conservative taste. They move with grace, they speak in quiet cultured tones, their scenes are played with feeling, yet with admirable restraint. They are ladies in the truest sense of the word, and somehow they make the Crawfords, Lombards and Harlows, in their dazzling costumes, exaggerated make-ups and over-emphasized personalities, seem so many screeching burlesque queens.

Continued success to Kay, Frieda and Gail, exponents of the soft pedal on and off the screen.

Mabel Irene Kelly, Edmonton, Canada

**$1.00 Prize**

**New and Nifty**

From the millions of fans who keep demanding something new and different—here's a tribute to Martha Raye, that inimitable new laugh personality. She's so unlike any female comedian thus far seen on the screen, that it's a rare treat to watch any of her side-splitting performances.

Maybe she's not pretty, but we can't say that she's not attractive. She's got that certain something that makes you want to see more and more of her lun-antics and hear more of her ultra modern swing voice.

If Martha Raye is included in the cast of a picture, it's well worth seeing.

Constance Haglof, Brockton, Mass.

**$1.00 Prize**

**On His Way—**

Errol Flynn's performance in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was arresting, establishing him all the more firmly as a versatile actor. He is, I submit, the genuine article—handsome, dashingly charming, and the fortunate possessor of a trumpet clear voice with a pleasing tone. And the fact that he looks and acts like a swashbuckling adventurer and gallant soldier of fortune is, I feel, the secret of his tremendous popularity and appeal. His own hardy adventures and experiences have prepared him for the types of roles he portrays, and he imparts to them a sparkle and lighthearted bounce and a rollicking zest second to none. If, as is written, "vitality is the secret of all greatness," then Errol Flynn, with a merry twinkle in his Irish eyes, is well on his way to winning the topmost honors the screen has to offer.

Hoyt McAfee, Forest City, N. C.

**Enough Is Enough**

After sitting through "Anthony Adverse" and "The Great Ziegfeld" both of which I was truculently eager to see, I have come to the conclusion that there is such a thing as giving the public far too much for its money. The Ziegfeld showed lasted exactly three hours and fifteen minutes, and my party left the theater exhausted and in no mood to appreciate any part of the program except its conclusion. It is humanly impossible to keep audiences sitting so long and keep them under the spell of the picture. You should have heard the sighs, the restless wriggling, the diminution of enthusiasm that marked the audience. Two hours is plenty long enough for any picture.

Mrs. E. H. Lott, Baton Rouge, La.

**Hands Across the Sea**

I am the single subscriber to Photoplay in Timisoara, Roumania. I wait always with eagerness the arrival of the magazine. But alas, very often I must wait a very long time till we have it. We are very far from New York!

The last American film I saw was "The
Littlest Rebel” with Shirley Temple. I find Miss Temple the most talented and charming little actress in the world. Her acting is so natural and still very educated.

I remember as a child I was delighted when my English Governess went with me to the movies to see Jackie Coogan. For me it was the maximum of pleasure. Now, I must go with my three-year old little boy to see Shirley. I think he is her smallest admirer. Not only children, but also grownups, are delighted at her charm and loveliness. Awaiting more Shirley Temple pictures.

F. GERGEN,
Timisoara, Roumania

What—No Glamour?

After seeing Ruth Chatterton in several pallid rôles, I had the privilege recently of seeing her current picture “Dodsworth.” Which caused me to meditate “why do screen actresses think they must portray saccharine, glamorous women in order to win and keep audiences?”

I find in my screen memories that the clearest etchings are those characterizations which were filmed without benefit of glamour—no stunning wardrobes, no overwhelming party scenes; just true portrayals of difficult or perhaps unattractive characters, dependent solely upon the actress’s capability. 

I had hoped to see Joan Crawford submerged, and Peg emerge in “The Gorgeous Hussy.” Alas, the picture should have been called “Gorgeous Joan.” Ruth Chatterton has again come into her own as one of the foremost American actresses, thanks to her interpretation of Dodsworth’s wife.

MARGARET ROEHM,
Topeka, Kan.

Dancing Delites

Not all of us were “Born to Dance” like Eleanor Powell, but we all enjoy watching her intricate routines. And Ruby Keeler, going into her dance, is irresistible. ushered in by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, whose glamorous dancing in “The Gay Divorcee” first made Americans dance-conscious, the dance vogue is sweeping the country. Elaborate chorus effects and solo numbers are high spots in pictures today.

Nearly all the movie newcomers are masters of the dance. It’s gotten so that the stars would almost rather have the lead in a swing show than be “Camille” or “Hamlet.”

LYSIBETH GATES,
Piqua, Ohio.

No Artifice Wanted

Anyone tired of glamorous sophisticated ladies with sweeping lashes, microscopic arched brows, veiled gams and tragic languorous airs? Anyone a bit weary of husky accented tones, or brittle clipped voices? Then turn to a girl who is truly lovely, a girl who is alert with youth, glowing with fresh natural beauty and vibrant with life—Anne Shirley. She needs none of the artifices of the siren—she is entirely captivating as her own self.

MARGARET HAGEN,
Roland, Iowa.
tricks—and of course they met, on a luxury liner America-bound!

The legendary love of Lili and Errol paints us the picture. We can see Lili in the grand saloon of the ship, surrounded by gaping males in claw-hammer coats. The big Irishman notices her and feels his collar catching fire. Elbowing through the throng, he asks her to dance.

The couple stayed up on the top deck, No. 1 out of her coquette bag, she says, “Come back in five minutes,” Flynn didn’t like this, but he did. Damita, following her plan of campaign, not new but forever good, probably said, “Oh, I’ll see you around?” The old gag worked, as it always does, and Flynn said to himself, “I want that.” Lili, still besieged by the hopeful horde, said the same internally. Obviously, it couldn’t be long—and of course it wasn’t!

Once in Hollywood, things began to hot up. Damita, then still riding in the blue chips from the studios, took up her film commitments, while Big Boy reported to Warners under a modest salary agreement. And all this time the terrifying type of forest fire love raged with redoubled violence.

Flynn moved helplessly toward matrimony, fighting every step of the way.

“I’m not the sort of chap who ever should marry,” he told his friends—and a few days later the beautiful couple was off, helter-skelter, to Yuma, and the halter which now hitches them in the holy bonds.

It was inevitable that they should scuffle, and they did—almost from the take-off. In fact, war correspondents were regularly assigned to cover the Flynn-Damita front, and while ducking strong adjectives they wired their papers of bitter word-battles in which nothing was hurt but the feelings. During the filming of “The Green Light,” Flynn packed his elegant English luggage and beat a strategic retreat, only to come back with his arms open and declarations of devotion on his lips.

His big break came when Robert Donat, the British Wonder Man, was playing the leading role in “Captain Blood,” cut and tailored to his measure after “Monte Cristo,” and the big red apple fell into the lap of Errol. He swashed and buckled through this showy part while women mourned and swooned all over the Republic, and within a week he was a big shot in pictures. Fame and adulation didn’t take Big Stuff’s clear eyes off the main chance. He merely told Jack Warner, with a convincing ring, that he now sported a very costly wife, and another figure or two was added to the proper end of his pay check.

The bitter side of this time was delivering its usual kicks in the derrière. As Flynn rode high, Damita was chuting the chutes out of the cinema picture. The time arrived when no one called her but the grocer. Hollywood experts opine that this shift of fortunes had nothing to do with the subsequent slinkey tears, rages and partings, but to this notion I significantly touch my long nose and wink sourly. Nobody can tell me that a famed and beauteous film star is going to be cut down to an occasional quickie, while her recently unknown spouse zooms to fortune, without suffering severe lacerations of her proud spirit. Within a month, Flynn was a hot shot and lovely Lili was practically nothing but his wife. I needn’t say that these things are very tough indeed to take—especially for a girl who has received the kick-scratching and goose-grazing that fell to the hush hat of Damita for so many years.

But Flynn stayed strictly in character. Rich or poor, dim or famous, he was the same husky Irishman, heading in a straight line for what he wanted. He began building a house on an inaccessible mountain-top, surrounded by wild beasts and birds of the forest. The lock-step l illness right about this mad, embattled teaming. They are a truly thrilling sight to see, in all their youth and beauty. As a vision of what two human beings can be when the Creator really bears down, they are nothing short of superb. As a married pair they are undoubtedly the leading example of marital madness.

Dectable Damita became what she is at present by a long course of private and semipublic propriety. She has only kept her eyes clambering from under mountains of costly flowers and saying yes, no and perhaps to a long and glittering line of love-struck swains. Flynn became the independent, non-conforming realist the hard way.

The son of a professor at Queen’s University in Belfast, Errol didn’t do much with book-learning, and in practically no time the kid was in Tasmania, at the other end of the world. He had the true stout heart and eager spirit of the adventurer. He was all jumbled up with gold and head-hunters in fabulous New Guinea, and took a good, sound rooking from high-pressure finance wolves. He was in the pearl trade in Tahiti, and appears to have been a member of the British Olympic boxing team at Amsterdam in ’28. He touched all the bases, and loved it—and if, in a few weeks, he is reported as chasing the wall-eyed ophidian in the Gobi Desert, hardly an eyebrow will be lifted. Flynn’s like that.

He is probably the most surprised man in the world, even yet, to find himself married to a petted beauty to whom socializing and mooning are the very breath of life.

But there it is—the unfathomable chemical reaction commonly called love has this badly-matched, ill-mated couple in a death grip, and it shows no signs of letting go, scream and struggle though they may and do.

What can their future hold but incessant battles and passionate embraces, and perhaps a final, irreparable explosion for a grand finale? I frankly don’t know—your guess, and theirs, is as good or better than mine.

It is too much to expect that Lili, the caressed kitten, and Flynn, the clear-eyed adventurer and opportunist, will change so radically that their schemes of life will ultimately meet and blend. How can we hope for that? No—I fear they will continue to be what they are—beautiful, tigerish, proud lovers and haters tossed into each other’s arms by snickering Fate. The Great Parting of Nov. 15, 1936, was followed by the Great Reconciliation of Nov. 26—and these things can go on and on, and will.

I only know that here, in the mad misgating of Damita and Errol Flynn, we find a rare and perfect example of love in the grand manner. No timorous, half-hearted union based on a common liking for badminton, but a full-blooded, ardent love affair, heedless of consequences, in which anything can happen and likely will.

I dare swear that no good will come of it, at long last. But I also say that we can be very grateful for the Flynn-Damita melange as a spectacle and as a reminder that the race is not yet dying of pernicious anemia. And we can also be thankful, perhaps, noting this weird mingling of hell and heaven, that we take our own romances with a spoonful of salt. Or are you?
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Paramount

HOME SPUN to a degree, and as clean as a new shirt, this offers the overwhelming group who clamor for unsophisticated entertainment its money's worth. It concerns a nature columnist who gets mixed up with killers politicians. When they kidnap him, he is saved by his friends the Boy Scouts. Charles Ruggles and Alice Brady provide the humor.

GREAT GUY—Grand National

A SUBDUED James Cagney returns to the screen in a peppy story of a minor government official who runs afoul of crooked politicians. Mae Clarke as Cagney's doubting sweetheart is pleasing. Edward Brophy and James Burke are mildly amusing. Very average fare lacking briskness, pace and suspense. Cagney fans will be disappointed at Jimmy's lack of coickness.

SINNER TAKE ALL—M-G-M

FOR a number of reasons, this action-filled murder yarn falls to entertain. Three murders within three days wiping out three members of a millionaire's family leaving only daughter Margaret Lindsay alive to trust in reporter lawyer Bruce Cabot's efforts to save her will give you the idea. No comedy relief, brittle acting, poor dialogue and direction are some of the reasons it's so poor.

WITH LOVE AND KISSES—Melody Pictures

UNPRETENTIOUS comedy played ingratiatingly by Pinky Tomlin as a farm boy who wants to be a songwriter. He comes to New York, is given the run around by a gang of crooks who want his songs. Toby Wing and her brother, Arthur Houseman, aid Pinky to get a better deal. Houseman as a drunken lawyer gives an amusing performance. Trite, but aided considerably by Pinky's imimitable singing.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY—GB

A MODERN love story with a New York and London background, this picture is better acted than plotted. It concerns the murder of an unknown derelict in the apartment of a fashionable doctor (Otto Kruger) and his supposed wife (Leonora Corbett). The action goes into reverse and shows the past life of the principals, and the not very convincing reasons for the shooting. The English cast is satisfactory.

STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON—GB

BASED on Edgar Wallace's "The Northing Tramp," this semi-mysteries rattles around at a harum-scarum rate; manages to be fairly amusing, a la Brexit, forced to marry with a village swain, elopes with a tramp. The tramp turns out to have a lurid past, but a golden future as Lord Quigley if he can secure a paper proving his inheritance. The honeymooners flee to Canada pursued by their vicious cousin and two gangmen, one of whom is Noah Beery. After escapades which get dizzier and dizzier, Lord Quigley gets the paper; he already has the girl.

Constance Cummings is Stilted, Hugh Sinclair bored, and acting honors go to James Arnold and Anne Tucker McGuire as bride and bridegroom, for the best scenes in the picture.

CRIMINAL LAWYER—RKO Radio

LEE TRACY as a wise-cracking crooked lawyer who becomes district attorney and takes his job seriously, turns in a convincing and entertaining performance in a role that is tailor for him. Margot Grahame as his secretary does nice work, and Eduardo Cansell as the menacing gambler is outstanding. Good story, clever lines, and plenty of suspense make this picture good entertainment.

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox

THIS exciting air drama overcomes a dragging start uncommentable to star, Peter Lorre, gains emotional momentum in a disastrous transatlantic flight and ends in a blaze of acting glory for Brian Donlevy. The plot concerns spy Lorre's efforts to get secret plane blueprints from pilot Donlevy. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck support.

STOLEN HOLIDAY—Warners-First National

CARFARELY cast as a swank couturière in Paris, Kay Francis wears a different gown in every sequence and forces you to admit in this drama of smart robbery that she is still the best dressed woman on the screen. Kay as a mannequin in our own Kathleen Howard's gown shop is tricked by Claude Rains, Russian crook, into helping him perpetrate the swindle that sets him on the road to big time mishandling of public funds. Hence the story is taken from the much publicized crash of a combine of pawn shops in France in which the prize sound involved a famous beauty in his downfall. Kay falls in love with Ian Hunter, British diplomat, but marries Rains as a gesture of friendship in a vain attempt to save his reputation.

WAY OUT WEST—Hal Roach—M-G-M

L AUREL and Hardy rollick their way West to deliver a gold mine deed intended for saloon gamin Rosina Lawrence. By mistake they turn it over to dancehall queen, Sharon Lynne, and her bar-owner husband James Finlayson. They avenge their error by slapstick antics that will keep you howling with laughter. The Laurel and Hardy singing and dancing scenes are a riot.

COLLEGE HOLIDAY—Paramount

A OTHER bit of hysteria in the Hollywood epidemic of loony stories set to music. Outside of the imposing list of names there is little to be said of this one. A bright newcomer Ben Blue, steals most of the fun away from George Burns, Gracie Allen, Jack Benny, Martha Raye and Mary Boland. Marsh Hunt and Lief Erickson supply the love interest. Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney form a clever team. This should be funnier.

GOOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Warner

BUILDING steadily in excitement, this vigorous story of rival lumber camps climbs to an explosive climax when the logs belonging to Beverly Roberts' camp are deliberately jammed and held by Robert Barrat, owner of a rival camp. Barrat's brother, George Brent, steps in, saves the day, and also wins Miss Roberts for his own. Brent turns in a strong performance as the reformed playboy.

The Shadow Stage

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1937 103
Lottie Pickford died at her home in Beverly Hills on December 10th of a heart attack. Born in Toronto, Canada, on June 9, 1895, Lottie appeared in vaudeville with Mary in Canada, and later was on the screen in many pictures through the early 1920’s. A striking brunette, she was married four times. Gwynne, her only daughter, was adopted by Mary Pickford. Her sister’s death leaves Mary the only surviving member of a devoted family. Jack and Mrs. Pickford died some years ago.

Hours later the frantic Tracys found him there, in Donovan’s alley—grimy, sweaty, indomitable captain of the barred fort. He was perfectly happy.

They brought him home howling, home to tears and loud discussion and bed-without-supper. He began school the next morning.

But Mouse and Rattie were his friends from that day, unto eternity. He saw them often. On increasingly periodic afternoons Milwaukee’s truant officer—one Mr. Fischer—came to the Tracy door and inquired skeptically of the maid if Master...

Spencer walked thoughtfully on.

He had headed South, and if you knew Milwaukee in 1907 you remember that South Side; narrow streets and towering, dirty buildings; saloons on every corner and, in between, houses with shuttered windows, alleys, squalls. He saw the shadow, the squalor, the reeking stink and hum when the young runaway reached it. He was fascinated. The gutters were intriguing, running with things that smelled, fish and garbage, cooking food (and he was getting hungry), alcohol and beer and “Free Lunch” from under the swinging doors, the odor peculiar to streets over which horses balked and trod.

He met Mouse and Rattie, sons of the most successful saloonkeeper in the neighborhood on a corner. They surveyed him belligerently from under their dirty caps (being of the South Side aristocracy they had caps, and also shoes) and Spencer did not flinch. He put up his small fists.

“Wanna fight?” he said.

Mouse and Rattie consulted “Aw,” Mouse said finally, “we could tear yer back out and roll ya up if we wanted to.”

White-faced Spencer stood. “I’ll fightcha—both at once. I’ll send ya runnin’ home to mama.” His lower lip was an insult.

There was a long silence. “I know where there’s a swell barrel to make a fort out of,” Rattie said casually. “Back in Donovan’s alley.”

Spencer put his hands in his pockets. “I’ll be the captain,” he said.

Spencer’s illness was a serious one; and invariably the maid would reply that Master Spencer was very well, thank you; and invariably Mr. Fischer knew where to go.

On the days when Spencer saw fit to attend class his teachers were wont to sigh longingly for the peaceful times when he played hooky. Of the fat, self-flattening spitball he was indisputably master. He devised a special inkwell and put it in two of the front desks, so that when freshly laundered little girls dipped morning pens a spring released jetting floods of black liquid. His gallery of portraits on textbook margins was the finest in the school.

His grades were the worst. The only runner up in any of these activities was a younger boy by the name of Pat O’Brien. At the age of fourteen they met, fought to the death behind the school fence, and with noses dripping shuck hands in mutual respect. They’ve been pals ever since.

With adolescence the usual things happened to Spencer. His voice was ridiculous. He began to shave a year before there was anything to shave, he discovered sex (in the idealistic sense) simultaneously with a little red-haired girl down the street. She thought him magnificent.

They held hands and had ice cream and cake together at parties and were dramatically precise about the future. They had only just decided on what sort of a house they would have, and how many bright-eyed tousle-haired children, when her temper met his in a blast of young fury and he foresaw “wimmen” forever.

Somehow, just before his family moved to Kansas City—following John Tracy’s business—he managed to wangle a diploma, ribbon from St. Mary’s parochial school. He brought it home in triumph and announced that henceforth he would earn his own way in the world, now that he was educated.

“Now,” said his father.

In quiet explanatory tone, first, and eventually in hot fury, Spencer pleaded. “You’ll go on to school until you’ve learned the sort of things that make a gentleman,” Mr. Tracy shouted, “and I don’t want any more argument from you!” This was his last word, and thereafter Spencer groveled futilely in his locked room. When they were settled in Kansas City he enrolled at St. Mary’s.

Shortly after (the reason would be a repetition here) he left that famous institution and went to Rockhurst, where a good thing happened. He met, there, two other boys who thought they were just as tough as he was. And they were.

At home he nursed in silence his swollen jaw, his black eye and his loosened tooth, and faced himself for the first time. Tall for sixteen, splendid of shoulder, he looked in the mirror over his dresser and asked of the image there, with infinite scorn, “Who do you think you are?”

He dared to review the past honestly then. The egocentric spirit, the belligerent disposition, the conviction that either his fists or his charming Irish grin would carry him through—these his basic qualities. He had no thought for the sheer imagination or the creditable ingenuity, the personal honesty his activities had sprung from. The process of his own personality was not a pretty thing to him that night.

He made to himself, during the next hour, two or three promises which he has always kept.

Whimsically John Tracy’s home office moved back to Milwaukee, dragging the family with it; and Spencer entered West Side High School there with astonishing good grace. He still hated the requisite discipline, the study, the books—but his original attitude had changed completely.

Meanwhile Europe was explosively out for the hide of that mild man with the incongruously fierce mustaches named Wilhelm, Kaiser of unhappy Germany. In Paris a nervous populace awaited the sudden appearance of Hoche Gotth, greeting them with darkness, the mourning of siens, seeking fingers of light; Loos, Amiens, Jouy were names in American newspaper headlines, and young students, when they had finished with local topics, discussed bitterly the outrages to their ladies by queer-like Huns. Propaganda began early here.

Spencer was seventeen when official America decided to repay Lafayette’s call. But the strange mob-inspired excitement didn’t hit him entirely for a few months.

Eventually, however, it happened. Bands went by, playing. Young ladies with flushed...
checkered offered a carnation and a kiss to any young man who would enlist, and lines of khaki marched past through the Milwaukee streets, and glamour (synthetic, bought and paid for) was inexorably attached to war. It sounded like the most magnificent circus ever arranged in history and no Tracy had ever been known to miss a good show.

SPENCER left his last class of the day one cloudy December afternoon and caught a trolley that was headed downtown. He had tossed his books under a hedge with the happy thought that he would have no more use for them, now that he was going to substitute travel for education; he had decided on the Marines, you see. Naturally he had not taken the family into his confidence. It would be just like them, he knew, to point out that his age would prohibit enlistment and that a lie was a sinful thing.

"I found the enlistment station next door to the famous old Schlitz hotel," Spencer told me; "an occasional man straggled in and then wandered out again, between two very stiff-necked Marines in uniform on either side of the door. I went up, hesitated a minute, and walked right past—I couldn't get my face in any sort of form."

Fifteen times he approached the little station, and paused, and hurriedly went down on the street. Fifteen times the two uniforms, rigidly at attention, stared through him. Finally, on sheer nerve, he went in.

A courteous attendant asked him questions, gave him a blank to fill out, overflowed him as he scribbled.

"Your age, Tracy?" the attendant said, finally.

With eyes blank Spencer started to say, "Twenty, sir," but after so many years of the habit of honesty, his words seemed to speak independently and for themselves.

"Seventeen—and eight months," they said.
The attendant tore up the enlistment blanks, smiling ruefully.

That evening Spencer sat moody in his room, eyeing the books which he had retrieved from under the hedge on his way home. Rationalization was a tough project, somehow; the exchange of lessons for cannon fire, Milwaukee for all the world, had been too glamorous and too exciting to forget in a few hours. He looked sickly, disregarded by himself, too, for telling the truth when there were so many noble arguments to sustain the lie.

His mother knocked. "Whatever you're talking about," her voice said, "I'll advise you to stop now. Pat O'Brien's here to see you!"

Pat barged into the room grinning, overbrimming with news. "I've joined the Navy!" he told Spencer.

"You're a better liar than I am, if you did," Spencer said, frowning. He recounted shamefacedly his abortive attempt of the afternoon.

"But you crazy Irish Mug," Pat interrupted, finally, "that was the Marine Service. You're old enough for the Navy!" He shouted down Spencer's delighted yelps. "First the Great Lakes Training Station—and then overseas! Sounds pretty good, him!"

Spence was already clattering down the stairs, for consultation with his parents.

His mother wept, but surprisingly Mr. Tracy patted his son on the back and then flung up the evening papers as a barrier to argument. "Let the boy do this thing if he wants to," he said.

Spencer enlisted, and was accepted, the next day—and two days later left with Pat for Great Lakes, where together they fought the war.

A very few things happened. Spencer got a blister on his heel from too much drilling; he escaped the flu epidemic; and when, six months later, his company was transferred to Norfolk, he went for a cruise on a whale boat in the bay. Most important of all, his friendship with Pat O'Brien was cemented into a lasting entity, never to be broken. Before they could get into it, the war ended and they were mustered out of service. The two boys stood glumly in civilian clothes waiting for the Milwaukee train.

Pat lit a cigarette. "What now, have you any idea?" he asked, shaking the match languidly.

Spencer looked vaguely at the platform.

"I hadn't thought of that, exactly," said Pat. "What—what would you think of our going to New York and becoming actors?"

"Actors?" cried Pat. "Actors? Holy Cow!"

Spencer's ambition led him into strange paths. He stored starvation in the face looking for a job as an actor; then he fell in love with the leading lady! Don't miss next month's colorful installment of the star's life story.

Secrets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

skating star, soon to be seen in pictures, advocates the addition of a half a pound of rich starch to the bath followed by a vinegar rinse, a half a pint to a tub. We tried it and agreed that it leaves the skin lovely and soft.

"Try any number of other secrets that would tell you—that Virginia Bruce believes that peroxide keeps the nails flexible and unstained, that Jean Harlow is a farm believer in oil treatments for the hair and that her choice is castor oil, that blonde Barbara Pepper keeps her skin light by using a paste of cornmeal and buttermilk—but the most important thing is to notice what soft, clear skin and white hands our very old ladies have. They realized the value of sweetness and daintiness and femininity as we, who are too preoccupied with jobs and bustle and women's rights, do not. If a woman hasn't these things she has thrown away her greatest claim to charm. Don't forget—It's the extra little bit of effort that pays the dividends.

Carolyn Van Wyck is always glad to personally answer inquiries on your beauty problems. Simply enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope with your question or your request for our newest leaflet ‘Bathe in Beauty.’ Send your letters to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

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* * *

Katherine-K. Measur-fit is seeking intelligent, ambitious women for training as corsetieres. If you would like a good income, send coupon below.
Ginger Was Threatened With Death!

[continued from page 31]

and your mother will be filled so full of holes you will look like a sieve. I have been watching you and your mother all the time. Any attempt to notify the police and we will kill your mother and if you don’t believe it, make one slip and we will get you, too.

I want bills in 100, 50, and 20 denominations. You will proceed to Long Beach Wednesday night, Dec. 9. You will be followed all the way by two of my men. You will wrap the money in paper and leave it at the Anchorage cafe or beer parlor in Long Beach at 11 p.m. Leave it for John Wilkinson. You will make an attempt to disguise yourself so you will not be known. Warning: No slip OR ELSE—

J. Edgar Hoover’s Los Angeles force of G-men swung into action. No time must be lost. Once before Ginger had received a similar threat. No word of this ever had been made public and nothing ever came of it. But the writer was never caught. But on this occasion not so much as one hint had reached either Ginger or her mother. Their lives were in danger. In fact, neither knew of it until the next morning when two thin-lipped men presented themselves at Ginger’s dressing room.

“We will be around for awhile, Miss Rogers,” they said. “You are not to worry but a letter threatening you and your mother has been received. We’ll try not to get in your way but we’ll be around.”

She knew one moment of fear when the operatives revealed the details of the note. Not to know where the danger was, when it might confront her, what form it would take, was the worst. And the least—to be pumped full of lead—was none too small.

It might be a joker with a grim sense of humor, she tried to reason. It might be someone made desperate by hunger or want. It might be the strange complex of someone angrier at her, or someone who needed money. Whatever it was, it was the work of a maladjusted mind and maladjusted minds can drive people to frightful extremes.

“I try not to worry,” the G-men again said. “Just keep in touch with the studio or your home at all times. We’ll keep an eye on you.”

At no time were the G-men obvious in their care of Ginger but from that moment she was never out of sight of them. When her car drove away from a curb, another followed it a few paces to the rear. Quiet men sat near her when she dined out. Lounging in the shadows of the big rehearsal hall at the studio, where she was rehearsing for “Stepping Toes,” her next picture with Fred Astaire, were men who had eyes but for one person, Ginger.

The extortion note was received on November 26th, thirteen days before the stated completion of the film and the money paid.

Naturally no word of the situation was to leak out. But inevitably the newspapers did learn of it and printed what they knew.

The breaking of the story in the papers altered the entire situation. All concern shifted from the coded message and the money paid.

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The man stopped, stared a moment and then approached the car. Plainly he was flustered. Carefully he looked Ginger and Billy over, peering into the back of the car before answering.

“Uh—ah, it’s down that street,” he finally said, pointing to a nearby lane. Then he and his girl ran from sight.

Ginger has a strong feeling, hunch, premonition—call it what you will—that she spoke that night to the man who had threatened her with death! She had felt from the first, and so told the authorities long before he was captured, that the man they were seeking was a sailor.

How close she was to the truth she probably never will know. The darkness of the night made it impossible for her to identify him by pictures later published and she has never since met him face to face.

Came the night for the contact. Friday, December 4th at 11 p.m. Ginger consorted herself by going to a movie since she was excluded from the actual capture or attempt at capture! Mrs. Rogers rehearsed her play. Neither knew of each other’s fate. Not until the next morning when J. Edgar Hoover released the news in Washington, D.C. simultaneously with word of the boy’s signed confession.

As I said, I must keep faith and not reveal the actual workings of the capture. But it was a clever piece of brainwork and acting!

The writer of the note turned out to be a twenty year old youth, James F. Hall, a sailor attached to the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Lexington, then in the San Pedro harbor. He is slim, dark, of medium height, and rather good looking. One blot mars the record of his life—a term served at a boys’ reformatory.

Since his was a federal offense—using the mails to defraud under threat of death—he was taken before the federal grand jury in Los Angeles. He indicated he would plead guilty and if there was a chance that he might be held behind Federal prison bars. His sentence may be from one to twenty years at the discretion of the judge. So much for his crime and punishment.

What led him to do such a foolishly, dangerous thing? Probably the strangest reason in history?

Ginger had long been his favorite actress, he said. He had not missed one of her pictures. He had, in fact, “fallen for” her in a big way.

“Since I’ve been to see all her pictures and paid money for them, why shouldn’t she pay me for such adoration?” was his amazing justification for his crime. He added the death threat to the demand for the $8000, he said, because he figured she wouldn’t pay any attention to it otherwise.

He got attention but not only Ginger’s. Usually Sam was interested too and will be for some time, from one to twenty years.

Wisely, Ginger has kept entirely out of the picture since his capture, permitting herself no maudlin sympathy. More important than her natural feeling of sorrow is the criminal knowledge that the public, which means you and you and you, must be protected from such menace.

Therefore she has not sought kniency for the man but is letting the law take its course!
"It is all very well for you to do your duty to the fans and get writer's cramp," we remarked as he scribbled his name for us across an old broken-down envelope, "but why are you so cheerful about it?"

Penner positively smirked. "I can't help but remember," he said, "how six or seven years ago punk and terribly impressed by film stars, I perched myself on a wooden box outside the Carlyle Circle and watched the premiere of 'Holiday' with Ann Harding. I saw stars giving autographs and I thought to myself, I wonder if anybody will ask me to sign his name to something. I didn't have much money then and little prospect. Well, now that people do ask me for my autograph, I guess I can give cheerfully and be glad too."

**ABOUT the time that Joe was struggling in third-rate variety roles Jack Benny, now the big boy of radio, was emerging from vaudeville obscurity and beginning to make a name for himself with his delightfully casual, sly humor, at the Los Angeles Orpheum theater. But he, too, remembers the days when, like Penn, he was forced to sign his name to something he didn't have much money then and little prospect. Well, now that people do ask me for my autograph, I guess I can give cheerfully and be glad too.

**When Sniffles Start—Use KLEENEX!**

- Don't suffer nose torture during colds! Put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex the instant sniffles start! For Kleenex is so soft, so absorbent that irritation is almost impossible. What's more, Kleenex tends to retain germs, and thus the spread of colds through the family. Simply use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

The Kleenex habit reduces handkerchief washing and saves money, too. Because at the present low price, you can use so many Kleenex Tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Buy Kleenex and always make sure you get genuine Kleenex!

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she told me, "It makes me nervous. I much prefer stage or pictures."

Whether or not she likes it, she's pretty good at it, in our opinion. She works with her lines more than anyone we have ever heard rehearse for a broadcast, reading them differently, stressing and trying for different inflections. We also heard her make several very sound script suggestions to Producer Bill Bacher, suggestions which were adopted.

WE used to think that Joan Crawford held the palm for nervousness in front of the microphone, but our candidate now is Fred Astaire. Once he is on the air, he is perfectly calm and collected, but oh my, the nervous tantrums he has during rehearsal. He is as temperamental as they come, picking up music and slamming it down on the floor, jumping all over this person and that one. He usually succeeds in getting his cast and crew in a high state of jitters.

Freddie doesn't like autograph collectors and he runs like a wild deer from crowds. Once last month, in his haste to make an exit from the studio and out the side door, before fans could get to him, he knocked over a musician and the musician's stand. That was the day he was in such a hurry that he ran out in his tap shoes, leaving his every-day bagmans behind.

In contrast to his orchestra leader, the jovial Mr. Johnny Green who sweeps up to N. B. C. in a big Packard with chauffeur, Mr. Astaire, (along with Mrs. Astaire who goes everywhere he goes), hides from prying eyes in the back of his station wagon.

Johnny Green, by the way, is making his mark as a beaux gagster in Hollywood. Clark Gable and Bob Taylor have nothing on Mr. Green when it comes to pickin' 'em. He brings a different girl friend to every broadcast. One night it is Ginger Rogers, another Simone Simon, then there was Wendy Barrie and at last sight, Sylvia Sidney. Johnny plucks them proudly in a front seat and takes his position on the stage where he puts on a fine act, tuning up the orchestra, waving the baton, trying out this instrument or that. He is a good showman as well as a good musical director.

Joan Crawford is getting over some of that microphone fright which used to make life miserable for her. At the broadcast of "Elizabeth the Queen" with Franchot Tone, she was much more at ease than we have ever seen her. True, as a precautionary measure, they pushed a chair up against her knees so they wouldn't wobble too much, but although we watched closely we didn't see a single quiver.

Joan was all done up for the broadcast in a black evening dress with a gold lace trim and she looked pretty darned elegant. She had a couple of gardenias to carry which had come not from Franchot, but from a clerk at the Western Union telegraph office to whom Joan had sent two tickets but who at the last minute couldn't get off for the show.

It was practically a French love fest when Adolph Menjou and Lily Pons took the air in "Conversation Piece," the Noel Coward play. During rehearsals exiled French vowels and verbs were being tossed all over the place. Adolph speaks very good French, of course, and went right into his foreign language number immediately when he met Lily. They hit it off beautifully and were pals from the first—so much so that on the evening of the show, Adolph showed up with a beautiful armful of flowers which he presented to Lily "in admiration of your charm and talent."

What did the devoted Andre Kostelanetz, Lily's fiancée, say? Well, of course, he was very pleased by it, but paid little attention. He was giving his careful attention to Lily's work, sitting up in the control room, listening to the Pons' voice, and signaling her through the glass when to raise, or lower her voice.

You've heard some new rumors about radio moving back from Hollywood to New York? Don't believe 'em. The new N. B. C. building, built just a year ago, and believed at the time large enough to take care of radio expansion for the next ten years, is so filled that important shows, like Shell Chanteau, can't get rehearsal rooms half the time. And C. B. S. which is planning a famous new building, keeps on enlarging its original plans. We're still doing all right here, thank you.

Miss Sex Appeal of '37

(continued from page 45)

above Lake Washington that she really got down to brass.

If she wanted to go to college she would have to work. Her folks weren't wealthy. If she worked it meant no sororities, no foolishness, no idle hours of halcyon youth and carefree college life and all that rot. That was okay with Frances—okay if there was something in college worth the drive.

There was. It was a little intimate theater, a penthouse off the quad, and competent dramatic instruction. She could major in drama and become an actress. And the minute she found this out and knew what she wanted, she went after it with a drive and singleness of purpose which is nothing short of amazing—for itself as well as its results.

Phyllis Loughon, her dramatic coach, says, "There isn't one ounce of luck to Frances Farmer or her success. Nothing but ambition, direction, vitality, and reality."

Frances says, "I'm really in a hurry. What time is it?"

SHE handled five jobs at one time at Washington. Besides her school work, which was a full course, she did a secretarial stint for the government's FSIP. She played peddler's daughter in a stage play; she did advertising skits for the radio. And on week ends she swung a flash-light up and down the aisles of the Paramount Theater rigged out as an usherette.

Some of these things Frances didn't enjoy. But she needed the money. In the summer she "hashed" up at Mount Rainier National Park, dropping her tray every now and then to sing a song for the cash customers. One summer she saved up a little stake and took a trip to Hollywood.

"But what did she do there? See the sights? planned to.

No. She spent her time in a playlet over in Pasadena. Of course the money ran out and Frances headed for home—and another job.

"Mixing shampoo in a soap factory," said Frances. "Could you tell me the time?"

This dossier of drudgery I toss at you, not particularly to prove that Work Will Win, or to substantiate any Horatio Algerish maxim. Frances is not the wheel-horse type, in spite of the fact that a tremendous capacity for work is part and parcel of her success.

Her idea was simply: you can get what you want if you want it. She worked because she knew what she wanted. And that was the way to get it.

Then soon she wanted some things more. She wanted New York. She wanted Opportunity.

But how?

She was playing the lead in "Alien Corn" when this opportunity came. A very startling way indeed, but as young as she was, twenty-one, Frances had already learned that Opportunity doesn't always show up decked out in the height of approved fashion.

There was a publication in Seattle vititatively titled, "The Voice of Action." Her father called it, "The Veil of the Wild." Seattle, since I. W. W. days, has been a radical hotbed. The V. of A. was much more than pink. It was running a subscription contest. The prize was a free trip to Moscow and the winner was to represent the paper at the May Day celebrations of Soviet Russia, returning through Europe and home by way of New York.

New York!

You're right. Frances capped the contest. She peddled subscriptions to all her pals at the University and took the ticket.

You can imagine the reaction. If you can't, I'll tell you: A whole lot of people were extremely shocked and Frances Farmer, who by this time was fairly prominent around her local diggins, suddenly became the Horrible Example for the alarmists who were crying: "Communism is polluting our schools." At that time, too, the cry was loud and lusty. One of Seattle's leading journals was, in fact, making a pretty rabid issue of it.

So there she was, disgracing her fond teachers, making her school a lovely bull's-eye for the nattering nabobs. There she was, winner of a propaganda spreading contest, the accredited delegate to a Russian Red Moscow May Day!

Yes, and there she was with a ticket (third class) in her purse which would eventually take her to New York.

You can see Russia two ways," they told her when she sailed, "the right way and the wrong way. We hope you see it the right way."

The way Frances saw it was the way to a career. She stood in the Red Square in Moscow—they don't let you sit down—all May Day, partaking of the hot-dog "souvenirs," and saw the sights, the Moscow Art Theater, Leningrad, Paris, London, famous plays and famous places—but the best sight of all was New York harbor.

A nice time, too, for a stage struck girl to land in Manhattan—early summer, with Broadway as dead as the Liberty League. A young doctor on the boat coming across—"We were about the only two white people in third class," Frances explained carefully—had a friend who moved in theatrical circles.

The friend, very wisely, hailed Frances—
The strangest love triangle in Hollywood

It concerns three stars, all in love, but not one of them happy; one never married, one—but read the story for yourself in the March PHOTOPLAY on sale February 10th.
The Exciting Story of Margaret Sullivan's Marriage

[continued from page 16]

they were in love—Leland was the person who got her first chance in pictures, forced a company to give her a trial which turned out to be "Bill of Divorcement" and made her a star.

Katharine's peculiar and very honest shyness and her fear of publicity, which actually makes her unable to work, set Leland as a shield between her and the public. From that grew their romance—and with that it died. For Katharine Hepburn is about as helpless, concerning everything else in life as an efficient, lioness. She is wrapt up in her career and Leland was in a funny spot.

He had known so many beautiful and glamorous women that he had to have glamour to attract him originally. He also wanted—in his own heart—a woman who loved a home, and children, and the quiet things he loves. Books and music and dinner at home away from work. But he couldn't have fallen in love with a woman without glamour—and without glamour at that—any more than he could have eaten a head of lettuce without good French dressing.

SO—he found Margaret Sullivan, who had both these sides to her nature. Margaret, who just bought a farm in New Jersey, and wants babies, and loves her work, but not as of first importance. And Margaret has found the man who will handle her career, take care of all the things that need taking care of, be delighted with her success and help her in it as no other man could, but who loves her best as a woman, the woman who can forget her work when they are together and remember that she is also his wife.

I think the romance grew from friendship during the long days of rehearsals and out of town tryouts for "Stage Door." It ripened from friendship into real love, that bad stood the test of hard work together, difficult hours, long hard days, sleepless nights and nervous tension that often destroy all kinds of love and friendship and even partnerships. Theirs grew, and plants that grow in such soil are sturdy and beautiful and go on bearing blossoms through the years.

I wish them much happiness and many years of the life they are planning, in the big New York apartment, in the Hollywood house on the hill, and in the farm down in New Jersey. I think they would love to know you wish them happiness, too.

It's so nice to see people happy, isn't it?

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[continued from page 94]

PHOBET TAYLOR DEPARTMENT: Two years ago when Robert Taylor was just another juvenile on the M.G.M. lot, a member of the publicity department set out to ask the unimportant Taylor a question.

"What type of girl do you admire most?" he was asked.

He didn't hesitate. "A sophisticated woman," he said. "A woman who dresses in black, has been everywhere and knows everything."

Two years later it happened the same question arose.

This is his answer now. "An honest, down to earth girl who is unspoiled by the world and isn't afraid to be real with herself and everyone else."

CAN it be, Hollywood wonders, that Tyrone Power is experiencing in real life the exact situation he played on the screen in "Lloyd of London?"

You see, Tyrone's big moment off screen is Sonja Henie, the champion ice skater. Every day the two lunch together in a cozy corner of the studio-dining room. And then like a blast from the blue came the report that Miss Henie had a husband in Paris, only Tyrone didn't know it.

On the screen Tyrone falls in love with Madeleine Carroll without knowing she's married.

Will the actor, if the report is true, react in real life the way he did in reel life?

We spotted Adolphe Menjou and his lovely wife, Verne Teasdale, lunching at the Vendome and hastened over to their table for a chat. "How about a little story about the new baby?" we asked.

"No," Adolphe said, vehemently.

"Why, Mr. Menjou," we protested, "this is the first time you have let us down."

He grinned. "It's the first time I've had a baby, too."

"But you can tell about its name," Verne put in. "You see we wanted to choose some
planned name would go well with Menjou. We tried everything from John Menjou to Tom Menjou but nothing sounded just right. Both of us went about muttering names to ourselves until the servants were convinced we were mad.

Finally one day the strangest thing happened. The very name occurred to me and just as I reached the phone to tell the good news to Adolphe, the phone rang. It was Adolphe, all excited. "I have the name, I have the name," he shouted. 'No, no,' I have it," I protested.

"And then both at the same time we screamed at each other, 'PETER.' Strangely enough we had both hit on the name at the same instant."

So the baby is Peter Menjou, as you probably gathered.

IN SPITE of the laughs it has furnished, it looks as if the Barrymore-Barie marriage is going to work out. And from someone who is definitely on the inside, we gather these reasons why.

When John indulged in his favorite rum while living with Dolores Costello Barrymore, there was considerable weeping and protesting on the wife's part which only added fuel to the fire. John simply drowned the scoldings in more rum.

When John now feels impelled to partake of a dash of spirits, the new Mrs. Barrymore, instead of tears and protests, drinks right along. It usually ends with the second highball.

There are no tears, no scoldings from the present wife. Possessing a rather hard, business-like attitude toward her husband's career, Elaine Barrymore has done a great deal towards setting her temperamental husband on the straight path. In fact, even the royal family are showing signs of relaxing as the marriage gains in stability founded on firmness. A wife's firmness, don't forget.

THI S is the thing that keeps Hollywood the town of enchanting contradiction and makes it the most unexplainable spot in the world.

Take one particular Tuesday evening in Hollywood, for instance.

At the Coconut Grove:
Lights, music, champagne, movie stars, a Joan Bennett surprise party, a director and a blonde actress breaking their hearts for a love they can't have.

On a Laurel Canyon hillside:
A barbecue, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and Sandra, her wife, hot sizzling steaks, stars overheard, old-time songs, new-time stories and mustard.

In the overflow meeting for a religious lecture:
Director Frank Capra, Ginger Rogers and her mother, Sid Grauman, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers.

THIS concerns Robert and his gorgeous looks.

In studying pictures of Bob back in Beatrice, Nebraska, and Bob in Hollywood, California, we discovered his hair once grew in an altogether different manner back home in Nebraska and we set out to find out why and how when.

This is what we unearthed. The studio deliberately planned that new and devastating hairstyle for Bob by having a beauty expert set to and calmly pluck out his front locks a hair at a time. Ouch!

But what we wondered was, did the lady plucker resist the impulse to murmur "He loves me, he loves me not" as she plucked and if so how did it finally turn out? He loves me not, I'll bet a penny.

THERE'S an interesting story about Joan Crawford's new and very becoming hairdress that she wears in "The Last of Mrs. Chneyer." Joan was down at Palm Springs for a rest, but being such an active person she got bored doing nothing. She dropped in a beauty shop to have her hair washed.

"I'm sick of the way I look," Joan muttered.

"Why not cut your hair shorter and curl it around your face?" suggested the girl attendant.

"Okay," said Joan.

The result is simply grand!
Stop Having the Blues

[continued from page 55]

run-down conditions follow. That's when they come to me for help. And that's when I start talking turkey. You think you have your troubles? Listen, darlings, forget it and step out with life.

LOOK at those who have been big stars. Ruth Chatterton for instance. Don't you think that poor Ruthie got blue and depressed when they no longer cast her as a number one glamour girl. Mother roles don't even draw the fat salary checks as do the hits. Nothing makes an actor or actress more depressed than less money.

How do you think Ruth felt when Simone Simon pronounced the (oh, well what's the difference) came along and pouted her way to top billing in "Girl's Dormitory"? How would you feel?

But did Ruth call it quits ... never. She went right ahead and appeared in "Dodsworth" and how she triumphed. You can take inspiration from Ruth. If you lose a job, or if one that you've just completed hasn't turned out so well, don't fret about it. Tackle something else immediately. If you can't get a job keep busy somehow. Keep your mind busy with new ideas, new adventure and in that way you'll soon forget the bitterness of the last setback.

Don't you think that Gloria Swanson ever gets blue over her matrimonial ventures and the present "nothingness" of her career? I think she must. She's only human. But does Gloria give up?

No. Even now, when the man she really wants is not free, and that's a depressing situation for any girl. Take inspiration from Gloria, too, if your blues come from your tangled heart affairs.

Whether it's with a man or with a job, don't sit around and trust to chance to bring you success.

Lack is just another word for work. Nobody has much luck who doesn't put forth some kind of effort. You can sit until you get wrinkles and that's all you'll get. The Phantom Lady Luck isn't going to drop everything and . . . to you alone out of a hundred million and hand you what you want most in the world.

So sir, babies, you've got to hop to it yourself. You can get what you want if you want it badly enough to refuse to be licked. That goes for the blues, too. You can cure them if you want to, but not by just wishing. I was a gay person like Rosie. How to do it?

Well, let's start on the inside and work our way out.

Melancholia, morbidity and the blues are usually caused by some physical ailment. When that gets out of control, your mind is affected. If you're in a dark blue gloom, look to your health. Let me ask you one question.

HOW'S your liver? You always have that tired feeling, don't you? A little headache, maybe. You're weak and at best you're a good pain in the neck to yourself. Often you don't feel like eating, your complexion turns a bilious yellow and one look in the mirror and it's too bad.

When the poor old liver is sluggish, the backwash of bile is pushed into your whole system. You're bound to feel sogggy and have that hangdog, droopy expression. With your
Do you keep tabs on yourself? Most physicians agree that regular habits of elimination and proper diet are best for health and beauty.

If more than one day goes by, give Nature gentle aid by taking Olive Tablets. Originating as the formula of a practicing physician, it has become one of America's best known proprietary medicines.

Keep a supply of Olive Tablets always on the bathroom shelf as a reminder to the whole family not to let more than one day go by. Three sizes — 15c—30c—60c—At all druggists.

mind and body in such a state the blues have no opposition in creeping up on you, and they lose no time in doing it. Well, we won't waste any time either.

How about a little workout to stir up that green bile, chase away that blue doon and give you that rosy, healthy outlook on life that is so priceless? Sounds like a symphony in color, doesn't it? Well, start it and here's the first movement.

STAND with feet slightly apart. Arms hanging naturally at the sides. But stand up straight, will you? None of this saggy business and no slumping. Now put the palm of the left hand on your right side just under the lower right rib. This hand doesn't do anything really, but I want it there so you can feel the pull as you continue with the exercise. That pull is important.

Now with a rather quick movement, raise the right arm high over your head, reaching and stretching for all you're worth, as if you were trying to touch the ceiling. Don't go up on your toes. Just stretch. Keep your body facing forward and without twisting or turning the body, bend backward as far as you can without losing your balance. Sag at the knees slightly as you lower your arm. That's the matter with you? Go on, baby, bend. You won't crack. Keep that right arm outstretched and continue to reach upward all the time you're bending backward. Feel that pull on the right side? Good! That means you're doing it correctly and getting the benefit out of it.

That finishes the second movement. Now from this point, bend forward. Not exactly forward but slightly to the side. Always stretch out with that right arm. Bend so that the top of your right hip bone is digging in under the lower right rib. Come back to first position and repeat this exercise at least ten times. Don't stop between the different positions, but make it one continuous movement. And stretch, do you hear? This will stir up that liver, increase the activity of the gall bladder, and you'll raise yourself in your own estimation a hundred points. Take it from me, that's the first step in overcoming the blues.

WHAT you eat has more to do with your personality than clothes, claims to beauty or the cash in your pocket.

Last month I discussed the value of eating for allure. Allure that means sparkle, charm and enthusiasm. There is nothing alluring about despondency, morbidness or being a weak sister. You've got to have strength to be gay and you must create that energy through proper and nourishing foods.

Some time ago I gave you a sound workable diet, a good galloping energy builder. You'd better get it again. It will keep your system running smoothly and at the same time help you to reduce.

Indigestion can cause you to be despondent and discontented. People who have indigestion are often afraid to eat because they think they might get another spell. They work themselves into a froth selling themselves the idea that since they can't eat they won't live long. Then they die of it. Drag their selves down over that thought. Listen darlings snap out of it.

Stop such nonsense. You're darned right you won't live long if you don't eat, but food itself is not poison. That's not what's causing the trouble.

It's the trick and fancy concoctions you mix up that do the dirty work. You stuff yourself on one particular food that you "just simply adore." Or you'll gulp your food and take your gulps on the run, washing down the mashed potatoes and gravy with a cup of glasses of ice-cold water. You finish off with a cup or two or three of steaming hot coffee. Your poor old stomach doesn't know what's coming next. It gets all set to handle winter sports when the ice appears and then you pull a fast one and drench it with hot coffee. No wonder your digestive system gets the jitters. Finally it gives up in disgust and just turns over.

Then you are in trouble. You often feel like vomiting.

If this happens to you, don't start worrying over that and don't be alarmed. Just go through with it as calmly as possible. It's Nature performing her duty in her own way. Getting rid of undigested food will give you relief.

The retching and straining that you may experience will stir up your liver and throw off the thick bile just as dust flies when you beat a carpet.

Use your common sense about these unpleasant disturbances. Don't be afraid of what happens. Fear is a poison that is deadly to the mind as well as the body. It not only fills you with depression but disturbs your entire nervous system and makes you weak physically.

Imaginations work overtime. Sick people who fear the worst are often taken at their word. Sick people who think health and recovery are also taken at their word. Just remember there are thousands that are much worse off than you. As an example, take poor little children, crippled and confined in hospitals all over the country. When you get to thinking that life is picking on you and the other sickie, just go to one of those hospitals and if the smiles on those little faces and the ring of their laughter don't make you ashamed of yourself, then all my talking or anybody else's won't do a bit of good.

An occasional touch of the blues is part of life. We are supposed to feel a little down once in a while in order to be able to appreciate the value of a gay smile.

You must have something different to make comparisons. Remove any false ideas about the condition of your body.

Above all, don't consider fat as a lingering sickness. It isn't. It's just lingering laziness in most cases. But, babies, fat can make you sick. Not only by handicapping the normal functioning of the organs, but sick at the sight of you. You know that, do you? Well, what are you waiting for? Get rid of it and you'll get rid of most of your blues along with it. Be sure you do it safely and sanely. By right eating, right exercising and by using common sense and restraint about your mode of living. So come on, children, drop your blues.
Fashion Letter for February

[Continued from page 75]

and the full flowing skirt is cut like huge petals. A little hip tunic carries out the petal motif also. Flesh-colored chiffon flowers make a necklace round the throat.

All three girls wear chiffon and Eleanor White, in a chiffon over matching crepe, is at the center of attention. The bodice drapes gracefully and the sleeves are entirely made of apricot chiffon flowers. Bracelets of these flowers give a romantic touch to Eleanor's wrists.

Olympe's gown is of pale chartreuse chiffon, belted at the waist with a belt of white Chinese brocades. With a velvet afternoon suit of black a little scarf of gold metal cloth, in an old charm. A white summer coat with the same color pickup, is enormously smart.

As black is of paramount importance this season endless accessory combinations may be made with it, one better than the other. But don't overdress them. Just a dash of singing green at the throat and in the sleeves of the gloves is better than the old idea of a green hat as the sole color pickup.

The biggest dress at the moment is the black afternoon coat. It's indispensable. The fur collars are out, but the big mink hat with the fur trim is a must. dresses for the moment are black with a little color here and there. Black is a color for the season, but the others are not out of style.

Colbert uses brilliant chiffon handkerchief to twist round her neck with her tailored suits. They are generous in size. You could take two, or even three, to form some charming color combination and twist them into delightful novel pastel circles. With a white screenplay afternoon suit of black a little scarf of gold metal cloth, in an old charm. A white summer coat with the same color pickup, is enormously smart.

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If you are a college girl and want a spring costume, watch for the ones these girls wear in the picture. Martha's belongs to the afternoon category and is of lightweight gray tweed. Revers of gray fox sweep back over the shoulders and the peplum is made of the same fur. Two deep pockets are concealed in the fur.

Eleanor's outfit, worn in the same scene, is of lightweight wool in beige. It has a demure simplicity which is stressed by the "Maid of Salem" collar and cuff set made of the material and edged in sable. Dark brown accessories, hat, gloves, and shoes are important accents.

For Olympe, Ethel Head chooses a gray wool dress and added picque collar and cuffs. For travelling, Olympe wears a swag coat of gray tweed over this.

We looked at the hats which Travis Banton designed and Lily Daché made for Carole Lombard to wear in "Swing High, Swing Low.

Travis is tired of exaggerated height in hats and has designed great swirls of black felt, cut into unexpected curves in their wide brims. There was one which showed some height: a small velvet turban with great silk flowers in black, palest apricot, and deeper combining shades massed on one side of it. A trailing diaphanous veil covered it with one end of the mesh hanging down a yard or so. I can just imagine how Carole will swatch that wisp round her lovely blonde head. With her enormous chic she can wear clothes and hats which verge on the "poshy" but her distinction overtops them and keeps their importance in place.

TRAVIS BANTON uses a new waistline he has created in many of his new designs. For example, I saw a frock of pale blue that crêpe which will be worn by Carole in this same picture. The top of the dress is simple and has a large flat bow of the material under the chin. The waistline is raised to just under the bust and then a narrow belt is added at the natural waistline. The effect is extremely slenderizing.

For Carole's private wardrobe Travis made a simple black kasha dress and trimmed it with silver zippers. He had a jeweler make Carole's initials in silver to replace the little tag that came with a dress. When we arrived at the door, and tops the front zipper. Metal fastenings to match, close the horizontal pockets on the blouse and are repeated on the huge pockets of the top coat which goes with this dress.

New scarf ideas are always good. Claudette

SOME girls have thought that prints belong distinctly in the summer category of clothes, but I strongly disagree. Under a winter coat, or a fur one, there is nothing so gay and amusing as a print silk dress, not too light in color.

Off the icy streets after a long day, snug at home, relaxed and ready for amusement, a print will help that mood and pick you up wonderfully. Why must we be so conventional and confine materials to certain seasons? Break away from stodginess and break out into a flower-run frock and see if your friends don't tell you how happy you look. Just as gay flowers help a stuffy, curtain-enclosed winter room so they will help your somber winter wardrobe. And when first spring days do come you will have something to start the season with.

Look at the photographs of Dorothy Lamour on pages 68 and 69 and bring a dash of California sunshine into your picture with some of these frocks.

CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth look white the tooth paste you are using may provide only half the care you need. Forhan's ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was developed by an eminent dentalsur geon especially to give you double protection. When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Try a tube today.

Also sold in Canada.
What Not to Do on a Date

[Continued from page 31]

A Mary (With studied calm): That's perfectly all right.

Y.C.: All I have to ask is you what you don't do when you're out on a date.

Mary (Wildly to the agent): I positively refuse to talk!

Agent: I don't know whether I ought to allow this.

Y.C.: It's just advice to the reader on how to make a successful evening.

Mary (Enlightened): Well, it depends on whether her intentions are honorable or not. If they're honorable, she'll take her mother along and what's the use of going on? If they're not—the first rule is, don't have any chaperon. The minute you insist on another coming the man will think your object is matrimony and there's nothing doing.

Agent: I don't know whether I ought to allow...

Y.C.: Aren't you a little mixed up, Mary? Mary (Complicatedly): Not in the least. Now as for what not to do with the three basic types of men...

Y.C.: Three, Mary?

Mary: The outdoors man, the social man, and the intellectual man. With each, always remember this: you can't compete with any man on his own ground—so pretend that you're his type, but that you're having a reaction to it just now.

Agent: I don't know whether I ought to...

Y.C.: That might not always work. Mary: It does, I know. The outdoor fellow is usually bored with boars and the shooting of them. The social person is amused by letting down his white ties and running race tracks. The intellectual is tired of treatises. Listen—I had a first date with an explorer and hunter one evening. So I went off the glamour standard. I wiped off the makeup, I removed the nail polish, I put on tweeds and flat heels. I ran up an artificial tan—I looked like a female Teddy Roosevelt. I found out about guns. But he'll just come from a Mongoose swamp and he wanted beauty and glitter and small talk. I was a terrific flop.

Agent: I don't know whether...

Mary: Also when the invitation you've accepted turns out to be a mistake, don't make definite excuses to get home early. Don't pull the headache gag. Just look washed-up and tired, and say, 'I'd like to go home now.' If you're definite he'll think you're lying—if you're vague he'll make up a good enough excuse for himself, suited to his own vanity.

Agent: I don't...

Mary: I don't. Y.C.: Neither do I.

Mary: Swell. The scene fades into the close interior of a telephone booth, where Your Correspondent sits dropping coins into the little slots and arguing hotly with Central. Eventually the voice of Glenda Farrell answers.

Glenda (Angry): What is it you don't do on a date?


Glenda (In a pleased note): Well, she must never be on time. That's fatal. Any girl who

is sitting ready with her hat on when the fellow arrives gives the impression that she already knows he's out and isn't going to miss a minute of this opportunity, you bet.

Y.C.: As one of the great army of suffering males, I protest that that's a dirty trick in anybody's language.

Glenda: Not in the language of the smart girls. She's got to keep him waiting at least fifteen minutes. On the other hand she shouldn't ever talk to him about any other man. She should act as if he's the only man in existence, at least so far as she knows. Anyway she shouldn't talk much about anything. Give him a chance to get in a word or two once in a while.

Y.C.: None of you babes seem to agree.

Glenda (Testily): None of us babes are the same, if that's what you mean. (There is a pause.) On that talking thing—don't discuss career, especially your own! Let him tell you about his business or his career. All men like to feel they're the important one and what they have to say is worth listening to.

Y.C. (With great sorrow): I'll tell 'em, Glenda.

Glenda: Also this: if the guy's an alleged wit, don't you date him, ever. He'll hate you thinking he's a wimp. I know all they think are the world's funniest comedies— and no matter how much I want to, I never let 'em know I'm cleverer than they are. Just to keep peace.

Y.C.: A collection should be taken up for you, Glenda.

Glenda: One or two other things... Don't criticize him about anything. Don't stay too late, so that the evening begins to pall, don't thank him for a lovely time or he'll think you've never had one before, don't—My gosh, California's making a touchdown.

Y.C.: Quick! Take the phone over to the loudspeaker!

It is much later. California has won, Your Correspondent has dropped $2.05 in the pay telephone, and has made his way through the afternoon traffic to the RKO lot. He walks onto a set where a dance is going on, and anyway, is studying her script in a corner. Y.C. (With great caution): Now don't mistake my meaning, Anne. I'm trying to find out—(he explains at length).

Anne: (Smiling sweetly): Why sure. Golly, I could write a book!

Y.C. (Sinking relievishly into a camp chair): I bet you could. Oh Electra! Oh Ingenue! Write it now, Anne.

Anne: Number One—if you're going out with a quiet boy, don't let him take you to a neons-lighted playground where a lot of your friends will come up and monopolize your time. I mean places like the Clover Club or the Troc. Tell him you'd like to have dinner in some silent, forgotten tavern—with firelight flickering on the damask and music playing unobtrusively. (Beautiful eyes are impossible.) And afterward you can drive along the coast, or go dancing in a little club where the band is hot and sweet, and the lights discreet.


Anne: Don't ever overdress. If you're in doubt, then be informal. It's better to appear at a formal dinner in a suit than to be the only person at a party in evening clothes. If your date sends you a corsage, wear it even though...
you don’t want to. You may not like the color, it may not look well on your dress—but it’s the simplest courtesy to wear his flowers when he’s been nice enough to buy them for you.

V.C.: You’re a nice girl, Anne.

Anne: Sometimes I think so, too. Well, and you should concede to his judgment in small things like the shade of your nail polish or the way you do your hair. If he doesn’t like perfume don’t try to convince him of its merits—just lay off perfume.

V.C.: Look, I don’t believe this.

Anne: Don’t chew gum. There isn’t a girl in the world who can afford to mangle a stick of chiclet when she’s out in public.

In choosing where to go, if he knows the town, let him make all decisions. If he’s shy and inexperienced, make practical suggestions. And then there’s the subject of money—sometimes you can embarrass the boy by being too considerate. He’ll think you’re insulting his ability to make a decent income. Also you can’t afford to be too expensive—make up your mind about how much you think he should spend, and then manage to keep the evening down to that sum without letting him know.

V.C.: If it weren’t for the fact that you are all fixed up with Owen Davis, Jr. . . .

Anne: Oh, that reminds me. You should always be on time. Always. I found that out once when—well, I was stopping with some friends and Owen was to pick me up at their house. I wasn’t ready when he arrived, because I wanted to make a grand entrance and be utterly gorgeous, so I left him sitting stiffly in their living room for half an hour while I put on a special face and everything. He didn’t know these friends of mine—they didn’t have anything to say to each other—and by the time I was ready for my entrance he was so uncomfortable and bored he didn’t even see me. It colored the whole evening.

V.C. (Quietly overcome): Oh Gosh. Oh Gosh. A voice from the set calls, “We’re ready for you now, Miss Shirley.”

Your Correspondent goes dreamily out into the twilight, gets into his car, drives vaguely to his office. There he picks up the phone, dials a number, listens.

V.C.: I’m sorry but I have to break our date for tonight. (Pause) I have to work. I have to write a story about what not to do on a date. (Pause) Well, you don’t have to act that way about it. (Pauses) Oh well, if that’s . . . . (He listens, eyebrows raised, then hangs up. He sits down at his desk and stares intently at his typewriter. The typewriter stares inscrutably back, with all its keys.)

CURTAIN

The Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDINGS

Jack Moss, business manager of Gary Cooper, married Louise Stuart, actress, at Riverside, California, Nov. 26.

Kay Hughes, actress, and Durward Graybill Metro portrait photographer married at St. James Episcopal Church, Hollywood, November 28.

DIVORCE

Mrs. Oliver Hardy filed a $2500 monthly separate maintenance suit against comedian Oliver Hardy.

Lola Lane filed divorce papers against director Alexander Hall.

Bessie Love, former screen star, granted divorce from broker Wm. B. Hawks.

The Earl and Countess of Warwick (he’s now “Michael Brook” for Metro and Rose Lady Warwick is a frequent Hollywood visitor) start divorce proceedings.

Pat Wing, former actress, granted divorce from wealthy W. H. Perry of Bakersfield, California.

GONE

June Caprice, star of silent pictures, November 9th of heart attack.

John Bowser, actor, in ocean suicide at Mahina Beach, California.

Fay Webb, actress and ex-wife of Rudy Vallee, following an abdominal operation, November 18th, in Hollywood.

Lottie Pickford, sister of Mary Pickford, from heart attack.

SPARKINGS


Toby Wing announced her engagement to Pinky Tomlin.

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers say they will wed in London.

Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz—as always.

Virginia Field and Prince Constantin of Lichtenstein romancing.

Lisa Rasputte and wooer Henry Millson take same boat for English holiday.

Bad Schulberg, son of B. P. Schulberg, producer, and Virginia Ray, dancer, will be married by the time you read this.

LEGAL

Joe Perner sued by Beverly Hills landlord for $3,115.25, who claims he did that damage to furniture.

Ann Harding given court permission to keep her daughter in London for another six months.

Buster Keaton seeking reduction of his monthly alimony payments to Mrs. Natalie Talnidge Keaton from $800 to $100 a month.

Mrs. Mac Lauriel asking court for separate maintenance of $1000 a month as common-law wife of Stan Laurel, comedian.

Janet Beecher filed a $20,000 damage suit against John Zanfri, Ltd., agents, claiming they failed to exercise diligence to find her work.

Ethel Fawcett, thirteen-year-old actress, sued for $288.50 by U. S. Credit Bureau, who claims this amount is due Lanier Professional School for tuition.

Edmund Lux and Sonja Henie both arrested for speeding, driving 55 fines.

Irene Dunn adopted an eleven-months-old baby girl, Mary Frances, in New York.
A very happy looking sextette are Harpo Marx (note the millinery); Helen Vinson and her husband Fred Perry, the tennis champion; Barbara Stanwyck; Greta Garbo and Gloria Stuart on the courts of the Beverly Hills Tennis Club which Fred Perry has recently bought and will re建立 into a new clubhouse
For Your Wife

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(Continued from Page 4)

to rescue entombed miners. Barton MacLane proves himself a hero and Jean Muir is his daughter. Entertainment with a punch. (Nov.)

★ EAST MEETS WEST.—B. G.—George Arliss, who has already established his reputation as the savior of two countries, prevents revolution among his people and rescues them from impending disaster. Excellent. Clever dialogue and a splendid. (Dec.)

★ EASY TO TAKE.—Paramount.—You might find some enjoyment in this mediocre comedy about a radio artist who is falsely accused of a murder. John Howard, Marsha Hunt and Richard Carle are satisfactory. But Alfalfa Switzer's singing is the high spot. (Jan.)

★ EMPTY SADDLES.—Universal.—A superior type Western with Buck Jones buying a cattle ranch, turning into a great desert and technique. Old feud between cattle and sheep men furnishes the plot. Picture sequence is one of the best. (Dec.)

★ EVERYTHING IS THUNDER.—GL.—Trumped up situations and ridiculous dialogue tax one's credulity in this story of Constant Bennett's attempts to help an escaped English officer out of Germany. Oscar Homolka splendid as usual. Disappointing. (Nov.)

★ 15 MAIDENLANE.—20th Century-Fox.—Abounding in robberies and murders this is topped by the information of how stolen jewels are recycled for selling. Cesar Romero is a swell crook. Clark Gable is a splendid detective. Lloyd Nolan, Lester Matthews and Robert McVade help keep it moving. (Dec.)

★ FLYING HOSTESS.—Universal.—You'll enjoy this exciting story about the daring exploits of a young airwoman. Judith Barrett is the graduate nurse who takes the captain's charge and care of the passengers. Ernest Hank, William Hall and Astrid Alwyn are nice support. (Nov.)

★ FUGITIVE IN THE SKY.—Warner's.—National.—Never a dull moment in this hokum story of murder in a transcontinental plane taken over by a bunch of bandits. Margaret Lindsay is splendid as a detective. John Litel turn good performances. Jean Muir is charming. (Dec.)

★ GARDEN OF ALLAH.—Selznick—International—United Artists.—The well-known story of two people's attempts to reconcile religion and love. Made up very well and the incredibly beautiful Helen Hayworth is recommended for that reason. Charles Boyer, as the monk, holds up its own. Marlene Dietrich more inaudible than ever. (Jan.)

★ GENERAL SPANKY.—Hal Roach—M.G.M.—The all-color, all-length picture, Spanky, Buckwheat, and Alfalfa. There are some famous members of a kid army during the Civil War. Philip Dune is delightful. Sally Eilers, Myrna Loy. Morton and Sheila Starr are a romantic note. Lots of laughs. (Jan.)

★ GO WEST, YOUNG MAN.—Paramount.—West has toned down its typical technique and you'll like her as a dubia movie star stranded in a country boardinghouse. There is a strong supporting cast with Landers of the other Roos. There is no need of Robert Cummings' dubious interest against a background of mauling and drinking on yachts. (Jan.)

★ ISLE OF FURY.—Warner's.—The old story of two men and a girl in the South Sea pearl fisheries, confused by murders and rescues. Donald Woods' dialogue, Holm's Holm's, Rosina Filippelli and Margaret Lindsay deserve better. Dull. (Dec.)

★ IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED.—Invincible.—Innocent and rather amusing murder mystery. Mary Astor and Maureen O'Sullivan are splendid. The plot is engrossed into solving the murder of two producers. Jack LaRue helps in an unimportant role. (Dec.)

★ KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED.—20th Century-Fox.—An honest-to-goodness Zane Grey, with Alan Dinehart as the crook who wants Rosalind Keith's mine. Robert Young gets the girl and solves the mine, and the girl. Junior will hire his nails. (Nov.)

★ LADIES IN LOVE.—20th Century-Fox.—Stevenson, Lombard, Bennett, Simone Simon and Lovett Vann each having a romantic interest. Edmund Lowe is featured. Producer, Paul Lukas and Alan Mowbray are the men. Recommended for cast and production. (Dec.)

★ LANCES.—11-M.G.M.—Bill Powell, Richard Dix, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow have topping their own previous vital performances in a highly original farce built around Bill's efforts to compromise Myrna who has sued Spencer's paper for libel. A wow. (Dec.)

★ LOVE LETTERS OF A STRANGER.—Universal.—A mild mystery tale of a rich man who commits suicide when blackmailers fail to return letters written to

Ralph Forbes, Detective C. Henry Gordon brings the crooks to heel. Polly Tipple, Walter Coy, Horace Cavanagh and others arise above mediocre material. (Jan.)

★ LOVE ON THE RUN.—M.G.M.—Jean Crain, Craig Jable and Francine Tome are entertaining comedy. All about a bride who leaves her fiancé for a half of Europe pursued by reporters. Swell. (Dec.)

★ LUCKY LAD IN THE WORLD.—Universal.—A film with a sweet little girl who gets involved in a series of bewildering events. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are nicely support. Recommended for Beery fans only. (Nov.)

★ MURDER WITH PICTURES.—Paramount.—Cameras and triggers snap constantly throughout this mildly entertaining mystery. Beery's girl gets involved in whale sales, solves the mystery with the help of Edna Leake, L. T. Hardy and Jane Wyatt extremely capable. Highly entertaining. (Dec.)

★ OLD HUTCH.—M.G.M.—Wallace Beery is the typing drug who gets laugh riot. Murders get involved in wholesale merchandise, solves the mystery with the help of Edna Leake, L. T. Hardy and Jane Wyatt extremely capable. Highly entertaining. (Dec.)

★ MURDER—The big picture of the Salvation Army. It has not been a hit, but it is splendid as Afroso. See it for its pastoral charm. (Jan.)

★ REUNION.—20th Century-Fox.—The latest color film, breath-taking in its effect. The picturization of Helen Hunt Jackson's touching classic is splendid. Helen Hayes is splendid as Mrs. Hunt. (Dec.)

★ ROMEO AND JULIET.—M.G.M.—Shake speare's classic love story produced with ac- cepable results. It is lavishly produced and is superbly beautiful. Leslie Howard superb as Romeo, David Niven as a cavorting Knight of the Blue. Edna May Oliver add to the excellence of the production. N://{.} The film is entertaining and ever surpassed this one for sheer physical beauty. Not to be missed under any circumstances. (Dec.)

★ ROSE BOWL.—Paramount.—A nice little picture about movie stars. There is no fresh in the story. It is set up in a Midwest University and Panama's famous stadium. It is a picture. Johnny Weissmuller in the love scenes between Eleanor Whitmore and Tom Brown goes for a touchdown with Benny Baker's comedy. (Dec.)

★ SHIRLEY TEMPLE.—M.G.M.—Temple fans—Pleasant fun with singer James Melton, heir to a bankrupt store becoming a music king in a love story between Eleanor Whitmore and Tom Brown, goes for a touchdown with Benny Baker's comedy. (Dec.)

★ SITTING ON THE MOON.—Republic.—Roger Livingstone and Grace Bradley are brought together with a song separated by a marriage racket, Pert Kelton and Billy Newell brighten this up a bit. Good. (Dec.)

★ SMARTER GIRL IN TOWN.—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling little comedy with Ann Sothern as a very charming girl and Prince charming a freshly scrubbed Gene Raymond. He's a playboy; she's a recuperator's model. Helen Breederick is swell. (Dec.)

★ SWING TIME.—RKO-Radio.—Delicious little film with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, dance routines make this Rogers-Astaire musical the gayest, most entertaining yet. It is done with a blitz by the man who has a blackmailer for a dancing teacher. See it by all means. (Nov.)

★ TARZAN ESCAPES.—M.G.M.—Another escape for Edgar Rice Burroughs and his Jane. Connis Benita Hale and William Henry are captured by savages, rescued by a sailor and tarza and Beaufort and John O'Sullivan in the leading roles are splendid. (Jan.)

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**THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE** — Warner's version of Tennyson's poem in which adventure, chivalry, pageantry and stirring action make it the most exciting picture of the season. Errol Flynn is Captain of the light cavalry; Patricia Knowles his brother; Olivia de Havilland the girl they both love, who suffixes production, direction and cast. Don't miss this for any reason. (Dec.)

**THE DEVIL IS A SISY—M.G.M.—**Packed with human interest and lively humor is this story of a poor little-rich boy who goes visiting his estranged father on New York's East Side and finds poverty. Dolores del Rio, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper divide honors for the whole family. (Nov.)

**THE DANGEROUS**—Pickford-Laszlo—United Artists—Based on a melodrama's novel by Nino Martini, in the role of a Mexican bandit who leads a mission to rescue a child, Fredric March and Mickey Rooney, Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper divide honors for the whole family. (Nov.)

**THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN**—Paramount—Original melodrama involving the efforts of a Yankee family to save China. Madeleine Carroll a lovely heroine, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Peabody and William Frawley are splendid. Show but swell. (Nov.)

**THE GIRL ON THE FRONT PAGE**—Universal—Clever dialogue raises this return to good entertainment. Edmund Lowe is satisfactory as the hard-boiled editor of a newspaper which Gloria Stuart owns. Nino Rota, Reginald Owen and Louise Latimer are good. (Nov.)

**THE JUNGLE PRINCESS**—Paramount—Lots of swell animal shots keep your interest alive in this improbable story. Newcomer Dorothy Lamour alluring as a native girl who saves the life of big game hunter, Ray Milland. Good cast. (Jan.)

**THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE**—Universal—A typical Victor McLaughlin story of a swaggering big game hunter with a heart of gold, set in the background of roving steel, brutal rivalries and quick passions. Bing Crosby, Jean Dixon and William Hall provide capable aid. (Dec.)

**THE MANDARIN MYSTERY**—Republic—It's a mystery that this confused play about a young effete's (Eddie Quillan) efforts to locate a valuable stamp was ever filmed. Charlotte Henry has the unimportant feminine lead. (Jan.)

**THE MAN I MARRY**—Universal—Light, frothy and witty story of a girl who runs from marriage into the arms of a rough playboy. Recent Doris Nolan is very promising. Michael Whalen, Marjorie Gateson, Cliff Edwards and Streets Gallagher help in the gaiety. (Dec.)

**THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN**—G.B.—Boris Karloff up to his old tricks as a sinister who observes the power of transferring human brains hetero and hoofer. Frank Crippen is splendid, the rest of the cast unreal. (Dec.)

**THEODORA GOES WILD**—Columbia—New Dame in a knock-out story of a small town girl, who writes a sex letter, gets in wrong with the local gentry, falls in love with Melvyn Douglas, "goes wild" and her wife won't divorce her. Exceptional. (Dec.)

**THE PLOT THICKENS**—RKO-Radio—A bang-up mystery with Betty Zane FITZ as a school marion who aids police in trapping Jimmie Goldstein of crime czars, but not before everyone has plenty of laughs. Owen Davis Jr. and Louise Latimer furnish romance. (Jan.)

**THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY**—Republic—Conceived by President Roosevelt, published by Libby Langston, this tells of a lawyer who takes his own death to right the wrongs he did in the name of Big Business. The cast is typical as the story thin. Burns and Betty Furness are fine. Recommended. (Dec.)

**THE TAILFITTER**—Warner—Brimming with action, plenty of laughs and good performances that display the inside story of radio genius racket. Rosi Alexander is the publicity man who takes to the air and Gerald Fulton and Anna Nagel are okay. Go. (Nov.)

**THE TEXAS RANGER**—Paramount—Surly, stirring, blood and thunder of the old West. Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie are two relented bandits who go running for an old pal, Lloyd Nolan who is outraged as the "badie." Will please young and old. (Nov.)

**THREE MARRIED MEN**—Paramount—A be-jumbled farce involving the crazy antics of rival families in a small town. The farce is union, married, separated and reconciled. Old stuff but you'll laugh. (Nov.)

**THREE MEN ON A HORSE**—Warner—Aracy, ramshackle comedy with Frank McHugh as the dim wit who picks winning horses out of the blue. Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Arthur Rubov and Arthur Treacher are good comedy relief. (Jan.)

**WANTED!**—JANE TURNER—RKO-Radio—Lee Tracy's comeback in a melodrama of the postal service in which his character is a crook. Tracy gallops heartily after bandits, but lacks his usual polish. Gloria Stuart is appealing. (Jan.)

**WEDDING PRESENT**—Paramount—A lindy fash of two gay love reporting, Cary Grant and Joan Bennett who clowm their way out of love and loke their way into marriage with the aid of William Demarest, George Bancroft, Gene Lockhart, Conrad Nagel add to the good heed. (Dec.)

**WHO ARE YOU GOLIATH?**—RKO—Based on David Lavigno's book written in the death house, this is a powerful indictment against capital punishment. John Beal is the young man framed by bandits; Preston Foster, the prosecuting attorney; Anna Deces has Beal's sweet heart. Authentic and provocative. You should see this. (Nov.)

**WILD BRIAN KENT**—Principal-20th-Century—Fox—Ralph Bellamy in the title role, is famed by Mac Clark, rescues her farm from Stanley Andrews who is addicted to poisoning cattle and country crooked things. A knickknack for the kiddies. (Jan.)

**WINTERSET**—RKO-Radio—Maxwell Anderson's tragic, bitter, prize play is artistically produced, superbly cast. It concerns young man battle against the hidden treachery and gangsterism which sent his father to death. Burgess Meredith in his original Broadway role, Maria and Charles Derni are splendid. (Jan.)

**WITHOUT ORDERS**—RKO-Radio—Another sequel to "Beyond the Sun." With villain Vinton Haworth winning Sally Elders from Robert Armstrong, however, the formula is in slight at her expense. Plenty of action. (Dec.)

**WIVES NEVER KNOW**—Paramount—Rollicking laugh material with the Charley Ruggles-Mary Boland team, which is turned to a new level by Alphonse Monelo's sophistication, Charley is a botanist. Vivienne Osbone plays the temptress. (Nov.)

**THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937**—Paramount—A smash hit solving the best radio talent of today, grand music and a convincing love story set in the background of a broadcasting station. Jules Adney, Burt Lanke's conducting, Frank Fontell singing, Benny Goodman swinging, Martha Raye, Bob Burns and many more. You'll chuckle for days. (Dec.)

**THE CAPTAIN'S KID**—Warner—Unimportant and uninteresting. Little as a gun, big as a gun, is the summer resort. Sybil Jason holds the spot. Mary Nolan is unsatisfactory grandmother. Newcomer Fred Lawrence's voice is new. (Nov.)
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"On top of the world." It's the grand feeling that goes with smoking Luckies... a light smoke that treats you right... that's truly kind to your throat... that delights you with the savory flavor of the highest priced center leaves of rich tobaccos. A light smoke—because only Lucky Strike gives you such fine tobaccos plus the priceless throat protection of the "Toasting" Process. Only Lucky Strike.

a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"
ROMANTIC STORY of LUISE RAINER’S SURPRISE MARRIAGE IN ROBERT TAYLOR ESCAPE HOLLYWOOD’S LOVE RACKET?

By Adela Rogers St. John
PRESENTING THE
GLAMOUR ENSEMBLE
in a single thread of Fragrance
Gemey

Linger in castle corridors on court nights in London. Dance on a Budapest balcony high above the blue Danube. Seek romance and youth and laughter in the gay capitals of five continents...and there you'll find the beguiling perfume that is...fragrance Gemey.

For fragrance Gemey is world-beloved...preferred by the smart women of 75 lands. And now in America you may share their intimate secret. Inquire at your favorite perfume counter for this glamour ensemble by Richard Hudnut...gala beauty fundamentals in a single thread of fragrance...Gemey!

FACE POWDER gossamer soft, a boon to sensitive skins. In six true flesh tones. Face Powder in fragrance Gemey...One dollar.

CONTINENTAL BEAUTIES adore the warm loveliness of Tablet Rouge in fragrance Gemey. Eight blush-tones. Seventy-five cents.

AKE YOUR LIPS to radiant beauty...keep that youth-soft feel with this luscious lipstick in fragrance Gemey. Colors frankly daring. Seventy-five cents.

A COMPLEXION CARETAKER—the fragrant liquid facial that cleanses, soothes and conditions your skin. Cucumber lotion in fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

STEP FROM YOUR BATH into a cloud of this luxury dusting powder. Feel how smooth and soft your skin; revel in its glamour-fragrance. Bath Powder in the fragrance Gemey. One dollar.

by RICHARD HUDNUT
New York, Paris

London...Toronto...Buenos Aires...Mexico City...Berlin...Budapest...Capetown...Sydney...Shanghai...Rio de Janeiro...Havana...Bucharest...Vienna...Amsterdam

Fragrance Gemey
In crystal clear bottles $2.50, $4.50, $15.
How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

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

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

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

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

They are continually on guard against it.

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

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

Four Benefits

(1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.
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(3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
(4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

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

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

Don't Offend Others

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

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE
THE MOST Powerful LOVE STORY EVER FILMED!
...Of a Patriot Who Lost a Country When He Found a Woman

You thought "San Francisco" was exciting—but wait! You'll be thrilled to your finger-tips when this mighty drama comes thundering from the screen. A fiery romance with your two favorite stars!...CLARK GABLE—courageous, masterful leader of a fighting nation...

MYRNA LOY—the bewitching beauty in whose arms he forgot the pain of leadership...

Answering the call of millions of picturegoers M-G-M has brought them together in the most dramatic heart-stabbing love story of our time!

CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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WHAT the world would be without “movies” I cannot—
or would rather not—imagine. However, at times I come away feeling that either humor, or drama or beauty have been pressed upon me with such lavishness, I never seem to have any use for my own imagination or the joy of poking about to see what I myself might find. Ah! There is “Winterset.” Subtle beauty hidden behind squalor, dark corners and incessant rain. It was like hunting for May flowers deep under the rooted leaves of a past Autumn.

I came away from “Winterset” feeling I had some definite part in seeking out its poignant loveliness. Its grace of speech touched something deep that few movies ever reach, and the tender and delicate interpretation of Margo and Burgess Meredith left me feeling I had found something very lovely by hunting beneath all the dark tragedy and wretchedness that lay like leaves over something fragrant and beautiful.

Mrs. G. G. Gardner, Washington, D. C.

A DRAMATIC HIGHLIGHT

To me the highlight of the wholly enjoyable “Big Broadcast of 1937” was the symphonic interlude with Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra.

It was to be expected that this genius of the musical world—to put it flippantly—would “turn in” an outstanding performance, but it was a pleasant and thrilling surprise to witness the intelligent and sensitive way in which the director of the picture (Mitchell Liesen) presented him:

The dramatic sight glimpse of the forceful quivering hands of Stokowski; the clear singing out of each different instrument as it contributed to the main theme of the composition. Such a presentation enabled the most musically un schooled of us to listen with appreciation to the complex and beautiful hidden melodies of symphonic music. It is also proof that movies are the ultimate in popular entertainment to influence for good or evil the cultural tendencies of their audiences.

L. R. Hoffman, Long Beach, Calif.
TW0 thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through - Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.
Here's a seafaring crew to keep your eye on! Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew and Lionel Barrymore are together in Kipling's dramatic tale of the fisheries, "Captains Courageous".

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CASE OF THE BLACK CAT—Warners—A complicated and unsatisfactory version of Eric Stanley Gardner's mystery about a rich old man with two trouble. Ricardo Cortez exceptionally good. June Travis. Craig Reynolds and the rest of the cast do well too. (Dec.)

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ—Paramount—A charming and melodic love story of modern Vienna. Fred MacMurray brings a jazz orchestra to town, atop Gladys Swarthout's musical life until Cupid and Jack Oakie fix things up. Gladys' singing is delightful; MacMurray is grand. You'll love it. (Jan.)

COLLEGE HOLIDAY—Paramount—A bit of hysteria set to music, this has an imposing list of names, little else. Newcomer Ben Blue steals the fun from Jack Benny, Martha Raye, Burns and Allen, and Mary Boland. Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney are a clever dance team. (Feb.)

COME AND GET IT—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists—Edna Ferber's novel superbly produced, excellently directed and beautifully cast. Edward Arnold outstanding as the lumber king; Joel McCrea does well as his son, and Frances Farmer is sensational in the double role. Put this on your "must see" list. (Jan.)

COME CLOSER, POLKAS—Columbia—James Dunn as a racketeer salesman talks his way out of jail into a job in a department store where Marion Marsh is manager. Romance and honest ambition clash as his pals turn up. You'll laugh. (Feb.)

CONFLICT—Universal—Jack London's story about a prize fighting lumberjack who turns from shady occupations when love comes along in the person of Jean Rogers. Lots of action but little else. John Wayne is the puffin. Send the youngsters. (Feb.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—Republic—A clever little comedy depending on the laugh team of Olsen and Johnson, a pair of high-powered promoters who sell worthless stock, but unfortunately save their weeks after some funny gags. Nice supporting cast. (Jan.)

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox—This exciting air drama concerns spky Peter Lorre's efforts to secure plane blueprints from aviationist pilot Brian Donlevy, who walks away with setting honors. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are good supports. (Feb.)

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113 |
Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ...A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits...and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles...And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening".

Warner Bros.
LAST CHANCE
TO VOTE FOR THE BEST PICTURE OF 1936

THIS is your last chance to cast your ballot in one of the biggest contests of the year—the award of Photoplay’s Gold Medal for the best picture of 1936. All ballots must be in by March 1st. The polls definitely close on that day.

Which picture do you think should win this prize as Hollywood’s most meritorious achievement during the past year?

There were more stirring, fascinating, and generally heroic pictures in 1936 than ever before in screen history. An enormous amount of very superior acting, directing, and producing talent went into the making of these films. Which one did you like best?

The list of pictures which we print here to jog your memory is not all inclusive. Space does not permit us to list every picture.

If your own particular favorite is not here, that makes no difference. Send in your vote anyway. You may use the ballot below, or you may write your choice on a slip of paper and mail it to the Editor of Photoplay, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Photoplay makes no recommendations. As the votes fall, so they are counted.

The picture which wins the most of our readers’ votes wins the Gold Medal. This citation of yours, the only motion picture award given by YOU, the public, is most important to the screen colony. It is an honor they vie for, and believe to be a notable recognition of their efforts to please you in the past year. SEND IN YOUR VOTE NOW! DON’T DELAY! Remember, your ballot must be in by March 1st.

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920
“HUMORESQUE”
1921
“TOL’ABLE DAVID”
1922
“ROBIN HOOD”
1923
“THE COVERED WAGON”
1924
“ABRAHAM LINCOLN”
1925
“THE BIG PARADE”
1926
“BEAU GESTE”
1927
“7TH HEAVEN”
1928
“FOUR SONS”
1929
“DISRAELI”
1930
“ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT”
1931
“CIMARRON”
1932
“SMILIN’ THROUGH”
1933
“LITTLE WOMEN”
1934
“THE BARRETT’S OF WIMPOLE STREET”
1935
“NAUGHTY MARIETTA”

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT
GOLD MEDAL EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1936.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME
ADDRESS
The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast! Sparkling personalities! Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson! Breath-catching gowns! Fun, frivolity, frenzy! Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:
Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Àuèr • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT
GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...

Now you can see

THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!

... Direct from its sensational $2.00 runs in Hollywood and New York!

"LIAR! TRAITOR! BETRAYER!
I AM EVERYTHING YOUR HUSBAND CALLS ME!"

HAIL A NEW STAR!
Handsome, appealing Tyrone Power... today's screen sensation!

LLOYDS OF LONDON

starring
FREDRIK BARTHOLOMEW and MADELEINE CARROLL
with SIR GUY STANDING - TYRONE POWER

C. Aubrey Smith • Virginia Field
AND A MAMMOTH CAST

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...
WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!

The smartest musical ever filmed!
The grandest songs ever written!

`THIS YEAR'S KISSES`
`I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM`
`THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE`
`HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM`

"SLUMING ON PARK AVENUE"

Dick Powell • Madelaine Carroll
IRVING BERLIN'S
"ON THE AVENUE"

Alice Faye • The Ritz Brothers • George Barbier
Alan Mowbray • Cora Witherspoon • Stepin Fetchit • Sig Rumann

Directed by Roy Del Ruth • Associate Producer Gene Markey
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
The fastest in dancing! • The last word in entertainment!
It's full of Boom-Boom and Go-Go!

IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST IN ENTERTAINMENT!
"Luxable play clothes are perfect under the California sun. After a 'workout' they go straight into rich Lux buds. Of course, they come up smiling, colors bright as new. My nice cottons, like my nice silks and rayons, never get rubbed with cake soap," says Alice.

"I get hopping mad if anybody dares to wash my things with anything but Lux flakes," says Alice Faye . . .

Don't miss this Fox star in "On The Avenue"

"There's an aura of daintiness about freshly Luxed wearables that always appeals to men," Alice Faye declares. Hosts of admirers affirm she's right. And when "the" man comes along . . .

"It wouldn't be hard to live in a cottage," she says. "Money is nice, but I know how to get along without a lot.

"When I was in the chorus, I learned to keep clothes lovely at very little expense. Lux was my stand-by. I found I could afford beautifully sheer stockings if I Luxed them every night. That way I hardly ever got runs. Naturally I insist all my washables be cared for in the very same way now!"

Clever Alice! Cake-soap rubbing and harsh soaps that may contain harmful alkali often fade colors—wear nice things out too soon. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Specified in the leading Hollywood studios

Designer ROYER, of Fox Studios, says: "Caring for costumes properly is as important as their original creation. All the washable costumes on the lot are Luxed. Lux protects colors, keeps costumes new longer!"

"Alice Faye BELIEVES "PRINCE CHARMING" WILL LIKE HER BEST IN LUXABLES"
VERY personal reflections . . . A New York burlesque house calls its show "Gone with the Windsor" . . . Hollywood would never dare do that . . . Hollywood is in a blanketed state of ignoring that whole marvelous story . . . I don't mind missing the filming of the story so much as I miss those two potential great stars . . . Anyone who listening to the King's voice as he tiredly said "At long last" and noted thereafter his timing on that most touching of addresses, knew he was by nature a very fine actor . . . and think of the interviews Mrs. Simpson could give in Hollywood. . . . "How to be Alluring Though Frankly Forty." “Sex Appeal is Not A Mere Matter Of Youth”. . . And best of all "My Secrets of Charm." . . .

No one will admit the Hollywood ban on this but the reason is easy to figure . . . no producer is going to risk getting in wrong with the English Church and State . . . they'll just make films on Spain instead . . . there's nobody there even to get in right with . . .

THAT Zanuck has done it again . . . dug himself up four stars while everybody is moaning about the need of them . . . His "One In a Million," starring Sonja

Wallis Warfield Simpson, a great star — lost for financial reasons

flame, is doing smash business . . . that girl is an impossible combination . . . an ingenue with glamour . . . more graceful than Fred Astaire . . . with the slumberous quality of Dietrich . . . at the same time very pretty and very young.

THEN there's Tyrone Power, Jr. . . . he will be terrific now that "Lloyd's of London" has been generally released . . . very handsome, fatally young and with that sincerity which slays you . . . It was nice seeing him at a glittering cocktail party given for him and Sonja Henie by Fox in New York . . . he was more than a little bewildered . . . when he left New York for the Coast he was practically broke . . . he had gone through a terrific struggle . . . in Hollywood things hadn't been too easy . . . but here was New York kowtowing to him . . . it must be a glorious feeling at twenty-two . . . or forty-two for that matter.

Zanuck has created Simone Simon too . . . out of twenty four sheets, newspaper columns and a post . . . but there is no doubt that the younger generation, particularly the high school kids, have taken her to their hearts . . . Zanuck likewise has Don Ameche, who appears better than ever in "One In a Million" . . .
The screen is in desperate need of new girl names ... except for the two listed above the only other new feminine starlet who means anything is Frances Farmer . . . maybe Metro will begin to treat Luise Rainer properly after they release "The Good Earth" and they claim to have a new star in Tilly Losch—but that remains to be seen.

The cleverest new move the business has made is in the creation of the so-called "Bureau of New Plays" . . . directed by Theresa Helburn, that very intelligent head of the Theatre Guild in New York. The "Bureau" is aimed at the young writers still in college . . . offers prizes for the best play in each division submitted . . . melodrama, farce, comedy, social theme . . . gives scholarships to those who seem worthy of them, on the basis of the plays submitted . . . gives fellowships, too . . . also provides play doctors and collaborators when those are needed . . . in other words, gives every encouragement to young writers showing any talent whatsoever . . . All this is financed and supported by the Hollywood producers . . . they will get the benefit of the stories for movies . . . the writers will get the plays produced or filmed . . . or both.

The dynamic Miss Helburn says that farces aren't coming in . . . she thinks that is because the screen has done them so superbly as witness "My Man Godfrey" that writers know they can't surpass them . . . that melodramas are limp for the same reason . . . that plays with social significance . . . strikes, the depression and such are numerous and good . . . but that love stories just do not seem to be submitted at all . . . she doesn't know the answer to that one but has her suspicions . . .

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, that marvelous actor . . . you must remember him in "Nine Days a Queen" and you must see him in "Green Light" . . . has the most intelligent explanation against Shakespeare being screened . . . Sir Cedric points out that Shakespeare wrote his plays to be listened to . . . not to be looked at . . . the Elizabethan stage had poor lighting . . . the female rôles had to be played by men . . . they had almost no stage settings . . . so the great dramatist made up for this by the beauty of the language he used . . . Sir Cedric argues that when you screen Shakespeare it is like screening an opera without the music . . . you lose all the value of the original and produce a bad substitute . . . which seems the right answer to why "Romeo and Juliet" for all its beauty and fine acting has been a box-office disappointment to Metro . . .

Our personal thanks . . . to Warners for their courage in making "The Black Legion" . . . to Metro for the laughter in "After the Thin Man" and for making marriage thereby seem so very delightful . . . to Madeleine Carroll for being so sheerly beautiful . . . and to Joan Crawford for her letter to us in which she denied for all time those false rumors about herself and Franchot.
THE INSIDE STORY OF
“MAID OF SALEM”

BY FRANK LLOYD

(Director of “Cavalcade”, “The Sea Hawk”, “Mutiny on the Bounty”)

Naturally, ever since “Mutiny on the Bounty” swept the country, I’ve been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn... “Maid of Salem”. Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love... a story with the same drive and surge of “Mutiny”. For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

But finding a story is only half a director’s battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in “Under Two Flags” and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little “Maid of Salem”. A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face... I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it’s Fred’s swellest part.

Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it’s an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make “Maid of Salem” the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see “Maid of Salem” you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm. (Advertisement)

Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for “Maid of Salem”

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero.

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since “The Texas Rangers”, as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword.
Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it's the most interesting one to reach the editors before March 10th, 1937, we will pay you $10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Send it to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

TWO one dollar bills in my pocket—and a date with Frances Langford . . .
All of the fellows at school and the theater (I'm an usher) were ribbing me. "Do you think Frances Langford would give a lanky eighteen-year-old school boy a date?" they laughed.
I was determined to get the date, but even if I did what would I use for money?
I had been writing for the Jacksonville Journal, so I called the city editor and asked if he could use a story about her. "Sure, bring it up and if it is any good I'll give you a couple of bucks," he answered.
I told him I was trying to get a date with her and needed the money in advance.
"Are you crazy? Trying to get a date with a star and with only two bucks—wait a minute," he hesitated, "that sounds like a good feature article. Come over and get the money."
I managed to meet Miss Langford and after talking about everything from the weather to football I finally generated enough nerve to ask her for the date. After I had explained that all I had was two dollars she smiled and replied, "Well, A. C., I'm afraid you'll just have to spend your two dollars."
The date was set for 6:00. I was there at 5:50.
As we started from the hotel lobby she asked if I wanted to use her car. I was too nervous to drive and suggested a dime cab.
"We'll walk and save our money," was her reply. Going past the door I had one of the dollar bills changed for her to get weighed—ninety-eight pounds to the ounce.
Several blocks of walking and we were at a cafeteria. Frances (she asked me to call her Frances) carefully budgeted our finances. Going through the line she asked the prices of food and added, aloud, making sure not to exceed our allowance. The checks came to $1.10 and a dime tip, added to the penny for Frances to weigh, left us with seventy-nine cents.
As we wiggled our way through the autograph hunters it started raining. With no money our only alternative was the theater. I had passes. I bought a paper and hailed a dime cab. Twenty-five cents more gone. We went next door to the theater and bought a dime's worth of salted peanuts and a package of gum. While paying the cashier a nickel dropped through my fingers and rolled. Frances and I looked but it was gone—and as bad as we needed that nickel!
A photographer was taking pictures of an automobile on display in the theater lobby and asked us to pose. During the stage attraction they announced Frances was present. The audience went wild.
After the show we went next door for a chocolate soda. Only four cents left. As it happened Guy Kenimer, my boss, passed and asked if he could drive us to the hotel. At the hotel Frances took one of my pennies and weighed again. This time she registered 103 pounds and it was on the same scales that she had weighed the first time. She gained five pounds during the date.
"I had more fun than if we had spent two hundred dollars," she laughed.
As you have probably gathered from this article Frances Langford is a real sport—she's a honey. And I'm saving those three pennies for souvenirs.
P. S. Did I fall for her—what do you think?
“Souls at Sea” will be Gary Cooper’s last picture for Paramount. He’s been there since 1926. After years of being called just a personality, Gary has developed into one of our best actors. He moves over under Sam Goldwyn’s wing where he expects to make “Marco Polo” first planned for Doug Fairbanks
When Beverly Roberts stepped into the part left vacant by Bette Davis in "God's Country and the Woman," she stepped into her best rôle to date. She came to the screen only a year ago via the night clubs where she sang. She has a great sense of humor, drives a motorcycle, has no particular heart interest—just work.
Miriam Hopkins speaks French and Spanish like a native—adores to travel—dotes on fortune tellers—loves dogs—is famous for her southern dinners. Back from England where she made a picture, she divides her time between Austin Parker, her ex-husband, and Anton Litvak, who will direct her new picture.
In color you can really see Gloria Stuart as she is—one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood. After one unhappy experience, she is now happily married to Arthur Sheekman, the writer. They have a little daughter. Gloria loves bridge and golf, writes poetry, and her great ambition is to edit a newspaper.
Call out the riot squad! A new Civil War is raging! Who will play the principals in the world's best seller?

TIME was when you could call a man a rat in Hollywood and get yourself a stiff poke in the nose. But now what you get is—"Rhett? Rhett Butler? Well—I don't know about that 'profile like an old coin' stuff, but I've been told I am rather masterful, and—"

Yes, and there was a day when you could call a woman scarlet in this town and find yourself looking into the business end of a male relative's shotgun. But now it's—"Scarlett? Scarlett O'Hara? Oh, do you really think so? Well, I wish you'll say that around Mr. Selznick. Of course, my eyes aren't exactly green, but unless they use Technicolor—"

Ever since that very small but very un-Reconstructed Rebel, Mistress Peggy Mitchell, of the Atlanta Mitchells, wrote a book called "Gone With the Wind," which went like a seventy-mile gale over the country and whipped up a grade-A tornado, a civil war, the like of which Jeff Davis never dreamed, has been raging uncontrolled 'way out in Hollywood.

Houses are divided, brother against brother, husband against wife, butler versus pantrymaid.

"Why, Judge," a woman told the court the other day, "this bum says the only man to play Rhett Butler is Warren William. How can I go on living with a cretin like that?"

"Yeah," countered the defendant, "and, Your Honor, she embarrassed me before my friends plugging for Ronald Colman. Ronald Colman—imagine! My business dropped off."

"Divorce granted," murmured the court, "although personally I've always thought Gary Cooper would be a natural for the part."

What is considerably worse, actors and actresses who have never been South of the Slot in San Francisco or below Twenty-third Street in Manhattan, whose closest tie to Dixie in fact, is a faint resemblance to Virginia ham, wander around calling people "Honey" in a languid, molasses manner. Mugs who always thought Pickett's charge was a labor demonstration, now demand real mint in their grog. Even the high yellows down on Central Avenue are brushing up on their southern accents.

It's really pretty awful.

Of course if you haven't read the astounding book that has leaped clear out of the ordinary fiction league to become the marvel of modern American literature, all this may leave you as dizzy as a six-day bicycle rider. In that case, all I can say is that if you're around number sixty-seven on the waiting list and sound of wind and limb there is still hope.

But if you have, you'll understand why nerves are snapping from Burbank to Brentwood as the two juiciest parts in the history of Hollywood dangle like ripe luscious cherries just above tiptoe reach. For "Gone With the Wind" is all set to be made into the greatest moving picture of all time (they admit it). Only there isn't any Scarlett O'Hara. There isn't any Rhett Butler. The suspense is terrific.

Furthermore, the curious effect of this book, which now hovers around the million sales mark, is that the minute a gentle reader closes the back cover with the wistful hope that Scarlett will get another crack at Rhett someday, a crusading, militant, in fact belligerent one-man casting department is born. Yes Ma'am, and with a lusty squall.

So look what happens. Sixty thousand letters, wires, communications of all sorts, sent direct or forwarded by critics, columnists and radio commentators have poured in and keep pouring to swell the excitement higher and higher. The result
is the biggest screen sweepstakes of modern movie history. The prize: fame, fortune and
the greatest eager, ready-made audience any star ever dreamed about.

Who will win? Well—here are the favorites, complete with clockings, handicaps, and
pole positions. You pays your money and you takes your choice:

Ladies first, which means Rhett Butler—

Clark Gable is the odds on favorite. He probably will play the part. If he doesn’t
there may be a Revolution. The nation-wide choice, by a wide margin, he runs neck-and-neck
with Warner Baxter in the South, which, incidentally, will have plenty to say about
the casting of this picture. Gable is also the big Hollywood favorite, although if you can’t
see him you can’t see him at all. It’s that way. Letters have poured in threatening boy-
cotts and reprisals (honest) if he’s cast as Rhett. The same if he isn’t.

Clark is the right age, the perfect build, the effective sex quotient. On a very touchy
point—whether or not he can put on a southern accent and wear it becomingly—he is
doubtful. He would give a year of his life to play Rhett—why not? It would be the
biggest monkey gland his career could conceivably manage.

But—Gable is among the most jealously hoarded of M-G-M stars. And Selznick
International, not M-G-M, copped this prize story of the century. M-G-M turned it
down! Selznick International means John Hay Whitney and David Oliver Selznick.
But again—David Oliver Selznick is married to Louis B. Mayer’s daughter. Would Gable
be available? What do you think?

Fredric March is the only factor so far officially tested for Rhett. Was the early choice,
but seems to have faded in the back stretch. Would be available, eager and willing to play
Rhett on a moment’s notice. Runs about third in the terrific straw balloting which in-

Clark, Gable, everybody’s choice, everywhere—but tied up

Freddie March, hero of one best seller, “Anthony Adverse”
creases every day. Is regarded by millions as a great actor—many others do not agree. Played the other great sensational best seller title part, "Anthony Adverse." Consensus of opinion is that Fredric would be an adequate Rhett but that's all. Lacks the sinister sex considered absolutely essential to a great performance.

Warner Baxter has surprising support from Atlanta and the deep South. Is the best "sympathy" actor in the race. His recent sock hit in "To Mary—With Love" is considered an apt build-up. Warner has the strong support of all who picture Rhett Butler as a man who suffered and suffered. Is keeping his fingers crossed day and night because if he landed it would be "In Old Arizona" all over again for him. His contract, of course, is with Twentieth Century-Fox, which makes him eligible. Darryl Zanuck who is a borrower of stars in the talent market wouldn't dare bite the hand that feeds him and keep him locked up in the closet. Warner, too, is about the right age, a little on the oldish side. His weakness, too, is no powerful sex appeal.

Ronald Colman popped into the running through an erroneous press dispatch. But once in has remained a strong contender. Chief advantage is his spot as long term contract star with Selznick International, his decided romantic charm, suavity, age and sympathetic personality. Chief disadvantage his ever-lovin' Britishness, hard for the folks down South to swallow when the story is almost a sectional issue.

Those are the favorites. But Cary Grant, Basil Rathbone, Edward Arnold haven't given up yet.

Now gents—it's your turn
For Scarlett O'Hara—
Tallulah Bankhead—shared the same bum steer announce-[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]
WHEN I was a cub reporter on the Los Angeles Herald, at the ripe age of seventeen, I had a city editor who belonged to the old "go-get-it-and-don't-come-back-without-it" school of journalism. In his service I climbed in bathroom windows, hid in dark cemeteries and once went to jail for stealing pictures.

As W. C. Fields would say, "Those were the good old days." I nursed, for said city editor, combined feelings of fear, hatred and undying admiration. And he made my young life a thing of sound and fury.

But he wrote certain things indelibly upon my conscience and one of them was that any story which didn't tell "Who—How—Why—When—and Where," as soon as possible, belonged in the waste basket no matter if its literary flavor approximated that of Keats and Shelley.

(This, as you can see, would already be reposing on the city room floor.)

The point is that in this particular piece those terms are all a little hard to define but in obedience to my early training I will do my best.

The Who is certainly young Mr. Robert Taylor, of Hollywood.

How: How about his getting married?

Why: Why, because he's the foremost matinee idol in the world today.

When: When is he going to make up his mind or has he?


On a recent flying visit to California, I discovered that the kingdom of Motion Pictures is as much concerned about the problem of Hollywood's Crown Prince and his marriage as any other place would be about the marriage of its Crown Prince.

Young Mr. Taylor a few years ago—such a very few years ago—when he was just a young college student at Pomona, might have stepped out and married the prettiest co-ed in the place, or a widow with six children, or a Cinderella from behind the counter of a drug store—and it would have been entirely his own business.

That is not, and cannot, be true any longer.

Whom he marries is of vital importance to a great industry.

Whether he marries at all is a question which interests millions of people.

The diplomatic effect of his marrying or not marrying is considered by experts in public reaction.

And whether, in the event of his marrying, it will be possible to make a success of it or whether it will follow Hollywood history and be a major disaster ending in divorce or tragedy— as most matinee idols' marriages have done—is something that occupies great executives' brains as well as the tongues of the entire picture colony.

When I landed at the Burbank, California airport three days before New Year's, all this was already in my mind.

**CAN ROBERT TAYLOR ESCAPE HOLLYWOOD'S LOVE RACKET?**

[Woman and man in the image are discussing the question of Robert Taylor's future in Hollywood.]

Studios always seem to see it that there's a camera around whenever a rising star dates a girl. Metro tried to give "the romantic build-up" as it's called, to Taylor and Jean Parker, then to Bob and Janet Gaynor.
Will he, like Edward the VIII, find himself prevented from marrying the woman he loves?

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

When I climbed back into a United Air Lines plane on New Year's night it had somehow touched my emotions, awakened many old memories, brought to my thoughts many phases of Hollywood life that I have been observing for quite a while.

I had seen Mr. Robert Taylor and Miss Barbara Stanwyck—the lady with whom he is most frequently seen and whose engagement to him has been a consistent rumor for some time. More than that, I had seen them together.

I do not pretend to be clairvoyant. But I'm a woman and I am also a reporter, which means that whatever natural intuition I possess has been trained for years in observation and in attempting to judge from appearances what lies underneath.

Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck say they are not going to get married, even now that Barbara's divorce from Frank Fay is final. They say it long, and loud, and clear. They deny definitely that they are in love and insist that they are just "good friends."

Maybe they're right. Or maybe they don't know themselves. But if they aren't in love they are better actors than they have ever given us reason to believe on the screen.

And that brings us right up against what is really a definite psychological problem. It might be done under some such title as the price of fame.

The truth of the matter is that Hollywood—which is a very indefinite term but which means the consensus of those who think they know about what the public wants and doesn't want—Hollywood believes that Robert Taylor shouldn't get married. They tell each other so and they have told young Mr. Taylor so. They have impressed it upon him—and brilliant and successful as he may be, Mr. Taylor is still very young and undoubtedly impressionable.

And the reason they say it is that matinee idols shouldn't be married because the public doesn't like it. Added to which even if the public doesn't like it, it can't and won't work.

It's all pretty complicated, but we can try to find out as much about it as we can, because I think it's by all odds the most interesting story of the moment.

When "they say" that the public doesn't want Robert Taylor to get married, they mean that he will lose some of his glamour, some of his romantic appeal, if he is somebody's husband. If the girls and women who sit in the audiences all over the world and watch him make love to the beautiful screen star opposite him—whether it be Garbo or Stanwyck—think that he's going home to his wife, they will have more difficulty in thinking of him as their own Prince Charming.

Marriage, in other words, destroys some of that illusion which goes to make matinee idols.

There are cases on both sides. Unquestionably Jack Gilbert's greatest romantic appeal came when he wasn't married—during the years of his great and ever exciting and glamorous love affair with Greta Garbo. Rudolph Valentino, who still has never been topped as a screen lover, enjoyed his greatest fame and favor when he was single—he never came back to the heights after he married Natasha.
In 1929, Admiral Byrd was discovering the South Pole for the Newsreels. The Duke of Windsor had not yet met Mrs. Simpson and people were whistling "If I Had A Talking Picture of Yoo-oo." Spangler Arlington Brugh, who later changed his name to Robert Taylor, was mixing studies with amateur dramatics, and Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor were still Hollywood's favorite screen lovers. There was, if you remember, something called "The Crash."

Also, in 1929, Shirley Temple was born.

Today, a little more than seven years later, Shirley is one of the ten most famous people in the world. In her tiny span, so far, she has made more money than 10,000 average people make in a lifetime. Directly and indirectly, she supports countless people, from cameramen and directors on the set, to theater ushers and doll salesmen in far-off countries.

She is Big Business. Shirley is as much a national commodity as Lux soap, Post Toasties or Coca Cola. She is translated into strips of cellu-
laid, packed in cans, and shipped from Omsk to Oshkosh. Shirley is the reason a little girl in Worcester, Mass., wears a certain kind of print dress. She is the song-plugger who introduced the melody that is heard at three A.M. in a smoky New York night club. Shirley is the driving force behind a thriving toy concern, and a Shirley Temple book has been on the best-seller list for two years.

Shirley Temple is now beginning her fourth big year. It was on December 19, 1933, that she appeared with some 149 other little girls for tests for the role in "Stand Up and Cheer." Since that time she has been playing tiddle-de-winks with box-office records and now 20th Century-Fox executives estimate that her screen shadow has sung and danced to 240,000,000 people—or more than twice the number that there are in these United States. If figures mystify, then take it this way: Shirley's box-office stature is twice that of Garbo's.

BUT what about Shirley herself? How has all this affected her? How has it affected her family—a typical American group plucked from the pleasant obscurity of placid routine living in Santa Monica, twenty miles from Hollywood, geographically, and as distant as Mars in environment.

When Shirley first dimpled her way to fame, her father was an assistant bank manager. Shirley's mother, who up to this time had never employed a maid, was busying herself with buying groceries, running a small home and playing occasional neighborhood bridge. Shirley's two older brothers, Jack and George, were plodding their unnoticed way through an education.

Today, Mr. Temple no longer works for a bank. Mrs. Temple is the head of that Big Business, which is Shirley. Jack and George are pointed out on the campus as the brothers of a motion picture star.

A picture, some wise man said, is worth a thousand words. Shirley has been snapped, posed and unposed, for more than ten thousand pictures. But the amount of wordage that she has inspired far surmounts anything that has been done pictorially. Unfortunately, most of what has been written about Shirley is appallingly misrepresented.

I have heard from reliable sources—most of them not from Hollywood and none of them from inside a studio—that Shirley is spoiled, overworked, overpaid, a genius, and a midget. Some tell me that Shirley lives in a guarded palace. From others I hear that she still lives in the house where she was born. Some say that her parents are living riotously on the money she has made. Then again, from someone in Alaska, I learn that the Temples have saved every cent that Shirley ever made.

I'd like to tell you, as well as I can, all that I know about Shirley and I am fortunately in a position to know quite a lot, and all that I know is accurate.

To say, as is often said, that Shirley is just like any other pretty little girl is just as accurate as saying that Joan Crawford is just like any other good-looking woman.

I have never known anyone just like Shirley, and never expect to. She is, if a baby may be called so, a supreme individualist.

In private, she has two outstanding traits: astounding poise and staunch good humor. It is almost impossible to upset her poise and her humor is disturbed only when she rightly feels she has been duped. Then she will protest for her rights.

I remember the time we took the Abbe children, authors of that best-selling book, "Around the World in Eleven Years," out to Shirley's bungalow. The kids were playing around in the back yard and swinging and chasing after Shirley's rabbits. Without spoiling their fun too much, we tried to get a few speed-shots of them. Shirley was perfect in all of the shots, but Patience Abbe happened to move in a couple of them. The cameraman interrupted their play to take a few more. And though Shirley was on her recess time, she gladly consented to more posing. Then someone thought of another angle and I asked Shirley, "Could we have just one more shot and then that will be all?"

"Sure," she said.

Just as we were to leave, however, we thought of another picture that would be ideal.

"No," said Shirley, "You said one more would be all and that is all."

That is where you learn the first [please turn to page 99]
ROBERT TAYLOR got himself into a mood the other day. Life, he felt, was getting too full of cameras and executives and Duesenbergs and svelte sirens. He longed, suddenly, for the good old days when he was Spangler Arlington Brough and worried about whether he had time enough to cram for an exam out at Pomona College.

On impulse he jumped into his car and headed for the sleepy little California town. He felt ordinary and democratic as all heck, so much so that he picked up a hitchhiker on the way.

"Just call me Arlington," he told the awed man.

At Pomona he left his car and went wandering onto the campus, vaguely determined to hunt up some of his old friends and chat with them.

A co-ed saw him and there was immediately a minor riot. He bought a cup of coffee in the local cafe, but wasn't allowed to drink it. He spent an entire hour autographing notebooks and term theses. The dean and several professors cornered him and had a group picture taken in the school library. Crowds of girls surrounded him, making remarks.

So after awhile Spangler got somehow into his new Packard phaeton, mopped his forehead, and headed once more for sophisticated but considerate Hollywood. He picked up no hitchhikers on the way back.

T he bravest man in Hollywood—or maybe in America—today is George Cukor, ace director, who is uninterested in leaving well enough alone.

To the porte cochere of his home the other noontime drove a closed limousine. From it Garbo stepped, rang the bell, entered.

Another sleek car came purring to the entrance; and from it Tilly Losch (Metro's newest excitement) undulated, and went into the house.

Finally a station wagon roared up, Katharine Hepburn barged lankily in.

Mr. Cukor introduced them in the hall. The world's greatest enigma, American's greatest a to b gamut-runner, and Hollywood's most exciting siren shook hands with a general freezing air of bewilderment, and went icyly to lunch. What happened during that momentous meal only the four and a servant know.

Anyway we'll bet you George Cukor is still chuckling quietly under his eyebrows.

We nominate for the best gag-puller in the town of Hollywood—Mr. Clark Gable. The story told us recently by Joan Crawford wins him the award in nothing flat.
THE loneliest, most unhappy man in all of Hollywood today is Ramon Navarro.
With plenty of money and leisure to roam the world, Ramon wants to be back in movies and won't be satisfied till he gets there.

“I'll do anything,” he told a friend.
“I'll start at the bottom, I'll be an extra, anything at all to get in.”

THEY call Simone Simon's new dressing room on the set of “Seventh Heaven” the padded cell.
The walls are completely covered in padded blue satin.
A wag, who claims to know, insists the studio made it that way to keep Simone's screaming tantrums a secret from the rest of the cast.

FOR two years Al Jolson, following a strange hunch, has bet on a certain race horse.
Always the nag made a good showing, but somehow managed to tail in out of the money.
It got so finally that Jolson could write the amount of money he had lost on that horse in four figures.
Ruby Keeler solved the problem.
She bought the horse for Al—and they retired it to a pasture!

ONE of the last stories told about Director Boleslawski; an assistant director took Boleslawski’s absence from the set as an opportunity to be officious.

“Now let’s get this next scene right,” he screamed at the extras. “Get some pep into it. Let’s show that Russian blankety blank what we can do.”

There came a light tap on his shoulder.
The assistant director whirled around. It was Boleslawski.

“Polish blankety blank,” Bolly corrected him.
More New Year celebrants. (opposite page) Jack Benny, Babe Marx, Mrs. Benny; Charles Winninger and Joe Penner. (This page) Simone Simon, that firebrand, with William Wyler; Janice Jarrett, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck (her divorce is final now!) Cary Grant greeting Dodo, the cigarette girl—pretty? Ralph, the headwaiter at the Troc, seats the John Bar-rymores. (They had their big fight that night) (at the right) David Hirl with Claire Trevor
Yachting, the newest movie vogue, seas and million dollar laughs

Can you distinguish between a yawl and a ketch; between a sloop and a bugeye? Can you box the compass, or trim a jib; can you lay a course, coil a painter or reef the mainsail?

If you can't, steer clear of Hollywood, for Hollywood, with the dramatic flourish peculiarly its own, has gone nautical. And nutty.

Hollywood has always been susceptible to fads, but never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has there been a fad that caught like this current craze for boats.

There was a shameful era of ignorance when Hollywood thought of the ocean as a mere photographic background for Mack Sennett's Bathing Girls. In those remote days, you could give us a foaming surf, a towering rock and an eyeful of Gloria Swanson, or Phyllis Haver, or Marie Prevost, clad in a little something before and a little less behind, and you could keep the rest of the Pacific. But now Hollywood wants the entire ocean for its week-end cruises. But what goes on is, in its own way, as funny as those Sennett comedies.

Consider, for instance, the memorable cruise of that sterling mariner, Warren William, who on a recent Friday afternoon, sallied forth from Los Angeles Harbor in his trim little schooner and laid a course for Ensenada, Mexico, some two hundred miles south. The combination of a blustery southwest wind and a high sea made it an afternoon to challenge the virility of any yachtsman, but never a whit cared.

Buck Jones (top) is a fine sailor but read what he does to the Coast Guard; the two silliest salts in all Hollywood are those pals, Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess; the author of this story: Lee Tracy; and Bill French (bottom) had a goofy adventure.
By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

Warren or his guests. Virility? Why, anyone in Hollywood can tell you that no one is more virile than an actor who has taken up yachting.

About twenty miles south of Los Angeles Harbor, with all the sails spread and dusk falling, Warren turned the wheel over to one of his guests and clambered out into the martingale guys, under the bowsprit, to reef the jib. And while he was there, hanging on for dear life, the schooner fell off into the trough of the sea, and he received a thorough ducking, which is carrying virility a bit too far.

"Bring her up into the wind!" shouted Warren, clinging to nautical phraseology as desperately as he was to the bowsprit.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the wheelsman pro tem, who may have been a few sheets in the wind himself by then. And with that, he spun the wheel over so enthusiastically that he brought the boat completely about, and dumped his host most thoroughly.

Well, Warren, spitting salt water and invectives, went below to change his sodden clothes and when he came back on deck, what with the conviviality and the darkness, he completely forgot the change in course.

Taking turns at the wheel, he and his pals sailed all night and at dawn found themselves within sight of port.

"It's a record trip!" announced Warren with justifiable pride.

"But that doesn't look like Ensenada," objected one of the guests.

WARREN WILLIAM LEARNED, UNWILLINGLY, HOW TO SAIL RAPIDLY—AND GET NOWHERE. BELOW AND ACROSS THE TOP OF THE PAGES, HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE YACHTS RIDING PEACEFULLY AT ANCHOR NEAR SAN PEDRO. THE BEAUTY (FIRST RIGHT) IS LEWIS STONE'S PRIDE AND JOY.
A strange triangle of young romance, unrequited affection and possible heartbreak—involving a famous male star and two of your favorite actresses

By FRANK SMALL

SOMETIMES, when things are dull, the crazy Fates toss all their carefully constructed patterns into the air and let them fall willy-nilly, cackling gleefully the while.

That happened in Hollywood not long ago. The patterns belonged to Jimmy Stewart, Virginia Bruce and Eleanor Powell.

This is a story of young romance and unrequited love and maybe of heartbreak. It concerns two very beautiful and famous young women, and one very appealing and famous young man; some of them in love and all of them a little unhappy on account of it. The outcome depends on their hearts and on their intelligent facing of a situation that has arisen through no fault of anybody's.

The blame, maybe, can be laid to the incredibly beautiful background for romance that California flaunts in the faces of young lovers; or to the pace of the gay, glamorous movie city; or to impulsive youth. Anyway—
A woman and a man sat over lunch in a smart Hollywood restaurant the other day. Jimmy Stewart and Virginia Bruce came in and were shown to a nearby table.

The woman (she is well-known, she is not a gossip. She scorns to insinuate, she knows everyone and what they do and how they think) said, "Aren't they nice together?"

"Mmm," the man said. "D'you think they'll be married this year?"

"They'll never be married."

The man grinned. "You mean he's not in love with her?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said the woman. "Look at him—does he look as if he didn't care for her? I know he does. As a matter of fact, he's told me so often enough."

"Well then—"

"It takes two, you know. She's mad for him," added the woman in the extravagant Hollywood wordage; "she adores him. But—she's not in love with him. Eleanor Powell is."

There was a long silence. The man, his luncheon forgotten, frowned in his attempt to understand the setup. "You mean Eleanor's crazy for Jimmy, and Jimmy likes her but is crazy for Virginia? Then—then what about Bruce? Whom does she love?"

The woman shrugged. "That's whatever you want to think. Some people will tell you it's a young artist she knows and is very mysterious about. I doubt that. She's told some of her friends that the memory of Jack Gilbert holds too much for her; that after a man so colorful, so insanely interesting, she's having a hard time discovering a substitute."

At which point I got up from the next table and wandered hazily forth into the sunshine, pondering deeply. The situation, expounded so brutally by the woman in the cafe, represented a story decorated with young emotions and poignant hope.

**JIMMY** first met gorgeous Virginia Bruce, accepted by most of Hollywood as the most beautiful girl in the industry, at the now famous bachelor establishment he shared for so long with Henry Fonda.

They had just arrived from New York, these latter two clutching a batch of new picture contracts that meant for them a promise of prosperity and fame and success.

The housing problem they settled by leasing a rambling, secluded Monterey farm house (with sixty by one-hundred-foot farm house) and dividing it up into two suites.

Hank had just been divorced from Margaret Sullivan and Jimmy was unattached anyway; so the next problem was the eternal one of girls. This was resolved by sending for a caterer and bar equipment, wrangling an introduction to most of the single, good-looking actresses in town, and inviting them all (with escorts) to dinner.

One of these was Virginia.

Jimmy and Hank discovered her simultaneously, with delight. After dinner the party gathered in the playroom, with its built-in bar and its billiard table and its phonograph; record-enthusiast Jimmy Stewart found almost immediately that Virginia liked records, too.

Mr. Fonda immediately developed an intense, if brand new, interest in the little wax discs.

Squatting on the floor the three shuttled through the balanced tower of music and chose, with some haggling and no little argument about precedence, the tunes to be played for the assembled guests. Swing had just been ushered into its own on the winged notes of that brain-teasing thing called "The Music Goes 'Round," and the first part of this evening became a jam session, with Louis Prima and Benny Goodman crashing forth from the loud speaker. As the night wore on the flavor of the music changed subtly, so that jazz was exchanged for blue-sweet melody and high laughter for murmuring.

At some time during the party, Jimmy, apparently, lost his heart to the lovely Virginia.

From that time the race was on between Hank and Jimmy for her favors. She divided them equally, dancing with Fonda one night and dining with Stewart the next. When they were both insistent she made a date with both, and kept it; this was usually on preview nights, and Hollywood theater goers were amused to see Virginia, sleek and slim and blonde always, trotting under the marquees between two attentive top coats, with two equally attentive hats inclined toward her. Afterward they supped gaily at the smarter clubs and seldom danced, to avoid argument.

Later the threesome was seen less and less. Hank and Virginia appeared occasionally together but more often it was Jimmy who towered beside the slender Bruce girl as she stepped from running board to sidewalk, from table to dance floor.

You saw them, sometimes, — [Please turn to page 111] —

*Virginia Bruce is generally considered Hollywood's most beautiful girl. Eleanor Powell is the most vivid new star. What, and about whom, will debonair Jimmy Stewart decide?*
GEORGE RAFT SETTLED THAT CONTRACT FIGHT

The inside story of an amazing friendship that had its influence on Hollywood history

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

And as though to point up his victory, on the afternoon that he returned to resume his rôle, he stood in the doorway of his dressing room which is directly opposite Gary Cooper's, and indifferently flipped a coin, as half of Paramount passed by. Hollywood had never heard of a turnabout like this. Bad boy walks out ... bad boy is begged back, at all on his own terms! "That Raft fellow is sure tough!" was the verdict around town.

Tough he is, on the surface, and as far as front-office matters are concerned ... but that pose, that coif-flipping, that belligerence and bawling for more salary, more weeks, more opportunity—that has nothing to do with the real George Raft. As he stood there in the doorway of his citadel, only those who know him well, could see him as he really was ... worn and haggard, and thinner than he had been six weeks before.

But it was not the fight he had waged in the executive offices that had unnerved him. The thing that threw him off was purely sentimental. But

WHEN one star walks out on a picture in which, for the first time, he has to share top billing with another star of the same sex, Hollywood has only one explanation of the case: the star wanted to be "it" or he wouldn't play!

That's what all Hollywood thought, nine weeks ago, when George Raft walked out on "Souls at Sea," the picture in which he was to co-star with Gary Cooper. What else could it think? George has a reputation for being a tough customer where parts and pictures are concerned, and he let it be known in no uncertain terms that his part in "Souls at Sea" was not to his liking. His belligerence was further interpreted as professional jealousy.

For six weeks George's hat was off the Paramount hook. It looked, for a while, that it might hang over at Sam Goldwyn's. Goldwyn wanted him for the lead in "Dead End," the play which made such a hit in New York this last year. He also talked business with Twentieth Century-Fox. In the meantime Paramount was what is known as "up a limb." There had been a great deal of advance publicity about "Souls at Sea," and its new co-starring team, and there was no one suitable, at the last minute, to take Raft's part. Then suddenly one afternoon George strolled in at Paramount, hat turned down, collar turned up, debonair and as sleek and menacing as one of his early screen characters.

Two hours later a new contract had been ironed out. It guaranteed him a raise of $500 a week—from $4,000 to $4,500—and it was a fifty-two-week a year contract rather than the usual forty-week one. It promised him a rewrite of his part. It allowed him to go to Sam Goldwyn for the "Dead End" picture which he wanted to do. And it paid him $24,000 back salary for the time he had been out! What a triumph for Raft!
No one can touch the gorgeous Crawford for consistent glamour. Perhaps it's because Joan continues to grow, mentally, and dramatically. Her newest enthusiasm is music, and when she isn't running her home, playing the title rôle in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," or improving her badminton, she is learning operatic rôles.
Janet Gaynor's present personality (here): Janet's past, by ten whole years at the foot of the opposite page; Janet's reincarnation in the rôle of Diane in "Seventh Heaven" and in the person of Simone Simon at upper right. Amusingly enough, Janet plays a movie struck kid in "A Star Is Born" with Freddie March, just what she was when she made "Seventh Heaven"
Little Simone Simon, Janet's successor, is now in the language. You may like her or not (most people adore her), but certainly she's been put across with the smartest publicity and the cutest pout seen in many a day. That's Jimmy Stewart she's entwined around, the debonair Jimmy, playing the rôle of Chico "a very remarkable fellow" which Charlie Farrell originated in 1927.
Here is Tilly Losch—M-G-M's newest star to be, in costume as Lotus, the second wife in "The Good Earth." The fascinating danseuse of the Vienna Opera, who made her screen debut in "A Garden of Allah," is expected to be another Garbo. Well she may, with her most exotic personality and a perfect figure besides.
Four years ago she was a Broadway musical star named Harriette Lake. Today she is Ann Sothern—and Mrs. Roger Pryor—one of the screen's most gifted comediennes. She is an expert pianist, loves to be interviewed, detests bridge, has to diet, raises canaries. RKO has Ann under contract. Her next is "When's Your Birthday?"
It's almost unbelievable that anyone could be as beautiful as Madeleine Carroll. Her girlhood ambition was to be a nun. A former schoolteacher, a star hockey player, a French scholar, she adores gardening, is superstitious about the number 26, prefers soup to anything, likes tennis, is wed to a wealthy Guard's officer who commutes from England to see her. In her new picture "On the Avenue" with Dick Powell, Madeleine will sing, and dance too
"Pennies From Heaven." Bing Crosby's latest, netted him a pretty penny too, for Bing put his own money behind it. It's a smash hit and enhances Mr. Crosby's reputation for being as shrewd as he's talented. The Groaner (pal Oakie's nickname for him) is slimmer these days. No wonder, what with playing golf daily (he's one of the best), backing his own horses at Santa Anita, buying an interest in a prize fighter, and making "Waikiki Wedding"
THE Russians claim you can't write a love story without some tragedy in it. If it isn't sad then it isn't a very good story anyhow, is what they always say. But they might be wrong because —

All I've got is the story of a young, very charming, very lovely girl who cheated Hollywood and life out of heartbreak, and found success and love there in spite of everything; a girl named Ann Sheridan, who laughs at herself and with you, who in a short year and a half has reached stellar rating in pictures, who last summer met and married the man she loves. She is utterly, completely happy, and she stands every chance in the world of staying that way.

It just doesn't happen, people say in 1937 and in Hollywood. But this did.

I saw them first—Ann and Ed Norris, one of Metro's new white-hopes—at the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona, on a blistering hot day last summer. Coat over his arm, shirt-sleeves rolled up, he ducked under the flap of a sideshow tent and held the flap open so that Ann could come out.

The show was a cheap burlesque, disarmingly frank, in which some three or four corn-fed beauties flapped unconcernedly through a disjointed dance and afterward went through the male audience to the back of the tent. They were coyly wrapped in cloaks, faces impassive, eyes harshly alert. As Ann emerged from this pretty little display there was no school-girl blush on her face, nor yet the cynically amused half-smile of the woman who knows many things and likes none of them.

She was frankly hilarious. “The one with the red hair,” she snorted happily to Ed, “really had you going, didn’t she?”

He didn't protest too much. “Mmm,” he agreed. “She was a honey.” He looked at Ann's own red hair, a shade unaided by packs and artifice, and grinned. “Let's go play the ponies,” he said.

They met on a clean spring forenoon, after the last rain of the season.

Ann had rooms in an apartment house with one of those pretentious names apartment houses in California affect; this one was called the Canterbury, and looked it. She sat buffeting her nails before the dressing table, preparatory to a shopping tour.

Today the constantly recurring thought of how impossible her current situation was returned again, stronger than ever. “It's too good,” she thought. “Things like this don't happen to people like me.”

She's only twenty one. She was born in Dallas, Texas, to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sheridan; and

To Ann (pictured here in color) the enviable things in life have come easy—beauty, popularity, success and now Eddie Norris (above)
SYNOPSIS

Don Roberts, handsome young producer for Climax Films, took his crippled son, Lee, to New York, after his actress wife, Nina, had deserted him supposedly for another man, Gilbert Ross. The lovely young nurse, Kay Stevens, whom he hired to care for Lee, completely won the child's heart and made more progress with him than any doctor had. Don developed a severe cold which turned into pneumonia, and when, on his deathbed, he implored Kay to marry him so that she could always look after Lee, she consented to do so. A few hours after they were married she entered the sick room to find that Don had passed the crisis and was going to pull through. The story continues—
They turned suddenly and saw her husband watching them. "My apologies," Gilbert said suavely. "Circumstances beyond my control."

DON'S recovery was rapid after that. A week later, he sat at a window and watched the pale glints of wintry sunshine sparkling on the snow in Central Park. He was painfully gaunt, but sound. At the end of the second week his nurse left and he was able to walk around. Kay had assisted the nurse in his care. She felt a growing fascination, an unreasonable interest for this stranger who was her husband. Nothing had been said about the marriage. Both seemed to avoid the touch of the other.

Under her care Lee was improving in health and spirits, and she had begun the task of daily lessons in elementary subjects. They were all couched in the terms of games, and Lee liked them.

"He can't grow up ignorant and undisciplined," Don approved, heartily, to Kay one night, "even if he does—remain a cripple. You're certainly working wonders with him, Kay."

They sat in the living room of the hotel suite. Lee was asleep, his red bandana tied around his fair, delicate head. Some morbid potency held Kay's eyes to Don's thin face. The thought persisted in marching constantly across her brain: "Your husband—this is your husband!" It seemed incredible; then the actuality, the finality of the fact, like the sense of death in life, appalled her.

She said: "I agree with Doctor Hess—I think the child has been tortured enough. It's a matter of muscles, almost atmosphere from disease. Surgery can't do much more. Perhaps incentive, the will to walk, will help him. The lessons help to interest him."

He nodded. His tired, brilliant eyes took in the trim severity of her uniform, which served to emphasize her youth, her cool, professional serenity. A face untouched, as yet, by the eternal war of the sexes. "I hope you're right," he said. "I don't believe I could stand any more surgery for Lee. I think I'd rather see him—"

"Please!" she interrupted swiftly. "Don't say it!"

He turned his eyes away and looked out of the window. Silence fell between them, portentously impregnated with one looming, unspoken subject. Kay sat stiffly on the edge of her chair and wondered what people did in situations like this. She felt restive. They would have to talk about it, sooner or later. The four walls of the quiet room proclaimed a certain intimacy. Don's face, unguarded, had a curious sadness. Was she supposed to broach the subject? They had broken bread and salt at dinner together; the hour, the room aggressively informed them that they were man and wife. The minutes ticked on and the atmosphere became charged with embarrassments.

Don said, looking at her flustered loveliness: "Kay—I suppose you're wondering what we're to do about our marriage?"

"I thought," she nodded, a little breathlessly, "that now—there being no further need—an annulment, perhaps?"

He avoided meeting her eyes and a frown came to his forehead. "I've been so damned lonely, Kay," he said, brusquely. "Why can't we go on? Isn't it the most sensible thing to do, under the circumstances? The press, the world, knows now that we're married. We needn't tell them all the circumstances, need we? Lee needs you tremendously. You know that. An annulment now would add to my many other embarrassments, gain us both a lot of unsavory publicity—speculation—in- nuedoes—"

"You—mean," she said, in abrupt, nervous challenge. "carry on this fantastic thing—and stay married?"

"I mean," he told her, "that it might suit all our particular needs. Lee needs you—therefore, I do, too. No one else can do with him what you've done. Your position, as my wife, would carry some advantages perhaps. You'd never want for anything, and if any time in the future you cared sufficiently about someone to—well, we could arrange that then, couldn't we? Who knows—maybe, later—we'd both care to carry on. Meanwhile, I assure you, I'd never trespass on my husbandly rights. I know it's a curious—perhaps a selfish thing to ask of a young girl—but, my dear, we are married! I'll ask nothing from you except your guidance for Lee. In return you can live your own life, you'll have an assured position in Hollywood; and I'll make some adequate provision for you—"

SHE rose suddenly, her eyes searching his face. "I'm afraid," she said, stiffly, "I couldn't—do that. The advantages would mean nothing to me. It's true that I love Lee. If anything could influence me, it would be that; but, I chose my work because I love it. I'd like to go on with it—"

"You would be," he urged, instantly. "Who needs you more than Lee? The child's whole heart is wrapped up in you, Kay! He'd sink back into apathy without you. Please think it over."

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't do that," she said, and walked from the room. Her bed was in Lee's room. She watched the sleeping child for a few minutes, her serious young eyes flooded with dilemma.

The hours, it seemed to her, dragged slowly that night. Toward morning she fell into a restless sleep, peopleed by disturbing dreams.

It was Lee, the next morning, who decided her. After his breakfast he fixed troubled eyes upon her and asked: "Will I have to go to the hospital again, Kay? I don't want to go. They do things that make you sick and hurt—"

"I should say you will not go!" she told him. "Not while I'm here!"

"Then—why did the doctor come? Dr. Cross—that's the one we have at home—he said I'd have to go if I wanted to walk—"

"You'll walk without that," she told him. "Any one who wears the red badge of courage can make his old legs work, I'll bet! And we'll never surrender, will we Lee?"

"No," he agreed, vigorously, shaking his tousled head. "Not us, Kay! When we go home, we'll play pirate out in the garden, huh? There's grass and flowers and birds—and sometimes, there's butterflies! And Pop comes out to read his book. And there's no snow."

A troubled shadow crossed her face. "Would—you be very disappointed, Lee, if I didn't go back with you?" she asked.

He stared at her, unbelievingly. This horrible contingency had never occurred to him. His eyes were piteous with sudden tears, his mouth puckered and trembled.

"Lee! Darling!" cried Kay; and it seemed to Lee that she was suddenly frightened, for she took him in her arms and started to cry; and then he saw that Pop was standing in the doorway; and Pop said:

"Here! What's all this, old man? Are you making Kay cry?"

So he explained to Pop, who listened gravely and looked at Kay. And Kay wiped her eyes and shook hands with Pop, but they did not say anything. Grownups, he knew, had queer ways and were funny; but he wanted to know what Kay meant, so he said:

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

**An un kissed wife, new to the movie world's glamour, what could her husband expect when she met the screen's greatest lover?**

47
They're off—

Not the actors—the horses! But race days are star days too. Top left, Gail Patrick and her new husband, Robert Cobb, manager of the Brown Derby. And there, top right, is Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, and their boss, Jack Warner.

Among the horsey followers were Edmund Lowe and his wife, left, Betty (mad hatter) Furness getting a hot tip from handsome Allan Lane and Spencer Tracy and his wife. The Santa Anita routine is—you leave Hollywood about noon, have lunch, at the track (good too) and, if you are lucky and win, you buy drinks for your party.
Blonde Anita Page (remember her?) strolls in with Busby Berkeley, Warners' dance director. George Raw is as interested in horses as prize fights, and of course he's with lovely Virginia Pine. The young idea is represented too in the persons of Mickey Rooney and Jackie Searle.

Below left, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald. Joe E. Brown gives Bing Crosby the horse laugh—Joe owns a string of ponies too.

at Santa Anita!
THE ROMANTIC STORY OF

Luise Rainer's

SURPRISE MARRIAGE
AND so Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets were married—
on Friday, January 8th, at her home in Brentwood.
Married very quietly, as befits their sort of people—and
what a tale hangs thereby!

When Luise Rainer, 25, actress, and Clifford Odets, 30, play-
wright, stepped up shyly to the Municipal Cupid of Los Angeles
and asked legal permission to become man and wife, Hollywood,
town of strange loves and losses, was treated to the happy
consummation of a romance strange even to that moonstruck
village which breakfasts on The Tender Passion, lunches on
Crushes-and-Cream and then dines on Amour-with-Mushrooms!

For most of the movie colony's love affairs are played to the
sweet or bitter end in the full glare of that great Klieg light
called The Sun. Thousands of popping eyes see Love's coy
beginning, note its palpitating progress at Malibu and the
night-dens, and then watch the young folks jig up to the
license bureau in swingtime—aided by a regiment of press
agents, reporters, shutter-snappers and the general public.

How different—how shatteringly strange and unorthodox!—
was the joining of the meltingly lovely little Viennese star and
the young radical-minded actor who had turned playwright-
with-a-message!

It began in the solitude surrounding two lonely and pretty
unhappy young people, it progressed and flowered without
benefit of studio hullabaloo, and it reached its orange-blossomed
finale without a single brass band in sight! And withal, it is one
of the loveliest and most truly
romantic unions that Screen-
town has ever known! The
very fact that the thing did not
follow the Hollywood rule book
in a single particular only gives it added charm and loveliness.

It began in loneliness and a strange sort of unhappiness—it
came to flower in a joint resolution by the two high contracting
partners to make happiness for two out of maladjustment, loneli-
ness, frustration and loss. And let's put the highlight and
the microscope on these two slightly strange young people who have
decided to live it out together to the end. Only by studying
them can we really know how the chemical explosion called love
brought them to the man at the license wicket to ask for the
document?

What manner of girl was, and is, the luscious Luise from
Austria? She came to Hollywood as she might to Mars—a
highly intellectual young actress who had been plucked from a
highbrow Pirandello play by a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent
scout on the prowl in Europe. She arrived without English, or
the most shadowy notion as to what would go when she arrived
in that fabulous place where beautiful people get rich making
faces at a camera. She'd never even been in a movie in the old
country!

Moreover, she arrived in screenland with a trunk full of
misery. She had left a dead love in Europe—a man, she hints
only to intimates, high in the world of state. She was mourning
him as she faced a strange new land. She possessed that strange
dewy type of dark beauty which, when touched with sadness, is
apt to break the heart even of a traffic cop. And she was so lonely!

And what of this Clifford Odets, the clever young playwright
with the glasses, the slightly professorial look?

He, too, was toting a cross
when he came to Hollywood.

[ please turn to page 96 ]

By LEONARD HALL

She was a beautiful star and he a brilliant playwright, yet they
both knew bitter loneliness until love came along to unite them
A NEW star arises! Sonja Henie, ice-skating champion, glides onto a movie screen and with her charm, grace and skill, proves a sensation. Around her is built a corking story of an American show troupe adventuring in Europe. Adolph Menjou, blustering manager, leads his frost bitten band of entertainers to a Swiss inn, managed by Jean Hersholt and daughter, Sonja Henie. Watching Sonja ice skate, Menjou is seized with a sizable idea: an elaborate ice-skating floor show. His idea almost costs Sonja her chance at the Olympic games but newspaper reporter Don Ameche saves the day and Sonja skates to glory. Arline Judge, as Menjou's wisecracking wife, delivers her saucy lines with plenty of snap. The Ritz Brothers prove an adventure in insanity and create one howl after another. The settings are novel, the songs pleasurable and tuneful, the skating of Henie a triumph.

If you possess an inherent hatred of bigotry and superstition, you will develop chronic spleen trouble after seeing this. It offers the most resounding diatribe against the abysmal ignorance of our puritan forefathers ever screened. Laid in the tiny Massachusetts Bay hamlet of Salem, where once in truth the straightlaced villagers persecuted the innocent women they accused of witchcraft, the story rushes headlong into tense situations. Superbly directed and produced, it intrudes into the bleak existence of a young maiden, Claudette Colbert, the overwhelming events which accompany a townspeople gone berserk. She has vague longings for romance and laughter and finds them in the person of cavalier Fred MacMurray, fugitive rebel. Meanwhile little Bonita Granville, daughter of the town elder, in order to make herself important and to repay a grudge, claims she is bewitched and accuses a slave. Thus begins a conflagration which embroils everyone and causes the hanging of fifteen women. While MacMurray is away arranging for their mutual escape, sympathetic Claudette tries to protect a friend and is herself accused. The crescendo finale is at once a climax to love and a bitter lesson in the futility of repentance. Colbert has never done finer work. MacMurray is as dashing and charming as always and Bonita Granville is superbly hateful. There is not a single performance that isn’t noteworthy.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE GOOD EARTH ONE IN A MILLION
MAID OF SALEM THE PLough AND THE STARS
BLACK LEGION QUALITY STREET
GREEN LIGHT STOWAWAY

THE HOLY TERROR

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Luise Rainer in "The Good Earth"
Paul Muni in "The Good Earth"
Claudette Colbert in "Maid of Salem"
Fred MacMurray in "Maid of Salem"
Humphrey Bogart in "Black Legion"
Errol Flynn in "Green Light"
Sonja Henie in "One in a Million"
Barbara Stanwyck in "The Plough and the Stars"
Preston Foster in "The Plough and the Stars"
Barry Fitzgerald in "The Plough and the Stars"
Katharine Hepburn in "Quality Street"
Franchot Tone in "Quality Street"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 115)

☆ BLACK LEGION—Warner Bros.

WITH gripping, brooding intensity this story, exposing the horrors of secret societies bent on taking the government in their own hands, builds with terrifying calm to a smashing finish. Humphrey Bogart, a machine shop worker, is bitter over losing a promotion to a foreigner. Joining the Black Legion society, he aids in running the foreigner out of town. Caught in the turmoil of increasing terror by the legion, he is unable to extricate himself and his career is short and horrifyingly swift. His suffering and final confession in the court room is a stirring portrait of suppressed emotions.

The playing of Erin O'Brien-Moore is also a gem of understating. Dick Foran, as Bogart's friend, advances several steps as an actor of merit. Ann Sheridan, Robert Barrat, Helen Flint compose a splendid cast. Here is a picture that holds and grips by the very authenticity and boldness of story. Don't miss it.

☆ QUALITY STREET—RKO-Radio

OLD maids and interfering neighbors live on this fashionable gossipy street created by Sir James Barrie and brought to life by a perfect cast with Katharine Hepburn in the dual roles of Phoebe and Libby. Franchot Tone is her lover.

This is Hepburn's best picture since "Little Women." She plays the difficult and diverse roles superbly. Franchot Tone portrays the dashing young Dr. Brown who goes to war, and, returning in ten years falls in love with the real Phoebe, and not her mythical niece, Libby.

The handsome captain who had expected Phoebe to be the same gay school girl fails at first to recognize her in the old maid school teacher—she had apparently lost her beauty as well as her money. So, in defiance, the thirty year old spinster transforms herself into Libby, outwardly the image of her former self in curls and ruffles, inwardly a mischievous heartless coquette with whom everyone falls in love including Captain Brown who eventually penetrates the disguise.

You'll love the amusing situations that follow and the sparkling lines of this whimsical story.

Fay Bainter is remarkably well cast as Phoebe's spinster sister, the resigned but sympathetic Susan. Eric Blore as the sergeant and Cora Witherspoon who plays the cook are excellent, and so are the old maid Willoughbys. It is an exquisitely produced picture.

☆ THE PLough AND THE STARS—RKO-Radio

DON'T attempt to compare this with Director John Ford's previous masterpiece, "The Informer," because if you do you'll be disappointed. However this new portrait of a people strife-torn and emotionally unkeempt is a brilliant one. Told very simply, the story is that of Preston Foster, a Dubliner, and of his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, during the 1916 Rebellion. Foster, in his best role to date, plays the soldier who vacillates between duty and love for Barbara, who cares little for the Cause and tries to make him stay at home. Both give intelligent, compelling portrayals—but the most exciting performances are those of Barry Fitzgerald, Abbey Theater import, in his role of the drunken Fluther; of Una O'Connor as the alcoholic mother of little Bonita Granville; and of the photographer, Joseph August, whose lighting and camera work are inspired.
SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

THE HOLY TERROR—20th-Century-Fox

WHEN Jane Withers sets out to be the meddlesome harum-scarum of a naval air base the result is merry entertainment indeed. Anthony Martin and Leah Ray sing tuneful ditties, while Joe Lewis and Joan Davis clown friskily. John Eldridge and El Brendel help make this the best Jane Withers picture in a blue moon. Jane is splendid.

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT—M-G-M

DEEPER and darker grow the murder mysteries with college professors going in for wholesale killings in this gory little epic. Detective Edmund Lowe proves his ability by trapping the real killer and saving the life of his sweetheart Florence Rice. Henry Daniell, Dean Jagger, Nat Pendleton supporting cast. A first class blood curdler.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE fans will delight in the improved story and increased entertainment value of her new picture. A tendency to overact does not prevent Shirley from capturing all honors in this modern tale of an orphan, raised in China, who plays cupid for wealthy Robert Young and Alice Faye. Arthur Treacher, Eugene Pallette and Allan Lane are good.

WOMAN WISE—20th Century-Fox

DONE without inspiration, this unexceptional story of a sports editor who fights a promoter's racket and simultaneously attempts reform is only fair entertainment. Michael Whalen is miscast as the editor. Rochelle Hudson tries, as the girl he hires, to effect a change in Thomas Beck's life. You'll notice Alan Dinehart.

OFF TO THE RACES—20th Century-Fox

HERE is another of those Jones Family epics with almost the same cast as always. It's the best one so far. In it Slim Summerville, as lanky vagabond Uncle George, visits the mad clan and enters his horse Jerry in a trotting race. There is much suspense, with Russell Gleason courting the fair Bonny and Spring Byington excelling.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

PENROD AND SAM—Warners

THIS will have every youngster in America biting his nails during the Saturday matinee. Starring little Billy Mauch as the indefatigable Penrod, it follows the younger generation in a playtime war on crime. A little too honor bright for comfort, Billy is convincingly boyish. Spring Byington is amusing as Mrs. Scefield, Craig Reynolds leers as the menace.

MELODY FOR TWO—Warners

CONSCIENTIOUS acting by a satisfactory cast including James Melton, Patricia Ellis, Craig Reynolds, Marie Wilson, and Fred Kmett, fails to brighten this musical. The weak story concerns an orchestra leader who needlessly loses his contract and his girl. The fine comedy work of Marie Wilson and a song by Patricia Ellis "A Flat In Manhattan" satisfy.

MYSTERIOUS CROSSING—Universal

THE same old murder mystery about the cheeky reporter who solves the crime all by himself, scorning the aid of the police. You've seen it all before, but its fast-pacing suspense and the determined presence of Andy Devine make it a good half of a double bill. James Dunn plays the reporter engagingly; Jean Rogers and John Eldredge fit their roles nicely.

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

WHEN Jane Darwell, small town newspaper publisher, sets out to clear Allan Lane, boy friend of her niece, Delma Byron, of an unjust murder charge, she uncovers a scandal involving Sara Haden and Russell Hicks. Definitely a family picture, this unsophisticated offering pleases with its pleasant dialogue and sincere acting.

HOUSE OF SECRETS—Chesterfield

LESLIE FENTON goes to England to take up residence in an estate he has inherited, only to be driven out by mysterious gangsters in this better than usual mystery yarn to come from an independent studio. Muriel Evans is satisfactory as the heart interest with Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Claude King, and Morgan Wallace turning in convincing support.

THE WOMAN ALONE—GB

HIS psychological study of an ignorant man's callousness to human suffering for the sake of money, and the effect, mental and physical, on his wife, is too finely drawn to be exciting. The story concerns the activities of a gang of terrorists in London and involves Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, John Loder and Desmond Tester. PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106.
WHILE America, and most of the world, jumped up and down and blew on horns on that eleventh day of November, 1918, because the Armistice had been signed at last, ex-gobs Pat O'Brien and Spencer Tracy (the Peck's Bad Boy who was no longer bad, and no longer a boy) came morosely home to Milwaukee. At the station they separated.

"I still think," Spencer told Pat, as they shook hands, "that going to New York and crashing the stage is a swell idea."

Pat was too weary of remonstrances and protestations for further argument. He said, "I'll treat you to the best steak in the United States the day I see you on any stage, or me either."

At home, after the first embarrassing sentimentalities of his welcome, Spence called a family conference. "It's about what I'm going to do, now that the war is over," he told them. "I—"

"Now listen," John Tracy interrupted, inexorably. "You're only a kid. I've always said that you'd finish your education and be at least a gentleman before I allowed you to try anything new. And finish school you will!"

The ensuing storm lasted well into the night, to the accompaniment of hard-headed abuse from Spencer, bellowings from his father and tears from Mrs. Tracy, who alternately reproached and assisted both husband and son. In the end it
was a promise of cold cash which won the youngster over. The government had announced a compensation of $30 a month to all volunteer soldiers who would return to school after the armistice, and John shrewdly offered Spencer control of every penny if he would come to terms.

In 1918, and to an eighteen-year-old boy, $30 a month was wealth. Spencer had his choice of disobeying his parents and facing the world already overrun with returning soldiers anxious for work, or of going to college and lolling in comfort. He was ambitious, but also sensible. He chose the easier course.

He went to Marquette Academy for a year, and then to famous Northwestern where he was allowed to wear a blue uniform; and finally the dean called him in and made the startling disclosure that somehow, in some manner, Spencer had collected enough credits to be graduated. This was triumph. In the throes of scholastic success he enrolled at Ripon University in Wisconsin, and decided to become a doctor.

He'd been there a few months when the thing happened that changed his entire life and eventually won for him that biggest steak in New York City.

On this particular sultry summer day Spencer came walking down one of the halls in the Arts and Science Building, intent on getting out of the place as quickly as possible and buying a tall coke at the corner drug store. He'd had a bad morning, under the droning spell of an old professor whose only thought, apparently, was of osmosis and mutations; and when one Professor Boody, head of the English department, chose that moment to call to young Mr. Tracy from the door of his office, Mr. Boody didn't know what he was letting himself in for.

"Sit down, Tracy," said Boody casually, fiddling with a letter opener. "I want to talk to you about your grades in Literature 23B. It must be obvious to you that I can't continue to reconcile—"?

"Listen," Spencer broke in, "I'll tell you why my grades have been bad."

And he did, explosively, citing cases and blasting in the process the professional good names of several teachers. When he had quite finished, Boody put down the letter opener and remarked calmly, "You've no place in a pre-medical course. We need you on the debating team! Such inventive, such declamatory powers, such effective use of direct argument—it's a species of sin to waste them on convincing your teachers they should pass you when you haven't been to class for days."

Far from attempting satire, the old fellow was absolutely serious. So serious that, against all of Spencer's outraged protests, Mr. Boody transferred him into his own dramatic course the next day.

There Spencer learned what to do with his hands before an audience, what stage fright was and how to ignore it, how to memorize lines and deliver them convincingly. Before silent audiences of college students (the most critical group it is possible to forestall anywhere) he stood and, at first haltingly, later with more confidence, said, "Honorable Judges, Most Worthy Opponents, Ladies and Gentlemen—the question before us tonight is, Resolved: that the United States should have... ."

Eventually there was a school play, and a small part in it was unfilled at the last moment, and Boody remembered Spencer. Behind the scenes of the little college theater, while young hands hurried him into costume and extemporize makeup, Spencer had a momentary qualm of utter terror; then the insidious little bug of grease paint lodged itself in his brain—and from that time on he was lost.

He made an immense success of his minor role. He organized several other plays in school, and played the leads, and came out commercially advanced. When he had saved enough money out of the $30 a month, for train fare to New York, he cut one day and headed, full of great ambitions, toward the metropolis.

At the American Academy of Dramatic Arts a considerate committee heard his rendition of the Gettysburg Address and remarked that if he would study hard they probably could do something with him. He should begin as soon as possible and the tuition was such-and-such, in advance. Ecstatic, Spencer rushed home and confronted his father.

This time there was no orgy of clashing opinions, no involved build-ups, no promises or threats.

"I want to do this more than I have ever wanted to do anything else in my life," he told Mr. Tracy, simply. "And I'm going to do it."

His father smiled. "All right," he said. "I'll pay your tuition, but you'll have to live in New York on your $30 a month. That won't be easy—"

He stopped. He had meant to explain how difficult it would be to exist on a pittance like that. But Spencer wasn't listening; he was already on his way to his room, to pack.

Young Tracy left Milwaukee and safety for New York and uncertainty, determined to be an actor and startle the world. He had been a problem child, less from neurosis than from a sort of congenital spirit which would not allow him to accept the conventions of a placid family world without argument. He had been a troublesome, bad little boy; a rebellious adolescent. He had fought with everyone who wouldn't run away, he had not only been aware of, but had tried to fulfill, all the useless ideals of his teens.

Now in New York he was no longer so young, nor troublesome. And since the guarding hand of his family no longer signalled Stop to his express desires, there was nothing left to rebel against. He was free, at last. But in escaping discipline he had also left behind him the irreparable security of the little room in the old Milwaukee house which had belonged to him for so long.

He was aware of his intense loneliness within an hour after he had walked out of Grand Central Station. Fighting panic, he stopped at a cigar store to buy a package of cigarettes.

A hearty, well-remembered voice shouted, "Spence?"

It was Pat O'Brien.

Their reunion was riotous, with much back-pounding and much asking of questions, and later, over lunch, the usual nostalgic remember-when? dialogue—so cementing to renewed friendship.

Pat, it seemed (and this he admitted sheepishly), had somehow managed to get into a school play too, at Marquette. After that the course to follow had been an inevitable one; a dramatics course, more plays, eventual graduation, and New York—where productions were productions and where young actors, good-looking and talented, make and a show.

There had not been much encouragement so far, admitted young O'Brien You had to tramp up and down Broadway an awful lot, and stand for hours on end in producers' offices. You got an occasional odd job, and paid your landlady with whatever it brought you. If there was anything left over, you ate.

"But something will turn up pretty soon," Pat said seriously, as if he believed it. "I'm not worrying."

In the end they decided to take quart ers together and thus save on rent. There was in each shrewd young mind another consideration; that there is nothing so consoling to a discouraged, broke New Yorker than a companion in misery—especially if [please turn to page 107]
WE COVER THE STUDIOS

By JAMES REID

Our rambling news sleuth sees everything, hears everything and tells all that happens on this month's movie sets

ALL month, we have peered around sound-stage corners suspiciously. We have even looked inside sound-stages. And, beyond the penumbra of a doubt, the rumor is true. Prosperity has returned to Hollywood. Just when everyone has gotten used to the Depression, too!

Major companies gave minor employees salary bonuses for Christmas, 1936. Two studios passed around a half-million dollars apiece. That was the first clue to the re-arrival. Now it looks as if they will be distributing million-dollar bonuses on Christmas Day, 1937. At least, the New Year is off to that kind of start.

20th Century-Fox, for example, is re-creating "Seventh Heaven" for a new generation of movie-goers—this time with Simone Simon and James Stewart as the lovers-in-a-Paris-garret.

It will be released in the Spring, just ten years after Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, then two unknowns, appeared as Diane and Chico and became the most popular love team in screen history. So popular, in fact, that they never quite convinced the public that they were not actually in love.

Janet could have played Diane again, if she had so desired. She had the chance, and turned it down with the enigmatic, poignant, purported statement, "I don't want to play 'Seventh Heaven' again—because I have found that there is no Seventh Heaven." (At the moment, instead, she is playing a movie beginner in the Selznick-Technicolor picture, "A Star Is Born." In which the script calls upon her to give a devastating imitation of Mlle. Simon, the little French girl who inherited the rôle of the little French girl named Diane.)

The sultry Simone, possessor at the moment of the world's most provocative pout, has a reputation for temperament. This set may be closed to visitors. But, no—it is wide open.

Simone, it seems, is veree happee. There are two reasons. (1) Jimmy Stewart, who is so effortless in his own acting that he puts her at ease. She likes him "vereec much." There will be romance rumors any day now. (2) Her new portable dressing-room, gift of the studio.

This amounts to a padded satin cell. At least, the walls are of tufted ivory satin. The built-in day couch is of pale-green brocade, flanked by a tufted green damask chair. There are built-in bookshelves, radio, dressing table, electric heater, hot-and-cold-water washstand, and reflected lighting. Simone's reaction: "It is too pretty for me!"

The portable Simon chateau is parked in the only free corner of the big sound stage. The rest of the stage is a forest of vertical two-by-fours. The set is built up in the air.

We mount the stairs to Chico's quaint quarters. And we promptly descend again, along with some other visitors. Director Henry King tells us that Simone is about to do an undressing scene—and is embarrassed to have spectators. As we start down the stairs, we catch the eye of one of fifty prop men permitted to remain. He winks. Some people have all the luck.

If you remember the story, Chico is a Paris sewer cleaner who wants to become a street cleaner so that he can be in the sun—and who wants to have a good wife. Returning home one night, he rescues Diane from an older sister who is beating her and takes her to his seventh-floor rookery. There, to baffle the police, they have to pretend to be married. In her eyes he is a god; in his eyes, she is a child.

This scene is the one immediately following their arrival. Chico has gone back down the long flight of stairs for a pitcher of water. Diane, in his absence, undresses and climbs into the tumble down brass bed.

When we are permitted upstairs, Simone is in bed, buried in patchwork quilts. Jimmy is to stomp up a few steps, open the door, walk over to a broken washstand with his pitcher, tossing his cap onto a shelf on the way, then peel off two shirts and wash himself. As soon as he opens the door, Simone—wide-eyed before—is to feign sleep.

The first time, Jimmy misses the shelf with his toss of the cap. He has to go down the stairs, stomp up again. This time, he encounters difficulties, peeling off his undershirt. In the midst of his struggle, a giggle is heard from the direction of the bed. As Jimmy's struggle continues, the giggle mounts. The "take" is ruined. As Jimmy puts on the rebellious shirt again, King bags the prop man to "cut two feet off the end of it." Chico is poor; he'll look all right in an amputated undershirt. So while they were cutting off the tail, I crossed to the set of "On the Avenue."

THIS started out as one of the better musicals—with music by Irving Berlin, and with Dick Powell, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye and the Ritz Brothers topping the cast. Now it also looms as one of the bigger musicals.

It still is in production, and because of its huge sets, is spreading over three sound stages. Today's set is supposed to be a theater stage, with the scenery a satirical conception of the dining room of the world's richest man. Everything is ornate and glittery, covered with dollar signs.

In front of the camera stand those three madmen, the Ritz Brothers; Alice Faye in sequins, arms weighted down with "prop" jewelry; and a theatrically dignified gent, white of hair, mustache and goatee, who is wearing a cutaway and whose paunch is covered with a white vest, which in turn is covered with dollar signs. This is Dick Powell. They are filming a skit in a show-within-the-show—a skit satirizing the home-life of a tycoon and his daughter.

Someone has told us of meeting "the craziest Ritz brother." We ask a publicity man which is the craziest. He throws up his hands.

Alice Faye takes a beating—literally—in this scene, when the ferror Ritz discover that it is her birthday. Also, her sequin gown weighs twenty-two and a half pounds. "Do I suffer for my 'art!'" says Alice. Showing us the glassware on her arms, she adds, "I haven't seen so much 'ice' since I was ice-skating champ of New York." (It sounds like a gag, but the funny part about it is that she once was ice-skating champ of New York.) Between scenes, she is munching parsley. "Going vegetarian by easy stages?" we ask. "No—Cheating a cold."

Dick, walking around the set between "takes" smoking a long cigar (against all rules for singers), unconsciously cuddles his artificial paunch. "When and if I acquire one of these," he says, "I hope it's this light." ("It" is made of cotton.)
On the set of “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney” Phyllis Claire, Bill Powell, and Joan Crawford play jokes on each other. This is probably the last picture of Director Boleslawski who sits behind Joan. Below, read why Simone Simon was fussy about undressing for this scene from “Seventh Heaven”.

When the amusing off the record scene between Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor happened on the set of “Time Out for Romance,” our reporter was right there with his little camera. You can read about it here. Above, Joe E. Brown’s latest picture on a high plane of idiocy is “When’s Your Birthday?”—his first for RKO.
The mustache and the goatee, however, are wearing him down. They are clinging like mustard plasters. In spite of that, he is enjoying the skit. For a brief time, he has a chance to be someone besides Dick Powell. He's human; he likes variety. So do audiences, Dick thinks.

We went away from there for "Time Out for Romance," another comedy about a millionaire's daughter—but isn't musical. It has a bit of the flavor of "It Happened One Night." Girl runs out on wedding; girl hocks wedding dress for slacks; girl hitchhikes across the country. Boy picks her up—then discovers he can't get rid of her.

Claire Trevor wears the slacks; Michael Whalen drives the car. It is the third time they have played together. "They say we're a team now," Michael comments, with a mock-grimace.

We have to wait a half-hour to see a brief scene—it will be a mere flash on the screen—in which Claire runs out of a telegraph office when the agent recognizes her as a fugitive heiress.

The sideliners, during the wait, drift to Life's Little Ironies. Michael says, "I'm never in love on the screen—actually in love. I'm batting girls around."

Claire says, "You don't mean to be nasty. You just can't help yourself."

Michael makes a club out of a magazine, and clutches Claire as if to rehearse some more batting.

" Seriously, though," he tells us, with a grin, "I'd like to do a picture where the first shot would be a great big kiss. Have the clinch first and work backwards; just for a change."

We leave 20th Century-Fox and journey through hill and date to Paramount where "Souls at Sea," Paramount's big picture of the moment, has an unexpected team of co-stars—Gary Cooper and George Raft. In costume, neither one looks over-prosperous. But this picture costs a fortune.

It has a plot to whet the imagination. The principal setting is the ship, William Brown, sailing to America from Liverpool in the year 1853. The voyage is ill-fated. En route, the captain dies and Gary takes command. The ship burns, and is sinking. Everyone cannot be saved. Gary holds court, judges the passengers' past lives to decide which will live now. When the survivors reach land, he is tried for murder. George, one of the passengers, is a slave-trader.

We see a scene in the brig of the ship. Gary and George, both unkempt and both in chains (chains left over, by the way, from "Maid of Salem"), are sitting on the floor in a corner, leaning back against benches, with a flickering candle behind them. Both have been in a fracas; both have bandages on their hands.

They discover that the shadows of these bandages on the opposite wall look like tiny human figures. With nothing better to do, they amuse themselves by making the shadows dance, while they sing (?) a chanter.

Both Gary and George have fine baritone voices—for a brig. They go through the scene countless times until the dancing shadows synchronize with the lift of the chanter, and Director Henry Hathaway says, "All right, let's rehearse with film.

During each rehearsal, Gary and George grin at their vocalizing. So does everyone else on the set. (So will you, when you see the picture.) During the "take," they manage to keep straight faces.

The set of the Carole Lombard-Fred MacMurray picture, "Swing High, Swing Low," is closed to visitors. This is unusual for a Lombard set. It seems that some sightseers became annoying, asking for autographs at the un-psychological moment. Now everybody is barred—including us.

Via the studio grapevine, we hear that Carole hasn't been the same since the day she stopped all work to hear the broadcast of King Edward's farewell, afterward commenting, "Every actor is an amateur, compared with Edward." It was on this same set, on the same day, that pundit Charles Butterworth remarked, "You can't abdicate and eat it, too."

So, since we can't see Carole, we wander to the set where Bing Crosby's new picture, "Waikiki Wedding," is just starting. Bing is nowhere in sight. He is suspected of being out at the Lakeside Country Club. Only Shirley Ross, his new leading lady, is working.

Dressed in a summery frock and big picture hat, she is supposed to look languorous, sitting on a garden bench. She decides she is too languorous.

"I guess it'll seem good, after all, to have Martha here," she says. "I don't seem to have the proper pep without her."

This is a smiling reference to the silent feud between Shirley and Martha Raye, who have already shared close-ups in two pictures. Feuds, even silent ones, add zest to moviemaking.

There is no feuding, but plenty of clowning on the set of "Clarence." Booth Tarkington's comedy of a middle-aged innocent who has never thought of love. Roscoe Karns has the title role, surrounded by Eugene Pallette, Spring Byington, Eleanor Whitney, Johnny Downs, and others.

We watch Clarence, surprised that no one knows who he is, announce that he is in "Who's Who" and is an authority on the Coleoptera. In this scene, everyone gets a chance to do his specialty. Karns, timid astonishment; Whitney, a flounce out of camera range; Downs, pugnacious adolescence; Byington, bewildered attentiveness; Pallette, apoplectic anger.

Pallette is one of the few comedians in Hollywood who isn't under contract to Paramount. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]
For one of her four weddings in "That Girl from Paris" Lily Pons sheathes herself in sheer silver. Silver embroidery outlines the décolletage and the sleeves form crisp angles at the top. A lovely star embroidered veil floats from a Juliet cap.

FLOWERY SPRING BRIDAL

PHOTOPLAY
fashions
BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HURRELL
College Wardrobe for Early Spring

In "College Holiday" Marsha Hunt wears this evening frock of peach tulle with gold stars and sequin belt. The huge ruche and tiered skirt give floating loveliness to the silhouette.

Below: A costume of many uses is worn by Marsha Hunt in this picture. Two brown and white checked coats, the under one with short sleeves, and a flared brown flannel skirt. Brown and white shoes, orange scarf and suntan hose.

Above: Most youthful is this frock made for Marsha Hunt in burgundy linen. It would be equally good in wool. Laced and trimmed with white linen.

Left: Edith Head, who designed all the clothes for "College Holiday," chose light-weight beige wool for this formal costume. Sable edges the collar, bands the cuffs and makes the little muff. Eleanore Whitney wears a matching felt hat with it and brown suède shoes.
Newman designed this formal gown in gray-beige slipper satin. A full back panel is gathered to the waistline and is scalloped at the hem. Crystal and turquoise beads form the criss-cross straps and edge the decolletage. Gloves of the slipper satin. A jacket matching the gown is trimmed with double sable bands. Posed specially for Photoplay
In "History Is Made at Night" Jean Arthur wears this shimmering ensemble of jet beads, designed by Bernard Newman. The gown is very decolleté in the back. A tiny cap holds a circle of tulle in place.

Romantic Lady
All you need for Palm Springs

Above: For an enchanted desert evening Anne Shirley chose a gown of white crêpe. The short sleeves and the wide belt-like part are in white with a flower design in navy and Dutch blues. Fine tucking runs up to the smart little collar and the skirt slash makes dancing a joy.

Center: Chuck-a-luck and Anne growl over a bone. Anne in a blue lastex swim suit. Chuck-a-luck in a beige business suit.

Left: An early morning desert hiking costume of sand-colored plus fours, with tailored pockets and narrow belt, combined with a canary angora sweater. Yellow sandals and angora socks.
Right: Anne is all dressed up for lunch in cotton culottes, patterned in green and white, telling the love life of Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue. White rickrack braid runs round and round trying to catch up with them. Center: Anne may dive into this covered wagon to change her suit or to rest her eyes from the bright sun. Phil Huston practises charm

Above: Anne wears a coat of blue cotton striped with yellow and brown lightning. She will be a star in her next picture, "She Sang for Her Supper." Left: For an afternoon by the pool Anne has a costume of heavy silk in maroon and white. Knee-length swagger coat is of white faced with the print. She has slacks to match the suit.
Above, Gladys Swarthout, appearing in “Champagne Waltz,” wears a double breasted coat of pale beige flecked in gray. The coat is reversible and is checked in gray and beige on the inner side. A trim brown belt matches her hat, gloves, scarf and alligator bag in tone. At the right, Gladys wears charmingly her “Krag-shire” suit of black and white. The patch pockets, boxed silhouette and kick pleats are outstandingly 1937. Miss Swarthout (on opposite page) appears in a perfect example of the indispensable man-tailored suit. Firm “Tottenham” pin-check, with contrasting shadow cross-bar, is the material. One button, high-placed, adds a touch of youth to the coat. Skirt is flatteringly cut
Above, Gladys is shown in a swagger that has something new to say. The soft fleece material is tapered to complete lack of bulk at the shoulders. This interesting coat may be had in light green, blue, rose, gray or beige.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 118.
Starting at top left and continuing around in sequence to the upper right we have a sturdy hat and shoe case in genuine cowhide with room for three or six pairs of shoes reserving the center space for hats. There is also a tray to fit over the center section for gadgets. Next is a stunning English type suitcase of natural saddle hide leather so constructed that the top cannot lap over the bottom. Beautifully lined with checked crash linen, the tray is tipped with matching leather. Third is a piece of checkable hand luggage, suitable for both men and women. It allows for four suits or about fifteen dresses and the drop section is handy for general accessories. The next three, all fitted bags, are of sardonyx patent leather. The first is bound with natural raw hide and can be had with or without the fittings. The fittings, designed to match the leather, are gilt edged. The little zipper dressing case looks like a handbag and has enamel and chromium fittings. It can easily be tucked into a larger bag. The third is an overnight bag to hold just the necessary apparel. The last case of pigskin with metal corners is a conveniently sized article, sturdy and good-looking
Curbing the Curves

For slimming waistlines, feet apart and arms straight out from shoulders, swing body to right then swing to left

For slenderizing thighs, raise the right leg high, knees bent and toes pointed. Reverse and then repeat ten times

Left: For general streamlining, arms high overhead and high on toes, stretch full height. Relax letting head fall down-ward and forward. Repeat

Right: For vanquishing tummies, feet apart and arms stretched wide, touch left toe with right hand, stretching up and back with left hand. Reverse and repeat ten times

Posed for Carolyn Van Wyck by Jane Hamilton
WELL, children, here we are in the middle of winter and what’s happening to your figures? Lately I’ve been receiving hundreds of letters from you in which you complain that your figures are still bumpy or are becoming soft and flabby, in spite of the fact that all summer long and in the early fall you spent a good deal of time out of doors participating in sports. For many of you, therein lies your trouble.”

“For weeks, I rode horseback every day, trying to lose twenty pounds,” one girl wrote me. Others say, “I’ve gone to gym three nights a week for months, doing heavy bar work,” or “I’ve lived in the water all summer, swimming for hours every day.” “I’ve surely been getting enough exercise,” wrote another girl, “I’ve played tennis and golf until I’ve worn myself out and even did two hours on my bicycle every morning.” Ambitious girls, you say, but in the wrong direction.

Listen, those of you who have written me, and all you other girls whose figures are not what they should be and not what I know they can be. Most of the popular sports are definite builder-uppers and developers. But even the thin girl who is trying to gain weight cannot depend entirely upon sports alone to add pounds of flesh to her bony figure. They must be included in her regime, to be sure, but not to the exclusion of her other exercises and a sensible diet. For you who are overweight, sports are swell. They make you more graceful in your walk and give your body balance. They give you the benefit of fresh air and pep up your circulation, both of which are invaluable in reducing, generally. But for reducing special spots and for properly proportioning a weighty body into lovely feminine lines, there are very few sports that can take the place of scientific and specific corrective exercises.

Many of you have the idea that the more active you are in sports the better figures you will have. Not necessarily. In most cases you are working against yourselves. Swimming, for instance, and tennis develop shoulders and upper arms. Too much leg work in swimming will also develop the hips.

You probably recall, only recently, having seen numerous pictures of movie stars draped over a beach chair, photographed at the edge of a swimming pool. “Mary Glamour gets her figure from swimming” states the caption. “Ah, ha, so that’s why those Hollywood girls have nice figures,” you think. ‘Take it from me, darlings, for years I’ve been reducing, remodeling and creating glamorous figures for you to admire on the screen, and I’ve spent too many hard working hours over them, not to know how they really got their lovely figures. Those pictures by the pool are lovely and make swell publicity but that’s as far as it goes. To be sure, most of the movie stars have their own private swimming pools and tennis courts. Out here in Hollywood the weather allows them to use them practically the year around. Those who have swimming pools use them mostly for the relaxation and benefit they can get from the sun.

Joan Crawford is an ardent tennis fan. But Joan has large, broad shoulders and has to be extremely careful about her tennis playing and swimming. She has always been solidly built and throughout all the years of her movie career, she has had to fight to retain her figure. Norma Shearer is another. These girls don’t go out and deliberately play tennis for hours as the sole means of reducing.

Not on your life. They both know how unattractive a Tarzan effect through the shoulders and upper arms can be on a female figure, and they can’t afford any huskiness in any respect.

Sonja Henie’s enchanting lines reveal how ice-skating can help you keep your figure. Madame Sylvia herself (above) thinks skiing is valuable, but gives you an important warning about your exercise.
Golf and horseback riding do things to the hips. Bicycling is a sure way to develop your calves and upper thighs. But during these raw February days with heavy snow on the ground and zero temperatures in most parts of the country, you can't very well do these things. From that angle the winter months are a blessing to your figures because you haven't so many temptations to do wrong things to them. On the other hand, by taking away the activity to which your muscles have been accustomed, little by little they're collapsing and becoming flabby. The proof of the pudding is in your bumps and bulges. But never mind, darlings, I'm going to give you some special exercises that will keep those muscles toned and firm, yet at the same time flatten them out. Naturally I can't cover every part of the body in this one article so if I don't hit upon the exercise for your particular worry, just let me know.

Along with these exercises there are a few winter sports and indoor games from which you can benefit greatly. Ice-skating, particularly. I come from Norway where skating is almost a national pastime and I can tell you there is nothing like it for giving grace, poise and balance to the body.

Winter Exercise Directions

that will make you—and

your life—simply wonderful

BY MADAME SYLVIA

Sonja Henie, the brilliant little ice-skating champion, is a perfect example of the value of ice skating in keeping your figure. Not long ago I had a nice visit with Sonja and her mother on the set at Twentieth Century where she was making her debut picture, "One In a Million." Sonja told me that most of the exercise she gets is working out and practicing new stunts and fancy tricks for her exhibitions on the ice. After you see her, you'll agree that's plenty. These stunts are not easy to master but she floats through the air like a feather. Her figure is healthy, firm and nicely proportioned and when you consider that she has spent half her life on skates, it's all the more outstanding for it's lack of knotty muscles. Now surely if she can keep her figure, the little ice skating that you will do will only help yours and you need have no fear of overdevelopment. Incidentally, that goes for roller skating, too. So many of you ask me about that. If you can't skate, try it anyway. Never mind if you have a few falls while learning. Just consider the bumps you may get on your derrières, as exercise.

SKATING is another winter sport that is fast becoming popular in this country. If you live in a section of the country where you can do some skiing, take advantage of it. It is extremely valuable for your health as it keeps you out of doors getting plenty of fresh air into your lungs. It is wonderful training for body balance and is a marvelous sport to be used as an exercise to correct bad posture and strengthen a weak back. But let me warn you not to be too frisky and attempt any of the leaps you see in the newsreels, until you're an expert. Once on a dare I tried a fancy leap and oh boy, did I hear the birdies sing! They weren't snow birds, either. I think they must have been something from China.

Unfortunately, most of the fun in the winter time is of the sitting down variety. That makes it doubly hard to prevent that desk-chair spread that so many of you working girls complain about. But despair not my darlings, here's a grand exercise that will slim down those hips and at the same time reduce your waistline. Stand with feet wide apart. About six inches. Toes turned slightly inward. Raise the arms above the head. Stretch. But I mean stretch . . . up, up. Go on, a little more. That's better. Now bend the body [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
Frank Chapman and his lovely wife, Gladys Swarthout. Pretty snappy snappers. what?

Mrs. Ernest Lubitsch supervises the cheer with Avdeeff, her chef.

Even at a gay party, Anton Litvak has eyes only for Miriam Hopkins.

Each guest brought a dollar gift. The Valentin Pareras (Grace Moore) are happy about theirs.

Three of the town's wittiest gents, Gregory Ratoff, Frank Morgan and Walter Wanger.

AT THE
Lubitsch
They had a Santa Claus too—alias Frank Morgan.

Pretty Sally Eilers and Director Lubitsch, the host, watch the gayety.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer. Is Charlie addicted to smoke rings?

Photographed Exclusively for Photoplay by Hyman Fink

Another Frenchman, Fernand Gravet, Warner's star, and his wife enjoying American fun.
THINGS are happening pretty fast this month along Hollywood's radio front.

In the first place, the long drawn out squabble between the movie moguls and the cheese, soup and cigarette purveyors is settled.

Who won? Why that big, bold, fast growing fellow, Radio. Not only are the studios letting any and all of their stars go on the air, but the producers are boldly vying with each other to see who can make the most time on the big national broadcast hours.

Do you remember that, a few months ago, exhibitors were making loud cries about the damage done to theater business when Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich and other of the glamour girls and boys went on the air? Do you recall that the studios which had already started making shy and timorous advances to radio were so frightened by this, that, by one subterfuge or another, they yanked their big stars whenever they had a legal right?

Those days are past.

Witness the topline broadcast of this past month—"Hollywood Hotel" from the heart of a film studio. From stage six, Fox Westwood Hills, you heard seven performers, headed by Adolphe Menjou and Sonja Henie, go through their paces in a preview of "One In a Million" for Louella Parsons. You heard not only this preview, but Tony Martin warble the theme song from "Seventh Heaven" in which he is currently working with Simone Simon. You heard Arthur Treacher enact a scene from "Jeeves." The Fox dance director put his chorines through a tapping routine—all this in addition to the regular Hollywood Hotel music and entertainment from Dick Powell, Frances Langford, Igor Gorin, et al.

It was a studio broadcast from start to finish and designed to give you the feeling and idea of what goes on behind the closed gates. It cost Fox exactly $7,025.25, but Darryl Zanuck (who also made a speech over the air) told us afterward he figured it well worth the money. For the preview of the picture, run off before the broadcast and for the air show itself, there was an audience of 1,500, many of whom had never been inside a studio before.

Ten days following this smash hit air show, which delighted the film studio and the soup company alike—one received valuable publicity, the other valuable and free talent— Warner Brothers threw their hat into the ring with a preview from the Lux Radio theater of the radio version on "Gold Diggers" with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.

It was again almost all studio music and talent.

Above: Boris Karloff, bogey man of the screen, was scared to death when he recently appeared on the Camel hour. Right: Claudette Colbert, who doesn't like to be called glamorous (but is), and handsome Fred MacMurray were that nonchalant when they appeared in "Maid of Salem" for Louella Parsons' Hollywood Hotel
Last month, of course, you had the preview of "Born to Dance" at the Chinese theater, which we suggested then might be the forerunner of preview premieres at important theaters. With the Fox broadcast this month, we smell something different and even more important. Television? Well, maybe—it cannot be far off and with this current marriage of Radio and the Movies perhaps, after the proper length of time, we shall get an infant child—Television.

However, we shall wait and see, and meantime observe with much interest. Things move so fast in radio these days that no one can accurately predict the course of events.

Hollywood figured importantly in the radio news of the month with the booming into big time of a quiet, unobtrusive little human interest program—Haven McQuarrie's "Do You Want To Be An Actor?" It was snatched by the Chase and Sanborn sponsors and pushed into the national limelight when the New York courts ruled out their "Goodwill Court" broadcast from the East Coast.

This program is one of the first to be definitely and regularly tied up with a film studio. To the two most promising candidates of each weekly show, Warner Brothers will give screen tests directed by Max Arnow, casting director. Now screen tests cost in the neighborhood of $500, so it means that the studio seriously expects to discover talent on these shows. Who knows but what our future Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynors may come from the McQuarrie shows?

The story of Haven McQuarrie himself is a Hollywood human interest document of its own. An ex-vaudevillian, a film agent, McQuarrie was broke last summer when he conceived this radio idea. He peddled it without success until finally Harry Maizlish at Warners KFWB station agreed to let McQuarrie try it out on the air—provided he asked no pay. Just exactly sixteen weeks later, McQuarrie sold his brainchild to Chase and Sanborn for $5,000 weekly. A nice jump, say we, from nothing weekly to $5,000—all in less than four months.

If we hadn't seen it take place with our own eyes, we would have suspected a press agent stunt in the riot that occurred in front of the C. B. S. music box theater on the evening of the Jean Harlow-Robert Taylor broadcast of "Madame Sans Gene" at the actual moment that the sound effects man back stage was making noises like the real riot in the days of the French revolution. But we saw it.

We were standing just inside the auditorium of the theater, feeling sorry for the nearly three hundred people who didn't know what was happening, and not especially sorry for the people who were.

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

Above: At a recent Hollywood Hotel broadcast are Leah Ray, Adolphe Menjou, Arline Judge and Sonja Henie. Sonja doesn't look it, but she was hopping mad. Left: At the "Madame Sans Gene" broadcast are Robert Taylor, Jean Harlow and Claude Rains. Bob and Jean caused a riot.
THE FLIGHTS in HOLLYWOOD OPERATIONS

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION.

YOU CAN PURCHASE THESE PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HATS IN ANY OF THE STORES OR SHOPS STARRED (*) ON PAGE 118

Below: Sylvia Sydney appearing in the Walter Wanger picture, "You Only Live Once," wears an off-the-shoulder hat with piqué facing. Piqué band runs around the crown through center front and is tied in bow

Above: Felt visor brim with rows of white tape stitched around brim and crown. Loops at front of crown. Left: Straw cloth stitched pill-box with red French belting ribbon around crown. Piqué pinwheel at side front

Right: Toyo rolled Breton sailor with French ribbon around crown. Bow at back. Anchor ornament at center front
A DRIAN's studio at M-G-M was strewn with clothes when I stopped in on a sunny morning. I had phoned him that I wanted to see Joan Crawford's wardrobe for "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" for he had told me that they were all clothes that any smart woman could wear; that they were distinguished for their simplicity of line and their utter lack of eccentricity.

On a square shouldered figure was a suit with a brown tweed skirt and a jacket of beige woolen. The latter was cut away from the fronts to form what I might call a beetle back, a new line which interests Adrian very much. He slung a loose beige coat over the suit and turned back the fronts to show me the brown and beige plaid lining.

Another suit which showed this beetle back, only that the depending tails were longer and more tapered, was a dark blue one made for Aileen Pringle. This buttoned straight up to the neck and was finished with a turned over, upstanding collar. Tailored meticulously, it had a more feminine look than the classic with which we are all familiar.

Another suit which is to be worn by Joan is more suitable for country wear. It is in blue tweed with a cape. One edge of the cape has three square tabs with buttonholes in them, the other matching tabs with large blue buttons. The novelty in this suit lies in the woolen blouse of two blues plaid. A small cone of a turban is made of the plaid and is banded with the plain blue which is folded into a star for ornament at the front.

Phyllis Claire will wear a navy suit in this picture. The novelty of this one lies in the revers which are stiffened horizontally at the top with rows of dull silver, military braid, so that they curve back from the front opening. In every costume I saw there was some fashion point like this, something new, something Adrian, which may escape you when you see the film because of its lack of movie quality, and that is exactly why I am pointing these ideas out to you so that you may watch for them. With this costume Phyllis has a grayed blue felt hat, wide of brim, with a cutoff Quaker crown which tapers slightly.

Notice the brown suède jacket Joan will wear with a brown rep skirt. It is single breasted, has a slot pleat in the back, and two pocket flaps on each side of the fronts. It hasn't that clumsy, unbecoming look so many suède coats seem to have, but fits trigly.

I oh'd and ah'd over a pyjama Phyllis will wear. The top is cut like a coat with a flaring peplum and is of stiff dark blue faille with great coin dots of silver. A wide sash of the same belts it and trousers of dark blue satin complete it.

Joan has a coat of black tweed that would be grand in any early spring wardrobe. The revers poke forward in a discreetly impudent way. It is long and single breasted and on the seams at the back, which is fitted, is a design of heavy black silk French knots, embroidered in a small angular pattern. New, isn't it? See if you can spot it.

Getting on to what Joan is wearing for interior scenes, there is a long flaring dress of white organza with a fern leaf pattern in black. At the high throat is a bunch of white carnations and a grass-green grosgrain belt to the waist. A wide brimmed green straw hat has Joan written all over it in the dash of its buccaneer curled brim and in the cluster of white carnations on the tapered, highish crown.

I wanted to grab a dinner gown of black souffle for myself, for it would be universally becoming to any girl or woman. It is high-necked, with a falling square jabot of souffle at the neck, long sleeves, rather narrow, which are shirred into wrists with rows of fine stitches and then flare into ruffles which drape Joan's slender hands bewitchingly. Great lengths of souffle swirl down to the floor, but the waist is kept slender and slick by clever cutting.

RATHER damaged, because Joan had worked so hard in it, was one of the most amazing gowns I have ever seen. From the front it looks like an absolutely simple sheath of white moiré, shot with a pale copper thread, straight and plain from neck to toes. As Adrian turned it round I saw that the front was in the back, one might say. A bolero fell loosely to the waist, fastened up the center, where two pleats gave it flare. A peplum, edged by a deep hem, stopped at knee length, and the under skirt had pressed pleats at the hem, coming up to the edge of the peplum. Short straight sleeves were added and not an iota of trimming. Joan should look like a silver birch in it.

I saw two hats Benita Hume will wear in "Mrs. Cheney." One was a rather high turban of swirled black cock's feathers, with a panache of them at one side of the tapered top.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
Can Robert Taylor Escape Hollywood’s Love Racket?

[continued from page 25]

about young Mr. Taylor and his own personal problem and future.

He has said a good many times that he doesn't expect to marry for some years. That he's perfectly happy, that he's absorbed in his work. Everybody says that, when they aren't in love. I've heard it so often I can finish the sentences when they start.

But—but—it strikes me that Bob Taylor is the sort of young man who ought to be married. He is the child of a very beautiful love marriage. His father and mother adored each other. You have probably read half a dozen times the exquisite story of how his father gave up a successful business career and studied osteopathy in order to be able to care for his fragile young wife himself. Children of very happy marriages, children brought up in happy homes, usually want to marry. They have seen marriage at its best.

But Bob Taylor strikes you as a very normal young American. And considering his background, considering his worship of his mother and his knowledge of all she stands for as the best type of American wife and mother, you know what his own ideals must be. He's the sort of young man who would automatically want to marry the girl he loved. Unless his vision is distorted by Hollywood, by success, by living in a spotlight, by the fruits of fame, nothing else would occur to him.

Can a young man be surrounded constantly by the romantic excitement that encompasses Bob Taylor and not feel it? Can he be a hermit, in the midst of the adoration which women bestow upon him? Is a young man who can inspire such devotion in the minds and hearts of women everywhere be the sort of man who doesn't himself want love?

Nonsense. Of course he can't.

Then what?

If he isn't to marry because it would hurt him in the eyes of his public, what is he supposed to do? Go on being "just good friends" with someone he adores, or passing from one rumored engagement or love affair to another?

Perhaps that's what the people who see him on the screen want, but somehow, to me, it doesn't seem quite fair to this boy, who suggests everything that is clean and wholesome. Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but there doesn't seem to me anything more really romantic than a happy marriage, anything that makes a man more lovable than to know he is capable of and has been fortunate enough to know real love and to find its culmination in saying that such a love shall be forever and ever.

It just happens that in my years of work in Hollywood I've known most of the great matinee idols rather well. Jack Gilbert was my youngest son's godfather. Wally and Dorothy Reid were my closest friends, in the old days. I spent an entire afternoon with Rudy Valentina at the Ambassador Hotel the day before he was taken ill, while he walked the floor and told me something of his heartbreak and unhappiness. I made pictures with Dick Barthelmess for a year, including his greatest success, "The Patent Leather Kid," and it just happens that a yarn of mine, "A Free Soul," was what led Clark Gable to stardom and so I came to know him early.

I only write that because I think I know something of the things that come to such men, of their temptations, their characters, their desires.

[please turn to page 82]
She keeps her complexion exquisite—guards against Cosmetic Skin—with this simple care...

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, thoroughly removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.
PHOTOPLAY is perhaps "When don't was and don't was not." And if there is one thing that makes Barbara Stanwyck say definitely at this time that she won't marry him, it's that she was the finest—the most devoted, the most loyal, the most understanding.

If they're in love, I hope they get married. Yet I know, too, that it is often a difficult thing for two screen stars to marry and make a success of it. Their work keeps them apart rather than together. And being the wife of a screen star is an all time job. It takes constant thought to run a home, to be just the combination of housewife and public figure and understanding genius that a man in that spot requires.

Being any kind of a wife is, in my humble estimation, a pretty big order. The fact that we don't take it so seriously any more may be the reason back of our mounting divorce figures. Marriage is the woman's business, after all. It should be her first and most important business. That's the way we were created.

There has been, of late, a decided tendency on the part of the men of the screen to marry outside the theatrical profession altogether. For instance, Henry Fonda, who couldn't make a go of it with his star wife, Margaret Sullivan, took as his second bride the social Frances Brokaw, who is decorative and well versed in the ways of the world, but who can turn all her talents to being Mrs. Fonda.

One of Hollywood’s really happy marriages is that of the Fred Astaires, and she was Phyllis Livingston Potter, listed in the social register. Another union that has clicked and seems to be unusually successful is that of Gary Cooper—who is my favorite matinee idol—to Veronica Balfe, of Park Avenue and Newport. And Mrs. Randolph Scott was Marion Du Pont Somerville.

The Clark Gables, who survived for five years in spite of all the difficulties and temptations, met when Mrs. Gable was a beautiful young society woman in New York and Clark was on the New York stage. I don't think any man ever had a finer wife than Rhea Gable. Only the sheer force of circumstances broke them apart.

Reading back over this, I realize that it's a sort of "heads I win, tails you lose" proposition. Perhaps you can't be the leading matinee idol of your day and also be happily married. That would seem to be the consensus of opinion and of the record book, which is the way you lay odds on horses.

But I still think that any young man who wants to get married ought to do it in spite of hell and high water, if you'll pardon me. I'd like to know what other women who are Bob Taylor fans think about it. Life's a pretty large size gamble either way or any way you play it. And the greatest of showmen will tell you, after years of experience, that you never can tell about the public nor its reactions, you can only gamble. Seems to me the odds on for happiness might be greater for Bob Taylor if he married—Barbara Stanwyck or anybody else he loves—than if he didn't.

Then suppose he does fall in love and wants to marry. What kind of a woman would be most successful as the wife of a screen star who is idolized by women, near and far?

Barbara Stanwyck says definitely at this time that she won't marry him. Barbara was, as you may remember, the wife of Frank Fay. Of all the Hollywood wives I've ever known I think she was the finest—the most devoted, the most loyal, the most understanding.

If they're in love, I hope they get married. Yet I know, too, that it is often a difficult thing for two screen stars to marry and make a success of it. Their work keeps them apart rather than together. And being the wife of a screen star is an all time job. It takes constant thought to run a home, to be just the combination of housewife and public figure and understanding genius that a man in that spot requires.

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To keep skin young looking—learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

HARD TO BELIEVE—but those little lines that look as if they’d been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin UNDERNEATH!

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels UNDERNEATH begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That’s what makes your outside skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It’s little oil glands UNDERNEATH that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands function busily again. That’s why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond’s “deep-skin” treatments. Soon you’ll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond’s Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond’s Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing...softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks years younger!

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond’s Beauty Aids

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt daughter of Mrs. Henry Lathrope Roosevelt of Washington, D.C., says: “A treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin.”
Young Love—Hollywood Style

[continued from page 45]

her early life was completely unexceptional. She went to school. She pulled the pigtail of the girl next door. She turned from a pretty child to a gangly, long-legged adolescent, and thence to a beautiful woman. When she was 12 she could play basketball and tennis, and she had the usual trouble with lessons, she had several unimportant crushes: first with a football captain, then with a debater, then with a tennis star.

The college orchestra needed a blues singer, and Ann could sing blues. So she joined the band as vocalist. The senior play had a small part unfilled, and she filled it.

She won a beauty contest.

A studio scout saw her.

She made "The Black Legion" and was an instant hit. So Warners signed her to a long-term contract and gave her the all-important lead opposite Pat O'Brien in two class A productions—

Success was that easy, for Ann. It was that sudden, and thus difficult to adjust in her mind. "Kismet, or whatever you call it," she thought vaguely now, in her expensive apartment.

On the day, then, that Ann and Ed Norris were to meet, she started to hurry out on a shopping tour.

In the lobby of her apartment she came suddenly around a corner and bumped head-on into a girl.

"Betty darling," said Ann plaintively, straightening her hat, "don't you ever look where you're going?"

Betty rearranged her face, having prepared it for hostilities, and gurgled pleasantly, "We were just on our way up," she told Ann, gesturing to a young man—politely stifling his laughter—who stood behind her. "Miss Sheridan, Mr. Norris."


"How d'you do?" said Ann. Then she lowered her eyes. His were measuring her too openly, too admiringly.

She didn't think of him again during that day, nor the next. She was busy. There were appointments with still departments, there were interviews, there was the concentrated work expected of her on the set.

On the second day he called her. "For remember," he said, his tone insistent. "The guy that almost had to pick you up off the floor the other day in the lobby of your apartment house. The guy that betty—"

"Of course," Ann said. "How are you?"

"I'll live, I guess. But I'd have a better time if I knew I could see you once in a while. When're you free?"

She thought for a little while, unnecessarily. "Tomorrow," she said finally. "I don't have anything to do all day. And the evening's clear too. I mean really clear, because it's Saturday."

"That's marvelous!" His voice was gleeful. "I'll call for you about ten o'clock—in the morning."

She was ready at nine, dressed in slacks and prepared for anything. He was wearing white slacks and a jersey, and somehow their combined uniforms made the usual first date formality impossible; they had known and liked each other all their lives, it seemed suddenly.

He had an open roadster and in it they drove through the speedling Los Angeles traffic to a Santa Monica beach club. On the sand they sprawled, smoking the cautious umbrella, and let the white sun bake every intelligent thought from their minds. The sea looked like a magazine cover; impossibly blue, with three pointed sails like wings swooping along far out. There weren't any clouds, of course. The shore for miles was gay with lounging people in bright suits

They went to the Troc for a few minutes, found it too crowded for dancing, and proceeded to the beach, where they went on the swing that turns you upside down after several deathly swoops and eventually ejects you, pale and tottering, on a little platform. Then they went to Jerry's Joint off an alley in Chinatown and had matchless fried shrimps.

"Isn't it great Ann when they emerged again into the alley.

"Only from laughing so much," she told him. So they drove to the Santa Barbara Biltmore for breakfast, telling a continuous story on the way up. Coming back, in the clear morning chill, they sang as many as they could remember of the songs from past years; sentimental, nostalgic tunes like "My Melancholy Baby" and "Sweet Sue" and "Oh Give Me Something To Remember You By."

Alone in her own room, later, Ann faced herself in the mirror. You may be a fool," she told the image there, "but I've a feeling you're going to be in love any minute now."

She couldn't quite believe it.

But then first love is hard to believe; she didn't try very hard.

After that first perfect day and evening they saw each other constantly, and did all the things California holds in reserve for young, very gay, very much in love people.

They explored the minor mountains and foothills.

They went up to Arrowhead and aquaplaned on the blue lake, and they hiked through the pines for hours. They climbed to the snow, dressed in boots and riding breeches and three sweaters apiece, and slid tumbling down the slopes on inexperienced skis. They lay afternoons in the soft sand of Malibu, motionless and silent. They danced at night in cabarets and hotel supper rooms. They flew to Catalina and speared flying fish from a motor boat.

Finally, when the summer had spent itself at last long, and the California "winter," of cooler mornings and occasional flooding downpours had set in, they decided they might as well get married.

Ensenada is a little, indolent, Mexican village on the shore below San Diego, and there they went one morning, riding out of the rain into the perpetual tropical sun of upper Mexico. Reverently they listened to the traditional Spanish ceremony, hurriedly they jumped into the roadster and burned the roads back to Hollywood—because both had early set calls the next day.

And that," said Ann Sheridan Norris to me, "is the story.

I lit another cigarette and leaned back in my chair. "It was the first time you'd ever been in love, and you got the man," I said.

"I suppose you'll live happily ever after, too," she grinned.

"Sure."

"It can't last," I grumbled with brooding cynicism. "It's the pattern—too perfect."

"It'll last," Ann said, positively. "Why not? It has so far—you see we can't have any fights because we've worked out a formula. In the first place we try not to lose our tempers; and then if we do, the one who's sore simply leaves the house and doesn't come back until he's over the brainstorm."

"And the future?"

"As simple as possible Care for each of us, eventual security, and then a family."

She shrugged. "What else is there, besides having all the fun there is?"
**Blondes! Brunettes!**

*Here's Hollywood's New Make-Up*

Entirely new and different is the new kind of make-up used by the blonde and brunette screen stars of Hollywood. Created for them by Max Factor, make-up genius of Filmland, it is based on his amazing discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which revolutionized make-up. Powder, rouge and lipstick are at last harmonized in color to dramatize the beauty of each type.

Now, if you are blonde or brunette, or whatever your type, there is a color harmony for you in Max Factor's Face Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick. Note how these Warner Bros. stars create beauty with a make-up secret that can now be yours.

![Blonde and brunette stars](image)

**Beverly Roberts** in *Warner Bros. 'God's Country and the Woman'*

**Satin-Smooth Powder** — You'll marvel how your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder will actually enliven the beauty of your skin. Amazingly fine in texture, it creates a satiny-smooth make-up that clings for hours... One dollar.

**Margaret Lindsay** in *Warner Bros. Cosmopolitan 'Green Light'*

**Lifelike Rouge** — Created to screen star types, the color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth, it blends and clings just as you would want it to... Fifty cents.

**Patricia Ellis** in *Warner Bros. Cosmopolitan 'Melody for Two'*

**Super-Indelible Lipstick** — Yes, Max Factor's Lipstick is super-indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must appear perfect for hours and hours. Moisture-proof, too, so you may be sure the color remains uniform. In color harmony shades to accent the appeal of lovely lips... One dollar.

Max Factor * Hollywood

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**Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony**

Send for Max Factor's new color harmony samples.

Max Factor, 4759 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

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Rudy Keeler wins the love of Ross Alexander in Warner Bros.' new picture... "Ready, Willing and Able." Today, any girl, to win love and romance, must make the most of her natural charm. So, discover the secret... Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up.
When he first purchased the Sartartia, Buck worried about receiving his mail promptly when he was at sea. Experience, however, proved his worries needless. For one day he found himself lost and out of sight of land. He sent out an S. O. S. and the Coast Guard responded so promptly that a plan was born. Now, according to rumor at least, Buck has his mail sent in care of the Coast Guard. On receipt of Buck's inevitable S. O. S., they scour the coastal waters until they find the Sartartia and deliver his mail.

Commodore Lewis Stone comes by his title quite honestly, for he is past-commodore of the California Yacht Club. A veteran yachtsman, he sails that big schooner of his on three and four month cruises into the South Seas and cares nothing for stormy weather as long as the masts are creaking and the spume is flying back from the bow.

On one occasion, however, the Commodore sailed for Catalina Island and, after a rough crossing, dropped anchor in Avalon Bay and took his guests ashore for dinner.

Before they had finished eating, however, a member of the Sera's crew, sopping wet from his swim ashore, dashed in with the news that the big yacht had broken her moorings and was drifting out to sea. There was considerable consternation for a storm had arisen and the Catalina Channel waters were certain to be rough. After a hurried consultation, the party adjourned to the hotel to await news from the boat—news that didn't arrive for more than twelve hours. Then a telephone call from the Sera's skipper informed her sadly worried owner that the yacht had made anchor at Newport, on the mainland. It was imperative for most of the guests to be in their studios within a few hours and there was no means of getting across the channel. None, that is, until Lewis Stone had a brilliant idea, remembered the

effort to find some means of reassuring the Guardsmen in the plane. Finally one of the guests hit upon a brilliant idea, dashed below to the flag locker and came back on deck with two signal flags, one signifying "O," the other signifying "K."

"Hold them up and they'll know we're okay," he urged.

Lee Tracy objected. "How do we know what the signal 'O-K' means?" he demanded. And he continued his talk by pantomime. Finally he succeeded and the plane sped back to its base.

The emergency past, the aggrieved guest insisted upon looking up the meaning of "O-K" in the code book. Imagine his amazement and chagrin when he discovered that:

"The signal flags, 'O' and 'K,' displayed together, signify, 'There is a suicide aboard.'"

Surely you remember Ray Griffith. He was one of the greatest of silent screen comedians. Unfortunately Ray lost his voice when he was a child and for years has not been able to speak above a whisper. That affliction, of course, doomed him when the screen went talkie—but it hasn't kept him from becoming an important producer and an enthusiastic yachtsman.

One afternoon Ray and his guests were grouped in the cockpit of the yawl, enjoying themselves as thoroughly as only Hollywood's sailorsmen can, when Ray suddenly decided to change his course. Raising his voice to a mighty whisper that was carried away unheard by the wind, he gave due warning:

"Look out, I'm bringing her up into the wind!"

And with that, he threw over the tiller and, of course, the boom of the mizen sail promptly swung across the cockpit and knocked everybody but Ray, who ducked, into the water. Fortunately for the future of the screen, they were all excellent swimmers and managed to clamber back aboard where they were confronted by a very concerned Ray.

"What's the matter?" he demanded plaintively.

"Didn't you hear me shout?"

Whenever Hollywood mariners gather, there is talk of the cruise of the Talaya. It has been three years since Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and Dick Barthelmess, widely known as "The Three Musketeers," chartered that luxurious racing-rigged sloop for an extended fishing jaunt along the coast of Mexico. And Warner Baxter, their bosom pal, pined so for the great ocean spaces that their hearts were moved to compassion and they invited him to join their party.

On sailing day, Warner arrived at the dock with a huge medicine chest, an arsenal of high-powered rifles, an armful of brand new fishing tackle and a gun in his hip. And, as the Talaya inched her way out through the wind-ing inner channel of the harbor, the giant grew until it was a full-fledged gleam.

"This is the life!" exclaimed Warner Baxter, throwing his chest out to the invigorating breeze and putting a slight, seemly roll into his stride as he walked his line across the deck. "Yes, Sir!" he exclaimed, thumping his breast like Tarzan after a kill, "this is the life!"

And, taking such a deep breath that the towering sails hung limp, he turned to the skipper:

Please turn to page 88!
HAVE TEETH THAT shine like the stars!

"Calox is undoubtedly a favorite dentifrice in Hollywood. It is particularly valuable for keeping the teeth sparkling and bright."

Claudette Colbert

They don't guess about a dentifrice in Hollywood. Results have to show...to show in brilliant highlights that register on the screen.

Repeatedly, famous stars praise Calox. They emphasize the luster it brings. The clean, fresh sparkle.

Perhaps you wish you could have teeth that "shine like the stars." Perhaps you can! Take better care of your teeth...use the same fine, soft powder so many stars find best. Use Calox—twice daily.

Remember, Calox is safe to use. Screen stars make sure of safety...they wouldn't risk a scratchy polish.

ASK MUCH OF YOUR DENTIFRICE!

Calox releases live oxygen in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox helps to neutralize mouth acids...tends to strengthen gums. Calox is made with prescription care by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied physicians since 1833.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
"How much could I buy this boat for?" he demanded, mentally calculating his bank balance.

At that very moment, the Tala'ha'ya rounded the breakwater and struck the first big swells of the open sea. As she slid down into a trough, Warner's stomach rose up and lodged just aft of his tonsils; as she soared to meet the following crest, his stomach sunk like a sounding lead—and that's asking entirely too much of the most virile stomach!

It kept on like that for three days, or until the Tala'ha'ya dropped anchor at Ensenada and Warner tore himself away from the lee rail long enough to go ashore and find the local telegraph office. There he hastily concocted a phony telegram, signed by Darryl Zanuck calling him back to the studio immediately for retakes and bribed a Mexican lad to deliver it to him aboard the yacht. An hour later he was in a hired automobile, bound for Hollywood.

Speaking of seasickness, or mal de mer, as most Hollywood actors prefer to term it, there's Jimmy Cagney—for sheer determination, you'll never find his superior!

Captain Cagney is a tough little sailorman who can assimilate almost any punishment—excepting sailing. In fact, he does assimilate almost everything, and especially "Mother Sill's Sea-sick Remedy," but none of it does any good. He bought a big schooner a few years ago and planned to see the world. To date, about all he has seen is the magnificent panorama which one gets by looking down over the lee rail.

Of Jimmy Cagney's most notable peculiarities, by the way, is a profound conviction that it is cruel to kill game or catch fish. Victor Jory, a fishing enthusiast, loves to tell about a cruise that he made as Jimmy's guest. He had brought a fishing spear and planned to spear flying fish. Jimmy Cagney, between trips to the rail, told him to throw "that thing" overboard or be put ashore.

"The flying fish have just as much right to live as we have!" he maintained.

Most of Hollywood's sea-going actors, it must be confessed, do not share Jimmy Cagney's idea about fishing. Take Cecil B. DeMille, for instance—now there's a veteran yachtsman who would rather fish than eat.

He owns a big, sleek power yacht and cruises in it for weeks at a time. He likes to take his writers and secretaries aboard and go for a long cruise while they sun themselves on the deck and concoct new ways in which to use a bathtub in pictures. When he made "Four Frightened People" in Hawaii, he took all of the cast and a number of the production crew across in the Seaward. He also took four big pythons which were to be used in the picture.

About mid-way between the mainland and Hawaii, those pythons escaped from their cage and started eating one another. The pythons were returned to Hollywood for a different purpose.

Here's a grand exclusive shot of Randy Scott and his new wife at the Lamaze. She is the former Marion DuPont Somerville whose racing stables in Virginia are famous. Though they were childhood friends, their surprise marriage last year was a Hollywood sensation. Doesn't Randy look handsome and happy?

And I'm again reminded of Lee Tracy of the schooner Adoree. One night last summer, with four guests aboard, Lee was standing in for an anchorage in Newport Harbor—a difficult maneuver, as it happened, for the night was inky black, the sea was rough, and one of the guests had the gin-inspired obsession that he was an unusually hairy ape.

Clutching one of the guy ropes from the mainmast, this amateur Tarzan insisted upon swinging in wide circles out over the water—and, on each swing, Lee and another of the guests, by their miraculous dexterity in the art of grabbing, managed to save him from falling overboard.

Finally, as the Adoree crept into the dark channel of Newport Harbor, the athletic one prepared himself for a mightier swing than any the man before him tried. "I'm an ape!" he shouted and with that launched himself far out over the bay.

And at that very instant, Lee and the other good Samaritans decided simultaneously that they were through playing games. They didn't put out a rescuing hand; and, plunk! the ape man was in the lorry.

He came up spluttering and bellowing for aid—and started swimming away from the boat.

Seizing a long boat hook, Lee made one deft pass at the swimmer and hooked him through the seat of the dungarees as neatly as ever a fisherman gaffed a fish.

That accomplished, it wasn't much of a job to hoist him aboard. But it was nearly the finish of Lee Tracy.

He came within an ace of laughing himself to death.
“One look at your eyes, Mr. Dodd, and one knows you are more artist than business man.”

A LAUGH EXPLOSION
Woman-shy New York banker suddenly made boss of the “Colossal” studios in Hollywood

Read STAND-IN

ATTERBURY DODD thought that the most important movie figures appeared on bank statements—until he met Thelma Cheri. He fast learns that stocks and bonds aren’t as interesting, never as exciting, as stock in blondes... that all movie murders aren’t committed before cameras... nor are all Hollywood’s laughs put in the movie scripts.

You’re due for a great story. A gay, modern laugh-hit that turns Hollywood inside out—that moves faster, gets better with each installment. It starts in the February 13th POST!

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(Called “Strike Me Pink” as a movie)
AND
OTHER HIT STORIES

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AT ALL NEWSDEALERS 5¢
George Raft was miserable; George Raft was secretly upset; George Raft lost eight pounds simply because of his great friendship with Gary Cooper, and because, in ordinary, everyday language, George was afraid that Gary might be mad at him! Oh, I know it's a bit of a shock! That the slick slick man of the screen should have any such sentimental streak in him! It's even a surprise to discover that these two are friends. On the surface of it you'd say never. They're so different; they represent two entirely different worlds!

The amazing thing is that these two have been friends, not because of the time they spend together—they seldom see each other outside the studio, but because of a rare understanding between them. It was Gary who first gave this understanding to George, and the understanding has bound them together through years. It was Gary who, in his quiet, deep thinking, observant way, first saw through the sleek bravado of George, and saw underneath a warm and ready friendliness that is not akin to Hollywood. Both of them avoid spotlights and Trocadero; both of them refuse to open their personal lives to the public; both of them wish to stay men, rather than puppets worked by a celluloid string. True, their escapes are different. George seeks solace and retreat in a coterie of old pre-Hollywood friends, friends from "back on 10th Avenue"—prize-fighters, baseball players, six-day bicycle racers, and a few others whose professions are less determinable.

On the other hand, Gary finds his retreat in guns, and hunting, fast motor cars, horses and such—but these are his old pre-Hollywood friends too! Each, through long years of fame, has been true to himself, as a person. Naturally there is admiration between them.

That mutual admiration was the thing about which George was frightened. "I was afraid it wouldn't be so mutual anymore, after I had to walk out," he told me as we sat in the Captain's dining room aboard the William Bruce, having ten o'clock coffee together.

It was the last day of the "Souls at Sea" location, twenty miles off the coast of Catalina. The boat was rolling and the coffee slopped a bit in our cups. George wore a dark blue sailing outfit, in the period of the picture. His hair was not plastered down as it usually is—it was loose and shaggy and curly, and it gave him a softness and a naturalness which will be new to his fans. He looked happier and better than I had ever seen him look. He was thoughtful and serious too, as he talked about this friendship with Gary.

"You see, the trouble all started, not because my part wasn't big enough for me—of course that's what everyone thought—but because it wasn't right enough. It was the part of a low-life, a villain. Oh, I've played parts like that before, but always I've seen to it that they had some sort of compensation. A tender moment here and there, or a death at the end—something to gain a little sympathy. I've got to do that to protect myself with my fans. That's what I was holding out for in this part—some scene, some business, some character twist that would be redeeming. Get what I mean? Well, Gary did, right from the beginning. He was encouraging me as though he were my own agent. Like me, all this picture business doesn't really mean anything to him, inside. But it is a business and he knows you've got to conduct it like one. You've got to protect your product, package it as attractively as you can. Well, I tried to get a new package, but nobody else could see it my way, nobody but Gary, and finally I had to walk out. There was nothing else to do. But after I made the break I got worried. The picture was being held up. I heard that Gary was getting restless, that they were trying to get somebody else to take my place, and couldn't. And it began to dawn on me that Gary might forget the reasons and just begin to think that it was a temperamental trick. I don't mind what a lot of people think about me, but I do mind what my pals think. Then, well then the front office wanted me to come back on my own terms. That was a big day, let me tell you... but you know when the best minute was? When Gary gave me the..."
high-sign that it was all O.K. . . . that we were still as we were before!

I COULD see the picture . . . that day that George stood in his doorway across from Gary's doorway. After a while Gary peddled up to his own door on his bicycle. Out of the corner of his eye he saw George. Out of the corner of his eye he winked, and his long hand waved shyly. "Nice going, fellas?" was what it said. These two had an understanding. It was the moment for which George had been waiting.

You only have to see them at work together on this picture to know that they are friends. You can sense it, most clearly of all, in their delightful kidding. It is George who gives it mostly, and Gary who takes it. George has a number of nicknames for Gary—all based on his long lanky skininess. "Flagpole," "Slim," or "Hey there, you Bloated Thread!" which is one of his favorites. Or sometimes he just calls him "Coop." Gary, to retaliate, often addresses his co-star as "Roly-poly." The contrast when those two stand side by side, is really remarkable. George who is not a short man, nevertheless looks short and a little heavy beside Gary's six-feet-three, and Gary, because of the contrast, looks even taller and thinner. Gary's thinness is always a source of amazement to his buddies, and George's reaction is no exception. "That fellow eats twenty times a day—look at him now—that's his third breakfast this morning . . . and what happens? Nothing! I don't eat all day, and look at me!"

We were all perched on the rail of the ship—Director Henry Hathaway, Cracker (Gary's henchman), and George. Coming up from the Captain's quarters was Gary. He had a plate of breakfast food in his hand, and he was scooping it up generously. He heaved his way through the extras and the crew that were lying around on the deck, but never once spilled a drop. "Say, Flagpole!" George yelled. "You know there's another galley up front, where the crew cat! Maybe you could get something out of that one, too!"

Gary sought us out against the glare of the sunlight, spoon poised between plate and mouth. He spotted us, plunged the spoon in his mouth, then said thickly through the corn flakes, "Thanks, I'll go up and see what they've got."

We all had lunch together a few hours later. George and Gary sat next to each other at the Captain's table. Frances Dee was there, too, and Olympe Bradna. No sooner had we sat down than George looked at Gary's hands, shook his head and began ticking. "Gary, you have no gentlemanly instincts at all. Why these ladies won't be able to eat, after getting a look at those dirty hands of yours."

And before Gary could sit on those hands, George had hold of them, and was holding them up for everyone to see. Gary wriggled and squirmed and blushed like a caught bad boy. "Yeah, I guess they are sort of dirty. Excuse me." He got up, but halfway across the salon he turned back. "It was my ride . . . too much oil. I was shooting at the sea gulls, that's why!" We roared. "Come back, silly, no one minds!" And so, gracefully, he did. But it kept up like that, all during the lunch, a ribbing tirade. When the apple pie came, George ate only the crust. Gary ate only the inside. "Say, if you were only a woman, and we could be married, we'd get along fine," George commented drily.

But it was a few minutes later that Gary opened himself to the worst attack. They were discussing the harshness of the beds at the location camp on the isthmus. George hadn't been able to sleep, they were so bad. "Sure," said Gary, "location beds are always bad. I'm on to that, after 'Bengal Lancers.' But I fool 'em. I bring my own pillows from home. You can always sleep on hard beds as long as the pillows are good and soft."

George stood up, a devilish glimmer in his eyes. He tapped a spoon against a glass for attention. "Ladies and gentlemen. On my left I give you Gary Cooper . . . the greatest outdoor man the screen has ever known. Hard rider, hard shooter, hard fighter. He brings his own soft pillows from home!" The whole dining room rocked with laughter, and Gary nearly choked on his coffee from pure embarrassment. But there was an amused glimmer in his eyes, too.

They were busy shooting all the rest of the afternoon. At four o'clock as the sun began to sink, Hathaway called it quits and there was a mad scramble for the water taxi. Like a couple of kids George and Gary raced to get in first and get the prize stern seats under the canopy. Beside them they saved a place for Frances Dee. But when she finally scrambled in there wasn't as much room as there had appeared to be, and both the men had to put their arms back over the rail, crisscrossing each other's, to make more room. They were smiling peacefully as they watched the others packing in. Rival co-stars in a picture? Not a bit of it. Just two friends, sitting there, with their arms comfortably around each other.

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**Around with ME Anymore!**

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HA'LL WE DO — OH YES—LET'S—
WHAT GRAND PICTURE ON
THAT—ASK—THEY NEVER USE
THEIR LEAVE ME OUT LIKE THIS—MAYBE
HOME SOON? I—THESE PIMPLES
GET—OFF TO THE MOVIES,
HELLO RITA—BACK LATER
M-MOTHER I CAN'T BEAR IT
ANY LONGER—MY FACE LOOKS
DON'T ASK ME ANYWHERE
OH PLEASE C-CAN'T I
P-PLEASE C-CAN'T I
S-STEAL BACK SCHOOL—
CLEARS UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about 1/2 hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!
But, you are coming home with me, aren't you, Kay?"

And she smiled at him and nodded, and said, "Of course, silly! We have to sail to the Spanish Main together, don't we?"

He nodded and said, "Sure!" And Pop stayed and listened while Kay told him all about it; and when the time came to walk the plank—up popped Kay—and he tried, too—he had on his red-on-gold coat, didn't he? And he got up halfway, too, out of the chair, dragging his legs, unfeeling limbs by sheer will. Pop was silent, and Kay, aching with pity, cried: "You did it! You did it! What did I tell you? You can! You can!"

Pop said, "Try old man. Try hard—awful hard—and we'll all sail to the Spanish Main. Lee—it's up to you. You'll try hard won't you, old top?"

And he nodded, feeling hot all over and pleased; and he said: "I'll betcha I'll do it, too! I'll betcha I'll run, too!"

Pop looked at Kay, and she smiled to him and said: "I'll come. It's crazy—but I'll come." And Pop kissed Kay's hand, and she got all pink and said, "Please!"

Their arrival in Hollywood was heralded by the press. Kay saw the stories. One gossip columnist wrote about the "romantic marriage" of the famous producer. Don, according to the story, married the beautiful young nurse who had saved his life. Kay smiled when she read this.

Don's house, she found, was huge, stately, adequately staffed. They day they arrived, there was the matter of getting settled. There was the matter of sleeping quarters. Don explained to Kay, with a careful detachment, that he would occupy the large master chamber he had always slept in. Kay's room was strategically situated near Lee's. If the servants thought this arrangement queer, they gave no indication of it. Kay went to her room after Lee fell asleep and sat on the edge of her bed. She had been given position and privilege, but these seemed subordinate, in this house, to the memory of Nina Roberts.

She felt, suddenly, as if the very walls were impregnated with some subtle antagonism. The house seemed strangely still. She felt herself an alien. She didn't really belong here. She felt kinship with this beautifully furnished home that was Don's and Nina's, furnished with the things they had chosen and arranged and cherished; thick with memories and associations. They seemed to form an impenetrable and guarded wall that shut her out, she thought.

At dinner, they talked brightly enough, with the ease of well-bred people. Don was, at times, abstract; at other times, eagerly anxious to make her feel at home. Over their coffee, in the drawing room, he said slowly:

"By the way, Kay—the uniform is definitely out of, of course. If we're to put on a show, let's put on a good one! I want you to go downtown tomorrow and buy what you think you will need in the way of clothes. There are charge accounts in most of the stores, but I'll also leave you a check."

She listened with a curious and painful embarrassment as he detailed what might be expected of him in the way of public appearances. He grinned, wryly, as he finished:

"Let's make it a good show, Kay. Hollywood

need not know anything. I know you're a good little troup—considering what you've sacrificed, for Lee. Can I, also, count on you?"

"I'll do my best," she promised him, ill at ease.

At ten o'clock, she went, casually, to look at Lee. The boy was coming along very nicely, she thought, gaining weight and confidence daily. She went to her own room and arranged her clothes for the next sessions. A bath and fresh pajamas gave her a feeling of tingling well-being. Somewhere in the house, a deep-toned clock boomed midnight. She heard Don come up the stairs.

For an instant, panic swept her. She heard his swift footsteps along the hall, and she heard his door close with a precise and definite "click!" Relief washed over her. Suddenly, she walked to her door and locked it. She and Lee and Don were the only occupants of this floor. The servants quarters were in the back of the house; and her own maid's room was empty. There was no maid, although Don had advised getting one. This had, at the time, amused her. Kay Stevens, with a personal maid!

She went to a chaise longue and stretched herself out luxuriously, reveling in the silken feel of the upholstery, her mind busy with a hundred tentative, the fantastic turn of her fortunes. It seemed incredible to her that she was actually the mistress of this huge house, of the efficient servants; the wife of a wealthy and prominent man—wife, at least, in the eyes of the world.

Where would this masquerade lead? Was this her destiny—to be a made-belle vie? She had never loved anyone. Her life had been barren of any emotional significance. Love, as she saw it, was the conventional preface of passion, something she had an instinctive revulsion for. Doctors old and young had tried to make love to her, but none had awakened any answering spark.

Her reverie was banished abruptly by the sound of footsteps in the hall. She listened as they approached, and her heart lurch as someone knocked on the door. Don! Why? Her skin tingled with warm blood and she felt as if an explosion had gone off in her face.

"Who—is it?" she asked, in a sudden agony of breathlessness.

"Me—Don. Can I see you for a moment, Kay?"

She swept up her worn bathrobe and slipped into it. A glance into the mirror told her that she looked like a touseled little boy. For a moment she hesitated, then she went to the door and opened it. Don smiled to her and came into the room, closing the door behind him. He was fully dressed. His eyes swept her briefly, then he looked carelessly away. An agony of suspense was tightening in her.

"Sorry to intrude, Kay," he said, slowly.

"Here's the check I promised you. You'll be expected to be quite a fashion plate in Hollywood. Go the limit, Kay. I want to be very sure of you. Good idea," he added, after several seconds, the scantiness of her costume, the youthful contours beneath. A guarded elation flashed in his eyes. She was holding herself very still. Then, he opened the door and she heard him walk to his room. She was obscurely irritated.

This marriage was a major debacle. What she had always thought of as an immortal and
ecstatic hour was, in this queer marriage, merely freighted with dissatisfaction and dilemma. She looked at the check, and her eyes opened wide. It was more than generous. She experienced a freakish, perverse excitement; some tenuous emotional reaction was stirring to life within her; something of challenge. Without vanity, she knew herself to be as pretty as Nina Roberts.

And quite suddenly she was filled with a bitter wonder and a primitive jealousy; a growing sense of humiliation. She had seen Nina Roberts in pictures, sultry, beautiful. What pervasive graces, what potent charms and virtues did Nina possess that would make Don walk blindly out of her—Kay’s—room as if she were one of the servants? She had read, somewhere, that Nina was a real Russian Countess. Even that did not explain Don’s myopia.

Even though their relationship, by mutual agreement, was based on a strictly utilitarian understanding, she felt, unaccountably, that she had been spurned—reputed. In the room he had shared with Nina, he was now, probably, making obeisance to a memory. It made her feel desolate and outlawed. Tears of irrational rage salted the golden river of affection that ran deep in her. She considered Don with a suspended and critical analysis.

Did she want Don? Did she want Nina’s place in this home—in his heart? She wondered, trying to sort her complex impulses. They seemed to defy classification.

He left the house before she arose, the next morning. A growing and painful curiosity caused her, later, to walk into his room. She told herself that it was legitimate for her to explore her own home.

She found an elaborately framed picture of Nina sitting on a chest of drawers, in a far corner. The twin beds stood side by side. The room was large and beautifully furnished, and was, somehow, reminiscent of the glowing and primitive Nina. A slim bud vase, with a withered yellow rose bud in it stood before the silver framed photograph. Kay stared at it. What did it mean? she wondered. A withered reminder—an ironic salute to a departed and forgotten happiness? Why didn’t one of the servants remove the dead flower? She eyed the vivid Nina.

“I don’t think I like you,” she told the photograph; then she shrugged and walked out. When Lee had been looked after, she went shopping.

It was her first experience, going in her own car, driven by her own chauffeur, and it was the first time she had had more than ten dollars to spend for a dress.

A quite feminine excitement claimed her. She became absorbed. Swift, clever hands transformed her from a pretty young girl into a glowing young beauty. She looked in the mirror with unbelieving and fascinated eyes; then she shrugged. "Clothes horse,” she told herself. "We must dress and act the part of Mrs. Roberts. Hold your head up—look important—you’re one of the first ladies of Hollywood—believe it or not!”

As the bills mounted, she became frightened. She phoned Don at the studio, told him what she had bought, and asked him if it was all right to charge it. He asked the amount, and when she told him, he laughed, amused.

"Get dozens of everything,” he told her.

"Lots of evening things—gowns and slippers and wraps. I just got a call from Mrs. Dixon—the Mrs. Dixon. She and her husband are throwing a swanky party for his Highness, the Grand Duke Igor, who is visiting here. She’s going to call you, at home, to invite you, per-

Gentlemen don’t talk about it... but

A GIRL CAN’T BE TOO CAREFUL

... AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO
AVOID OFFENDING IS A
BATH WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!

Cashmere Bouquet’s father is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics ... makes your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth. No wonder fastidious women everywhere now use nothing but this pure, creamy-white soap for both the face and bath. Why don’t you use it too?

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NORFORMS are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that is designed to remain in effective contact for many hours.

- A distinctive and exclusive feature of NORFORMS is their concentrated content of Paralyzedin—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. Paralyzedin kills germs, yet NORFORMS are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an "overdose" or "burn."

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Send for the new NORFORMS booklet, "Feminine Hygiene Made Easy." Or, buy a box of NORFORMS at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflets of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y., makers of Unguentine.

NORFORMS

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1937

sonally. It's one of Sally's grand gestures. She always does it. Her parties are the talk of Hollywood. It will be your formal introduction to Hollywood, as Mrs. Roberts. So, young lady, inasmuch as we have to go, please buy something stunning—so I'll burst with pride."

"Oh!" said Kay. An acute unhappiness settled on her. She began to dread the ordeal of this social muster, the inevitable comparisons that would be drawn between her and the lovely former Mrs. Roberts. "I'll do the best I can, of course—"

"Lay it on thick," said Don. "I'll bring home an engagement ring. Will you trust me—or do you prefer to pick it yourself?"

"Really?" she began. "Is that—oh, well! You pick it!"

The rest of the day went in a dreamy haze for her. She bought an evening gown of silver cloth, impalpable as moonlight, and she bought accessories to match. In the late afternoon, she hurried home, worried about Lee.

Lee was in the garden, in his wheel chair, with his young governess. The girl left, leaving them alone. Lee was flushed.

"Look, Kay!" he shrieked. "My knees bend! Look!" He lifted himself, painfully, and fell back, exhausted.

Kay was thrilled. "I told you!" she cried.

"I told you! Soon you'll earn the red badge of courage!"

"And we'll sail away to the Spanish Main, huh, Kay? You and me and Pop. It isn't very far, is it?"

"No—not for those who earn the red badge." She sank down at his feet and looked at him. "Don't you want your mother to sail along with you? You love her, don't you, Lee?"

"Sure!" said Lee. "Mommy will come, too. She's coming back pretty soon, isn't she? She's in London. Is that far?"

"Not very, dear." Then she chased a butterfly he wanted, and she told him a pirate story; and Don came and looked them both over, and said, to Lee:

"Well, old top? Are you earning the red badge?"

So Lee told him about his knees bending, sometimes, when he tried double hard; and Kay wheeled him inside; and Pop came along, too.

That night, Don gave Kay the ring. She gasped when she saw it—a great, emerald-cut diamond, wickedly brilliant. Her eyes misted as he slipped it on her finger.

"So much," he told her, "for a good memory. Isn't that a perfect fit? Well, Mrs. Roberts—how do you like it?"

"It's—gorgeous," she said; "but you didn't have to—"

"Skip it," he ordered. "What we know is none of Hollywood's business. I want you to shine at Sally's party. I'm told that the Grand Duke is a relative of Nina's—and that Nina got in town this afternoon. I didn't expect she'd return." He frowned. "We have to go. People don't refuse Sally's invitations—and I can't afford to. Her husband, you know, is one of the heads of Climax. Well, with Nina present, they'll expect a good show. Let's give it to 'em, Kay!"

Suddenly, she stood up on tiptoe and kissed him fleetingly on the chin. "That's—for this gorgeous ring," she said, swiftly, and fled to her room.

She came down later, fully dressed for the party in the silver gown. Don met her at the stairs and stared. "Good Lord, Kay!" he said, softly. "Why—you're beautiful!" Then suddenly, he kissed her; and she didn't know that the hammering deliciousness that filled her wasn't love. "Let's go," said Don, his ironic smile deepening.

Kay would never have believed that such parties were possible. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon's gesture to visiting royalty was more than a party. It was Hollywood, at its famous best—Hollywood royalty was assembled to greet European royalty. There were fully sixty people in the huge drawing room, and nearly every face was a famous one. Kay had seen some of them on the screen.

She had sat, during the four hour drive to Arrowhead Lake, with a nervous fear gnawing at her because of the ordeal she was facing, with Sally Roberts to be present; and she was quite unprepared for the silence her own appearance occasioned. But she sensed, with a sure intuition, that she had not disappointed Don—or Hollywood.

She was introduced to many people and she felt the current of criticism and appraisal about her. Her heart leaped into her mouth when she faced Nina Roberts, superbly beautiful, looking like a young queen. For a split second their eyes met, then she passed on. One curious note remained in her memory. Nina Roberts wore a single yellow rose bud over her heart.

How it happened, she never knew, but she found herself talking to a dark young man; a tall, distinguished man, with smiling gray eyes that didn't look a bit villainous—Gilbert Ross.

Everything about Gilbert Ross was perfect. He was tall, he was sleekly handsome. Away from his roles on the screen, his finely-drawn face wore a pleasant look that made it impossible for any man not to believe in him and any woman not to love him. Curiously, on the screen, he always played a woman, seemingly able to turn on some sinister quality at will. Kay wondered which one was Ross.

Kay mentioned this, thinking, swiftly, that this man was said to have won Don's first wife, Nina. She didn't remember what they talked about—only that she was radiantly happy. It seemed that he was very interested in polo and polo ponies; that he kept a stable of them. Vaguely, she remembered seeing a picture of him in a magazine, showing a bit of spirited polo action. They went out on the shadowy veranda; and as he talked, it seemed to her to be a perfect scene out of a Sardou play.

"Yes," he acknowledged, smiling, "I'm the man the public loves to hate. So much for being typed! Some of my best friends suspect me of being, secretly, something of a boomer—how can I play my parts so realistically? I even get fan mail—from indignant ladies, who take their movies seriously. They tell me they hope that I will some day get what I deserve. I hope not. I hate to see anyone get what's coming to them, don't you? That seems a bit too drastic."

What had happened to Kay that night; something blindly swift; some pervasive miracle that gave a special and poignant significance to the music in the ballroom; something strangely solemn. She fell in love for the first time in her life. With Gilbert Ross. And she closed her heart to him. She knew that she shouldn't, that it might lead to disaster; but it swept her like an overwhelming tide. She forgot time and place.

Gilbert Ross kissed her. The swift changing of his face, from his amiable, half remote, lean contours, into a sudden flaming emotion, startled her. Curiously, she was not angry. She did not feel herself bound by any pledges made to Don, she argued, silently; she was bound only by the limitations she had set upon
herself. And she had never before had the
incentive to test them. Her eyes were wide
and dark in the white oval of her face when she
lifted it to his.

"Why did you do that?" she asked, faintly.
"Why are you so beautiful?" he countered.
"You might as well ask me what makes a
hawk fly south." Same reason, I guess.

They were silent after that. She felt the
sense of strain in him and knew a deep, fierce
joy. Something seemed to be established be-
tween them, as it must between a man and a
girl who have kissed each other, and liked it.
He lit a cigarette and smoked a moment in
silence. It seemed to her that the still, misty
night, redolent of leaf mold, was swift-paced as
a dream. Some surging excitement poured over
her inherent caution. She looked at the lean,
brilliant man, poised like a hawk, and her
entire body trembled with some mad response
that threatened her habitual restraint.

He said: "I'm sorry. I suppose I had no
right to do that, Mrs. Roberts." His voice was
very controlled, very quiet. "But I seem to be
pretty crazy about you, Kay—believe it or
not!"

"I don't," she said, stiff-lipped. "You are
typed, aren't you?"

THUNDER boomed ominously below the
horizon, and suddenly, a rainstorm began to
ger over the mountains. Then, she saw Don.
He stood to one side. He had seen Ross kiss
her, and a sense of shame came over her. Don
said, quietly:

"Time for a take, Ross? Shall we set up the
cameras? Or is this a rehearsal?"

Ross turned to face Don. "My apologies,"
he said, suavely. "Circumstances beyond my
control."

Don took her arm and said, significantly:
"Don't let it degenerate into a habit, Ross.
Once was plenty. Twice is dangerous."

Ross drew in his breath audibly. She saw his
jaw set with a swift anger. "I—beg your
pardon?" he asked dangerously.

"You heard me!" snapped Don, and guided
Kay away abruptly.

She was in a turmoil after that, sick with the
potentialities she sensed ahead. The storm in-
creased to gale proportions during dinner; and
afterwards, the radio warned motorists that a
bridge had washed out, that rock slides
obstructed several hairpin curves on many of
the roads. Trees crashed outside.

Later, Kay saw Ross dancing with the
resplendent Nina; and Nina stared through
her, coldly, as if she didn't exist. She said
something to Ross. His eyes flashed around
the room. They both laughed, and then they
danced away. Something flamed violently in
Kay's being; some reckless, half-born defiance.
She might care about Bert Ross—perhaps she
did—but if Bert thought that she would be
easily swayed—she stopped, abruptly. How
could she tell what she would do?

Their host announced that, since it was long
after midnight, they would all stay at Hillcrest
for the night. The storm, he said, was increas-
ing in fury. The roads back to Hollywood
were impassable and dangerous; it was folly to
attempt to drive back to town through the
storm-ridden night. There was plenty of room
for everybody—if some of the bachelors would
bunk below on the davenport and couches.

As in a dream, Kay followed Don after the
good nights had been said. Their host, in
person, showed them into a room. One of the
servants, he said, would bring them some night
things, which would do well enough in the
emergency. He smiled. "Glad to see you're
settled down at last Don, and happy. It

Your personal history is yours to make excit-
ing and dramatic if you only wish it. One way
to do so is to wear an exciting perfume ... as
Evening in Paris, known throughout the world
as the fragrance of romance. A little bit of
mystery...a great deal of worldly wisdom, glam-
our and gaiety...that is Evening in Paris Perfume.
The new Evening in Paris Compact Rouge
and Lipstick give your lips and cheeks the
perfect semblance of natural beauty. A shade
to match every complexion type.

Evening in Paris
BOURJEOIS
The Romantic Story of Luise Rainer's Surprise Marriage

[continued from page 51]

Hollywood legend says that at first, over the Reinhardt wienerschnitzel and sauerbraten, each regarded the other as a small pot of poison. True or not, the fact remains that the good old chemicals were fizzing and bubbling, even then. And they found in slightly less than no time that they had much to tell each other—much to confide. And they took great comfort in each other's company, these two lonely kids—one transported from the world of the intellectual theater of Vienna, the other a young, obscure actor who had suddenly learned that he could put dramatic words together in a fashion that burned the ears of the customers and stirred their complacent minds!

THEN began a courtship strange to rather obvious Hollywood, but the only sort possible and natural to these solitary young artists who had miraculously found each other.

They didn't play badminton on the beach, and they didn't hold hands under the tables at each other's night dives. On the contrary, they took long drives along the sea coast and into the mountains, finding solace in the beauty of natural things and talking endlessly of their personal problems. Sunsets stirred them, rather than hot-licks by a perspiring jazz band, Oedets, the Marxes, and, incidentally, the Dream Man of New York's 14th Street Karl and Karlina Marxes, was in love—in the good old bourgeois way, even as you and I! And he proved it! Day after day he chugged out to the dreary, sunbaked Chinese "farming country" that M-O-M had arranged at the northern end of San Fernando Valley, where Luise was laboring in the oriental make-up of O-Lan. In spite of the heat, the dust, and the prying eyes of the big company, the romance grew and glowed.

Hollywood professors to have been blind to it even then—which proves that the town may believe that Love only blossoms in noon-day kisses at Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard!

Finally the lad's labors on "The General," one of Gary Cooper's finest jobs, was done.
New York called him—there were new plays awaiting him on behalf of his Group Theater pals. Regretfully he went back to his Gotham typewriter—but Fate did not write "finis" to this obscure yet intense idyll!

Luise, when the chance offered, packed a little overnight bag and climbed aboard an air liner that roared eastward to New York and her sweetheart! Hollywood says it didn't know, but those Hydra-headed, thousand-eyed critics, the Broadway gossips knew, and printed the fact of these visits! Clifford and Luise were occasionally spotted at the theater by these lobby snoopers. Odets, of course, denied that anybody named Luise Rainer was within 3,000 miles of him—said that the girl in the next seat was a couple of people named Jane Doe. But it was Luise, all right—happy to be with the one man she had found in America who felt as she felt, thought as she thought, dreamed as she dreamed! And they were in love!

Back in Hollywood, Luise was submitting helplessly to the usual journalistic prying of the press. Cocking her head at the reporters, she would say shyly—

"Of course I hope to marry some day! I love children. No life is complete without marriage and children—but I want to be very sure of myself before I marry." In fact, her feeling for youngsters amounts to a passion, as proven by the fact that she likes to spend hours hanging about a small private school run by one of her friends.

Not a word, of course, of the serious young chap in the East banging away at his new manuscripts! That was a secret—and a very sacred one. Luise no more hinted of her romance than she had paid much attention to the blundishments of some of Hollywood's Great Lovers, or had found anything pleasing in the colony's parties in its patios and pink palazzos.

Odets, of course, when approached by the press, had nothing to say, and said it eloquently. He pounded along at the typewriter.

But when his new play, "Paradise Lost," struck the metropolitan stage, critics and

---

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Odets after their quiet wedding at Luise's house. Lewis Milestone and his wife were the only attendants. Luise wore a rust-colored traveling suit and cried. Afterwards they had caviar and champagne.

---

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THE SWIFT TEMPO OF TODAY DEMANDS figure control plus figure rhythm and freedom. So Munsingwear designed a new type—two-way stretch foundation garments with movement of extra-resilient Lasterx, with more give and take to trim years off your hips, hold in your diaphragm, yet allow freedom of movement. "Foundettes" wash, wear and hold their shape.

Giroles from $1 to $1.50; pantie-girdles from $1 to $3.50; full-length foundations from $2 to $10.

MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis.

They're tops in the portrayal of figure rhythm, are George and Jana Smith's foremost dancing pair. Last to appear on the British stage, "Hand in Hand," this London team has been chosen to dance at the Coronation festivities.

"Foundettes" by Munsingwear
public found it badly wanting. Every playwright, even smart boys like Cliff, has many a flopperino in his saddlebags. So last November 16th Odets shook off the dust of Times Square and set out again for Movietone to enter the scenarists’ stockade of United Artists.

The lovers were together again—one of the town’s grand romances was exploding under its pretty, well-powdered nose—but no one knew anything about it, according to sound authorities! It’s hard to believe.

For all through the holidays, while the borax snow was showering down, the bells were ringing and the horns were blowing, Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets were bringing matters swiftly to the great romantic climax!

**THEY** were together constantly during the time of jollification. They parted briefly with the “foreign colony”—they renewed the mountain drives that brought them so much peace and so much happiness!

And on Jan. 4th, 1937, with the debris of New Year’s Eve barely swept away, they decided that the love they had for each other should only end in being together right along—in two being one in the eyes of the world—in getting married, and probably having the children that have always been a part of Rainer’s dream of the good life.

That day they marched up to the fellow and asked for the papers! It is significant of the essential, winning innocence of the luminous little Viennese that once the minute she had the legal document in her fist, she thought she was married already. Rushing to aphone, she called her truest pal on the Metro lot!

“I’m so happy!” she twittered over the wire. “I’m married—I’m just from the license bureau! Look—here are the papers!”

It took a little explaining to show that she only had the law’s gracious permission!

Cornered by the hounds of Journalism, Odets said that at first they would have separate establishments—she at her home in Brentwood, he at his Beverly Hills Hotel.

And the two lonely, brilliant, miserable young people decided to become one, and face this very odd world together!

And this very odd world, as always, looks down its nice conventional nose and speculates on their chances—for marriages, those made in Hollywood as well as in Heaven, are seldom sure-fire and are apt to be as goody and unpredictable as the stock market!

Chances? I, for one, say they are simply fine!

And why? The reason is as obvious as the copious cornucopia of Jimmy Durante! They are two quiet, highly intellectual, deeply sensitive people—lonely in crowds, who were lucky enough to find each other. How seldom this happens—how full the world is of Rainers and Odets who wander for years without ever finding the one person who can join them in dreaming a perfect dream, and understand the strange woes of the spirit that beset them.

Luise and Cliff were just that lucky!

As they take twin-headers, hand in hand, off the teetering springboard of matrimony, they stand well in their respective arts, Luise slightly to the fore.

With “Escapade” and *Anna Held* in “The Great Ziegfeld” (the latter called by the New York Critics the year’s best feminine job) already under her belt, and “The Good Earth” coming up, the small portion from Vienna is thoroughly established as one of the best actresses and most winning figures in filmland, and Metro is lucky to have her under lock and key.

Odets, in spite of the laudatory screams of many leftist playwrights, has still to prove himself in a very large way as a playwright of great importance.

But at the moment of screaming to press, it would seem that here are two of the luckiest young people of the day—young, handsome, with most of the better years ahead of them which they may face together. Of course, horseplayers and those who bet on the success of marriages, especially among film folk, always die broke, but it would seem that Luise Rainer, the dewy darling from Vienna, and Clifford Odets, who first caterwauled in Philadelphia, have better than an even shake! A fine, true, quiet love, founded on mutual tastes and joys and sorrows—not the sort that radical playwrights may believe in, but still one that has done pretty well over the centuries!
thing about Shirley. She cannot be lied to or tricked. And all the coaxing and honeyed words in the world cannot undo a breach of faith. This truth in Shirley comes, I believe, from her mother, who has taught her to have an almost fanatic respect for the exact truth.

HER humor bubbles constantly, but could hardly be listed as scintillating wit. Typical Shirley wise-crack. This happened at the Car- nation stables in Pomona, where Shirley was given a pony. The riding master said that the pony had five gait, including rack. "Rack of lambs?" asked Shirley, screwing up her face in a sly smile. That's standard Shirley repartee, standard for that matter, of any seven-year-old. Fortunately for her many associates, Shirley doesn't go in heavily for the kidnikute type of saying.

However, before we make too detailed an investigation of her personality and her reaction to fame, we might clear once and for all a few facts. Shirley's eyes are hazel, not blue. Her hair is dull gold, naturally curly, and has been cut only by Mrs. Temple. Her skin is lovelier than any camera can reproduce. She is slightly under average height for her age and will be eight years old on April 21, 1937. Shirley's picture career began when she was snatched from dancing school to star in a series of music comedies called "Baby Burleskes." After these, she appeared in a couple of feature-length pictures. Most people believe "Stand Up and Cheer!" to be Shirley's first regular show, but "Red Headed Alibi," "To the Last Man," and "Out All Night" preceded Shirley's sensational hit.

As Bette Davis was the first star to spot Shirley's potential mass appeal during the production "Out All Night," that wishful comedienne told Mrs. Temple: "She's marvelous—she's going to be really great!"

In the life of any great hit, there are hundreds of people who pop up with the claim of discovery. In Shirley's case, Jay Gorney, a composer, is entitled to most of the credit, for he it was who grabbed Shirley as she emerged from a preview—incidentally, her first time at a movie—and asked her to report to the Fox studio for the fateful "Stand Up and Cheer!" test. Shirley was four years old at the time. Since then, Shirley's popularity has raced with unprecedented speed.

Much has been printed about Mrs. Temple, as is quite right, as any story on Shirley must be in the nature of a tribute to this truly remarkable woman. Regarding Mr. Temple, he is no longer connected with a bank, a fact which has led many gossipers to imply that he became an agent to cash in on Shirley's movie fame. Actually Shirley's father's present position demands exactly the sort of background that is required by working more than twenty years in a bank. Mr. Temple is a financial advisor, not a theatrical agent, as has been printed.

The Temple home is in Brentwood, not far from John Crawford's. It is lovely, though by Hollywood's flamboyant standards it could not be called a show place. It is of French- Norman design, its front hidden from the road and its rear looking down across a slope of hills to the Will Rogers Memorial Polo Ground. There is a swimming pool in the back yard. Most of it is shallow for Shirley.

Next to the pool, there is a glass-brick play house, the gift of a modernist construction company. At the other side of the pool is a badminton court, which is fairly common in Southern California. Beyond the pool, is the stable, where Shirley's ponies and a horse for her brother, George, are kept.

One pony, Spunky, is not much larger than a St. Bernard dog. He is frisky and kept as a pet. The other pony, Little Carnation, stands as high as a small horse. Shirley is taking lessons in handling him. Two of Shirley's dogs, Curly, a Scotty, and Rosy, a Cocker Spaniel, live in the stables with the horse. Shin-Ching, a Pekingese, is taken everywhere by Shirley.

Shirley's room is on the second floor. One side, entirely windowed, looks out beyond the Will Rogers Polo Field to the Pacific. All the furniture is, of course, scaled down. There are twin beds, but Shirley always sleeps in the same bed. It's become a habit with her, she says. Adjoining this room is her dressing room.
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with full-length mirrors and a lighted dressing table. To offset this bit of necessary sophistication, there is the playroom.

The playroom looks a great deal like a department store display window the week before Christmas. There is a glass-enclosed cabin where Shirley keeps her hundreds of doll gifts from all over the world. In the cabin, too, are Mrs. Temple's dolls, reminders of her own childhood. This surfet of toys has not given Shirley a distaste for playthings. But, like most children, she will pick on a few favorites, ignoring the rest.

SHIRLEY'S favorite right now is a little rag doll named Aloysius. Aloysius is Shirley's constant companion and she pretends that he is her competitor in school work. He is Officer Aloysius then, and she is Sergeant Temple. On her blackboard both of their names are printed. Whenever Shirley shows any signs of lagging in her school work, her teacher brings up Aloysius as a bad example. He is who always oversleeps, understudies and forgets his lessons.

Sergeant Temple gets a Gold Star every time she excels in a lesson. She is more proud of these stars than of anything else. Surprisingly, Shirley is happiest when doing school work or making a picture. Both are games to her. She does not like making still pictures, though. However, she is very gracious about posing for them.

Shirley's day follows a rigorous schedule, nicely balanced with work and play. But so smoothly is the schedule worked out by Mrs. Temple, that Shirley is not conscious of it. Mrs. Temple's first concern is with Shirley as her baby, not as an actress. Proof of this is Shirley's sparkling health. She has, in the last three years, suffered no more than one light cold. Though Shirley is easily—with her picture work and commercial tie-ups—the biggest child wage earner in the world, she could make much more money. She has been offered a fortune for personal appearances and radio programmes.

Mrs. Temple has refused personal appearance because she does not want Shirley to work too hard, and because she does not want the child to become conscious of her great fame. In many respects, Mrs. Temple's job is the exact opposite of the average mother's. She must constantly work to counteract the "ohs" and "ahs" that Shirley draws from all who meet her.

So beautifully has Mrs. Temple accomplished her difficult task that to this day Shirley does not realize her position to be greatly different from that of the average child.

When one realizes how adults have succumbed to the siren flattery, Shirley's naturalness is doubly impressive.

Mrs. Temple has tried to preserve this in the face of constant visitors who break out in a fever of superlatives, in the face of an endless stream of gifts that flow into the 20th Century-Fox studio. And in doing so, Mrs. Temple has achieved, it seems to me, one of the great triumphs of these times.

Every mother strongly suspects that her child is something special. Mrs. Temple has had overwhelming evidence that hers is, and she is doing her best to develop all that Shirley has. But not at any sacrifice to Shirley's happiness nor her future.

On the rare occasions when she is "not working"—that is, not in actual picture production—Shirley arises at about seven o'clock. After breakfast, she plays for a while, then comes to her studio bungalow. She feeds her chickens and rabbits, which she keeps penned in lack of the bungalow.

Later, she often has an off-the-let dancing lesson and then her school work. She will soon be in the B4 Grade, about a year ahead of her age.

Shirley's school work takes three hours a day, but because she gets special attention from her mother in this, it is the equivalent of about five hours study. Three days a week she has an hour of French.

She likes to draw, too, but would rather color some outline than create for herself. Other recreation is supplied by stories which her mother reads to her, as she does the script when Shirley is working. Shirley's favorite book is that wind-swept thriller of a few decades past, "The Wizard Of Oz." In the scripts, Shirley does not think of that part as herself, but as "that little girl." She has a surprisingly comprehensive understanding of the script.

Shirley is in no sense a tomboy and prefers games—such as "squares"—which are primarily mental. Most of her physical outlet comes from dancing. She is a thoroughly feminine little girl and is happiest when draughted. She is naturally neat and dislikes to have herself, or her possessions, mussed. She has been trained so that her inherent courage is uniminished. She is absolutely unafraid of animals.

One day I saw her take a spirited horse and give it a free rein. When Shirley dismounted, Mrs. Temple said:

"Remember, baby, we must be sane in all things."

Every time Shirley shows any signs of becoming extreme, one of these little platitudes pop up. They are important to Shirley, for she seems never to be striving for some sort of perfection. The child is not a bit repressed, though.

She has never, so far, shown any indication of fear of the dark or any of the other phobias suffered by sensitive children.

She is, for that matter, so well adjusted as any person could be. She is obedient without being docile, poised without being forward.

SHIRLEY is guarded against kidnapping in a manner that is unnoticed by her, and which, for obvious reasons, cannot be divulged. She is guarded, too, against the least obvious pitfalls of fame.

Shirley will not grow up to be a self-centered, conceited person.

It would be, perhaps, quite dramatic to give a "poor little rich girl" coloring to Shirley. The only trouble with that is that there's no truth to it.

When her picture days are finished, Shirley will find herself rich, healthy and educated.

Annuities have insured her wealth. Nature and Mrs. Temple's supervision have insured her health. And Shirley's education is of a sort that only one person in a great many ever acquires.

If you're looking for a heartbreak story, you'd better stay away from the Temple house. For there you'll find a family that has steered a dexterous course through all the shoals that Hollywood offers. You'll find a married couple that scandal has never touched. And you'll find a couple of happy-go-lucky young fellows who are Big Brothers to Shirley.

Shirley is lucky to have all that she has. But she's even luckier to have been born in a family that never tried to over-exploit her, a family motivated only by the desire to do what is ultimately best for her.

As for Shirley herself, I think she's the nicest little girl I've ever known. Or perhaps you've already gathered that.
Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

$1.00 PRIZE
A SCHOOL BOY SPEAKS

As one of the thousands of school boys who
look forward to the movies for their week end
amusement, I often wonder why producers
don't give more thought to pictures that will
interest boys between the ages of twelve and
fifteen. Do they still expect us to thrill to the
endless scenes of cowboys on horses doing the
same stunts for the same old reasons? And
why westerns?

We find love stories and society pictures too
deep, and murder stories are censored by our
parents. So many boys of my age wish there
were pictures built around real boy interests
and problems, hobbies, sports of teen-age
importance. We would like how-to-make pic-
tures, showing fellows how to make scooters
bird houses, kites and the many other things
all boys are interested in. We think it would
be bully.

ROBERT HILL,
Hornell, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
FREDDIE IS SMOTHERING

After seeing a glimpse of the old dashing
Fredric March in "The Road to Glory," one
wonders why the producers want to smother
him in such character rôles as Jean Valjean
and Anthony Adverse!

No matter what type of rôle he portrays,
Fredric March makes it flame with feeling,
but he makes such a splendid fiery type of
lover, one can't help being distressed when he
is cast in a Dr. Jekyll part. His Robert Brow-
ning was a tender determined person who made
one feel that the world was well lost for love.
And so it was with his gay Cellini, his Earl of
Bottswell. No one else possesses this air of gay-
ness, this devil may care recklessness coupled
with a keen sense of humor and strength. So
why make Mr. March a sad, Svengalish sort
of person?

KAY BECKWITH,
Seattle, Wash.

WAR IS DECLARED!

I declare war on autograph hunters, and cer-
tain preview audiences.

These insane autograph hunters have made
the stars 'dread going anywhere where they
might be subjected to an autograph hunter's
attack (and believe me they attack) and so
now there are hundreds of policemen where
ever there is any gathering of stars. These
policemen have ropes which hold us six or
eight feet away. Six feet away, where you
can't see anything because some people are so
uncontrolled they can't keep a respectable
distance unless there are ropes!

Preview audiences have done as much dam-
age in a different way. Because they knew
stars and directors were in the house, they
went "smart alecky" laughing at sad scenes
and sneering at humorous ones until the studios
decided they weren't getting honest audience
reaction and have taken the finest previews to
more distant and intelligent audiences.

Ah, me, I'll never understand these things.

MISS BEE PIERCE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

SAVE THAT TWINKLE!

Eyestrain starts when children begin to use their
eyes. That's the time you need to pay attention. Help
their eyes develop normally — (1) by having their eyes
examined regularly; (2) by providing lighting that
helps them see safely.

The first step in securing good lighting is to use high
quality lamp bulbs, the kind that don't waste electricity
and that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER. Insist on MAZDA
lamps made by General Electric.

Why take the chance of getting 30% less light for
your money and of cheating your eyesight, by using
inferior substitutes? The mark G on the end of
the bulb is sure protection against substitution. Look
for it when you buy lamp bulbs.

15¢
60-watts and smaller

General Electric
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Stay Brighter Longer

Why take chances when you know that...

G-E also makes a lamp for
In 7%, 15, 30 and
60-watt sizes and
marked ... G E 10¢
"Gone With the Wind" Indeed!

CONTINUED

ment that brought Ronald Colman in. Was tested by Schneck twice, once in Hollywood while on the stage in "Reflected Glory." It was a simple test but the newshawks ideas. Tested again in New York by Director George Cukor. Is a professional choice, being considered the best actress of all the candidates. Would satisfy Dixie, hailing originally from Alabama. Her pappy represents that state as Speaker of the House of Representatives in Washington. Talu could probably recapture a sugar-lipped drawl, all right, but the years and an aura of sophistication are against her. The part would be like long delayed manna from Heaven for her, bestowing the great screen break her rosettes have long waited has been denied a great artiste. Only a Luke warm choice in the popular response. But vigorously opposed by an opinionated minority.

Miriarn Hopkins is the red hot choice of Atlanta and the South. Leads other actresses by a nice margin in the latter deluge. One reason, she has from background the right close to home. Is a good subject for color, if it is used, except that she'll have to wear a wig. Played Becky Sharp, the character generally compared with Scarlett O'Hara, but that might work against her.

BETTE DAVIS is the number one Hollywood selection. Just missed cinching the part by a matter of minutes. On her way to England, Bette was told by Warner's New York story board they were buying a great story for her, "Gone With the Wind." But by the time they wired Hollywood for an okay, the hammer had dropped. The day His Majesty's courts decided that Bette was a "naughty girl" and "must go back to jail" her low spirits were lifted by a columnist's clipping calling her the ideal Miss O'Hara. Answers to Scarlett now around the Warner lot. Bette is the only Yankee girl to score below that well-knew in line. They don't need her as they have the best, the right close to home. Is considered to be just the right age to handle the assignment and blessed with the right amount of—er—nastiness. No complaints from the home folks on her southern accent in "Cabin in the Cotton" or as Alabama Follwhee in "The Solid South." (stage).

But—Bette is in the doghouse, chained and collared, and one of the main issues of her legal whipping was her loan out demand. Warners can—probably would keep her in the cooler. Schneck, in fact, is supposed to have said, "Bette Davis? Great—but could we get her?"

Margaret Sullivan holds second spot in returns from down yonder. Is a Virginia girl, and knows what to do when a lady meets a gentleman down South. Handled brilliantly the lead in "So Red the Rose," another Civil War picture, and they knew enough to make Scarlett a vivid character. Tagged next to Bette Davis in Hollywood.

And the Field—Katharine Hepburn, Claudette Colbert and Jean Harlow.

So you can be reasonably sure of this—when finally you see "Gone With the Wind" you'll see the right girl. The picture is one of modern production, primed with meticulous preparation, artistic thoroughness and as many millions as it can comfortably stand.

But as for who will be Scarlett and who will be Rhett—well, the riot squads are doing a nice business, thank you. And good citizens of Hollywood scowl across Cahuenga Pass at North Hollywood muttering "Dam Yanks!" While out in Beverly Hills the South Side of the Tracks is threatening to secede if somebody will only fire on the Brown Derby.

It looks as if we'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. Everybody's welcome, and usually it doesn't require a second invitation. Just casually mention the subject. You'll see. Matter of fact, the only person I can think of offhand who doesn't seem to be at all upset about the matter is the lady who wrote that story.

Early in the fray, Margaret Mitchell allowed it would be nice if a Southern girl could play Scarlett. But the reaction was so violent that it must have surprised her. At any rate she announced the other day it was her one desire to remain only as the humble author, and to a close friend she confided:

"I don't care what they do to 'Gone With the Wind' in Hollywood. Just so they don't make General Lee win the war for a happy ending!"
hundred fans who had been locked out at one minute to six when the theater with its nine hundred and eighty-seven seats seemed filled to capacity. It was raining outside and the fans were pretty mad about being barred. Some of them insisted they had tickets, too.

The four special cops detailed to the theater that night—two's the usual number but on account of Glamour Boy No. 1 (Bob Taylor) being on the show, the theater had asked for reinforcements had sauntered down the aisles in order to hear better. Suddenly, as if by signal, the four doors from the lobby into the auditorium opened and four lines of people started to push their way in. They had broken down the outside door into the lobby and gotten in. The show was on the air! Fortunately, the noise on the stage drowned the noise of the confusion and before there could be real trouble, the four cops and eighteen C. B. S. ushers formed a phalanx and shoved and pushed the determined fans right back out again. Incidentally, if Jean and Bob sounded a little husky over the air that night—forgive them. They both had the darnedest colds and only by sheer fortitude kept from blowing their noses loudly during the broadcast. In case you're interested, they both used paper handkerchiefs with Bob treating Jean to a whole carton of them during rehearsal. Also, both smoked mentholated cigarettes.

Nelson Eddy moved this month from the house he was occupying in Beverly Hills to the Fred Nible estate. Evidently word got around and a bunch of fans showed up at the old house and raided the rubbish and garbage tins for souvenirs, which is our height-of-something-or-another paragraph for the month. Mostly, they took away with them old worn out, broken down records and crumpled sheet music. We think they left the orange peels.

Nelson's reported romance with the charming Mrs. Sidney Franklin, who is said to resemble strongly the famous Mrs. Simpson of the ex-King Edward's favor, is still in the so-so state. Nelson doesn't blow hot, nor does he blow cold and Mrs. Franklin is just being her cultivated, decorative self.

BORIS KARLOFF, the horror man who frightens little children and even scares their mamas and their papas with his keen screen characters, wins our gold plated tin cup this month for being the most frightened movie star on a broadcast, thereby snatching the laurels right away from Joan Crawford.

Boris, who did 'Death Takes a Holiday' on the Camel hour, was the most nervous man we have ever seen in that zero half hour before the show went on the air. He paced up and down with his hands behind his back. He sat in a chair only to hop up again and he wouldn't or couldn't talk to anyone. He was so scared he just muttered to himself and shook away anyone who came near him.

Winner of the silver plated cup as the most nonchalant person to go on the air is that blonde Swedish skater, Sonja Henie, who bursts upon your vision in "One In a Million." The reason Miss Henie was so nonchalant was that she was very mad and upset about her picture which she saw for the first time just before the air show and she could think of nothing else. (The single track mind of the Nordic!) She told us all about it, frankly:

"I go and sit in the audience and I see myself on the screen for the first time," she said.

"I do not know what I expect, but this, I think, is awful. Do I look like that? Where was that special scene they shot? Oh, they have cut it! And my skating—is that the way it looks upon the screen? I am aghast. I am upset. And the picture is so loud it scares me.

"Well, then we go back stage to do our broadcast and I go through my part without knowing what it is all about. I am thinking all the time of the picture. The broadcast—it does not matter. Mr. Menjou looks at me and says, 'Child, you are strangely calm,' everybody is so surprised, but I do not even hear them. I cannot wait until I see my picture again and see if it is as bad as I think."

"Well, did you?" we asked.

"Yes," said Sonja. "The next day, all by myself in the projection room, I look at it again and I think it is good. I like it. But it is just as well, I suppose, I disliked it the day before, because if I had been pleased I would have been excited and bad on the radio."

Our next prize for nonchalance goes to that fine trio from Paramount—the glamorous Miss Claudette Colbert, the handsome Mr. Fred MacMurray and the polished Piedro de...
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Your teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the double protection everyone needs. It does both vital jobs—cleans teeth and softens gums.

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FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's
DYES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

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STUDIO 133 WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART 116-12th St. N.W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Cordova who, with their distinguished and likable director, Frank Lloyd, did "Maid of Salem" for Louella Parsons on Hollywood Hotel.

We realized their rehearsal room about an hour before the broadcast and found them, a merry little group, alternately drinking tea and munching Hershey bars (for strength, we suppose) while going over their lines. Perhaps part of the merriment was due to the fact that they had their director, whom they adore, on the well-known set of Mr. Lloyd was making his radio debut and they were getting even, so they said, for the direction he had given them on the set by telling him just how to read his lines, how to stand in front of the microphone and how he must behave in general.

Do you remember how Louella has with Claudette which has to do with Claudette's resentment at being called a glamour girl? Well, that's really true, and that's why they put it in the dialogue. Miss Colbert really loathes, despises and resents being called "glamorous," although we agree with Miss Parsons, we don't know why because she certainly is. She looked particularly lovely that evening in a suit of black velvet with a white blouse. And—she has a soft loveliness which you don't find in all our glamour girls—tut, there we go again.

Back stage at the Camel broadcast of "There's Always Juliet" with Bette Davis and Joel McCrea you would have been treated to the unusual and unheard of thing in show business—the sound effects man blowing up. Now we've heard plenty of actors, and good ones, blow up in their fires, but we never before had a prop man go so completely to pieces. He caused great consternation—much more than if Bette or Joel had missed a cue. If he hadn't straightened himself out before show time, he could have turned that delightful sentiment into a roaring comedy. How? Well, for instance when Bette is presumably riding in a taxi through noisy traffic, she would have the telephone bell ring loudly. And in the part where the 'phone should ring you would hear instead the roar of traffic and the sputter of a back-firing taxi. Most disconcerting not only to the performers but to the audience.

In the midst of the confusion, with the show only twenty minutes away, Bette remembered she had forgotten to hire her husband she was going on the air. It was then too late. To divert her and to see what would happen, we asked Bette if she'd like to play the role of Scarlett in "Gone With the Wind." (In case you're interested, she's our choice for the role!) She would, she said, and more than that she has a little prayer rug in her house and every night she goes through a little ceremony praying she'll get the part. But she won't—neither will Thelma. Didn't she want and wasn't she right for the part of Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland"? And did she get it? Florence Eldridge March got it, that's who.

Bette, incidentally, looks very thin. She lost twenty pounds during that lengthy legal battle in London with Warner Brothers and twenty pounds is too much for a small person like Bette to lose.

She declares that everything is much better than she could have hoped at the studio. In their victory they are "exceedingly generous," she said. "It is nice, too, for they could easily have made life miserable for me. Instead they are giving me good stories and good directors and doing everything really I asked for before I started to sue.

"It wasn't easy to come back to Hollywood, I can tell you. It was perhaps the hardest thing I ever had to do—to admit I was defeated in something in which I believed so strongly. My only consolation was that I had fought hard for what I believed right and I had not sat around and done nothing about it. At least, I had tried."

Jack Oakie's regal appearance in an old-fashioned blue cutaway coat, trousers of light tan, high shoes and a gray derby hat, such as affected by grandpappy when he wanted to ride himself, caused more than a little excitement at Kraft Music Hall when he went on the air with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns. Mr. Oakie gave no explanation of his fancy attire, but our investigators, with no trouble at all, discovered he was wearing this garb currently known as RKO and he was wearing it out. To get even with him, Mr. Burns and Mr. Crosby secured some adhesive tape and taped his derby to the piano top to Mr. Oakie's slight discomfort.

By this time, Jack is well launched in his job as head man of the Camel show where as president of a mythical college of comedy, he will be visited, from broadcast to broadcast, by such professors in the art as Jack Benny. Signing of this contract marks a definite change in the Camel type program. The new shows are modeled along lines to make an appeal to youth with lots of Oakie comedy and swing music. No more guest movie stars unless they're funny folk.

George Burns laughs and Gracie Allen averts her head and tears come to her eyes, if you mention that unmentionable faux pas which Gracie made over the air last month in the course of a broadcast and which would have sounded—if her radio audience didn't know her better—like a purposely off-color remark to stop all off-color remarks.

How did it happen? Just one of those things where Gracie actually became twisted in her words after all these years of pretending to be confused—Gracie, of all people, who is so fastidious in her language and so particular not to offend people that she won't even say blood over the air.

The silence at the broadcast—you heard them probably—wouldn't stop laughing. Roars of merriment filled the small auditorium and echoed and re-echoed in great waves. Gracie blushed scarlet, dropped her script and was so confused she couldn't find it. George had to improvise until she could get control of herself. She cried for an hour after the show and you just better not mention the matter to her if you see her. George, the old meanie, although he is awfully sweet to her about it, thinks it a huge joke and has a record of the transcription which he will play for you if you know him well enough.

George was this. George said to Gracie, "You're pulling at the strings of my heart." Gracie was supposed to say, "Oh, you mean suspenders."

What Gracie said was—well, you figure it out for yourself. Or maybe if you heard the broadcast you even remember.

SOCIETY GIRL MAKES GOOD

Read how Jane Wyatt, the only honest-to-goodness, blue-blooded society girl in Hollywood, rose to stardom. In April photoplay. On the newsstands March 10th.
JANE WITHERS is a naughty little minx, bless her heart, and just because she's been such a baddie we're going to tell on her. You see Jane is very much aware that Mrs. Temple disapproves of her most heartily. Mrs. Temple has made no secret of her feelings where Jane is concerned. So when a photographer was about to snap a picture of Shirley at a public gathering recently, Jane tip-toed over and poked her comical little face into the picture with Shirley.

Of course Jane didn’t really know that two men got in wrong with the studio because of it and both boys remained up all night trying to locate the print and destroy it. Gee, as Janie says, she didn’t mean her prank to go that far.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, who flew to Hollywood to make a test for Scarlett in “Gone with the Wind,” has gone back to New York once again showered on the movies.

“'You know what's the matter?' Tallulah asked a friend one day. "I'd go over big in pictures if I'd just change my last name.'"

"Your last name?"

"Yes, change it from Bankhead to Banknight.'"

THE latest thing about George Brent seems to be Anita Louise, that young blonde vision who wafts so casually about Hollywood.

To us it looks as serious as most impromptu California love matches. Both had worked for the same studio for years, but somehow had never met. Then they were introduced on the set a few weeks ago, and have been goggle-eyed about each other ever since.

We saw them bunching together in the Green room at Warners. Under the tablecloth they were holding hands like a couple of ingenues. Later, on the set, they didn’t have any tablecloth.

So they held hands anyway.

But it's when they dine together, at Hollywood's smart clubs, that the heat really goes on.

GINGER ROGERS has always had it in her contract that she might leave off dancing with Astaire in his pictures for a time whenever she cared to, and make dramatic epics instead. She'd had the clause put in because she didn’t want to be typed, and also she felt she had great talents as a dramatic actress.

So when she decided to use her prerogative lately, Astaire began casting around for another partner. So many people had written in asking why he didn’t team up with Jessie Mathews, British dancing star, but at last he cabled her suggesting the merger.

Almost any other star in the industry would have leaped at the chance. The money, the resultant fame—everything was in favor of the deal.

But Jessie cabled back a polite refusal. "I want to be an individual in pictures," she said, "and I can’t endanger my prestige by sharing it with anyone."

Astaire’s face is still red!
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1937

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

This review was received just as we went to press, hence its position in the book. But Photoplay hereby endorses it as one of the most important pictures of the season.

The Good Earth—M.G.M.

WHERE a fine original story gets the blessing of a sensitive and rich production plus great acting, the result is magnificent cinema. "The Good Earth," the last production of the late Irving Thalberg, combines three of those qualities superbly for emotion and beauty and entertainment.

The outline of Pearl Buck's novel has been closely followed. It is a simple story of a poor Chinese farmer's rise to power, of how he casts off one faithful loving wife for a second, who is younger, more charming and completely deceitful; of the effect of age and nature upon him, and his eventual reconciliation with his true family.

Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are superb in the leading roles. Tilly Losch is extremely provocative as the flirtatious second wife. And the scenes of the locust plague are such as you will never forget. See this by all means.

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—London Films-United Artists

QUEEN ELIZABETH, Philip of Spain. The Spanish Armada and young love all figure in this English-made production, but nevertheless, do not expect too much. The story of a patriotic boy who risks his life as a spy in Spain, thereby saving England from a naval invasion, has been done with taste and accuracy but is a bit slow paced. Fiona Robson and Laurence Olivier give fine performances.

THE MIGHTY TREVE—Universal

To adults who enjoy the performance of an expertly trained dog and to children especially this will be an appealing film. Tilly, a magnificent collie, goes through his paces flawlessly. The story dealing with the usual villain who accuses Tilly of sheep killing is trite and overdialogued.

Sam Hinds, Noah Beery, and Barbara Read round out the cast.

WITHOUT WARNING—RKO-Radio

THIS is Norman Foster's first attempt at directing and for an initial effort it is not so bad. J. Edward Bromberg plays the old man who, with a little boy, goes to an obscure and lovely resort in the desert. There, suddenly, a murder takes place—and together the two set out to solve it. Betty Furness is pretty as love interest.

LARCENY ON THE AIR—Republic

THIS confusing story about the fight of a young doctor, Robert Livingston, against harmful patent medicines is moral in tone, but weak in entertainment. Grace Bradley as the heroine and daughter of influential publisher, Granville Bates, assists Livingston in collaring the racketeers. Willard Robertson, Pierre Watkin, and Smiley Burnette support.

SHE'S DANGEROUS—Universal

THIS melodrama of crime and love brings talented Tala Birell in the emotional role of a girl detective, whose chase for crook Cesar Romero involves her in the murder of her chief. Walter Pidgeon is the deserving doctor lover who saves Tala from the electric chair. Romero handles his heavy role with force and conviction. Walter Brennan and Warren Hymer provide comedy relief.

WE'RE ON THE JURY—RKO-Radio

WHEN Helen Broderick and Victor Moore become members of a mixed jury something is bound to happen. It does. The two not only refuse to find the accused Louise Latimer guilty of murder, but actually ferret out the real criminal, not, however, before Judge Robert Wade, handsome Phil Huston and the remaining jurors are reduced to confused pulp. Amusingly light and gay.

By the gleeful looks on the faces of Fred Astaire and David Niven, their pet horse is doing his stunt at Santa Anita. It's certainly the height of something or other when you can eat your lunch and watch the races at the same time.
that companion happens to have a little surplus which he would be willing to lend until next payday.

They found a motherly old woman who kept rooms on 96th Street, and who was most pleasant when they told her their names. "Tracy—O'Brien!" she said softly then. "Sure, and ain't that wonderful now? Come in, come in! You'll always have a roof over your heads and a bite to eat as long as my name's O'Sullivan—"

They chose a bleak, sparsely furnished room with twin beds (iron) and twin washstands (cracked) and an adjoining bath. And thus began a year which held, for Spencer, the bitter salt of ceaseless work, of absolute penury, often of hunger.

At the Academy he learned impatiently fast, afraid that something would happen to interrupt his studies. He was fearful of his income, meager as it was. He had no certainty that his father would not suddenly refuse to continue paying tuition for a course that might be teaching his son no practical means of livelihood.

During the evenings in their community home Spencer and Pat would rearrange the furniture, muss their hair, and stride dramatically up and down the narrow confines, practicing lines on each other. Somehow Tracy managed to make his $80 a month last for two or three weeks each time. Too proud to write home for more money, he would borrow small sums from classmates against the next check, a path which in the mathematical course of things led him to financial ruin. He was used to living, for certain portions of each month, on pretzels and rice and water; but at the end of the first year, when he had missed eight meals con-

The Adventurous Life of Spencer Tracy

[Continued from Page 57]

secutively and could find no one who would or could lend him a penny for another week, he decided the time for action had arrived.

He resigned the Academy and started, hungry and a little weak, down Broadway in quest of a job.

At the end of the day, just as he was about to give way to complete panic, he found a stage manager who had time to listen. Spencer let loose his best line of oratory. He cited his experience, his dramatic training, his great need for work and his great ambition, while the stage manager showed imperturbable and chewed his cigar.

When, breathless and exhausted, Spencer stood glumly waiting for an answer, the man shifted the cigar from one side of his mouth to the other and said, "I'll give you fifteen dollars a week to come up through a trap door in the last act."

"Lend me a dollar, will you?" asked Tracy, white-faced.

Around the cigar a grin was created. The stage manager fished in his pocket.

The play was The Theatre Guild's "R. U. R." It was a critical success and lasted for several weeks, eventually going on tour to fold. He came back to New York; ran out of money, moved from the new room he couldn't pay for to a park bench, spent his days in the ante-rooms of producers' sanctums. Eventually Leonard Woods, Jr. gave him a job in his stock company and sent him to White Plains, New York, where two things happened:

His salary began to move steadily upward, from $20 a week to $40 and $50, as the Tracy poise began to assert itself before the audiences. And he fell in love, for the first time in his life.

Louise Treadwell was a tall, brown-haired and brown-eyed girl with a clear, husky voice and a quiet beauty. She was the leading lady of the drama at White Plains, and she read her lines with a simple grace and understanding that tugged at Spencer's sentimental Irish heart.

It was an entirely new, utterly exhilarating sensation to him. Throughout childhood he had been too much the neighborhood tough guy to bother with sissy girls. During adolescence his sporadic flush of infatuation for a child who lived down the street ended quickly in temper. Through college, and afterward in New York, he had been too busy or too penniless to do much running around.

On his small salary he took Louise to dinner and for long drives in the late evening, after the show. During each performance he worshipped her from his position backstage, or from the wings.

Eventually, on a superb summer night, they drove far out through the rich dark carpet of the neighboring country; and stopped; and Spencer told her simply that he was in love with her. "I'd like to marry you, if you'd have me," he said.

Smiling, she answered calmly that she'd be delighted.

He felt, during those first months, that Louise possessed all the qualities of the great lady his mother was; and he has since had reason to appreciate the something which guided his choice. For she has risen triumphant over the severest test a wife can experience. But that is getting ahead of our story.
They were transferred, then, simultaneously to stock in Cincinnati and there they were married, because his salary had reached $75 a week and because they felt it senseless to wait any longer.

Thence the pace of his life settled into routine, slow and jogging and ever rising upward, with the plodding sort of ascent of a workhorse pulling a wagon upslope. Professionally, the Spencer Tracys followed stock companies from Pittsburgh to Winnipeg, Canada, to Brooklyn. He was given a good part in Ethel Barrymore's play, "The Royal Fandango," and played in it four weeks at the Plymouth Theatre, New York.

He added another hundred a week to his income.

In Brooklyn, Louise settled quietly for a while, and while Spencer played the winter through on various stages she prepared for "Western Wonderland" to try a "sample" your vacation before taking it.

The motion picture industry set its ears to flapping. It made tests of this Tracy guy and out in Hollywood, in a little projection room, one John Ford (son of Erin and brilliant director) said, "He looks good to me. Let's send for him."

Things happened quickly after that. Spencer rushed to the Coast, made "Up the River,"—his first picture—and then rushed back to New York again to play for two more years in that amazing play. When it ended its run, at last, in Chicago, Ford sent him a contract to sign. By this time it was 1930, and America was just beginning to understand that the market crash was going to make depression history after all. Spencer sat with Louise in their hotel suite, while little Johnny played quietly by the window, and together they read over the contract.

"So what about it?" he asked her solemnly. She looked at Johnny. "If it means an opportunity—lots of money—security, peace. . . . I think you should do it."

She wrinkled at him suddenly. "Are you sure you can trust yourself to live in such a wild place? Hollywood's a crazy town, you know."

He snorted. "What do you think?" he said, with infinite sarcasm. She nodded, satisfied.

Little did they dream, either of them, that Spencer was to experience a great love, and that the woman involved would not be his wife.

(To be concluded in April Photoplay)
We Cover the Studios

I continued from page 60

which has more or less of a corner on the
comedian market. Paramount has discovered
that people want to laugh more. This revival
of gaiety also is a symptom of returning pros-
perity.

When Gene goes into his apoplectic act and
Director George Archainbaud calls "Cut!"
(only and Jeanette), Mr. players get their heads
togther for a bit of harmony. No two manage
to hit the same key.

"But if we don't sing, we'll fight," quips
Pallette. "Nobody likes anybody else. We're
here just to get those nickels to give to the
government."

WE think of our nickel's right then and head
cour Culver City where M-G-M has another
epic in the making in "Parnell," with Clark
Gable as the famous Irish Home Rule leader
and Myrna Loy as Kitt'y O'Shea.

This is a period picture. The set is crowded
with heads. Gable is the only smooth-shaven
actor in the crowd. Even he has long side-
burns.

The scene for the action we see is a large,
gloomy room in a government building in
Dublin. Beyond a big window in the rear,
snow is falling. (High overhead, outside the
window, is a circular sieve resembling a squirrel
cage, which revolves, sitting down bleached
cornflakes.) Gable, with several other men,
sits at a long table in front of the window, with
the camera facing him.

As Director John Stahl quietly says "Ac-
tion!" Gable rises, asks two delegates just
returning from England if they have seen Mr.
Gladdston. They have. Gable says, "Then
we're ready for discussion." Off to his right, a
hot-headed Irishman rises angrily shouts,
"Discussion of what?"

With his shout, the Kleig lights suddenly go
black. Only the dim emergency lights still burn.
Everyone laughs at the coincidence of the
angry shout and the sudden semi-dark-
ness. Everyone, that is, except the assistant
director. To the electricians in general, he
calls, "What's the matter? What's the
matter?" He has visions of seeing hundreds of
dollars go up the flue, through delay.

When the lights finally come on, and the
scene is about to start again, the cameraman
discovers that Gable has a patch of hair standing
out from the left side of his head. A studio
valet, with brush and comb, tries to make it lie
down. He has no luck. Stahl tells him to use
scissors. He uses scissors. Gable, getting a
hair trim in a standing position, says, "He's
 saving me four bits."

On the set of "Maytime," starring Nelson
Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, more snow is
falling beyond a window in the background.
The scene is a small, well-furnished, old-style
bedroom. The only player in the scene is John
Barrymore, and all of his acting is in pan-
tomime.

Before the scene begins, Director Robert Z.
Leonard asks the restlessly-pacing Barrymore,"Are you in the mood, John?" Barrymore
nods. Leonard asks the camera crew, "How
about it, boys? Are you in the mood?" They
chorus, grinning, "We are."

Barrymore enters through a door at the right
rear, a man in a daze of disillusion. He crosses
to a closet, takes out a coat and hat, puts them
on, breathing heavily. He is about to go out
when he halts, turns slowly to a bureau, opens
the top drawer, slowly takes out a box contain-
ing a revolver. (This, by the way, is one of
Barrymore's own guns.)

Leonard tells John that he should have
paused a little more in one spot. "Oh, nuts,"
John says. "That's right. I forgot."

Hearing a currymore say "Oh, nuts" is not
only a privilege; it is a pleasure.

On the set of "The Last of Mrs. Cheynear,"
Joan Crawford is an adventuress, William
(Godfrey) Powell is her butter-accomplice, and
Robert Montgomery a potential victim. The
director of the gaiety was rotated Richard
Rogalski, better known to intimates as
"Mr. Boley." His death was a great shock to
them.

Outside Joan's portable dressing room
(shaped like a New England meetinghouse) a
phonograph is playing "mood music." She
comes out dressed in something new in neg-
liges—tailored blue taffeta, with leg-of-mutton
sleeves and a row of taffeta buttons from
neck-line to hem.

The setting is a garden of an English house,
late evening. Bob is sitting on a gardener's
step-stool, looking upward over the camera,
shortly talking to Joan, who is supposedly
in a second-story window. Actually she is
standing right beside the camera during this
dialogue. And, by the way, trying to make
Bob laugh. It's a long standing Crawford-
Montgomery game. During her close-ups, he
will seek his revenge.

The only time visitors are allowed on the set
of "A Day at the Races," starring the Marx
Bros., is when the Marxes aren't working.
They have a phobia about joke-snatchers.
They don't want any of their gags pre-released,
after they have ground out their brains, along
with gag-writer Al Roseberg, concocting them.
We see them grieving. They look very de-
pressed, very glum, very gloomy, all con-
centrating. That's how laugh-lines are born.

It's more fun, on the set, watching Maureen
O'Sullivan in a brief close-up—Maureen, who
just tells us that working in a Marx Bros.
picture is like working in pictures for the first
time. She never knows what she'll have to do
next.

The rest of M-G-M being in a post-holiday
bunt we return Hollywoodward and head in at
RKO. Here Joe E. Brown is making "When's
Your Birthday?" Joe is a boxer who believes
in astrology. According to the stars, he can't
win his big bout until the moon rises. Until
then, everything is against him.

We see him rehearse for an hour with his
counterpart, before he films one brief flush
of the fight. He knows where he can get laughs
—if the blows are pre-arranged and timed per-
fectly. Comically, in any form, demands per-
fect timing.

The action starts with Joe on one knee, rising
on the count of nine. He and his opponent
trade a few blows. Then the other boxer
swings his right, then his left. Joe ducks the
left, and comes up grinning at his escape, only
to get jarrd on the chin by another. He falls
back against the ropes, wraps both arms about
his middle, and emits a blood-curdling
"Ow-o-o-o-o." Again he drops to one knee.
The referee starts counting him out. Joe
pleads "Foul!" looking around frantically for

The right medicine for a cough (due to a cold)
is one that does its work where the cough is
lodged—that is, in the cough zone. That's why
Smith Brothers made their fa-

mous cough syrup thick, heavy, clingen.

clings to the cough zone. There it does three
things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2)
throws a protective film over the irritated
area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith
Brothers—it's safe! 35c and 60c.

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This vitamin raises the re-

sistance of the mucous
membranes of the nose and
throat to cold and cough
infections.

SMITH BROS.
COUGH SYRUP
NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

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Envied by all

NOW the alluring beauty of blonde
tresses and even stars can be achieved
INSTANTLY! Have robust hair that
wants to be fluffy? Want a
flattering blonde shade sans dye
for the new CREAM WAY in 5 to 15
minutes completely and bewitch-
fully.

LECHLER'S INSTANTANEOUS
HAIR LIGHTENER. It is a per-
manent aniline sun light cream that
tightens hair only where applied. Unlike
brand preparations, LECHLER'S HAIR
LIGHTENER does not run to hair
ends and cannot streak. Does not affect
permanent. Exclusively used and
practical for over 20 years by beauty
professionals everywhere.

FREE with each order, 25-page booklet
"The New Art of Lightening Hair"

LECHLER LABORATORIES
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Or order C.O.D.—and no money, pay postman B plus small
postage charge.

PhotoPlay Magazine for March, 1937
the moon. The referee keeps on counting.

We poke around—but nothing else is happening so we go back to New York this time.

Another interesting set is for "The Toast of New York"—RKO-Radio's picturizing of the life and times of Gentleman Jim Fisk. As Gentleman Jim, Edward Arnold adds to his biographical portrait gallery. With him are Cary Grant and Frances Farmer, she who made such a hit with Arnold in "Come and Get It."

The scene is a Broadway theater in 1860. In a box sits Arnold, watching a French soubrette (Thelma Leeds) dance and sing a catchy little number, with twelve bawdy chorus girls stepping behind her.

Hermes Pan, studio dance director, had his troubles, finding weighty chores in Hollywood. He wanted girls who weighed no less than 160 pounds. When he finally did locate a very round dozen, he had a problem, getting 1860 tights for them. There is only one house in America that still makes theatrical tights; that is in New York. The studio had to send the measurements there and hope for the best. Studio dressmakers, it would seem, don't have the right technique for the manufacturing of tights.

THELMA Leeds is wearing a flimsy pink soubrette costume—very daring (for 1860). Long black silk stockings, with a red garter around one knee, and ruffled pink panties under her flimsy skirt. This is the first time Thelma has danced professionally. She has been a singer on Rudy Vallee's radio hour and in New York night clubs. This, also, is her first screen appearance.

She does all right. In fact, she does the number very persuasively. As Arnold com¬ments later, "It is vigour, vivacity and charm and personality. She will bear watching."

Over at Warners, Bette Davis is back from the courtroom wars, playing the title role of "Marked Woman." The studio says Bette is being completely cooperative. And the studio, in return, is giving Bette a Class A picture for her homecoming.

The story was inspired by the Lucky Luciano case in New York, which splashed all over the newspapers a few months ago. The details are toned down for the screen. The girls are hostesses in a swank gambling casino. Bette, looking very trim and perky, also looks like a candidate for a chest cold in a dress made entirely of white glass beads. In this dress, she makes short work of victimizing a young playboy at the gaming tables.

This scene is shot just before lunch on Saturday. As it ends, Bette notices that Director Lloyd Bacon, an harassed looking man, looks more harassed than usual. Her sense of humor goes into action.

"I see there's a notice that the company is working tomorrow. Well, I'm not working— you might as well know that right now."

Beau's pantomime reaction says, "Don't kid me."

They both grin.

On the set of "The Prince and the Pauper," Mark Tcwin's classic now in the filming, there is confusion such as there has never been on a movie set before. The title roles are being played by the most identical twins Hollywood has ever seen—Billy and Bobby Mauch (pronounced as if the "h" were a "k")

Billy starts as the pauper, and Bobby as the prince; then, in the story, they change clothes and positions in life. Result: Director William Keighley is never positive which one he is working with. Neither is their mother. Everyone has to rely on the boys themselves to tell which is which. And there's even a suspicion that they wonder, sometimes.

We arrive on the set just as Director Keighley calls out, "Simmer down to a whisper, folks. This is a rehearsal."

The scene is a small anteroom in a palace. Billy (at least, it is supposed to be Billy), dressed in the prince's costume, falls on his knees before four noblemen, dressed in doublets and hose, trying to convince them that he is really a beggar boy.

Bobby is a fine-looking boy, with a sensitive, expressive face and a fine voice. Later, we learn from his mother that neither boy has ever had dramatic or elocution training. She has no explanation for their talent except that "twins are naturally inclined to act."

The luxury set of the month is one for "Pick a Star," Hal Roach's half-million-dollar musical comedy about Hollywood, with Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly, Mischa Auer, Lyda Roberti, Rosina Lawrence.

In this picture, Roach gives architects a new idea for night club or restaurant decoration. Plate glass walls, painted in mural form, and lighted from behind. This set is supposed to be a Hollywood night club. No Hollywood night club ever had this glamour—or this size. The plot of the comedy revolves around Haley's efforts to get Patsy's sister, Rosina, a screen part. In order to get near producers, he wangles a job as a bus-boy in the night-club. Mischa enters the picture as Renaldo Lopez, great screen lover, who goes "on the make" for Rosina.

We see a scene in which Jack and Patsy break into Mischa's sumptuous apartment to rescue Rosina. Jack, taking a running leap, lands on Mischa; both fall to the floor, quickly disentangle, rise, and square off for fisticuffs. Mischa lands a haymaker on Jack's chin, and Jack goes out like the lights on the "Parnell" set. Patsy then picks up a supposedly antique vase and breaks it over Mischa's head. He joins Jack for the count of ten.

He prop man is very proud of the vases used for this scene. They are not made of plaster, like most "breakaway" crockery—but of wax, which holds water better. Patsy finds one thing wrong with them, however. Two of them crumble when she grasps them by the top. Finally, she lifts one with both hands, holding it by the sides, and brings it down-endwise on Mischa's noggin.

He comes out of the scene, gingerly rubbing the back of his head. "I wanted comedy," he says, going to Director Edward Sedgwick. "And I'm certainly getting it."

Haley has an amusing description of what movie-acting is like. "It's a constant dress rehearsal. You keep wondering when you're going to 'open.' But you never even get to New Haven for the tryout."

Carolyn Van Wyck's Free Beauty Service

Have you a hair problem? Suggestions for hair health and new ways to give glamour and lustre to your tresses are contained in our new leaflet "A Queenly Crown." Send your inquiries with a stamped self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.
driving in Jimmy's convertible along Sunset Boulevard toward Santa Monica. They slipped past you night after night through purple mist, with Jimmy well ahead and Virginia following lazily through the path he made. Sometimes they were in the next seat on a roller coaster.

Then Metro announced it had chosen "Born To Dance" as the next production for light-footed Eleanor Powell, and that Jimmy would play the male lead opposite her.

I talked with Eleanor a few days after the picture had started. Only that morning the local gossip columns had carried a squib mentioning that she had lunched with young Stewart the day before ("Looks like romance!" the columns had yelped coyly) and Hollywood had shrugged, remembering that it was nothing new for co-stars in a picture to reach the same table in the same commissary at the same time.

But throughout my interview with Eleanor the name "Jimmy" kept popping up an unreasonable number of times—until eventually I recalled the item:

"Jimmy Stewart, you mean," I said. "Swell guy."

She pirouetted twice. "If he!" she said emphatically. "He's so darling—"

I came away an hour later with one third of the original story I had set out to get, and enough about Jimmy and how nice he was to write a book.

They met, she told me, on the set; or rather Jimmy stood rather shyly near a pile of props and allowed Eleanor to meet him. The director of the piece brought her up and made the introduction. It always takes a little while for Jimmy to find his way through the ice of a first meeting, but not the Powell girl—she is congenitally unaware that any ice exists. Wherefore one is, and Jimmy was, immediately on the plane of long-established friendship with her.

So they had lunch that day, and over the indifferent commissary food discovered they had many things in common: love of new music, laughter, the insouciance that is youth. Besides—Eleanor is as different from Virginia Bruce as bread-and-butter is from brandy chocolates. Eleanor is like a new breeze tapping across spring, very young and uninhibited and ingeniously, frankly happy. She shouts when she likes, sings the rest of the time. She's utterly alive, utterly unstatik.

Virginia is young but a thorough sophisticate. The electric quality of awareness is there but subdued, hidden by a chromium finish. After all, she was married to Jack Gilbert. After all, she has lived a long time in Hollywood.

So, unfortunately, Eleanor must have been the other quantity necessary for his happiness. Besides she was incapable of concealing the fact that she liked him immensely, whereas Virginia was.

Open admiration will always catch a third of any man's heart. And I have never seen a gush in love as Eleanor on the day when she first told me about him—about the little tricks they played on each other on the set, about the way they went dancing together, about the way they had grown to know each other.

When the new dressing rooms at Metro were finished Eleanor and Jimmy moved on the same day into their respective sanctums. I was working there during the afternoon and found her dispatching by messenger, with much excited laughter, a huge package bought and prepared for Jimmy. It was a silver statue of a tennis player, and on the top of the box she had tied a little artificial dog with an absurd lopsided face.

She pointed to her own dressing table, where the tiny dog's twin stood among the bottles.

"There was a pair of them," Eleanor told me, "so I think I'll keep one—"

She taught him to tap after hours in a reharshall hall, and later they would go dancing at the many and various ballrooms and night clubs in Hollywood. They followed the intrigue, mad African rhythms of Les Hite and his black boys at the Cotton Club, and at the Grove the softer, sharper sentiments in music of Edly Ducharin and Jan Garber.

In the interim, whenever he could get a date, Jimmy went out with Virginia. Whenever, that is, she was free from engagements with Cesar Romero, or the artist, or all the countless other men who also had discovered how beautiful she is.

I talked with Virginia Bruce not long ago, curious to know the attitudes of this girl who has everything and yet so little, who should be the happiest woman in Hollywood and yet, according to her closest friends, is a little wretched most of the time. I arranged to see her remembering that she has the beauty all women want, the fortune (left her by Gilbert) that everyone wants, the fame and success people only dream of, intense popularity.

She has told her friends: "All these things I have, yes. But I want to fall in love again, I want marriage and a home. I want a man with the color and the excitement and the swmf Jack had. But then I guess America just doesn't produce them anymore."

She told me how much she liked Jimmy. But in the same breath she remarked how much she adored Cesar Romero. And others.

The account of her experiences in running about Hollywood was as cold, as detached, as emotional as if she were telling me of the way she had redecorated her living room.

"My idea is to be frank with men," she said, lounging in magazine-cover fashion in a picturesque chair; "I run away and let them chase me. If they chase too much I get bored—if only one of them would stop suddenly and tell me to go to the dentist, I'd be fascinated. Only they never do."

I thought, "That's a tough assignment for Jimmy. He loves you too much, apparently, even to slow down to a trot, much less tell you off."

Eleanor, "Born To Dance" finished at last, had a contract calling her to New York and went there, saying goodbye to Hollywood and to Jimmy for a little time.

Then the gossip columns noted that young Mr. Stewart had been seen dining with Ginger a good many times during those two weeks. And after having found her by dispatching by messenger, with much excited laughter, a huge package bought and prepared for Jimmy. It was a silver statue of a tennis player, and on the top of the box she had tied a little artificial dog with an absurd lopsided face.

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powdering her nose as she came out, managed somehow to look as if she had been going places with him for centuries.

A week after that somebody gave a party, and at it Stewart discovered Anita Louise ("In such a big way," her husband Tom suggested, "that it looks like romance!)."

In the meantime, when he could, Jimmy dated Virginia Bruce.

And that's almost all of the story. Is a little cynical, if you like; say that these people, particularly Jimmy and Eleanor, are very young, and that young love has a way of taking care of itself. Say that probably all of them are merely fond of each other, all of them want only a good time and amusing companionship, all of them are too busy with career and success to care, really, about anyone else.

But I was at Metro the day Jimmy returned from his recent trip home, and it was eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and he had just been given the part. The first thing he said, not bothering or at least not able to be casual about it, was, "Where's Virginia? I want to see her—"

And he saw her, a little later, and with a pencil began to fill in all the blank spaces in her appearance book.

If this story were set to music it would possess a fast gay rhythm, with quick down-beat and sharp anti-climaxes. But underneath there would have to be a slender, almost imperceptible thread of sadness.

Cutting a Figure for Yourself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

The Best Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better grey hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe. To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or grey hair, and produces no close and smooths it on the other foot over the back of a low chair. You should be far enough away from the chair so that both legs will be stiff . . . and incidentally keep them stiff while you do this exercise. Now bend the upper part of your body forward. If you can, go down until your chest is lying along the top of that leg on the top of the chair, swell. If you can't it's swell anyway. Just do the best you can. A few times on each side.

Few homes are equipped for indoor sports but you can get all you want at your local gymnasium. But remember, be a little choosy about what you do for exercise. No heavy muscular bar work, please. Occasionally a snappy game of basket ball or volley ball is O. K. Bowling is another good indoor game for the winter months. That long stretch that you get through the upper arms and thighs after you have released the ball will do wonders in breaking down the pudginess and tightening that flabbiness on the under part of the arm.

For those of you who don't know how to bowl or don't know the form that is used, I'm giving it to you here as an exercise. You can do this in your own home or in a small room, but of course without the ball. Stand straight with both arms raised overhead. Make believe that you have a large wooden ball in your right hand and that you're going to throw it with an underhand swing, through the open window. Let that right arm be fully outstretched at all times, never bent at the elbow. From the arm-high position, swing the arm down in front of you and let it continue on through and up in back. Be sure you stretch it well back. The entire arm should move from the shoulder, pendulum like. Of course this exercise must be done in one graceful uninterrupted movement, but I'm breaking it up into several positions, to make it easier for you to follow. Now bring the arm under and forward. As you do so, simultaneously step forward with the left foot, placing it flat on the floor. The left knee bent. Step far enough forward so that the right leg is perfectly straight. The heel of the right foot should be off the floor, but the toes should never move out of their original position. Remember, let that right arm fly out in front of you and think of tossing that ball, forcefully. Come back to starting position and repeat on the other side. This exercise at least ten times

SKIN
Beauty
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MERCOLIZED WAX

- Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with MERCOLIZED WAX. This single cream is a complete healthy treatment.

MERCOLIZED WAX adds to the discolored blenched outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath. Just put MERCOLIZED WAX on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep.

MERCOLIZED WAX brings out your hidden beauty. USE: MERCOLIZED WAX is a toning, stimulating, refreshing, stimulating tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age spots. Reduces pores, eliminates silliness. Dissolves Nasses in one-half pint pint witch hazel.
CRIMINAL LAWYER—Lee Tracy is the crooked lawyer with district attorneys, turns over a new leaf, and with the help of Graham, his secretary, brings the law to menacing Edwardo Cattanielli. A good story, clever lines and plenty of action. (Feb.)

DANIEL BOONE—RKO-Radio.—A vigorous exci-
tilation of the frontiersman portrays the exploits of Daniel Boone in Kentucky and their struggles with the Indians. John Carradine realistically villainizes; George O'Brien outstanding as Boone and Ralph Forbes and Hea
ted Angel, fine. (Dec.)

EAST MEETS WEST—B.G.—George Arliss, re-
spected for his insights, presents two of the most humorous episodes of two countries, presents revolution against him. His little rescue of his son from a world love affair. Clever dialogue and a splendid cast. (Dec.)

EASY TO TAKE—Paramount.—You might find some enjoyment in this mediocre comedy about a rabble-rousing number, but, after a lot of film brat. John Howard, Marsha Hunt and Richard Carle are satisfactory, but Allalla Swisher's singing is the high spot. (Jan.)

ELLIAS ISLAND—Invisible.—Donald Cook and Peggy Shannon provide perfunctory love interest in a melodrama involving the efforts of the Nippers to escape through New York's portals with a million dollar holdup. Flashing film makes the plot complex. Lots of comedy. (Feb.)

EMPTY SADDLES—Universal.—A superior type Western with Buck Jones buying a cattle ranch transfers him into a ranch hands. The love story between cattle and sheep farmers furnishes the plot. Pleasing. (Dec.)

15 MAIDEN LANE—20th Century-Fox.—Aboun-
ding in robberies and murders this is stripped around the information of how stolen jewels are rec for selling. Clark Gable is a cool crook, he lairs a detective, Lloyd Nolan, Lester Matthews and Robert McWade help keep the crook moving. (Dec.)

FLYING HOSTESS—Universal.—You'll enjoy this exciting picture dedicated to the "angels of the airways." Judith Barnett is the graduate nurse who takes to the clouds, saves her ship. Bill Gargan, Andy Devine, William Hale and Astrid Allwyn are nice support. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY—Warner's First Na
tional.—Never a dull moment in this hokum story of man's struggle between personal love and virtue. Public Enemy, Howard Philips, Warren Hull and John Lorne turn in good performances. Jean Muir is charming. (Jan.)

GARDEN OF ALLAH—Selznick International-Uni
ted Artists.—The well-known story of a people reconciling religion and love. Incredibly beautiful in color and technique and recom-
manded for the classical movie fan. Charles Boyer, as the monk, is superb; Marlene Dietrich most masking as a woman. (Jan.)

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—War-
ner.—Beautifully photographed, a story based on E.T. West's novel, which you'll like as a dumb movie star stranded in a country store. There is a strong supporting cast including Randolph Scott, Warren William, Allyn Joslyn, Isabel Jewell and Elizabeth Patterson. (Dec.)

GREAT CANT.—Grand National.—A sub-
dared Italy face money returns. Gene Pallett, as a political figure, is a strong supporting cast including Graham, his secretary, brings the law to menacing Edwardo Cattanielli. A good story, clever lines and plenty of action. (Feb.)

HIDWAY GIRL—Paramount.—A fast comedy mystery with several original twists and Madrid
nuns. Dorothy Pompano, Slim Summe
ter, John Qualen of a fantastic story, Jean Hersholt, in his original doctor role, has a reunion of all his patients, is worn out many adult problems. Dorothy Peterson, Slim Summe
ter, John Qualen appear again too. You'll want to see this. (Jan.)

LAIDIES IN LOVE—20th Century-Fox.—Slow-moving with Janet Gaynor, Constance
aunt and Lilyan Teal. Laurette Young each having a romance in Buckingham. Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Paul Lukas and Alan Mowbray are the men. Recommended for cast and production. (Dec.)

LIBERED LADY—M-G-M.—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow are in a terrific and involving previous productions in a highly original farce built around Bill's efforts to compensate the lady who has sued Spencer's paper for libel. A wow. (Dec.)

LIVING DANGEROUSLY—G—Better acted than plotted, this concerns the murder of an unknown man, the discovery of a new set of fingerprints, and the breakup of a romance. (Dec.)

LODOW OF LONDON—20th Century-Fox.—Magnificently cast, produced and directed, this is a brilliant epic of the British insurance house, is welded to a beautiful love story involving Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power. The whole cast including Freddie Bartholomew, Sir Guy Standing, Virginia Field is splendid. Top honors go to Power who is simply beyond compare. (Dec.)

LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR—Universal.—An
mild mystery tale of a rich dame who commits suicide, whose story is written in a letter to Ralph Forbes. Detectives C. Henry Gordon brings the crooks to heel. Polly Williams, Walter Coy, Ho
bart and Cotesworth and others rise above mediocre
mation. (Jan.)

LOVE ON THE RUN—M-G-M.—Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer and Frankel Tomlinson in a deliciously amusing comedy. All about a brid
dle who leaves her fiancé at the church, bees across all of Europe purusing romance with the Swedes. (Dec.)

LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—Univer
tal.—Well-paced and humorous little romance in vol-
volving the relationship of a actress who marries a penniless tennis player. Louis Hayward and Jane Wyndham extremely capable. Highly entertaining. (Dec.)

MAD HOLIDAY—M-G-M.—A ridiculous at
tempt to satirize all murder stories. Edmund Lowe gets involved in wholesale massacres, solves the mys
tery with the help of Elissa Landi. Ted Healy wrights a few laughs from the clutched up action. Doll. (Jan.)

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Paramount.—A
clean, homely little tale of a national columnist who gets mixed up with the blackmailers, is saved by Boy Scouts. Charles Butterworth and Allyn Joslyn pro
vide the humor. (Feb.)

MORE THAN A SECRETARY—Columbia.—A
dark, young spinning yarn involving the employment of a wandering young man. Jean Arthur is his amanuensis who injects new ideas into the magazine and loves her boss's heart. Ruth Donnelly and Lionel Stander are very funny. (Feb.)

PIGSKIN PARADE—20th Century-Fox.—The per
onal college rep, guy with youth and good humor, a local caretaker leaver, Stuart Erwin be
comes the hero of the show. Jack Haley is the coach; Patsy Kelly is his kibbutz wife. The Yach Club Boys save them all. (Feb.)

POLO JOE—Warners.—Another laugh not for the Joe E. Brown fans. Joe becomes horse broken, gage's his way through a tournament to win. Carol Hughes. Pay Holden, Skeets Gallagher, Joseph King and David Noel is a very comic. (Dec.)

RACING LADY—RKO-Radio.—A week story with a exciting race shots to pep it up has Smith
Ballew buying a horse, training Ann Dvorak, her former owner, as trainer. The map is stolen, but you can guess the rest. (Feb.)

RAINBOW ON THE RIVER—Sol Lesser
RKO-Radio.—Bob Hooper reaching the finish line with silvery song in a sentiment called the Rainbow. John Hersholt, in his original hero role, has a reunion of all his patients, is worn out many adult problems. Dorothy Peterson, Slim Summe
ter, John Qualen appear again too. You'll want to see this. (Jan.)

REUNION—20th Century-Fox.—The Doones
Quintaplets cover givelly through their sec
ond picture. Jean Hersholt, in his original doctor role, has a reunion of all his patients, is worn out many adult problems. Dorothy Peterson, Slim Summe
ter, John Qualen appear again too. You'll want to see this. (Jan.)

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ROSE BOWL—Paramount.—A nice little picture about girl heroes and their love passes between a Midwest University and Panorama’s famous studios. It gains romantic variance in the love scenes between Eleanor Whitney and Tom Brown, green for a touchdown with Benny Baker’s comedy. (Dec.)

SING ME A LOVE SONG—Warners.—Pleasant fun with singer James Melton, held up in any department store becoming a music hall, in love with Pat Ellis. Tenor Melton, so far through Herbert is grand; you’ll probably like it. (Dec.)

SINNER TAKE ALL—M-G-M.—Three murders in three days fail to add necessary excitement to this dull story. Margaret Lindsay, irate attorney, along with lawyer Bruce Cabot’s efforts to save her from the same fate. Brittle acting, poor dialogue. Stay away. (Feb.)

SMART BLONDE—Warners.—Glenda Farrell as a smart reporter and Barton MacLane as a detective in a sleuthing story whose mystery is in the picture as the side, who solve two murders—the outcome of a night club operator’s operation. (Feb.)

SMART TEST GIRL IN TOWN—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling little comedy with Ann Sothern playing a very clever Cinderella and Prince Charming a freshly made-on-the-spot title character. Helen Broderick is swell. (Jan.)

STOLEN HOLIDAY—Warners.—Kay Francis, as a shrewd contrivance, lives up to her reputation as the screen’s best-dressed woman, gets involved through friendship with Claude Raines in a big time swindle through her heart calls for Jan Hunter. Women will love it. (Feb.)

STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON—G.B.—Based on Edgar Wallace’s “The Northing Tramp,” this burly scenario solves a mystery in which there is a holocaust of suspense. Hugh Sinclair efforts to prove his blue-blooded right to millions. Constance Cummings promises to help him find out. (Feb.)

TARZAN ESCAPES—M-G-M.—Another thrilling adventure of Tarzan of the Apes. His lady, Jane, Cousin Benita Hume and William Henry are captured by savages, but their king, elephants. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O’Sullivan in the leading roles are splendid. (Jan.)

THAT GIRL FROM PARIS—RKO-Radio.—Lilly Pons sings and songs divertly through songs which take her as a stowaway to America, unwillingly aided by four members of The Rhythm Boys, Raymond, Jack Oakie, Frank Jenks, Mischa Auer. Everyone has music and lot of fun. So will you. (Feb.)

THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1937—Paramount.—A smash hit offering the best radio talent of today, grand music and a convincing love story set in a college dorm. Included are songs by Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, Stolowicki’s conducting. Frank Morgan, Betty Grable, Henry Oren, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, and many more. You’ll chuckle for days. (Dec.)

THE BIG GAME—RKO-Radio.—Filled with exotic mining footlights, a few A-1 performances. A lot of intrigue between the team and gamblers, this is a complete success. Andy Devine is a crook, Phil Huntington, Jimmy Gleason, Bruce Cabot and June Travis divide honors. (Dec.)

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE—M-G-M.—Cecil Beaton’s poem, adventure, tenderness, pageantry and stirring action make up a spectacular production for the season. Errol Flynn is Captain of the 7th Penn, Patricia Morison is his love interest, Howard Marion Crawford is both love, Superb production, direction and cast Don’t miss this for any reason. (Dec.)

THE GAY DESPERADO—Pickford-Lasky.—United Artists’ sadistic gay and melodious fare with Nino Martoti in the role of a Mexican bandit who sings his way out of a kidnapping and a firing squad. Leo Carrillo splendid as the head bad man, Ida Lupino, as Martoti’s lady love. Be sure to see it. (Dec.)

THE GREAT O’MALLEY—Warners.—Pat O’Brien is the hard-laced Manhattan cop who finds himself sentimentally touched by Syd Jamison, manufacturer of a man he sent to prison. Frieda Inescort, Ann Sheridan, Humphrey Bogart and a fine cast. Better go. (Feb.)

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS—Paramount. Lots of swell animal shots keep your interest alive in this improbable story. newcomer Dorothy Lamour introducing herself as a native girl who saves the life of big game hunter, Kay Miller. Subplot involves young Mandem who sent his father to death. Burgess Meredith (in helping role), Josephine Darrow, and Edward Cianelli are splendid. (Jan.)

THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE—Universal.—A typical Victor McLaglen story of a swaggering mill hand with a heart of gold, set in the background of farming. Copyrighted material. W. C. Fields, Bob Burns, Jean Bruce, John Davidson and William Hall provide capable assistance to a good story. Billie Jean, Clinton Greene is an important feminine lead. (Jan.)

THE MANNY MARRY—Universal.—Light, frothy and witty story of a girl who runs from marriage into the arms of a grouchly playwright. Newcomer Doris Novak is very pleasant. Michael Whalen, Marjorie Main, and Sada Thompson help in the gayety. (Dec.)

THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN—G.-B.—Buster Keaton up to his old tricks as a sinister scientific professor with the object of transferring human brains father and son. Frank Celler is splendid, the rest of the cast (Dull). (Dec.)

THEODORA GOES WILD—Columbia.—Irene Dunne in a knockabout story of a small town girl, who finds a better seller, gets in wrong with criminals. A good one for the young audience, Dunne “goes wild” when his wife won’t divorce him. Ex-ceptional. Original. (Feb.)

THE PLAINSMAN—Paramount.—C. DeMille’s forceful and thrilling historical drama of the wild and woolly West with not a cow in the cast. Brandon Thomas, Claire Trevor, Jean Arthur superb as Calamity Jane, James Ellison a handsome cavalryman, three Clowns, Edward G. Robinson an ideal Curly. A wallopimg picture. (Feb.)

THE PLOTHICKENS—RKO-Radio.—A bangey mystery with fluttery ZaSu Pitts as a school marm and nice supporting cast of five girls in rambunctious roles, but not before everyone has plenty of laughs. Owen Davis Jr. and Louise Latimer furnish razor. (Jan.)

THE PRESIDENT’S MISTRESS—Republic.—Conceived by President Roosevelt, published by Liberty magazine, the toll of a lawyer who takes his own death to right the wrongs he did in the name of Big Business. And Betty Furness are fine. Recommended. (Dec.)

THREE MEN ON A HORSE—Warners.—A raucous comedy with Frank McHugh as the dim wit who plans to make a 5000 mile round trip to check the outcome of the Miss America beauty pageant. In Willsy dell vamps. Guy Kibbee grooves throughout McHugh piles on laughs. Lots of fun. (Feb.)

THREE SMART GIRLS—Universal.—A decided improvement marking the entry of a thirty year old Deanna Durbin screen debut as a devil-may-care gal who loves to get into scrapes. Dorothy Lamour returns as usual polish. Gloria Stuart is appealing. (Jan.)

UNDER YOUR SPELL—20th-Century—Fox.—The superb singing of Lawrence Tibbett will delight you despite the weak story. It involves an opera singer who marries a wealthy man, Ray Rothof and Arthur Treacher are good comedy relief. (Dec.)

WANTED! JANE TURNER—RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy’s comeback in a melodrama of the postal service offers you murders and some amusing comedy. Landscape photography. Betty Grable and William Tabbert as usual polish. (Feb.)

WEDDING PRESENT—Paramount.—A hollywood farce of two gay hog reporting. Cary Grant and Jean Hagen who beer out of the ordinary, and the will to make their way into marriage with the aid of William Powell, George Brent, Gene Lockhart, Conrad Nagel add to the goodness. (Dec.)

WE ARE WHO ARE TO DIE—RKO-Radio.—Based on David Lamon’s book written by a lawyer who takes responsibility for his crimes against capital punishment. John Beal is the young man framed by frantic Preston Foster, and the prosecuting attorney; Ann Dvorak is Rea’s sweetheart. Authentic and provocative You should see it. (Dec.)

WHITE HUNTER—20th-Century—Fox. —A painfully thin story of a wrongly man’s desire to revenge himself with the help of a crooked safari in Africa. Warner Baxter, Jane Lane, Gail Patrick, Maynard Marshall, and千万别是 comedy relief. (Feb.)

WILD BRIAN KENT—Principal—20th-Century—Fox.—Ralph Bellamy, in the title role, is teamed with Beulah Bondi, the prosecuting solicitor, Ray Rayburn, and the crook whom he is a poisoning to cattle and sundry crooked things. A knackknack for the kiddies. (Feb.)

WINTERSET—RKO-Radio.—Maxwell Anderson’s tragedy is artistically produced, superbly cast. It concerns a young man’s battle against cold, the war with Germany which sent his father to death. Burgess Meredith (in helping role), Josephine Darrow, and Edward Cianelli are splendid. (Jan.)

WITH LOVE AND KISSES—M-G-M.—An unpretentious comedy played ingratiatingly by Frank Morgan, and several of the average brood who steal his songs, Toby Wing and Arthur Lake’s help are not put away. Trite, but Percy’s singing is inimitable. (Feb.)

WITHOUT ORDERS—RKO-Radio. —Another well-told tale of commercial aviation with within Vision Hawthorne winning Sally Elkies from Robert Armstrong; later he proves his cowardice at her expense. Plenty of action. (Dec.)
Cast of Current Pictures

"BLACK LEGION"—WARNERS.—From an original story by Sidney S. Howard. Directed by Alfred H. Werker. The Cast: Frank Taylor, Hamley Bosworth, Ruth Taylor, Eric O'Brien-Moore, Pearl Davis, Helen Flint, Mike Green, Clifford Schuler, Billings, Paul Hurst, George Hively, Al Lewis, Jack Ariff; Tommy Myron, John Little; Charles Halse, Harold Cookies, Harvey Hayden; Ed Jackson, Dick Foran; Betty Gaynor, Ann Shigley, Cecilia Parker, Lorna Gray, Alonzo Price; Buddy Taylor, Dickie Jones; Frances Gray, Edward Ansara, Mrs. Grege, Dorothy Vaughan, Josephine Hannon, Nick Strangell, Pat C. Flick, Durham, Paul Stanton; Old Man Dombrowski, Egon Brecher.

"LAUGHING AT TROUBLE"—20th Century-Fox.—Based on a play by Adelyn Washburn. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: Gladys Brook, Jane Darwell, Jessie Newm, Sue Haeden, Ace Mathews, Les Wilson; Liddle Boodle, Margaret Hamilton; Grace McDonald, Cyril Delevantis, Allan Lane, Ella McShane, Pent Kelton; Alec Brady, John Carradine, Bill Benton, James Burke; Carl Hall, Russell Hieck, James Bradint, Edward Accull; Dr. Lawes, Frank Ricketts, Wilbur, William Benedict; Harvey, Edward McKay.

"MAID OF SALEM"—PARAMOUNT.—From an original story by Bradley King. Screen play by Walter Ferris, Bradley King and Durward Grinnell. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: Barbara Clarke, Claudette Colbert, Roger Convery, Robert Young, Lionel Atwill, Harvey Stephens, Martha Harding, Gale Sondergard; Eileen Clarke (Barbara Lynn), Louise Dresser, Jeremiah Adams, Halliwel Hobbes; Nathaniel Good, Edward Ellis; Mrs. Abigail Good, Benad Benula; Tilda, Madame Salwellon, Rebecca Niere, Lucy Beaumont; Mr. Chesers, Donald Meck; Mrs. Chesers, Kathryn Sheldon; Rene, Sam Passy, Ivan Simpson, Thomas Estelle Edghe, E. E. Chue; Goody Sarah Othors, Zelbe Tillinby; Giles Cory, Tom Ricketts; Ava Good, Rosella Gordon, Tilly Clark, Benny Bartlett; Nabby Good, Virginia Weidler; Mercy Chesers, Dorothy Cavanaugh, Miss Blodgett, Mosta Butler, Miles Corbin, Sheldon Holloway; Tilling Man, Brandon Hurst; Village Marshal, Russell Simpson.

"MAN OF AFFAIRS"—GB.—Screen play by L. Charles de Garde. Directed by R. G. Springall. The Cast: Richard, Reginald Allen, Lord Dacutel, Florence Arrows; Bill Howard, Romilly Lunge, Vera, Rene Ray; Mary, Dorothy Morrell, Harum, John Ford; Barak, Allan Jeayes; Nakil, Lawrence Anderson; Philpott, Bernard Meredith; Severne, John Turnball; Abdullah, Basil Gill.

"MELODY FOR TWO"—WARNERS.—From an original story by Robert Macaulay. Screen play by George Brinner. Directed by Louis King. The Cast: Tod Williams, Paul M. Darragh, Dick Perri, Camille, Marie Wilson, Snee Trott, John Armitage, Donald Elliott, William Johnson, Eddie Anderson, Woodgraft, Gordon Hart; Galt Starr, Patricia Ellis; Lena Wray, Wini Show, Remose Rumane, Fred Keating, Bill Hallam, Craig Reynolds, Alex Bonnert, Eddie Kane; Armstrong, Harry Hayden; Dancer, Mildred Law.

"THE MIGHTY TREVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play by Albert Payson Terhune. Screen play by Albert R. Perkins and Marcus Goodrich. Directed by Lewis Collins. The Cast: Ben McCullard, Noah Beery, Jr., Aileen Prunna, Barbara Read, Uncle Joel Frenos, Samuel S. Hinds; Mr. Davis, Hobart Cavanaugh; Mrs. Davis, Alice Lake, Mrs. Perl, Julian Rivero, Sligo, Edmond Cobb; Chong, Chester Gan; Tree, Tully.

"MYSTERIOUS CROSSING"—UNIVERSAL.—From an original story by John L. Balderston. Screen play by Jefferson Parker and John Gray. Directed by Arthur Lubin. The Cast: Murphy, James Dunn; Zed, Mel Lynch, Dick Par- cell; Camille, Marie Wilson, Snee Trott, John Armitage, Herbert Rawson; Chief Bullock, J. Farrell MacDonald, Lincoln; Clarence Maxwell, Johnathan Hale, Wilson (reporter); Lom Raker, Conductor, Harry Hayden; Hotel, Edith Anderson; Hains, Libby Taylor; Philpott, Bernard Meredith; Severne, Pat O'Malley; Cook, Rott McDaniels.

"OFF TO THE RACES"—20th Century-Fox.—Original story and screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. The Cast: Uncle George Fenn, Slim Summerville; John Jones, Jed Prouty; Bonnie Jones, Shirley Deane; Mrs. John Jones; Raymond Hammerton; Mr. Jones; Russell Gleason; Jack Jones, Kenneth Howell; Bob Jones; Dickson; Lucy Jones, Jane Carlson; Grammy Jones, Florence Roberts, Betty Jones, Billy Manton; Winnie Mae Bater, Ann Gillis; Fisher, Tom; Sparks, Uncle: Jack Chandler, Rosabelle; Ruth Gillette.

"ONE IN A MILLION"—20th Century-Fox.—Story and screen play by LRonald Pratkins and Mark Hellinger. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The Cast: Gus Mollar, Sonja Henie, Ted Spencer, Adolph Menjou; Heinrich Moller, Jean Hersholt; Danny Simpson, Ned Sparks; Bob Harris, Don Amche; Reit Pratkins, Themselves; Bette Spencer, Arline Judge; Bobbi Roberts, Mrs. Hersholt, Dickie Durante; Girl in Band, Leon Ray; Girl in Band, Shirley Deane; Margaret Lowe, Mrs. Hersholt, General Manager, Albert Conti; Chaplin, Julius Tannen.

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Another runner-up in the Cary Grant romance sweepstakes. This is Bobby Cooper, a San Francisco society girl, with Cary at the Lamaze. That same week Mary Brian was discovered dining with Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt.

"THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS"—RKO Radio. From the play by Sir James M. Barrie. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The Cast: Nova, Barbara Stanwyck; Jack, Preston Foster; Pucker, Barry Fitzgerald; Cody, Denis O’Dea; Bessie Barger, Eileen Crow; Brendan, F. J. McCormick; Pears, Arting Shields; Peter, J. M. Kerrigan; Mollie, Bonita Granville; Rosie, Erin O’Brien-Moore; Mrs. Logan, Una O’Connor; Connolly, Morni Olsen; Langon, Noel Fitzgerald; Barnum, Robert Homans; Today, Brandon Hurst; Soddard, Cyril McLadden; J. C. A., Gaylord Pendleton; J. C. A., Michael Fitzmaurice; Englishman, Lionel Crapse; First Woman, Mary Gordon; Second Woman, Mary Quinn.

"QUALITY STREET"—RKO Radio. Directed by George Stevens. The Cast: Phoebe Thread, Katherine Hepburn; Valentine Brown, Frank Cady; Susan Trowell, Fay Bainter; Sergeant, Eric Blore; Patty, Cora Witherspoon; Miss Mary, Estelle Winwood; Miss Hewston, Phoebe Lake; Miss Fancy, Helen Chest; Kitey, Grant Mitchell; Claudia, William Tabbert; Plenty, WernExcept.


"STOWAWAY"—20th Century Fox. From the story by Sam Engel. Screen play by William Conselman, Arthur Sheekman and Nat Perrin. Directed by William A. Seiter. The Cast: Cicely Court, Shirley Temple; Tommy Randall, Robert Young; Sally, Esther Dale; Eugene pallette; Mrs. Hope, Helen Westley; Abner, Arthur Treacher; Judge Roe, J. Edward Bromberg; Kay Strat, Astrid Allwyn; Richard Hope, Allan Lane; Captain, Robert Cregg; Ada Day, Jayne Regan; His Mate, Julian Temple; Chef, Hope Fong; Mr. Lo, Phillip Ahn; 3rd Mate, Paul McVeY; Mrs. Brown.

"UNDER COVER OF NIGHT"—M-G-M. Original story and screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Directed by George S. Seigal. The Cast: Christopher Cross, Edmund Lowe; Deb, Florence Rice; Sergeant Lucas, Hilderd Pendleton; Mario Griswold, Henry Denney; Jany Griswold, Sara Haden; Alan Dean, Tex Winter; Miss Vickers, Grace Valentine; Dr. Finch, Erich von Stroheim; Sheriff, Robert Homans.

"WE'RE ON THE JURY"—RKO Radio. From the play by John Frederick Ballard. Screen play by Franklin Coen. Directed by Ben Holmes. The Cast: J. Clarence Border, Victor Moore; Mrs. Dean, Helen Broderick; Steve, Philip Huston; Mrs. Chute, Louise Latimer; M. Williams, Vincent Howath; Judge Prime, Robert McWade; Clara Simpsoon, Maxine Jennings; D. I. Ace Cox, Frank M. Thomas; Mrs. Paterson, Colleen Clark; E. Allen, Billy Gilbert; Horace Smith, Charles Lane; J. J. Martin, Charles Middleton; Marion Gordon, Jean Howard; Nicholas Kraks, Leonid Kinskey; Fay Lond, Ben Heidbreder; Sarah Edwards; J. Weatherhead, Hal K. Dawson; Clerk of Court, George Irving; Officer Clark, Edward Garagian; Thomas Jeffers, Early Forex; Dr. Fields, Roy Jones; Announce, George Rhodes; Taxi Driver, George Cooper; Radio Cop, Dick Jus.

"WITHOUT WARNING"—20th Century Fox. From a story by Philip Wylie. Screen play by Norman Foster. Directed by Norman Foster. The Cast: Matthew Jervis, J. Edward Bromberg; Kay Farrace, John Ireland; Preston, John Howard Payne; Sam, Victor Kilian; Malcolm Berkard, Billy Burr; Herbert William, Earle Dedrick; Gloria Roy; J. C. Farrand, Andrew Tombes; Temple, Arthur Hoyt; Ambassador, Frank Reicher; Mrs. Eldridge, M. Taylor, Julian Tannen; Mr. Berkard, Paul McVeY; Mrs. Berkard, Leah Tyler; Miss Wilkingsby, Lydia Knott.


"WOMAN-WISE"—20th Century Fox. Screen play by Alexander Korda. Directed by Alexander Korda. The Cast: Alice Fuller, Rochelle Hudson; Tracey Bouneau, Michael Whalen; Celil D'Alava, Ina Claire; Margaret Beck; Richards, Alan Dinehart; Stevenson, Douglas Fowley; John De Witt, George Hassell; "Babes" Currie, Astrid Allwyn; Bob Beaton, Chuck Chandler; Oder Fuller, Pat Hather.
Fashion Letter for March

[Continued from Page 79]

Another was big brimmed in palest turquoise rough straw with a dome crown which tapered suddenly to a point. A tiny panache of feathers of the same shade was its only trimming.

I asked Adrian if he thought broad shoulders should "stay in." "I am one of perhaps silly people," he said, "who think they are here to stay, like bobbed hair, you know. They have clicked. They make the hips look so slim. Little narrow shoulders make women sometimes tragically hipped." What started as a fad has become a fashion?

"What about hats?" I queried. "Ups or downs?"

"Whatever you like," be answered. "We have completely broken away from what they are wearing," I think. Buy any hat you want that is becoming, I should say. But I think we shall have wide brimmed hats for summer, with some height in the crown."

"What about skirred flares?" I pursued. "I don't like them," he said, positively. "They make a woman dumpy unless she is extremely tall and willowy. They shorten a woman on the screen and that is our barron-vet. I love the pencil silhouettes, as you know. I have tried to design clothes for this picture that every woman can wear, not freakish clothes, not dresses made only for the actress. Nowadays women in modern life have caught up with the actress and are as glamorous and courageous as she is."

When Adrian gives a dinner there is always a dash of the unexpected. The other evening he entertained Mary Garden, Miriam Hopkins and a lot of well-known guests. When the pewter finger bowls were brought in the tops of them were smothered with heads of white carnations. The guests removed these for the usual finger dabbing and were surprised to see a grim looking closed oyster at the bottom of the bowl. Politely they looked at Adrian, question in their eyes. Has he, the tear and cream butter, made a mistake? Oysters surely came at the beginning of a dinner. Adrian silently handed them sharp knives and Adrian said, "Open them." They did so and each found a sizable Japanese pearl in his or her oyster.

Omar Kiam is making lovely clothes for Janet Gaynor in the new Technicolor picture "A Star is Born." Never has Janet looked so smart. I shall try to grab some of them for you for the next issue. Omar loves to make suit skirts with boxy flares, achieved by pressed edges. He thinks, and he is right, that a succession of classic suits on the screen is rather dull, so he has varied the suit theme in several clever ways. It is safe to say you will see a new Janet in this picture.

Here is what your Fashion Editor thinks about some important style points: that skirts for street wear will remain short for spring.

Hats will be small, I think, for spring, sometimes quite flat. High hats seem to be on the wane; at least if height is demanded it is provided for in the trimming of the hat proper. Upstanding bows, feathers or the manipulated fabric of the hat give that lighty chic that much more flattering than does a high crown. Men don't seem to care for high hats on girls, and you know as well as I do that counts a lot with us.

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This girl is no stranger to you. She's the center of attraction in any group. But she's not a raving beauty... she's not expensively dressed... and she's not brimful of brains or wit. And yet, when she arrives at any gathering, every man in the place starts straightening his tie and immediately strives for her attention.

The prettier girls ask, "What do they see in her?" The answer is obvious. For the popular girl has mastered the simple secrets of charm... allure... glamour. She has a radiant, magnetic personality—one which draws people to her and incites men to whisper, "I Adore You" into her attentive ear.

Fortunately, her charms can now be acquired by any woman. You can quickly learn the secrets of a captivating personality in the privacy of your own room. For Madame Sylvia, the famous beauty adviser to the Hollywood stars, describes hundreds of ways to develop charm and personality in her new book. This book, Pull Yourself Together, Baby! contains all the secrets on glamour that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

A Guide Book to Popularity

Make no mistake about personality... you can acquire it... you can develop it. Not by acting giddy, or by acquiring any foolish frill or mannerisms. But by following the secrets of glamour as described in Sylvia's new book. And if you think you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can't win the admiration of others—forget it! You can build up charm just as surely as you can build up a thin body.

The tricks and stunts that you can use to send your popularity stock skyrocketing are endless. Such simple things as a proper diet or a stimulating exercise will help tremendously. Then there are many tricks in makeup that you should know. New stunts on hair grooming. Ways of getting personality into your clothes without spending a fortune. Simple ways to acquire self-assurance and poise. Tips on how to act in the company of strangers. New ways to develop a graceful supple figure. These and hundreds of other personality hints are completely discussed in Sylvia of Hollywood's new book.

Make A New Start

If you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity, don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are. Read Sylvia's new book... apply her secrets of charm and you'll be a changed person within a short time.

Book reviewers are enthusiastic in their praise about Pull Yourself Together, Baby! And you'll prize this book for years and years to come. It's inspiring... brimful of amusing incidents... and illustrated with many painted cartoons. The price is only $1.00. Get your copy today. If unobtainable at your department store, send a postcard to Sylvia of Hollywood, 42nd St., New York, N. Y., enclosing $1.00. Save 10 cents by mailing direct.

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Lucky Strike
Cigarettes

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT’S TOASTED"
She won't marry Bert Taylor.
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Beauty Bath for Teeth

- Delicate . . . gentle . . . fragrant . . . the dainty cleansers in Listerine Tooth Paste are combined in a special beauty formula which no other tooth paste has. You get results that simply astonish you. Many a New York and Hollywood beauty familiar with every type will use only this gender, beauty-giving dentifrice.

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Listerine Tooth Paste first sweeps away from teeth and gums that greasy coat that makes them look old. Then it forms a fragrant, milky white solution that bathes the teeth from gum to tip and permits their natural brilliance to stand revealed. They flash . . . they gleam . . . they attract . . . the entire mouth feels fresh . . . invigorated.

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You need not regard this dentifrice with suspicion. It is not too harsh, as so many are. Not one of its ingredients can possibly harm precious enamel. Actual tests show that, after the equivalent of 10 years of twice-a-day brushing, the enamel is unmarred and brilliant.

Why not see for yourself how this tooth paste beautifies your teeth? Why not try the beauty bath that famous beauties use?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube . . . 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢
WALTER WANGER presents
Charles Boyer
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in
HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT
with Leo Carrillo and Colin Clive

Directed by Frank Borzage
Original Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker

Released thru United Artists
ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!

THE MOST EXCITING PICTURE SINCE "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"

Again—as in the stirring "Mutiny"—you live the roaring drama of men against the sea. You share the struggles, the heartaches, the laughter of courageous souls who leave the women they love to dare the wrath of the angry waves... men in conflict with their destiny enacting the most thrilling story the screen could offer. A brilliant triumph that takes rank with the greatest pictures M-G-M has given you!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture Directed by VICTOR FLEMING

RUDYARD KIPLING'S greatest story of struggle, adventure and life!
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On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by James N. Doolittle

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The Movies Can Break Us

We are supposed to be educated in schools, and though the home may be a great enlightening force, the moving pictures stand out over and above all other factors.

They can revolutionize public taste in a decade. “Popeye” has started all the children eating spinach. The demand of movie directors for slenderness has turned some of our stars into emaciated neutrals.

When Dietrich came to this country she was supplied with the curves that the Germans applauded, but after going through the dietetic requirements at Hollywood, straight lines and knobby bones destroyed much of the vital phases of her feminine allurement.

Dainty simpering neutrals sometimes play the parts of heroines—big six-foot “he men” are often made to fall in love with slenderized femininity which resembles their ten-year-old daughters. Such unnatural mating is disgusting to real human instincts.

But we bow down in admiration to the producers of the picture “One in a Million.” Here we have a heroine whose overflowing vitality is the source of joyous delight. She is a poem on skates, an inspiring story from Iceland. She outdoes the panther in grace and suppleness. There, indeed, is femininity at its very best—life, animation, beauty and gorgeous force that moves with such ease, and uncanny skill that no musical accompaniment is needed.

It is the glorification of such heroines that is brought into being through vitalizing exercise in the open air that gives one a wholesome uplift.

The exotic love affairs of faded out beauties whose femininity has been impaired by years of dissipation should not mar the screen of today. Censorship should never be associated with moving pictures, but those who create them should be dominated by normal instincts.

Anemic, slenderized types should never be glorified.

A dainty figure may be desired by a fat woman, but there is nothing to admire in “bone-racks.” Kipling’s sarcastic slam at femininity “a rag, and a bone, and hank of hair,” is not so much out of place in some of our movies in which indulgence and dissipation have removed every semblance of the charm and allure which was originally capitalized.

The movies can make or break this country—they can make us laugh or cry. They should glorify that which is best in human nature—not only strong types of “he manhood” but vital and beautiful types of womanhood.

The alluring physical loveliness represented by Sonja Henie should be exalted to the skies. If our young girls could be inspired with the desire to follow her example in building magnificent supple bodies, it would not only mean health and strength that would make them dynamic specimens of fascinating womanhood, but they would be better sweethearts and wives.

There would be happier homes and fewer divorces if such an influence could enter the lives of youthful femininity.
A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

Busy With Entertainment!
George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK
Associate Producer
RALPH MURPHY
Director

Songs You'll Rave About!
“I Feel That Foolish Feeling
Coming On” • “There Are
No Two Ways About It”
“Blame It On The Rhumba”
“Fireman Save My Child”
“I’ve Got To Be Kissed”
“Top Of The Town”
“Where Are You?” “Jamboree”

CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Producer
A good little skate but no Sonja Henie is Sybil Jason. You'll see this cute youngster soon in "The Great O'Malley"

1st PRIZE $15.00

THE WINNER!

At last I understand the greatness of "Camille" and understand why this play, whose plot has been too often used, is a classic. I've wondered how M-G-M could revitalize the aged story; now I know the answer. They didn't. Instead they uncovered its true spirit, which makes a work of art. "Camille" is not only the sad story of Marguerite and Arnaud; "Camille" is the story of all the gaiety, carelessness, young love of the doomed springtime of life which will die with youth. Garbo told me what "Camille" is, in her superb acting which my words are too dull to describe. Robert Taylor helped, and George Cukor, the director. And the photographer, whose last shot, in which the corrupting light of death passes over Marguerite's loveliness—his work will not soon be forgotten. "Camille" is truly a classic. And Garbo's (and M-G-M's) is the classic "Camille."

J. M. Abrett,
Duluth, Minnesota.

2nd PRIZE $10.00

DE MILLE DID IT AGAIN

The genuine Old West lives again! From out of the past, frontier men and women ride to summon back their days of hardships, precious moments of love and tragedies. Once more the American Indians unite to fight for their land and freedom. Heroes and heroines, both white and red, die for justice and ideals.

Bouquets of beautiful prairie flowers to the cast and everyone who helped in that superb production, "The Plainsman."

No one but Gary Cooper, a true son of the open country, could portray Wild Bill Hickok with so much sympathy and understanding. Well-deserved praise to Jean Arthur for her excellent work in piercing the veneer of hardness and boisterousness to show the tender woman's heart of Calamity Jane. James Ellison as the brave handsome Cody, and John Miljan as Custer were perfect.

Miss Lorraine Larche,
Arvada, Colo.

3rd PRIZE $5.00

SONJA IS A SMASH!

I was wholly unprepared for the fact that Sonja Henie, who is terrific on ice, is equally terrific without her silvery skates!

She's personality plus! She's got everything and a little more. Grace, naivete, disarming smile, direct manner, and little-girl charm will place her a mile ahead of the eye-shadowed, bird-wing-browed glamour girls. She does not pretend to be a great actress, but says her lines in a straightforward manner which is refreshing relief after the hair-tearing and ecstatic whispers of the sob sisters.

Her accent is delightful, her smile is de-lovely, and she can out-dimple even Shirley Temple.

Hollywood, hands off Sonja Henie! No layers of exotic eye shadow and lipstick. She's neither Mae West nor Joan Crawford—she's Sonja Henie, and she's "One in a Million."

Miss Grace Dugan,
La Crosse, Wisconsin.
$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT A PITY

"Lloyd's of London" is another garland in the crown of Hollywood's artistic achievement. This amazing drama of Empire is sentimental without being maudlin, there is no blatant flag waving despite the great appeal this film will have in the British Dominions. Hollywood proves she knows the mind and heart of all nations, the deep love inherent in all people for their native land.

Tyrone Power Jr. comes to artistic maturity in his role of Jonathan Blake. This young actor with the mobile features projects his role with a tenderness and understanding surprising in so young a man. What a great pity his father did not live to see his triumph. Such a film does more than many diplomats could do in years of negotiation to promote good will among nations.

MISS CLARA HARTWELL,
Toronto, Ontario.

$1.00 PRIZE

AN EYE OPENER

Men of America, arise! Doff your unamous hats and with a rousing cry salute the producer of "Craig's Wife!" What a marvelous piece of realism. What an eye-opener for some ladies we know. What a swell sock in the nose for female self-sufficiency and concert!

John Boles, alas, was too natural as the poor chap whose wife didn't let him smoke in the parlor, or sit on the fancy spread. How many wives seem to prefer immaculate living rooms to happy husbands, or dainty doorways to harmonious living. And this business of snooping and telephoning and checking up—it goes on constantly, especially among the middle-aged.

Maybe "Craig's Wife" will show them that it doesn't pay. It was a fine courageous picture and sadly Miss Russell deserves a delighted masculine cheer for undertaking so unsympathetic a role.

TIMOTHY TONE,
Marshfield Hills, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE

AS FALSE AS JUDAS

With "Love on the Run" we have lately been privileged to witness another of these so-called sophisticated comedies where the hero is a nit-witted archeologist, interne, rackets the writer, artist or editor, and the heroine has the added attraction of money, money, money, and clothes (but of course she is just folks at heart though somewhat kittenish until the hero spanks her).

And there is always that little "cute" touch, the teahouse in the lane with the queer old lady or the nubile drunken cookney, or maybe it is a comic taxi-driver unlike any possible taxi-driver, or just an aquarium or skating rink, or how ducky—Grant's Tomb. But I forget the old sure fire. Where can a wealthy debutante and a poor boy go and really live? Why some greasy joint on the edge of town. There they meet another "cute" person, the proprietor, and they eat hamburgers.

Rabble-baiting, I call it. Some of us are getting pretty sick of these Noel Coward-Charles MacArthur turns of mind. It began with "Private Lives" and "Holiday," ran through "Animal Kingdom" and poorer copies. Lately Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard seem to run to this sort of baldedash pretty regularly.

"Love on the Run" may be funny—oh, dear me, yes it is, but it is also as false as Judas.

RUSSELL DAVIS,
Bridgewater, Mass.

Well, That's the Last Straw—A Run in My Stocking!

Embarrassed by constant runs? Not if you know this secret...

Stocking runs are embarrassing and costly, but you needn't get so many! When stockings are new, the silk is elastic—stretches and gives under strain.

Rubbing with cake soap or using soaps containing harmful alkali weakens stretching elasticity. The threads of silk grow lifeless—may snap and break into runs at the slightest strain.

So avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali. Use gentle LUX—it has no harmful alkali—is made to preserve stocking elasticity—cut down runs!

Saves Stocking Elasticity—
These cutie-pies will be among those present to do the leg work in "Stepping Toes." Ginger Rogers and Freddie Astaire will be the bright particular stars.

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

AFTER THE THIN MAN — M-G-M — Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta the pup return in a masterly comedy mystery guaranteed to give you laughter and shivers galore. Powell in his original rôle solves with immortal finesse the disappearance of his cousin-in-law. Myrna is lovely and poised as usual. The cast is splendid. A "must see." (Feb.)

A WOMAN REBELS — RKO-Radio. Beautifully produced but trite and draining story with Katie Hepburn as an English girl of the eighties who fights convention, has a baby, but refuses happiness with devoted Herbert Marshall. You'd better see it anyway. (Jan.)

BANJO ON MY KNEE — 20th Century-Fox — Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea alternately love and hate each other throughout this Mississippi shanty-boat musical. Meanwhile; Anthony Martin, Walter Brennan and Buddy Ebsen sing and dance. Mischievous and amusing. (Feb.)

BELoved ENEMY — Sam Goldwyn — United Artists. Exquisite Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne play a touching love story against the vivid dramatic background of the Irish Rebellion in 1921. Both stars are brilliant; Karen Morley, Henry Stephenson, David Niven and Jerome Cowan are intelligent support. Highly recommended. (Feb.)

BLACK LEGION — Warners. A superb and highly dramatic picturization of the menace behind the headlines; story of the secret society which terrorized the Middle West last year. Humphrey Bogart, outstanding in the lead, is ably supported by Erin O'Brien-Moore, Dick Foran and others. Don't miss this. (Mar.)

BORN TO DANGEROUS — M-G-M — Eleanor Powell's starring picture elaborately produced and filled with swell songs and dances. Eleanor is a talented country girl who joins a Lonely Hearts Club, finds Jimmy Stewart. The outstanding cast includes Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen. A treat. (Jan.)

CAMILLE — M-G-M. — The famous story of the Parisienne courtesan's love and renunciation, mixed with subtlety and glamour by George Cukor. Garbo more vivid and alluring than ever; Bob Taylor is an ideal Armand. Outstanding cast. (Jan.)

CAN'T BE DIXIE — 20th Century-Fox. — This boudoir-pie couldn't be Dixie, though there is an old Colonel (Claude Gillingwater), a villain (Donald Cook), a Southern belle (Helen Wood) and above all June Willters and Slim Summerville, Emphatically — No Good. (Jan.)

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ — Paramount. — A charming and melodic love story of modern Vienna. Fred MacMurray brings a jazz orchestra to town, upsets Gladys Swarthout's musical life until Cupid and Jack Oakie fix things up. Gladys' singing is delightful; MacMurray is grand. You'll love it. (Jan.)

COLLEGE HOLIDAY — Paramount. — A bit of hysteria set to music, this has an imposing list of names, little else. Newcomer Ben Blue steals the fun from Jack Benny, Martha Raye, Burns and Allen, and Mary Boland. Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney are a clever dance team. (Feb.)

COME AND GET IT — Sam Goldwyn — United Artists. — Edna Ferber's novel superbly produced, exceedingly directed and beautifully cast. Edward Arnold outstanding as the lumber king, Joel McCrea does well as his son, and

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* Indicates picture was one of the best of the month when reviewed.
HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

Warner Bros.
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR
PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE
FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR
FERNAND GRAVET
IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE
IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION
THE KING
and the
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With JOAN BLONDELL
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Luis Alberni • Mary Nash
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Kenny Baker and Others

Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P. Your Favorite Theatre

See a real French revue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R. Heymann and Ted Koehler
"FOR YOU"
"ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"
love IS news

...when this romantic trio
make their new kind of love!

Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses...their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill...the world thrills with them...and so will you! — especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!

TYRONE POWER • LORETTA YOUNG • DON AMEHE in
"LOVE IS NEWS"

with
SPL SUMMERVILLE • DUDLEY DIGGES
WALTER CATLETT • GEORGE SANDERS
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production
THOUGHTS en route from New York to Hollywood . . .
Friday afternoon . . . If the Academy doesn't give Garbo the 1937 award for the best acting of the year based on her performance in "Camille" it might just as well fold up . . . I saw the picture at the Capitol on Broadway while all over the theater . . . women sobbed audibly . . . to me those Garbo death scenes are the finest acting ever put on the screen and I had thought I was over my Garbo enthusiasm . . . now if Metro will only find a really great story for her . . . Why not "Marie Antoinette" if Shearer decides not to make it . . . Garbo wouldn't look Marie, but how she could portray that silly tragic queen whose destiny was too great for her . . .

THE famous head of a big company's press department came to see me off on the Century . . . the porters recognized him and treated me with the most excessive politeness . . . they were that disappointed when I told them who I was . . . they thought I must be a star . . . though, as one explained . . . "not that you look it, lady . . ."
SATURDAY in Chicago ... Katharine Hepburn is here starring in "Jane Eyre" ... a
stage production ... neither she nor the play are very good though the theater is doing
capacity business ... the show will not come onto Broadway this year ... the gossip being
Katharine is afraid of more bad notices ... as well she might be ... hers has been the most
mixed up career ... she seems to hit two bad pictures for every good one ... I am anxious
to know whether she will be a much greater or a
much less important star in another year ...

I SHOULD think the established stars would be
a little nervous when they watch the success of
a Sonja Henie and a Deanna Durbin ... Henie
has been before the public as a skater since child-
hood ... but she clicked—on her acting ability
—in one picture ... the Durbin youngster has
had no dramatic training ... just a voice and
youth ... yet she's standing the cash cus-
tomers up all over the country ... does so-
called acting experience mean nothing and is it
all personality, after all ...

I WONDER how Bob Montgomery feels about
Robert Taylor starring in Montgomery's old
rôle in "The Man in Possession" now called
"Personal Property" while he plays second fiddle to Joan Crawford and Bill Powell in "The
Last of Mrs. Cheyney" ... my favorite story
of the month is about the birthday party they
gave Clark Gable on the set ... presenting him
with a big cake inscribed "to the greatest guy in
the world," and inside was Robert Taylor's pic-
ture ... Gable appreciated the joke more than
anyone else ...

RICHARD CONNEll, the famous short story
writer, appears aboard The Chief as we leave
Chicago ... Why do they in the movies always
portray men who wear glasses as saps, he asks
... all right, I'll bite ... why do they ...
the most intelligent of men usually wear glasses
... President Roosevelt does ... so does
Richard Connell, himself ... it's silly ...
just as they always make little girls play dumb
doras ... they forget Cleopatra was tiny ...
and Queen Victoria too if you want to consider
an illustrious woman closer to our own time.

SUNDAY morning ... we stop for five min-
utes at Shopton, Iowa ... this is our first
glimpse of the Mississippi, frozen solid from
shore to shore at this particular point. We are
miles north of the flood district but I keep think-
ing of the horror of it all ... the danger is
passed, but the awful evidences of death, starva-
tion and tragedy remain ... I think of these
districts in connection with the so-called "critics' pictures" and their appearance here ... how
they will depress the audiences if they do not make them downright unhappy ... why do
companies make dour, slow productions just to
please a small handful in New York and the
larger cities, the small handful who have every-
thing, really ... it would seem much better to
me to produce pictures that would make these
desolate people happy if even for a little while
that is the mission of the movies and their
greatest blessing ... I'll give you one Astaire
and Rogers harlequainde for six "Plough and the
Stars" sincere and fine as the latter was, not-
withstanding ...

GRADUALLY getting into the immense
open spaces ... it's due to the clarity of the
air, of course, but in Nevada and New
Mexico the very earth seems to expand ... the
horizon recedes into incredible blue distance ...
the gigantic mountains begin piling up ...
there is not a living thing visible ... only the
untroubled greatness of nature ...

Monday morning—coming down into Cali-
ifornia ... in the distance, you see the moun-
tains more heavy with snow than ever before
although the weather is warm ... the recent
frosts have left the orange groves either com-
pletely shiveded up or with oranges so small
that they are like little golden quarters hanging
against the black green leaves ... noon and
the Pasadena station appearing ... only if you
don't know your way around do you go to Los
Angeles to get to Hollywood ... the whole
office gang there beaming ... a studio has sent
a limousine just in case I need one ... I say
I'll go back with the gang so the limousine sol-
emnly moves off with my bags ... the office gang
tell me I have a lunch date at Metro ... that
there's a preview in the evening at Glendale ...
that I have to go to Santa Anita on Saturday ...
that the whole town's racing mad and so
filled up with tourists that you can't find a hotel,
apartment or house in town ... that the auto-
graph crowds are so great that the only way they
can get the stars out of the Vendome is by
strategy ... to wit: a boy with a hose who
washes the sidewalk in front of the cafe and who
manages to somehow—tho very politely—al-
ways to be between the star and the autograph
fiend when the star dashes from door to car ...
yes, I'm back to work after thirteen weeks
away ... it's tough ... like getting a present of
a new mink coat is tough ... and I love it ...
"Listen, Carole, till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms... you just haven't lived...''

"Arrest him, gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la pace with sis instrumento... more hot playing an si senor quick start a revolution!!"

"Okay, Fred. You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, before you break my heart."

"Yeah... some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in "Hands Across the Table" and "The Princess Comes Across."

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MacMURRAY
"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"

with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture

how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons
THE most honest woman in Hollywood is before the cameras again after an absence of two and a half years. She is Gloria Swanson.

Miss Swanson isn't afraid to tell you why she has been away from the movies for thirty months. She isn't afraid to tell you she is thirty-nine. She isn't afraid to say that her eldest daughter is at high school age. She isn't afraid to admit her faults—or tell you her hopes.

I doubt if there is anyone like Gloria Swanson in all Hollywood. She is, in fact, a sort of Mrs. Simpson of the films, poised, worldly and smart.

There has been nobody quite like her through her years before the camera. And Miss Swanson frankly tells you their exact number—twenty-four—since her start as an extra with the old Essanay Company in Chicago.

Miss Swanson's career is the story of motion pictures. Step by step she came up—Mack Sennett comedies, svelte and silken DeMille dramas, stardom in her own right. She was one of the idols of silent films; she was one of the few stars to weather the movies' acquisition of a voice. Even this transformation did not daunt her. She studied singing when the films seemed to demand vocalism—and soon she was using a brand new voice pleasantly and confidently for the recording machines.

Nothing could stop her.
"I never give up," is the way she puts it. "I always have been radical, even back in those days when I broke all the Hollywood rules by having a child—when children weren't even mentioned by press agents. I put my career in jeopardy then. I had wanted a baby ever since I was fifteen years old."

For a considerable time Miss Swanson has been in the throes of a romance with the actor, Herbert Marshall. Now that interlude is ended, apparently by Miss Swanson herself. That romance may indirectly have caused Miss Swanson to seek a breathing space in her career. She had climbed to one of the greatest of all salary tops; she had been one of the biggest box-office draws of all time; she felt herself slipping, she realized her peril. Her life was at an impasse. And she had the courage to quit that she might get a perspective on herself.

"Emotional tidal waves get me," she says, frankly. "They sweep me into strange harbors. But I think I have built a wall against emotions now. I'm taking that mental wall back to Hollywood with me."

She is taking more than that. She has as careful a campaign mapped out for herself as any general launching a war.

The thirty months' interlude in her career has changed Miss Swanson's whole philosophy of life.

"Sitting in a radio studio not so long ago," she explains, "I watched the big studio clock, with its tremendous second hand quickly go around and around..."

Gloria, outlined in four pictures: as she is today, as she was, married to Henri de la Falaise (third marriage); when she was Mrs. Michael Farmer (fourth marriage); and right, when she and Phyllis Haver were Mack Sennett bathing beauties.
"Now we always think of time in the terms of past, present and future. But that huge secondhand made me realize that there is no present.

"Everything is past or future.

"Like many other people, I have lived for the present.

"But I found myself stagnant. Because there is no present. You must take each moment and live it for its effect upon the future. You must be cautious and careful of your seconds.

"I know it is easy to theorize about life, but no two experiences are alike. Something may happen in February and be all wrong. The same thing may happen in March and be right. Different locations, different people, different temperaments, different times, shift the whole picture.

"If I said, 'What's the use, I've had a bad experience from life and I'll never trust it again,' I'd be wrong. You still can profit by your mistakes."

Miss Swanson wouldn't talk directly about her romances.

"I have learned—I hope I have now—that,

if you depend on anyone else, you are apt to be let down.

"I know I'm a weakling. When I get into emotional tidal waves, I get whirled around. We who act do not live a normal life. We are wide open to our emotions. I hope I have learned. Still, I may not be strong enough to adopt all my theories. I can just hope.

"I know the thing I most want now is peace of mind.

"This rest period has given me time to think. Rest periods would be good for everybody. They give you a chance to catch up with yourself. I pursued a mad, hectic thing, year in and year out. I was a train trying to keep on schedule. I took my private life in snatches, on the run. I never did justice to it, I had no opportunity to nurse it along, and it suffered horribly. Maybe that is what demolished my marriages."

Miss Swanson read me a letter she has just received from a friend in England who had followed her pictures through the years. "I watched your already fabulous salary climb to $6,000 a week, to $12,000 to $18,000. Now I think you realize that what you are is more important than what you earn.

She is Mrs. Simpson of the screen . . . poised, worldly, smart. Her romance with Herbert Marshall (at the left) had an amazing influence on her career:

"The scales of life move up and down, but don't be disheartened. Half of the women in the world would be glad of your memories. But I know memories mean nothing to you, that the future is everything."

Miss Swanson laid the letter aside. "I never look back," she said, with a note of finality.

Then she went on: "I worked so hectically through the years that I had little time to think. Most of the things that happened to me, of course, seemed fun to the outside world. But there have been many headaches back of the glamour.

"When you are an actress, you never have time to do the things you want to do. I have worked since I was fifteen. I absorbed my education in snatches from life, here and there. The snatches had a lot of hurts.

"I always have believed in travel to develop anyone. It is a mistake to stay in one place. Too long in one country, in one state, in one town, is to stagnate. It is a barrier to any sort of development.

"There are so many things I always have wanted to know about. I'm a mental vampire. I have always said 'Why?' ever since I was a youngster. When I go to a party, I hunt out an interesting person and drag that person to a corner. I'm always seeking to learn.

"After all, knowledge is the only solace when you get older. It is the only possession of any . . . [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]"
Our salute to spring is this eye-catching portrait of Julie Haydon. We can't understand why the studios are letting the Haydon talent that flamed so brilliantly in "The Scoundrel" go to waste. Let's hope that M-G-M, who hold her contract, will swing her sharply into the spotlight.
Another foreign film star sailed away and found harbor—in Hollywood. He is Fernand Gravet. You will see him, and rave in Warners' "The King and the Chorus Girl." Joan Blondell plays opposite. Warners hope you will think Fernand resembles the Duke of Windsor. Do you?
"Mutiny on the Bounty" started a perfect rash of sea sagas. Among the newest is 20th Century-Fox's "Slave Ship" in which Warner Baxter, always an able actor, is expected to top his superb performance in "The Prisoner of Shark Island." Opposite him is Elizabeth Allan. She's in "Camille" too.
As beautiful brown-eyed Frances Dee has always seemed to have an old-fashioned charm about her, it isn't surprising she looks so ravishing in her costume for "Souls at Sea," Paramount's new historical epic on the dangers of the deep. Frances plays opposite Gary Cooper and George Raft.
For magnificent fun Photoplay offers
this hilarious history of star hoop-la

THE ALL STAR STORY
of the
COCONUT GROVE

By Jack Smalley

TAKE our word for it—the whirl of most of Hollywood's fun, the sizzling fury of most of Hollywood's hates, the birth of most of Hollywood's big romances started at the—Cocoanut Grove.

It was at this night spot that Bing Crosby first crooned into the ears of the picture colony. Here Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard competed for sterling silver dance cups and first caught the eyes of producers. It was at the Cocoanut Grove that Chaplin wooed the violent Pola Negri; Elinor Glyn entertained royalty; Garbo and Stiller dined on Swedish herrings—in short, the Cocoanut Grove is good and it's never, never been dull.

History, they say, is made at night; that is, interesting history. And it is at the Cocoanut Grove, for the past fifteen years, that some of the sweetest movietown history has made its initial bow.

Today the cast has changed, but that is all. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck romance at the table where once Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor held hands. Merle Oberon and David Niven dance where Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland showed their skill at the tango. And above and over and through it all ghosts
of the past mingle with the film celebrities of the moment. 
To begin with, the Grove was an accident.
When, in May 1921, the managers of the Ambassador Hotel
looked over the barren white walls of the new ballroom, they
knew something had to be done about decorating it.
That year Rudolph Valentino had burst upon Hollywood
and the world with "The Sheik."
Jimmy Manos, still the maitre-de-Cocoanut Grove today,
had known Valentino well; in fact, Jimmy had paid Valentino’s
room rent for seven months while Rudy was looking for work.
Now Jimmy happened to know that there were several thou-
sand imitation palm trees left over from "The Sheik" that could
be had cheap. He bought them, had them carted into the ball-
room. On May twenty-first, the Grove opened with a grand
party, palm trees very much in evidence. Incidentally, the
same palm trees are still there.
From the first moment, the Grove made history. With a
normal seating capacity of 1,000 people, there was plenty of
room for all the important people in Hollywood.
In those days the colony gathered at the Grove each Tuesday
night to see the scantily clad Grove girls put on elaborate shows
depicting scenes from the latest movies, and to compete against
each other in Charleston dance contests. The stars came to
revel. The rest of the world came to watch. And it was a
tsight to behold.
Hollywood, fifteen years ago, was wild and woolly and had
never been curried below the knees. The Alexandria Hotel
and the old Vernon Country Club had been the scenes of rare
hi-jinks among that old guard of Mabel Normand, Lew Cody,
Fatty Arbuckle, Buster Keaton, and the Terrible Trio—Lottie
Pickford, Alice Lake, and Teddy Sampson.
Some of this robust—very robust— hilarity carried over into
the new and ultra fashionable Cocoanut Grove, to diminish
in the same ratio that the industry outgrew its rompers and
assumed dignities in keeping with its growing importance.

Star nights still hold the spotlight each Tuesday night at the
Grove, but the fun is more sedate, for the stars of yesterday
lived only for the thrill of the moment.
There was a wise management that selected an Army welterweight
pugilist to rule the Grove. Dark, curly-headed Jimmy Manos
launched his war against the night club battling element the
very night the Grove was opened, by knocking out two stars,
whose names he has conveniently forgotten. Since then in his
major engagements he lists one hundred and twenty-six fights,
and in all of them he was victorious.
From the first, to keep their customers out of mischief, the
Grove arranged entertainment into which the patrons could
enter. When the Charleston dance craze came in, the manage-
ment offered trophy cups for the best dancers. Prominent
members of the audience acted as judges.
A kid named Lucille LeSueur was in Hollywood from New
York, hoping for a chance in pictures. A clever dancer, she
began to cop these cups from under the noses of the locals.
Lucille was plumpish then, and hardly would you recognize
the same girl in the smooth Joan Crawford of today.
Lucille was the hey-hey girl of the day, and the wild gyrations
of the Charleston were just her dish. One night the scion of a
great Chicago family, young Michael Cudahy, saw her win a
cup. He obtained an introduction and one of Hollywood's most
tempestuous romances was on. The family opposition
was intense and unrelenting. They were a handsome couple, for Mike
was tall, dark and good-looking as a movie star. It was a heart-broken
Lucille who finally gave him up.
Her chief rival in the dance contests was a plumpish little girl
named Jane Peters. This young one also dreamed of a movie ca-

reer. Youthful producers, now grown sedate, used
to vie for hilarious dances with these pretty young
cup winners so that they could boast of winning,
too. In this way stars-to-be met the coming pic-
ture makers.
The Grove got mixed up several other times in the
life drama of Jane Peters, Carole Lombard to
you.
The brilliant Carole, then known as Jane, first
attracted the attention of Herbert Somborn, who
had opened his Brown Derby restaurant just across
the street from the Grove. Somborn had been
married to Gloria Swanson. He was an outstand-
ing figure of the colony.
He invited Jane over and gave her some advice.
"You need to get yourself dolled up," he said. "Go over to the Westmore brothers. They can tell you how to get yourself together."

"And what'll I use for money?" asked the practical Jane.

It was simple. Somborn loaned her fifty dollars. Jane went to see the Westmores.

It was they who decided to turn her into a blonde. In fact, they read her the famous riot act on beauty rituals. Her clothes were thrown out and her eyebrows thrown up, to give her a soulful look. From that time on Jane was to make a study of clothes and beauty, until now the name of Lombard is just another word for smartness.

Among the girls who were rivals of Carole Lombard and Joan Crawford in the dance contests at the Grove were Gretchen (Loretta) Young, her sister Polly Ann, Bessie Love and May McAvoy.

In selecting the winners of these dance contests it was the custom to nominate three or four prominent movie people to act as judges. One night the group selected consisted of Jesse Lasky, Adolph Zukor and Pola Negri.

This time it was a young man who got the cheers. After presenting the cup to him, Jesse Lasky asked his name.

"Jack Crane," he was told.

"Don't tell those others," said Lasky, "but send him to my office tomorrow."

The Grove got in touch with Crane, who frequently danced in the cup competitions, and he duly appeared before the producer. Lasky signed him to a contract. He didn't like the name of Crane, and as Latins were popular in those days, he groped for a good, mouth-filling Spanish name. Thus was born the personality you know as Ricardo Cortez, and if the story is true, he got the name from a box of cigars on his desk.

In those early days, beauty ruled Hollywood. Among the 'paper palms a dozen women, as fair as Helen of Troy, might be seen in one evening, each surrounded by her court and each the potential prize of a Trojan war.

When Betty Blythe, she who was "Queen of Sheba," made her entrance the entire audience turned to stare. Barbara La Marr, of tragic history, would come, often attended by the gentle, faithful Paul Bern who watched her conquests with sad eyes. Here Claire Windsor excited the love of that gallant clown, Charlie Chaplin. The Helena and Dolores Costello wooings by dazzling Lowell Sherman and even more dazzling John Barrymore, took place amongst the paper mache palms. Elinor Glyn came with royalty at her heels to establish sex on a high literary plane; and all the galaxy of beautiful women marched in parade—Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith, Agnes Ayres, Anita Stewart, Aileen Pringle, Nita Naldi, Jacqueline Logan, Carmel Meyers, Dorothy Dalton.

Irene Castle, coming to the Grove for a dance engagement, taught the celebrities the knack of making the grand entrance. But what of snooty Society? Did they fraternize with these fair women?

You guessed it. They did not. When wealthy women from Pasadena came to the Grove...
DESPITE all the radio, newspaper and magazine rumors—
even in the face of all the so-called marriage plans and
the stories of their passionate love—Barbara Stanwyck
and Robert Taylor are not going to be married. That is
the straight truth of it, for the first time.

The reason? There is only one. Here it is:
Barbara is not going to marry at all—Bob or any other man,
for a long, long time.

This is Barbara Stanwyck’s honest answer to the question of
the Hollywood hour.

At an interview which took place at her bedside as she
struggled valiantly back to health from influenza, she gave me
her reasons.

In many ways, Barbara Stanwyck is the most interesting
person in Hollywood today. Not alone because of her much-
publicized romance with Robert Taylor, but also because her
career, which sagged so dangerously after her marriage to Frank
Fay terminated in divorce, has taken on a new blush of success.
She has just been signed to play the famous rôle of Stella Dallas.
This should place her right back on the top of the heap where
she belongs.

Somewhere it is written: “... and there shall be seven lean
years, then seven fat...” Barbara, we hope, is now starting
on the promised seven years of happiness. Happiness in love,
in her career, and in her new way of life.

I decided to tell Barbara of a conversation I had overheard
the night before at the home of another motion picture star.
Her romance with Bob had been brought up and finally one of
the group asked for reactions on their possible marriage. The
men had been unanimous in their decision:

“Bob Taylor would be the luckiest guy in town. Without a
doubt, Barbara Stanwyck comes as close to a perfect wife as
we’ve ever seen.”

“Gee,” Barbara smiled, “that was swell of them all to say
that. But,” and a frown of obvious sincerity crept over her
face as she said this, “they are wrong. At least for the moment.
I couldn’t be a perfect wife to anyone for a long time to come.
I’ve got a lot of things tangled up inside of me that have to be
untangled before that could happen. A lot of things.”

She stopped. We looked at each other for a long moment.
She seemed to be trying to decide whether she should tell me
more. I let her make her own decision. She would, anyway.
Barbara hasn’t a strong purposeful jawline and an almost
masculine sort of judgment for nothing. Far more important
is the beauty of spirit that so far outshines the mere physical
beauty of Barbara that everyone knows.

“For one thing,” she continued, “there is nothing any woman
wants so much as peace and happiness. No sacrifice to attain
it must be too great and a woman must give everything within
her power when she marries. But even if a woman acknowledge
this, she still can never be positively sure. Despite everything,
complete disillusion sometimes comes. To me, now, the lure of marriage and its promise of happiness and
contentment seems vaguely distant.”

Barbara herself will not talk of it now, but the whole world
knows that her previous marriage crashed.

“FOR six months after my divorce,” she continued, “I re-
mained home every night alone. I didn’t want even the
casual companionship of other people. Then I met Bob Taylor.
Not in a romantic way, believe me. Bob was going with
another girl at the time. So we didn’t see much of each other
at first. In fact, it was weeks later, after his romance had
broken up completely, that we began going out.

“It began by our having dinner dates—mostly at my home—
after which we’d go to a movie or take a long ride in his car.
Bob was all mixed up—mixed up about romance and about his
career—and for a long time we talked of nothing else. I tried
to help him get it straightened out in his mind. Finally he did.
But soon he was demanding to know why I limited our public
appearances to a movie or an automobile ride. Why wouldn’t
I go out dancing with him? I had my reasons; none of them
seemed satisfactory.

“Then one night, after an early movie, Bob stopped his car
in front of the Trocadero.

“He told me, in no uncertain terms that we were going in to
dance. He warned me that my refusal would mean that I did
not want to be seen in public with him. We went in.

Barbara
WHY SHE

Here at last—for the first time—
she reveals the answer to the
burning question which has been
agitating Hollywood for months

By WALTER RAMSEY
"But I swear, as we walked down through that aisle of tables, I thought my knees were going to buckle under me... I was that scared.

"We sat down. After a few minutes the truth suddenly dawned on me: No one was paying the slightest attention to us! I was amazed. In no time, I found myself out on the floor dancing and having a grand time. We've been dancing and having a grand time ever since.

"In the past few months, Bob and I have become fast friends. Romance hasn't entered the friendship. I wouldn't want it... and I guess Bob knows how I feel. And the better friends we become, the further away from marriage we go—at least as far as I am concerned. The reason is:

"I am not ready for marriage again to any one. Maybe I'll change my mind or I may never change. There is only one thing I am definitely sure of at this particular moment. I do not want to be married to any one. The future must take care of itself and there is no way to know what it may bring.

"Bob is romantic now, just as most men are at first. Of course, he has a lot of quaint ideas about being romantic. He thinks, for instance, that a gift doesn't become a gift until it costs at least five thousand dollars. He's wrong, obviously. Money doesn't make a gift important. Actually, as far as I am concerned, it takes away from its importance.

"I've tried to tell him. 'Anyone who has the money can dash into a jewelry store and pick up a diamond bracelet in five minutes. It might take ten times as long to pick out—let us say—a rag doll with hair just the color of mine.' Bob always laughs when I tell him this. Money is new and important to him. I can understand that. His sense of values has been pushed around so quickly in the past year that it is excusable. I suppose he once dreamed of giving a girl a diamond bracelet some day, so it is easy to see why that is exactly what he wants to do when he suddenly and unexpectedly gets the money.

"Soon, perhaps, Bob will learn the importance of the unimportant little things."
BECAUSE of the fact that most of our thoughts and reports on Bagdad on the Pacific have been jotted down in the daily diary we write for the papers, and yelled into the skies on our Sunday broadcast, these notes must resemble clips from the cutting room floor.

All the best scenes, we've learned, do not appear on the screen. Sometimes, too, for one reason or another, material is crowded out of the column and broadcast. Here, then, are some jumbled jottings of Hollywoodenizens, darlings and dopes.

Speaking of dopes, we head the list. Accustomed to awakening when the Manhattan Mazdas commenced to blink, and retiring at the hour when the sun begins to lift, we permitted Darryl Zanuck and Ben Bernie to persuade us into appearing in a film based on the best seller, "Wake Up and Live."

Wake up is right! For six weeks, at six A.M., we heard that cry. We were forced to go without practically any sleep, so that we could be on the set, ready for shooting, at nine A.M. And for what? A booby $75,000. Instead of listening to Mr. Zanuck and Don Bernie, we should have remembered Somerset Maugham's line: "Sleep is man's most precious possession."

I N 1931, to toast the Lucky Strike broadcast a little more, we started burning Ben Bernie.

It was a gag, and has always been one—this exchange of impish insults. Most people realized it, but there were a few who didn't. Their complaints to the sponsors of our program and threats that if we didn't stop picking on poor Ben they would cease buying the product, resulted, for a time, in the cessation of the fabulous feud, which has brought us some degree of infamy and fortune. But let's switch from Bernie Boulevard and get onto Hollywood. It's much more interesting.

First of all, there's no such town . . . you can't find it on any map . . . it has no official post office, no railroad station, and no airplane landing field. Hollywood is a state of mind surrounded by Beverly Hills, the foothills, Los Angeles, Bel-Air, Brentwood, Westwood and populated for the most part with people who have never seen the inside of a studio. Few real Hollywoodites ever get to work in a studio. Talent is imported from the outside. Most careers aren't carved here . . . they are chiseled.

There are two Hollywood theories on picture people being seen in night clubs—the first being that it is good to be seen because of the publicity and to keep up a front, the night clubs being fine show cases. Theory No. 2 says night clubbing is bad because good looks fade and you meet the wrong class of people. Both theories have successful advocates. Sylvia Sidney, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Marlene Dietrich, Jack Oakie, Loretta Young, Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Virginia Bruce, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, James Stewart and June Lang appear in the bright spots before your eyes . . .
Flash — Broadway’s ace broadcaster bringing you his impressions of the sound and fury that make up the most incredible city in the world

Hollywood has become the other end of Broadway. Most of the Hollywood stars are actors who used to play the Palace. Now they live in palaces. On the other hand, many a Broadway biggie from whom we solicited ads on The Vaudeville News, now earns a living as a small bit player in the studios. There’s only one motto — Start saving while they’re raving.

Recently the studios banded together with the humane desire to aid the unfortunate stars of yester-years. Each decided to select six and maintain them on their pay rolls, apportioning out assignments whenever possible. One ex-star who became an extra just couldn’t be bothered after a few pay checks had rolled in... she got drunk, showed up late for work and evidenced all the other actions she displayed when she was a youthful cinemadorable. Finally, she was let out.

They tell us that when there’s a call for extras to be selected, those not chosen must receive fifty cents for carfare to and from the studio. We saw that former five-thousand-dollar-a-week star hold out her hand for the half dollar fee.

When W. C. Fields was making shorts, for instance, a major producer turned him down, unable to see his possibilities. Just a year later, he had to pay Fields $60,000 for what practically amounted to a bit in a picture. But it’s an old story in many a line of endeavor. . . . Horace Liveright, who published Ernest Hemingway’s “Torrents in the Spring,” turned down “The Sun Also Rises” giving him the counsel. “Better stick to journalism.”

Speaking of journalism, Darryl Zanuck is really the screen’s journalist. His nose for news put...
FOR HAL ROACH
—and horse
Everybody had a marvelous time at the party given by Dr. Harry Martin for Producer Hal Roach, who is President of Santa Anita Turf Club. He and Doc celebrated their mutual birthdays—they do every year.

Grouped around the amusing musical cake are Louella Parsons, Doc, George Jessel, Hal and Mrs. Roach. Below, Eddie Lowe, Bing Crosby, Eadie Adams, Carole Lombard and Gable. (Carole keeps hoping that nag Gable gave her will win a race.) On this page, top and across, Cary Grant, Sally Eilers and Hal give the hilly billy band some stiff competition, and Randy Scott, another big stable owner was on hand too. Below are the Warner Bax-
ters, and Mrs. Lubitsch chatting with her husband and Mervyn LeRoy. Right, Harold Lloyd and Mary Brian got the vague idea that George Jessel was a donkey in disguise.
CLAUDETTE COLBERT has owned the same town car for six years and has about decided to acquire another.

"How do you like the new Lincoln town car?" she recently asked the negro chauffeur of a friend.

"Well, I tell you, Miss Colbert, it's sure enough a nice car, but me, I likes that new Lincoln Zipper."

STRANGE how rapidly a bachelor becomes a confirmed benedict.

On the day Fred MacMurray was married eight months he set out to buy Mrs. MacMurray a gift.

And guess what he brought home? Two very lovely, but very practical bedspreads.

Can you imagine me even thinking of bedspreads a year ago?" Fred grins boyishly as he tells the story.

WHEN practically the whole town of Hollywood is aflame with flu, Errol Flynn chose this time to have malaria.

"My Errol is always different," wifely Damita explains.

LET me tell you a story that gives the lie to Hollywood's so-called ingratitude. A story that concerns Bing Crosby and the long ago. Back in the days when Bing was gradually emerging from the Rhythm Boys Trio, a young song writer named Arthur Johnson had faith in the boop-a-dooper singer and wrote special songs for him and saw that they were given to Bing only.

Bing and those songs became national idols.

The years rolled by and Bing went higher and higher. But fate handed a few below-the-belt blows to Johnson and he dropped from sight. Then came Bing's "Pennies From Heaven." Bing's own money was tied up in that picture and it meant a lot to the actor. Nevertheless Bing went out and hunted up Johnson. "You're to do my songs for me," he said.

Johnson came back and once again took a lease on life. The surefire song hits from "Pennies From Heaven" are the result.

Douglass Montgomery and Donald Woods lunched together at the Assistance League where Suzanne Karren and Anita Louise did their bit for charity by being waitresses.
**Hollywood**

The not-so-elusive-as-she-used-to-be Garbo made another public appearance the other night at the opening of the Russian Ballet.

The lobby was completely filled with autograph hounds and news cameramen to make sure that no celebrity slipped past them.

But Garbo, dressed in a gray tweed suit, walked calmly through the crowd and slipped into her seat in the eighteenth row center.

Although Garbo has been appearing socially so much recently, evidently no one expected that she would attend such a crowded opening, for no one recognized her, not even the cameramen who practically never miss anything.

One of the men from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department was sent to follow her through the crowd and see that no one bothered her and that she wasn't mobbed by the autograph hunters, but his presence wasn't needed at all.

The pay-off is that Sylvia Sidney, who was seated in the row directly in front of Garbo, had her picture taken several times by the cameramen, but not one of them thought to look at the very silent person sitting right behind her.

**Tyrone Power** has a secret.

While doing radio work in Chicago before he came to Hollywood, Tyrone was summoned to the station one day and told that henceforth he was to be the funny paper man and read the comic strips over the air at some unearthly morning hour. All the little kiddies would be breathlessly waiting for Tyrone's version of the Katzenjammer kids.

Now Tyrone's afraid his studio will find it out and they'll have him reading to Shirley Temple, and maybe the Quints, all about Toots and Casper. A fine thing for a romantic young hero!

**Bette Davis** pulled this one the other night when the subject reverted to ex-king Edward's troubles.

"Well," said Bette with a sigh, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I was in just as badly in England as Edward and the Archbishop of Canterbury never said a word to me. I must be slipping."
HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP TALKING IN HIS SLEEP: ... And so Doug Fairbanks Jr. is back at David Selznick's studio to play the debonair villain in 'Prisoner of Zenda'—I seem to remember Ramon Navarro doing pretty well in that role—but Doug Jr. has spent months getting permission from United Artists and British companies to sign the contract. Gable must really be a pretty good actor, to fool everyone at Metro into thinking he had only a snifle; imagine playing under those lights day after day until eventually you collapse all over the set of "Parnell". Pat De Cicco and Andren Leeds make a nice couple, and the romance is very hot too... but I guess Gregory La Cava and Doris Nolan aren't going to get married despite those engagement rumors... too bad Betty Furness couldn't convince Allan Lane that a reconciliation would be a nice thing—he's having a lot of fun seeing Ginger Rogers... wonder if Michael Whalen and Cecilia Parker are as serious about each other as they say they are... at least I'm sure about Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberon—she doesn't hedge about admitting she's mad for him; 170 dates in the few months they've known each other has a romantic sound but what about Drew's pocketbook... so as soon as Craig Reynolds is in the hospital battling pneumonia Gertrude Niesen sends a truck-load of flowers and then has dates with Alfred Vanderbilt—and if the rumors are true that's just so many crumbs in Craig's sickbed... In the Vic Orsatti—June Lang affair—Mother doesn't approve one bit—but June is having a lot of fun during the breaks, bargeing around with Tyrone Power. Sonja Henie is away and I'll bet the boys start saying Tyrone is through with his little Nordic ice-skater—which isn't true at all, he tells me. Can't a guy have any fun?... glad those nice kids, Anne Shirley and Owen Davis Jr. have patched it up after all... isn't it funny the really deserving gals in this town never get any publicity because they're too nice? Take Olivia de Havilland, for instance—she snuggles under the comforters early every night and lives the quiet life and nobody knows she exists. Says, "I'm too busy to think of falling in love"... and here's a paradox for you: Mac West, congenial nightclubber, is being forced into the same sort of seclusion because he's received so many threatening letters lately he's afraid for her life; she even does her own marketing because she's certain the food she gets will be poisoned otherwise... I wonder if Barbara Stanwyck thinks it's a compliment to be swapped (even money) for Bob "Bazooka" Burns by Paramount and RKO—of course it's just for one picture... so amusing that three thousand five hundred Philadelphia... club women ganged together and wrote Bob Taylor asking him to change his name to Spangler Arlington Brugh! The original moniker was nicer, they insisted... evidence that humanity deserves a little faith after all: months ago Preston Foster received a haggling letter from a man who said he'd been living for years in a tent on the desert, but he was well again now and would Preston lend him the money to get back to civilization. Preston, despite warnings about this sort of racket, sent on the money—and last week got it all back, plus interest, from the grateful man who now has a job... Gosh Miriam Hopkins was sore last week when that ferris wheel on the "The Woman I Love" set went funny and she was left up in the air with Louis Hayward—they put up a ladder but she wouldn't come down because, uh, she wasn't dressed for backing down ladders—so she had her lunch out of a box and it was three hours before they fixed the wheel.

Tony Martin and Alice Faye have Cupid on the ropes these days, and left, the Henry Fonda's are the town's happiest newlyweds.

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD [CONTINUED]

The Robert Youngs know the secret of how to be happy though married three years. Bob takes Betty out to the Tropics (in this shot) with Director Robert Florey.

IMMEDIATE effect of his marriage to Luise Rainer on ex-Socialist Clifford Odets is that he is busy at his typewriter lattting out a play, just for her! Studio people, as well as his friends, complain that they can't get near him for conversation or anything else. He's too engrossed with putting his new fraud on paper.

Luise admits she'll probably take the starring rôle in the new play and that she expects it to be produced on Broadway sometime this year!
NELSON EDDY, on tour, stopped last month at a hotel in Salt Lake City. During the dinner hour he came down to the supper room with an unidentified partner (female) and throughout dinner danced with her.

Midway through a waltz, another woman, well-dressed, came up to him and asked if he would dance with her.

Nelson put on his best prop smile, murmured a refusal, went Waltzing on. The woman followed him, made in sistent noises, and tried to cut in.

Nelson did not smile this time. 

"I won't dance with you," he told her.

"Why, you—you—" shrieked the woman—and planted a husky right on the side of his face.

There was a shattering silence. Then Nelson grabbed his bewildered partner and practically ran to his table. People on the floor heard him murmur irritably, 

"How stupid!"

All of which doesn't matter so much. What we want to know is—who the heck was the woman he brought down to dinner in the first place?

PROBABLY the most tragic event that has happened in Hollywood for months was the sudden—and rather mysterious—death of Marie Prevost.

Once one of the greatest stars in the industry, in the days when salaries were outrageously high, she died in utter poverty.

Her four estates, her jewels—and most of her friends—gone, she had been struggling for several years for a motion picture comeback.

At last M-G-M gave her a contract for a part in "Parnell" and advanced her $300.

She was found a few days later, lying stretched out in her shabby room. She'd been dead three days. The cause was acute alcoholism.

Her sister, Peggy Prevost living in San Francisco, said that Marie had never informed her relatives of her plight.

The once famous star was cremated, with the exhumed body of her mother who had died eleven years before, at Forest Lawn, Glendale, Calif.

SO the neighbors don't like the swing music we're playing, Hmm?" said Allan Jones as his wife, Irene Herry, put the phone back in its cradle.

"They claim it's just too much noise," Irene mumbled.

"History's loveliest—oh well. We'll give them real music, then. Where's that album of Stravinsky's 'Oiseau de Feu'?"

"Put on the record that has the Dance of King Kascheif," said Irene viciously.

In a moment the apartment was trembling to the mad, wild clamoring of woodwinds and brasses, all fortissimo.

The phone rang. Irene answered, "The neighbor says this is worse than before," she grinned. "Well, I understand it takes a person who's very literate musici ally to appreciate Stravinsky..."

Later she said to Allan, "He says the reason he didn't recognize it is because he gets only a few disjointed chords. If we'd open the windows and let him hear it all he would love it."

Together they chuckled. The windows had been open for hours.

[Please turn to page 82]
Rogers and I knew we were gambling with every rule set down for a successful marriage; we were quite aware that we were deliberately defying the codes. We weren't closing our eyes to a single one of the danger signals. Nor did we try to fool ourselves that we were in some way immune from the snares that have tangled others. Before we said the words that made us man and wife last fall, Roger and I had looked all the risks squarely in the face and said to each other, 'We'll win together.'

There was high courage in Ann Sothern's voice and words that seemed to defy the rain that splashed against the drenched windows, the shadows of the room unreached by the cheerful crackling fire, the gossip of Hollywood—and the question I had put to her that had to do with one of the biggest marriage gambles Hollywood has ever known.

Here was a honeymoon house, a lovely bride, gay flowers everywhere—everything that speaks of young love and happiness and the first year—everything except the groom!

For exactly two weeks after their honeymoon in Chicago, where Ann flew with Roger to attend the opening of his new orchestra at the famous College Inn, the bridget and groomish Mr. and Mrs. Pryor were separated by the demands of their careers, his as a musician, hers as a Hollywood actress.

For several months now their strange honeymoon has been carried on by long distance telephone, wires, letters and messages of flowers. You can imagine what sort of reaction cynical Hollywood has for this arrangement. You hear thinly veiled questions in gossip columns: "What newlyweds are putting almost too much of a strain on matrimony by separating indefinitely just after their I Do's'? Also, that old one "Bet you ten to one it doesn't last a year."

To the casual observer the Pryor marriage has seemed an odd arrangement—marriage on the eve of a separation they knew was coming. It has made Ann and Roger Pryor a pair of the biggest love gamblers Hollywood has ever known.

Yet, by Ann's own words, they knew they were taking that risk—so what.

She said quietly, "We had no involved new theory on marriage when we took what Hollywood is determined to make the 'fattal' step. We both thought that marriage—even with separation—was better than separation without any ties. You see, Roger and I waited so long for our chance at happiness, no chance was too great to take when it finally came our way."

I remembered Roger's long estrangement from his first wife, and the details of property settlement that had held up their divorce for so long. I thought I understood.

"You know," Ann went on, "I have a terrible feeling about giving out stories on marriage. If you anticipate bad luck, it generally comes; when you boast about the sure-fire happiness of wedded bliss in Hollywood that is equally fatal. So let's just leave it this way: Roger and I have the gravest respect for the sanctity of marriage and it is the deepest wish in our hearts that our love and devotion will hold us together always.

"It probably looked very foolhardy to outsiders for us to tempt Fate with marriage just as Roger was starting on a new career that would take him away from Hollywood, perhaps permanently. Even our closest friends were surprised when we did marry because they knew we had considered it several times before and then had always decided it would be best to wait.

"But it happened this way: Roger came over to the house the evening of the day he signed his College Inn contract. He was in a very serious frame of mind. We sat down to talk. He explained, and I agreed with him, that this separation would be a serious thing in our lives. He couldn't say when we might be able to be together again. You see, at this point, he had practically made up his mind to give up acting forever. We both knew that a music career meant tours, engagements far from Hollywood, long weeks and maybe months playing short engagements from Texas to Maine.

"He said: 'If we get married now before I go, we'll have something to work toward. We'll have a tie that will bind us together. I don't think anything can break it.'

"So, you see, to our way of looking at it, we married not to risk our love, but to save it. This way, we are continually working toward something, rather than away from it and everything we do is in anticipation of the few hours or days or weeks we can be together."

"But what about your home life? What about your social life while you are separated?' I asked.

"Well," she laughed, "we have two homes. This one in Hollywood and an apartment in Chicago at the Ambassador. Frankly, I can hardly wait to get back to my other home. Back there I'm just Mrs. Roger Pryor and I love it.

"In many ways, I'm beginning to believe our arrangement is a blessing rather than a handicap. I am commencing to think that it is the perfect way for an actress to live her marriage, as long as she remains an actress.

"Acting is a terrific strain on the nerves and the disposition. Many an evening I've returned from a hard day's schedule only to wonder what sort of companionship I might have made for Roger had he been here.

"This way he will see me only when I am happy, gay, relaxing and in a vacation mood. It will be the same with him.
Ann Sothern answers those who told her she was heading straight for a broken heart when she risked a long-distance marriage with Roger Pryor

**By Anthony Curtis**

"Husbands should have a lot of attention and interest from their wives. Men are like children. They resent the intrusion of a woman's career. That's why they've never really become reconciled to them, no matter how much they pretend to grin and like it.

"Before we were married, I promised Roger one thing. When I've reached that point in my career where I think I've done all I can do, when I've gone as far as I can, I'm going to quit cold—and I mean it. I know you've heard those words before, but even now I'm beginning to think of wifehood as my permanent career and motion pictures as a temporary one. And I swear I am not going to hang on, waiting for the professional crumbs that drop from the table."

"I couldn't resist saying, "And until the time comes for Mrs. Roger Pryor to take up her old-fashioned wifely duties, how does she plan to manage about social engagements and so forth while she's living the life of Hollywood's most modern bride?"

"That little detail we also discussed," Ann admitted smilingly. "We are to go out with other people, of course. Neither is expected to sit home and get bored and lonely if there is any way to avoid it. I have..."
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Billopp Wyatt (the former Miss Euphemia van Rensselaer Waddington), a daughter . . .

Thus read the New York and Newport papers of August 10, 1913. And that was the beginning of it all. For the daughter grew up to be the present Jane Wyatt, and Jane is Hollywood’s current Blessed Event.

In case you haven’t heard much about her, Jane is Ronald Colman’s leading lady in “Lost Horizon.” How she stepped out and got herself that part, with every actress in Hollywood from Shirley Temple to May Robson crazy to play in Frank Capra’s films, is something in itself. Meanwhile, Jane is the first and only honest-to-gosh high society Jane ever to make good in the movies. Sure, there have previously been a few fair-to-middlin’ society Janes, the daughters of senators and such, who have come to Cinema City and created a ripple or two in the picture puddle, but this Jane—

Well, that Euphemia van Rensselaer stuff gave it away, even though Jane herself wouldn’t. It’s a real name, too, which has been in the New York Social Register ever since there was one, and not something out of O. Henry. You mustn’t hold it against Jane either, because what she’s done she has done without shaking the family tree to watch the plums fall in her lap. Nevertheless it remains a fact that whereas most of America’s aristocratic families merely came over here on the Mayflower, Jane’s folks met the old tub when she docked. When the Indians swapped Manhattan Island for a case of gin or whatever it was, the van Rensselaers had their picture on the labels. And, if the picture then was anything like Jane looks now, that’s undoubtedly what cinched the deal.

Anyhow, came the dawn, Rip Van Winkle, the Revolution, Paul Revere. Came Dan’l Boone and covered wagons, Casey Jones and horseless carriages. Came the Depression and the New Deal—and all those things are in Jane’s heritage to make what’s instead of Who’s Who in Hollywood right now. So listen closely and you shall hear.

Some time after being born and getting her name in all the society papers, Jane was sent each day in the gold-leaved limousine to Miss Chapin’s Exclusive School for Young Ladies.

Then, when she had learned all that Miss Chapin could teach her, to Barnard College. You have to come into the world with just the proper spoon in your mouth and just the proper fork in your hand, but once you get here Miss Chapin and Barnard show you how to use ’em.

All of which, thought Miss Jane Wyatt even then, was just a lot of soup-and-fish. For blue-blooded Jane craved red meat to chew on.

At the age of nineteen, and without graduating from dear old Barnard, she startled the family by announcing that she intended to do something. She startled them still further by saying that the something she intended to do was to go on the stage. That announcement, she recollects, was made when all the Astorblits and Vanderveres were gathered together for a caviar-bake or a terrapin-bust or whatever it is they wash down with a bucket of o’ suids in high society. True to their inherent traditions, nobody present choked or even burped. Centuries of culture had disciplined them to face any kind of a crisis calmly—remember Saratoga!—and even Jane’s family didn’t blow up.

No, the former Miss Euphemia and the present Mr. Billopp were both mighty good sports. They didn’t so much as forbid Jane to besmirch the Wyatt name in the theatrical gutter. They simply wished her luck.

“So I didn’t have to run away from home or anything, you see,” smiled Jane. “All I had to do was get myself a part at the depth of the depression when the best plays lasted scarcely a week on Broadway and the biggest stars, as well as everybody else, were out of jobs.”

That, Jane thinks now, may have been the catch. Her family didn’t believe she could do it.

Anyhow, you now have the spectacle of a young and very charming society girl leaving the old Fifth Avenue mansion at ten each morning to tramp the unsympathetic sidewalks of New York in search of a stage career.

Jane did that for weeks on end, dragging herself back to the bluff brownstone homestead every afternoon just in time for a teaball, then to flounder on to the Buff-Orgingtons for a fifteen-course dinner and a few rounds of skeet. But don’t think for a moment that Jane was any the less serious because she was sure of her breakfast in bed every morning instead of having to make toast on an inverted flatiron. Every turndown was just as heartbreaking to her pride as to any chorine’s pocketbook.

And, at that, she did make toast on flatirons and indulge in all the usual hall-bed-room tricks when she was with stock companies, afterward. She did it because she wanted to live like the rest of the company—and because, by then, she had to. For the depression caught up with even the Billopp Wyatts, and Jane had to get along on what she earned just as the Smiths and the Joneses.

She loved it. Jane is a very unaffected young lady and she never had been able to see the sense in having the second footman hand her another spoonful of egg.

“It was fun living in those theatrical boarding houses,” she recalled, “after being waited upon all my life. Not only was it fun, but it taught me more in a few months than Miss Chapin’s and Barnard together had been able to do in years.”

But before she went with the stock companies Jane had to find that first job in New York and, eventually, she did. She found it through a unique institution known as Self Agency, which, she says, is exactly what it was. You paid two-bits a week membership fee and they gave you all the latest theatrical rumors. You chased ‘em down [请转到第109页]
Jane got one of the acting plums of the year being teamed with Ronald Colman in Columbia's "Lost Horizon." Together she and Ronnie gave brilliant and sensitive performances and this epic of a lost paradise should make Jane a star of the first magnitude.
Literally romped her way to stardom. Since she first appeared as the “meanie” in “Bright Eyes” as a foil for Shirley Temple, she has become America’s favorite problem child. Jane started at the age of five imitating Fifi D’Orsay on the radio. Now, five years later, she retains her gift for mimicry, has 196 dolls, prefers her roller skates, hopes to be another Martha Raye when she grows up.

Edward G. Robinson

He speaks eight languages, has a weakness for crap games and golf and a passion for Wagner, looks tough and is in reality extremely domestic, is an inveterate cigar smoker, and has one of the finest collections of modern paintings in America. His screen roles have generally been exciting variations of cops and robbers, but his next is “Kid Galahad” in which he plays a prize fight manager.
Errol Flynn’s stalwart six feet two will next enliven Mark Twain’s “The Prince and the Pauper” in a swashbuckling rôle, which he does so magnificently. Irish by birth, an adventurer by instinct, an actor by sheer force of personality, Errol is also the author of a recent book. His pet extravagance is food, his favorite color black; he plays a mean game of poker, knows a real pearl when he sees one.
Thousands of ladies said "Ah-h-h" while watching this young man perform. In fact it was that potent charm which persuaded Sam Goldwyn to sign him for pictures. He is Francis Xavier Shields, one of the world's top ranking tennis players (formerly a crack insurance salesman too), now beginning a new career as an actor. After a year's apprenticeship, he made his debut in "Come and Get It"
The exhilarating screen progress of the dancing meteor who has personality to boot!
Top left, "The Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford, his first film. Remember the Carioca with Dolores del Río (top) in "Flying Down to Rio" and with Ginger in the same film? "The Gay Divorcee" (below) made everybody Continental conscious.
He gave you dreamy waltzes in "Roberta," white tie and tails in "Top Hat" (below), joined the Navy for "Follow the Fleet," was a spatted dandy in "Swing Time" (above) his latest picture, but he's always Astaire, just Astaire, the world's best hoofer. His astounding agility, his rippling rhythm will soon enhance "Stepping Toes"
HER ADOPTED CHILDREN
REMADE GRACIE ALLEN'S LIFE

Proving that babies don't have to
be one's own for you to love them

By DORA ALBERT

blue bloods, the wealthiest
captains of industry have
adopted youngsters. In
Hollywood alone, there
are adopted youngsters in
the homes of all of a dozen
stars, among them Miriam
Hopkins, Joe E. Brown,
Fredric March, Barbara
Stanwyck, Jack Benny
and Irene Dunne.

Today thousands of
women are asking, "What
is it really like to adopt a
baby?"

I know of no one better
fitted to answer that ques-
tion than Gracie Allen, for
she is one of the finest,
most honest and candid
people in Hollywood. She
has adopted not one infant
but two—first Sandra, who
is now two and a half
years old, then Ronald
Jon, who is now one and a
half.

GEORGE BURNS was
still sleeping when I
poked my head into the
Burns-Allen apartment.
Gracie, looking very small
sweet and feminine in a
simple blue blouse and
blue skirt, met me first
and waved me into a chair.
"What do you want for
breakfast?" she asked.
"Grapefruit or melon?
And will you have some
coffee and coffee cake?"

"You know," she con-
fessed, "George and I
were out late last night.
It's the first time we've
been out late since we
adopted the children."

Just then George came
in, wearing a blue dressing
gown and with it a funny

When the Burns took Sandra (left), Gracie said she
would never adopt another child. But they went
back for Ronald for the best reason in the world.

blue skull cap. We all sat down to breakfast together.

But when I told Gracie I wanted to talk about her adopted
children, she blandly ignored her orange juice and coffee to drag
out a large photo album. We all went into rhapsodies over
those pictures.

"Tell me, Gracie," I asked, "what made you adopt a second
child after adopting Sandra?"

Gracie chuckled. "When I first adopted Sandra," she said,
"I could have sworn that I'd never adopt another baby. In
fact, a funny thing happened. As I left the Cradle—the agency
in Chicago where I got Sandra—"
OLLYWOOD’S super colossal colossal broadcast of the month celebrate Adolph Zukor’s Silver Jubilee at Paramount and was given right on that lot with a huge warehouse transformed into a spectacularly modernistic theater. Practically all the glamour girls and boys on the pay roll reported for action, including friendly stars from other studios, such as Jack Oakie and Charlie Butterworth.

Never have we heard more real talent on a major broadcast. There were names, names and still more names with Jack Benny doing a marvelous job as master of ceremonies.

Paramount made a party out of the broadcast—and it was a handsome affair. There was a swank dinner for the bigwig executives and stars before the actual air ceremonies, with a host of others dropping in later.

One of the high lights of the program was the comedy sketch by Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. He was a henpecked husband trying to make a speech with Mary interrupting and telling him what to say. It was awfully funny. You didn’t hear it, you say? It didn’t go on, due to a little thing called timing.

In a motion picture set, you can take and retake until things are right but radio programs are geared to the second. This one wasn’t. Originally Paramount asked NBC for an hour’s time. Later, rehearsal proved that the Jubilee program would run an hour and fifteen minutes. NBC gladly arranged for the extra quarter hour, but the night of the show things became unexplainably slowed up and the program really ran almost a full hour and a half—and that was why the Boland-Ruggles skit didn’t come off and also why the announcer cut the program right in the middle of Buddy Rogers’ speech.

One Paramount star who was missing from the glittering array was Mac West. However, her boy friend, Jim Timony was on deck in formal regalia—wearing his overcoat; likewise, Jack Oakie. No sable wrap covered the tricky gold evening gown of the Lombard gal, however. Poor Carole suffered right through the chilling drafts without a murmur.

Our new radio hot shot of the month is Fred MacMurray, now master of ceremonies of the Hollywood Hotel hour. He is tops with the whole crew because of his simple, unaffected manner.

By the way, did you hear the giggles on the stage and hear those sudden and uncalled for bursts of laughter when Fred MacMurray and Louella Parsons were talking about Carole Lombard at the preview of “Swing High, Swing Low”? It was all Carole’s fault. Embarrassed at the compliments tossed her way, she started making faces—horrible, leering faces, enough to frighten your great-grandmother out of her grave. She broke up Louella, and she almost broke up Fred MacMurray and she got the audience into hysterics.

Speaking further of Hollywood Hotel, one of our nicest moments last month was meeting Deanna Durbin, fourteen-year-old child operatic star. She appeared for Louella in a preview of “Three Smart Girls.” Orchids to the youngster for her lack of precociousness!

She was wearing a burgundy wool dress, little burgundy hat, bobby socks of the same color, and a wine colored bow on her hair, when we met her and she made an effective picture in contrasts standing next to Binnie Barnes who was dressed in a jet black beaded dress, with transparent black hat through which you could see her yellow hair. It seemed Binnie and her beau, John King, were stepping out to a party after the broadcast, which accounted for her scrumptious apparel.

Mrs. Durbin, when we encountered her, was musing on the change of fortunes in the Durbin household during the past year.

“Just think,” she said, “a year ago we had no idea of ever getting inside a studio, and here we are an actual part of it all.”

By Muriel Babcock

Being interviewed by an editor three thousand miles away was a big thrill for Deanna Durbin
What is even more amazing to us is the story brought us by one of our alert-eared scouts that Deanna, who a year ago was just a kid in school will probably, next August, sing before the King and Queen of England in a command performance.

It is interesting to see how Mary Pickford has moved right in and taken command of Mr. Charles (Buddy) Rogers' career. Mary's awfully smart about careers and we wouldn't be surprised if Buddy, who has done right well for himself in a quiet way, made really sensational strides with Mary at the helm. First indication along radio front that Mary's shrewd brain was behind Buddy's work came with the re-alignment at the eleventh hour of his radio program for National Biscuit Company.

Buddy went home one night with a transcription of the rehearsal of the show as finally oked for broadcasting tucked under his arm, came back next morning with plenty of new ideas. Said Buddy, "I want to make some changes. Mary says—I mean I think it would be better if there were a little love story running through the series. It might be a good idea to engage a girl to play opposite me, build up a little radio romance."

To NBC it seemed a swell idea—no matter where it came from—so Mary Martin, whom you now hear over the air with Buddy, was engaged. The show went on and apparently is most successful with its little romantic twist.

BING CROSBY is still top matinée idol along the radio front. For a time it looked as if Nelson Eddy might edge him out but the ushers at NBC tell us, off the record, that nobody can beat Bing when it comes to having girls flock around him. Some regulars show up for every broadcast, and what a fuss they make if they can't get in the studio! Recently two girls, barred from Kraft Music Hall show because of no ducats, stopped Bing when he drove up and were so impassioned in their pleas for tickets that finally (unable to get them any) Bing tucked them into the back seat of his waiting car and had the chauffeur turn on the radio for them.

Poor Fred Astaire still suffers trying to escape fans. He's now adopted what some publicity writers call a "disguise," but what we think is just an old worn-out suit that has seen better days, and which he wears with a brown number that is really pretty slouchy. He tops this off with dark glasses, runs out of his station wagon—where he hides in the rear—and bounces in the front door of the NBC building as if he were a demon reporter (the kind you read about in fiction but never see) racing to an assignment. Nobody recognizes him as he pushes his way through the waiting crowds, and I guess that is what he wants. We inquired why he did not use the back door, but it seems that is kept locked from the inside.

Our gold-plated tin cup for this month for the most frightened Hollywood star at a broadcast goes to the hardy, adventurous soldier of fortune, George Brent. Mr. Brent who has been through a revolution in Ireland, and pilots his own plane blithely over treacherous Saugus mountains, had shaking knees when he appeared in "God's Country and the Woman" on Hollywood Hotel. He considered, he confided to us, asking for a chair, but he thought better of it. He decided that if others could take it, he could too. Just the same, his knees quivered much in the same fashion as the nursery rhyme describing old Santa's belly shaking like a bowl full of jelly.

Ha! Censorship raised its bossy head along the radio front this month and for what we consider a very silly reason. George Burns and Gracie Allen received a letter from the Mexican Embassy in Washington protesting their humorous skit, "The Private Life of Mrs. Pancho Villa," on the grounds that it was disrespectful. George and Gracie were awfully [Please turn to page 112]
HE'S the loneliest man in Hollywood.

With a pain in his heart equal in its intensity to the pain that continually racks his body, Lionel Barrymore walks his way alone these days.

The one bright shining light of his life has gone out, leaving him quite alone with his almost unendurable agony of body.

The woman he loved, so tenderly, so touchingly, is dead—his wife, Irene Fenwick.

The love story, and it was indeed a love story, of Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick is one of the rarest and most beautiful in all Hollywood. The few who came in even distant contact with it felt the depth and caught the beauty of something spiritually rare for a town called Hollywood. He loved her, this Lionel Barrymore, so much. He gave to her so much. And it was really all he asked—just to give to "Renee" comfort, love, kindness. Just to be permitted to give was all the return Lionel Barrymore ever wanted.

She had been so ill. Almost from the very year of their marriage in 1923 when Lionel looked into the gray blue of Irene Fenwick's eyes and knew he loved this woman.

Married to Doris Rankin, his struggles to become an actor had been long, bitter, and fraught with months, years even, of despair and defeat. Sister Ethel and brother John, with his dashing profile, had caught on from the start. But somehow there seemed no place in the scheme of things for Lionel. Bit parts, small parts and no parts at all had been his lot.

And then suddenly he became established. Better roles in better plays came his way, and happiness loomed ahead for Lionel Barrymore.

And then a cruel blow fell. His two baby boys, his and Doris', were suddenly sickened and died.

Grief, too horrible to express, drove him away. "Never," he told white-faced Ethel and John, subdued for once at the tragic mask of Lionel's face, "shall I act again. I won't." He hesitated, groped around bewilderingly, "I can't even think any more. My mind is blank. My memory is gone. Lines, words, scenes would be only blurred interludes. It's over—the stage and all it meant to me."

With his wife, he set out for Paris to become a painter. They lived in the most frugal manner for two years, while Lionel gradually lost, in the work he undertook, some of the heartache and grief he felt. It was Ethel who finally persuaded them to return home. Doris Rankin, herself, was an established actress, and so the two once again took up the stage.
Then came his stage play, "The Claw." Irene Fenwick joined the cast and like a bolt from the very heavens above, love, uncontrollable, uninvited, unexpected, struck the heart of Lionel. He was humble, meek, helpless before it.

Doris Rankin understood. And so, after their divorce, he took the lovely blonde Irene for his wife.

The love they had for each other grew and expanded as the years passed by. Lionel came to Hollywood, and it handed him a fool's cap and a jester's stick and said, "Be funny."

He clowned. If it crushed his pride, he said nothing. He was a funny man among funnier men who never appeared on the screen.

But it was while he was making a picture near Ithaca, New York, two things of far reaching importance happened to him.

Lionel met, and loved as a brother, Louis Wolheim, a professor at Cornell. Secondly, he sustained a broken knee cap that led to the excruciating agony he suffers today. He kept on with the picture despite it.

It was too late when the doctors finally were called in to examine the injury. The damage had been done. But Lionel considered the time well spent because during the hours he was laid up he had persuaded Wolheim to seek an actor's career.

When "Wolly," a screen idol in Hollywood, passed away and out of his life, Lionel lost his best friend. You see how unhappiness has always dogged him and why "Renee" became even more precious to him.

FINALLY Hollywood, emerging from swaddling clothes to pinafores, gradually grew up to Lionel Barrymore.

He became a vital, fixed part of the business of making motion pictures in Hollywood. He bought a home. [Please turn to page 99]

Lionel and Renee as they looked when they wed, and on the opposite page, as they looked recently when illness was laying its heavy hand on both of them.
Among the million dollar students when those script cramming blues hit the stars are (top to bottom, left to right) Mitch Leisen, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray forming a triple alliance on a radio script; and here’s a very different Astaire from the one you’ll see on Page 42. Behind the mug (sorry) is Spencer Tracy, and look at Bill Powell, Joan and Bob Montgomery at M-G-M’s commissary breaking that old rule that actors must not chew their lines. Paul Muni (The Thinker) talks things over with writer Ethel Borden on the set.
Here is "Parnell" Gable brushing up on his Gaelic and George Raft learning how to be tough, but Ginger must be fooling—she doesn't need any new lines. When Louis Hayward and Miriam Hopkins rehearsed in a radio theater with Anatole Litvak, we fear Miriam's mind wandered. On the lot, Alan Marshall, John Stahl and Gable do some kibitzing on Myrna's script, but Deanna Durbin knows it takes practice to be a "smart girl"
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE

☆ SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—Paramount

THAT vivid climb toward stardom started by Carole Lombard in "Twentieth Century" three years ago here reaches glory, for, while this photoplay is the smoothest possible blend of laughter and tears, of torch numbers, fine production, direction and camera work, it is Lombard's art that makes this a great emotional experience.

Carole, by turns beautiful, comic, drab, heart-stirring, dominates every scene of the story of a girl who marries a lazy charming boy, gives him ambition, makes a star of him and gets her heart broken for it. Fred MacMurray who did such a beautiful job teamed with her in "Hands Across the Table" again troupes masterfully. Arthur Hornblow has given it superlative production; Mitchell Leisen's direction is positively poetic; the song hits will haunt your memory. It's all perfect, and it's all Carole's.

☆ ON THE AVENUE—20th Century-Fox

DARRYL ZANUCK's new musical is a fitting addition to his previous big successes. It has everything that goes to make up swell entertainment: Irving Berlin's delicious new songs, Alice Faye's torching, Dick Powell singing love lits, and Madeleine Carroll's amazing pulchritude, plus the nutty nonsense of the Ritz Brothers, mad moments with Cora Witherspoon and a nifty group of dazzle girls with plenty of leg action.

The slim story is about the richest most blue-blooded girl in the world who burns up when a skit satirizing her family's peccadillos is written into a revue by Dick Powell. Madeleine sets out for revenge, but falls in love all the harder for all that. Alice feels pretty dismal when she finds Dick returns Madeleine's love and manages to think up a sweet piece of revenge. The production is satisfactorily gorgeous without being incredible. It's a swell dish.

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE—Walter Wanger—United Artists

SUPERBLY produced, magnificently acted, here in all its compelling realism is the very warp of high drama in the present day. A searing crime story, a tender and beautiful love idyll, it is also a powerful, if subtle, indictment of what environment, economic pressure, and justice, too often literally blind, can do to two people caught inexorably in the toils of a brutal, grinding life cycle.

Austrian Fritz Lang has done an even finer directorial job here than in the much vaunted "Fury."

Eddie was a third offender. Joan, loving him, believing in his ultimate reform, persuades the public defender (who loves her) to have Eddie paroled from prison. They start life anew, married, supremely happy. On their wedding night, Eddie's past catches up with him, and after some of the most dramatic scenes ever filmed, he is back in the Death House—found guilty of murder. What happens then is amazing, and terrifying in its implications.

Not since "Street Scene" have you seen a Sylvia Sidney like this—compassionate, sympathetic, utterly natural, she is perfect. William Gargan cannot be overpraised for his gentle understanding Irish Father Dolan. But it's necessarily Henry Fonda's play. As he cynical, desperate, bewildered Eddie, his acting is inspired.

The photography is sublime. See this by all means.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE  TOP OF THE TOWN
SWING HIGH, SWING LOW  ON THE AVENUE
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE  HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once"
Sylvia Sidney in "You Only Live Once"
Doris Nolan in "Top of the Town"
Ella Logan in "Top of the Town"
Carole Lombard in "Swing High, Swing Low"
Fred MacMurray in "Swing High, Swing Low"
Grace Moore in "When You're in Love"
Cary Grant in "When You're in Love"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 116)

☆ TOP OF THE TOWN—Universal

BOASTING an all star cast of singers, dancers and funsters, this madly paced collection of nonsense boils itself into a lively dish of entertainment.

There is a plot, but it really doesn’t matter. You’ll come away baffled by the number of excellent specialty numbers squeezed into a single picture; you’ll meet Doris Nolan, comedy new comedienne, Gertrude Niesen, who sets a new high for low-down blue singing, Ella Logan, a comic singing rave, and a youthful dancing sensation, Peggy Ryan. You’ll discover the pleasing talents of George Murphy, and welcome the hilarious comedy commotion infused by Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer, Jack Smart and the Three Sailors.

The story gets under way when Doris Nolan has the idea of putting culture into Manhattan night club entertainment. In the basement cabaret of Doris’ skyscraper, George Murphy leads his orchestra and longs to open the swank moonbeam room atop the building. He leaps at the chance to hire Doris, only to have her four guardian uncles warn him that it will cost him the contract to the pent house job.

You can guess the climax, but you won’t be prepared for the madhouse activities which blast the picture to a close.

The sets are screwy, colossal and ultra modern. Don’t miss this film Chautauqua of music and fun.

☆ WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Columbia

IN a month crowded with excellent musicals, ace director Robert Riskin adds this sparkling enjoyable Grace Moore picture.

Packed with bubbling comedy you will find this the liveliest best plotted and most tuneful Moore picture to date. The operatic numbers from Schubert and Puccini while excellent are held to a minimum in favor of modern melodies.

The gay story concerns a vain Australian opera star visiting America to perform in a musical festival honoring Walter Mitchell (Henry Stevenson) her old teacher. When she over-stays her visiting permit, she dashes to Mexico to get it renewed, meets adventuring Cary Grant and is forced into an ironic wedding arrangement with him in order to re-enter the States. Miss Moore steals the show, but you’ll like Cary Grant’s sterling performance.

☆ HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE—GB

BRITISH Jessie Mathews’ new musical is crammed with delightful songs. Our own countrymen, Gordon and Revel, have outdone themselves on hits. "Lookin’ Around Corners For You," "There’s That Look in Your Eyes Again," "May I Have the Next Romance With You"—you’ll be humming them for days.

Jessie in the rôle of a poor cabaret singer does more acting and less dancing than usual, but is disarmingly fresh and sweet about it all. She falls in love with a ne’er-do-well actor, played very convincingly by Louis Borell. When he leaves her for Hollywood, she goes berserk, busts up the show, and finds herself ruined professionally.

Her devoted swain, Robert Flemyng, a young radio inventor, wangles her into a clever radio set up, persuades her that it is he she really loves. You’ll like it.
Ruby Keeler masquerades as a famous English musical comedy star and all but ruins Ross Alexander's new Broadway show. That's the overworked plot of this faintly amusing song and dance film. The late Alexander walked off with acting honors. Ruby is pretty, but gives an uninspired performance. Barnett Parker, Jane Wyman and May Boley support.

A blatan t and obvious picture that doesn't quite jell despite Alice Brady's cutest tantrums. Again we have that American family abroad in search of finer things. What they find are Ivan Lebedeff, Gregory Gaye and Heather Thatcher, noisy would-be artists. Betty Furness and Stanley Morner, an outstanding newcomer, furnish romance.

A neat little set-up built solely as a framework for the antics of Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti. The girls, as student nurses, unravel a mystery, reunite a dancing couple and find themselves in a romance with Robert Armstrong and Lynne Overman. Jimmy Grier and his music pep the slow spots. The girls are a panic.

This story of a doctor's efforts to re-establish himself in a small town after his career has been ruined by the death of a patient is somber and slow-moving. Karen Morley follows the doctor (Warren William) to expose him, but falls in love with him instead. Lewis Stone is the retired lawyer who saves the pair from the town's fury in the big climax.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

DON'T TELL THE WIFE—RKO-Radio

A BOONDOGGLE plot with scraps and snatches lifted from the old familiar story of a fake gold mine that miraculously proves a bonanza. Lynne Overman, the promoter and Una Merkel, his wife, turn in simply grand performances while Guy Kibbee, as the innocent buffer, is human and believable. Thurston Hall and Guinn Williams complete the cast.

WAYNE MORRIS, a competent, handsome newcomer, wanted love more than he did the heavyweight championship. His benefactor, pug Barton MacLane, gets the fight crown; Morris gets the pug's pretty sister, June Travis, and everybody's happy. Dickie Jones makes an appealing waif. Plenty of action.

PARK AVENUE LOGGER—RKO-Radio

THIS entertaining action-packed comedy presents George O'Brien in a light, gay rôle as the careless son of a wealthy lumber magnate who is sent to his father's lumber camp. There O'Brien cleans up a plot against his father, engages in several fights and wins charming Beatrice Roberts. O'Brien's characterization is swell, and Bert Hanlon is very funny.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—M-G-M

THE subdued and forceful performance of Joseph Calleia, as a poor but honest lawyer, lifts this trite story into the realm of impressive entertainment. Calleia, doublecrossed by local politicians, becomes special investigator for the governor. His investigations lose him his sweetheart, Florence Rice, but honesty finally triumphs.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES—Paramount

LIGHT and entertaining melodrama with Ray Milland moving blithely against a background of deep fog, murders, kidnapping and plotting to the rescue of Heather Angel, held captive by counterfeiters. Plenty of comedy is provided by Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive. You'll like Milland as the debonair Drummond.

DANGEROUS NUMBER—M-G-M

TRYING desperately hard to be funny, this dull little counterfeit of boy meets girl proves a washout. Robert Young, a wealthy young man marries Ann Sothern, a brainstorm actress, and finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors and Reginald Owen in a beard. Cora Witherspoon is the mama with the hoochy past.

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 |
S P E N C E R  T R A C Y

By HOWARD SHARPE

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE

I suppose if Spencer had been starred to such an extent that the public had become over-aware of him, oblivion would have been his after the first two or three pictures. But working doggedly, he managed to fill his secondary roles with such assured ability—and with such seeming lack of self-importance—that the powers-who-were found opening after opening for him. He played in an imposing collection of productions without ever achieving the star billing which, in his own mind, he had awarded himself that day on the train.


In the meantime the business of creating for his family the sort of home and background he had always dreamed about went on apace. Pursuing his penchant for quiet, unpretentious comfort, he bought a beautiful house which rambling in picturesque disregard of convention over several acres in a sunlit valley.

There he planted fruit trees and built pens for chickens; he bought dogs for little John and for Louise (who came to them soon after their arrival in Hollywood) to play with, and several horses for his own amusement. Mrs. Tracy, Spencer's mother, lonely without her husband and bored at last with Milwaukee, packed her trunks and came to California to live with her son. Spencer's brother, Carroll, came too and assumed his position in the ménage as business manager and adviser.

The old friendship with Pat O'Brien, himself in Hollywood now as a Warners' star, was resumed. Specialists came to the house and examined Johnny, and said that his deafness need not interfere with his progress as a normal, happy youngster.

Life settled again into routine, more opulent now and less hurried, less nervous. Spencer worked hard, unsatisfied with his progress but soothed by the steadily increasing salary checks. He played polo on Sundays, gave an occasional quiet dinner party, and read a lot.

The months passed, unchanging, peaceful . . .

And then Spencer Tracy—he of the steadfast Celtic attitude, he of the common viewpoint—went stark, raving crazy.

I confess the difficulty of recounting the year that followed in his life with any sort of clarity or understanding. When you have heard the story from his own lips then the task of setting it down in prosaic type on prosaic paper seems an uncongenial one.

Facing each other from opposite chairs in a little studio office, we threshed the thing out between us during two hours, while the afternoon light faded and dusk seeped in. When he had finished his story finally, I could say nothing for a moment or two. Conflicting emotions, of admiration and pity and sheer amazement, held my tongue silent.

I don’t think Tracy has ever re-lived that period in words so genuine, so unashamed, so heart-breaking to another listener. And I know he won’t again, because it’s a part of the past.
which he has ruthlessly discarded from his conscious memory.

But you see on the day we talked Spencer was celebrating a kind of personal triumph.

It was exactly a year, that afternoon, since he had tasted so much as a drop of liquor . . . and I came away with his permission to write this part of his life so long as I deleted a name or two.

THERE'S no accounting for the accident to brain and personal chemistry that occurs sometimes to a man. Spencer, having filled his lifetime with physical adventures but with only one of the heart, found himself suddenly lost in a new, inexplicable sensation.

He was in love, or thought he was, with one of the most beautiful actresses in Hollywood.

He didn’t know what to do about it, at first. Naturally the emotion was one to be fought, he told himself; he must be nuts to look at another woman when he still had Louise and the kids. The deep, intimate affection—the genuine love—he had always felt for his wife was still there, of course.

But this new thing was on a different plane, synthesized from a portion of his psychology that he had never known existed. Probably the reason was that it was forbidden, and therefore incredibly glamorous.

Nothing would have happened, though; the whole thing would have been a secret impulse in his own mind, soon forgotten, if he hadn’t discovered that the beautiful, young actress was in love with him, too.

"And that cinched it," Spencer told me. "The idea that such a gorgeous person—so sophisticated, so capable of having any man in the world she wanted—should prefer me. It was just too much."

So he left the lazy valley ranch, with its quiet home aura and its scratching chickens and its trees, and stepped directly into a kind of existence which always before had been entirely foreign to his clean-cut, unassuming nature. He went Hollywood—and berserk.

He [please turn to page 105]
WITH flu germs to the right of us, flu germs to the left of us but our duty before us, we have covered the studios.

Pardon us while we take another pill and ease the mustard plaster a bit more to the left.

The doctor tells us that we have the choicest collection of bacteria that he has seen in Hollywood all winter. He's telling us! As if we didn't know that it isn't everybody who could manage to be around Robert Taylor and Olivia de Havilland and Clark Gable and Errol Flynn and Ida Lupino and—name your favorite star—just when they were beginning to run temperatures.

Never have we seen such a month! Never has Hollywood seen such a month!

If you remember, the original movie settlers trekked westward so that they could work the year around in warm sunshine. And the bright blue California sky has been wearing a Stepin Fetchit complexion, because of a smudge pall from the orange groves. The weather has been as frosty as the outside of a mint julep. The flu epidemic has been just an appropriate topper.

But why brood about dark days and stuffy heads? The world is crying for romance and adventure and entertainment. (That's always a consolation.) The show must go on. The show does go on. Colorful, exciting, amusing, infinite in its variety. Like its players.

At RKO-Radio, there is one show that is going on, and on, and on, and there is nothing that the studio can do about it. The Front Office can't hurry up the director, if he doesn't want to be hurried, because the director owns the screen rights to the story. And he refuses to be hurried. He insists on taking a scene twenty-four times, if he doesn't like the first twenty-three "takes." (Executives are swooning in droves.)

The name of the picture is "The Woman I Love." The name of the director is Anatole Litvak. The names of the stars are Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins. There is a romantic interest between Mr. Litvak and Miss Hopkins. She interested him in Hollywood, and he interested her in a rôle in his first Hollywood picture.

Are you surprised to find Paul Muni in a picture entitled "The Woman I Love"? So, undoubtedly, is Mr. Muni. When he started in it, the title was "Escadrille." A single word, easy to say, easy to remember, not to be confused with the title of any other picture, and endowed with a certain amount of foreign appeal. But no come-on, apparently.

Muni, true to Muni form, is unlike anything he has been before. He wears a short, bristly beard and the uniform of a pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille, the French aviation unit in the World War. He is a friendless, bitterly sensitive man who
has a reputation for daring and—for not bringing his observer-companions back alive.

Miriam Hopkins is not like any previous Hopkins. She is not a seductive cynic, consciously attractive to weaklings. She demonstrates that a woman in love can’t be cynical, and that she may be a weakening, herself.

In the picture, the two co-stars never face each other until the story is two-thirds told. Most of Hopkins’ scenes are with Louis Hayward; most of Muni’s scenes are with Hayward. That makes Mr. Hayward someone to become curious about. He has the biggest role in the picture.

He isn’t the Hayward who recently married Margaret Sullivan; he’s the Hayward devoted to Ida Lupino. He’s tall, dark, English-looking, without an English accent. He was born in South Africa, educated in France, and at eighteen put himself on the stage by buying a half-interest in a small stock company. Among other things, he played Armand in “Camille”—and “reckled.” By the time he went broke, he had a great deal of bad acting out of his system.

He was too young to play heroes in anyone else’s stock company, so he did what he should have done in the first place—he acted his age. He became a juvenile. London’s favorite juvenile. On Broadway, he was co-starred with the Lunts. Then Hollywood discovered him. He made a picture called “The Flame Within,” and stole it, playing a young neurotic.

That meant a contract. It also meant that Hollywood stamped him as “a young neurotic type.” After a while, he really worked up complexes. He wanted to play something else, anything else. He never got the chance—until Universal to keep him busy, let him play a light-hearted part in an unimportant picture, titled “The Luckiest Girl in Town.”

Litvak, who had never seen him in anything else, happened to see him in that. And seeing him, Litvak said, “That boy could do drama.” Now, because a Hungarian director rediscovered a Hollywood discovery, Louis Hayward has one of the big roles of the year.

The story of “The Woman I Love” opens in Paris, in 1915, with the first meeting between Hopkins and Hayward, a young French officer to whom she is unwillingly attracted. He falls madly in love with her; she tries not to fall in love with him—and discovers that she has failed as he leaves for the Front. There, as a member of the Escadrille, he becomes Muni’s flying partner, learns to worship Muni. Then, on a brief furlough in Paris, he makes the agonizing discovery that the woman he loves is Muni’s wife . . .

The scene we see the one in which the lovers celebrate Muni’s return from the Front.

We watch them from behind a tree on Stage 6. The tree is part of a small grove. In the grove is a carnival in action. And the carnival is genuine, even if the trees aren’t. There are two Ferris wheels, a merry-go-round, a whirligig, a miniature roller-coaster (labeled “Voyage aux Enfers”), side shows, shooting galleries games of chance, cheap portrait galleries. And all in working order, to the delight of a milling mob of extras dressed as soldiers, nurses or civilians of 1915.

Hayward is wearing an olive-drab uniform, which he tells us is not a movie boner. All French soldiers did not wear blue. Hopkins is very much 1915 (but still attractive!) in a black-and-white checked dress, which goes all the way down to the Beaverboard that is masquerading as the ground in this scene. To the dress is fastened a clip-watch—a gift from Litvak. And on her natural-blonde head sits a stiff sailor-straw, low-crowned, which she insists she is going to wear this summer of 1937. It will be right in style.

They go from concession to concession, gay, excited, frantically forgetting war, deliciously happy to be together, even on a Ferris wheel.

Miriam, approaching the Ferris wheel scene, eyes the apparatus with vague distrust. It looks too realistic; it looks as if it might be a 1915 model Ferris wheel. And its topmost arc is forty dizzying feet off the studio floor.

But no sacrifice is too great for art. Hayward helps her into one of the basket-seats which tilts backward crazily as she sits down. And does it again, when he climbs in beside her. She reigns terror, and grips the guard rail for dear life, as the wheel starts, swinging them backward and upward. She gets a laugh from the crowd. (The “take” isn’t being made yet. This is a trial trip.)

Just as their basket reaches the top, the wheel stops. The operator, who has been marooning people up there all day as a gag, shouts up, “A cable’s broken.” Miriam stays amused the first five minutes, enjoying the bird’s-eye view of the carnival, but when the operator still insists that a cable is broken—well, this is carrying a joke too far! She appeals to Litvak. He backs up the operator. Fifteen minutes later, Miriam still is forty feet up in the air—and beginning to wonder if the cable is broken. It is. And two hours and forty-five minutes pass before it is repaired. Two years and forty-five days to Miriam!

SIMPLY by passing through a sound stage door, we step from a wartime carnival into a modernistic suite of rooms in a swank New York hotel. The camera and lights are set up in the drawing room of the suite. Beside the camera sits Director Mark Sandrich. In front of the camera are Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. They are making a scene for “Stepping Out.”

Fred Astaire is nowhere in sight. He is supposed to be beyond yonder closed door, in the adjoining suite. That’s what Astaire is there to talk about. Blore being the hotel manager.

It seems that Ginger is a musical comedy star, and Fred is a ballet dancer named Petroff (real name, Peters) They are in love, although Ginger doesn’t know it. A series of circumstances and Fred’s publicity manager (Edward Everett Horton) conspire to insinuate that they are secretly married. Blore unlocks the door between the rooms. Then it appears they aren’t married. Blore changes the lock. Finally, in intense distress, he asks her (in this

Christy Cabanne directs
Preston Foster, Margaret Irving and Edith Craig
in a gaudy scene from
“The Outcasts of Poker Flat” over at RKO-Radio
Sandrich, even the quick It Joel are coat ing He says, glowingly, “Ah, tonight I can rest with an easy conscience.”

Ginger nods understandingly. “So can I,” she says, as mild as milk.

She asks Sandrich if that is the way to read the line. He nods, smilingly. The more unintentional it sounds, the more amusing a double meaning can be.

Blore gives her the key to the new lock, Ginger considers a moment, then tiptoes to the door, unlocks it. Sandrich, in rehearsal, tells her that the action will end there. Ginger suggests a bit of backward tiptoeing, ending at a chair, while she watches the door expectantly. Sandrich likes the added feminine touch to the scene.

It isn’t easy to forget Ginger. But we try to forget; we try. We walk to the opposite end of the lot. We pull open a swinging door that weighs a ton (it’s soundproof). We step into a he-man barroom.

This is the colorful setting of the first day’s shooting on a robust bit of Americana—"The Outcasts of Poker Flat," starring Preston Foster.

How a full-length movie could be made from Bret Harte’s brief bit of fiction about the early gold-rush country baffles us until we discover what the scenarists had done.

The camera, at the moment, is focused on a poker table, where some prospectors are reaching for their guns, claiming the dealer has dealt off the bottom of the pack. Into the action steps Foster, in the highest high hat he’ll ever wear, a cutaway coat and a frilled shirt—the garb of the gentleman-gambler. He eases out the dealer, takes his place, saying the customers are right.

At his elbow, sotto voce, Margaret Irving chides him about his generosity at cards, his coldness with women. She hasn’t finished when Edith Craig runs into the scene with word that Cherokee Sal is dying. Foster resents Cherokee’s dying, leaving a baby—the only baby in the camp.

Thus is the stage set for Preston to have a dramatic change of heart. And it’s also plain that the scenarists are incorporating another famous Bret Harte story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—a tale about a baby in a rough mining camp.

The dramatic climax of "Slave Ship" being filmed at Catalina by 20th Century-Fox is the mutiny of the crew led by Arthur Hohl (with the knife). Wallace Beery is just below

...
In "Champagne Waltz" Gladys Swarthout wears gray organdie over satin. The ruching is silver-edged and forms the short sleeves. Travis Banton launches a new high in waistlines by means of shirring. A gray fox cape swirls around Gladys in luxurious softness.

PHOTOPLAY fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL
Claudette graciously posed her spring wardrobe for us in her own home. Her white silk jersey gown is a mass of undulating fringes.

Above: Against her dining room door Claudette, whose latest starring film is called "I Met Him in Paris," poses in her tea gown of brilliant red baghera. Neckline, tucking and train are subtle details.

Left: A hostess gown in pale yellow upholstery brocade opens over an accordion pleated slip of pale blue chiffon. Sable bands give rich accents to the gown.
Above: A dress with a navy wool crêpe skirt with a V-shaped flare insert. The top of the frock is of light blue crêpe matching the jacket of blue wool. A navy kid belt and two diamond clips are the only ornament.

Left: Claudette’s dining room wall affords a background for a sports frock of robin’s-egg blue angora. The pocket flaps, in graduated sizes, relieve the charming simplicity of the gown. The hostess gown and the two frocks on this page from Margaret Smith.
Below: Omar Kiam has designed a herringbone tweed coat of brown and white for Janet Gaynor to wear in "A Star Is Born." The long seams give a crisp flare without bulk. A brown felt hat, antelope bag, shoes and gloves and brown buttons are rich-toned accents.

Right: In this Technicolor picture you will see how the green velvet Kiam has chosen for Janet's hostess gown complements her titian coloring. Her green silk pumps trimmed with gold kid match the gown.
Springtime for Maureen
Below: Dolly Tree makes a foam of white tulle studded with tiny rhinestones for Maureen O'Sullivan to wear in "A Day at the Races." The trim bodice is over silver lamé and gardenias cluster at the high neckline. In the same film will be seen this apple red suit with its flared skirt and closely buttoned jacket. Patch pockets lend a swagger note

Opposite page: Left. Here is an early spring ensemble. Over a one-piece dress of orange, brown and rust plaid woolen Maureen O'Sullivan wears a coat with uneven hemline, in rust color with black velvet edging. A black fez, bag, gloves and pumps complete the costume. Right, Maureen wears a gown designed by Irene in richest gray lamé, which appears to be strewn with ruby points. Gray crépe forms the sash and neck scarf
Left: Betty Wyman, famous fashion model, makes her screen debut in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Here she is in a charming black and white print. The new high waistline, the piqué turn-over collar and the box coat with elbow-length sleeves, make this the frock you will wear and wear. Also in navy and white. Below: An indispensable heavy sheer. The pleated shirt front is white. White also edges the short dress sleeves. To be had in black, navy, gray or beige.
Right: Here Betty Wyman wears a one-piece dress of heavy navy sheer. The jacket revers and bow tie are of white faille. The costume is to be had in black, also gray or beige, with contrasting trim. Below: Betty looks Garbo-esque in this floral printed dress with its high cowl neckline. The smart woolen coat has stitched tuxedo revers and pocket flaps. This dress may be had in several different color combinations with a gray, brown, beige, navy or black coat to pick up its motif.

WHERE TO BUY THEM
The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 84.
Right: Virginia Bruce, soon to be seen in "Women of Glamour," has selected a reedingote of gray-blue homespun from Howard Greer's collection. Under it she wears a geranium wool frock. Her hat is of gray-blue felt banded with geranium red and her shoes are of navy suède.

Below: Greer has taken powder-blue slipper satin as a medium for this full-skirted gown. Virginia's exquisite coloring finds a perfect setting in its soft sheen.
GINGER ROGERS LOVES TO GIVE PERFUMES FOR GIFTS • VIRGINIA BRUCE SPRAYS HER PERFUME ON HER HAIR • JOAN CRAWFORD IS FAMOUS FOR HER LOVE OF GARDENIAS • FRAGILE JULIE HAYDON LOVES THE ODOR OF SANDALWOOD • CONTRARIWISE, ANNA MAY WONG IS PARTIAL TO LAVENDER • CONSTANCE BENNETT CHANGES HER PERFUME WITH HER FROCK • MADGE EVANS DELICATELY TOUCHES HER EYEBROWS WITH SCENT • CARNATION BEST SUITS ELEANOR POWELL’S VIVID PERSONALITY • FAY WRAY USES A DIFFERENT PERFUME FOR EACH ROLE SHE PLAYS • LUISE RAINER HAS AN ENCHANTING SCENT MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HER • GLENDA FARRELL Chooses CONCENTRATED PERFUME ONLY FOR FORMAL WEAR • MAUREEN O’SULLIVAN, TOO, IS INTRIGUED BY COLOGNES AND TOILET WATERS • DAINTY ANITA LOUISE PINS A SACHET INSIDE OF HER DRESS FOR LASTING RESULTS • DOLORES DEL RIO IMPARTS SOME OF HER OWN ALLURE TO WHATEVER SCENT SHE WEARS • ANN SOTHERN HAS A SUSPENDED CABINET ON HER BOUDOIR WALL FOR HER LAVISH ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMES • UNA MERKEL HAS STARTED A COLLECTION OF MINIATURE PERFUME BOTTLES REPRESENTING ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD • AND AS A FINAL TIP FROM HOLLYWOOD—DON’T FORGET TO SCENT YOUR FINGER TIPS, THE NAPE OF YOUR NECK AND YOUR LIPS.

Lofty June Lang dabs a bit of lily of the valley—her favorite scent for formal occasions—behind her ears.

Perfume Tips FROM HOLLYWOOD
Don Roberts, handsome young producer for Climax Films, took his crippled son, Lee, to New York, after his actress wife, Nina, had deserted him—supposedly for another man, Gilbert Ross. The lovely young nurse, Kay Stevens, whom he hired to care for Lee, completely won the child's heart and made more progress with him than any doctor. Don developed a severe cold which turned into pneumonia and when, on his deathbed, he implored Kay to marry him so that she could always look after Lee, she consented to do so. After Don's unexpected recovery, Kay was persuaded to go to Hollywood with him, a wife in name only. At a large party, given by the head of Climax, Kay saw Nina, who had returned from England, and met Gilbert Ross, with whom she fell in love. Because of a storm they were all forced to spend the night at their host's home. For appearances, Kay and Don had to occupy the same room. Don said that he would leave as soon as everyone was asleep, but Kay told him to stay. Don took a step toward her. She saw that he had been drinking a bit too heavily.

The story continues.

Don saw her panic and stopped short.

A soft knock sounded on the door. Don opened it. It proved to be a servant with emergency pajamas; flimsy, silken things. Don grimaced and threw them on the bed. He lit a cigarette and looked at Kay.

"Did you say—that I was to stay here?" he asked.

She said: "Please don't be naive, Don." She saw that he had been drinking more than usual. "You said something about putting on an act." He turned to eye her. Her color was too high, her eyes too brilliant. She went on, "You wanted to impress Hollywood, and Mr. Dixon, in particular, with your domestic stability. Well, if we're to put over this ducky little fraud, we'll have to act the part. You'll take the couch and I'll take the bed—and never the twain shall meet; but we'll stay right here. If so much depends on putting on the act—"

"Kay," he said abruptly, "you're a peach!" A frown crossed his face. "A word of advice: Ross is a fascinating devil, I know, but you ought to know that he—has a reputation as a girl chaser—"

"We'll go into that some other time," she interrupted. She was on the verge of telling him about this—this amorous sickness she felt for Gilbert Ross, but prudently checked herself before she uttered something she could never revoke. She wondered if Don would label it disloyalty. After all, they were legally married. She wondered, dimly, if Ross affected other girls this way; she wondered about Nina. "We agreed, I believe, that I could live my own life?"

"He shrugged. A strained tightness pinched his mouth. "Just so you—observe the proprieties. I'm sure you will. You are Mrs. Don Roberts. You were rather gorgeous tonight, Kay. Thanks for the lift. Now, I'll take that chair over there and read this script I brought along. I'm pinning all my comeback hopes on this story. You can get into your pajamas and go to bed. Hubby won't look. His smile was slightly vacant. He never mentioned Ross to her again.

"Just how many drinks did you have?" she asked caustically.

Stubbornness tightened his jaws. His face became, startlingly, a volcanic field, furrowed by some fierce inner turmoil. "Not nearly enough!" he told her grimly. "Maybe this is just as tough for me, Kay—in another way. Go to bed. Hubby—it's late."

He seated himself in an overstuffed chair near a window, its back to the room; arranged a light to suit him and began to read the script he was working on. Kay stood staring at the back of his head for a long minute; then she went into the bathroom and closed the door. She took the smaller suit of silk pajamas with her.

She stayed in the bathroom a long time, removing make-up with the cold cream she found in the well-stocked cabinet, absorbed by a stream of contending and disturbing thoughts. She was almost afraid to come out. In another part of the house Nina Roberts was asleep. Downstairs, Gilbert Ross was spending the night on a couch; and here she was, trapped...
into this bizarre situation with Don; and held to it by a Quixotic sense of loyalty! She must forget Ross! Don was her husband and he needed her.

When she came out softly there was no movement from Don. The script lay in his lap. Don was asleep! She stood and stared at him. To come upon a man asleep, robbed of his conscious mask of pretenses, may be almost too revealing.

She had seen men asleep before, in the hospital. Some took on age and ugliness; but Don looked like a sleeping boy. Traces of an impulsive boyhood still lingered in the corners of his mouth. His fair hair was slightly tousled, reminding her strongly of Lee. Bridegroom's ardor, she mocked, misty-eyed, taking the form of sleep!

Somewhere in the house a clock struck three. The rain had stopped and cloud-patterned moonlight lay, like a green veneer, on the pines and firs outside. There was no stir in the air and it was cool.

She went to bed and pulled the covers over her. If Don had been awake—waiting—She thought that this was the strangest thing in all that strange evening. Would anyone believe this fantastic situation? She fell asleep, finally, seeing Gilbert Ross' sadly ironic eyes smiling intimately into hers, with a thrilling promise in their depths. Don's breathing was audible across the room.

Toward dawn, Don stirred restlessly. He yawned and arose, stretched, looked about him.

Kay was asleep, her arms flung wide. The very springtime of youth and beauty seemed imprisoned in her slim, shapely limbs, artistically graceful in their abandon, one slim, silk-shod leg exposed. He saw the fresh, unconscious youth of her, the tender line of the cheek, the curve of her brows over the feathery sweep of her long lashes; her red lips parted in unconscious seduction. Curious, but he had not known how beautiful she was until last night.

His face grew troubled and dusky with a murky fire. He was conversant with all the pulses that had been laid bare by the anatomists of forty centuries of human culture; he had read the thinker's musing, the cynic's sneer, the poet's sigh over the conflict of the god and of the beast which, in all its various shapes, is yet identical in all human histories, alike under the laws of all the gods.

She was young and she was beautiful—and she was his wife. He could feel his heart pounding. He had set himself the task of annihilating all personal desires, all traces of necessity; but he was young, and in the full summer of a vigorous manhood. Insidious forces were leaping at the barrier of his will. He could well imagine the glory of her surrender, her arms, soft and smooth, about him. Kay was his wife—she was his—

"You're a fast worker, Ross," Don said. "Wife larceny is out of season. But—this time I'll deal with you—FINALLY!"
BEAUTY MIRACLES are
handmade

I've often heard some of you say, "It's easy for the stars to look lovely on the screen, they're not bothered with annoying beauty handicaps like we other girls." To you I say...nonsense! Of course they have the same handicaps. After all, they're made out of the same common clay as the rest of us (press agents please note!). And how do they overcome these handicaps? I'll tell you. They work at it. If they didn't, they would have bumps on their noses, superfluous hair, pimples and all the other pesky little troubles that are so irritating to you and you and you. Take it from me, darlings, those visions of loveliness you see on the screen are not divine miracles. They are as handmade as Grandma's doilies.

One thing I will say about my movie babies, when they have full confidence in a person they will take advice and hop to it like soldiers even though at times they get peevish and sulk when I find them getting fat and let them know it in no uncertain terms. Sometimes it takes just that to start the ball a-rolling. See how it works? Me, I'm much too busy to worry about whether they get sore or not. It's my job to deliver results and I have my own method of doing so. As long as they follow my instructions, that's all I can expect from them. That goes for you, too, sweethearts. I demand your cooperation and expect your trust.

You know by now, that I never mislead you in my articles with a lot of fine sounding clap-trap or confusing generalities. If a beauty fault cannot be completely corrected, at least I can show you methods by which it can be made less noticeable.

This month I want to tell you what you must do if seemingly unsurmountable difficulties stare you in the face, and I might add, elsewhere. You may have certain features which are decidedly unbeautiful. You look at them and—give up. That's the surest way I know not to beat your handicaps. Don't be a quitter! You can never be sure when you quit that had you gone one step further, you might have made the grade. If you'll take for your motto: "It's always too soon to quit," you can't go far wrong.

There are many girls in the movies who have had tremendous handicaps to face: Katherine Hepburn's nose, with its uncanny nostrils, is an outstanding example. Most caricatures of Hepburn center around those nostrils. So what? Does Hepburn fret about them? She does not! She is smart enough to realize that those nostrils, plus a metallic voice, helped to stamp her in the minds of the public as a fascinating personality. So Katie lets the caricaturists have their fun while she merrily rolls along to greater fame.

However, Hepburn's don't happen every day, but no es do. And how is yours? If it isn't straight or you're unhappy about it for some other reason, why not change it by a surgical operation? Many of your Hollywood favorites have had their noses bobbed and overhauled. However, let me impress upon you that should you contemplate a nose operation, be sure that you have it done by a specialist, one that is reliable and competent. Plastic surgery skillfully performed is a blessing to humanity. It can correct not only physical defects, but can transform a mental attitude as well by destroying complexes and self-consciousness. On the other hand, if it is carelessly and incompetently done, the result can leave scars or hard bumpy scar tissue that will cause you more misery and mental torture than your nose in its present state. That goes for face lifting too. I know what I'm talking about darling, I've seen both kinds of results and I cannot sound too strong a warning to you. Beware of quacks!

If your nose is thick and broad due to excess flesh or if the tip is bulbous for the same reason, that's another story. You can do wonders for yourself on that kind of a nose with nothing more than your two hands and a little determination.
Ruth Chatterton had a bulbous nose when she first started in the movies that was bad for close-ups. Naturally that dimmed the brightness of the rest of her face. For weeks I worked every day on Ruth's nose and removed that excess flesh until her nose could be photographed without casting weird and unattractive shadows.

If you have the same problem, I want you to go at it with the same treatment I gave her.

But listen, darlings, stick to it. It's not an easy job. It takes time and you must be patient and conscientious.

Don't let a squinty eye or a big mouth whittle down your morale. It's not quite bright—you can make an asset of it.
Right: Mary Carlisle, appearing in "Turn Off the Moon," wears tipped forward, a black Milan straw pillbox, held to the head by a tailored grosgrain bow. Red and blue forget-me-nots sprout from the top.

Above: Mary wears a shallow sailor of navy b a l i b u n t l . Folded flowers of red, yellow and green lie below a navy grosgrain b a d .

Left: Eleanore Whitney, whom you will see in "Clarence," wears a spring felt in navy blue. Cherry red grosgrain bands are s l i p p e d through the crown and tie in a bow at the back.

Below: Mary's hat of rough black straw, with its shallow crown and mushroom brim is banded with black grosgrain ribbon which ends in streamers. Raggedy daisies in red, yellow and blue. N o t e her clever, hair treatment.

Photoplay Presents:
THE NEWEST IN
HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

This tag identifies an original Photoplay Hollywood Fashion

You can purchase these Photoplay Hollywood Hats in any of the stores or shops starred (*) on page 84.
YOU are going to have a lot of fun buying that first spring hat this year, for hats are madder and gayer than ever.

Take your time about selecting, though, for there are a lot of danger points. On the other hand, if you find yourself slightly dazed by the newness and dash of them, don’t think “Oh, I couldn’t wear that!” and discard the very one that may do the most for you, and confine yourself, for safety’s sake, to the one that seems nearest to those you have been wearing all winter. Do and dare—and see what a kick you will get out of it.

Try on one of those new circular hats that are worn on the back of the head, but be sure your face is young and fresh enough to carry it. It mustn’t look as though the wind had hit you too hard; but if this type of hat is suitable to your type we promise you a thrill of new vitality when you see yourself in it.

At Lilly Daché’s showing (and Daché, you know, is a favorite designer for a lot of screen stars) I found myself gasping a bit as the first hats came into view, but after half an hour of surprise I was accustomed to the new look of them and loved them.

There were many which were round and flat, worn far back, with colored veiling bound closely round the head band and continuing to one long stream-end which could be draped round the neckline or left to dangle down the front, or back. Some had scarfs of plaid silk used in this way. Some had Marlene Dietrich scarfs of two colors, such as brown and beige, ready to do lovely things for you in the way of drapery. Sometimes velvet ribbons were used as streamers, particularly on a little tone smothered in violets.

Daché got up once or twice from her place near the stage to announce “This hat is made entirely of cork!” And it was. For cork, sliced very thin, takes on lovely crisp curves in brims.

The hat we are showing you on this page missed fire in the showing because the girl who wore it was not of the right type, but as you will see, Gloria Stuart wears it to perfection. The impertinent bow in the center of her hairline is gay and frivolous and enormously chic. The halo of the brim frames her face perfectly.

The evening hats were adorable. Many had long shoulder veils of maline and were mere skeletons of bands with perhaps two pink roses exactly on the top center, above the wearer’s eyes. Nothing more lovely could be imagined than a hat like this worn with a simple black dinner gown.

Daché likes pillboxes and crownless visors, with only a scarf draped closely round the head, ending in a trail of crépe. She likes Breton brims up-rolled, with peaked crowns. She carries over the veil which gave us mystery this winter and skillfully uses them on dresser types of small hats.

YOU will probably be thinking about a new suit and you will be glad to hear that they are as good as ever. There are collarless swaggers, if you want them, or there are the strictly tailored types so useful to the girl who knows that she will look well morning, noon and late afternoon in their unobtrusive, correct severity. If you want to vary this severity you may have your skirt flared a bit to wear with a hipbone-length jacket. The latter, in general, are shorter than last year. Gabardine is excellent for this type of suit.

As to what to wear with them, never was the choice so great.

There are sweaters for daytime wear, highly recommended and so interesting in detail that they challenge attention. There are polka dot weaves, with little turnover collars and short-cuffed sleeves. There are high necks, straight across necks and V necks. Some of them have embroidered designs on them in gay, contrasting shades.

The sweater has passed from the utility class to the amusing, distinctive, more important category.

Sheers are excellent for suit blouses, with lingerie touches if you like them, or with tucks or hemstitching. Sometimes a beige or gray suit demands a darker blouse for accent, and sheers are good for this. Print blouses are here for the girl who likes gay colors, but in case you go in for them watch your hat and accessories and keep them in line with the character of your suit. Don’t let them be too dressmakerly or you will lose that trim look you should have.

Nets make charming suit blouses, not only in frilly, pale-toned examples, but in navy or black, with perhaps bright jewel buttons, or (correct) small Tailored piques will.

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

A rush of chic to the head in this Daché hat worn by Gloria Stuart, soon appearing in “Girl Overboard.” A halo brim of black straw is bound in place by a ribbon bow at the forehead.
HOLLYWOOD has become terrifically Tyrone Power conscious overnight. Here is a
young man, romantically dark and tall, with a generous smile and a vital masculine
personality which promises much for the future.
It was natural that Tyrone should wish to be
an actor, since his father was a distinguished
stage star. Tyrone Jr. was born in Cincinnati,
Ohio, attended St. Xavier's and later Purcell
High School. His first professional engage-
ment was with Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean
Company of which his father was a member.
After a year both father and son went to Cali-
fornia where his father died in 1931. In 1932
Tyrone played a small role in "Tom Brown at
Culver" but finding the studios indifferent,
left for Chicago where he appeared at the
Century of Progress in Circuit Theater pre-
sentations, on the radio with Don Ameche,
and in a stage play, "Romance."

Deciding to storm Broadway, Tyrone began
a daily and discouraging round of agents. His
luck was all bad and if it hadn't been for
Michael Strange (the second Mrs. John Barry-
more) he might have starved. Finally he got
a break as understudy for Burgess Meredith
in "Flowers of the Forest." Katharine Cor-
nell's play; later important roles in "Romeo
and Juliet" and "St. Joan" with Miss Cornell.
Talent scouts began clattering up his door.
He was signed for "Girl's Dormitory" by
20th Century Fox, then played in "Ladies in
Love" and his sensational acting in "Lloyd's
of London," his third picture, has
doubtedly brought stardom.

Over six feet tall, with brown hair and
brown eyes, the handsome young actor en-
joys swimming, tennis and horserace riding.
His pet hobby is amateur photography. He
is not married -- but is so constantly in the
company of Sonja Henie, the lovely little
skater, that it is possible he won't be a bachelor
long.

MRS. JOE VACHIA, KINCAID, ILL.—In spite
of Warner Oland's fame as Charlie Chan, he
isn't Chinese. Instead Warner comes of
Viking and Russian stock and was born in
Umea, Sweden. He came to the United States
when he was fifteen, and until he and his wife
went traveling in 1936 had never even visited
the Orient. All he does is brush up his eye
brows, lower his mustache, add a slight squint
to his eyes and he looks so Chinese that he
even gets mail from Chinese fans. The Olands
have no children. Keye Luke played the part
of Oland's son in "Charlie Chan at the Race
Track," but actually is no relation to him.
Keye was born in China, near Canton.

RUTH DOUGLASS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Jackie
Cooper was born in 1925, Mickey Rooney in
1920, and Freddie Bartholomew in 1924.
Mickey Rooney is the only one of them who
has changed his name. His real name is Joe
Yule, Jr. and that was changed to Mickey
McGuire before he finally became known as
Mickey Rooney. Stepin Fetchit is thirty-four
years old and was christened Lincoln Theodore
Perry. Patsy Kelly is twenty-six; Simone
Simon is twenty-two.

BERNARD KRASNER, SEMINOLE, OKLA.—
"It's Love Again," with Jessie Mathews as the
star, was produced by British Gaumont in
London, with Victor Saville as director.

MARY BETH BUTLER, WEBSTER GROVES,
MO.—Your favorite, Don Ameche, was born
at Kenosha, Wisconsin. He weighs 170
pounds, is five feet eleven and a half inches
tall, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes.
He's under contract to 20th Century-Fox, so
if you address him there, I'm sure your letter
will reach him. He's appearing in two new
pictures, "One in a Million" with Sonja
Henie, and "Love is News" with Loretta
Young and Tyrone Power.

THOMAS C. FLORANCE, YANCEEVILLE, N.C.—
Katherine Alexander played the part of
Mrs. Martha Crandall. Esther Ralston was Janet
Fair in "Reunion," the quint's last picture.
Robert Taylor's real name is Spangler Ar-
lington Brugh, and he was born at five o'clock
on the morning of August 5, 1911 in Filley,
Nebraska. He's six feet and one half inch tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue
eyes. His movie career began with crime
shorts and his first full-length picture was
"Handy Andy" for Fox in 1934. He has a
seven year contract with M-G-M, and you
must see him with Garbo, in "Camille."

EVELYN SNOPE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Patric
Knowles played the part of Captain Perry
Fibbers, Errol Flynn's brother in "The Charge
of the Light Brigade." Charles Boyer was
born in France on August 28, 1900. Both
Tom Brown and Johnny Downs are exactly
the same height, five feet ten inches.

M. W. FEODOR, ILL.—"The Country Be-
yond" gave Robert Kent his first real chance
to prove his acting ability. Before that he
had been seen only in minor roles. Since then
he has had leading roles in "The Crime of Dr.
Forbes," "The King of the Royal Mounted" and
has been featured both in "Dimples" and
"Reunion" all in one year. His birthday is
December 3rd; he was born in Hartford, Conn.
He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has light
brown hair and gray blue eyes. He uses his real
name, and has a contract with 20th Century-
Fox.

O. K., KEEFE, N. H.—Ronald Colman was
born on the 9th of February, 1891 in Rich-
mond, Surrey, England. He was educated in
England, then enlisted in the London Scottish
Regiment in 1914 and was wounded at the
Battle of Ypres. Back from the war, he spent
19 years on the London stage before he
entered the movies. His first picture was
"Handcuffs and Kisses" in 1921, his first year
in America. In 1920 he married Thelma Raye;
they are since divorced. Since "A Tale of Two
Cities" he has appeared in "Under Two
Flags" and currently is playing in "Lost
Horizon." At present he is working on "The
Prisoner of Zenda," in which he has the dual
role of the King and Robert Rassendyll. He
is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165
pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

PATRICIA MURPHY, DAYTON, OHIO—I think
you all your questions about Ronald Colman are
answered above.
No wonder Joel has no appetite for the beer the barkeeper sets before him! If you’ll notice in the film, he takes only a sip.

While “Intense Can’t Take Money” is just starting, another Paramount picture is getting the finishing touches. This one is “Swing High, Slow Low,” which was once a Stanwyck stage hit under the title of “Burlesque.” Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are the stars now.

Neither Carole nor Fred is working today. Charles Butterworth and Jean Dixon are the only names on the call sheet. The finishing touches of any picture are apt to be “more comedy.”

The set is part of a ruined wall and some tropical vegetation. Charlie tells us he “thinks” the scene is somewhere in Cuba. He’s forgetful, even in private life. But wherever it is, he and Jean are on their honeymoon. He’s reasonably sure of that.

It takes a long time to arrange the lighting for the scene. The wait wears Charlie down. He admits it. He says (and he isn’t joking): “This is the toughest part of movie-acting—this waiting between scenes—not so much because of loss of spontaneity, but because of boredom. I don’t like to be bored.”

When he can finally go to work, he tells Jean that, according to legend, pirate treasure is buried under these ruins.

“Well . . . let’s start digging,” she says.

“In my condition?” he asks, aggrieved—taking a pill. (A sugar pill, masquerading as quinine.)

Unwillingly, someone on the sidelines coughs. There has to be a “retake.” This time two people cough. On the ninth “take,” practically everyone on the set is coughing—unwillingly. Before and during the tenth “take” Butterworth takes aspirin.

At every place but Columbia, there has been more than enough rain this month. But Columbia has to have some more. A picture called “Weather Or No” is in the making. And, according to the script, practically everybody in the cast has to take a drenching.

Ralph Bellamy comes out of his with a temperature of 104. Ida Lupino comes out of hers with a touch of pleurisy. We see Walter Connolly take his. And at last reports he still it up and around. The luck of the Irish!

Bellamy is a weather forecaster, in love with Ida, daughter of Connolly, a politician, who wants rain on election day. Bellamy predicts rain, because Ida, after a tiff, says she’ll marry Reginald Denny if it’s fair. No other forecaster agrees with him. But rain falls. How it falls!

Connolly has just awakened. He still is in pajamas. Black-and-white dotted pajamas, by the way. His first thought is to rush to a window, to see what the weather is. He pokes his head out.

With beautiful timing, a prop man takes his cue. He turns a faucet. Instantly, from jets in a plumbing pipe strung above Connolly’s head, spouts a torrent.

Seventeen towels later, Walter says, “I still feel wet. Very wet.”

At M-G-M, for “Parnell,” Clark Gable and Myrna Loy go through the liveliest snowstorm of the winter. And Myrna can never say that she hasn’t held her breath in a scene with Clark, any more than Clark can say that he hasn’t held his breath in a scene with Myrna. That’s the kind of snowstorm it is.

The set is the grim gray street entrance of the House of Commons. The time, a winter day in the late 1880’s. Clark, as Parnell, and Myrna, as Kitty O’Shea, are to drive up in a carriage, alight, walk into the building through the falling snow. That is all. A mere flash on the screen, a bit of atmospheric build-up to Parnell’s great speech before Commons. But the preparations for it are as painstaking, and looks as if it could win the heavyweight championship, has to smooth himself further in a greatcoat.

There are two kinds of snow in the scene. The kind already fallen, and artfully drifted in cornices, is granulated gysum. The kind falling is—shredded feathers.

It is a slow, clinging snowfall. (A fast snowfall would call for bleached cornflakes.) They drop from a dozen great revolving mesh containers near the ceiling of the sound stage, all twirling at once. The air is filled with feathers.

It’s pretty smart teaming Frances Farmer, the toast of Hollywood, with Edward Arnold again in “The Toast of New York” being made by RKO-Radio. Arnold plays the notorious gambler, Jim Fisk; Frances is an enchanting Josie Mansfield. Location for the same picture, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie try and top each other’s jokes waiting for the cameras. Our money’s on Oakie!

If you have ever snuffled feathers in a pillow fight, you will understand why Myrna and Clark simply cease to breathe in the brief passage from carriage to doorway.

With Myrna newly married and Clark seemingly going steady with that gal, Carole Lombard, there are no romance rumors on this set. But there are hints of a romance abounding on the set of “The Man in Possession,” which is a romantic comedy about a rich girl and a butler. Of course, all the hints come from inside the studio, which couldn’t possibly have any interest in whetting public curiosity about Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow as co-stars.
Nevertheless, we'll keep our eyes open.

The last time Bob made a picture with Director W. S. Van Dyke, he spent all of his spare time with his co-star. (Her name was Barbara Stanwyck.) So this time, looking for Bob, we seek the Woman.

We find Jean easily enough. A phonograph playing swing music guides us to her. She is in her dressing room. Alone. We know, because the door is open. But where is Bob? Jean says, "Should I know?"

Van Dyke doesn't know. Reginald Owen doesn't know. We see a prop man, armed with an air rifle, cautiously peering behind some scenery. "Looking for Bob Taylor?" we ask. To our surprise, he says, "Yes."

At that precise moment, he is hit on the head by an object falling from above. A newspaper folded into a four-inch square. Both of us crane our necks for a view of the electricians' cat-walks, forty feet up. We see a figure running along one away from a spot above us.

"There he is!" shouts the prop man, raising the gun to his shoulder.

But the target suddenly vanishes. Stealthily, the prop man creeps around scenery always looking upward, hoping to get a shot at Taylor before Taylor不知所措 him again.

This goes on for a half hour while a camera setup is being changed. Taylor is a prop man playing a game. You stalk-me-and I'll stalk you.

And they say there's a romance (maybe) between Taylor and Harlow!

M-G-M has completed "Captains Courageous." Paramount has finished "Souls at Sea." But a cycle of sailing-ship pictures is just beginning. This month, 20th Century-Fox gets under way with a big one—"Slave Ship," co-starring Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery.

This is a vivid set, a phenomenon of make-believe. Within a huge sound stage, ten miles from the nearest ocean, sails a complete ship. Complete, that is, from the waterline upward. It has no keel.

It is a white ship, but sinister, this Albatross; it is built for a breeze. Baxter is its captain—who decides, after meeting Elizabeth Allyn, that he has had enough of slave smuggling. Beery is the first mate—who never knows when he has had enough.

We see them do a scene on deck in which Wally, buckled by the crew, lets his left eyelid down. He is a screw-driver, who doesn't scare easily. Five minutes later, they are swapping stories on the sidelines.

Five minutes walk takes us from the sea to the mountains—from the set of "Slave Ship" to the set of "Fifty Roads to Town," co-starring Don Ameche and Ann Sothern.

This is the closest set of the month: the interior of a small pine-panelled mountain lodge. The principal explanation of the coziness is a log-burning fireplace, with actual logs actually burning in it.

Lighting on the fireplace sits Don in dressing gown and pajamas, with a revolver in his hand. Ann, in a nightgown and a monk coat; and Slim Summerville, in trapper garb. They are drawing lots for the only bed in the place. Ann doesn't get it simply because she's female. The other two insist on a drawing.

He is a young sociable, who comes to the cabin to escape from a blackmailer. To the same cabin, fleeing from a wedding she doesn't want, comes Ann. She thinks he's a gangster (there's one hiding in the mountains); he thinks she's a blackmail queen. Also to the cabin comes Slim, who is just plain cold. Don makes both of them stay.

Slim wins the drawing and heads for the bed.

The scene is a hint of a great picture in the making. Great pictures are made by devotion to small details. It is at Warners, too, that we come upon the hardest movie makers of the month. They are working outdoors.

"Outdoors" being the back lot, and "they" being William Hopper, June Wyman, Berton Churchill and Company, filming a comedy called "Packing Wedding." It marks the movie debut of Helda Hopper's tall, good-looking son, William.

The setting is Side Show Road at a carnival, where he and Jane agree to be married publicly in the presence of a whale (as a publicity stunt for the carnival). They intend the wedding to be a fake; discover too late that it isn't. Then the complications begin.

We stand beside the camera, looking at the backs of Jane and Berton Churchill, who are looking up at "the fattest woman on Earth." Jane turns toward the camera, sees a sign over the head, exclaims, "Look, Pop, a real whale!"

He turns, enthuses expansively about the exhibit, for the benefit of the nearby yokels. An Gaston Grieve tells Jane that he can be more excited, Churchill that he can expand more. They have been under-playing the scene. Movie actors' greatest fear is over-acting.

At Hal Roach Studios, we certainly see the return of a brand of comedy that is practically a legend.

We refer to the custard or lemon meringue kind of comedy.

There hasn't been a good pie-throwing scene in a movie for five years. And there probably wouldn't be one now, except that Hal Roach's half-million-dollar comedy, "Pick a Star," is a satire on Hollywood.

And let no one say that Hal Roach can dish out satire, but can't take it. He sees to it that at the finish a character who thinks that pie-throwing is an art gets one in what is colloquially known as the kisser.

The story whirs around Patsy Kelly and Jack Haley, two Middle Westerners with movie ambitions. Who come to Hollywood along with Patsy's in-between sister, Rosina Lawrence. In Hollywood, they become involved with stars (befriended by Mischa Auer and Lyda Roberti), an imperious director (Thomas Dugan), a harried producer (Harold Colton), not to mention a variety of other characters.

Finally, as a declaration of independence (she's on her way back to Kansas and intends to stay there) Patsy picks up the handful of things and throws them. The hardest things are pies.

Haley is to get one; so is Auer; so is Colton. As a climax, Dugan gets one. Not one of them has ever met a pie face to face before. They see a bit—envious about the technique.

Patsy has a good strong arm and it will look on the screen as if she tosses them with deadly aim. But the pies she throws hit a wall. The pies that strike Haley and Auer and Colton come from the strong right arm of one Joe Saunders. Now a pop man, but once a custard. From a distance of eight feet, he never misses.

Pie receiving, Haley is convinced after the third unsuccessful "take," is also an art. He can't help but see the pie coming. He can't help flinching. Auer, more stoic, has his overall "Closed." Likewise, Colton.

Dugan, marveling at Patsy's unsuspicious ability, rushes up to her, wrings her hand and tells her that she has "the grace of Pavlova, the soul of Bernhardt and the arm of Dizzy Dean." He begins to sign her to a contract. Excitedly, with all the other principals grouped around him, he hymns a little ditty entitled "I've Got It."

Finally, he comes to the line, "I've got it—all but the finish."

They rehearse and rehearse this group finale, while Director Edward Sedgwick coordinates the group reactions. Finally, he is ready for the "take."

He says, "We'll shoot right up to the actual impact." When they reach that point, he calls, "Cut." He wants them to do it again. Again he calls, "Cut." He asks for a third take. This time he doesn't say "Cut." It is a pre-arranged cue which only Patsy knows. Dugan gets the pie. A blackberry pie.

His surprise is complete, devastatingly complete. And there is such a burst of laughter that the scene has to be done over, after Dugan is cleaned up.

"But this time," he begs Patsy, "don't fool it in!"
Bette Davis tells you how to protect Daintiness

H ave you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that’s most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin sweet—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be near you—even if they don’t know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You’re sure to find it works for you.

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you’re tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love."

"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance."

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep your skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.

Star of Warner Brothers' "MARKED WOMAN"
Cal York's GOSSIP of HOLLYWOOD (Continued)

For weeks a book agent had been haunting Parkyakarkas, Cantor's radio stooge and finally the comedian consented to see him.

"I have here," the agent began, "a book that will help you eliminate your accent and thereby widen your field of activity. You can go only so far, Mr. Parkyakarkas, with that heavy accent. Why not let me help you?"

"Why not?" the actor replied in perfect English. "After all I helped you when you were a student and I was a professor at Boston college."

The book agent gasped. And then he recognized Harry Einstein, his teacher of advertising and salesmanship at the Boston school.

P. S. He didn't make the sale.

The flu epidemic is not without its lighter side, at that. For instance, when local newspaper headlines screamed the fact that Clark Gable had been stricken and carried from the set by director John Stahl, a man of average height and build, phone calls and wire poured in to the director.

"Did you use a derrick, John?" friends asked.

"Did you send for Beverly Hills, Clark's horse?"

Of course it turned out Clark manfully strode from the set under his own steam but it was too late to save Mr. Stahl's feelings.

Across on stage 9 another bit of humor developed when Bob Taylor showed signs of a cold and a nurse was immediately summoned to the set. In one scene Bob was to carry Jean Harlow out of the room in his arms, where she had conveniently swooned.

Unbeknown to Bob the cast ganged on him and got to the nurse who reluctantly joined in the prank.

All during rehearsal Director Van Dyke insisted Bob should save his strength and not carry Harlow until the final take.

When that scene was ready, Bob carried the yielding Jean Harlow close in his arms.

Instantly the director called "Cut," the nurse ran up and thrust a thermometer into Bob's mouth. Suddenly she gave a gasp. Taylor's temperature, it seemed, had shot up five degrees. Bob, aghast, turned and stared at Harlow, accusingly.

It was too perfect and the cast roared and roared.

It was then Bob caught on and looked terribly sheepish.

Any day now there's liable to be a one man revolution over at Paramount. Alex, colored boy, who thinks he belongs to George Raft, is mourning loud about things. It seems Raft, Gary Cooper and Henry Harraway keep Alex in a perfect frenzy chasing out from the "Souls At Sea" set to place their bets on the races.

"I like to see 'em make pitchers," Alex growls. "But all I do is run out and bet. Ah'tired of it."

The boys, wise to Alex's grumbling, have only redoubled their betting just to see Alex sulk.

Only director Woody Van Dyke could get away with it.

One morning during the shooting of "Man in Possession" Van Dyke ordered his actors on the set at eight-thirty in the morning.

"And no stalling," he added.

Next morning Jean Harlow, Bob Taylor, Reginald Owen and the rest of the cast all met at the appointed hour and were ushered over to a radio on the set.

"Now, listen, you actors," the director said, "President Roosevelt is about to make a speech and I want you to listen and take a lesson in dictation."

If other Hollywood sweethearts would profit by the experience and experiment of Merle Oberon and David Niven, maybe the lost love of these two will not have been in vain.

Terribly in love, David and Merle re-
Don’t let Blackheads..Large Pores..Blemishes spoil your looks!

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

M E N get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don’t have to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just underneath!

Begin today to use the rousing Pond’s deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your outer skin will be clear... fine textured... flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

Do this twice daily... Here’s the simple Pond’s treatment hundreds of women follow. It’s easy to do.

Everynight, cleanse with Pond’s Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—briskly. Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond’s Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Miss Virginia Harris says: "I’ve learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond’s Cold Cream. It keeps pores free, too!"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson granddaughter of the late C. Oliver Iselin: "I depend entirely upon Pond’s Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It’s indispensable."

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
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POND’S, Dept. 15-C., Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond’s Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond’s Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

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81
HAVE TEETH THAT shine like the stars'

"I use Calox before facing the camera—it brings out the highlights on teeth most effectively."

Mary Astor
...lovely Columbia Pictures star

DO you need teeth that shine like the stars? Of course you do! A captivating smile adds charm to any personality. So take the stars' way to a "starry" smile! Use Calox—the smooth, fine powder that polishes so brilliantly...keeps teeth so sparkling for lovely Mary Astor and many of the screen's most glorious stars.

TAKE A CUE FROM HOLLYWOOD!
Use Calox twice daily...more often if your teeth stain easily. It cleanses safely. And doubly assures cleansing...by releasing live oxygen in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox promotes mouth health...helps neutralize acids...tends to strengthen gums. Send for generous free trial.

You'll also enjoy using Calox Antiseptic...a delightful aid to oral hygiene. Made by the famous drug house...

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
roll the flesh between the thumb and first finger. Take it easy at first as your nose may be tender, but don’t worry if it gets red. That’s only natural.

It may even swell temporarily, depending upon how strenuously you go after it. You must be your own judge of that. A few minutes a day and you’ll be surprised at the marked improvement you will soon notice.

If your eyes are not as large as you would like them, the least you can do to improve their appearance is to avoid squinting. Jean Muir once had a habit of squinting. There was some excuse for Jean’s misdemeanor for it’s no picnic to face the glare of hot and powerful studio lights. Now Jean has overcome the habit and you can do likewise. Little tricks with proper make-up can completely change the appearance of your eyes. I haven’t time to go into all that now, but if you’re interested, let me know. However, I do want to give you small-eyed girls one tip. Keep eye shadow, mascara, rouge, and other trimmings away from the lower eyelids. Above all, never make a definite hard line with an eyebrow pencil on the lower lid. Many of you complain about your eyes being tired or strained, even bloodshot. Here is a treatment that will relax and soothe them. Try it! Close your eyes for a second or two. Then open them and look at some far-away object, preferably something with a soothing color, such as a cool green. Now look at a closer object and then a still closer one until you are looking down at your own lap. This is all done without moving the position of your head. Here is another exercise that will strengthen the eye muscles. Sit erect and quietly, eyes looking straight ahead. Now turn the eyes as far as possible to the left until you are looking over the left shoulder. Then slowly move them to the right until you are looking over the right shoulder. Back to normal position once more, raise the eyes upward as far as possible, then downward.

If these exercises don’t help you, try using a hairpan as a substitute solution for both eyes. If by any chance you have some slight irritation in one, it might be carried to the other in this manner. Use fresh solution for bathing the second eye. Naturally, the beauty of your eyes means more than putting on a little witch hazel or sloshing around in an eye wash. You must get plenty of sleep. Your system must not be sluggish.

In addition to the eyes, the mouth is one of the most expressive features we have. If you have a generous mouth, too big to be called really beautiful and you’re unhappy about it, take a look at Glenda Farrell and snap up your own. Did Glenda allow an ample mouth, which you may consider a handicap, to stand in the way of her success? No. She intelligently went to work and mastered the art of toning down the mouth without being obvious about it. She knew how to apply lipstick too thickly and to avoid the heavy gummy kind.

In her case that the light textured lipstick that leaves just a thin coating of color on the lips is the most becoming for it doesn’t accentuate the mouth. With the various colors and qualities of lipstick on the market, surely you can find one that suits your mouth. Apply it carefully, first on the upper lip which must be stretched tightly over the teeth, mouth open. Use light downward strokes beginning just under the natural line of the lip. Two or three dabs are enough. Finish the job by spreading the color from the center to the corners of the mouth with the little finger. You’ll have enough color on your finger tip from the upper lip to do the lower one which must also be stretched tightly. To remove any excess lipstick, hold the edge of a tissue or soft, damp cloth between the lips and press the lips together firmly. Stick as closely as possible to the natural lines of the mouth. Don’t go to any wild extremes to make it appear smaller. By that I mean none of this business of putting two round dots of rouge in the center of the mouth and letting the rest go entirely unrouged. Oh, yes—some of you! I’ve seen it. And the other extreme, I’ve seen too. Women who have little or no upper lip painting one halfway up to the nose. Such an obvious stunt defeats itself. For the thin-lipped mouth, as you are applying your press the lips stick, simply press a little harder with the lipstick directly on the upper line. If the color harmonizes with your check rouge and the tone of your skin, your little trick will never be noticed. And remember this, darlings, the success of a mouth does not always depend upon its size or shape, but often upon how you use it. Martha Raye discovered that and another handicap bit the dust. And let’s not forget Mr. Joe E. Brown. When Nature was handing out mouths, she just cut loose and gave Joe the works. Believe me, if that wasn’t a problem, then I don’t know my problems. So come on children, hop to! It’s the only mouth you’ve got and if you don’t like it, work and stick with it until you improve it. If you get discouraged, let Glenda, Martha and Joe be your inspiration.

SUPERFLUOUS hair on the face is another annoying and disfiguring handicap to beauty that so many of you have written to me about. There are various methods of removing it. By shaving, depilatories, plucking, liquids that are supposed to dissolve the hair, sandpaper-like affairs that rub it off, etc., but all these methods remove it only temporarily from the surface of the skin. Some of them, like shaving, increase the growth and make the hair more thick. I know many women who use a heavy wax with remarkable temporary results as any. Your druggist or doctor will advise you as to what wax you should get for this purpose. The nice thing about wax is that it is economical to use. It can be used over and over again. Place the wax in a dish and set it over a pot of boiling water. Let the steam melt it until it can be spread easily. In the meantime, prepare the spot from which you wish to remove the hair by dusting it thoroughly with talcum. When the wax is soft enough, but not too hot, spread it on the part to be treated. Allow it to cool on the skin until it hardens. Once it cools, it congeals and the hairs are gripped by the hardening wax. Now comes the fun. You know how you have to quickly jerk adhesive tape to get it off without hurting too much. Well, babies, keep your chin up because that’s what you have to do with the wax. Take hold of the edge of the hardened crust of wax and with a lightning like jerk, pull it off. You may think part of your face and some of your soul is coming with it, but don’t worry! If you do it correctly, you’ll find that only the hair comes off. Naturally, you mustn’t have the wax so hot that it burns the skin. That’s not necessary. And don’t be alarmed at the slight redness that follows an application. This will disappear. It simply means that the heat of the wax has brought the blood to the surface of the skin. Immediately after you have taken off the wax, dab the spot with witch hazel or a little rubbing alcohol and forget it. After a few moments, cream your face and do your make-up as usual.

Let me repeat again, that all the methods I’ve mention are only temporary ones. The hair must be destroyed before the result can be permanent. This can be accomplished by electrolysis. It is often a slow and at times unpleasant process, depending upon the extent of the growth of the hair. By this method an electric needle is used and inserted into each follicle or sac to destroy each individual hair root. But it can be very successfully done. I know many women who had excellent results. However, he might be sure that you go to an operator recognized as skillful and competent, because if it is done improperly it has been known to cause tiny scars, enlarging pores, and other disfigurements that are much worse than a little fuzz.

WRITE to Madame Sylvia if you need beauty tips. If you have already written to her drop her a line again and let her know how you are getting along. Follow her instructions carefully and let her follow your progress. The address is: Madame Sylvia, in care of Photoplay, 7715 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for her reply.
If You Want Beauty
follow Myrna Loy's
MAKE-UP ADVICE

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

It is Color Harmony Make-Up... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, and it consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized colors for each type of blonde, brunette, browning and redhead. Note how these stars create beauty with Hollywood's make-up secret.

Here's the Powder Secret... choose your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder and see how naturally the color enlivens the beauty of your skin. Note the difference in its clinging smoothness. In your own mirror see the satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen... One dollar.

The Perfect Rouge... you will see how beautifully your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge harmonizes with your complexion colorings, your powder and lipstick. Note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture... Fifty cents.

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

Max Factor Hollywood

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in your Color Harmony

Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood

Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler (dry color harmony shades) and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose ten cents for postage. Ask for Chart. Also send me my Color Harmony Max-Off Chart and 48 page illustrated instruction book: "The New Art of Socially Make Up"...

NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE

Cop. 1937 by Max Factor & Co.
Hollywood Honeymoon

He stopped abruptly, at the limit of his emotional endurance, aware of his unpardonable intrusion. He could imagine her consternation if she awoke; and he was suddenly riven by a hard, but defiant shame.

"All right, boy scout!" he told himself sardonically. "Do your good deed for today. You know all the right answers!"

He picked up the silken cover and arranged it gently over the sleeping girl; then he blew her a light kiss, in salute, and gently let himself out of the room so as not to awaken her. Other matters began to crowd his mind, demanding attention. There was Ross. He wanted to talk to Ross. Nina was here, too. Nina had just returned to Hollywood, and he wondered what had happened to her London contract.

ROSS, he was informed by one of the servants, had already left for town. Nina was asleep. The mountain morning was fresh and dewy, the valley misty with anti-meridian vapors; the lake glistened like a translucent sapphire. Don drew in his breath and lit another cigarette. Social perplexities would pile up, he saw, with Nina back in town, stirring old wounds. He wanted to be healed, not to be torn with complicated sufferings; not to be humiliated by her outstanding success, her apparent preference for Ross; not to write under his own failure.

He suddenly said: "Oh, hell!" and shook it all off rudely, with a man's hardness. He set his teeth. He'd try to win Kay. She was his wife—and she was young and fine and beautiful. He'd live one day at a time. One moment at a time. As for Ross, he'd see him and tell him where he got off. Nina had been seen with him, after the divorce, and he had a shrewd idea that Ross had advised the separation. That was over, but Ross had better keep away from Kay, or he would slap the immediate hell out of him.

He'd make this next picture, he thought, and it would be a smash box-office hit. It had all the earmarks. If only he had Nina to play that lead! It would insure success. Someone called him from the veranda—another early bird. Breakfast was being served.

The party broke up during the morning, most of the guests returning to Hollywood. Kay didn't see Gilbert Ross again; nor did she see Nina Roberts. Ross, someone said, had returned to town at dawn. For a moment she had a feeling of deflation, a keen sense of disappointment; then she was filled with a quiet and curious certainty that she would see Ross in town.

She and Don rode into town, still in their evening clothes. They rode in a curiously constrained and mutual silence, busy with their thoughts. The chauffeur dropped Don at the studio. Don said:

"I'll change my clothes here. Always have a suit or two in the office—these emergencies happen often in this town. And thanks, Kay—for everything. You're a swell person, and game as they make 'em! You were magnificent last night. See you tonight—and remember me to Lee."

She went to the house, busy with her thoughts. Today, for some reason, she almost dreaded going back into that house. Lee was up, playing pirate in his sunny room. He called to her eagerly, and she came in for a moment, promising to come back as soon as she had changed clothes.

While she dressed, her thoughts went to Gilbert Ross. He had kissed her and she closed her eyes for a moment to recapture the sheer ecstasy of it. She had wondered, so often, what love was like. Was it this breathless surge of happiness, this warm and vibrant eagerness, this infinite tenderness?

LEE welcomed her with shouts of joy. "A warship is coming—there—see it? They're going to fire, Kay! Help me swing around the cannons! If they want to fight this old pirate, we'll shoot!"

Kay saw the approaching warship at once. It was in a corner, coming out of the mythical horizon, guns poised for attack. She fell into his mood instantly. The sea was very rough that day, the waves washing up over the
Lee was back in his wheel chair, his cheeks stained with a new and brittle excitement. He had to tell Nina everything, and she sat and looked at him; and Kay caught her breath. She told herself that she was looking at a miracle—for before her sat the eternal Madonna and Child.

When Lee’s excitement had simmered itself into a tired drowsiness, Nina arose and looked at Kay.

“Time for his nap?” she asked. There was a faint foreign slur in her speech, rather pleasant than otherwise.

Kay nodded, wordless. Lee was put to bed, although he protested. He went to sleep holding his mother’s hand, content when he had extracted the promise from her that she would be there when he awoke. Nina Roberts stood silently looking down at Lee, oblivious of Kay. Curiously, Kay noted the single yellow rose bud pinned to her dress, over her heart. She wondered about it.

SHE went to her room, disturbed, a hundred questions racing through her mind. She sat by the window, looking out at the terraced gardens, the swimming pool, the stately palms. When the knock came at her door, she turned. Somehow, she had expected it. She said: “Come in.”

Nina Roberts came into the room, looked about her curiously; then her intensely eloquent eyes went to Kay, gazing steadily at her.

“I—came to say,” she offered, “thank you. The housekeeper told me all about you, Kay—may I call you Kay? What you have been trying to do for Lee. And today—I saw what wonders you have accomplished. I stood in the hallway and listened to you both—”

Her great topaz eyes brimmed all at once. “Then, I looked in. I saw Lee stand up! Almighty God! I wonder if you’ll ever know what that did to me? I came prepared to hate you—to quarrel with you. I’m ashamed to confess, but it’s the truth.” Her golden voice faltered.

“Kay—Kay! I think you’re wonderful!”

Kay sat still, her heart drumming thickly. She was taut with excitement, but her perceptions had never been more acute. She could think of no adequate or even casual reply. She recognized the great beauty and charm of Nina Roberts.

CUDDLY, there were tears in her throat. Nina’s moving and tender sweetness had disarmed her.

“May I sit down?” asked Nina gently.

Kay nodded. “Of course. This is your home.”

Tawny flames flared momentarily in the depths of Nina’s eyes.

“Thank you,” she said, with a faintly stressed humility, “I have no home. I am living at a hotel now—until I can make another home for myself.” She sat down, her head graceful against the lounge, her slim shoulders erect against the dull gold of the fabric. Her great eyes were fixed on something very distant from that room.

“You have accomplished wonders,” she said, in a low voice. “You won’t mind, I hope, if I come every day—while Don is away at the studio?”

“Certainly not,” said Kay. “You’re Lee’s mother. You can do him a lot of good. As a matter of fact, Lee needs you.”

I’m glad to hear you say that! How mistaken one can be! You are very nice, Kay—
he loves ardent color...
he hates lipstick parching!

Yes, he likes bright lips...they look expressive and responsive.
But how his admiration ebbs, if lips are dry and rough. Parched lips are old lips!
Remember, then, your lipstick has two duties. It must bestow thrilling color, it must protect you from Lipstick Parching.

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

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

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

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

and you are very pretty. Seeing you, I can understand—many things—"

"No," said Kay, "no one can understand." A hot, deep scarlet swept her face. There were things she wanted to tell this girl, but couldn't muster the courage. It startled her when she thought what her new cousin must believe her and Don's life together must inevitably be. She'd never believe that they were strangers, under the one roof. Would anyone?

The silence held between them to the limit of endurance; then Kay went on. "I know Don didn't expect you back in this country for at least a year."

Nina nodded. "I didn't expect to return—but it was too far away from Lee." Abruptly, the exotic beauty of her face was swept by a swift storm, flooding emotional dams, splintering her composure, her impermeable pride.

"I couldn't stand it!" she sobbed. Her voice had a sibilant harshness, like escaping steam. "Do you know what it means to have a part of yourself elsewhere? Part of your heart and blood? Do you know what it means not to know what's happening to him? How he feels—what he eats—knowing he's helpless and broken? Do you think anything can heal that sort of wound? I couldn't go on—I had to see my baby—"  

Kay was appalled by the outburst; touched, too. She had no experience with exaggerated emotion, she felt a sense of utter inadequacy.

"I'm sorry," said Nina. The blood had drained from her convulsed face. She sat back, quiet, spent, seemingly lost in a need of explanation beyond her resources of speech. Kay said: "You can see Lee every day now, until you return to London. Lee will be delighted, I'm sure—"

"I'm not going back to London," said Nina. "I broke my contract. I made one picture, that was all. There were other matters, too, but..." She shrugged, expressively. "I shall not trouble you with my perplexities. There are several articles I would like to get. They are in a clothes closet. May I go into your room and get them?"

"This is my room," said Kay.

"Then—the master chamber—the front bedroom—"

"That is Mr. Roberts' room," said Kay, her cheeks stinging with pained blood. "I imagine you can get what you want. Mr. Roberts won't mind, I'm sure."

Nina's eyes were cryptic, slightly mocking. Unspoken thoughts seemed to vibrate in the room. "If you will excuse me," Nina said, and arose. She left.

Kay sat in a stricken and stiff silence. What did people do in a case like this? She wondered what Nina Roberts would think about the bud which had never bloomed. Those lovely rose buds that stood before her photograph. Kay knew it was still there, for she had seen it only yesterday. It was dry as dust and falling to pieces.

Nina came back. Her mood had brightened. She had attained some inner serenity. Her eyes were quiet and intent on Kay with a profound attention, an obscure curiosity.

"I shall phone Mr. Roberts," she said, to Kay. "I do not think he will have any objections to my visits here, while he is away. Perhaps we can arrange for Lee to come and live with me for a few months—after I find a house; arrange amicably, I mean, without trouble. However—I am not so anxious about him now—since you are with him, Kay?"

There was an irresistible graciousness in Nina that swept over Kay's guardedness, her antagonism. She looked at the older woman. She wanted to ask her a question and was afraid to; fearing the answer would hurt her out of all proportion to its significance to her; she asked it any way. "Do you believe that we could live together?"

"Mrs. Roberts," she began softly, "I don't know anything about it, of course, and it's none of my business, but when you divorced Don, there were stories in the newspapers about—"

Nina Roberts smiled significantly. "Gilbert Ross?" she anticipated, intuitively. A curious spasm of pain crossed her sensitive face. She turned away, and asked back, "Will you believe me when I tell you he was just a friend? A remarkable man. I don't know what I would have done—what I would do today—without him. To me, he is the most understanding, the kindest-hearted man in Hollywood." She shrugged. "To others, he is always the sinister villain of the screen. You know him?"

Kay nodded, her heart beating thickly. What was she to make of that answer? Just what did Nina mean?

However, as the days passed, she found a reluctant friendship blossoming between her and Nina—the famous, glowing star, and the little nurse. She wondered at the caprice of fate that had hurled her into this complex melodrama.

NINA came every day and spent her time with Lee. Don knew all about it, of course, but he made no comment. Only once he asked Kay when Nina arrived and when she left. Kay told him. Thereafter, he left the house earlier than usual and returned after dinner. The two never met.

Kay said nothing to Nina of this. The situation had potential dynamite at its base, and she had a prescient feeling that anything might serve to set off the explosion. She thought often of Gilbert Ross, but she made no attempt to see him; and Nina never mentioned him. Even the thought of him sent a surge of human hunger through her. What was wrong with her? She asked to see him. Was she deliberately hunting disaster? The man was supposed to be sinister. Love could happen to anyone, but she was jumping no marital fences—even imaginary ones! Her business was Lee—and Don? Why not? Don meant certainty—safety. Don liked her she knew.

DON developed a feverish restlessness, a sudden flair for night clubs. He declared that they ought to be seen more in public together. They went to the Bamboo Room for cocktails, and Cocoanut Grove for dinner. She saw celebrities everywhere. At Cocoanut Grove, a huge crowd was dancing—and she saw Gilbert Ross, at a table alone. Impulsively, she waved to him. He smiled eagerly and returned the salute.

"Who was that?" asked Don.

"A friend," said Kay coolly.

He looked down at her, as if her personality impinged on his consciousness for the first time. Don saw Bert Ross. "Come on," he said briskly. "We'll get our liqueurs at the Club Esquire—not here."

"Why?" asked Kay.
"Because," said Don. "That's usually a good reason for a woman, isn't it?"

Don was drinking too much. A fever of unrest sent them on a tour of the night spots. They went to the Trocadero. Don had several more drinks and restlessly decided that they would go to the Vendome. There another crowd of celebrities and movie stars irked Don. His eyes were always seeking. For whom, she wondered. Nina?

"Let's try the Casanova Club," he offered, naming Hollywood's realistic bit of the Latin Quarter. It was Kay's first public appearance with a celebrity of Don's calibre. Wherever he appeared, he stopped traffic. A lot of people knew Don and stopped at their table to speak and exchange greetings. A gossip columnist dropped into a seat next to him with a delighted: "Don, darling!" Her sharp eyes took in Kay, smiled. "You're a good picker," she complimented. "Is this your wife, Don?"

Kay was introduced. "Meet the little wife," said Don, a secretive quirk on his lips, a satirical emphasis mocking at the intention of his phrase.

At two in the morning, Don suggested the Melody Grill for a nightcap. They listened to a dusky songstress, wailing with the melancholy of primitive music, accompanied by a piano that was built into the bar; then they rode home in silence. And it seemed to Kay that Don had deliberately set out to get drunk—and had accomplished his aim. They met many celebrities, but they never met Nina.

After that, he wanted to go somewhere every night. It was her first glimpse of Hollywood night life. She had her dinner at the Lamaze, the Brown Derby, Sardi's, Levis', the Cine grill, the House of Lords and the Knickerbocker Lounge; she went to the Tropics and the 7-Seas, where she was astonished to see them turn on tropical rain with the lights. Don's face, she saw, was frequently distorted by some private and secret pain; he was a man possessed by a demon of restlessness. He introduced her to every star in Hollywood with elaborate compliments—depending on the hour, and if he had had an opportunity to take aboard enough liquid refreshments.

One morning, just before Nina came, she was called to the phone. Her heart leaped when she recognized Gilbert Rose's voice.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I held out as long as I could. Maybe I shouldn't do this—but I wanted to talk to you." He paused.

"So what?" she prompted whimsically. Then a trembling seized her, an insane fear that he would hang up.

He went on: "So this: I just have to see you, Kay. It's one of those things. Will you meet me?"

"Yes," she said.

It was as simple as that. All her fine resolutions were forgotten. She felt, suddenly, gay and buoyant. "I'm over twenty-one," she told herself defiantly. "My life is my own."

She met him at the Ambassador. It was like the meeting of old friends. Nina was going to be with Lee all day; so Kay felt free. They sat in the bar, and talked, casually, conscious of surging undercurrents; and she was almost dizzied with the happiness that flooded her. Curiously, there was no self-consciousness between them. They achieved an odd and immediate intimacy. She felt as if she had known Bert since the world began.

She looked at his long, well-knit length, his black hair, closely cropped, that gave him such a rakish look; his firm lips; the gray, ironic eyes, unguarded and friendly; his hands, strong...
and firm and capable. That afternoon was the beginning.
She told him, for some reason, the entire story of her Quixotic marriage—so he wouldn't think she was actually Don's wife. And when she had finished, he looked at her and said:
"Good Lord! The last of the Mohicans! And—are you going on this way? Aren't you going to get a divorce—an annulment?"
"I don't know," she confessed unsteadily He did not mention her marriage again.

A NEW and reckless madness she had never experienced before, filled her. Gilbert Ross, she knew, with a fierce surge of ecstasy, cared just as greatly about her. She thought of going to Don to ask for an annulment, but Don had been drinking more than was good for him and was unpredictable. He was greatly concerned about his new picture; his entire career hung in the balance; and she didn't want to add any complications.

So, she and Ross drifted; and she wondered, at times, where it would all end—and didn't care!

She began to hate the stealth of their meetings, the meaningless barrier her technical marriage imposed. She had an instinctive high-mindedness, with a regard for the decencies. Although her marriage meant nothing, she wasn't, she thought, young-modern enough to deliberately take what she wanted. She hated the shady significance that was interpreted into their furtive meetings; she saw the initiated eyes that became bright with meaning. Several gossip columnists printed thinly-reeled stories that they were seen together and were "that way" about each other.

If Don saw the stories, he never mentioned them to her.

Bert listened to her bitter rebellion and heard more in her words than mere revolt. He recognized a distillation of youth, of yearning, Young and ardent, her love brought him a transient glimpse of something deathless; something that had no affinity with the fevered dreams, the sensuous sweetness of mortal desires.

One day, he drove her past his home. She had wanted to see it. She thought it was lovely. He asked her why they couldn't meet there the next day, away from prying eyes. She agreed, eagerly, recklessly. To be with him alone, she thought, was worth any price. He sent his servants away for the day. And that was the first time that he ever took her in his arms. She took fire from her warmth. Her kiss had a hard intensity greater than his own, a heedless violence. There was something swinging between them that was an essence; something that brooded with portent.

"Kay!" he said hoarsely. "I've waited—but this can't go on...I want you. I want to take care of you...I want to live with you...I don't know what the devil to do without you..."

She felt the solidity of him, and for all her emotion, she spoke calmly. "Then—I'll get an annulment. Don will—give it to me...If you promise..."

His kiss hammered at the fetters of her control. Momentarily, the processes of her mind were suspended; ordered thought fled; reason seemed mere quibbling—Yet—something held her from complete surrender.

"You don't know how I've wanted you..." whispered Bert. "You're just a young girl...you don't know what it is to love...to want..."

"Don't I?" she murmured. "Oh, my dear!" "Kay!" he said. His lips crushed down on hers.

Whatever it was, she couldn't let it happen. Somewhere within her there was a sharp refusal. She suddenly felt it, without comprehending all its elements. "What," she faltered, frightened, "do you want us—to do?"

"I want you to get an annulment immediately. I'll get it for you. I want to marry me, Kay—as soon as you can..."

EXPECTEDLY, the bell rang, and they looked at one another in panic, although they had every spiritual right to be together. Bert's lips grew taut and he shrugged. "Best to answer," he said.

When he opened the door, Don pushed past him abruptly and came into the library. He was palpably drunk, Kay saw; inflamed and inflamed with an impulse, largely mechanical, to avenge what he considered an outraged dignity. And he was drunk enough to be dangerous.

"That was a very pretty scene—the Through the window," he clipped, with the precision of intoxication. "All that was missing was a couple of Kleigs. You're a fast worker, Ross—but what a pity it was out of season. I was tipped off about you rushing Kay—so I followed you. Cradle snatching, this time, eh? But—this time I'll deal with you—finally!"

Something glittered in his hand as it came from his pocket. Kay's heart lurched madly and she suppressed a scream. A gun!

Will Don, in a drunken jealousy, kill Ross, and striving Kay of her newfound happiness?

Concluded in May PHOETOPLAY

GUESS EVERYBODY HAS A FAVORITE TUNE

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S IS "HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM" FROM IRVING BERLIN'S "ON THE AVENUE...JOAN CRAWFORD LIKES "LOST..." FRED MACMURRAY "IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE..." BING CROSBY "I SURRENDER. DEAR!" BECAUSE THAT TUNE WON DIXIE LEE...JEAN HAR- LOW'S PET IS "JAPANESE SANDMAN..." CLAUDETTE COLBERT IS A BACH ENTHUSIAST...AND MAE WEST THINKS "MINNIE THE MOOCHER" IS SWELL.
Marriage Is No Gamble
When It’s Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

dates. So does Roger. Naturally, all my engagements are with mutual friends of Roger and myself. It wouldn’t seem cricket, from my standpoint, for me to go out socially with any of the boys who might have had romantic ideas about me in the past.

"But actually dates are a rare thing with me, and sometimes I’m so lonely for Roger it takes superhuman will power to keep from jumping on a plane, picture or no picture, and flying to him. Sitting alone in front of this fire is fun once in awhile, but the inevitable evening is sure to come along when I want to shrink with loneliness.

"Last night was one of those nights. I thought I couldn’t stand being alone another minute. I was trying my best to be brave about it. I knew in my heart Roger was going through the same sort of thing. I was just about to give up and give into one of those real fits of the blues when a special delivery letter arrived. It was the first letter Roger’s mother had ever written me. And nothing could have been more perfect at that moment. She seemed to know just exactly what I was going through.

"You see, her husband is a famous band leader, too—Arthur Pryor.

"I believe I can quote her letter almost by heart, I read it so many times. She wrote in effect:

"...I can guess what you are going through this very minute. It is the holiday season and you are separated from the one you love. But perhaps I can tell you a few things from my experience—so similar—that will give you the courage to face your loneliness.

"When Arthur and I were married, he left almost immediately after the ceremony for a tour. He was gone three months. I saw him for two weeks and then he left on a concert tour of Europe. In fact, during that first two years of our marriage, I don’t think we were together more than three months. Imagine! I had two children and brought them up to the point where they could talk before they even knew their own father!

"So, when you get lonely, my dear, just remember that Arthur and I have celebrated our golden wedding anniversary together. And I sometimes think it is because we learned so well, just as you are learning, how dear and precious we were to one another in the bitter school of separation that our married life proved to be such a happy one. And while I hope and pray that your two careers won’t keep you separated as long as we were, I know that the knowledge of the wonderful marriage we have shared will help give you courage now while you are apart."

Ann was talking through a suspicious lump in the throat as she finished the contents of that letter. She didn’t say anything for a minute—and then, "Maybe Hollywood’s right. Maybe one’s a marriage gamble. But something in my heart tells me that Roger and I are gambling on a sure thing!"

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YOU AVOID WASTED ELECTRICITY WHEN YOU USE G-E BULBS

Did you know that by using unknown bulbs you risk a 30% loss in light... light that you pay for and that your eyes need for seeing safely? Why take chances when G-E MAZDA lamps cost so little?

Why gamble with inferior current-wasting substitutes?

You may pay a double penalty if you buy lamp bulbs carelessly. Unknown, inferior bulbs fail to give you full value of light... and by so doing put an unsuspected strain on the eyesight of young and old.

Why take chances? Look for the mark on the end of every bulb you buy. Then you will be sure to get lamp bulbs that do not waste electricity and that do Stay Brighter Longer. And you will also help give eyes the light they need for seeing safely. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

15¢
60-WATTS AND SMALLER

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA LAMPS
Lombard's eyes that give her that sophisticated expression and lastly we have the eyes of Joan Crawford. How often she speaks with her eyes!

**Martha Morrison, Portsmouth, Ohio**

**S1.00 PRIZE**

**IS SHIRLEY SLIPPNG?**

Shirley Temple seems to be slipping if we are to judge by her work in "Dimples." Her serious dramatic roles are too forced to please the public. She is delightful, refreshing in her sweet-child-mischievous-comic roles, but heavy drama, never! And why star a lovely child like Shirley Temple in crime pictures? While she played the part of the reformer in "Dimples," yet the idea that sticks in the child's mind who sees the picture is the sordid part wherein she is embarrassed by her pickpocket uncle.

Then, too, Shirley is growing up. Roles suitable for her two years ago are insipid today.

But for all this criticism, I still consider Shirley Temple one of the world's great prodigies, and one of the best child stars of America.

**Mary London McComas, Elk City, Okla.**

**NO REINCARNATION FOR TAYLOR**

Bob Taylor is quite right in laughing at the idea of being a "second Valentino." Bob doesn't need to be a "second" anybody—just being himself is entirely sufficient. To compare him with Valentino is ridiculous to begin with, because the great Rudolph was a Latin in every sense of the word, while Bob is wholly American, and as such represents an utterly different type of person.

It amuses me when distinctive personalities are compared with others just as distinctive. There is always talk of another Garbo, or Gable, or Gaynor. Each one is, or was, superior in his or her own way, and new discoveries can be just as exciting, enduring and endearing to the public.

Suffice to say that Taylor has reached such a place in the fans' estimation. There are many handsome, capable young men, but Bob is different. Why? It may be a combination of his looks, personality, his good common sense and lack of ostentation, not to mention his promise as an actor. Whatever it is, he has plenty. There's only one Robert Taylor!

**Ellen W. Barkdull, Philadelphia, Pa.**

**RESENTS CRITICISM**

I want to call attention to one of the recently adverse criticisms of "The Garden of Allah." The statement that the picture is "eight reels of Charles Boyer struggling with his soul." I want to say right here (and I think I share the opinion of intelligent, thinking audiences everywhere) that we want exactly that in a picture.

We want to see a character "struggling with his soul," torn two ways—between love, duty, loyalty, or what not. And we want to see that struggle portrayed on the face of the actor with the superb skill that Charles Boyer did it. In reviewing past successes, it will be realized that this makes truly outstanding pictures.

Take for a few examples, Ronald Colman's *Darway* in "A Tale of Two Cities," Charles Laughton's *Javert* in "Les Misérables," and Burgess Meredith's *Mio* in "Winterset."

I have seen (and forgotten) many pictures when the final scene faded out. Yet they were crammed full of "action" (the lack of which seems to be the chief complaint about the "Garden of Allah").

It was a truly remarkable picture, not only in brilliance of color and fine photography, the glamorous beauty of Marlene Dietrich, but above all for the acting of handsome Charles Boyer, which was nothing short of perfection.

**Miss Elaine Flippin, Hollywood, Calif.**

**DEATH IN THE DEEP SOUTH!**

Why is it that able directors succeed in correctly imitating the clipped accent of the English, the piquant accent of the French, the romantic tongue of the Spanish, and even an accent of the African head hunter that sounds reasonable, yet fail completely in an accent of their countrymen?

I am speaking of the South!

When I attend a picture like "The Gold Diggers of 1937" and hear the Southern accent bunched up as the bunette gold-digging girl friend was evidently directed to do, shivers of indignation go up and down my back. The very blackest cotton picker in deepest Dixie may say "sho-nuff," "ya'all," and punctuate a sentence full of "hones," but the typical Southern girl doesn't, nor do they mothers, or grandmothers. That goes for Southern men too.

We don't see the actors holding their noses and slicing words imitating our Yankee friends' dialect.

Give the over-emphasized drawl to the negro mammies, and make us natural.

**Mrs. LaDonia T. Gatlin, Rockingham, N. C.**

**BRAVOS FOR BING**

Until I saw "Pennies From Heaven," I had not been a Crosby fan, but Bing certainly delivers in this really fine picture.

Sans any elaborate musical background to speak of and minus the usual trite story allotted to him in the past, he turns in a workmanlike performance that really warms your heart toward this nonchalant young man who sings so pleasingly.

**Benjamin P. Shepard, Buffalo, New York.**

**GREAT GUY!**

Welcome back Jimmy Cagney! And are we glad to see you! When I heard that you were coming, I felt like taking the band with me to welcome you.

Many others must have felt the same way because there was applause when you first appeared on the screen. And what a grand picture they gave you for your return! "Great Guy." With a background that is new and intriguing, and with a punch like the one you pack in both fists.

**Besse Toles, Colorado Springs, Colo.**

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**PHOTOPLAY FOR APRIL, 1937**

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**Boos and Bouquets**

(Continued from page 7)

"HEAD OVER HEELS in LOVE" WITH THE DANCING DIVINITY

Jessie Matthews in her dancing-est musical picture

With two new dashing leading men. Songs by Gordon and Revel. You just can't afford to miss it.

Coming to your favorite theatre

A Production
the nurse said to me, 'Well, I guess we'll be seeing you again next year.'

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, you'll be coming back for a boy."

"Oh, no," I said. "One child is all the family George and I want."

"The nurse smiled. 'They nearly always come back for another child.'

"Not I," I answered. 'I'll be the one exception. You'll never see me again.'

"Eleven months later I was back for a boy."

"Adopting a second baby was Gracie's idea," volunteered George. "At first I didn't want to adopt a second child. I said, 'Aw, we've got Sandra. What do we need another child for?'"

Gracie took up the story. "I looked around at the people I knew," she said, "the people who had no brothers and sisters. Nearly all of them admitted that they had been unhappy and lonesome as children. I didn't want Sandra to have that sort of childhood. Besides, we loved Sandra so much that I knew if we didn't adopt another child we'd spoil her. We simply couldn't help ourselves.

"I'm sure a great many other people feel the same way about it, because while I was at the Cradle, a young couple came looking for a baby. There was no baby of just the age they wanted available, but there were triplets. They took the triplets! The man said, 'We were planning to adopt other children later, but we might as well get our whole family at once!'

To this day no one knows just why Gracie Allen picked two-months-old Ronald Jon as a brother for Sandra. Ronald was puny and frail from the start.

"When I first saw him, I was very much upset," George told me. "He looked like a wrinkled little man to me."

When I asked George why Gracie picked him, he said, "I don't know. She must have picked him for the shape of his head, and she was right, because he's turned out wonderfully." But personally I think that Gracie chose Ronald because she knew that he needed her far more than the more fortunate babies at the Cradle.

"There's one thing that kills me," George Burns interrupted at this point, and for the first time since I've known him his eyes snapped angrily. "That's when people say 'If you love these two children so much, think how much more you'd love children of your own.'"

"I couldn't," Gracie said, and her gray-blue eyes were alight with sincerity. "I love any child—no matter who it was—any better than I love Ronald and Sandra. People don't have to be your flesh and blood for you to love them. After all, a woman's husband is no relation to her, yet does love hit her any the less hard because the man she loves is not related to her by blood ties?

"In order to love a child, she or he doesn't have to be a little duplicate of you and your husband. You can pass a baby on the street and your heart may go out to it even though you never saw the youngster before and perhaps will never see it again.

"When we decided to adopt our first child,
there were friends who said to us, ‘But how can you take a stranger into your home? What can you know about its ancestry? How can you tell what kind of blood it has?’

‘I told them, ‘How do you know what kind of blood you have? Do you know the name of your great-grandfather? I don’t know the name of mine. I’m sure that in every family tree there are great-aunts and uncles and great-grandfathers that we wouldn’t want our children to take after if we knew about them.’ So when people say, ‘How can I tell how an adopted baby will turn out?’ I feel just like saying to them. Of course you can’t tell. If a woman has a baby of her own, she can’t tell whether the baby will be like twenty years from the day it’s born. But if you get a normal baby from a reliable baby-placing agency, the chances are that the baby will turn out beautifully.’

‘However, the real question isn’t how the baby will turn out. It’s how you’re going to turn out as a parent. If your motive in adopting a baby is a selfish one, you can only do harm by adopting one. But if you’re thinking about what you can do for some baby who needs you, the baby you hold in your arms today will tomorrow be the dearest, most beloved child in the world to you, and she will make your whole world.’

‘One of the things that Gracie and I resent most,’ George commented further, ‘is when people talk about doing a ‘lovable’ child and assume that they are doing the baby a great favor. You can never do for a baby what a baby does for you. Gracie and I aren’t kidding ourselves. Of course we supply Ronny and Sandra with every advantage, every luxury that money can buy. But what of it? The children aren’t asking for those luxuries, are they? They’d probably be just as happy if they didn’t have a thing. I know I had just as good a time as Sandra and Ronny, though my parents were poor, though we often had no food to eat, though I sometimes had to steal food or go hungry.

‘Life’s fun for a kid, even though it’s full of hardships. Life was fun for me in those days. It was a game to be played, and I played it to the top of my bent, glorying in the fact that I’d found some special place where I could get something I wanted for only a penny.’

AND George Burns is right. Nothing that any parent can do for a child can compare with what the child can do for the parent. Sandra and Ronny have changed the Burns’ whole attitude toward life, their whole perspective, even their standard of living.

When I first knew George Burns and Gracie Allen a few years ago, they were a grand couple, but their viewpoint was narrow. George’s mind was centered on their struggle to get somewhere in radio; Gracie talked mostly about fashion and how to find clothes. When they met the Stu Erwins and Dick Arlen and his wife and other young married couples, and when one young mother would start talking about the time her baby had cried and they had to send for a doctor in a hurry and another would tell about how she’d taped a stocking for Christmas tree for her youngsters, Gracie would sit intensely miserable and self-conscious, utterly lonesome and forlorn.

Like most show people, George and Gracie turned the clock around, slept in the daytime when you and I were working, got up around noon, and didn’t really start living until midnight. And they had no roots. They did not own a home—nor did they want one.

They were living in a three room apartment at the Hotel Essex, New York, when Sandra came into their lives. Such a fuss and a flurry you never saw! George’s den was converted into a nursery for Sandra. Out went the bar. Out went all George’s things. All the food in the Frigidaire had to be taken out to make room for the baby’s bottles, and George and Gracie went out to eat.

The minute they got to Hollywood, the first thing I heard was that they had moved, first into a six room apartment with a patio, then into a seven room apartment, and from there to a three acre place that had been Pauline Lord’s. But still they were not satisfied. They wanted a home of their own—which in places they could bring up Sandra and Ronny. Last Christmas George gave Gracie the deed to an eleven room house in Beverly Hills, with an outside nursery, a big porch, a swimming pool and a carefully fenced off play-yard.

They never even used to have a car, but would grab taxis whenever they had to go anywhere. But children obviously would be shaken up in taxis, so they had to get a car, and they got one.

As the writer of the clock around, there’s not the slightest chance of that nowadays. At nine in the morning they leap out of bed, these two hard-boiled trouper, because they must know—they simply must—what the children are chatting and laughing about. They wouldn’t think of having breakfast without the baby. If you can call it sitting! Ronald runs all around the room. Sandra, though she’s already had her own breakfast, is all over Gracie’s plate.

If she has any free time, Gracie takes Sandra shopping with her. She dresses Sandra and Ronny and does not like to let sister, because to her that’s what they are.

Of course George and Gracie have one of the most competent nurses in the world to take care of their youngsters, and on the nurse’s day off they have a relief nurse. But no matter what they’re doing, they dash home at five in the evening, because they simply have to watch the two children having their supper and being bathed. And if Gracie can sneak away from wherever she is at three o’clock, so much the better. She can get in two more blessed hours with her children.

When you ask Gracie and George how they feel about this bugaboo of telling children they’re adopted, they’ll tell you it’s no bugaboo at all. “Of course we’ll tell them,” George told me. “But we won’t make any ritual of it; we won’t give them any thirty minute salvation talk on adoption. We’ll just tell them casually, as soon as they’re old enough to understand.”

“I’ve told Sandra already,” Gracie said softly. “Whenever I hold her in my arms, I call her, ‘My darling adopted baby.’ I want the word ‘adopted’ to be tied up in her mind with love and nothing else. I hope that uncontaminated devotion will play all her life.

“If I say to her, ‘My darling adopted baby, when I got you from the Cradle, you didn’t have a stitch of clothes to your name. I bought all your clothes for you.’ She answers, ‘Yes’ and I say, ‘Yes.’ I don’t think she knew it even the day she was born.”

“I am preparing her so that if the day ever comes when some child comes up to her and says, ‘You’re an adopted child,’ she’ll say, ‘Yes, I know, I came from the Cradle.’”

To all child-loving couples who want to adopt a baby—but who are afraid to be accused of our difficulties or that one, George and Gracie say, “Nothing we’ve ever done has brought us as much fun or as much happiness as adopting our Sandra and Ronny.”
The All-Star Story of the Cocoanut Grove

[continued from page 23]

with their parties, they gave the movie folk an icy stare. From their manner, they were just out slumming. This somewhat irked the gorgeous beauties of Hollywood.

Then one evening Irene Rich, who had been a socialite in San Francisco, appeared at the Grove with a party of the bluest blue bloods in the Social Register. Audible gasps came from the tables under the palms. Necks craned, and next day all Hollywood buzzed with her triumph. Suddenly all the beauties recalled what dear friends they were with Irene Rich. Today, in case you are curious, Society has accepted the movie colony, and the movies have taken socialites into pictures. The barriers are no longer so pronounced.

The stars began to put on dinners at the Grove that were as lavish as a Roman orgy at its orgiastic. From rivalry over dance cups came hot rivalry over the banquet boards.

The superb feud between Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson found its most eloquent outlet in their battle as to which one could put on the most dazzling dinner parties at the Grove. Pola ran the red flag before Pola's nose when she made the marvelous discovery that Pola hated cats. Gloria immediately dumped a carload of them on the Paramount lot in front of Pola's dressing room. Pola hit back by luring all the most prominent of Gloria's friends to her dinner parties at the Grove.

Pola was married at that point to an obscure count. She instructed all interviewers to mention her as "the Countess." This was a big advantage over the untitled beauties. She learned also the advantage of making an entrance after all the guests had arrived and were ready to admire. So Pola would come late. Not to be outdone, Gloria came even later. It got so that the two women would send out scouts to find out when to make an entrance. The final wallop was when Gloria delayed so long in arriving at a party that all the guests—save one—had departed!

In those days the movies, as well as the Grove, believed that dressing was chiefly a problem in subtraction rather than addition, and Adrian, now paid fabulous prices for his costumes at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, knew his figures.

The girl in the cake of ice, one knock-out Grove feature, was the supreme example of Adrian's art. She wore nothing. When this float was wheeled in, with the girl apparently frozen solid in the ice, the audience gasped. Then came the protest that this stunt was outrageously crude. Actually the girl was quite warm and cozy.

The secret, jealously guarded, lay in the fact that the center of the cake was hollow, and before the girl entered it was warmed with an electric heater.

When caught in the right mood, Charlie Chaplin would sally forth and put the Grove crowd in stitches.

Also, it was at the Grove that many of Chaplin's hectic romances flourished. The reporters had heard of a flourishing flirtation between Chaplin and Pola Negri, and one night they swooped down, determined to grab pictures of the famous couple.

Chaplin was not publicity minded that evening. A cameraman found his camera snatched from his grasp and dashed to pieces.

Most Colds are Inhaled!

Guard this
INHALING ZONE WITH PEPSODENT

It's the 10-second Germ-Killer, even diluted with ½ water

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

Makes your dollar go 3 times as far!

- How do germs enter your body? How do colds start? "You inhale most colds," say authorities. Millions of germs are breathed in every day of your life! Then, when your resistance is low, they have their chance to attack... to infect sensitive throat membranes!

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

So effective is Pepsodent that, in tests on 500 people, Pepsodent users had fewer colds and got rid of colds twice as fast! What's more, Pepsodent is "the thrifty antiseptic." For it is a 10-Second Germ-Killer even when diluted with ½ water. Thus it lasts 3 times as long, makes your dollar go 3 times as far.

1 BOTTLE PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC = 3 BOTTLES OTHER LEADING KINDS

LASTS 3 TIMES AS LONG...YOUR DOLLAR GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR!
The Chaplin-Negri romance became, from then on, front page news, but there was another love story, poignant and tragic, which escaped the reporters. That was the breathless love of Maurice, the dancer, for the blonde, willowy loveliness of Constance Talmadge.

Maurice was brought to the Grove with Lenore Hughes at the height of their popularity. Suffering from the consumption which was later to cost him his life, Maurice cared little for anything but his art. The first night he inspected the Grove he declared that the dance floor had to be covered with black velvet. All the rugs in the vacant rooms had to be taken up, dyed and stitched together before Maurice would dance.

He fell in love with Constance Talmadge at first sight. Whether Connie was genuinely interested or whether it was because she and Buster Collier had quarrelled, nobody knows, but Hollywood insiders, wherever and whenever they met, lifted the proverbial eyelid over this new romance. The tempestuous soul of the dancer rose to dizzy heights those evenings—and then was dashed to the depths when Connie turned away.

Lenore Hughes deserted Maurice to marry a wealthy Argentine and Maurice trained Barbara Bennett, sister of Joan and Connie, to take her place. He planned to return to Hollywood after a tour of the Continent, but his numbered days ended in Switzerland, and those who knew him say that his last year of life was darkened by the memories of his unrequited love for Constance Talmadge.

THE Grove was a flourishing institution when Abe "Dad" Frank, the manager, hired the Three Rhythm Boys—Harry Barris, Al Rinker and Bing Crosby—as entertainers. He paid them each fifty dollars a week.

At the start no one would have chosen Bing as the most likely to succeed in the trio. Some of the Grove girls called him "pouched egg eyes" and thought the others were the better looking members. But that was before they heard Bing sing.

It wasn't long before Bing had a rabid following of fans, and a rabidly worried manager. For safe to relate, most of Bing's salary went for liquid refreshments. Time and again the Grove would send out searching parties for Bing and haul him to the place for his performance.

Once behind a microphone, Bing never had any trouble crooning. The crowd would clamor for "It Must Be True" and Bing's liquid notes would pour forth joyously. Bing's delusions were a source of grief to Dixie Lee, who was engaged to marry him, and today he credits her with showing him the error of his ways.

One of Bing's pals then, as today, was Jack Oakie. They maintained bachelor quarters together at Malibu Beach, and Jack's visits to the Grove were so frequent as to indicate he thought he was on the pay roll too.

So, one night, Jack was put to work. Bing had been delayed, awkwardly delayed, and "Dad" Frank took Bing to task. Their argument, staged behind the orchestra platform,
showed no signs of quieting down long enough for Bing to sing. By this time the crowd was yelling impatiently for the crooner. In desperation, Ben Frank, the son of Abe, and his successor to the business, seized Oakie.

“Get up in front of that mike and say something,” begged Ben.

Oakie could hardly wobble, let alone warble, but he got to the platform and the Oakie wit, as usual, proved equal to the occasion. He kidded the crowd along until the sound and fury of Bing’s battle, behind the thin partition of the runway, grew to such proportions that Oakie’s efforts were drowned out. Oakie gave up, stepped from the platform . . . and fell flat on his face!

But to get back to the earthy, violent argument between Bing and “Dad” Frank that precipitated Oakie’s fall on the nose . . . it started a ten-year feud, a feud that’s still raging between Bing and the Coconut Grove. And what a battle it turned out to be!

How that war between the Grove and Bing Crosby affected his career will be graphically told in the next installment of this story, along with further intimate, brilliant andtracy anecdotes about the loves, hates, and adventures that have flourished in this favorite haunt of the Hollywood stars. Continued in May Photoplay.

Until Death Did Them Part

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

and life moved pleasantly on except for one thing.

Irene was not responding to California air and sunshine. She grew a shade paler, a bit more fragile as the years passed on.

I remember a swanky style show given at Travis Banton’s home. Irene was there, beautiful with a pale, wistful loveliness. Suddenly the room was electrified by the presence of Lionel Barrymore strutting in, wearing decrepit golf knickers and a battered cap clutched in his hand. He strode over to his wife’s side and gently laid a rough hand on her shoulder.

“I—I” he smiled a bit embarrassed—“I just wanted to see if you were enjoying yourself.” Something in his eyes as he looked at her made even the least sentimental of Hollywood’s sophisticates suddenly look the other way.

Later he sent her to New York specialists. The separation must have been a sacrifice for him, in his own agony of pain that grew as the days passed on, but if it was, he never let on.

Even on his bad days when his pain was at its worst, he’d almost crawl from the set several times a day to phone her from his dressing room.

“Rene,” he’d say, “how are you, my dear?”

No mention of his own suffering.

He took a house in Phoenix, Arizona, hoping the change of climate would bring back her health.

“May,” he said one day to May Robson after a climb to her dressing room that left him white with agony, “it’s about Renee.”

For the first time, his voice broke.

The two old friends sat with heads bowed for a moment. “I can’t get away from this picture yet,” Lionel continued, “and I’m
afraid Renee is lonely for some fun down there in Phoenix. May, I wondered, could you, I mean, would you loan me your projection machine?"

He had it even before he finished speaking. He drove from there to Walt Disney’s. Loaded with reels of comedies, he returned and drove through the night to Renee.

That she should have pleasure if only for a day.

Later, all during the making of “The Gorgeous Hussy” and “Captain Courageous,” when his sufferings seemed to have reached a climax, he thought of her constantly.

Flowers were ordered and sent to her by the boxes. In all the years they had been married not a day passed without some token of his love brought into materialization.

“I’ll write her a love letter, and to the point” to her.”

Renee’s voice had a husky, almost shy, edge to it.

Lionel stopped and looked at him. “What’s unnatural in a man sending his wife flowers?”

He demanded.

“It’s natural for a man to love his wife, isn’t it?”

His love was never flaunted for all to see. 

He kept it well hidden in the secret of his own heart, he thought. And yet, when Irene, with a nurse attending would venture out on one of her better days to a beauty parlor. Lionel was sure to be found waiting patiently outside to see Renee in her loveliness as she emerged.

One day Mike Cantwell, a prize fight trainer and friend of Lionel’s, stamped up the stairs to Lionel’s dressing room.

He found the actor lying on his couch, his lips clenched tight with pain. He smiled a greeting to his old friend.

“Just sit awhile with me, Mike,” he said.

“I’m resting between scenes.”

The two remained silent a long while.

“Mike,” Lionel said softly, “I’ll be all right if only my wife had good health. I’d be all right then.

“For, Mike, she’s a very wonderful person, Renee is.”

The doctors tried to tell him that her strength was ebbing. He pooched-poohed them to scorn.

But the stricken something in his eyes as he went about his work revealed his heart.

He had gone to be near her in the heat of an Arizona town when pictures permitted, but the change had failed to work the miracle he hoped for.

But he never gave up.

“I believe,” Lionel said one day to a close friend, “in the power of prayer. I believe He hears and He answers. I know He does.”

It was all he said and yet in part he explained, that confession beautiful, why Lionel Barrymore was able to go on when most any other man would have been compelled to give up.

It explained, too, he think, his capacity for a love that reached the heights.

“There were times,” Bob Montgomery told me, “when I’d hear Lionel in the dressing room next to mine, playing his piano. Just before I would have heard him painfully climb the stairs one at a time. And yet, he had the courage to sit there is his own pain and know ing in his own heart the woman he loved, as few men ever loved, was slipping away from him, and he’d play.”

The marriage and romantic escapades of John left him filled with misery. It widened the distance between the brothers.

Come Christmas Eve with all its merri ment.

The revelry at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
It was at its height. Christmas parties were in full swing. Everyone celebrated. Alone together, at home, were Lionel and Renee.

Jack’s Christmas gift for Renee arrived. Lionel took it in to her.

She smiled up at him.

"It was sweet of Jack," she said, "but, darling, I know that there won't be any Christmas for me."

He knelt at her side, and even as she clasped his hand and smiled, the end came.

A WOMAN star, who asked me not to reveal her name, told me of meeting Clark Gable just outside Lionel’s dressing room shortly after the news broke.

"I— you see, it was Lionel," Clark explained, "who is responsible for my being here at all. It was Lionel who insisted I leave the play, ‘The Last Mile,’ for a movie test—’ I—’ he hesitated, "just heard the news and felt that—’ he stepped again. "I know he isn’t there but I felt closer to him over here, somehow."

The woman star leaned against the door and wept audibly while Clark Gable went off to his own dressing room.

A car drove up to a Beverly Hills Church, the day after Renee’s death, and Lionel, all alone, crippled with pain, stepped out.

He was attending services on Christmas Day.

JOHN BARRYMORE leaped in and filled his brother’s spot on a radio program Christmas night and Lionel phoned to thank him. But with John’s escapades once more headline news, his unrelatability, Lionel felt alone with his grief.

Now he’s back at work.

They watch him down at the studio as he quietly goes about the lot, his figure bent too heavily for all of its fifty-eight years.

Work is all he has left now. He dares not let that go.

MY THROAT HAS FOUND THE SMOKE OF PEACE!

Have hot cigarettes got you on the warpath, too? Try KOOLS, the cigarette with just a touch of mild menthol to make each puff soothing. Like mint in gum, the menthol adds a refreshing flavor to the tobacco. Each pack totes a coupon good for grand premiums. Carton buyers find extra coupons. (Premium offer good in U.S.A. only). Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Munchausen)
NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.

Raleigh Cigarettes...now at popular prices...also carry B & W coupons.
With a mighty heave-ho this slam-bang story of the coast guard patrol is heartily entertaining. Preston Foster and Victor McLaglen are enemy seamen. Foster is in love with McLaglen's daughter, Ida Lupino, with Donald Woods as a rival. McLaglen favors Woods and quarrels constantly with Foster. Storms at sea with brave rescue work are thrilling.

**BORDERLAND—Paramount**

A NOther Hopalong Cassidy story with William Boyd pretending to be a bad man in order to trap a bandit termed The Fox. The Fox almost turns the tables on Boyd but after an exciting chase, the villain is captured. Jimmy Ellison and George Hayes trail along with Boyd. Nora Lane and Charlene Wyatt are interesting additions. Scenic locations are beautiful.

**TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox**

Thrills, suspense and romance enliven this comedy of an heiress, Claire Trevor, who flees her titled husband at the altar, and while hitch-hiking to the coast is picked up by Michael Whalen, member of a motor carvan and poses as his wife. Both suspect each other of being jewel robbers and finally the entire carvan lands in jail. Clever situations and dialogue add to the laughs.

**A DOCTOR'S DIARY—Paramount**

INTRODUCING John Trent as a star, this muddled business attempts cinema commentary on the wrong side of medical ethics. Trent plays the young doctor, who, torn between two loves, nevertheless befriends a crippled genius. You will find this newcomer inept and good-looking; the story hackneyed, the direction far from expert. Just don’t bother.

**CLARENCE—Paramount**

Sprintly comedy results from Clarence’s entry as general fixer-upper into harassed Eugene Pallette’s wrangling family, consisting of Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney, the quarrelling brother and sister, and Spring Byington, their stepmother, and assorted servants. Roscoe Karns as Clarence patches up all their love-affairs, which are well-mixed, and leaves them more or less at peace with each other. You’ll get plenty of laughs.

**JOHN MEADE’S WOMAN—Paramount**

INTRODUCING Francine Larimore as the newest Hollywood star, this is a phoney of a story, full of dialogue and strained as to action. Francine is miscast as a farm girl who, acting like a bowery babe, comes to the big city and meets Edward Arnold, tycoon. He marries her to spite a society girl and the fireworks begin—only to fizzle. No dice.

**WINGS OF THE MORNING—20th Century-Fox**

This modern melodrama of racing and love is lazily paced but beautiful in its Technicolor reproduction of the English and Irish countryside. Henry Fonda is a gentleman trainer who falls in love with Anabella, a Gypsy girl. There are involved handicaps to their happiness, dissolved when the girl’s swift steed runs the Derby. John McCormack sings magnificently and you’ll love the scenery.

**WHEN’S YOUR BIRTHDAY?—RKO Radio**

Goofier than ever this newest of Joe E. Brown’s comedies presents the Mouth as an amateur astrologer whose blind trust in the zodiac scales gets him into trouble. A professional sportsman adopts him as a lucky mascot; women fight for his favors, and he fights in the ring screening predictions. Meanwhile you laugh. It’s swell slapstick.

The slenderizing two- and three-thread stockings, the illusive dull-luster Crepes, the smart Bridal Veil Mesh—these are Quaker’s contribution to this modern age of glamour. Quaker Stockings are as youthful to the legs as clever makeup to the face.

Priced from 85c to $1.65 a pair. Ask your dealer, or write to them where they may be bought. Quaker Hosiery Co., 239 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Barbara Stanwyck
Tells Why She Won’t
Marry Robert Taylor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

Barbara was silent again.

“But since you two are such great friends, isn’t it possible that you will one day fall in love with each other?”

“Who knows?” Barbara answered, simply. “Many people believe that friendship is a more powerful emotion than love. They argue that when you reach the heights of romantic love, you can only fall back; while, on the other hand, friendship is a goal that is never completely reached. Build on it as you will, strengthen it by years of devotion, you can never accomplish complete friendship. It is always possible of being intensified. And by that argument, friendship gains with the years while love can only lose.

“If this is true, then Bob and I have unconsciously built a firm foundation. Our friendship is real; it grows deeper with each passing day. And while we have no intention of marrying, still I presume such a foundation of friendship might be able to withstand the inevitable loss of the passionate form of love that lasts but a few months after the honeymoon. If you could fall in love with your best friend, I suppose such a marriage would come as close to perfection as marriage can come.

“But right now, I have other plans. I am so thrilled with my career and the grand chance I’m to have in Stella Dallas. I want to give the part I am to portray a lot of thought. It will take a lot of thought. I have a marvelous ranch now, too. The stables are up and the training track for our racing horses is finished. We’ve already sold a number of yearlings. And I’m building a cute, Irish farmhouse for my home; the foundation is already in and it will soon be completed.

“Everything seems to be looking up now. In fact, I’m finding it a little difficult to keep from being skeptical that such marvelous happiness can last—but I’ll try not to tempt Fate and maybe I’ll have it for a long time.

“I haven’t wanted to deal in personalities. What I’ve said about Bob and marriage was meant to be my reaction to anyone and marriage.

“The friendship of Bob Taylor is one of my dearest possessions. I wouldn’t strain that bond for anything in the world.”

Just then the telephone rang. It was the studio telling Barbara that she would have to report for work the next day.

As I arose to go, Barbara held out her hand to wish me good-bye. Her hand was warm with fever, yet her hand clasp was firm and genuine. I asked her final permission to print the statement she had given me. The real Barbara Stanwyck is tied up in the answer:

“As long as I hurt no one with what I have said, I can see no reason for not printing my honest answer to your questions.”

As I drove away from her home, I found myself agreeing with those others. If Bob Taylor ever succeeds in gaining Barbara Stanwyck for a wife, he’ll be a lucky boy. And if Barbara ever succeeds in living down her distrust of marriage enough to marry Bob, she’ll have just about the grandest boy in the world, too. But right now Barbara says:

“Bob and I are not going to be married.”
Take No Chances
with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes

Give teeth the Double Protection they need

If you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth may be white and sparkling; but unless your gums are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan’s Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums.

End half-way care today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan’s, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan’s today. The big, new tube saves you money. Also sold in Canada.

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Without Colonel—And You’ll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Karin’ 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, sulk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn’t get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter’s Little Liver Pills to get 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. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢.

Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood

(continued from page 82)

joined when they were both cast in “Beloved Enemy.” And then, as so often happens, they found they were seeing too much of each other. Every day the two were thrown together on the set and every evening the two met, as usual, to talk over the day’s work.

Jove couldn’t stand the strain and so, friendly but sadly, they parted.

A MOVIE star’s past certainly has a way of creeping up on him every so often. Clark Gable’s did recently at any rate.

In the year 1922, when Mrs. Violet Wells Norton, forty-seven-year-old English woman claims Clark was chicken ranching near her home in England, it was discovered by the authorities Gable was doing no such thing. No indiscreet.

At that time the great outdoor he-man was busily engaged in the business of SELLING NECKTIES to lumberjacks.

And doing all right at it, too.

EOPOLD STOWKOWSKI takes his place—with Clark Gable and Bob Taylor these days as movie hero extraordinary. It was the great musical director’s first mail after his appearance in “The Big Broadcast of 1937” that brought him back to Paramount on a three year contract.

His first request was to talk to Harpo Marx who plays the harp so beautifully and to Irving Berlin, composer of popular songs. Stowkowski held out at great length to both men, when they finally arranged the meeting, about various technical points of music.

At the end of an hour Harpo looked at Irving and Irving looked at Harpo. They both looked then at Stowkowski.

"He can’t read a note of music," Harpo finally said, pointing at Irving.

"He makes up all his tunes by air, too," Irving said, nodding at Harpo.

For a minute the maestro looked stunned.

"It is too much, zis Hollywood," he said, and running his fingers through his hair strode off.

THE recent cold snap caused many long anxious hours for many of our rancher stars.

But the comedians of the village managed, somehow, at least, to be as funny off screen as on, and the tales of Hugh Herbert’s and Frank Morgan’s efforts to combat frost are killing.

Herbert, who has fallen madly in love with his live stock,heed all the smudging of his frantic neighbors and immediately rushed out and bought a hundred fancy smudge pots of his own.

But instead of using them under the orange trees, Hugh used them to keep the cold off his chickens and pigs and as a result, nearly strangled the blackened, sooted animals. The white chickens emerged a cozy ebony and the pigs were blacker than Stepin Fetchit.

Frank Morgan’s concern was for his five tropical plants in his Beverly Hills back garden. At the first sign of frost, Frank rushed off and bought each plant its own little individual smudge pot which burned beside it all night.

Next morning the neighbors raised old Ned with Morgan and the actor was worried sick. There seemed to be no hope for his plants. And then, he had an idea.

The next night each plant had its own cozy pup tent and there they stood under their little tents until the frost was over.

MINOR Items: Warners, seeing that James Cagney might stage a comeback after all what with the success of “The Great Guy,” immediately declared war. They started rehashing the famous court case and at the same time announced they would put a group of old Cagney films out to flood the market. But Jimmy isn’t worried—says he’ll beat this legal plan yet ... latest in the business of making “Gone With the Wind” is that Selznick Internation (which owns the story) and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (which has Clark Gable under contract) may join forces for this production. Metro refuses to loan Clark out, and Selznick realizes it can’t cast anyone else as Rhett Butler ...

JOHN BOLES came out of the theater, looked up to see if it were raining, drew on his gloves, and motioned for his driver to bring the car up.

An autograph fan yelled suddenly: “There’s Boles!”

He stepped into the car as the surge of people, mobs of waiting, came down upon him.

He signed for a half dozen. Then “Drive on,” he said.

But the car didn’t move. It couldn’t. There were shouting children (and many adults) surrounding it four deep.

Then a whistle sounded and a policeman came running up.

“Thank heaven,” murmured John, “now I can get out of here.”

So the cop gave him a ticket for blocking traffic.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY-FOX, having waited long enough, called J. Edward Bromberg’s house the other afternoon.

His wife answered. “Where’s Mr. Bromberg?” the studio asked. “We need him for retakes.”

“I don’t know.”

“What? But—but we need him. The director will be frantic!”

Mrs. Bromberg had mild hysterics. “Hah,” she shouted. “And how about me? He went to a preview last night and I haven’t seen or heard from him since. I’m going to call the police.”

She hung up, and immediately the phone rang again. “Ensenada calling,” the operator whined.

It seems that J. Edward had gone to the preview with Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent; and it also seems that during the picture the couple decided they would drive down to Mexico immediately after the show and get married.

Would Bromberg mind coming along as best man?

Bromberg would—and did, without even calling home or anything.

He finally remembered that he had a family and a job sometime late the following afternoon.

Ah, this crazy Hollywood.
The Adventurous Life of Spencer Tracy

If you have read the preceding stories in this life history of Spencer Tracy, you will be able to retrace in your mind the months and years during which he had followed the solid, respectable program of the average American citizen.

He had gone to school, he had enlisted in the war, he had fought Broadway for a place among its successful—and won it; he had found his girl, and married her, and had his children.

If you had asked Spencer at any time during those years if he thought there would be any change in the succeeding pages of his biography, he would have said, "no."

He had no resistance against this loveliness which caught him finally, you see. Perhaps it would have been better if, during his Broadway experience, he had infected himself with a little of the glamorous pleasure it offered—and considered the experiment as a sort of vaccination. If he had drowned himself in a few magnums of champagne, instead of limiting himself to an occasional glass of beer with Pat O'Brien or some other croy, champagne would have meant less to him when at last he did discover it.

Things might have turned out differently, too, if he had not met, at the very beginning of his search for a wife, a girl who was lovely and honest and loyal and intelligent. "If" and "perhaps" notwithstanding, for a whole year Spencer showed Hollywood how to have a good time, how to live. The publicity was horrible, but he was past caring.

Don't deceive yourself that he was happy after the first month or two. He was too honest with himself, too inherently introspective not to realize how generally false were the things for which he had traded his home and his family. Eventually the only thing that could make him reconcile the exchange in his own mind, was a full bottle of Scotch.

Then, of course, his work began to suffer irreparably.

You can't come onto a sound stage with your head bursting from hangover and play with convincing gestures, the sort of hero America demands in its photosplots.

Often, when he felt too miserable, he just didn't go to the studio at all. And once, during a period of retakes, a picture was held up for ten days while frantic officials searched everywhere for him.

He met Louise, one afternoon a few months after he had left her. Unhappily they faced each other.

"You've got the right, you know, to do anything you like to me," Spence told her. "I suppose it won't be long now, I'm not begging for mercy, at least."

She put out her hand, hesitatingly. "Why don't you come home?" she asked him with a tenderness that wrenched at his heart.

Something within him — the inexorable trauma which held him to the new life—governed his words.

"I can't, Louie."

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**SMOOTH RIGHT AWAY WITH POND'S VANISHING CREAM**

AFTER A DAY in the open — how does your skin feel when you start to freshen up for the evening?

All dry and "tight"—Your powder "catches"... looks splotchy... uneven.

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How melting softens... A distinguished dermatologist explains:—"Exposure hastens the natural drying out of cells on the surface of the skin, causing the familiar dry and 'tight' feeling. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) melts off these dead cells—reveals the soft, young cells beneath. Then skin feels soft and smooth instantly."

That is why Pond's Vanishing Cream is so popular now with all active outdoor girls.

**For powder base**—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths flakiness away. Make-up goes on perfectly. Stays.

**For overnight**—Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. In the morning your skin is soft, fresh.

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**8-Piece Package**

POND'S, Dept. 15-V, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing specimen tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. Enclose 10c for postage and packing.

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PHOTOPLAY

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If you have a cough (due to a cold) remember this common sense fact—a cough medicine should do its work wherever the cough is lodged...right in the throat. That's why Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. It clings to the cough zone. There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) protects a soothing film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers' $35c and 60c.

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- At home—quickly and safely—your tinting kit has accompanying instructions and uses for a genuine kit of Gray Hair Tinting. No washing, no fumbling, no worries. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed
- Active ingredients; 100% natural vegetable. Cannot affect wearing of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imposes rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by testing a lock of your own hair BROWNATONE is only $2.50 at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee."

Her eyes, disappointed, were still soft. "But you will—sometimes. You'll always be well come, Spence." She paused—"In the mean time, why don't you come out once a week and have dinner with the children? They miss you." "I'd like to do that," he told her gratefully.

She was clever Louise; she knew her husband too well to accept his madness as anything but momentary. She loved him too much to give him up without a bitter struggle. And she knew that in the midst of this tragic darkness one thing represented a flicker of comprehensible light to Spencer; his children.

She might have done what almost any other woman would have done in the circumstances—she might have gone to court, or stormed, or fought openly. But Louise's clear mind realized that the only weapon reconcilable with her great love and her greater faith was patience. Hopefully she settled into the routine of her family affairs, and waited.

It happened, of course.

He telephoned early one morning and told the housekeeper that he wouldn't be able to come that evening for his usual dinner with the kids—but his forenoon was free, and if she'd set another plate he'd drive out for breakfast.

In the still warmth of the lovely valley, his miniature ranch looked peaceful and familiar as he turned in the drive half an hour later. A special sickness of spirit encircled him, built of nostalgia and regret and un happiness. He was reserved and unsmilng when his daughter and son ran up to greet him.

At breakfast (the table was laid on a terrace beneath umbrellas) he let them do most of the talking. Little John said finally, "Louise and mother are going on a picnic tomorrow."

"That's fine," said Spencer absently, remembering to speak directly to John so the child could read his lips. "You going with them?"

"No. I told mother maybe you'd take me somewhere with you. Maybe we could go out on a boat and fish, I told her," Spencer shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can't do that. I'll be busy all day tomorrow."

There was a short, hurt silence. "Well," Johnny said, "I wish we could sometime Mother takes us out; but of course—it isn't the same!" The small brows were wrinkled.

"Louise is all right. A little girl should be with her mother. But I think—a boy should be with his father, don't you?"

The words struck Spencer like a slap in the face. He stood up unsteadily, "I have to rush back to the city. I—you be good kids—". He went to his car.

Back in his hotel he sat on the edge of the bed and held his head in his hands. Turbulent with the conflict of thought and emotion, he faced himself completely, honestly, then, for the first time in his life.

There had been nights, before, when after a late party he had come in and let the unrestrained, tormented voice of his genuine self break through the wall of indifference in his mind; always he had reached for the Scotch, and always the voice had gone away, sooner or later.

Today the whiskey had lost its potency. The simple words; "A boy should be with his father—" hung bright and inerasable before him. In the end he knew that it was over. No matter what happened, he had to go back.

That evening his mind, in its self-decisive, came into the living room of the valley house and stood silently before Louise. She searched the tired eyes for an endless instant; then smiled with relief and pity.

"I'll order some coffee," she said, reaching for the bell. Then she laughed, a small, amused chuckle. "I won't have to do anything to your room. It's been ready for a while."

"She has never," Spencer told me wonderingly, "mentioned the affair from that day to this. Not ever by so much as a suggestion or gesture. When I walked into the house that night a door closed over the year that had just passed. Neither of us will ever open it again."

He coughed out his cigarette. "I want to say this," he went on slowly, "The fact that I'm alive today, that I'm capable of any work or success—I owe to her. She's the most wond ful person I've ever known. In my room today there are little knick-knacks, little presents that were given to me by the other girl during that time. Those things are dusted and handled as carefully as anything else in the house. Louise's personal possessions not excepted. That'll show you."

When he had been home a little while, Louise said to Spencer he go on the wagon completely. She didn't imply that it would be a hard job, or a task. "I just think it would be better for you all around, don't you?" she said one day.

Spencer knew the enormity of what she was asking. Yet he felt it would be, in some small measure, a way of repaying her for what she had done.

So he went on the wagon. Each morning after he walked on the set at Metro (his new contract was with M-G-M) clear-eyed and able.

Producers noticed this and remembering his earlier success, his basic talent, began to cast him in bigger roles. "Fury," that hunk of celluloid dynamite, hit America between the eyes and Spencer Tracy's characterization was one of the factors which made it a success.

Eventually they decided to make "San Francisco" and began hunting for a man to play "Father Tim," the virile priest whose strong arm and great kindliness reconstructed the Barbary Coast before its destruction. Shrewd Director W. S. Van Dyke, knowing Spencer's story, decided he was the only actor on the lot who could create the role.

"Look," said Traya shouted: when Van Dyke came to him. "I'm a Roman Catholic and you know the thing that happened not long ago I wouldn't have the cred to play a priest."

"I'll make you eat those words," said Van Dyke caustically.

And you who saw that magnificent picture know the result. In itself "San Francisco" made of Spencer one of the biggest stars in the industry. It was completely dark in the little studio office when I got up finally and reached for my tophot.

"So this is the day," I said. "Fifty-two weeks without a drink."

He nodded. "You know I've got a boat that I'm learning to sail," he told me. "Well, yesterday afternoon the water was pretty rough in the channel. I thought for a while with all those currents and the cross-winds that I wasn't going to get the keel in, after all. It was a terrible struggle but I did it finally. It made me a couple of hours late, and when I got home I told Louise about it.

"She looked at me, smiling, for a minute, and then she said, 'You made it, didn't you?'

"I thought she meant the boat. 'Sure!' I said, 'I made it, all of that—' And then I knew what she meant."

He looked up at me.

"'Yeah,' I told her, 'we both made it.'"

The End.
Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING BELLs
Jean G. De Virignac, wealthy French film producer and Mrs. Virginia Donnelly, in New York, Jan. 13th.
Film actress Janice Danton to Bruce Pierce, both of 20th Century-Fox lot, at Tijuana, Jan. 12th.
Renee Torres, actress to Erman Pessi, agent, in Beverly Hills, January 17th.
Howard Dietz, M-G-M Executive to Mrs. Fantis Guiness Montague in Juarez, Mexico, January 17th.
Helen Burtens and Herbert Katherford, pianist, were married at Yuma, January 27th. On sixth day of marriage asked for annulment.
Margaret Fitzpatrick, dancer, and Edward Larkin, Warner dance director, were married at Las Vegas, January 29th.

LOVE OPTIONS
Shirley Deane, actress, on Russell Bowditch, sound technician.
Porky’s baristas, funnyman, on Thelma Leeds, actress.

SPARKING
Miriam Hopkins and Anatole Litvak, director. Doris Nolan and Gregory La Cava.
Katherine Hepburn and wealthy Howard Hughes.
Herbert Marshall and actress Lee Russell

Explorer Martin Johnson, killed in plane crash, January 12th.

LEGAL
Dorothy Harrington and Jane Walsh were given permission to sign acting contracts at RKO Radio.
David Harris was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison for sending extortion letters to Freddie Bartholomeus and Jane Walsh.
The federal grand jury indicted Mrs. Violet Wells Norton, Jack L. Smith and Frank Kienan for using the mails to defraud Clark Gable in connection with a charge that he was the father of Mrs. Norton’s thirteen-year-old daughter.
Josephine Arnold, an extra, has sued a Chicago beauty shop $200,000, claiming that her burnt hair made her lose her screen career.

ODDS AND ENDS
Dorothy Zanuck is building a seventeen room beach house at Santa Monica.
Irene Castle MacLaughlin is in town to talk about her life story, which is to be filmed.
Walt Disney was judged the most outstanding personality under thirty-five in the United States by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. He got a medal.

BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN
Claire Dodd announced the birth of a baby son, born three months ago to her in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.
A baby boy at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Prime.

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"WHY IS IT BETTER?" Because it ends all your doubts about makeup. Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup is right for you because it’s keyed to your own personality color, the color that never changes, the color of your eyes. And the shades “go together”—the face powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and mascara are all in scientific color harmony.

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Fay Wray, lovely motion picture star.

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E L TO 3 SHADES AS YOU BRIGHTEN HAIR—MAKE IT GLOW WITH LOVELY HIGHLIGHTS

NOT A HAMBURG IVE, BUT HERE, AT LAST, IS AN INCREDIBLY EASY WAY TO COLOUR YOUR HAIR THAT LOOKS NATURAL, THAT Lasts. Darren's new shadows, called TINT JETS, give your hair a new color without damage. Your hair will look more radiant, dependably brighter. Darren's Tint Jet color is permanent. Darren's shadow is as simple as putting on lipstick. Keep shaded and color bright. Darren's Tint Jet color will last for 120 days. Each bottle, 50c. For your nearest color salon or drug store. For detailed write to TIN T JETS, Dept. D, 752 E. 37th St., New York. Darren's 30 days money-back guarantee.

You can see for yourself that Walter Winchell really knows his ords. He is presenting the famous posies to his "friendly enemy," Ben Bernie. These two carry on with their amusing battle in "Wake Up and Live!" 20th Century's new picture spoke a beautiful line: "Most people complain because the movies aren't like life—I wish life were more like the movies." . . . We've learned that in the movies you have to fake it. Take our broadcast, for instance...in the studio we broadcast seated at a desk. For us, it's fifteen minutes packed with action...but to Director Sidney Lanfield, it was too tame. He was disillusioned, he said, for he had expected to see us standing at the mike, waving our hands, grasping papers marking last minute bulletins, etcetera.

Some years ago, in Dave's Blue Room, a Broadway delicatessen, we heard a three-hundred pound sausage named Mack Gordon sing some songs he had written with a little fellow at the piano, named Harry Revel. Our orches attracted Hollywood notice and they've been out here ever since, turning out such hitlines as "Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze," "Listen to the German Band," "A Boy and a Girl Were Dancing," "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" "Love Thy Neighbor," "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming," "Take a Number from One to Ten," "Stay as Sweet as You Are" and "When I'm With You"

They've written the songs for "Wake Up and Live!" and we're betting right now that "I Love You Much Too Much Muchacha," "It's Swell of You," "Never in a Million Years," "I'm Bubbling Over," "Ooh, But I'm Happy," "There's a Lull in My Life," and "Wake Up and Live!" will find favor.

We have testified before that Lee Tracy, who has portrayed newspaper men and itself on the screen, did it superbly, but we have never forgotten the excellent performance by Lew Ayres in Universal's production called "Okay America!" made several years ago. He was the kind of a newspaper man, we assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that they usually are. Newspaper men are not roughnecks, ill-mannered drunkards, and what you have been deceived into believing. The great many of them are gentle... good husbands and fathers.

Another thing we learned, and which frightened us because we are in that business, is how gossip and news starts in Hollywood. We depend on more of our news from intimates, not more than two handfuls of them. We know the legends are that we get our news from thousands of people. Please don't fall for that stupid drivel any more....

At any rate, the very first day we worked on the picture, we worked about two minutes, actual shooting time. We didn't even have one line to remember. It was what is known as a piece of business. Bernie was taking a dig at us behind the mike in the night club, and we were supposed to react from the ringside table...that is all we had to do.

An hour later at home, a newspaper pal called up and said, "I am awfully sorry, Walter, to hear what happened today. It is all over.
town that you fainted because of the lights."

We told him that didn't happen . . . that we couldn't understand it. . . . he informed us that he figured it must be true because he had heard it from two other studios and was on the verge of sending it to his paper.

We told him that he must be careful of his sources, but the incident certainly made us realize that even our own sources had to be watched more closely. We couldn't stop thinking about how the legend began, and sure enough, the next day we recalled an incident that happened which probably ignited the spark to that rumor. . . . Before the entire cast, Director Lanfield said, after that one scene, "Walter, this is Dr. So-and-so. He wants to talk to you about something." The extras nearby didn't hear the rest of it, which was mulled. The rest of it was, "This is the doctor for the studio. He just wants to talk to you about cast insurance."

We hope we haven't bored you by staying on too long, and we know we have said this in the newspapers already . . . but we want to get all the circulation possible out of it.

In all our career from the days when we tramped in every state in the Union, we never met such a pleasant group of people as Director Sidney Lanfield, the cast, the cameramen and crew. My sincere thanks to them all . . . and we sincerely hope that we didn't spoil the picture any more than Bernie did.

Even Blue Blood Couldn't Stop Jane Wyatt

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

When she felt she was ready Jane returned to Broadway and made her debut as the ingenue in "Give Me Yesterday" at the Hopkins Theater.

Followed "The Tadpole" and a part with Charles Laughton in "Fatal Alibi," all of which merely convinced Jane that she needed still more experience before she could reach the goal she had set for herself. Jane, you see, is a very thorough young person. You may have gathered that before now. Therefore more stock in Westport, a season with the New York Repertory Company, and then "Mad Hopes," "Evensong," "Conquest" and "For Services Rendered." And finally the real break she had been working for. She succeeded Margaret Sullivan, who went to Hollywood, in the cast of "Dinner At Eight."

Jane played the leading role of that show in both New York and Chicago for six months— and remember it was in those dark days when you had to have a theatrical miracle to pay even the stagehands. When that job was done, she felt she was ready for the films.

It may be news to most people that the simplest thing in the world is to get into pictures, but Jane insists that it really is so. All you have to do is first get on the stage. After that, Jane says, the movies practically kidnap you. At all events, she relates that after the very first part in her very first play in New York she was approached, not merely by one, but by all of the motion picture companies.

"Don't misunderstand me, though," she hastens to add. "It wasn't because my performance was anything to attract them, as I fortunately realized at the time. It was simply that film scouts in search of new personalities are like newspapermen in search of scoops, only more so, if you know what I mean. Hollywood is always hungry for fresh faces, so hungry that whenever anyone new shows up anywhere Hollywood is right there, finger pointed at the dotted line."

Jane didn't accept any of those original offers, however. She knew that she wasn't ready and she thanks her stars that she didn't because she knows now that if she had she would have been just another flop. As it is she feels that when she finally did come to Hollywood the first time, even after her successful engagement in "Dinner At Eight," she was practically a flop.

Most girls wouldn't think so because Jane was leading lady then in "Great Expectations," which Universal made in 1934. But her work didn't meet Jane's own expectations of what she should be able to do, so she re-
 Raises Pendulous Brusts

"Remold"

Maiden Form’s "Remold" brassiere was created with the special purpose of raising sagging, "pendulous" bust to normal, well-uplifted lines. It accomplishes this by means of a cleverly constructed inner "shell" of firm elastic which serves to mould as well as to hold the breasts.

"Remold" is made in the bandeau style shown above or with a wide band for additional diaphragm control, sizes 32 to 44—$1.50 to $3.00.

Left: For a fashionable "dividing line" and extra-firm uplift support, choose "Variation!"—in bandeau style or with 2, 4 or 6-in. band for diaphragm control—$1.00 to $3.50.


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[Advertisement]
Fashion Letter for April

[Continued from Page 77]

make you look fresh and springlike on the day you are tired and disinterested in everything and we all have such days.

If you want to wear your suit to the movies in the evening, a satin skirt is delightful, and a lamb one will be perfect for a cocktail party. Seems to me a suit is inevitable this year, more so than ever.

You will probably be looking round for your first sheer, in some dark shade, for you know from last year and many last years that you can't get through the summer properly without one. Betty Wyman wears some that will start you thinking, on pages 68 and 69. Look for those which have those flashes of white or pastel relief, for they are generally the most becoming. It is hard to beat the old combination of navy and white and it crops up every season.

Thin woolens are important for this type of frock. Prints have begun their annual riot in large, striking patterns or small ones, like Betty Wyman's. There is a print for everyone, so be sure you find the one which does the most for you. Candy stripes are much talked of, especially in the shirtmaker type of frock.

For early summer days there is a large choice of print dresses worn with monotone woolen coats. Keep the print off the coat for smartness, but use it for the lining if you will, which makes a complete looking costume. Black and white is in for a run in this sort of ensemble and threatens to rival navy and white. A brilliant sash of red, or orange, or emerald may be added to the magpie background if you want to be gay. Sashes are insisting upon attention, and a great deal may be done with them in the way of varying a dark colored frock.

A GOOD general rule for footwear is to have it darker than your costume. Simple patent leather pumps are admirable with prints or with the sheers I have described. If you like you may have colored shoes to wear with your prints, but select the darkest shade in the pattern for your shoes. Navy, gray and beige are all attracting attention for spring footwear, and of course brown. Owing to the enormous range of beiges it may be difficult to find the shade to match the beige costume you are planning. If it is, go safe and keep to brown, or navy, if you like that combination. Sandals, bless them and the comfort they afford, will be with us again this year; soft, open-toed ones in suedes or in heavier, sturdier skins. They get better and better for evening with more care given to support.

As to hosiery—coppery tones predominate. With our new shorter skirts, their warmth and vitality is important and they add life to the fashionable black costume. With blues, grays and beiges the answer is the same. Buy lively, sunny shades. With the beige costume it is better to get a more coppery tone in the hose to avoid monotony.

I sat next to Sylvia Sydney at Howard Green's showing of spring clothes and she went completely mad over a print frock. I went into action at once and you will see Sylvia, in the frock we chose together, in a coming issue. She tells me that she has had so much massage lately that Strong Swedes practically lie in heaps about her room, exhausted from their work, while she reads a book and only looks up from time to time to say "Which spot are you on now?"

Enjoy the soothing glove-like fit of shoes made on Plus-Fit Lasts. Here are shoes that fit your feet when you're on your feet... and the styles are Fashion's gayest. Write for booklet and name of nearest dealer... Blue Ribbon Shoemakers, St. Louis.

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Night and Day

By Night... refreshing and tranquil sleep induced by the cool quiet of the Park. By Day... exceptional convenience to shopping, business and theatre districts. At All Times... excellence of service.

Suites of 1 to 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry, by the day, week, month or longer.

The NETHERLAND
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THE
SHERRY
NETHERLAND
Facing the Park
Fifth Ave. at 59th - New York
On the Air in Hollywood
[continued from page 47]

suprised not only because they intended no disrespect to anyone, but because the skit was so silly in the typical Burns and Allen vein, that they could not see why anyone could take it seriously. For instance, here is the way the finish goes. George says, "I keep myself," and Gracie comes back with "Why George, why do you kill yourself?" "Because I can't stand any more of this kooky dialect," he tells her.

Joe Penner tells this one on himself. He had taken the Missus to one of the Tuesday evening parties at the Ambassador Coconut Grove. He was having a fine time dancing when a woman pushed her way through the crowd and accosted him with, "Oh, Mr. Penner, I just had to meet you. I saw you dancing and I just had to meet you and see you at close range."

"Yes," Joe beamed. "I'm delighted. May I present my wife. Mrs. Penner."

"Oh," trilled the woman in a typical Alice Brady screen giggle, "Oh, Mr. Penner, you will forgive me, I know, I just had to see the man who inspires my son to make those awful noises."

Frank Fay's visit to the Hollywood radio front—he appeared as a visiting professor on the Jack Oakie program for Camel—was accomplished quietly enough, thanks to the close guardianship of his manager, Nelson Hess, who refused to let Frank out of his sight for even a minute. Fay is still carrying the torch violently for Barbara Stanwyck, and about all he can talk about whenever he meets an old friend, is of his great heartbreak. Whether he did not know her new address, or whether he has grown up a little bit, we don't know, but he did not go out to Barbara's house as he did on his last visit.

TICKETS to Jack Benny's Sunday afternoon program at NBC are as rare as a poet's day in June. The man who can produce two pieces of pasteboard a few hours before the broadcast is a pretty important gent. Usually they are gone two weeks in advance, which brings up a story.

At noon one Sunday the studio had a request for four seats for Marion Davies for that afternoon's program. Now Miss Davies is a very important star, and if she really wants to attend a Benny broadcast, the boys figure that no effort should be too great to procure seats for her. Hence, the studio was turned upside down and shaken thoroughly, until four of the precious bits of cardboard came to light. Mr. Benny was informed of his distinguished guest-to-be. Elated, he made suitable preparations. I think he even inserted a special gag or two in his show in honor of Miss Davies.

Four choice seats in the center second row were roped off and ushers set at guard. Came the hour of the broadcast. No Miss Davies. Came five minutes after the Benny show went on and no one yet had called for the tickets. Finally, eight minutes after the hour, a party of four complete strangers arrived, claimed the seats in Miss Davies' name, and were ushered solemnly into the choice roped-off section. You should have seen Jack Benny's face fall when he glimpsed them.

Nobody ever did find out who they were or what it was all about. It later developed that Miss Davies was in New York.

Here is the lowdown on Eddie Cantor's appearance on the Al Jolson program, and Jolson's appearance on Eddie's, when the two are supposedly enemies of years' standing in theater and radio.

At the nation-wide Columbia chain program on which Al and Eddie both appeared, they met in the wings and cooked up an impromptu radio sketch. As you remember, Cantor sang Jolson's song "Mammy," and Jolson sang Cantor's song "Marjorie." They ad-libbed the whole thing, had an awful lot of fun, but in their enthusiasm, forgot to mention the names of their sponsors. The sponsors were mad. They complained long and bitterly. To soothe them, Cantor appeared on Jolson's program the next week, and Al did likewise for Cantor, each shouting the name of his sponsor four times.

Two kids who tried their luck on the Haven MacQuarrie "Do You Want To Be An Actor" show, have landed contracts. One is John Shea, law student at the University of Southern California, who will start in June, after graduation, at Warner Brothers. The second is Sharon Lewis, twenty-year-old dancer-actress who was given a job immediately after Jack Warner saw her screen test.

How to Get The Girl to Say "Yes"

Franchot Tone, the clever plotter type, used persistence.

Chester Morris, of the dominant male variety, was impulsive.

Joe E. Brown, the backward boy, did his proposing by proxy.

It's not for bachelors—this amusing treatise on love—but everyone else will want to knight the author for getting these seventeen happy Hollywood husbands to talk. In May PHOTOPLAY. On the newstands April 9th.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FRANCES FARMER is sensational in a double rôle. Put this on your "must see" list. (Jan.)

COME CLOSER, FOLKS—Columbia.—James Dunn as a racketeer sells laundry out of his store to make a big city department store. Romance and honest ambition clash when his pals turn up. You'll laugh. (Feb.)

CONFIDENTIAL—Universal.—Jack London's story about a prize fighting lumberjack who turns from steady work to songwriting. John Wayne is the oilfield. Send the youngsters. (Feb.)

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—Republic.—A clever little comedy, which is full of laughs. (Jan.)

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox.—This exciting air drama concerns a pilot's efforts to save a plane. The story is based on the exploits of a daring aviator. John Dehner, who plays the hero, is acting handsomely. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are good support. (Feb.)

CRIMINAL LAWYER—Lee Tracy is the crooked lawyer who makes a fortune by selling his services to someone who is charged with murder. His efforts to clear his patrons are satisfactory, but Alfreda Switzer's singing is the highlight of the picture. (Jan.)

EASY TO TAKE—Paramount.—A radio artist who inherits the guardianship of a spoiled boy. John Howard, Marsha Hunt and Richard Carlson are the stars, but Alfreda Switzer's singing is the highlight of the picture. (Jan.)

ELLIS ISLAND—Invisible.—Donald Cook and Peggy Shannon provide perfunctory love interest in a melodrama that involves the efforts of crooks to escape through New York's portals with a million dollar holdup loot. Hi-jacking complicates matters. Lots of comedy. (Feb.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—London Films—United Artists.—Queen Elizabeth, Philip II of Spain, the Armada and young love in all the excitement of a 15th century war. The story is highly enjoyable. (Feb.)

FLYING HOSTESS—Universal.—This picture is dedicated to the "angels of the airways." Judith Barrett is the graduate nurse who takes to the air, saves her ship, Bill Carson, Andy Devine, William Hall and Astrid Allwyn are good support. (Jan.)

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY—Warner's—First National.—Never a dull moment in this 15th century war. The story is highly enjoyable. Jean Muir is charming. (Jan.)

GARDEN OF ALLAH—Selznick—International—United Artists.—The well-known story of two people's attempts to reconcile religion and love. Incredibly beautiful in color and technique and recommended for that reason. Charles Boyer, as the monk, is superb; Marlene Dietrich more maslinke than ever. (Jan.)

GENERAL SPANKY—Hal Roach—M-G-M.—The "Gang's" first full-length picture. Spanky, Buckwheat, and Alafaya Switzer divide honors as members of a kid army during the Civil War. Philip Holmes and Rosina Lawrence add a romantic note. Lots of laughs. (Feb.)

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Warner's.—An exciting and vigorous story of rival lumber camps touched with Technicolor. George Brent plays the reformed playboy who saves the day for Beverly Roberts when Robert Barron villainously jams up the woodshed. (Feb.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937—Warner's.—A highly entertaining combination of exciting times, good gags, and girls. Dick Powell is good as the leading man who betrays chorus girl Joan Blondell, finds himself in the show business. Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore are outstanding. (Feb.)

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN—Paramount.—Mae West has toned down her robust technique and you'll like her as a daffy movie star stranded in a country boardinghouse. There is a strong supporting cast including Harold Scott, Warren William, Alice Brady, Isabel Jewell and Elizabeth Patterson. (Jan.)

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Lustrous Color for FADED HAIR

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PHOTOLAB FOR APRIL 1937

The GREAT O’Malley—Warners.—Pat O’Brian is the brawled Manhattan cop who finds himself sent to prison. Frieda Inescort, Ann Sheridan, Humphrey Bogart and a fine cast. Better than expected. (Feb.)

THE HOLY TERROR.—20th Century-Fox. —Here is merry entertainment with Jane Withers as the meddling housewife who scrambles a naval air base. Anthony Martin and LeRoy Yarng time as the parents. Joe Louis and Joan Davis chosen handsomely. The best Withers’ film in a blue moon. (Mar.)

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS—Paramount. Lots of animal shots keep your interest alive in this unimportant story. Norma Shearer and Gino Cervi are alluring as a native girl who saves the life of game hunter, Ross Milikan. Good cast. (Mar.)

THE MIGHTY TREVEF—Universal.—This title and overdone story does not fit the tragedy of a significantly talented cilly, going through his paces. Or course he is accused of sheep stealing. Sam Hinds, Noah Beery and Ben Turpin round out the cast. For animal lovers and children. (Mar.)

THE PLAINSMAN—Paramount.—C. B. De Mille’s forceful and thrilling historical dramas of the old and much West with not a cow in the herd. Gary Cooper at his finest as Wild Bill Hickok from Art and story by angle Jane. James Ellison handsome Colly and John Miljan in a ideal Casting. A walloping picture! (Feb.)

THE PLough AND THE STARS—RKO-Radio.—John Ford’s directional portrait of strikers show the real and resultant interests. Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck are the faggots. The woman holds the ending. Harry Roberts takes honors. The photography is outstanding. (Feb.)

THE WOMAN ALONE.—GB.—A morbid and not particularly exciting story of a secret terrorist gang in London with Oscar Homolka, Sylvia Sidney, Stanwyck and Deanna Durbin all of whom give sincere performances. (Mar.)

THREE SMART GIRLS.—Universal.—A delightfully clever and intelligent story marking a thirteen year Deanna Durbin’s screen debut as a singer. It involves the efforts of three sisters to win daddy Charles Winninger from gold digger Dinie Durrens. A knock out. (Feb.)

UNCOVER CASE OF NIGHT—M-G-M.—A dark but not very deep thriller with capable professors going in for whole sale slaughter. D-tecticuc Edmund Lowe, 13 year old boy, saves his sweetheart, Florence Rice. The cast is adequate. (Mar.)

WANTED—JANE TURNER.—RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy’s comeback in a melodrama of the postal service offers you laughter and some amusing comedy. Tracy gallops heatily after bandits, but lacks his usual polish. Gladys Stuart is appealing. (Jan.)

WAY OUT WEST.—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Laurie and Hardy take their way west with a mining deed, deliver it to the gang, send the man, and spend the rest of the picture averting their end with Japantic tactics. It will make you howl. A ripper. (Feb.)

WE’RE ON THE JURY—RKO-Radio.—When Helen Hayes and Victor McLaglen become members of a jury you can expect anything to happen. They find that the defendant is Judge Robert McWade and Phil Huston is reduced to a pulp. You’ll howl. (Mar.)

WHITE HUNTER.—20th Century-Fox.—A pain in the starchy centered by a character to revenge himself when his one time bosom turns up on safari in Africa. Warner Baxter, June Lang, Gail Patrick and Wilfred Lawson are the principals. Very weak. (Feb.)

WINTERFELL—RKO-Radio.—Maxwell Anderson’s tragedy, bitter, prize play is artistically produced, merely cast, a young cast, a battle between the hidden treachery and gangsterism which sent his father, young Groce, on his origins. Broadway roles, Margo, and Eduardo Ciannelli are splendid. (Jan.)

WITH LOVE AND KISSES.—Melody Pictures.—An unpretentious comedy by a distinguished writer, Pinky Tomlin. When he gets the run around by rooks who love his songs, Toby Wing and Arthur Houseman help him out. Tite, but Pinky’s singing is amusing. (Feb.)

WITHOUT WARNING.—20th Century-Fox.—Norman Foster’s initial attempt at directing is only fair, but it makes props, a murder in Denver Valley with J. Edward Bromberg and a party of tenderfoot tourists as victims. Betty Furness is sweet as the love element. (Mar.)

WOMAN WISE.—20th Century-Fox.—An unexceptional story of a sports editor who fighters a promoters racket. Michael Whalen wise as the editor. Rochelle Hudson tries hard as his girl friend. You’ll notice Alan Dinehart. Dull. (Mar.)

THE ACRE JUST SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR. THAT’S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER.—DEAR.

HEADACHE

ALKA-SELTZER? DOWN IT GOES. EXIT, AFTER DINNER WOES.

SOUR STOMACH

BOY! YOU SURE KEEP COLD AWAY. I’LL ALKALIZE, MOST EVERY DAY.

COLDs

Be Wise—Alkalize! Alka-Seltzer

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalinizing solution which contains an analgesic, sodium acetate salicylate. You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the alkali, it brings relief from your discomfort; and then because it is also alkalinizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

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For Intimate Personal Cleanliness, to aid nature in its effort affection on SANEX HYGIENIC DOUGH POWDER. Mild, gentle, refreshing, it is used after wearing the usual sanitary cloth or bloomers. 1½ oz. for every couple.

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The Best Remedy is Made at Home.

The Best Remedy is Made at Home.

To make a homemade a better grey hair remedy that you can buy, follow this simple recipe.

To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up for you or you can mix it yourself at very little cost.

Apply to the gray hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your locks. It will not turn your perfectly white hair gray. It is expected by George and does not rub off.
Perfect nail polish

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PHOTOPLAY, APRIL 1937

Cast of Current Pictures

"A DOCTOR'S DIARY"—Paramount. Based on a story by Samuel Goldfish and Joseph Anthony. Screen play by David O. Selznick. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: Dr. John Markham, George Brent; Dr. Robert Field, David Manners; Dr. Anthony, Bob Chchieff; Dr. Harrington, Joseph Schildkraut; Dr. Sweeney, Charles D. Walston; Dr. Henderson, Michael Fielding; Dr. Hildred, Molly Lamont; Dr. Landis, Sidney Blackmer, Louise French Pauling. 

BORDERLAND"—Paramount. Based on the story by Charles MacArthur and Howard Estabrook. Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Nate Watt. The cast: Helen Longfellow, John Ireland; Dr. Van Dyke, John Carradine; Dr. Waring, Richard Dix; Dr. Hinton, Donald Crisp; Dr. Howard, Charles D. Walston; Dr. Stimson, Drury Coleman; Dr. Manion, Charles Ruggles; Dr. Marlow, Barry Sullivan; Dr. Andrews, Donald Crisp; Dr. Reynolds, Reginald Owen; Dr. Ray, Charles Bickford. 

BREEDING ZONE"—Universal. From an original by William Ludwig. Directed by Dmytryk. The cast: Dr. Nick, Edmond O'Brien; Dr. Jan, Neil Hamilton; Dr. Durand, Conyers Duffields; Dr. McDermott, Osa Massen; Dr. Holroyd, Manoah Lee; Dr. Fuller, John B. O'Hara; Dr. Miller, Reginald Owen. 

"CLARENCE"—Paramount. Based on the book and stage play by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Seena Owen and Grant Stock. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: Mrs. Cushing, Doris Kenyon; Miss Valentine, Nancy Mitzi; Dr. Carter, George Brent; Dr. Harrison, William Bakewell; Dr. Griffith, Reginald Owen; Dr. Stimson, Regis Toomey; Dr. Kittrell, J. Edward Bromberg; Dr. Reynolds, Richard Dix. 

"DON'T MESS WITH YER MUM"—Warner Bros. From an original story by F. N. Monk. Screen play by George Bricker. Directed by R. C. Llewellyn. The cast: Dr. Wilson, Donald Crisp; Dr. Beatty, Fredric March; Dr. Arrow, John Halliday; Dr. Perry, Wallace Beery; Dr. Johnson, Reginald Owen; Dr. Martin, Henry King; Dr. Kimball, Boris Karloff. 

"DANGEROUS NUMBER"—M-G-M. From a story by Deanna Durbin. Screen play by Paris, Philip Andros; Directed by Nunnally Johnson. The cast: Dr. Shearer, Fredric March; Dr. Davis, Ray Milland; Dr. Merrick, C. Aubrey Smith; Dr. Hart, George Brent; Dr. Rockefeller, Reginald Owen; Dr. Sargent, William Bakewell. 

"DON'T TELL YOUR PUNCHES"—Warner Bros. From an original story by F. N. Monk. Screen play by George Bricker. Directed by R. C. Llewellyn. The cast: Dr. Wilson, Donald Crisp; Dr. Beatty, Fredric March; Dr. Arrow, John Halliday; Dr. Perry, Wallace Beery; Dr. Johnson, Reginald Owen; Dr. Martin, Henry King; Dr. Kimball, Boris Karloff. 

"HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE"—M-G-M. Based on a play by Francois de Croisset. Screen play by Aneta S. Wilcox. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy; Dr. Carlton, Ronald Colman; Dr. McQuade, Walter Pidgeon; Dr. Martin, Franchot Tone; Dr. James, Stephenlease Drury; Dr. Stone, Donald Crisp; Dr. Williams, Reginald Owen. 

"JOHN MEADES WOMAN"—Paramount. Based on the story by John Rendell and Robert Coburn. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: John Meade, John Boles; Meade's wife, Jean Arthur; Dr. Graham, William Bakewell; Dr. Kinsley, Beulah Bondi; Dr. Johnson, William Bakewell; Dr. Hamilton, John Litel; Dr. Gordon, Martin Garral; Dr. Perry, Reginald Owen; Dr. Armitage, Donald Crisp; Dr. Ballenger, Fredric March. 

"MAMA STEPS OUT"—M-G-M. From the story by John Kirschenbach. Screen play by Anita Loos. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Margaret O'Brien, Patric Knowles; Dr. Cunard, Kay Francis; Dr. Deacon, Robert Benchley; Dr. Sturgis, Reginald Owen; Dr. Lovejoy, Donald Crisp; Dr. Colton, Brian Donlevy; Dr. Haldane, Luther Adler; Dr. Harrington, George Meeker; Dr. Coster, Edward Arnold; Dr. Fate, James Gleason. 

"MAN OF THE PEOPLE"—M-G-M. Original story and screen play by Frank D. Sanman. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: Jack La Rue, Ginger Rogers; Dr. Platt, Patric Knowles; Dr. Gershon, Ben Lyon; Dr. Parker, Reginald Owen; Dr. Hartley, Robert Z. Leonard; Dr. Markham, James Cagney. 

"NOBODY'S BABY"—M-G-M. Original story by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Screen play by Pat C. Hick. Directed by Gus Meins. The cast: Kitty Kelly, Lena, Lydia Roberts; Dr. Littlejohn, Reginald Owen; Dr. Tinker, Edward Arnold; Dr. Irons, James Cagney; Dr. Deacon, Regis Toomey; Dr. Gordon, Reginald Owen; Dr. Barrow, Misso McKinstry; Dr. Clement, Mauritce Travis; Dr. Price, Montagu Love; Dr. Newhall, Miss; Dr. Lawson, Florence Roberts; Master of Ceremonies, S. Wills; Radio Announcer, Herbert Rawlinson. 

"ON THE AVENUE"—20th Century-Fox. From a story by Gene Markney and William Conselman. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Gary Blake, Dick Powell; Miss Cushing, Miss Kitty; Miss Forsayeth, Miss Kitty; Miss Smith, Miss Kitty; Miss Wilson, Miss Kitty. 

"OUTCAST"—M-G-M. From a story by Charles MacArthur and John Patrick. Screen play by Robert Taylor and Howard Estabrook. Directed by George Seaton. The cast: Mary Astor, John Boles; Dr. McCrae, Reginald Owen; Dr. Sibley, Reginald Owen; Dr. Bull, Reginald Owen; Dr. Waring, Reginald Owen; Dr. Dwyer, Reginald Owen; Dr. Renault, Reginald Owen. 

"PARK AVENUE LOGGER"—M-G-M. From a story by Bruce Hamilton. Screen play by Don Jakoby and John Patrick. Directed by David Howard. The cast: Great Curran, George O'Brien; Pooch, Fredric March; Bertie, Donald Crisp; Capt. Hanover, Robert Roberts; Sam, Sargent, Ward Bond; Nick, Huntz Hall; Cowan, Eddie Chapman; Townley, James Cagney; Jim, George Meeker; B аббс, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Curran, Madeleine Carroll; Mrs. Talbot, Madeleine Carroll; Mr. Talbot, Regis Toomey; Mrs. Talbot, Regis Toomey. 

"READY, WILLING AND ABLE"—Warner Bros. Screen play by Sue Herzig, Warren Duff and Jerry Wald. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: Jack, Dana Andrews; Dr. Driggs, Donald Crisp; Dr. Oxenham, Patric Knowles; Dr. Lang, James Cagney; Dr. O'Brien, John Carrol.; Dr. Kaltenbitter, Reginald Owen; Dr. O'Connor, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Lang, Anne Baxter. 

"SEAS DEVILS"—RKO. From an original story by C. T. Walker. Screen play by J. D. Fanara and David Griffith. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast: Magellanes, John Halliday; Chester, Barry Sullivan; Dr. Mason, Reginald Owen; Dr. Driggs, Donald Crisp; Dr. O'Brien, John Carrol.; Dr. Kaltenbitter, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Lang, Anne Baxter. 

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"—Paramount. From a story by Robert Driscoll and Burton L. Tarbell. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Erich von Stroheim. The cast: Magellanes, John Halliday; Chester, Barry Sullivan; Dr. Mason, Reginald Owen; Dr. Driggs, Donald Crisp; Dr. O'Brien, John Carrol.; Dr. Kaltenbitter, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Lang, Anne Baxter. 

"TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE"—20th Century-Fox. From a story by Anthony B. Kelley and Robert Bleidt. Directed by John Ford. The cast: John Beverly, Claudette Colbert; Dr. Creed, David Manners; Dr. Franks, Donald Crisp; Dr. Stoddard, Reginald Owen; Dr. Nayland, Patric Knowles; Dr. Waitz, Charles B. Fitzsimons; Dr. Dunning, Donald Crisp; Dr. Lincoln, Donald Crisp; Dr. Nash, Donald Crisp. 

"TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE"—20th Century-Fox. From a story by Anthony B. Kelley and Robert Bleidt. Directed by John Ford. The cast: John Beverly, Claudette Colbert; Dr. Creed, David Manners; Dr. Franks, Donald Crisp; Dr. Stoddard, Reginald Owen; Dr. Nayland, Patric Knowles; Dr. Waitz, Charles B. Fitzsimons; Dr. Dunning, Donald Crisp; Dr. Lincoln, Donald Crisp; Dr. Nash, Donald Crisp.
The flood relief benefit show at the Trocadero was a huge success; the audience was as generous with their contributions as the performers with their talents. Ginger Rogers raffled a doll and a kiss to the highest bidder, and no one else but Harold Lloyd came right up on the stage to collect—so did the flood sufferers to the tune of $475.00. Ginger is worth it. Burns and Allen, Eddiemark, Jess Darrell, Bill Robinson, Dixie Dunbar, Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker and others put on a show reminiscent of the hight days of vaudeville. The Red Cross got a check for over $5,000.
Why I'm Going Back to the Screen

I continued from page 16 |

red and lasting value. It is most important, too, for you to know yourself. You have to live with yourself, with your thoughts. If you don't know yourself, you know no one else.

MISS SWANSON has been married four times; to Wallace Beery, to Herbert Somborn, to the Marquis de la Falaise and to Michael Farmer. Divorce ended all the marriages. So Miss Swanson's comments on marriage have the merit, at least, of coming from one who has tasted all the heights and depths of the so-called noble institution of matrimony.

"Marriage should round out your life," she says. "Frequently it doesn't. It hasn't for me. I don't know what the future has in store for me. I hope that sometime I can find the right happiness in marriage. But all that will have to take care of itself."

As you know, Miss Swanson has three children. Gloria, child of her marriage to Herbert Somborn, is now sixteen. Joseph, who was adopted, is fourteen. Michelle, child of Miss Swanson's marriage to Michael Farmer, will be five in April.

"I often think of myself as twins," Miss Swanson told me. "I look at Gloria in a detached fashion. I like her best as a woman with children, not as an actress. It warms you to be around children. I was robbed of my daughter Gloria's babyhood because I was so busy pursuing my own public life. I won't be robbed of Michelle's childhood, I can tell you."

I asked Miss Swanson if she wanted her children to follow in her footsteps, to act. "Who am I to say?" responded the actress. "My children will have to decide for themselves. Parents make a mistake in trying to guide their children to a fixed goal, a goal they have chosen for them."

"In fact, this generation is pretty terrible, I think, in its relations with its children. We forget we are living in our children's generation. It isn't our generation."

"I shall make no emotional decisions for my children. True, I hope they will bring their problems home to us for discussion. But I shall force them to make their decisions. Otherwise they will be weak, indecisive at twenty, with no process of thinking, no backbone. Make them exercise their minds and will as much as you make them exercise their muscles, is my code."

"Our 1937 form of education is wrong. We put the cart before the horse. We should teach children about themselves first, about the world afterwards. Now they grow knowing so little about their own bodies, about themselves. This ignorance isn't healthy."

"My boy knows more about an airplane and how it is built than about his body. He knows the right petrol for a plane, nothing about himself. My boy knows all about Switzerland but he isn't acquainted with his liver. I try to talk to him. 'You are going to have that body a long time,' I say. 'If it isn't happy you won't be happy.'"

It is interesting to note that, where most actresses of the late thirties turn to character and comedy roles, Miss Swanson will go back to the screen in modern, intelligent emotionalism. No eccentric roles for this woman who takes time in her stride.

"I am tired of the old glamorous bla-bla," she went on. "Maybe I had glamour. Maybe I have some left. But I want to act. Let glamour take care of itself."

"I want to do comedy now and then, too, I don't want to be typed."

"The best role I ever did? I guess it was in 'The Humming Bird.' Sadie Thompson was another grand part. You know. I haven't made a picture in two and a half years. The last was 'Music in the Air' for Fox. Indeed, I've made but five pictures since "The Trespasser" in 1929, but my career numbers forty-nine picture all told."

"Everybody thinks Cecil DeMille discovered me in Mack Sennett comedies. Actually, I worked in nine pictures, mostly directed by Jack Conway, at Triangle before I went under the DeMille guidance. Conway is now at Metro. It would be strange if he should direct me now—nearly twenty years later."

I asked Miss Swanson what she most hoped to get out of life.

"Happiness, I suppose," she answered. "It's hard to define, too. You know the Christmas greeting card idea—health and prosperity, peace of mind. Sometimes, I guess happiness is just waking up feeling well, all right with the world. But happiness is the end of the rainbow you never reach. You acquire one thing in life, as you lose another. It's never complete. We envy the rich, who have stomach ulcers. The rich envy us for our health."

"You always worry about those you love, your friends, yourself. The only thing is to try to get some sort of happiness within yourself. That sounds like Pollyanna or a new religion, or something. I merely mean you can't get away from yourself, and sometimes we let the outside things blind us to the happiness close by."

Miss Swanson paused for a second.

"The only real things in life are children, work and the peace of mind you can create within yourself. Nothing else counts."

Jean Harlow and Bob Taylor leaving for Washington, D. C., to attend the President's Birthday Ball. In Baltimore, Bob had to run a gamut of kissing women to reach the speaker's platform and lost his necktie to a souvenir hunter on the way out. Both lunched at the White House and Jeanie was kissed in public by the Senator from North Carolina, so it was all very exciting.
be Glorified by
GOSS-AMOUR

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty
'ROUND-THE-WORLD CALENDAR
OF A CALIFORNIA LADY

Mrs. Rufus Taine Spalding III

Dinner parties in the Pasadena house
Midnight snacks at Hollywood's "Troc"
Bridge and Polo at Midwick
Sailing and aquaplaning at Montecito
Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback
New York for important "opening nights"
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe
Annual visit to her husband's estate in Kauai, Hawaii

The beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband's sloop "Hurulu," is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Camels are so mild," she says, "they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!" Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids — alkaline digestive fluids — and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood's Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: "Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here."

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

Mrs. Nicholas Fiddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
Mrs. J. Gardner Cudlidge 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Mrs. Chiwell Dalmore Langhorn, Virginia • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman Ill, Baltimore • Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS

Costlier Tobaccos!

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

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
Lock in tonight with the moonlight on Singapore or Samarkand, on the rippling waters of the Grand Canal or the dusky Vale of Kashmir. Find romance and youth and beauty in any land. And you find, too, the magic that is fragrance Gemey.

What is the secret of this perfume that has charmed it: way around the world? Why is it high in the favor of lovely women everywhere? Now in America you may know! For Richard Hudnut presents, at your favorite perfume counter, a complete glamour ensemble in fragrance Gemey. There are powders and scents, rouges and lipsticks, eau de cologne and enchantments for the skin and hair. Through them all is woven this single thread of fragrance . . . one young and joyous perfume in all your beauty essentials . . . that the world may know as your
JOSEPHINE: Poor Lizbeth . . . she simply hasn't any men friends.

CAROLYN: It's the same old trouble . . . she can't hold her friends because she can't hold her breath.

*For halitosis (unpleasant breath), there's nothing like LISTERINE

When is a Woman on the Shelf?
by SUSAN BROWN

IS it when telltale rolls of fat begin to appear in the wrong places? Is it when ugly little lines start running across a face that might have launched a thousand ships? Is it when the hair grows grey and the muscles get flabby?

Sometimes "Yes," but not always. A woman may have all of these faults but if her charm persists she is welcome, often sought after.

The thing that really puts so many women on the shelf—so many young women, mind you—is a trouble that often isn't suspected at all. I speak of the condition of the breath.

Why so many women, otherwise fastidious, dare to assume their breath is without reproach is quite beyond me. Dozens of my friends offend this way, then wonder why they are out of the social swim.

Are you one of those forgotten women? I trust not. After all, is there any excuse for the breath being anything but pleasant when Listerine, the quick deodorant, is probably sitting right on your bathroom shelf, inviting regular morning and night use?

BE POPULAR; GET RID OF BAD BREATH

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friends won't tell you. Why risk this humiliating condition? Why guess about the condition of your breath when you know that Listerine Antiseptic, used morning and night, halts fermentation, the major cause of breath odors and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. No fastidious person neglects this pleasant morning and night precaution with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
the quick deodorant
PHOTOPLAY FOR MAY, 1937

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

Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!

Bob masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...

Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!

Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

JEAN ROBERT
HARLOW TAYLOR

"Personal Property"

with Reginald Owen

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE
"The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man"
"San Francisco" and others
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES
RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS
OF THIS
ISSUE

Fan Experiences with the Stars
Fred Astaire sang my song
Photoplay's Gold Medal Winner—San Francisco
Voiceless!
That is the tear which is haunting Grace Moore!
Young Mr. Fairbanks Returns
Is It Love at Last for Miriam Hopkins?
New Team Rising in the West
Loretta Young, Tyrone Power—together again!
Romance—and Herbert Marshall
The Intimate Life of a Gentleman Rebel (First Installment)
The authorized biography of Franchot Tone
The Marriage Code of Myrna Loy
Scoop on Skates!
Ginger Rogers gives a most original party
The All Star Story of the Cocoanut Grove (Second Installment)
Happiness Comes Again to Arline Judge
Tricks and Trimmings of Allure
"Star Styles Need Not Be Expensive"
How They Got the Girl to Say "Yes"
The married men of Hollywood talk freely
With Walter Winchell in Gayest Hollywood
Hollywood Honeymoon (Final Installment)

NEWS,
VIEWS
AND REVIEWS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
Boos and Bouquets
Close Ups and Long Shots
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood
On the Air in Hollywood
The Shadow Stage
We Cover the Studios
Photoplay Fashions
Ask the Answer Man
Facts of Hollywood Life
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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FAN EXPERIENCES WITH THE STARS

Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it’s the most interesting one to reach the editors before May 10th, 1937, we will pay you $10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact, by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Due to the large number of letters received, it will not be possible for us to return unused material. Send contributions to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

Fred Astaire

Sang My Song

By MEL WETTERGREEN

OMAHA, NEBR.

ike: thousands of other fans I’ve always thought that Fred Astaire was the screen and radio’s most versatile star and the world’s best dancer—one of the few fellows who can be graceful without seeming effeminate—and I’ve always admired that grand sense of humor and effervescent personality of his. But what’s more, I also had a hunch that he was a “regular” guy—the type of fellow who has been at the top of the ladder for a long time but hasn’t forgotten that there are others on the first rung—the kind of fellow that you’d really like to know for himself even if he weren’t famous.

And an experience I had last fall proved that my hunch was absolutely right! Almost about last August I had an idea for an election song (I should, perhaps, mention that I am an amateur song writer), which I decided to call “I’m Just a Candidate for You.” I composed what my friends thought was a pretty good tune and wrote some appropriate lyrics. The song was quite successful locally so I submitted it to a music publisher and a week later the manuscript was returned, unopened. Then followed further submissions but the same returns—unopened envelopes and rejection slips.

I was beginning to become a pretty discouraged young man when I decided to try a new angle—big-time radio stars. Several letters to stars brought the same results as those from the publishers and my hopes sank lower than ever.

Then on the Wednesday night before election my wife and I were discussing how much we admired Fred Astaire and she suggested, “Why don’t you send your song to Fred Astaire and ask him to use it on his election night broadcast?” That sounded like a splendid idea to me but just a little late in arriving.

I knew that these big chain programs are planned weeks in advance. However, she insisted that I try it, so Thursday morning off went the song to Hollywood by air mail special delivery and with it very little hope that Fred Astaire would even get time to look it over before the following Tuesday.

Saturday morning I was awakened by the knock of a Western Union boy at the door. I took the envelope and, with hands shaking from excitement (although I was far from sure the wire was from Hollywood, any telegram is an event in our household), tore it open and read the following message: HAVE ADDED YOUR CANDIDATE SONG TO MY PROGRAM THIS COMING TUESDAY STOP SORRY IT DID NOT REACH ME IN TIME FOR MORE EXTENSIVE PRESENTATION AS WE ARE PRESSSED FOR TIME BUT ANYWAY IT WILL BE THERE STOP PLEASE WIRE ME YOUR PERMISSION TO BROADCAST SONG WHICH IS REQUIRED BY NBC

FRED ASTAIRE

Of course I immediately wired my thanks and permission to use the song. Then on Monday I received another wire which further shows how thoughtful and “regular” a big star can be, but which had me worrying whether if I would actually hear the song even though I knew it would be broadcast.

And here is how the second wire read:

DEAR MR. WETTERGREEN THE NBC RESERVES THE RIGHT TO QUOTE CUT IN QUOTE ON THE PROGRAM AT ANY TIME THEY CHOOSE ON ELECTION NIGHT FOR THE PURPOSE OF READING ELECTION RETURNS FROM NEW YORK SO HERE’S HOPING THEY WILL NOT PICK YOUR SONG AS ONE OF THE TIMES TO INTERRUPT BEST OF LUCK SINCERELY ASTAIRE

On Tuesday night there were undoubtedly some “jittery” politicians, but I’ll wager they weren’t any more excited than I. Every time the National Broadcasting Company “cut in” I was afraid it was on my song.

Then I heard Fred Astaire make this announcement: “The next number, ‘I’m Just a Candidate for You’ was written by Mel Wettergreen of Omaha, and I am doing the number for three reasons: First, because it is timely; second, because I am a former Omaha boy myself, and last because it’s really a clever song. Most of luck, Mr. Wettergreen.”

Since the broadcast I have had several letters from publishers requesting me to send them a copy of the song, and at present I am negotiating with one of the largest film companies for use of the song in one of their pictures. I owe all this, as well as a feeling of confidence in my ability, to the grandest star in pictures, and I want to say publicly what I have written to Fred Astaire—Thanks to a “regular” guy.
All through the night

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

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

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists
Wallace Beery's uncuous skulduggery, Elizabeth Allan's beauty, and Warner Baxter's wistful heroism shine in "Slave Ship" 20th-Century's dramatic yarn on the black ivory trade. Watch for it!

BRIEF REVIEWS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

*INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED
IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT
YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Pictures may come and pictures may go—but here at last is a picture destined to live forever! The favorite romance of millions, by the favorite story teller of all the world. A motion picture you'll long love and long remember!

Warner Bros. present
MARK TWAIN'S
Novel of All-Time Fame

THE
PRINCE
and the
PAUPER

with
ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS

Produced on a Massive Scale
1000's in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation...7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios
The most dramatic scene of the month! Carole Lombard in Fred MacMurray's arms singing "A Call to Arms" in "Swing High, Swing Low." It's terrific! On Page 10 you'll see the funniest scene.

A CALL TO ARMS (chorus)
When you blow that horn
You thrill me
To the marrow of my bones
You chill me
There it goes!
I hear a call to arms
Oh, the bliss each note expresses
Reaching out to me like soft caresses
There it goes!
I hear a call to arms

FIRST PRIZE $15.00
THE WINNER!

I have never considered myself as being a dyed-in-the-wool movie enthusiast. I could always take 'em or leave 'em. Then, a few weeks ago, the flood struck our city, and for nearly three weeks all kinds of entertainment were forgotten. Life became elemental.

We lived a lifetime in those few days.

After this period of Hell and high water, we managed to get away for a day or two of relaxation from relief work. As we drove through the little city of Madison, Indiana — where, by the way, that delightful personality, Irene Dunne, once attended high school — we caught sight of a moving picture theater. With delight we stopped and went in. And did we enjoy it! The picture was — well, never mind the name. I see in a review that the critic's comment was "the film is a mildly entertaining bit of hokum, with an unreal story, etc." But to us it was manna from Heaven. We saw it twice.

Sometimes life can have too much reality. We know.

I agree with Myrna Loy in "To Mary — With Love" when she said, "They say the movies should be more like life, but I say life should be more like the movies." Smart people.

MERWIN HOLTZMAN,
Louisville, Ky.
YOU ALWAYS LOOK TO MUNI FOR THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROLE!

The hell of hate around them. The heaven of stolen love in their hearts. Thundering drama that flings these two thrilling lovers into each other's arms!

PAUL MUNI
MIRIAM HOPKINS

in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"

with LOUIS HAYWARD
Colin Clive  •  Elizabeth Risdon
Owen Davis, Jr.  •  Sterling Holloway

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Gloriously lifting two great stars to new greatness!
SECOND PRIZE $10.00
A TRIUMPH!

I have seen a great picture! "The Good Earth" is a triumph for Hollywood; I believe its first. I know China, the inner hidden China, and I saw it again in this film. It shows the very soul of China. The picture has a leisurely pace, lingering upon details that are fascinating. And it couldn't be better cast. Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are not Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, they are Wang and O'lan. Their make-up is so marvelous that they look as Chinese as the rest of the true Chinese in the cast. Luise Rainer is tragically real. She portrays the stoic slave, and seldom speaks, but under her unemotional exterior is a resolute soul, and her drab face is truly beautiful.

And Muni portrays a Wang that is unforgettable and deeply vital. Some liberties have been taken with the script of Pearl Buck's novel, but no liberties have been taken with its spirit. The addition of the locust plague was sheer genius. My sincere thanks to the producers of "The Good Earth."

H. F. THORNBLAKE,
New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE $5.00
BY THE WAY—DID YOU NOTICE?

Loretta Young's superb by-play of disgust in "Ladies in Love" upon the cockroach villain's sensuous rush to embrace Loretta in a dance before they reached the dance floor.

Judith Barrett's dramatic naturalness of nausea upon landing the damaged passenger plane in a fog in "Flying Hostess."

Marian Marsh's and Margot Grahame's perfect casting as sisters in "Counterfeit," even to the dimples.

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. CONTRIBUTIONS WILL NOT BE RETURNED. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Address: BOOBS & BOUQUETS, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

Tilly Losch's dance in "Garden of Allah" releases an unsuppressible cry: "Don't dooooo000 that—" that is, if you can catch your breath.

Ricardo Cortez' one-alone quiet assurance. Oh, just take any picture, it'll be there.

Walter Huston's prize-winning reading of "Did I forget to tell you that I adore you?" in "Dodsworth." Five hundred volts couldn't have gone over bigger.

Kay Francis' quiet chilling, "Like you? I hate you," to Frieda Inescort in "Give Me Your Heart" brought those queer womanish "ohs!" from family audiences.

Incidentally Frieda's acting has never been so potent.

ORA FANCHER,
Schenectady, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
A BOUQUET FOR BOGART

A bouquet for Humphrey Bogart, several of them in fact, for his performance in "Black Legion." Bogart plays the part of an underdog, a man swayed by the mob into beating his neighbors, betraying his wife and killing his best friend. Such a character is despicable, but Bogart treats it with such fine sensitiveness, and puts so much human warmth and appeal into it that he fills us with sympathy for a man faced with forces stronger than himself. Such a role is harder to play than the usual heroic one, and Humphrey Bogart deserves real praise for a beautifully sustained performance.

JANE KENNEDY,
Orange, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
SHOULD BOB MARRY?

I have just read PHOTOPLAY's article on Bob Taylor and the marriage question and here's one femme fatale who absolutely agrees with Adela Rogers St. Johns. I am all for Public Idol No. 1, marrying where and when and whom he pleases. Why movie goers expect a favorite to remain footloose and fancy free is beyond my feeble comprehension. I think the consensus of opinion is that personal happiness is more to be desired than public favoritism. Didn't the King abdicate for love's sweet sake? I feel, as does the writer of the article, that nothing inspires more admiration than a devoted, loving husband; nothing adds more glamour to a personality than the fact that he loves and is loved; and nothing is more detrimental to a career than promiscuous love affairs—rumored or otherwise. All of my favorites are happily married—and I'm always pleased to read of one of my cinemallas taking a wife—Fred MacMurray for instance.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
Want to be the Top of the Town?

"Use LUX!" answer DORIS and GERTRUDE

DORIS NOLAN, Universal's beautiful new blonde discovery, starred in "Top of the Town," says: "One time I had only one good frock to my name—and now I have a whole wardrobe of nice things! In either situation, I'm a Lux fan. Lux keeps clothes on tiptoe with freshness and sparkle and glamour. Frocks come out of Lux with that million-dollar look—make a girl the top of the town."

GERTRUDE NIESEN, of the lovely voice, starring in "Top of the Town," says: "I've always been a Lux fan! Everybody knows Lux gives your nice things that 'out-of-the-box, come-hither' look. You know nowadays even a little bargain frock can look ever so dainty and colorful. That means Lux, of course."

SMART GIRLS use Lux because it keeps a girl looking her best... saves money, too!

Hollywood studios also specify Lux. As Universal's stylist, Vera West, says: "I take care of all washable costumes used in Universal pictures with Lux. It cleanses like magic, and it's safe for the most delicate fabrics, safe in water alone. I wouldn't be without Lux if it cost $1 a box."

Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates dangerous cake-soap rubbing. Everything safe in water is safe in Lux.

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

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

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

and

JAMES STEWART
in
'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

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

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

20th Century-Fox
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production
Jeanette's performance in "Maytime" was a masterpiece. Love did it...

YOU wouldn't think that Willie Powell's walking out on a production called "The Emperor's Candlesticks" would have an influence on Clark Gable's playing the role of Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind" now, would you? But that's Hollywood for you. It did have—for Willie has a mind of his own, and one of the very best in the acting profession it is too, and he realized that another not-so-hot to follow "Mrs. Cheyney" would endanger all that terrific advance his career has made since his lucky accident of being cast in the original "Thin Man."

Hence he went on his own sit-down strike in the desert (a type of strike that appeals mightily to our Mr. Powell, he being no boy athlete). Desperate Metro discovered at Selznick just the story they wanted for him and for Jean Harlow. The story, tentatively titled "The World's Our Oyster," was all ready to shoot. Selznick was terrifically obliging. Did M-G-M want the story? Why of course they could buy it. It was just a cup of movie sugar over the neighborly back fence of picturedom. They were of course getting their rival company out of a hole. What, they said, about Clark Gable being loaned to them for Rhett Butler. Not that they were asking for anything in return, you understand, but still...

And thus unless something goes more than ordinarily serene, Clark—Rhett will be.

MEANWHILE the chatter about Hollywood's most interesting production to be goes on apace and most of it is untrue. The freelance publicity agents have discovered a fine way to get their clients' names in the papers. They say so-and-so has been tested for "Gone With the Wind." Actually only one person for the entire cast has yet faced the testing cameras. Not a soul has yet been decided upon except Gable. The boys in the Selznick publicity bureau sit back relaxed and let the eager out-
siders get “Gone With the Wind” into print. When the time comes, about the middle of May, for authentic announcements they’ll step in and not before.

PROSPERITY is returning: Miss Sonja Henie, aged twenty-two, making $125,000 a picture, picked up $10,000 a night, as small change, on that personal appearance skating tour of hers.

Try that on your income tax return.

THREE girl stars, two this month and one last, came through with performances that were all, in their individual way, masterpieces. Last month was Carole Lombard’s alluring, heart-breaking work in “Swing High, Swing Low.” Only four years ago Carole seemed just another stillborn beauty. Last year saw her magnificent performance in “My Man Godfrey.” In “Swing High, Swing Low” she combines all her talents in one exciting tremendously touching presentation. She is not only beautiful, intelligent, witty but she is also sincere in her emotional tragic moments.

Bette Davis came back, and with what vitality, this month in “Marked Woman.” In many ways it is an unpleasant picture, chiefly unpleasant because it is so true of a tawdry side of Metropolitan Night Life. But the Davis wades into it with such accuracy and gusto that she contributes a white fire of intensity that the screen reveals in.

Utterly at variance is Jeanette MacDonald’s work in “Maytime.” Here indeed is an enchanting personality. And let the hard-boiled pooh-pooh at me all they like, but I believe it is love that has done it. Beauty, Jeanette has always had. Only color films will do full justice to the strange red of her hair and her eyes like emeralds, and a voice also Jeanette has always possessed; but up until now, due probably to that swift fame climb of hers, there has been about her the sharp brilliance of steel. In “Maytime” she is all yielding loveliness, all womanly tenderness and in the really great score of “Maytime” her voice reflects beauty as subtle as the changing shadows of a midsummer day.

THERE was a curious lethargy about the Academy awards and dinner this year. There was no such controversy as raged two years ago at the time of the “It Happened One Night” award. Everyone seemed satisfied enough with the best performance awards to Luise Rainer for her work in “The Great Ziegfeld” and to Paul Muni for his “The Story of Louis Pasteur.” No one demurred much over the best picture prize to “The Great Ziegfeld.” Disney for the fifth year, and quite rightly, walked away with the short subjects award. Capra scored again as the best director. Awards for the best supporting roles were given for the first time this year. They went, in this case, to Walter Brennan for his performance in “Come and Get It” and to Gale Sondergaard for her work in “Anthony Adverse.” Nothing was wrong. The trouble seemed to be that it was all too pat. The great crowd gathered to watch the giving of awards was quiet to the point of listlessness. Apparently the moment you get formal dinners you get dullness, no matter whether the event is staged in Hollywood or Vacant Gap, Nevada.
"YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL,

'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY,

says Martha Raye

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh ... boy ... you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has, me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing ... wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties... 'Sweet Is the Word For You'... 'Blue Hawaii'... 'In A Little Hula Heaven'... 'Okleehoo' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man... 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party... and how!"

"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE
SHIRLEY ROSS • George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle
PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL WINNER

"San Francisco"

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1920 HUMORESQUE
1921 TOL'ABLE DAVID
1922 ROBIN HOOD
1923 THE COVERED WAGON
1924 ABRAHAM LINCOLN
1925 THE BIG PARADE
1926 BEAU GESTE
1927 7TH HEAVEN
1928 FOUR SONS
1929 DISRAELI
1930 ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT
1931 CIMARRON
1932 SMILIN' THROUGH
1933 LITTLE WOMEN
1934 BARRETT'S OF WIMPOL STREET
1935 NAUGHTY MARIETTA

It is with pride that we announce that "San Francisco" has won the Photoplay Gold Medal for the Best Picture of 1936, our seventeenth annual award for distinguished merit.

Acting on behalf of thousands of readers who voted for "San Francisco" we will present this medal to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who produced this romantic, dramatic and biographical picture of love triumphant over suffering. No choice could have been happier. Only one film in scores attains the color and excitement which pervaded this pugty tale of the Golden Gate from New Year's Eve to April 18, 1906, when a major catastrophe descended, the never-to-be-forgotten earthquake.

The earthquake scenes were unquestionably the high point of the picture, and the technical perfection achieved here will open up an entirely new field in sound effects. The collapsing buildings, the terror of the populace, the burning of Nob Hill, the people's return to their devastated homes—it was a shattering spectacle—one of the great screen illusions of all time.

The acting honors naturally go to Jeanette MacDonald and Clark Gable, as they had the central spots in the picture, the former as the orphaned choir singer, Mary Blake, intrigued in spite of her religious rearing by the robust and glamorous attractions of Blackie Norton, gambler and roustabout. The Gable prestige was brilliantly enhanced by his portrayal of a man whose cynical outlook could not hide his essential simplicity and gentle heart. Spencer Tracy's two-fisted Father Mullen, the Mission priest, focused attention on his undoubted ability and won him the starring honors he deserves.

Superb players seldom get far without superb direction, and enormous credit must go to W. S. Van Dyke for his splendid feeling and perfect timing.

Discussion cannot be closed without paying tribute to the supporting players, Jack Holt, Jessie Ralph, Ted Healy, Margaret Irving, A. Slee and others. The basic material for the picture was an original story by Robert Hopkins; Anita Loos wrote the screen play. The musical score was beautifully arranged by Herbert Stothart.

Votes from all over the country poured in for such great pictures as "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (which won the critics award), "Anthony Adverse," "Rose Marie," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Ah, Wilderness," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Romeo and Juliet" and others of equal merit. But "San Francisco" was the overwhelming choice of our readers, and we are tremendously pleased that this impressive and entertaining picture joins the growing list of Photoplay Gold Medal Winners as The Best Picture of 1936.
Jeanette MacDonald’s work has now placed her on the list of the ten best box-office players for the first time. Completing “Maytime,” she will make “The Firefly.” Personal data . . . she has the loveliest genuine red hair in Hollywood, can’t let salted nuts alone, will be married to Gene Raymond, June 17th
John Howard, handsome Paramounter, was grabbed from a Western Reserve University play by a talent scout. His latest picture is "Lost Horizon" in which he is excellent. Personal data... he is very quiet and studious, dates a variety of girls, none steadily, lives with his parents, likes to draw and paint. 
Gloria Swanson has always made headlines. Her newest venture is no exception. She has just signed with M-G-M after being absent from the screen since 1934. She returns to the fold in “Mamie Kenyon.” Personal data ... she wears size one and a half shoe, adores tennis, is an excellent cook.
Shirley Temple might be called a problem—the problem being to find stories reconciling her amazingly mature talent with her eight years. In "Wee Willie Winkie" Zanuck hopes to satisfy those who prefer her in less sophisticated rôles. Personal data... she is insured for $2,000,000, loves soda pop
There's no social whirl for Grace these days. Resting in the country, she and her husband, Valentin Par- erera look over plans for their new house.

**By HAROLD LANDERS**

—That is the fear which is haunting Grace Moore!

Is Grace Moore living under the chill shadow of a great fear? Is she grimly, but courageously, facing the possible loss or impairment of that golden voice which music critics have hailed as the greatest dramatic soprano of her generation?

Hollywood, sensing one of the most poignant of real life dramas, watches and wonders, as she cancels concert engagement after concert engagement. And Grace Moore meanwhile, denies herself the social whirl which she has always loved and spends her days alone, resting? She makes no statement. No statement, that is, beyond those brief notices of cancellation which must be written in her heart’s blood. But now and then her more intimate friends have talked, and from their hints and facts that are known, the story unfolds.

The first chapter was written in New York, fifteen years ago. Grace Moore, then a girl in her ’teens, wildly impatient for a career on the operatic stage, had defied her father’s objections and ran away from school in search of success. Cut off from all
financial aid, she took what teachers she could afford—teachers who should never have been entrusted with the development of so great a voice, for it is very often that a voice is incorrectly placed in the beginning. They did her almost irreparable harm. They permitted her, encouraged her, rather, to augment that harm by over-practice.

So much she herself has told.

She paid the first installment on the penalty for that poor instruction by six months of appalling terror and despair. Reporting for an audition which she confidently believed would bring her a starring role in musical comedy, she tried to sing—and couldn’t produce a sound. Her vocal chords had been paralyzed by the constant strain. She was stricken dumb.

The greatest specialists refused to guarantee a cure; they could only outline a course of treatment which might restore her voice.

For four months Grace Moore, lived, with one companion, on a little island in the St. Lawrence River, without speaking, without even whispering. She carried a pad of paper and a pencil and wrote every message that was necessary. She lived in conflicting hope and despair, courage and fear. Though she finally recovered her voice, she has never outlived the horror of that experience. That also, she has told.

She went on from success to greater success—musical comedy, opera, concerts, radio, and, eventually, the screen. With each new success she worked harder and drew more deeply on her naturally great store of energy. Her friends, many of them great singers in their own right, worried about her and begged her to abandon some of her activities, to let down, to rest. She laughed at their fears. When interviewer marveled at her ability to drive herself so far beyond the ordinary limits of human endurance, she reminded them of her long struggle for success.

Three years ago the pace began to tell. Her second picture for Columbia had encountered difficulties and its production dragged on and on. She was mentally and physically exhausted by the long weeks of grueling toil before the camera and the microphone. A weekly radio program had further drained her strength. And only two days after completing that picture, she sailed for Europe and the most exhausting concert tour of her experience. It was a procession of triumphs, but so great had her popularity become that it was also a series of near riots. Fans mobbed her in London, in Paris, in Venice. Then on her return to Hollywood she plunged immediately into another picture and another radio contract.

The strain had been too great. She fell victim to a long succession of colds—colds which settled, terrifyingly, in her vocal chords. The doctors ordered her to conserve her voice, not to talk unnecessarily. They advised her not to seek new concert engagements. Finally they advised a tonsillectomy. The operation was to be followed by a long vacation, a complete rest.

If Grace Moore had been terrified, she was given new hope by the seeming success of that tonsillectomy. She returned to the whirlwind of her amazing success with a voice more glorious than ever. Radio pictures, concerts! She even assumed the work of writing an autobiography. Again, without pausing to rebuild her strength, she sailed for Europe and a new concert tour that carried her in triumph from country to country. She sang in London, in Oslo, in Stockholm, in Copenhagen, in Budapest, in Vienna. She was royally entertained. Every moment of her time was in demand. Rest was impossible.

The recordings for her current picture, “When You’re in Love,” were made immediately after her return to Hollywood last fall. She was in perfect voice. Never had she sung so well.

Yet, a few weeks later, she was refusing to talk with anyone for longer than a few minutes at a time. She contracted a cold that hung on and on. A hoarseness became apparent in her voice. It was obvious that she was worried, desperately worried.

During the production of “When You’re in Love” which lasted past its scheduled date of completion, she tried deliberately to conserve her strength. She denied all requests for interviews. She tried to avoid every conversation which was not absolutely necessary. She consulted the greatest specialists available.

She had signed contracts for a number of opera and concert appearances, and as those dates drew near, her worry increased. On one day her voice would regain its great brilliance; on the next her confidence would be shattered.

Hollywood had heard that she was suffering from a “slight cold,” a “touch of the flu.” When the illness continued Hollywood began to wonder. She prevailed upon the Metropolitan Opera Company to set over her scheduled appearance in Charpentier’s “Louise” until the latter part of the season. Reluctantly, she obeyed her doctor’s orders and canceled her three concert engagements in the Middle West. Then she went, incognito, to the desert in search of complete rest. No one knew where.

The diva has been forced to cancel the one contract which seemed the epitome of her glorious career—to sing at the Coronation ceremonies of King George VI in England in May.
Doug Jr. swings into Hollywood from London town and British film triumphs.

Ah—an impasse! The autograph fans close in. Left, the next step in a busy man's life: a famous John Henry goes down on a no less famous Beverly Wilshire register.

And sixty minutes later, successful young actor-producer makes a deadline—dinner with Dietrich. Which might verify a persistent rumor from across the high seas that Milady and scion Fairbanks were seen together here, there, and everywhere.
IS IT LOVE AT LAST
Here is the story behind the rumors. Two delightful people have found gayest romance—and realization of their dreams

By Howard Sharpe

THERE is a new happiness about beautiful little Miriam Hopkins these days; she wears it with a kind of unaccustomed hesitancy, like a woman who has searched for something for a long time and can't quite believe that she has found it at last.

She seems genuinely—and splendidly—in love again.

The man is Anatole Litvak, distinguished Russian director, intellectual and gentleman; and merely glancing at him you can observe his open adoration of her.

They met on board the Normandie this winter, when Miriam was returning from her eight months' tour of Europe and Litvak was on his way to direct "The Woman I Love" for RKO.

Miriam had spent those eight months racing breathlessly across Europe, from Rome to Berlin to Paris to Vienna to London, with a kind of fierce intensity caught from her passion for activity and excitement and constant change.

She had stood in the great court beneath the Dictatorial Palazzo and had heard Mussolini shout his political dynamite; she had craned from a second story window along a Nazi square and listened to Hitler stirring the millions. During this latter speech the girl—a close friend—who had accompanied her during the trip was suddenly bored, and from the depths of her lassitude sighed, "I'm so tired of Berlin. We don't know any men here—let's go to London where we can have a good time."

Miriam, turning suddenly, had said, "You're seeing history in the making! Isn't that enough for you?" Then, in a softer tone, "Forget men for a little while. There is always plenty of time."

Probably both Miriam and Litvak were a little lonely that first night out on the Normandie. He had been born in Russia and had been an important part of the theater there when the Revolution had come. Then he had fled to Paris where, with a number of other refugees, he had contacted such famous pioneers as Bloch, the producer, and had begun making French pictures.

He directed pictures in Berlin and Paris intermittently until Hitler in Berlin made famous his anti-Jewish policy. That made him an exile, of course, and he went back to Paris whose, in a little while, American producers began seeking him out. He proved to be the best director that Charles Boyer had ever had, and because Walter Wanger had Boyer under contract he wanted Litvak, too.

Thus the Russian came to Hollywood last winter, but Hollywood in the strange way it has sometimes, overlooked him. Wanger didn't quite have a picture ready. Boyer was tied up in "The Garden of Allah." The plans to make "Joan of Arc" at Warner Bros., with Litvak as director and Colbert as star, never materialized. He met few people except his own countrymen. So, disillusioned and lonely, he sailed back abroad again.

Now, you can always be a little suspicious of the heart loneliness of a woman who is always busy. Really happy women don't go junketing about on one quest after another. Perhaps that's pathetic, and perhaps the world is better off for the hungrieness of spirit that makes a woman go in for art and music and travel and excitement.

In Miriam Hopkins' case, she's always taken this fine brave road away from any personal unhappiness she may have been feeling. But Miriam is one of those women who look like dolls and who have brains like that of a captain of industry. She is intelligent and therefore super-sensitive and emotional.

Thus the fates had set the word for Hopkins and Litvak to be mutually attractive to one another.

Miriam had heard of Litvak, naturally, since the fame of "Meyerling," one of his best films, had preceded him to Hollywood. So when they were finally introduced in the lounge of the Normandie one night after dinner her admiration was stimulated and her curiosity aroused.

YOU must understand, as a necessary interpolation, that there is an inexplicable something about this Hopkins girl that signifies charm—in its most breathless form—to most men. She has probably been the recipient of more love-at-first-sight protestations than any other actress in Hollywood, and the reasons for this are apparent in the golden facets of her personality.

There are several Miriams embodied in the slim little Hopkins person.

There is, first, the Miriam whom...
NEW TEAM
RISING IN THE WEST

Left: Smart, sparkling, righter than right, are the blithe handholders, Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. You saw the newly discovered tiptop team in "Love Is News." Because they clicked so brightly in that, you'll see them together again in "Cafe Metropole," located in Paris. Below: Three scenes from the same picture—see that passive gentleman being made up so artistically? That's Gregory Ratoff, writer of the original story. He also has a rôle in the production. Right: Bill Robinson, dancing teacher of pert Miss Temple, sets a gay gait to prove he's tapster supreme.
A GREAT many things have happened to that worldly Britisher, Herbert Marshall, since he came to Hollywood five years ago.

He's known the greatest success in his career, he's always in demand.

He's known unhappiness with the crashing of his marriage to Edna Best, and in their subsequent long separation.

He's known the rare companionship of a few chosen friends—Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and one or two others.

He has gone through the fight to keep his private life private against the insistent demands of photographers, reporters and writers who have spent the past three years marrying him to Gloria Swanson.

But, unless I seriously miss my guess, Mr. Marshall is having fun in Hollywood for the first time in his illustrious career!

Like the popular Mr. Deeds, the equally popular Mr. Marshall is apparently "going to town," finding laughter, gaiety and amusement behind the Hollywood scenes.

It was a very surprised Hollywood that woke one morning to the variously sorted hints that the long Marshall-Swanson romance was apparently on the rocks. But this was nothing to the eyebrow lifting that began when Bart returned from a three months' vacation trip to London and started hitting the columns in this wise:

Among those on hand for the gala opening of the Racquet Club in Palm Springs was Herbert Marshall who came early and stayed late . . .

Herbert Marshall was grinning from ear to ear because he was one of the few with a ticket on "Fight On" when that baby rolled home to pay off $160 at Santa Anita yesterday . . .

The Swanson-Marshall romance must really be dead. Who was the pretty girl with Bart last night at the Trocadero?

These two women have undoubtedly greatly influenced Marshall's life—Edna Best and Gloria Swanson

The dignified young Britisher is surprising his friends these days by a new found gaiety—what is the reason?

By Dorothy Manners

Then—Bart Marshall and pretty Lee Russell are certainly the leading romantics. They have reserved the same table for every night in the week at the La Maze.

Not only was this last fact surprisingly true, but diners at the popular cafe could hardly eat their own dinner so engrossed were they in the gaiety of the two who occupied the same table so romantically every night.

In the first place, there were always "extra" flowers on the table for the occasion—ordered (the whisper went) specially by Bart himself. Orchids, gardenias and tea roses seemed to alternate in preference. But far more intriguing than this was the "theme song" immediately struck up by the orchestra upon the arrival of the pretty Miss Russell and Mr. Marshall.

With a bow and a smile, the orchestra leader would strike up what later turned out to be Bart's favorite popular song, "Easy To Love." The orchestra played it not only for the interesting entrance, but several times more during the evening.

Frankly, it knocked Hollywood cold—such "goings on" from the heretofore ultra dignified Mr. Marshall one of the leading
pillars of the conservative circle! Hollywood being Hollywood, it stood to reason that a great deal would be made of it all in the “inside” columns. The leading guessers saw it as an important new romance, something to get excited about, and to watch very carefully for an elopement, in spite of the fact that everyone knew the Marshall-Best marriage had never reached the divorce stage.

In a way all this comment and publicity is too bad. It is liable to scare off a gentleman who is reaching out for a little laughter and pleasure and happiness for the first time in his career and finding it all very amusing—that, at least, is my private and personal “inside” idea on the talk.

Let me tell you why.

FIRST, I want to say that I’m not pretending to be an intimate of the aloof Mr. Marshall nor that I even know him well. During his five years in Hollywood, I have interviewed him only once. Unfortunately and unintentionally I printed something in that story on a subject that is a sensitive point with him. We have not met since. But I’ve never forgotten him. No one could forget him. He is charming.

At the time, Mr. Marshall was in a particularly unhappy frame of mind. It was during the early stages of his break up with Edna Best; he was struggling through a difficult assignment on a Dietrich picture directed by von Sternberg; and he had not yet acclimatized himself to our bold publicity methods.

Taking my cue from his polite but repressed manner, I suggested he was not finding Hollywood a particularly happy place in which to live and work. He said something then that I think was the keynote of his philosophy at the time.

“It is not that I am unhappy,” he explained. “Confused is a better word. But then I am reconciled to being confused about things. So little turns out as I expected, or expect ...”

Reconciled seemed the perfect word for his frame of mind and his manner. The shadow of reconciliation seemed to stand back of his complete history. It was his armor against a fate that had taken him from a business career in London to a successful stage career and then almost wrecked everything with an injury that might have seen the end of his professional life, except for his own courage.

On the courageous shows of being reconciled, he had built his life anew, gone on to even greater heights in the theater, and eventually to love and marriage with Edna Best, his pretty stage co-star.

The Marshalls were very happy when they came to Hollywood. They might have gone on being happy if Miss Best’s career had kept pace with her popular husband’s. These career tragedies of marriage are not to be judged by outsiders. The particular problems and difficulties can only be judged by those who have lived through the climaxes of one partner going on to greater and greater heights while the other can’t keep up. The Stanwyck-Faye divorce was a telling example of this. So was the tragic Aleta Freed-Ross Alexander union. And Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres. Eventually, for the Marshalls, it ended in a prolonged separation with the actress wife returning to London.

I THINK if it were possible to get Bart Marshall to discuss such a personal subject—which it isn’t—he would have to admit that women have played an unusually important part both in influencing his fate and his personality.

When I first met him, he was completely the perfect husband. During our first and last interview, he was not a whit surprised to receive two calls from his wife with requests to stop and pick up various household needs on the way home! The majority of actors would have attempted to laugh off this little touch of domesticity. Bart, to the contrary, patiently made lists and promised not to forget.

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HERBERT MARSHALL

The friendship of Gloria and Bart was a fine thing for both of them but there was one circumstance to which he couldn’t become reconciled
THE situation to date on the Loretta Young-Eddie Sutherland-Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie-Rochelle Hudson mix-up: Loretta told her friends that Sutherland had managed the necessary dispensation from the head of his church and that all was set for their marriage. But, she went on to say, she had had such tough luck in the past that she was almost afraid to take the final step.

"Things are so nice now I don't want to spoil them," was the way Loretta put it.

In the meantime, when Sonja Henie went East on tour, Tyrone Power began dating Loretta. That is, when he wasn't busy with Rochelle Hudson.

This got both Loretta and Tyrone into a romantic jam with their respective heart interests. Sonja called Tyrone from New York and they had a bout of mutual explanations. Then Eddie, according to reports got annoyed and dropped all further discussions of a wedding date.

Following on this comes news Sonja hurried back to Hollywood.

THERE'S an amusing story about newly-married Hank Fonda. It seems that Hank was reading from an Oz book to his little stepdaughter. Jimmy Stewart sat draped lankily over a near-by chair.

Suddenly the child's head began to nod. She closed her eyes.

Hank looked up, saw that she was asleep, and softly closed the book.

Jimmy stirred impatiently.

"What're you stopping for?" he queried blandly.

PAT O'BRIEN and the Missus came out of a night club to find that their car was stalled.

So they took a taxi. At the door of their house the driver presented them with a check for $1.05.

The O'Briens had $1.06 between them.

"You'll have to forego the tip," Pat said, "but here's another and much better—one. 'Fairy Hill' will win the Derby tomorrow."

The cabbby drove off, muttering.

Next afternoon, while Pat was counting his own enormous winnings, the same driver called.

"I took the tip you gave me after all," he said. "Thanks, buddy."

WHEN William Powell suddenly turned white and sank into a chair on the set a few days ago, anxious directors and officials bustled fearfully about. They found he'd been working with a high temperature and sent him home forthwith.

On the way a policeman stopped him and began writing out a speed ticket.

"Look," said Bill, "I'm ill and I'm just trying to get home before I pass out."

It was an old story but this cop had a heart. He switched on his siren and escorted the Powell car through traffic at a breakneck pace. Then, at the door, he suggested a remedy for Bill's ailment.

WHETHER it's just a bad year for Nelson Eddy or not, it's pretty certain he's not having a very good time on his concert tour these days.

First there was that unpleasant incident that happened on a dance floor. A woman made a public demand for his attentions and subsequently slapped his face. Soon afterwards, his nose and throat began to trouble him. Naturally an
Townsend Netcher is taking Janice Jarrett out these days. He was married to Connie Talmadge, but they are separated. And Ginger is the datingest gal in town. She's with Cary Grant here. Is it serious?

AFTER Ann Dvorak gave up her proposed trip to South America in order to take a test for Sam Goldwyn's prospective "Dead End," the rumor starts that Sylvia Sidney will probably get the role. Pretty tough for Ann. She's not too disconsolate, though. She caught the boat (with Leslie Fenton on it, yes) by a rush plane trip. . . . And Buddy Rogers refused to do that London picture he'd contracted for because fiancée Mary Pickford was so ill, and he wanted to stay in the same country with her. . . . Bill Boyd and Hazel Forbes have the heat turned all the way on. . . . If Darryl Zanuck takes over the making of "Tonight At Eight-Thirty" as planned, and gets both Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, the production probably will be a better Coward picture than "The Scoundrel." . . . Of all people on earth, cinema-brat but lovable little Jane Withers has gone in for painting—with no less than Willard Nash to teach her. Jane's mama thinks she should be allowed to indulge her urges. . . . This business of Glamour-Gal Dietrich's being so clothes conscious is getting to be a little bit more than a gag. Now it seems she bought trunks of clothes when she was in Europe, left them there (many unworn), and is having her personal wardrobe completely re-designed by Travis Banton. . . . During Clark Gable's "Parnell" death scene the sound man, after telling everyone what he'd do to him if he made a sound, ruined the take himself by coughing. . . . The burglar who raided Elizabeth Allan's apartment was so snoopy he ignored valuable jewelry and swiped only the most precious heirlooms and antiques. . . . Ida Lupino has a new diamond bracelet.

This rumored the Virginia Bruce—David Niven dating has left Wendy Barrie very disturbed.

Wendy, it seems, was much smitten with the debonair David and saw quite a bit of him after he stopped escorting Merle Oberon places.
Good deeds:
They were just two extra girls in a dancing chorus for "Waikiki Wedding," who were selected by Paramount studios to pose for poster ads.
Proofs of the painted portraits were brought on the set for Bing Crosby to okay. The girls themselves were enraptured. Their eyes followed the portraits hungrily as they were handed about.
It was Crosby who noted this and sensed that the girls wanted copies of the pictures but couldn't afford them.

Calling the studio photographer aside he said, "Make two each for the girls and charge them to me. And mum about it."

Deed two:
He was a parking attendant at NBC studios in Hollywood. When Bob Burns drove in the attendant gave his car special care, keeping it carefully shined and polished. One day Burns missed the lad and upon inquiring discovered the boy had lost his job.
Burns looked him up. "You were nice to me" he said. "I've got a job for you."
Onto the set next day Bob took the amazed lad. "Boys, meet my new stand-in," he said. The assistant director gave one look.
"Stand-in, eh? And only a foot shorter than you. Well, that makes things just ducky."
For a moment Burns was stumped. But not for long.
Next day Bob's new stand-in reported for work wearing eight-inch detachable soles strapped to his shoes.
So he kept the job.

It happened on a big airliner, and Margaret Churchill and her husband George O'Brien aren't over it yet. On a recent plane trip the two worked hard to manipulate the levers that work the tricky berths.
They had succeeded in getting their bed down and were crawling in for the night when the slightly confused air hostess appeared. "Oh, Mrs. O'Brien," she said, "I hope you know about berth control."
And hubby George howled all the way across the country.

After a reconciliation, Ted Healy and his college bride have parted for another stage on Broadway. They are now the "Stars of the "Bob and Ted Show" on NBC studio W7X.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were cantering along the bridle path the other morning, talking of sweet nothings. Suddenly they turned around a corner and there were two youngsters—a girl and a boy—thumbing rides.
Seems the kids were late for school, and there weren't any automobiles going by so early in the morning.

An unusual shot of Fred Astaire and his beauteous wife, the former Phyllis Livingstone, Potier of New York. She is very seldom photographed.

Helen Vinson, Groucho Marx and Helen's husband. Fred Perry, at the Troc. Champion Fred was kept busy autographing tennis balls. Right, Arline Judge and Dan Topping at the Clover Club. Love! Read their story on Page 50.
So Gene took the girl and Jeanette the boy, and together the doubly-laden horses were raced toward the schoolhouse.

They got there just as the last pupil was going in the door.

THOSE of you who wouldn't believe that Garbo is well at last, just because her performance as the sick woman in "Camille" was so convincing, can accept this as evidence. She's well enough, anyway, to start demanding things out at Metro—something she hasn't done in years.

Costume pictures, she told them the other day, were boring her to death. She was tired of carrying around tons and yards of heavy brocade and silver braid.

So, after "Madame Walewska" is finished, she will make a modern picture.

It wasn't just a tired "I tank I go home" that put it over. She's not going home any more. She's bought a house in Hollywood, or is buying it, her friends say.

She pounded desks until they shook; and Joe Mankiewicz will produce. It's to be a comedy, in the classic sense.

AFTER all these years, and after all the reports about its being the cause of her marriage crash, Sylvia Sydney's romance with Producer B. P. Schulberg seems definitely over.

First rumors of the break came when Sylvia returned to Hollywood, denied statements that she would marry Schulberg, and then began to run around town with a terrific selection of boys.

Now we're told she fell in love with someone almost as soon as she fell out with B. P., and that the new fellow is a famous New York attorney.

Don't accept all this as too definite, though. It's happened before if you'll remember. Sylvia even married someone else only to have a reconciliation follow in short order.

AT the end of "Seventh Heaven," Jimmy Stewart, lanky and lean, discovered he had dropped five pounds during the weeks of production. Those five pounds Jimmy needed badly. Distressed, he went to a doctor. "I can put the pounds back on but you must agree to do as I say," the doctor said. "Can you do it in a week?" Jimmy asked.

"If I don't you won't owe me or the hospital one cent," the doctor promised.

"Hospital?" Jimmy gasped, but the doctor was adamant. Finally he persuaded the actor that a few days' rest was absolutely essential to the treatment. So Jimmy went to the hospital for sleep, rest and milk.

He consumed enough milk to float a canoe.Lazy at all times, he now slept for days on end. In fact, he did everything the doctor asked him to do. At the specified time Stewart then checked in for weighing.

He hadn't gained an ounce.

FOR several days Alan Dinehart has had a worried, strained look around the eyes.

"What's the matter with you, Alan?" Warner Baxter asked him. "You look as though you'd lost your best friend."

"And that's just what I'm afraid might happen," Alan groaned. "You see, my son is about to be married, and if he dares make Mozelle, my wife, a grandmother, she's liable to walk out on me and take our new baby with her. I tell you Baxter, I've got trouble."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]
THE INTIMATE LIFE OF A
Gentleman Rebel

By WALTER RAMSEY

Beginning the authorized biography of Franchot Tone who started investigating life's experiences, with the thoroughness of a Pinkerton detective, at the early age of two

THIS, then, is the life story of Franchot Tone—as he has lived it. That appendage... as he has lived it... is important; for it is extremely doubtful in my mind if any other human being, given the same set of events and circumstances from birth, would have come the same way.

Perhaps it is this very biographical inconsistency which is responsible for his being the least understood person in Hollywood.

If the bewildered biographer were to lend an ear to every floating rumor concerning Franchot, he would find himself weaving helplessly among multiple personalities—any one of which might be the "real" Franchot. Because I know that a brief review of a few of the more popular theories about him will merely cause him to smile in good-natured tolerance, let us begin by examining some of them.

Is he a stuffed shirt... Hollywood's frantic way of describing a non-conformist with leanings too markedly toward the mental and artistic appreciations of life and living... Is he a gentleman... and thus too alien to our back-slap

ping good fellowship to ever achieve a modicum of personal popularity in what we devoutly call "The Profession"... Is he an independent spirit, captaining his own soul and living his own life? Or is he an inexcusable egoist, too thoroughly wrapped up in his own importance to bother with even the commonest civilities?

Now I presume the tactful thing to do would be to rush in immediately with a list of protests in Franchot's defense and to assure the followers of his screen work that, despite everything, he is a Prince of Goodfellows, wantonly misunderstood by nine out of ten contracted souls in Hollywood. But I hesitate: Frankly, I like him—and believe me, that won't matter to him one way or the other—yet I can't disguise the issue. My liking for him is frequently in spite of himself.

On more than one occasion I have found him to be utterly thoughtless, tactless and independent to the point of arrogance. But just as many times, I've been surprised by his charm, his hospitality and his casual graciousness. And the longer I know him, the more regularly am I surprised—so regularly, in
fact, that I find myself all too willing to totally ignore my previous appraisal of him.

When he married Joan Crawford, I was one of the many who wagered the marriage wouldn’t last six months. Joan, impulsive and emotionally sensitive to the nth degree, was, apparently, everything that Franchot was not. Joan’s was an emotional world; Franchot’s was mental. They didn’t seem to have a thing in common except their careers. Yet, just when I had reached the conviction that this particular fire-and-water combination would never mix, up bobbed an entirely different facet of the Tone personality, placing a new set of values on both the husband and the man.

Only two of my opinions of Franchot have stood the test of time. One: He is not a sentimentalist. The other: He is a rebel. He has lived his life, thus far, as an unbeliever and a non-conformist; and this has been particularly true of his Hollywood life, as you shall learn.

“The one thing I can’t understand and never will get used to is the way the private affairs of actors and actresses become the property of the world at large,” he told me that recent afternoon when we met to outline the first lap of his life story.

“Hollywood reporters seem not one whit interested in my work or my opinions. Their sole interest is in my emotional life. Yet, were I to admit to having had many love affairs—which I certainly would not discuss for publication—they would be shocked out of their skins. If they’ll just let me alone and allow me to work in peace, that is all I want of the Hollywood pot o’ gold.”

Coming from anyone else, this philosophy would certainly have been judged an affectation. Coming from Franchot, it remains a mere statement of fact. His credo seems to be: Plenty of the work he loves, and elbow room to do his own thinking. His mission is not to reform Hollywood—though he will protest it, whenever he is unable to avoid its consequences.

*PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82*
The Marriage Code
of MYRNA LOY

By LEE HARRINGTON

A superb picture of a brilliant woman's private rules for keeping a perfect love

She has the most flattering title America, in all its jovial well-meaned admiration, could give her; and she's handing it back.

"The Perfect Wife," America has called Myrna Loy for two years now. Men—stars and pickpockets, brokers and glass-cutters, barbers and bank presidents—have had a common gorgeous daydream: "Gimme a girl like Myrna," they've said, "and gimme a marriage license..."

Well, Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr. is tired of it. She told me so, while we sat the other afternoon in her suite at the Beverly Wilshire. And when she had finished I knew, too, the inside story of why she is the happiest woman in Hollywood today and why her marriage is one of the most successful and—in no small measure—why she represents Ideal to so many people.

There are two definite reasons why Myrna is sick of being known exclusively as the woman who put glamour into matrimony. One is that she was typed once before and it all but blasted her career; the other concerns a reaction within herself that has been created since her own marriage to Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

And therein lies the story.

I THINK the abiding brief that all men hold for the glamorous Myrna is inspired by more than just her physical charm. When you talk with her you understand suddenly that beneath this beauty, beneath this superb poise, is a glowing intelligence which dances a little tune in response to everything you say.

Heaven knows the movie industry has had many an opportunity to discover the brilliance of her analytical, logical mind; she has handled her career with a calm assurance and a quiet determination which bored ill to any who might try to keep her in the secondary ranks.

Myrna, after all, was born to a heritage of lankness and freckles and troublesome teeth. That she is today one of the most fascinatingly attractive women in America is no fault of the stingy with beauty fates. She has built for herself the loveliness she possesses.

She has built for herself, also, the amazing career which this year places her among the hottest bets in the world box office. It began a long time ago, when Hollywood knew her as a sly, over sexy Lilith whose almond eyes and seductive undulations were the despair of censoring long hairs. Somewhere she managed to induct into her Oriental Charmier roles a hint of decadent passion which wasn't distinctly wicked enough to justify the scissors, but which nevertheless had made audiences everywhere clutching the arms of their seats.

After all, Myrna felt, if she had to be a villainess she might as well be a good one. So that even if the roles assigned her were unpalatable she nevertheless held onto a good salary and was sure of her contract.

When, finally, she persuaded the studio to give her a small bit in "Penthouse," as a comedienne, officials and casting directors thought she was nuts. She was, like a fox. She took the miniature slice of script that was hers, carried it home, broke down the character involved, analyzed every possibility present, and went to work.

The critics said, "Where have they been hiding this delightful person?"

She had, of course, to overcome the handicap of a set, inexorable personality that had been created in countless scenes in countless pictures. People, misled by her stary last name, thought she was an Eurasian or at least tinged with Chinese blood.

"And then," Myrna explained to me, "came 'The Thin Man.' It just happened, is all; it was just luck. But for the first time in the history of moving pictures a screen wife had romantic appeal. Always before, it had been the business of young man meets girl, loses and gets her again, clinch and fade-out. Nora of 'The Thin Man' was different. She had a set of qualities that made being married to her as much of an adventure, as much fun, as tracking down and chasing after a single girl. The picture made me—and it inspired the press. From that time on I was typed as the perfect wife."

I made despairing motions "And you didn't like it?" incredulously.

"Oh, yes, I liked it," she said. "It was marvelous, at first—but remember, if I hadn't squee-greed myself out of those darned Oriental roles I'd have been through in another six months. And I'm afraid of this happening to me again. Because you see there are only a..."
Universal borrowed that fascinating purveyor of glamour, Miss Virginia Bruce, from M-G-M, decked her in 310 yards of tulle, and here is the result—the amusing Jack-O-Lantern dance sequence in "When Love is Young." Nimble Nick Long Jr. is the scarecrow who couldn’t bear to be left out of the fun, discarded his rags for Virginia’s riches. On the opposite page, the Four Hawaiians—not Joe Cook’s famed natives, but better, Shirley Ross, Bing Crosby, Martha Raye (what legs!) and Bob Burns in Bing’s riotous new comedy for Paramount, "Waikiki Wedding." In the quartette’s potpourri of songs and laughter is a hula number by Bing and Martha that will leave you utterly battered.
If you are sunk in spring ennui and prefer pictures to print anyway, stop here for a big eyeful of beauty. There's blonde Jean Chatburn who was chosen last year by artist McClelland Barclay as The Perfect Beauty. She was one of the glorious glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld." And Furness means more than a steamship line, it means streamlines in the form of Betty Furness who tips the beam at 103 lbs. She's currently appearing in "Mama Steps Out"
And here's a new slant on Cecilia Parker who first appeared on the M-G-M lot as a daring young rider in Westerns. Dragged promptly from her boots and saddles, she made headlines as the shy adolescent in "Ah, Wilderness." Her latest is "Two Shall Meet" for Grand National. You can't tie Maureen O'Sullivan's figure to diet—her favorite food is chocolate cake with whipped cream. She is adding her Irish wit to the Marx Brothers' in "A Day at the Races"
After all the speculation as to what effect Dick's marriage to Joan Blondell would have on his career, "On the Avenue," his latest picture, is such a hit he can practically write his own ticket when it comes to signing a new contract. He looks better than ever (you will note he has removed his mustache) and seems happily content just to be with Joan and let the world go by. Did you know he was a bridge fiend, something of a minor champ?
There is a new seriousness about Gable these days. Perhaps it's because he has never been so interested in a role as he is in "Parnell"—the difficult part of the Irish statesman takes real acting, and Gable's death scene is said to rival Garbo's "Camille" for superb performance. He is still beaing Carole Lombard and they seem to have the best time together. When he finishes the film, he will go on another hunting trip. (P.S. He hates bridge)
The latest picture of the Joissons with their little adopted son who is now two years old. It is amusing to recall that Al’s pet words have always been "Mammy" and "Baby." He has given up acting to produce, and his first picture for Warners under the new setup is "Broadway Mutineers" starring—Ruby
The Lux Theater reeked of British accents the night "Captain Blood" was aired. Of course you recognize Donald Crisp, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone and Henry Stephenson

By JIM NEWTON

WHO was that guy who led all the rest? It wasn’t Abou Benny Adhem, by any chance? Never mind, Benny will do this month.

"What’s Jack Benny got?" we started asking people who ought to know when we found out about Jack’s new Jello contract for three years at $12,500 every Sunday night. Back came the answers—

"The same thing President Roosevelt’s got—a natural radio personality . . . sure-fire, spontaneous humor . . . a hair-trigger mind . . . no bad habits . . . complete lack of temperament . . . universal appeal . . . Mary Livingstone." Add them all together and they spell the highest paid entertainer on the air.

We happened to be hanging around rehearsal for Jack’s dramatic debut in "Brewster’s Millions" on the Lux Radio Theater when his agent came rushing backstage with the telegram.

"Jack!" he yelled, "it’s all signed—twelve grand a week!" Jack stepped on a cigar he had just lit, bit the end off another and tilted it toward the ceiling pensively.

"I guess life ain’t so bad after all," he said. Funny thing about it was this: He was rehearsing lines about a lucky stiff who inherited a million when exactly $1,460,000 of the real stuff, which is what three years of that salary comes to, plopped in his lap. What a man!

Jack can keep as cool as an Eskimo’s icebox in the face of most anything, but it’s different with Mary. Going dramatic in a big way on the Lux show gave her the worst case of mild fright we’ve seen in weeks. She used up three borrowed hankies mopping her palms and had to be practically pushed on the stage at the start of the show. Mary hasn’t been too well anyway, lately. Don’t be surprised if she skips a few programs soon to tie down her nerves.

Speaking of nerve, it took a little for Grace Allen to give Tony Martin that kiss she’s been threatening all these months, right after their Fifth Anniversary show—especially with George sticking around.

It was a real snacker, right on the Martin love lips, too.

George and Gracie threw a party backstage after the show. So many flowers around the place that George cracked, "You’re sure this is our anniversary—not our funeral!"

Gracie, cute as Christmas as usual in a saucy little flowered hat (not the little blue one), said she still tells herself before every show,

George Burns and Gracie Allen celebrated their Fifth Radio Anniversary and Tony Martin finally got what was coming to him from Gracie
"Gracie, you'd better be good tonight!"
Maybe that's why they're top comedy team of the air. George confided to us that the toughest time in all the five years was about ten years ago on the Chase and Sanborn Hour and picked up glasses belonging to a "George Brown." He couldn't see a thing and had to ad lib the whole program!

Tony Martin, by the way, our private little sparrow on the air, has a future in another direction—Hollywood Hotel. We're not supposed to know this, but Fred MacMurray didn't work out for that particular m.c. spot. The show, being half dramatics, needs a lot of voice for the other half and while Fred's warblings are pleasing, after all that's not his strongest point. Tony will get the spot. It doesn't mean that Fred's air career is dished. He has a lot of stuff for radio, but he can't carry the vocal load on the Plaza.

What is upping the blood pressure around radio row about the coming change is this: Will Tony and Frances Langford—who can sing for our money—strike up their old romance again? Tony, you know, is supposed to be mad about Alice Faye, but there's some room for doubt. Frances and Gil Kuhn, a former U. S. C. football captain, have been doing all right, but that Martin guy—dangerous! Like to put in a pat on the back for Frances here. If you heard the Hollywood Hotel show with the Irving Berlin Cavalcade you might have noticed a fairly husky Langford that night. Well, she had the flu, fever and everything, but Frances trudged.

Somehow—can't forget that guy—Hollywood Hotel still means Dick Powell to us. There's another bit of inside stuff that might give a hint to Dick's radio future: Warner Brothers are very quietly expanding their radio holdings, picking up stations here and there. So—the wise ones have it figured—they're after a network. And whom will they build their chain programs around? Dickie?

It's a good guess.

One of the smoothest Lux Theater shows this month was "Graustark," with Gene Raymond and Anna Sten. But it almost didn't go on. We had a slight touch of heart failure ourselves after watching Gene and that very, very lovely Russian go through rehearsal paces as perfectly as you could ask for—and then in the middle of the show—whew! Gene acts all over the radio. His hands fly out at all angles. Well, they flew out and socked the script stand once and Gene's script pages jumped into the air. Five hundred people waited for them to spill to the floor and stop the show but luckily they lit back where they started. When Gene's fiancée, Jeanette MacDonald, went on the Lux show, Gene came through with beaucoup poses, but just to show you it's the man who pays, nothing came for him at his broadcast.

The Lux Theater, week in and week out, strikes us as being the acme of radio dramatic preparation and smooth effect. When a star goes on Lux, it means six days of steady rehearsals. The shortest Lux show yet staged was the Gary Cooper-Jean Arthur "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" broadcast last month. Gary had the flu. However, we sat and wondered whether even hard-boiled, efficient production supervisor Frank Woodruff would ever get "Captain Blood" ready for the red light.

In the first place, with Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, Henry Stephenson, Donald Crisp and Herbert Marshall, the place reeked with clipped British accents, and that meant stopping for tea just when things were getting hot. Olivia de Havilland, fresh and sweet as morning's cream, was the darling of the show. All of these gruff old stalwarts couldn't help going a little soft about her.

Al Jolson, Columbia's new Master of Ceremonies, puts over some razzle dazzle jazz with Joe Penner, bandmaster Victor Young and Sid Silvers

Orchestra leader Joseph Pasternach bosses pre-broadcast rehearsals for Nelson Eddy's program with Eddy, Nadine Connor and Producer Thomas Freebairn Smith
The host and hostess, Ginger and Vanderbilt Jr., have been dating frequently while the young millionaire has been here showing his nags at Santa Anita. What is what?

**SCOOP ON SKATES!**

Ginger Rogers and Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt gave a party at the Los Angeles Roller dome.

The Franchot Tones and Cesar Romero were together as usual. Most of the guests had never been on skates.

The Fonda marriage hasn't disturbed the Fonda-Stewart friendship. Jimmie is amused at Mrs. Fonda's solicitude.

Right. Simone Simon with Larry Adler. She did little skating but looked very pretty.

Joan Bennett came prepared for the worst.
THERE'S an odd thing about Hollywood's Cocoanut Grove. It has a personality as pronounced as a human being's. The stars love it, get mad at it, make up and fight on with it.

One scrap with the Grove that still lingers in the corners of the papier-mâché palm room is the Bing Crosby one. Bing's battle royal really had its beginning the day Dixie Lee dashed out of the Grove vowing she was through with Bing, yes, through with him forever.

She would go to Agua Caliente and forget him, so Dixie's thoughts ran. She would put him out of her life. He had promised to quit drinking and behave, and now look—! He would lose his fifty-dollar-a-week job as a crooner at the Grove, that's what. They were tired of sending out scouts to find his hangouts and get him back to the Grove in time for his evening performance.

Yes, she was through. Always before he had drifted over to her table and sung "I Surrender, Dear," and she had melted. But what chance did a girl have for happiness with such a careless, happy-go-lucky guy as that?

And so Dixie went that evening to Tijuana and registered at the famous Agua Caliente resort. In the lobby, the radio was picking up the Grove broadcast. She listened. It was Bing Crosby, singing: "I Surrender, Dear."

Dixie endured it for a moment.

Then she turned around, got back in her car, and returned to the Grove—and Bing.

"All right, I'll marry you," she said.

It was then that ambition soared in Bing's breast. He would demand more money, and by jingo, he'd quit if he didn't get it!

When they turned him down there was a reverberating scrap—a battle that still echoes after all these years.

The All Star Story of the

More intimate, brilliant and crazy jinks that flourished in this favorite

Lil fought a duel ... but it wasn't with weapons ...
Bing walked out, vowing never to return, and so help him, he never has.
Bing went on to greater glories. So did another lad who started at the Grove, named Donald Novis.

NOVIS sang his way from the Coconut Grove into the big time, and the big money. He had his chance to repay old debts when the Grove found itself in straitened circumstances, heaped with financial troubles and minus any attraction to draw the crowds.

Donald Novis, then getting $1750 a week, dropped everything and came to the rescue—for $200 a week. Business revived with a bang. Offered a bonus for his timely help, Novis shook his head.

“Glad to do it for an old pal,” he said.

Abe Lyman was leading a little band out on Sunset when the call came to try out at the Grove. The Ambassador Hotel being what it is, a summons there is like an engagement at the Palace Theater for a vaudeville artist. It’s simply the heights.

Abe was so nervous the opening night of his engagement that he fumbled badly. His tuxedo was soaked with perspiration.

“Give him another chance,” said Dad Frank, the manager.

He got his chance—and you know the rest of the story.

Gus Arnheim, Phil Harris, Jimmy Greer, all sprouted under the warm glow of the Grove’s spotlight. It was among those palm trees that Veloz and Yolanda first teed off to prove that they had something “on the ball.” It was from the Grove that they danced away to fame—and one of the highest salary checks of any dancing team in the country.

Yet it has always been the audience that offers the best entertainment at the Grove. The guests are the real stars. With a sparkle born more or less...
Happiness Comes Again TO ARLINE JUDGE

BY ALLEN TAYLOR

This is the brand new love story of a Hollywood girl who found that all her best laid plans had smashed; who came through a period of unhappiness that might have spelled heartbreak if she had let it; who lost one love and then found another.

Her name is Arline Judge and from the headlines of your papers, from the lead paragraphs of gossip columns, you have for the last month followed the conflicting stories of the thing that has happened to her.

"Arlene," one story would say, "is divorcing Wesley Ruggles, but she's doing it in California where it takes a year—because she hopes for a reconciliation."

"Arlene," another typewriter would tap, "will divorce Ruggles in Mexico and marry Dan Topping, New York socialite, the next day."

"Arlene," screeched one columnist, "denies everything. She's perfectly happy with her husband."

I called her up in desperation.

"How now?" I said plaintively when I'd reached her.

"What adds up?"

"Come on over," she told me, "and I'll give you a drink and my cold and the whole story." And here it is:

Six weeks from this writing she will have divorced Wesley Ruggles in Reno. She'll marry Mr. Topping (socialite, sportsman, and swell guy) soon after. And a week later they'll be on their way to Honolulu.

She has passed through the most tragic period a woman can know and has come out of it with banners flying; she has watched her marriage, on which the program of her life was
How the courageous little star has found the road back to serenity—a warm, human story of old hopes lost and youth regained

laid, fail despite every effort she made to save it; she has seen the home she built of hope and love sold to a disinterested buyer. And sensibly she has gathered up the pieces and found the road back to happiness.

That's courage. But you must understand this, at the first. There can't be any melodrama in the writing of this story. There can't be any tremolo stops, there can't be any sob stuff. Arline isn't like that.

She has ended one life, she is beginning another; and she has done the first, and is doing the second, with the straightforward, unsentimental honesty which constitutes her basic personality.

"I love Wes Ruggles with all my heart," she told me over the little cocktail table. "I always will. I say to you that he is absolutely the swellest man I have ever known or ever hope to know. But..."

She regarded her nails fixedly. "They were right in the beginning—those people who said it couldn't last because he's twenty-three years older than I am. I don't know exactly when it happened; it wasn't one of those definite things. But suddenly I only loved him—I wasn't in love with him anymore—y'know?"

I nodded. "There never was any sort of difference," she went on. "We never had a fight, or even the smallest scene. We lived together in that great big house and we had our baby and we were happy, for a long time. But you see," she crushed out her cigarette, "it was—we were never completely at ease. I wasn't, at least. I respected his judgment; he was always right about everything. I held off saying casual little things because I knew he wouldn't like them. I couldn't be myself, really.

"And I can with Topping. He's my sort. He's young, He's sensible and intelligent, but he likes mad parties and dancing and all the things I love." She shrugged helplessly. "How can I tell you about him? I'll only exaggerate. After all, I'm in love with the man."

I reached for my glass. "The beginning," I said, "is a good place to start. I'll just listen."

ARLINE came out to Hollywood from New York six years ago to marry Ruggles; and she was just eighteen, a youngster full of the gay spirits and the need for laughter. But she had a good, practical brain and a secure knowledge of her love for Wes; with these props she proposed to build her happiness and his.

It worked, at first. For several years, that is. They built a home—"We put our lives and souls into that place," she remembered—and she had her little boy and at intervals she invited most of Hollywood over for one of those parties people still talk about. Her picture contracts got better and better, people everywhere loved her, her fan mail tripled weekly.

Then, quite suddenly, last year, Wes took a suite at the Beverly Wilshire and Arline stayed at the house, with Wesley, Junior. The parties continued. Rumors of a separation were squelched because Arline and Ruggles were seen dining together at smart supper clubs, dancing on famous floors.

"But I just couldn't keep it up," she told me. "It was too—it was going Hollywood, holding onto things that were lost. Besides I was having dates and Wes was running around, too. And people talked. I didn't want anything in connection with Ruggles and me to be cheap."

He came up to the house, one afternoon, to see the baby. It was last Thanksgiving day and Arline wanted dreadfully to see him alone. "Let me give you a drink," she said when he had kissed the boy good-by.

"I wanna come down, too," little Wes wailed. Arline signalled frantically. "You've got to have your dinner early today, darling," she told the child, and preceded Ruggles to the bar.

They talked for a time of inconsequential things; of her new picture, and of his latest contract, and of the dinner engagement he had that night. When at last he had to go she said, on an impulse, "Wes—kiss me good-by."

He kissed her. "Look," he said, "I've never told you to do a single thing that was wrong. You've got to hand me that. And I tell you now, hold on to your happiness. If you get tired of working, stop; if you fall in love again, marry the guy and make the most of your life." He paused. "I'll always love you, you know that. But I know we can't be married again to each other or live together again. It wouldn't work. Just know I'll always be around if you want me."

"That's swell," she told him.

Arline held a match for my cigarette. "But it was pretty tough," she said. "I saw him a few times at the Troc and they'd be playing a nostalgic tune like 'Say It With Music' or something, and I'd have to get... Please turn to page 111..."
LOVE IS NEWS—20th Century Fox

Conceived in the new kind of slap-happy humor and produced with bland disregard for cinema convention, this rattles across the screen to the pace of your laughter. It's young and gay and impossible and altogether so funny it will affect your mood for days.

Tyrone Power is a first-rate reporter who, in the intervals when he is not off-salary, manages to scoop every other paper in town. He sets out to interview Loretta Young, heiress, but she tricks him by proclaiming to the rival press that they are engaged. He is thus given a taste of unpleasant publicity and from his furious attempts at reprisal evolves a chase which leads from bar to bathroom to jail to—Love, at last.

Outstanding is the energetic performance of Don Ameche as a hard-bitten city editor. Loretta is more than usually gorgeous and Tyrone is smoothly excellent. See it often.

MARKED WOMAN—Warners

This is a brutal indictment of modern gangsters and their exploitation of women, based on the recent publicity given a white slave exposé in New York. Whether or not you find the humorless story entertaining, you must thrill to the exciting portrayal of Bette Davis and the uncompromising situations which give the picture its shocking quality.

Cast as the ringleader of a group of clip joint hostesses, Bette’s only sentimental feeling is toward an unsophisticated young sister, Jane Bryan, who comes to visit her. Eduardo Ciannelli, the big boss, murders one of Bette’s friends and in fear of her life she perjures herself on the stand. Then the sister is maimed and thrown in the river; and Bette throws caution aside, brings the gang to justice. Humphrey Bogart, as the D. A., is excellent and Ciannelli gives a chilling performance. This is a film document you will not want to miss.

LOST HORIZON—Columbia

Created in epic style after two years of work and at the cost of millions, James Hilton’s “Lost Horizon” comes to the screen as a magnificent spectacle. It is tense entertainment built through plausible action to successive climaxes, and interpolated by a love story utterly romantic in its idyllic setting. There will be some who, having read the book with feeling, will remark that somehow in its translation to celluloid the weird mood of the original philosophical treatise has been lost in grandeur and Edward Everett Horton’s humor. Even without this, the picture is still great.

Ronald Colman is at the top of his distinguished career as the British statesman, who with a party of friends, is kidnapped and taken to Shangri-La, an Utopian lamasery lost in the Tibetan wilds. There they discover a group of ancients, given long life by the valley’s peculiar quality, living tranquilly in a temple stuffed with the world’s treasures. Colman is enchanted, catches a vision of a greater future, falls in love with Jane Wyatt, and at last is persuaded by the High Lama to stay. John Howard, his brother, sees no vision, and plots with Margo, a rebellious woman, to escape. There is a terrifying trek across impossible mountains, leading to a finale fraught with excitation.

Colman is magnificent, each individual performance, especially that of Sam Jaffe’s, is good. It is spellbinding.
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

LOST HORIZON CALL IT A DAY
LOVE IS NEWS MARKED WOMAN
MAYTIME THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY
THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL PICK A STAR
NANCY STEELE IS MISSING A FAMILY AFFAIR
HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ronald Colman in "Lost Horizon"
John Howard in "Lost Horizon"
Tyrone Power in "Love Is News"
Don Ameche in "Love Is News"
Nelson Eddy in "Maytime"
Jeanette MacDonald in "Maytime"
Bette Davis in "Marked Woman"
Anton Walbrook in "The Soldier and the Lady"
Ian Hunter in "Call It a Day"
Olivia de Havilland in "Call It a Day"
Bonita Granville in "Call It a Day"
Victor McLaglen in "Nancy Steele Is Missing"
Jean Arthur in "History Is Made at Night"
Charles Boyer in "History Is Made at Night"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 115)

⭐ MAYTIME—M-G-M

With a scent of peach blossoms for mood and a superbly romantic score for background, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy return again in this traditionally beautiful story of love, found and lost. It is gay and charming and heart-stirring. It is a nostalgic thing set to music.

You may remember the tale, in which Jeanette is a young prima donna engaged to marry her teacher and manager, John Barrymore. She slips away one night, meets Nelson in a cafe. He is a student, with charm of manner and voice. He adores her at sight and pursues her from opera to dressing room to May Day festival, at which they spend one glorious, carefree afternoon. Then she sends him away so that she may live up to her marriage vows.

Years later they are cast opposite each other in New York. Their great love flares again, and they decide to run away together. Then comes melodrama and a surprise ending.

Aside from Sigmund Romberg's "Sweetheart" Jeanette and Nelson sing a symposium of songs, including "Santa Lucia," a portion of "Les Huguenots," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and "Czarita," opera from the Tschaikowsky Fifth Symphony. Both are in excellent voice. Nelson is ardent as a lover and Jeanette has a new and deeper beauty, both personal and vocal. Barrymore glowers effectively; explosive Herman Bing is amusing. "Maytime" is glorious entertainment.

⭐ THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL—Warner

This sexy, saucy comedy romance, the first under the production of Director Mervyn LeRoy, introduces a handsome male charmer to the American screen. He is Fernando Gravet and most ingratiating he is, too.

The fast-paced story concerns a bored king whose retainer, Joan Blondell, an American chorus girl, to divert him from his dissipation. She is not only cute but virtuous, which is a new combination in the king's life, and this leads to many happy complications.

Joan Blondell handles her rôle in great style. Edward Everett Horton does his usual fine acting as the King's advisor. Mary Nash, Alan Mowbray, Lusi Albeni and Jane Wyman give good support, and after this we certainly will be seeing much more of Monsieur Gravet. The production, direction, songs and music are outstanding, too. Don't miss this.
THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—M-G-M

SAVED from being a stuffy drawing room comedy by the intensive efforts of its principals, this offers Joan Crawford as the refined lady crook who involves romance with business. Robert Montgomery is the suave nobleman who loves her but not her morals. Bill Powell is the likeable henchman in crime. It's shallow, dated, but very pleasant.

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE—Paramount

THE usual detective, reporter, many-suspects murder-mystery yarn, with a campus background. As the brains of the numbers racket, a mathematics professor double-crosses his pals and is murdered. Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns provide swell comedy. Astrid Allwyn and Marsha Hunt supply the beauty. Larry Crabbe makes a good gangster.

ESPIONAGE—M-G-M

A SKILLFUL spy story that is downright diverting with its up-to-the-minute love-on-the-run idea. Madge Evans and Edmund Lowe share a stolen passport in order to spy on Paul Lukas, a munitions manufacturer, and obtain stories for their papers. Gay surprises, hilarious interludes and the proper amount of suspense make this a honey.

FILMLAND laughs at itself in this hilariously giddy comedy musical. Smart lines, new situations, which are screamingly funny, freshen up the old story of a small town beauty contest winner in Hollywood. Rosina Lawrence is swell. Jack Haley, Patsy Kelly and Laurel and Hardy keep the comedy at quick tempo. Mischa Auer is good as the suave movie star.

THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY—RKO-Radio

STIRRING and swiftly moving, this story of Russia during the days of the Tartars concerns a loyalist who, once inside the enemy's lines, meets his mother, Fay Bainter. Not realizing her son's mission, she greets him by name revealing his identity to the rebel leader, Akim Tamiroff. Anton Walbrook, an Austrian newcomer, gives a magnificent performance.

23½ HOURS LEAVE—Grand National

AN old tale rejuvenated with a face lift of youth, song and slap-bang comedy. James Ellison, a dashing young sargeant in an army camp, bets his buddies he'll one day eat breakfast with the general. After several tuneful interludes and droll mix-ups, Ellison wins his bet and the general's daughter, played by Terry Walker.
You won't have to complain about the bad ones

**Women of Glamour**—Columbia

The performances of Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce raise the entertainment value of this average picture considerably. The plot concerns artist Douglas' attempt to inspire disillusioned night club entertainer, Miss Bruce, so he can aint a masterpiece. They fall in love and complications rise. Reginald Denne and Pert Kelton furnish the comedy.

**Girl Overboard**—Universal

Sufficiently entertaining but far from pretentious is this story of a girl who is accused of murder and escapes custody by pretending to be a woman who has been lost at sea. Gloria Stuart is pleasing as the accused girl. Walter Pidgeon, as the district attorney who protects and defends her, gives a sincere performance, and the rest of the cast is satisfying.

**Her Husband's Secretary**—Warners

The eternal triangle again, with Jean Muir as the trusting ex-secretary wife of Warren Hull, and Beverly Roberts as her friend who becomes Hull's new secretary. Hull succumbs to Beverly's wiles, but the surprising addition of a forest fire helps straighten things out. Clara Blandick is good as Hull's cynical aunt, but everybody else acts all over the place.

**Dead Yesterday**—20th Century-Fox

There is little to recommend this poorly constructed murder mystery yarn starring Jane Darwell and Thomas Beck. A New York hospital serves as the background for most of the action, in which a young intern, Howard Phillips, is murdered trying to save a patient from gangsters. Joan Davis steals all the acting honors.

**China Passage**—RKO-Radio

Constance Worth, Australian actress, makes her American picture debut in this weak, uninteresting murder drama. Miss Worth isn't so bad; the picture is something else again. Developing from a maze of unbelievable complications, we witness murders and much shipboard mystery involving Miss Worth's attempt to locate jewel thieves. Skip.

**You're in the Army Now**—GB

That natural actor, Wallace Ford, gets a better break at last in this story of a cheap little American racketeer who enlists in the British Army under a borrowed name to escape the police. The action is lively, there's plenty of humor, and Wally gets fine support from John Mills and Grace Bradley. Anna Lee is the attractive love interest.

Please turn to page 109
TRICKS AND TRIMMINGS OF

If you are worrying a bit over a question of beauty, don’t ask your best friend! Listen to an expert who will give you advice—with a Socko!

LATELY, I’ve been telling you how to work on your figures, molding them into lovely proportions, how to clear up your complexion and how to regulate your system and improve your general health by sensible eating. I’ve been telling you many things so necessary to your beauty, charm and personality. Hundreds of you have written in to me telling me how wonderfully you’ve improved and I’m tickled to death. To be sure there are certain things that I have not yet discussed which may be your particular bugaboos, but stand by, darlings, I’ll get to them.

Now, I want to give you some timely tips about the trimmings and tricks of that elusive quality called allure.

No matter where you live, darlings, from Kalaman zoo to Timbuctoo, the main essentials of true allure are, a smoothly running glandular system, general good health, loveliness of physical features and mental stability.

Hollywood has her share of truly alluring women. Smart gals, who know the value of this fascinating quality; who know the fundamental principles of allure and stick to them; who are constantly caring for their figures and faces and who keep themselves fit with a sane design for living.

Clothing this type of woman is not the headache of the wardrobe department. The designer can let fly with his genius instead of tearing his hair trying to figure out ways to camouflage a bulging figure. Their skins do not have to be swathed in layers of grease paint or strained through a sieve of gauze to keep the hiccups from shining through on the screen like stop signals. And most important, these particular gals include in their routine a sound mental attitude about the whole business, not letting their head sizes be influenced by the thickness of their scar throwbacks.

But ... oh, yes, there’s a but! . . . there are others whose allure has to be camouflaged by the make-up man’s deft brush, by cleverly conceived gowns. The harassed designers have no choice but to use a lot of flowing businesses, veils, panels, etc., for the sole purpose of concealing a spreading rear. Or a lot of droopy frills and feathers to hide a heavy bust.

These bizarre fashions that fly across the screen may knock you for a loop, temporarily. Some of you may be completely taken in and attempt to rig yourselves up in like manner, but if you do, the results will be pretty sad, for you have completely...
lost sight of the fact that you haven't a
million dollar studio behind you, using
all of its equipment to turn you loose on
your peace-loving countrymen, as
Bertha, the Miracle Girl.

Miracle is right! It's a miracle that
some of them get by with it. Tragically
enough, they don't for very long. No
more do you, babies. This type of so-
called allure suffers horribly by com-
parison with the real thing and it all too
soon withers under the glare of a keenly
observant public. Let that sink in, will
you? Beware of any freakishness in the
disguise of allure.

"How then, can I acquire the real
stuff, the enviable looks, traits and
tricks of the movie queens? Or should I?
And how much?" you ask. I'll
answer that question like this: If I had
a daughter, I should certainly think it
admirable of her to strive for the shapely
legs of Dietrich. But if ever I caught
her copying Dietrich's incredibly, fan-
tastic eyebrows, if they may be referred
to as eyebrows, I'd spank her.

In other words, take pattern and in-
spiration from these lovelies of the screen
only in those matters where your ad-
miration is deserved. Above all, only
in matters that are practical for every
day use.

THERE are various types of allure,
yes, but the basic requirements must
always be the same. If your type is sweet, demure and refresh-
ing, similar to the charm of such girls as Anne Shirley, Jean
Parker or Maureen O'Sullivan, don't try to be a slithering
siren. If you do, you'll end up by being neither one thing nor
the other. On the other hand, if your type resembles the
worldly-wise, I've-been-around sophistication of a Connie
Bennett, Gloria Swanson or Jean Harlow, don't attempt any
itty-bitty moments, baby talk or pink bows in the hair. It
won't ring true. Don't for goodness sake be misled by the idea
that to be alluring you must constantly size.

But whatever your type, remember this, a woman with true
allure has good taste, poise, assurance and self-respect. She's
quite aware of these precious gifts. Female instinct tells her
that she has them. She's proud of them, too, as she should be,
but she never lets her attitude become one of arrogance or
conceit.

Now that you have a general idea of my standard for allure
let's get on to some specific things. Seemingly small things
that are neglected, yet so vital to your appearance.

Healthy, well-groomed and smartly shod feet are as much a
part of allure as good-looking legs. You may be strong as an
ox and have a nice enough figure, but what's the good if your
daily complaint is, "My poor feet nearly kill me." Other than

By MADAME SYLVIA
PHOTOPLAY'S BEAUTY EDITOR

the agony of this predicament, tired,
aching feet often bring out a sour disposi-
tion, saggy posture, drawn expressions
around the mouth and circles under the
eyes. So if you wonder why you look
so haggard, why your posture is bad and
your walk has no flair, maybe you can
blame it all on your feet.

Joan Bennett, one of my pet movie
babies, has a lovely carriage that adds
greatly to her charm. But it was not
always so. When I first took Joan in
hand, her posture was sadly in need of
attention. I gave her exercise and
and treatment to strengthen her back and
make her hold her shoulders up. I
ught her to balance her body correctly
on her feet. But let me tell you this, if
Joan's feet had not been strong, healthy
and properly cared for, any unequal
distribution of weight would have put an
added strain upon them, making the
job of acquiring a lovely posture more
difficult.

Beyond the obvious necessity of wear-
ing shoes that fit properly, here are a
few little things that you must do to
keep your feet in step as you march on
to beauty. If your feet swell from standing too long, sleep
with them raised on a pillow. Bathe your feet often. I mean
between your regular daily baths. Soak them with alternating
dips of hot and cold water for at least fifteen minutes. Rub
them briskly with a rough Turkish towel until they tingle with
increased circulation. Dry well between the toes and dust with
a little foot powder to absorb any moisture. Massage them
frequently with cold cream as you would your hands. Grasp
the toes with the whole hand and rotate them gently, first in
one direction and then the other. When you are at home,
dance around the room in your bare feet. I don't mean any
sliding steps, but rise up on the toes and get your body com-
pletely off the floor. Remember, stay up on those toes. Skip
rope. These things will strengthen the arches, the toes and also
the legs.

Here is another good stunt to relax your feet. With shoes
off, sit in a straight chair. Hold on to the seat of the chair at
the sides. Stretch out the legs, keeping the knees stiff. Now
push the toes forward and down. Keep the heels on the floor,
but curl the toes under as you stretch for all you're worth
trying to touch them to the floor. The idea is to stretch the
top of the instep and exercise the toes. Return to the original
position, relax a moment and re-
HOLLYWOOD is famous as Yes-Man's Land. Hollywood is famous for its fear of the Great God Box Office. Hollywood is famous also for its impulsiveness. The average Hollywood romance-worth-newspaper-space has a life span of exactly four months and four days, according to the latest checkup.

But Hollywood is being impulsive no end, this month, in a movie-making way. Unexpected things are happening in the studios.

We discover at 20th Century-Fox, for example, that Shirley Temple is making a picture in which she sings only one song, and that one "Auld Lang Syne," and will dance no more than one dance, if that.

Also, we discover we'll have to climb into less civilized hills than these Beverly ones, if we want to see Star No. 1 at work.

She has gone off to the closest thing to the Khyber Pass that studio scouts have been able to find. And such is the geography of Southern California that the location is only thirty miles away, to the north, in the rugged, rocky hills above Chatsworth.

There, around three sides of a shallow vale near the Pass, stand low, gray stone buildings. At least, from where the camera stands, they look like buildings. Actually, they are only walls. They represent a British military garrison on the frontier of India.

"Wee Willie Winkie," if you remember your Kipling, was originally a story about a little boy who wanted to be a soldier. The movies have taken pictorial license with Kipling to fit the tale to Shirley's measurements. And the revision, surprisingly enough, is just as probable as the original.

Listen to her supporting cast: Victor McLaglen as the kilted Highland sergeant, whose death changes her mind about fighting; C. Aubrey Smith as her gruff soldier-grandfather; June Lang as her widowed mother; Michael Whalen as the soldier who eventually becomes her stepfather; Cesar Romero as the rebel native chieftain; Douglas Scott as the youngster she cordially resents. Her director is a surprise. John Ford is famous for his he-man pictures, and has directed few feminine stars. But he and Shirley get along together like so much butter and bread.

If you have a passion for knowing all the intimate to-do about pictures—come with our sleuth on his monthly jaunt to the sets
Ford says Shirley has made him feel thirty years younger. They play together like kids. We hear them, between scenes, having a contest to find out who can bellow most like a cow over the loudspeaker system. We see Shirley, between scenes, armed with a toy wooden rifle, prodding him across the compound, his hands upraised. He is her captive. He calls her "Zanuck-Zanuck." She calls him "Ford V-8."

We watch Shirley work with Victor McLaglen—for a scene in which the tall, tough sergeant tells "Private Winkie" that he likes the uniform he has found for her, and then hands her a toy wooden rifle, carved to her size.

The shot is a close-up of McLaglen. Shirley is not in front of the camera, but beside it, to give McLaglen the cues for his dialogue. Behind her, with his hands on her shoulders, stands Ford. She keeps bumping backward into Ford's legs. He responds by bumping her forward with his knees. McLaglen muffs a line, watching them. Mrs. Temple then takes a hand. "Shirley," she calls, quietly and amusedly, "stop your playing. You're holding up the picture."

The effect is instantaneous. In one half minute, the shot is on film, Shirley having informed McLaglen that the gun he has carved for her is "illegible." She gives Ford a final bump, and is away before he can bump back.

BEFORE we catch spring fever in the balmy air of these hills, we race back to civilization—to catch, instead, a scene of "Wake Up and Live," the musical that brings those mock-futurists, Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell, together on the screen.

It has been a profitable feud for the boys. Bernie estimates that it has tripled his salary, and Winchell is receiving $75,000 for this screen appearance.

The setting, this particular late morning, is "The Manila Night Club," a huge nightery that the Old Maestro and All the Lads have just opened. It is circular in shape, glittery in effect, with the chasers and orchestra on a mezzanine, surrounding a huge bowl below, in which the performers perform. We are to see the finish of a dance number: "I Love You Much Too Much, Muchacha."

Two dozen dancing girls, dressed in long, black silk stockings (not leg paint), split Spanish skirts and troubadour hats, are out on the dance floor, standing. In front of them stand the stand-ins for Bernie, Joan Davis and Leah Ray. The lighting for the scene is difficult because of the glitter.

Bernie is well chaperoned on this picture. His son, Jason (better known as Josh), is a second assistant director. It is a laugh to hear Josh call, "Bernie on the set, please!"

Bernie is more of a martyr to his art than Winchell. Bernie works this morning, after playing at the Coconut Grove until 2 A. M. Winchell doesn't report until afternoon. So, with Winchell absent this morning, they are telling jokes about him.

Director Sidney Lanfield tells the best one: Winchell, high-strung and excited, talks vociferously. He has to, to win arguments with managing editors. On top of that, he is taking this movie rôle seriously.

Every night he rehearses. His bodyguard, a bulky individual named Pete, holds the script while Walter recites. The other night he was reeling off a speech that contained the words: "You phoney! You dirty, double-crossing chiseler!"

His ten-year-old daughter heard him. Excitedly, she ran to tell her mother what Hollywood had done to her father. "Oh, Mommy," she wailed, "Daddy's even fighting with Pete now!"

AFTER watching Bernie, Leah Ray and Joan Davis do a few simple steps to the dancing girls' complicated ones, we move to the set of "This Is My Affair," the new Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck picture. One of the final scenes is being filmed, although this is only the first day of production and Taylor has not yet reported for work.

In this, Taylor has a tragic rôle for the first time. It is the story, based on fact, of a young naval lieutenant who was court-martialed out of the service on a frame-up, so that he could become a secret operative for President McKinley. Only he and McKinley knew. Then McKinley was assassinated. Soon afterward, the young lieutenant got into dangerous difficulties, was condemned to death.

The set we see is the Presidential study in the White House of thirty-five years ago. In the foreground, beside a huge cherry-wood desk, stand President Theodore Roosevelt and Admiral Dewey. We recognize Robert McWade behind the Dewey mustachios. We do not recognize the actor behind the Roosevelt teeth, the Roosevelt spectacles and the incisive Roosevelt gruffness. He is, even to the naked eye, a ringer for "T. R."

(Latter, Make-up Man Ernie Westmore beams. "That," he says, "is Sidney Blackmer.")

Into a telephone Teddy is saying, "This is President Roosevelt speaking. . . . Are the executions over? . . . Wonderful! . . . One of them? . . . Which one?"

In the background, behind the two men, is a door ajar. On its threshold, hesitant, stands a woman dressed in the style of the period. Barbara. Her eyes are tear-filled, tortured, focused blindly on Roosevelt.

Roosevelt says only this much, when Director William Seiter
calls "Cut." He wants a close-up now of Barbara, reacting. During the wait for the shifting of lights, Barbara dabs away the glycerine in her eyes, walks off the set smiling to herself. A few moments later, we discover why.

As we leave the set, we pass the stars' portable dressing rooms. They are side by side, Stanwyck's larger and more elaborate than Taylor's. Barbara is alone in Bob's quarters, preparing it for his arrival. Preparing it, we might add, with some comedy decorations. That's her gift to Bob for today. (They exchange a gift a day.)

We may miss Taylor, but near-by we encounter his likeliest looking rival—Tyrone Power. He is on an outdoor set for "Cafe Metropole," co-starring again with Loretta Young. 20th Century-Fox is capitalizing on the hilarious hit they made together in "Love Is News." And Tyrone and Loretta are cooperating to the extent of permitting a romance rumor or two.

They meet this time in Paris. Loretta is an American heiress who jumps up and down on beds when she doesn't get her own way. Tyrone is a Princeton playboy who owes a large number of francs to gambler Adolphe Menjou. Menjou practically blackmails him into acquiring a Russian accent and posing as Prince Michael, last of the Romanoffs, so that he can overwhelm and marry an American heiress and pay that gambling debt. Neither one foresees the possibility of his falling in love with the girl.

The set today is a section of a Paris street, showing a wide sidewalk shadowed by budding trees (ah, Paris in the spring!). Tyrone and Loretta are to stroll along past several shops among a throng of pedestrians. The camera is to keep pace with them.

There is one odd thing about this street scene. There is no sound of scuffling feet. Everyone is wearing cloth envelopes over his shoes. Everyone, that is, except Loretta, who is shod in old, soft-soled pink slippers. The camera is focused on no feet in the scene. And the muffling of footsteps assures clear dialogue.

We get permission from an assistant director to stand midway up the set, just behind the camera truck. Stationed here, we are in a position to hear what Loretta and Tyrone are talking about in subdued tones as they stroll past. We hear Loretta say: "That's the way I like to hear you talk—as if you love me. You know you do love me, but won't admit it. Just shy, that's all..."

They go beyond hearing. They are almost to the end of the set when Director E. H. Griffith calls "Cut!" to everybody. The assistant director laughs, calls to us. "You can go collect an acting check. You're in the picture. Your reflection is in the shop window."

Yes, they make a retake. But while they're making it, we're hastily on our way out of there, southward bound toward Culver City and M-G-M.

There we find another handsome American indulging in a foreign accent this month. Robert Montgomery is most decidedly cockney in "Night Must Fall." And most decidedly enjoying himself.

"I suppose most people have forgotten," he says, "but I showed a bit of acting promise in my first picture. That was "The Big House." Most of the time since then, I've been stuck with a cocktail shaker in my hands, a stiff collar around my neck, and wisecracks at the tip of my tongue. But this time, if I have a cocktail shaker in my hands at any time, it will be because I've stolen it." He adds, for emphasis, "Blimey!"

For this is a story of a member of the lower classes who determines to make his social better at him inferiority complex. It is not a pleasant tale. It is a potent one.

We stay long enough to verify the fact that Bob, dressed in roughish clothes, talks in a roughish way in a scene with Merle...
Shasta daisies riot on a black background in Howard Greer's frock worn by Sylvia Sidney, star of "That's What Girls Are Made Of." The aproned skirt swings into front fullness. Wide white hat banded flatly on the brim with scarlet ribbon.
In "Cafe Metropole" Loretta Young wears an evening gown of white crêpe. The looped and raised skirt and the lovely folds of the bodice are lusciously becoming. The cape and hood are of heavy white peau d'ange lace. A multicolored pin blazes at the throat and white crêpe sandals are worn.
Elizabeth Allan Wears

Softest champagne wool in light weight is used for this suit. Unstiffened lapels and pocket flaps are noteworthy. Elizabeth Allan adds a heavy brown silk blouse with an ascot scarf, an angora felt sports hat, a narrow brown leather belt. Brown gloves, bag and pumps finish the outfit.

For informal dinners all through spring and summer nothing could be gayer than this white satin gown, splash-printed in green, yellow and heliotrope. Round the waist goes an emerald satin sash, and an heirloom brooch of emeralds and dull gold weights the V neck.
Right: Black silk net flares alluringly in Joan Bennett’s gown, by Irene. The foundation is of flesh-toned crêpe with black side panels to give sleek lines under that voluminous skirt. Solid black edges the heart-shaped neckline. Below: Joan’s honey-colored French flannel suit with its broken plaid of green and brown means spring has come. Yellow-green sweater, brown sailor hat and brown suède gloves all hit high
Left: You will soon see Joan in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Here she is in Irene's heavy white pebble crêpe, dramatized by a fitted band of emerald crêpe and jewelled clips. The fitted jacket is scattered with white pompons. Below: Brilliant gala coloring is in this print frock, simple in line, but having an exciting belt of magenta velvet. The accordion pleated crêpe turban matches the belt. Irene designed it
Shirley Ross basks in the sun in a cretonne coat. Rose and pale yellow flowers are scattered on its green ground. The bodice is smartly fitted and the skirt is flared.
"Waikiki Wedding" Shirley will wear the three costumes pictured above and designed for her by Edith Head. The sports dress, far left, is eggshell crêpe with a splash of color cut out from the print of which the jacket is made. Red and yellow, green and orange sing together. Shirley lounges in an outfit of flesh-colored satin piped in cherry red. It is wide-trousered slacks, a soft knitted shirt and a full-length robe. Utterly charming is this dress of silk sateen. The top is navy and the skirt white, and the jacket is piped in gray, navy and white sandals and an nusing handkerchief add interest.
Irene Hervey, soon to be seen in "The League of Frightened Men," chose the sturdy lace dress, two views of which are pictured here, in deep, warm henna. Chartreuse grosgrain backs the belt, ties in a bow at the neck and pipes the pocket on the short bolero. Can be bought in navy, black or henna.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 112.
Fashions
the shops

Below: A lively print in Persian coloring of red, green, blue and yellow on black is worn by Irene Hervey. The one-piece dress has a high fitted waistline and a low V neck. The jacket is edged with black grosgrain, which also makes the collar. Also grounds of navy, brown, wine and white. Right: Ideal is black net for warm days and evenings. This crisp model made over a black crêpe slip, has white piqué edgings, a patent leather belt and a big bunch of white violets for freshness. Lower right: In this frock of Irene's the crêpe slip is printed in the same design as the chiffon frock. White daisies group with red, blue and green flowers in charming bouquets. The belt crosses in front and ties round the waist. The short sleeves are shirred and a big diamond and emerald clip gives sparkle. Grounds of navy, black and brown
For "Let's Get Married" Robert Kalloch designed formal pyjamas for Ida Lupino. The blouse of flesh satin, brocaded in rose velvet, is belted in front and hangs loose in the back. Two rose satin buttons close the blouse and match the trousers, the belt and the sleeve facing. Brocade mules are banded in gold kid and have velvet soles that curl. Below: Orry Kelly designed a hostess coat for Anita Louise to wear in "Call It a Day." Peach-colored satin is edged with heavy silk braid in the same shade. The wide shoulders, fitted waistline and slashed hem are interesting. A peach chiffon scarf is worn knotted at the neck.
HOPE this issue of Photoplay will be of use to you in planning your spring wardrobe. Let's discuss the fashion photographs.

First, on Page 61, there is Sylvia Sidney in a dashing print, shown to you in its real colors. We used to think small people could not wear big patterns, but you will agree with me that this large design is excellent for Sylvia.

She and I sat together at Howard Greer's showing. It was still cool weather when this showing was held and Sylvia was looking very sweet and little girlish in a brown, soft wool ulster and a scarlet suède Jacobin cap. A most impudent cap and most becoming to Sylvia. As the model passed wearing the print dress pictured, Sylvia sucked in her breath. "OOOOOH!" she said. I went straight to the telephone and had Sylvia and the dress tied up for you in no time.

When we photographed her we tried first a little hat to accompany the dress, made of a coronet of grosgrain ribbon point, tied round the head, open-crowned. Sylvia loved it, but I coaxèd her into the wide white hat as I know they are also going to be so good this year, and it set off her piquant face to perfection. Her bag was lined with scarlet kid, I noticed, and this type of hat and bag is a good tip for you to follow.

The apron effect of this gown is becoming as it swings to the front and shows the long slender back line of the skirt. It would be very easy for either you or your dressmaker to copy this gown.

Next we have Loretta Young in a sculptural gown of white. In Paris so many of the new skirts are lifted off the ground in front and this one achieves this line by subtle drapery. It is a practical fashion, particularly good for dancing. The lovely lace wrap is a bit extravagant perhaps, but it could be made in a less expensive, all-over lace, or a soft crépe, and still be very effective. Lace wears so effortlessly that it can be cut and recut into different garments for different seasons, and finally end up as a bed jacket, probably.

Elizabeth Allan wore the informal dinner frock photographed here and shown opposite the picture of Loretta the night I dined with her in her bungalow. Liz, as she is known to her friends, wears her hair rather long, with the ends rolled under, not over. The reddish gleams in it set off the schoolgirl skin Liz brought from England with her, and has kept. The jungle brilliancy of the printed satin was most becoming to her, for she is tall and slender, and wears these striking things easily.

The suit she wears is in the tone that is so good this spring. It gets away from the formality of the strictly tailored suit and at the same time is very simple. It could be worn with any shade of blouse, either pastel or darker tones, such as green, dusty blue, maroon or black. In the latter case the accessories, of course, would be changed to black. Black and beige are excellent as a combination.

Joan Bennett wears two types of evening gowns, equally good for all occasions. The white one is the statuesque, close-fitted type, which shows off every line of the figure. Almost any simple sheath gown you may find could be transformed into this gown by adding a band of color to it in the V shape Irene has designed. For the little bolero you will need to go only to the upholstery department to find the silk balls; or you could have the dress copied in piqué for summer wear later on and add the cotton curtain edging ball trimming.

The net dress spells glamour. Its skirt is the widest of the wide; but it is really an economical dress because black is always good and because net of good quality wears almost indefinitely. It is grand for the older woman too, and may be varied with chiffon scarfs of different colors, slung across the collar bone and trailing in the back. Don't forget a handkerchief of the same chiffon if you go in for this variant.

I hear from Paris that prints are riotous in color, and surely none is more so than the one Joan wears on page 65. But you will notice how cleverly the vague stripe pattern has been brought into V's down the front of the skirt. Stripes are most important this season, and if they are slanted like this they are much easier to wear than if they are cut on the straight of the material. I like the idea of the colored velvet belt, so casually twisted into place. At the showing of Irene's clothes, she had a lot of sashes on this plan; some of them very long, with trailing ends, twisted so that one end hung down to the hem of the evening dress at the side front and one at the side of the back.

It is much more unusual than the two ends trailing down the back or front, which we have seen so often.

Some of them were in two colors and the color schemes one may work out in this way are endless. It is a grand way to freshen up an old, rather simple gown.

To go back to the Joan Bennett pages, the suit was so fresh in coloring that it was a joy. The model wore it with a felt peaked hat in pale chartreuse, with a daring, flaunting quill stuck up over its crown. You felt you just had to go places, spring places, in that suit. It was as clean as a meadow.

You will be thinking about your first sport clothes for summer, possibly dashing to the country for your first spring week end. With this in mind I am showing you Shirley Ross's clothes from "Waikiki Wedding," because I think they are both practical and sensible. The navy and gray dress might be made in all sorts of color combinations. It would be a good plan to have it made in several versions, for it is one of those excellent models which are in such good taste that one can not tire of them.

The new combination, black and brown, would be good for both country and town wear. Say a black top and bright brown skirt. Or two blues would be charming, or a wine red top and gray skirt.

Now you think of one.

The silk dress for afternoons would be simple to carry out. All you would have to do would be to get a plain white or pale colored wash silk dress and then have a little jacket made from a yard or two of some delightful print. Cut out one of the print motifs and appliqué it upon the front of your frock and there you are.

You could do this just as easily | please turn to page 97 |
This proposal business is just a trifle difficult. Ask any man! You blurt it out when you don't mean to and when you do mean to, the words won't come. It's a vicious merry-go-round. And then there's the approach. Very important that—the approach! Should it be done with gravity, elegance and fire as the Latins do or with the dazzling simplicity of the "Let's get tied, what do you say, kid?" variety. Yes—a whole bright world of possibilities lies in the proposal field—and Hollywood has tested them all. In fact a close study and thorough analysis of Hollywood proposals reveal such a variety of methods as to meet with every circumstance or occasion, bar none. Running through the classifications, from The Shocker on down to The Tongue-tied, we find a complete and priceless compendium on that ageless problem: How to propose.

Let's start you off with Type A suited to the dominant male who takes the most direct route to winning a wife. To illustrate this example, pretend you're in London for the moment, standing somewhere in the vicinity of Madeleine Carroll's London apartment. The lovely Madeleine is saying good-night to her tall and distinguished escort, Captain Philip Astley. "Good-night, I've had a grand time," she says. The gentleman in question touches her hand to his lips. "Will you marry me?" he asks, looking down at her.

The glamorous star of British pictures does not drop her eyes demurely, as they do in the movies. In fact she doesn't answer, for, if the truth must be known, Captain Astley has proposed so many times during their two months of acquaintance that it has become a rather amusing ritual. Suddenly she is seized by the hair. "This has ceased to be a laughing matter!" roars the captain. Bang! and her head is thudded against the wall. "This time I demand an answer!" Another hollow thud. "Will you marry me?"

"Clunk! "Yes or no?" "Y-e-s-s-s-s!" gasps Madeleine Carroll, between thumps.

Now there is the perfect example of the Cave Man type of proposal, combining all the best features of the romantic, the unexpected, and shiver-shock. While it can only be recommended for certain cases, it is highly effective when applied by the right man at the right time.

For girls who have everything, and so are seeking the ultra romantic, this manner of attack supplies exactly what is needed—a rude awakening. Miss Carroll needed just that sort of proposal to prove that she had met her master—and husband.

Captain Astley, handsome and wealthy, has lived up to all expectations, for he thinks nothing of dashing from Hollywood to London and back.

He's even bought her a castle in Spain—and that's romance!

There are two more examples which belong in this category: The Secondary Shocker (B), without physical violence, was used, it's said, by Benny Baker. He had taken Marjorie Chajin Wellman to witness her most ardent diversion, a football game at Gilmore Stadium.

The ball was on the three-yard line, fourth down. Marjorie was fairly tearing her hair.

"Touchdown!" she shrieked.

"Will you marry me?" Benny howled in her ear.
By GORDON PALMER

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK DOBIAS

pointers on that ageless problem—How to Propose—

"Yes!" yelled the excited Marjorie. "Touchdown!"

It was a touchdown. Marjorie collected her wits and a startled expression stole over her face.

"Did I say I'd marry you?" she demanded of the Paramount comedian.

"You did. And we'll be married as soon as the football season is over. I'll not spend my honeymoon in a grandstand!" was Benny's bland retort.

Naturally, the proposal used in this case is effective only under extraordinary conditions but even so it has its points.

The third example under the heading of shockers is the Impulsive (Type C) proposal. Usually this way of popping the question is as much a surprise to the man as it is to the girl.

For instance—Charles Boyer had been paying considerable attention to blonde little Pat Patterson, but there was no indication that a marriage was impending.

One evening they decided to see a stage play at El Capitan theater on Hollywood Boulevard.

At the ticket window they said: "Sorry, we're sold out."

"Well, now what shall we do," asked Pat. "Let's get married," said Charles Boyer.

In this state of mild shock they telephoned the airport, chartered a plane, and flew to Yuma. Before either had recovered from his surprise, they were married. To judge from their case, obeying that impulse has only happy results.

The dominant male, who takes a beeline to his objective, seldom worries over this business of proposing. The element of surprise is heavily in his favor.

Gail Patrick, whose features often have been said to be the most flawless in Hollywood, had been wearing orchids from Robert Cobb for some time. Bob is manager of the Brown Derby group of restaurants where the fans go to stalk the stars. He saw her enter one day, and from that moment Gail was doomed.

"Oh, heck, I have to work tomorrow, and I'm tired out," said Gail, who had just returned from a tour of the South by plane, in connection with the jubilee celebrations for Adolph Zukor. "I wish I could get out of it."

"That's simple," said Bob. "We'll get married."

They drove out to Beverly Hills where Bob's friend, Billy Seymour, has a jewelry store, and picked out a ring. Then, telling Billy to lock up, they took him along. Gail routed out Jean Edwards for her maid of honor, and off they went to Tijuana.

And Gail didn't appear for work at Paramount the next day.

In this instance, time has not yet proven that impulsive marriages last, but the future seems assured.

There is no doubt about it in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]
Just because the fast-talking columnist is now a movie star doesn’t mean he’s lost his nose for news. He catches up on the latest spice before he arrives at 20th Century at seven A.M. for “Wake Up and Live”

What’s this? Listeners never hear good of themselves, but they might hear a neat secret about someone else, so Walter keeps his ear to the ground on the set when Ben Bernie whispers to Patsy Kelly.

The night club set for the picture is almost as big as Grand Central Station. Ben Bernie leads his own orchestra. Winchell plays himself, and he and Ben carry on with their five-year radio fight which gets louder and funnier. Jack Haley is “the love interest.”
W. W. says "the prettiest girls in Hollywood contributed big-time accounts of themselves," in "Wake Up and Live," and here's a leggy little sample above in the shape of Genevieve Sawyer. At the right, Alice Faye whose warbling is one of the high spots, gabs between scenes with one of the Ritz frères and Winchell. Below, Bernie makes sure he'll get plenty of close-ups.
Don Roberts, Hollywood producer, persuaded Kay Stevens, nurse for his crippled son, Lee, to marry him when he was not expected to live. After his recovery, Kay stayed with him, a wife in name only. She met Nina, Don's ex-wife and Gilbert Ross, for whom Nina had supposedly left Don. Kay and Ross fell in love. They saw each other only in public until one day she went to his house. As they were discussing the arrangements for an annulment of her marriage, the doorbell rang and Don came in, reeling drunkenly. Something glittered in his hand. A gun! Kay's heart lurched madly and she suppressed a scream. The story continues

"YOU'RE drunk, Don," said Bert, with a quiet contempt. "Put that gun away! This doesn't call for a second act curtain. You're not in love with Kay. I am. You promised her an annulment. Well—she wants it. We—put that gun down—you fool—!"

Kay stepped swiftly in front of Bert. "Will you be sensible!" she cried, frightened. "Don! I've told Bert everything—I've done my job. Lee is—"

"Get out of the way," he told her, swaying slightly. "All right, Ross—if you want to hide behind a woman's skirts! You're going to get it anyhow! Any message for your dear public? Damn you! Not satisfied with taking Nina, you have to try again—"

"So, that's what is eating you?" asked Ross. "You fool! You utter, blind, drunken fool! With a sharp thrust, he threw Kay out of the way then he shot forward. There was a half grunt from Don, and a sudden cry as he writhed, savagely. "Drop it!" snapped Ross. Kay stood as one frozen. The unleashed violence stunned her.

"Okay!" gritted Ross, harshly. "If you don't drop it, that gives me an excuse!" He struck Don heavily in the chest. Don staggered away. The gun in his hand exploded, and Bert Ross whipped around as the bullet struck him. He stifled an involuntary cry.

Gilbert Ross, the screen's handsomest villain, played one of his greatest scenes then, away from

hollywood honeymoon

Try to hold apart two people who have found the true meaning of love—it can't be done!

By Foster Collins
Illustrated by Phil Berry
the cameras. Kay stood transfixed with horror. Don stared suddenly stone sober. He eyed the gun in his hand and the man who stood facing him. Ross was clutching his left arm. His eyes were blank.

"Give me that gun," he snapped, "and get her out of here, Don. We don't want any scandal. Phone for a doctor. Say that you are me. I'll say the gun is mine—that it went off while I was cleaning it—"

"Bert!" sobbed Kay. To her horror, she saw blood dripping from his sleeve.

"Okay, darling! It's only a flesh wound. Do as I say—immediately. You phone, Don." He took the gun and clutched it in his right hand. "Okay. Wake up! Get her out of here before anyone comes—the shot may have been heard. I'm all right, Kay. I'll see you later. Now, get her out of here before anyone sees you. Don't stand there! Get moving!"

They got out, after Don had phoned for a doctor, although Kay at first refused to go, insisting that she first bandage the wound in Bert's arm.

"No good," he told her flatly. "Any doctor will know I didn't bandage it—and I'm supposed to be here alone. It's nothing serious—I've been hurt worse playing polo. Run along!"

Don had to almost drag Kay away. He sat at the wheel, a vivid afterglow of horror crumpling his face. Kay sobbed softly. Finally, she looked up.

"I want an annulment," she said, dully. "You might be grateful enough to do that for me. I've done my job for you. I think I hate you, Don. If anything happens to Bert—"

He seemed to stir out of a dream. "I don't blame you," he said, "for hating me, Kay. The annulment can wait. People have seen you two together, and they're talking. I'm not going to appear a witless fool at this stage."

Leaving Kay's side, Don dropped to his knees before Nina. "What happened? Tell me . . . Nina. How is he? What do the doctors say . . . ?"
Fay Wray, playing at Columbia, poses in an off-the-face white straw semi-poke. A tiny blue grosgrain bow is in the center front and scarlet poppies are framed by the squared brim. Comes in other shades.

Shallow sailors are important this spring. Fay's is in henna. Its curved brim is flattering and the stiffened navy grosgrain ribbon ends in double ears at each side.

Dark blue linen straw bands its crown with navy grosgrain, which has two little ends in the back. A gay red, blue and chartreuse bouquet tops the brim which is swathed in a blue veil. This hat may be worn tipped forward or back as you will. Made in many colors.
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Use this mild, pure soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. "It keeps skin lovely," says Jean Parker.
Sonja Henie—the reason why people run, not walk to the nearest theatre. She's superstitious too...

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to
The ANSWER MAN
PHOTOPLAY
205 E. 42nd St.
New York, New York

BLOONDE, brown-eyed and cuddly, Sonja Henie is the sport's world's golden gift to the screen. The diminutive Norwegian (she is only five feet two inches tall and weighs 110 pounds) is knocking them dead all over the country in her first picture for 20th Century aptly titled "One In a Million."

Sonja's first remembrance is of skates and ice. She was given a pair of skates for Christmas when she was seven. Her father had been the second fastest speed skater in Europe, but Sonja was not interested in speed. She wanted, literally, to dance on ice. She won the junior championship at Oslo, where she was born, when she was nine; the Norwegian championship at eleven; was world champion fancy skater at fourteen; and won the Olympic crown in 1928 which she retained in 1932 and again last year in Germany.

During her years of traveling over Europe she studied ballet dancing, too, which perhaps explains her superb symmetry and balance. She was tutored privately and today, besides her native Norwegian, she speaks English without a trace of accent, and French and German fluently. She has had command performances before the Norwegian and English royal families. King Haakon, himself a sportsman, sends her a telegram before every performance.

Sonja will be twenty-four on April 8th. She likes to wear colored ribbons, but is superstitious about white, prefers white clothes, white skates, has a white car. Some one gave her a rabbit's foot for luck and she thinks it has a double-barreled charm—it's white too. Incidentally she's a fine tennis player, having placed second in the matches of her own country, and likes to ride blue-blood. When she finishes her current ice exhibition—(her astounding interpretation of Pavlova's "Swan Dance" shook the rafters in Madison Square Garden in New York) she will make another musical, tentatively titled "Thin Ice." Sonja loves acting, thinks Hollywood is "terrific." Hollywood thinks Sonja is likewise.

MRS. FLOYD SMITH, WEST MILTON, PA.—Of the list of stars you sent me, only ten have adopted screen names, and some of these seem very far from their originals. Don Ameche was christened Dominick Felix; Mary Brian, Louise Dantisler; Myrna Loy, Myrna Williams; Kay Francis, Katherine Gibbs; Jean Muir; Jean Fullarton; Jackie Coogan, John Leslie Coogan; Chudette Colbert, Lily Charchoin; Elissa Landi, Elizabeth Marie Zanardelli-Landi; and Betty Grable was known on the screen for a short while as Frances Dean.

MARY QUINN, GLENOLDEN, PA.—Judith Allen was the heroine opposite Bing Crosby in "Too Much Harmony." He's never played with Josephine Hutchinson, and his next picture is "Waikiki Wedding" with Shirley Ross.

A. G. ELIZABETH, N. J.—Marian Marsh was born Oct. 17, 1913, in Trinidad, in the British West Indies. She's only five feet two inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, is a true blonde with green eyes.

MARTHA EERL, HAYWARD, CALIF.—When Dolores del Rio starred in the silent version of "Ramona" in 1928, Warner Baxter played Alessandro, and Roland Drew had the part of Felipe "Reurrection" has been filmed four times in the United States. Paramount made the first version in 1918 with Pauline Frederick and Robert Elliott. Then Edwin Carewe produced it twice, once as a silent film for United Artists with Dolores del Rio and Rosita Duarte; and later as a talkie for Universal in 1931 with Lupita Tovar and John Boles. Then Sam Goldwyn made it once more in 1934, calling it "We Live Again" with Fredric March and Anna Sten.

VIRGINIA GRIEGER, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.—Harry Richman isn't playing in the movies under any other name, but his real name is Hirschel Reichman. He hasn't been in pictures since "The Music Goes 'Round" which he did last year for Columbia. At present he seems more anxious to continue his career as a successful master of ceremonies in night clubs. His program at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York has been very popular since his sensational hop to Europe with Dick Merrill. Ray Milland was born on the third of January, 1907, in Drogheda, Ireland and was given the Irish name, John Millane. Tala Birell is constantly appearing in pictures. She was in "White Legion" last year, and her new picture "She's Dangerous" has just been released by Universal. You might see Tallulah Banehead on the screen soon. She was recently tested for "Gone With the Wind."

ETHEL PAPPE, ORLAND, CALIF.—Marlene Dietrich was born in Berlin, Germany, on December 27, 1901, and was christened Mary Magdalene Von Losch. She's five feet five inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is red gold, and her eyes blue. She is married to Rudolf Sieber, the German film director, and they have a daughter, Maria Elizabeth Sieber, who is twelve years old and now in school in Switzerland. Marlene finished her role in "Knight Without Armor" in London and returned to the United States in February to play in "Angel" for Paramount. Do you remember her in "The Blue Angel," her first appearance before American audiences?

DOLORES JOHNSON, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Thank you for your compliments on the Answer Man page. Here are the heights and weights of the actresses you are interested in: Eleanor Powell is five feet five and a quarter inches tall, weighs 120 pounds; Jeanne Madden is five feet six inches tall, weighs 114 pounds; Patricia Ellis, five feet five and a half inches, and 115 pounds; Frances Farmer, five feet six inches and 118 pounds; Kate Hepburn five feet three and three-quarters inches and 110 pounds; June Travis five feet four inches and 116 pounds; and Marie Wilson five feet five inches and 115 pounds.

KATHLEEN WHITE, FORT SMITH, ARK.—Lovely Marsha Hunt with her dark hair and blue eyes will appear soon in "Murder Goes to College" with Roscoe Karns. She was born in Chicago, Illinois, on Oct. 17, 1917.
When Britain's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

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

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FRANCHOT'S first, official protest was aired February 27, 1905 and was aimed at the antics of the good doctor who seemed bent upon slapping the breath of life into him. The scene was Niagara Falls, New York and the upper front bedroom of the Frank J. Tone home at 426 Buffalo Avenue. It was a comfortable house, but not nearly so pretentious as their future homes at 328 and 131 Buffalo Avenue.

As Franchot explains it: "We started out modestly enough but each time Father was promoted, we moved up the street a notch. We approached the Falls as father approached the presidency of his Carbonulham Company of America." And one is moved to the mental picture of the whole Tone family going over the Falls in a barrel to celebrate his being made Chairman of the Board.

When Franchot let out his first wail against conventionality, his four-year old brother Jerry (Frank Jerome Tone), who had not been told of the forthcoming "blessed event," made the following observation to the Tone cook: "Something's squealing something terrible. Bet my cat's caught his tail under the pantry door again."  

This was Mr. Tone's favorite story concerning Franchot's birth. Even now, Franchot admits that the most vivid events of his early youth are not from memory but from his father's jovial and revealing reminiscence. However, one of the first questions that crossed his own mind—when he got around to questioning at all—was something that many people have since wanted to ask: How had the family thought of the odd name "Franchot." The boy himself was as interested as the rest of us in learning that among his famous relatives was one General Wolfe Tone, Irish Revolutionist of 1790, and Richard Franchot, his mother's grandfather who was a congressman. The family settled on Mr. Franchot—pronounced Fran-sho—thus the congressman's name lives on.

Between the ages of five and eleven Franchot turned poet as witness the delightful Tone "tone" poem, "Give Me Back My Heart" reproduced here for the first time.

It was an interesting household in which everyone, including the two boys, was expected to develop interests of his own and begin living his own life as soon as possible. Mrs. Tone, if Franchot's memory serves him rightly, has always been actively connected with either a movement for world peace, a drive for better labor conditions or a fresh start for wayward girls.

Franchot's first memory of the spotlight came at the age of three. Jerry, who had rehearsed a poem almost to the point of exhaustion, forgot the words. When his brother's mind went blank during the family Christmas party, Franchot stepped into the breach and recited the lines he had heard Jerry practice orally. It was his first taste of the understudy's glory.

Franchot was a slight child, not particularly pretty as a baby nor overly good. He had a gift for getting into unexpected mischief; and he could never understand the resultant spanking because no one ever volunteered a logical reason why he shouldn't have done what he was being punished for doing.

His first tussle with armed authority came at the age of five when he was roundly spanked by his mother for successfully fishing in the gold fish bowl standing in the living room. One fish was flopping around on the floor and another had just been angled when his mother arrived on the scene.

She merely protested such actions, at first, arguing that Franchot should be ashamed and...
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Ginger Rogers
in RKO's "SHALL WE DANCE?"

Anne Shirley
in RKO's "TOO MANY WIVES"

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say he was “sorry.” He thought it over for a moment and then admitted that he wasn’t sorry at all. He had enjoyed the fishing very much. Why must he say he is sorry for doing such an entertaining thing? For one solid hour, Mrs. Tone had Franchot across her knee—stopping periodically to find out if remorse had set in. At the end of that time, she gave up in exhaustion. The only thing Franchot would ever admit being sorry about was the spanking.

Before Master Tone was five, he was practically a world traveler. Mr. Tone was sent to Europe to build new factories. The family went with him and during that year lived in Paris, Cannes and on the Riviera. Franchot didn’t have a very good time and retains an unfavorable impression of France because he was hustled off to bed when night life began in the interesting hotels. However, unknown to his parents, Franchot saw his first movie in France. It was a “... flickering, green sort of a ‘affair” run in the lobby of the hotel. His point of observation was from a hiding place behind the balcony stairs bannister. But as poor as the view and the film were, Franchot revelled in the cowboys and gun powder and looks upon that picture as the beginning of his interest in an acting career.

“It was while we were in France that Dad contracted an illness that necessitated our immediate return to this country and the dry climate of Tuscon, Arizona,” Franchot recollected. “I don’t remember much about the place except that Jerry and I had a burro and the poor beast led a horrible existence. We were never off his back for a moment and the neighborhood kids joined in the fun, too. Everytime he stopped or became stubborn, we would all whip him. And I recall this vivid reaction—that while it didn’t bother me to ride the burro to death in the daytime, I’d cry about him at night because of the awful way he was treated.”

But Arizona failed to cure Mr. Tone and the family was moved for the following year and a half to Saranac Lake, New York, where a permanent cure was finally effected. It was here that Franchot got his first taste of school. He hated it. It was here, too, that he began his literary career. During flagrant hookey expeditions, he’d wander off by himself and compose such masterpieces as the one ending: “... give me back my heart” which is reproduced here for its world premiere in complete original form.

When the Tones returned to Niagara Falls, Franchot was placed in a private school known as “Miss Otis.” Miss Otis was a lady who took “select” scholars—eight or ten of them—to pursue the arts and sciences in her living room. Franchot, by some miracle, liked this taste of school and, despite his total lack of “bully” tactics, he was definitely a leader. He allowed for no superiority, even from his older brother with whom he was ever in a kid feud—brother-fashion—and his leadership lingered purely upon his original ideas.

One of his better ideas concerned the Shredded Wheat Factory at the end of Buffalo Avenue. At frequent intervals, the gang would get hungry. Also, at frequent intervals, guides took large parties of tourist visitors through the Shredded Wheat Company, always ending up at the private dining room where crisp wheat biscuits were served to all—with free fruit and cream topping off the refreshments. Ego: “Let’s combine the two ideas!” said Franchot. Thus the gang was refueled regularly—the guides at the Company letting them get away with their game because most of their parents were stockholders. It’s just as well Franchot and the gang never found out the reason—it would have spoiled everything.

His first love affair was the sensation of the neighborhood! Her name was Alice an she lived across the street. Alice had come into his life as a partner in a thriving lemonade stand—which did a whale of a business with tourist trade as it progressed up Buffalo Avenue from the Falls to The Shredded Wheat Factory. But soon this partnership budged into as thriving a little romance as you’d ever care to see—and practically everyone in Niagara Falls saw it. It started casually enough with Franchot and Alice sitting on her front porch holding hands. But let him speak for himself.

“One day a group of tourists went by and asked jokingly: ‘Hey, kid! Is that your sweet heart?’ And when I blushingly admitted it they continued: ‘Then why don’t you kiss her?’ I was scared, but they goaded us so that I finally gave Alice a slight peck on the cheek. This evoked such a holl from the crowd that we thought we’d done something smart. After that, we made it a point to be on the porch when tourists went by and we put on the most hectic necking scenes you’ve...
ever watched. It got to be a game with us and we put our whole heart into the deal. Everytime we would pull it, the crowd would stand around cheering and laughing.

Though the romance had a touch of the “professional lover,” Franchot enjoyed it. He also enjoyed the movies, banana splits, being the General of his Army, fights with the 4th Street kid’s gang, Charlie Chaplin, Pearl White and eating. He did not like authority (from others), looks that had to be “learned” or dancing school where he was instructed by sheer force in the rhythm of the Waltz and polka.

NOR did he like the single year he put in at Niagara Falls High School. It came as quite a shock after the quiet of Miss Ott’s living room. Thus it was that he finally convinced the family that he should attend The Hill School, an exclusive academy where he could prepare for Harvard. He wanted to go to Harvard particularly, because his favorite uncle had gone there. He entered The Hill at Pittstown, Penn., in the fall of 1919 and lasted until the fall of 1923 when he ran afoul the Rules Committee.

The Hill School was covered with ripe old tradition, form, and ageless, green vines. Even the independent, fourteen-year-old Franchot was impressed with the routine of “dressing” for dinner in starched collar and dark suit. For the first time, he was seriously anxious to be a good student in the classes that began at nine each morning and closed at noon. After that time, the older students wandered down to the golf course, a few blocks from the school, to smoke their pipes and discuss everything from school athletics to world politics and “swimmen.” Franchot joined in the discussions and secretly longed for the day when he could join The Briar Club and smoke a pipe, too.

His first term passed uneventfully. He started in a small job on the newspaper (later to become editor) and was student manager of the football team. The real fun, though, came with the first Christmas holiday. It was great stuff to return home, realizing that you were no longer a home town kid but “a visiting college man” in your first pair of long pants. But to fall in love, on top of all the rest, at the very first party of the season, convinced Franchot that his childhood was behind him forever. He was a man of the world! And he worked hard at it.

He became a familiar sight driving along Buffalo Avenue in the family Buick, a pretty girl at his side. Frankly, he liked his life and the new house they had just moved into at No. 131. It was a pretentious affair with large entrance hall, winding staircase and stained glass windows, crystal chandeliers and suits of armor standing around. Yes, life was grand! He had somewhat the same feeling about it all as would a new Hollywood “discovery” on a first contract. In fact, had Franchot come to Hollywood at fourteen, he would have fitted into the routine perfectly.

He was glad that he looked older than his years, for several reasons. Most important: It made his romantic possibilities so much more exciting. Far from shying from moonlit interludes, Franchot found the great mystery of sex attraction an intriguing one and he looked forward to all its glittery aspects with high hopes. He even had anticipation trouble to the extent of picturing himself making love, planning an elopement and—but he needed a girl.

He found her at the first big Country Club dance of the season. At first, he couldn’t believe that this adorable young flapper was the same little girl he had known as “Caroline” at Miss Ott’s School. Why, she was gorgeous! Beautiful! And he was madly in love. After a “clue,” he spent the remainder of that first evening trying to inveigle her to a place of solitude where he could tell her of his love. He held her so close Caroline could barely breathe. It was midnight before he could manage to get her away from the crowd and into the pantry. There, he took her in his arms (man-of-the-world fashion) and kissed her. After that, Franchot was no longer a man-of-the-world. He was sunk! He was hopelessly, poetically, almost sadly in love with Caroline for four years after.

DESPITE the fact that she was constantly in the back of his mind, Caroline, in actuality, played little more than a “correspondence role” in his life. A few days after Franchot returned to The Hill, an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out—and so did Franchot. After eight weeks in the infirmary, he was still far from well. Mr. Tone sent him to Atlantic City to the care of a specialist. After little result, he was transferred to another specialist, this time in Philadelphia. Still no better. Finally, the following September, a doctor in Buffalo removed his tonsils and he returned to Niagara Falls to recuperate.

This slow recovery was a heartbreaking blow to Franchot who had begun to look forward to all the glittery aspects with high hopes. He even had anticipation trouble to the extent of picturing himself making love, planning an elopement and—but he needed a girl.

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important to him . . . his "position" . . . The Hill . . . the work he had found so interesting on the school newspaper . . . his gay party companions.

He was permitted to see but few people. "I was alone so much," relates Franchot, "that I really think that period was a big turning point in my life. I started to read good books. I got a chance to rearrange my outlook on life and people and transpose or change many former ideas and ideals. Where before, I had merely accepted—I began to question everything and find new answers. Many of the ideals I formed at that time are still working for me, unchanged."

Thus, in many ways, it was a different boy who went back to The Hill School in the fall of 1921. His grown-up attitude on life and living was felt in various quarters from that time until his Christmas holiday in 1923. He had been allowed to return home two weeks early because of excellent grades.

"I took that extra leave with a great deal of pooh-bah around the family," smiles Franchot. "I impressed them daily with the fact that I had been let off earlier than most of the boys because of my studious demeanor. Then, the day before Christmas, a letter arrived for me. I read it through. It was from the Head Master. I remember the words indelibly:"

...is hereby notified of his dismissal from the student body of The Hill School for being a subtle influence for disorder throughout the fall term . . .

"I think I shall never forget that phrase: subtle influence for disorder," mused Franchot. "I didn't know that the real reason had been a senior class rebellion after I had left for the holiday and that the professors had traced the spirit of the rebellion to me.

"At that moment, as I read those words, it seemed as though the whole four years of my life at The Hill were passing in review on that small piece of white paper. "As though it were unwinding on a motion picture screen, I could see:"

...myself waging campaigns for more Self Government among the students (this was the reason) . . . agitation for more senior class liberties . . . my head bowed deeply as I stood outside the church on Sunday awaiting the more devout students with whom I would argue Religion vs. Agnosticism for hours, later . . . the long summer evenings and the rendezvous with the 'Town Girls' who would wander out to the edge of town to meet the upper classmen . . . those nonchalant affairs somehow became terribly important in retrospect . . . quick mental flashes of my tempi for rules and the secret satisfaction I got out of shooting a smoke in the basement of the professor's building on the very morning the treasurer of the school was showing the insurance salesman how little fire hazard there was about such a building . . . the happy hours I had spent at the editor's desk of the newspaper and the literary desk of the school magazine . . ."

"No, there was nothing they could pin on me definitely—I'd seen to it that I was never caught infringing any rule. But there was my notice. "I was fired!" There it was on cold, white paper and I had to show it to father. Just before my graduation, too."

"I remember walking into father's study, handing him the paper and walking slowly upstairs to my room."

"All the way, the words followed me in mocking cadence:"

Subtle influence for disorder—what will father say—subtle influence for disorder—what will father say—?"

"Amazing and amusing adventures—love and otherwise—come fast and furiously to rebellious Mr. Tone as he conquers Broadway, Hollywood and the heart of the magnetic Joan."

The final installment of Franchot Tone's life story will appear in June Photoplay.

Hollywood Honeymoon

[continued from page 77]

of the game by having you check out. Why it's only a few weeks that we've been married! The papers are still glowing about our 'romance.' How would it look if you got an annulment now—" He paused. "I'm not giving you up—to him!"

A shinning anger filled her. "If anything happens—to Bert," she whispered, unhedging, "I'll tell the whole story. It isn't your fault that you're not a murderer now. I don't care any more. Your career doesn't interest me—"

"Nothing will happen to Bert," he told her, tonelessly. "He was just nicked. Once before, he broke up my love— and I was unkind—hurt—" He shrugged. "He's still running around with Nina—"

"Drunken explains it, everything," she said, coldly. "And the other is a lie. Both Nina and Bert deny that they were ever anything but good friends."

"Deny?" she repeated, bitterly. "Naturally! They'd deny anything. But they were seen together—"

"So were we!" she hissed, hotly. "And what does that prove? Would anyone believe that our dutty little marriage meant nothing? That I married a job? What a fool I was to do it! Poor Bert—" Her voice broke. "If anything—happens to him," she reiterated, passionately. "I'll— I'll—" An inarticulate fury silenced her. Neither spoke again until they reached the house.

They were met on the driveway by the housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, whose face was warm with fright. She began saying things over and over. Lee had fallen in his room. He had stood up and tried to walk, and had succeeded, ventured too far for the first attempt—" What are you talking about?" rasped Don, while Kay gasped. She was unprepared for the abrupt change in his voice. She followed him as he raced for the house with the housekeeper trailing behind, stammering something inarticulate.

They both paused at the door of Lee's room. It was empty. His things lay about, his wooden cutlass and rubber dirk, the ships; the empty wheel chair gaped; crumpled pillows were pressed with his weight. The housekeeper arrived, out of breath.

"What happened?" barked Don. "Where's Lee?"

She explained, with tearful despair. The governor had left him alone for a moment.
Lee had walked to the stairs. He had heard his mother arrive and wanted to surprise her—how he could walk. It had been too much for his weak legs. He had fallen down the stairs and arrived at the bottom, unconscious. Mrs. Roberts had taken him to the hospital immediately. They were both there now. They had tried to reach him by phone, but—

Don turned bleak eyes to Kay. She saw him through a blur of torture. He looked at the hurried young confusion of that room. His features snatched away by sudden tragedy. His toys littered the floor. Were Don's eyes causing her for leaving Lee? Was it her duty to safeguard him, constantly? He had been fit in capable enough hands; his own mother as to spend the day with him. She was startled by Don's voice—it was so altered. "Let's go, Kay," he said.

He drove in a tense silence, his face an agonized mask of suffering. Kay sat in a daze ofeling, torn by twin fears, each of which bucked at her heart strings. Fear stalked, tripping, through her imagination, for Lee, panic—an intolerable ache—stared at her when she thought of Bert.

At the hospital they were told that the boy was in the operating room. His mother was in the room where he would be brought as soon as he came out. They could go up, if they wanted to.

They went, in silence.

Nina stood at a window, straight and slim, her back to the room, when they stopped round the screen at the door. She whirled to face them. Tears had made smudges on her cheeks. Her bloodshot eyes went to Don and her breast heaved convulsively with a strained sob. She wasn't a movie star any more. She was a hardened young woman, white and trembling and frightened.

"Don!" she gasped. "Don!"

He was white as death. He strode to Nina's side. Kay stopped, watching them both, a sudden reticence holding her aloof.

"What happened?" asked Don. "How—is he?"

"I don't know—yet. He was unconscious. The doctors—are examining him. They said they would come and tell me." Her eyes flashed to the door. "Oh, why don't they come?"

"Sit down," he told Nina gently. "They'll come!"

He sat down with her and his arm went round her shoulder. They both seemed oblivious of Kay standing there. She was trembling. In a cloud of a moment of white opium she recognized the indissoluble bond that drew the eyes of this young father and mother together.

She saw the shock, the paralyzing numbness that held them helpless; she saw their eyes, terror-haunted by the possibility of a mutual and irreparable loss. Nina sobbed noiselessly. "And Don murmured with her, a companion of undertones, with a deeply moving tenderness which Kay had never heard in his voice before. "I saw him, Don," Nina whispered, brokenly, "there on the floor—so white and still—so little—"

"Nina—don't!" he begged.

"What are they doing to him?" she sobbed. "I can't stand this, Don! I can't stand here! It's my heart they're cutting—in there—"

His arm tightened around her. "Please, Nina! It may not be as bad as all that. Hold it, dear!"

She was distracted, adrift from all control. All those months I was away from him," she
whispered, her fingers tightly clenched. "I used to dream about him, Don. I used to wonder how he was—what he was doing—what he looked like—what the doctors thought. It tortured me so I couldn't bear it any longer—I had to come back. I settled my contract, Don. You've had your revenge. I don't care. I couldn't live without him." She sobbed against him wearily.

"Hush, dear," he murmured. "He'll be all right."

"I—couldn't live without—my son," she wept. "I've been tortured enough. Do you remember when he was very little, Don? We used to go to look at him, in his crib, after he was asleep. I kept remembering that. He was so jolly and venturesome when he was little—he was always plunging for the stairs...And when you bought him that little dog, and he fed it with a spoon...I kept remembering, Don—so many things! And that horrible day—when he fell—"

Silence gripped them. Nina sobbed noiselessly. Don sat there, holding her, his face contorted by pain and by memories. Kay stood, immobile as a statue, caught in the flood of Nina's emotion, conscious of the clean familiar hospital odor, the guarded noises of an elevator door, the soft pad of rubber-shod feet in the corridor. Her eyes went to Nina and Don. This was their Calvary. Quietly, she walked out of the room.

She met an intern in the hall, and he directed her to the operating rooms, on the top floor. A nurse got her the necessary information: Lee was still under the ether. The X-ray revealed a broken collarbone. He also had a scalp wound which would take a few stitches; but it wasn't serious. She was not to worry. He would be himself again very soon.

"Go tell that to his father and mother," she directed the nurse. "They're downstairs, in the boy's room—and frantic with worry."

A vast relief, a feeling of escape, flooded her. The love she bore Lee made her comprehend the terrors, the remorse that Nina Roberts hugged to herself. She wondered what was ahead for all of them. She was sorry for Don as one is for a comrade whose trials are overpowering. She remembered all the kindnesses he had extended to her. She knew how dearly he loved Lee, how gallantly he had fought to safeguard him, even on the brink of death, by enlisting her in Lee's defense.

She was sorry for Nina, sultry, mercurial, motion-swept, very much the fairy princess of children's tales. But she was, after all, very human. And the wonder came to her that love could be like that—tenderness and flaring anger. Don and Nina loved one another and always would. Some aura of obligation, deeper than the form of marriage, dissolved with her. There would be an annulment and she would be free. She would marry Bert. Bert...

She walked out of the hospital and entered a cab. She gave Gilbert Ross' address to the driver and sat back, exhausted.

The nurse who came to Lee's room coughed after a moment. She had seen frightened young mothers and fathers before, huddled together in a mutual understanding, in a dreadful helplessness. She smiled, reassuringly. Lee she told them, was quite all right. As soon as in the collarbone was set, he would be brought down. There was nothing to worry about. He was in good physical condition. In ten days he could go home.

Nina said nothing. Don thanked her with a profound gratitude. The nurse eyed the noted star, the famous husband, with the inevitable curiosity; then she walked out.

Don looked at Nina and knew the sickness of an unaltered longing. It was no use. Old scenes resurrected themselves and marched across the stage of his memory. This was his woman—and nothing could change that.

NINA smiled up at him, wanly. She saw the suffering on his finely drawn face. Why had they quarreled so bitterly? She thought how dearly she loved him, how quickly, were it necessary, she would go to his side to die with him. A keen and aching regret flooded her that this knowledge should come too late.

After Lee's birth, her own rapid rise to stardom, her career had taken precedence above all else. Don had wanted other children, and she had been keenly shocked and shamed. She had not been an ardent woman. Facing the past bluntly, now, she felt that she had starved him. She had never liked any exaggerated show of feelings or unfastidiousness of conduct. She had never realized what warmth meant to a man.

Don had been appreciative of concessions and had only grown resentful when she withdrew from them. That was the beginning, she realized now; and the ensuing months had driven him into a sullen silence. And out of the murky depths of difference had flared their
violent quarrels, a battle of tongues, fierce rapier thrusts. Looking at him now, she wished that she could undo it all; that she could live in his house, bear his name, his children; she wished she could know again the deep, fierce joys of his voice in intimate little inflections.

But that was all over. It was too late. He had married again. Married a fine young girl—younger than she, ardent, no doubt—who shared his name and his life. She felt a sense of death within herself and shuddered, convulsively. It made Don so remote. It shut him in with lovely Kay. She felt weary and drained. If Don and Kay were in love with one another, why—that was that!

Don said: "Nina! Lee will be all right, dear!"

She nodded. His arm was still around her, tightly. Sympathy, she thought. She answered: "Thank God, Don! It could have been much worse. Don—I want you to know this—it can't matter now. I broke my contract—I made them settle it. I had to see Lee—aye, I'd heard that you were married again, of course—and I had to see it—because of Lee. And I came to offer myself to you—if you want me—for your pictures. We always did so well together. Couldn't we try again—a purely business basis, of course? Kay is so fine and so lovely—I couldn't hurt her—but I want to work with you—"

Don Roberts drew in his breath sharply. An edge of sheer joy cut into the gloom of his heart. racing after a vanishing dreariness. "We will—we can! Listen, darling—I've something to tell you about my marriage to Kay—don't ask questions until I've finished—just listen!"

She reached deeply into her courage and brought up a smile for him, but tears brimmed to her eyes. "Before you say anything Don—let me tell you that I saw—my photograph—in our old room—the first time I saw Lee, after my return. I knew, then, you hadn't entirely forgotten. And I could have wept, every morning since, when the rose came—and I wondered—"

There was a soft scurry of sound outside the door. She stopped, frozen with a sudden terror. Don came to his feet, holding her hand and bringing her erect with him. Lee was being wheeled into the room by a nurse and two white-clad doctors.

Only his tousled, fair head was visible and one small fist. He was pale and shaven, grimed with tears, his mouth pucker-ed with childish hurt; and in his hand he clutched his pirate's handkerchief—his red badge of courage.

A strangled little sound came from Nina. She forgot what she had been saying to Don. He forgot, too, in this moment of heartbreak, seeing the still face of Lee, the tiny form, helpless and stricken. It was fortunate for them that they did forget Nina's reminiscences of the daily rose—long a custom between them—a pledge of love—for it saved them. Trifles decide our destinies.

As the afternoon waned, Kay rang the bell at Gilbert Ross' house. Apparently the servants had not as yet returned, for he admitted her and drew her into the library. His arm, she saw, was bandaged. His dark face was gravely unsmiling, his gray eyes sharp.

"Kay!" he said. "What's up?"

"Tell me—your arm—"

"A flesh wound—nothing much. The bullet broke a perfectly good lamp, however. I'll send that idiot, Don, a bill—the damn' fool!"

A vast relief surged through her. "You're sure you're not hurt, Bert? You're sure?"
TANGEE
the Years Away

"Of course, dear! Kay—you shouldn't have come back here—"

"Oh, thank God!" she whispered. "Bert? Oh, my darling!"

"What happened?" he persisted. "You're pale as chalk!"

She told him, stirring contentedly in his arms. "I left them together," she finished. "I knew then, that Don loved her—and, unless I'm blind, Nina adores him."

"They should never have parted," he told her. "It was a love match if there ever was one. He took such pride in his little, ex-patriated countess; and she was always so proud of him."

A quiet smile flared faintly, unexpectedly, on his ascetic face. "Every time they started to quarrel," he went on, "when she became a star, and obsessed with the idea of personal success, there never was a morning when Don didn't send her a fresh, single rose. She told me, after her divorce."

Kay nodded dreamily. "A tender twilight filled the room. "I know. There was a dazed rose in front of her photograph. It puzzled me at first. I didn't understand—"

"So, what's the idea now? Why did you come back here?"

"I had to know how you were, Bert! I was frantic!" She looked up and a surge of affection for him filled her. "I was—"scared to death—"

"You're marching right out again, young lady! Let's not start any scandal too soon—there'll be plenty, later. Perhaps you ought to investigate this rumor that there's no place like home?"

"Home?" she echoed. "I feel that I never want to enter that house again. I never felt at home there. I'm as much an alien as the big Chinese gong in the dining room, away from its Manchu temple! Nina is in every corner—every piece of furniture—"

"Just now, however," he told her, "you're still going home. There are times in life which could be improved by treating them as they do in the movies. His slender hands made a graceful gesture. "The villain ought to bar-ficade the door and laugh up his sleeve—the good one! While he holds the beautiful young lady his prisoner. I'd like to, but it isn't practicable—and there are times when even a villain leans toward practicality." His eyes smiled intimately into hers.

"Or maybe?" he suggested gravely, "you could break into 'Home Song.' It seems like a perfect solution in all the musicals."

Tension left her. She was nearly betrayed by a spontaneous amusement. "Bert!" she said. "You're not a bit like your screen self. I hate those parts for you! Couldn't you play leads—"

"No, darling," he told her, amused. "Crime pays—in the movies." His hand went to her shoulder. Her arms went around his neck in some driving necessity; and he kissed her hungrily. Then he released her, pushed her gently away.

"O.K., my fine wench," he said. "Go home before I revert to movie type." His somber eyes laughed at her. "I'll order the car—I just heard Hayes, my chauffeur, come in. On second thought, from now on, no more sneaking. We specialize only in nice, clean dirty work."

"Bert—you fool!" she laughed; but there were tears, too, in her eyes. "All right—I'll go home."

His chauffeur drove her home; and she sat, staring at the warm California night, her young eyes filled with dreams.

When Lee could once more sit in the garden, in his wheel chair, Nina came every day and joined him and Kay. The accident had reddened the use of his limbs, but Kay now felt sure of his ultimate success. He could stand up at will, and it was only a matter of time before he could walk.

Hollywood was twirling with the story of the "triangle." Several gossip columnists hinted, delicately, that a reconciliation in the Roberts household might be expected—but without her name of the second Mrs. Kay Roberts—the brand new bride! Nina Roberts was known to have signed up with Climax Films. She was again to appear in her former husband's productions—but still—the new mistress of the Roberts household.

Kay decided. She knew that during her illness, several weeks had seen a marked change in all of them. On the day when the annulment was granted, Kay knew that Don was happier than she had ever seen him before; and he had, abruptly, since the day Lee went to the hospital, stopped drinking. She saw Nina blossom with an exotic beauty that held her eyes fascinated.

And, had Kay been in the Roosevelt Grill, some days back, she would have seen ample proof of Nina's statement that Gilbert Ross, the most cordially hated villain on the screen, was the kindest, most understanding man in Hollywood.

Don Stevens sat opposite Gilbert Ross, and they were smiling and dining with the intimate camaraderie of men who understand one another. Both were friendly and cordial, although Bert still had a bandaged arm where Don's bullet had found him.

"I had to tell you, Don," said Gilbert Ross, "because I was afraid that some chance remark—of Nina's, or yours—would give the show away. Nina told me, after your divorce, all about it. When she came back from London, I took one look at her, and I remembered your habits, young fella. So, I decided to plot and plan and play villain—and who has a better technique? I get hunches, Don. Has Nina said anything?"

"Come to think of it," frowned Don, thoughtfully, "I think I did. Once. The day Lee was taken to the hospital! But I was both too excited to go into it."

His eyes kindled. "Bert," he said, "you're one swell egg! I'll never stop thanking you for what you did. I thought about doing it, of course, but I am married to Kay; and I didn't want Nina to think—that is—if she still hated me, I thought—"

"Succinctly, my friend," said Gilbert Ross, "nuts to you!"

Six months after her marriage to Gilbert Ross, Kay had one doubt assailing her perfect happiness. It came when she found a bill, from a famous florist, in the bottom of a chifforobe drawer. It was for the delivery of a single, yellow rose bud, daily, to a room number at the Ambassador Hotel. It was stamped "Paid." It was a curious order: A single bud every morning. But since the date of the bill was before her marriage, she wisely decided not to forget it. But she couldn't. Into her mind would flash Nina Roberts' daily yellow rose bud, and she wondered. Still, why would Bert be paying for and sending a daily bud to Nina Roberts? That was Don's business—a matter of some obscure sentiment known only to Don and Nina. However, she never asked and Bert never mentioned it; but she put two and two together with a sure feminine logic. And sometimes, at night, when the stars hung low and lustrous over the window, and magic crept into their room, it made her voice very gentle when she called her husband, "Villain!"

The End
few Nora in literature, classic or contemporary, and if I get stuck—as I'm bound to soon—with a wife part that isn't any good, then that'll be that. It's dynamite. There's nothing more deadly, more excruciatingly dull, than a stupid wife.

"So that's why you wanted to do Parnell," I said.

She spoke in quick denial. "No, not entirely—one year, whenever there's another Nora to be had, I'll be ready and anxious. Anyway, it's an entirely different matter of career." She paused. "It's another and more important thing.

"You see, while I was still single it was all right, being the perfect wife on celluloid. But now I'm married, it isn't the same. There's a difference that's hard to explain to you."

I leaned forward, ears alert. "Try," I said.

And in her calm, patient voice she not only did a good job of her explanation, but managed to give me a superb picture of her marriage as she and Arthur Hornblow have worked it out—and a private code for the perfect love—in addition.

WITH the debut of Dashiell Hammett's exciting Nora, as portrayed by Myrna, it seems that the sharp national press came clamoring to her; and they wanted to know, with no double entendre, how she did it.

"Tell us," they said, "the reason why most of the men who saw that picture are rushing to marry, and we'll have a honey of a story."

Obligingly, Myrna went to work. With her shrewd mind she analyzed the screen character of Mrs. Nick Charles (Nora), the chemistry of her charm, the mechanics of her glamour, the subtle tincture that was her wife value.

"In the first place," Myrna told me, "Nora had a head start over other wives because she had Bill Powell's idea of Nick Charles for a husband. After all, most intelligent women are grateful about a man's vices if he indulges in them so charmingly. But Nora had a generous sense of humor; she appreciated the distinctive grace of her husband's wit. She laughed, not too boisterously and never falsely, at and with him when he was funny. When the opportunity presented itself, what's more, she laughed at herself."

She thought for a moment. "And then besides having tolerance she was a good guy. She was courageous and interested in living and she enjoyed all the things she did. You understand she had a good time, always. Nora didn't try to be a good wife to Nick—she had that inherent sense and need for adventure that made her go along when he was heading for trouble. It would be dull to call that characteristic a symbolic thing, but I suppose it is."

Thus it was that when Myrna, not so many months ago, found a real-life Nick Charles (with a bent for the megaphone rather than the magnifying glass) and married him, she was ready.

| SUPPOSE Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., represent more nearly in actual circumstances the breathing doubles of Nora and Nick than any other married couple in Hollywood. At the same breathless pace,
with the same calm insouciance, on the same hilarious motif, they gallop through the day and night—taking problems in stride and solving them thoroughly and relentlessly with a combined intelligent gaiety.

You understand—it's primarily important that you understand—that the life they lead is not a role. They're not acting. Arthur is congenially the person he is; and Myrna's abilities as a wife were merely latent, unrealized until they were cultivated by her work as Nora.

It began with their wedding day, which was typical and delightful. Any other couple would have gone either to a staid unimaginative justice of the peace, heard the ritual, and headed off sighing toward bliss and a wedding trip, or they would have spent agonized days preparing for a formal ceremony.

Not so the inimitable Myrna and Arthur. They made no plans beforehand, as even now they refuse to see, except vaguely, more than a year or two ahead into their lives together. At breakfast they considered the matter, remarked that the day was fine and Ensenada just a morning's drive; and went there, singing harmony.

In the dopy little Mexican village they prodded mordant clerks out of siesta, stood first on one foot and then the other while the sleepy men wrote out a license in longhand (there were no typewriters) and eventually went to unearth the alcaldе.

With their usual lack of foresight they'd forgotten a bridal bouquet and there aren't any florists in Ensenada. But in the walled patio behind the inn, a careless garden lay, a riot of color in the sun.

They exchanged glances. Their eyes were simultaneous.

Arthur bent over and made a hoist of his back, and Myrna climbed up. Waveringly she clutched the ragged wall and in another moment had disappeared. A half dozen startled gray doves fluttered up and away. Then over the wall, one by one, the bright blooms came sailing.

A little later the two stood, warm and only a little disheveled, before the magistrate; demurely Myrna held her bouquet and listened. When it was over they went swimming, for the good reason that there seemed no use wasting the remaining hours of sunlight or the good surf that slid so invitingly up the beach.

Their life has been, and is, like that.

"We have a good time, whatever we do," Myrna told me, smiling. "It isn't a question of trying too hard. We don't make an issue of anything. But our tastes are so completely alike—it's absolutely amazing how alike they are—and that takes care of most difficulties. In music—he's mad for Debussy and so am I; and we both agree that Stravinsky was all right at first but that he's gone off half-cooked in his later things. It's like that in everything.

"When we do have a quarrel about anything at all we don't just give in to the other in order to avoid an argument and do that you retain a resentment sometimes that might eventually develop into active dislike. We speak our minds, get it over with, and then work the matter out logically, to the best advantage of both. There's never any bitterness because we approach the difficulty from a detached viewpoint, and laugh over it."

On the same premise that inspired the Hornblow's madcap marriage, they manage somehow to be impromptu about their entertainments—and they entertain often. Before they began the building of their new house they lived for a time at Playa Del Rey, California's rather good imitation of the Riviera. And there they kept open hearth to those in Hollywood whom they like as friends.

"I'll be the same in the new place," Myrna said. "We don't throw freak parties or formal dinners or anything of that sort. I think if you have people like each other, give them something good to eat and something good to drink, the evening will take care of itself.

At least it has to with us. We're too busy enjoying our own parties to make much effort."

Living as they do in California, which after all is a kind of glorified playground, they figure they may as well make the most of it. Often, on the way home from the theater or dinner, they discover suddenly that the sky is absurdly clear and the air ingratiatingly sweet, and that neither is sleepy. "I'd like to just keep on driving," one of them remarks lazily, and the other says immediately, "Okay. Let's."

And they do, arriving at dawn in San Francisco or Ensenada or Palm Springs or a startled mountain resort, with no luggage and little cash. They write a check, or charge what they want—it doesn't matter very much.

They have no set rule about mixing business and pleasure.

"That would build fences around us," Myrna explained, "and make us stilted. After all, I'm interested in Arthur's work and he's interested in mine. If we want to talk about our professions during the evening or when we're lying in the sand or driving, I see no reason why it shouldn't be. This old bromide about leaving your business at the office and making your home invariable seems a little forced to me."

O ver and above everything else, neither is a prig in the least. They hold, of course, a sheen of culture and good taste over their conversation and over what they do, since each is a little offended by the James Joyce kind of phraseology which seems to have become a vogue in Hollywood; but if a story is good they possess a sly grin for its shaly content.

And like Nick and Nora they affirm that the good things in this life are not always necessarily the—"good"—things.

"But about this thing of being typed as the ideal screen wife," Myrna concluded. "Aside from its effect on my career, you can see that it's a little distasteful to me, now that I'm applying all the principles to my own married life."

"It's like putting transparent cellulophone walls around my private existence with Arthur. Before, since it was theoretical, all of it, I didn't mind. But as it is now...

The answer is in her own personal psychology and as such has no group application. But respect it she does, and respect it her studio must.

She's important enough now to dictate on her own, in any case—anything she likes to the officials who employ her.

Wherefore, during the next year, you will observe that once again the glamorous aura of the eternal sweetheart will attach itself to Myrna's lovely shadow on the screen.

Meanwhile—well, it's a free commonwealth of states.

I'm afraid that Miss Loy's dictum notwithstanding, I and every other man in America will continue to pursue the frantic search for a wife like Nora—and Myrna.
We Cover the Studios

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60)

They rehearse it again and again, for perfect timing. He wants even this brief flash to bear down on war's indifference to the individual. We go back to Hollywood and RKO to take a look at "The Toast of New York," see Edvard Arnold, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie and Donald Meek at work on a colorful, forceful tale out of American history, the story of Gentleman Jim Fisk, and how he became the fastest moving financier of the 1860's and later.

Arnold, Grant and Oakie are a fine trio of tricksters, who make Meek, a sanctimonious banker, into their money-making scenes.

In this scene, which is Meek's musty office, the board of directors is in session. The camera is focused on Cary for a close-up. He has to say the line, "I move we convert the bonds into common stock for public sale." On the first try, he says there are so many S's in the one line that he sounds as if he is whistling through his teeth. He tries again. He still doesn't like his rendition. Again. He grabs the back of his head with his right hand, in mock frustration. He tries a fourth time gives up.

He goes back to the man in the sound booth "How did that last one sound?" he asks. The sound man answers, "They all sounded all right to me." Cary stares at him; this fellow is a speech critic. But Cary shakes his head, dubiously. He's still inclined to believe his own ears about those S's.

Cary knows that we are going from there, next door, to the set of "Stepping Toes," but he does not have us act as a courier. He trusts his messages only to his own man or to the Rogers maid. And, we might add, there is considerable man-and-maid traffic between the two sets.

We arrive on the "Stepping Toes" stage just in time to see Ginger and Fred Astaire preparing to do something that they have talked of doing in every picture. They are getting married.

The setting is the home of a Justice of the Peace somewhere in New Jersey. Like all Astaire-Rogers sets, it has a flawless neatness, not to mention smartness.

This being an entirely new act for them, they go in for a lengthy rehearsal. Fred, recently voted the best-dressed movie male, rehearse without a collar or tie. He looks as if he is about to face a barber. Not, however, Ginger Rogers, who is très chic in a mink coat and pillbox hat made of lacquered red braid.

The Justice asks Ginger, "What is your name?" Ginger answers, "Virginia MeMath — and his is Austerlitz." This isn't according to the script. She is playing with their real names. They start again. Both follow the script. The Justice hasn't yet started the ceremony when Ginger comes forth with this line: "By the way, what are the grounds for divorce in this state?" With some asperity, he answers: "Marriage!"

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Paris...London...New York...Toronto...Buenos Aires...Berlin
Next, we climb over Cahuenga Pass to Burbank and Warner Brothers-First National, for a glimpse of “Kid Galahad,” the big fight picture starring Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart.

We warn you to look for the lad who plays the title role. The name is Wayne Morris. He is tall, blond and handsome. A local boy, a bachelor, and a good actor.

We are just in time to see the beginning of the bout for the heavyweight championship. What we see is strictly a one-man fight. The camera is focused on Morris in his corner of the ring, getting final instructions from his manager (Robinson) and his trainer (Harry Carey). The other party to the fight—Bill Haude, an ex-steel worker turned actor, who is managed by Bogart—will have his inning of close-ups later.

Morris bounds out of his corner, slams his right fist straight at the camera. If the effect is what they think it will be, you will chuck that fist comes at you from the screen.

Thence, back to Hollywood and to Paramount, to see Bing Crosby doing his stint in “Waikiki Wedding,” in which he has the company of Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross and a number of bula girls.

We find Bing in “The Tank”—the outdoor set where Paramount films water scenes. It is a huge concrete basin, the approximate size of a sound stage. This morning it is roofed over, and sided over, with black cloth, to keep out that California sunshine. Bing is making a night scene.

He is supposed to be meeting Shirley Ross for the first time. (They have been working together for days.) He is abroad a small schooner in Honolulu harbor, whamming away at a barrel with a hammer, when Shirley appears on the adjacent pier, and asks him if she can borrow the hammer to fix her heel.

Bing smokes a pipe in this scene. He has difficulty with it. It bites. But he persists with it, even with the added danger of getting seaclock from the rocking of the boat. (Some prop men at the other side of the pool are manufacturing waves, shooting them in his direction.) The pipe gives a touch of naturalness. And Bing likes those little natural touches. So do audiences.

LEAVING Bing rocking in the boat, we head for United Artists Studio to see Miriam Hopkins rocking in a subway train for a scene in “The Woman’s Touch.”

This isa merry, mad fantasy about a lady architect and her efforts to separate Joel McCrea from some of his finances so that she can start architecting. She has no finances of her own, or she wouldn't be riding in the subway with Charles Winninger.

The set represents a third of the interior of one subway car, at the rush hour. It is built on a platform, four feet off the ground. In its twenty feet of length, people are packed solidly.

Miriam is separated from Winninger in the press of people. She tries to talk to him over a man's shoulder. Winninger can't understand what she is saying. The man interprets. When Winninger shouts back at Miriam, the man again has to interpret.

But how do they achieve that rocking effect of the train? On all four corners of the platform are huge springs. At one side, in the center, is a huge lever. A band of prop men bear down on this, then let up, bear down, let up. The "car" rocks.

We hop off in our rocking car that night to watch a big scene for “The Road Back,” Universal’s epic sequel to “All Quiet on the Western Front.”

Tonight is the big night in the vast No Man’s Land created on the back lot at Universal City. Tonight is the night when Hell is scheduled to break loose there. We take pains not to miss it.

THE Road Back,” like “All Quiet,” was authored by Eric Maria Remarque. Like “All Quiet,” its cast contains few names you would recognize at first encounter. Just as Lew Ayres was a comparative unknown when “All Quiet” started, so is John King, playing an equivalent role in “The Road Back,” a comparative unknown now. Only two members of the cast of the first picture are in the second: Slim Summerville and young Maurice Murphy.

The picture opens on November 9, 1918, two days before the end of the War. It shows what these young German boys, snatched out of schools to be soldiers, go through just before the finish. Then it shows them returning home, finding the homeland torn with revolution. It shows their efforts to readjust themselves, to find the road back to normalcy—their futile, tragic efforts. There is no road back, for them.

The No Man’s Land is at least two city blocks long, one block wide. It is a morass of mud, sliced with trenches; a wilderness of barbed wire, scarred stumps of trees, gutted ruins of farms, forgotten bodies. Across the entire rear of the set hangs a huge painting of a
cloudy sky on the horizon. The visual effect is of an area two miles wide. That is why these daytime battle scenes are being filmed at night. The movie makers have better control of lighting then, better control of optical illusions.

We are there at 8:30. For two solid hours we watch Whale rehearse his players in a climb out of the trenches, a rush across No Man's Land, and an attack on a French machine-gun nest in a farmhouse ruin. There is little noise. The rehearsals are without sound effects. Yet they are so realistic that Maurice Murphy, supposed to bayonet one of the French machine-gunners, delivers such a jab that Whale hastily instructs a prop man to supply Maurice with "a less vicious weapon." He is given a bayonet of rubber.

The camera is mounted on a huge crane, which moves on tracks at the side of the set, following the troops as they surge over the desolated area, also swinging out over them, pausing when they pause.

At 10:30 Whale is satisfied with the rehearsals. He calls for a "take." Not even the players are prepared for what follows.

As the boys climb over the top—as the filming begins—there is the sharp crack-a-rac-rac of machine-gun fire, cannonading in the distance, rifle fire nearby, and No Man's Land explodes in the boys' faces. The earth shakes underfoot, even from explosions of powder, shooting huge chunks of cork and dirt into the air. With each explosion, there is a spout of flame forty feet high. The air is livid with acrid smoke.

In two minutes, it is over. Two minutes that seem endless.

Young Larry Blake, coming off the battle-field, with a mud-cotted face, voices a unanimous sentiment: "If that's war, I'm not even enlisting in the clerical corps for the next one. I'm staying right at home and just waving a flag."

We ask Director Whale if the scene calls for a retake.

"Yes," he says. "That wasn't good enough, realistic enough."

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Never mind now if I leap from one extremity to the other, but untidy, carelessly thrown together hair is another stumbling block for the girl who would acquire allure. Wisps of stringy, unkempt hair which cause no end of fussing, fixing and fudging, are irritating to most men. If you have messy dye jobs, grime and greasy hair can drive them to more things than drink. These things make a woman not quite a lost cause, as she may be nice looking otherwise, but they'll keep her from ever being called truly lovely. Some of you may wonder why Joe has been so indifferent lately or you may be feeling sorry for yourselves because you can't seem to land a Joe. Take a good look at your hair, babies. From it you may find the answer. Remember, Prince Charming likes their Princesses likewise!

Many of you are envious of the lustrous, perfect coiffures you see on the screen. That's only natural; they do look stunning. They're always tidy and beautifully waved. The styles are new and effective and offer smart ideas for you to try. That's swell. But don't forget there's more to hair allure than mere style. Cleanliness and health are vitally important.

WHEN it comes to hair, Myrna Loy's lovely locks are an outstanding example of the real stuff. Not alone on the screen, but wherever you see Myrna, at the Trocadero, on a shopping tour or at home (and that's the test), her hair is softy waved, neatly trimmed and shining with the health of natural oil and alive from the care of constant grooming. You see no straggling ends, half-curdled bits or snarls. The smartness of her coiffure lies first in its cleanliness, second in its simplicity and third in its tidiness. Those are the secrets of lovely hair.

Now I can't tell each one of you how often you should wash your hair. I can only tell you that it must be kept clean. Use a good shampoo, as free from alkali as possible. Two good washings and three rinsings should be enough. If your hair is light, try the juice of a lemon in the last rinsing; a half cup of vinegar for the dark or redhead. This will keep your hair bright and youthful. A few drops of bluing will bring out the high lights of white hair. If possible dry your hair in the sun. Lift it and frisk it with the hands, massaging the scalp. If you bleach or dye the hair, you must expect a certain amount of dryness, particularly if the hair naturally has a tendency to be dry. To help overcome this, before each shampoo, massage a good oil into your scalp and down the length of the hair. Let it soak in for a while. Occasionally it's a good idea to leave it on overnight.

Hair should be brushed every day if only as a means of cleaning and removing the small particles of dust that are constantly settling on the hair. If the hair is coarse and heavy, give it a good workout. If it is fine and silky, brush more gently, using a less harsh brush with soft, flexible bristles.

And here is something that I find very effective for putting sparkle and life into dull, looking hair, without gumming it up with pomades or oils. With the palms of the hands briskly stroke the hair. Make the movements quick, using first the one hand and then the other in rapid succession. Be sure to press the hair against the scalp as you do this. It creates a friction much on the order of a buffer on your nails. You'll be surprised how this will pep up your hair and give it a healthy sheen.

Try this, too, to stimulate circulation in the scalp and further enliven the hair. Grasp a handful of hair and pull it good and hard with quick jerks. Sounds silly, doesn't it? But it will do the trick. Go over the entire head in this manner. I know it hurts a little and will probably bring the tears to your eyes. But stick to it, babies, it's good for you. It will strengthen the hair and I have known it to stop falling hair. Anyway, what are you squawking at? You've got it easy. Just think of those Japanese ladies in the circus, who hang by their hair.

Between visits to the beauty parlor, you can keep your hair looking tidy by putting it up at night. The short ends, bangs and stray wisps can be kept under control in this manner, take the hair and twist it in a circle and pin it flat against your forehead, temples, behind the ears or wherever you're working. Fasten it with two cress-crossed hairpins or a bobble pin. Take a small amount of hair for each circle. Thick bunches won't work. It's much the same idea as the old-fashioned spirit-curl only don't use any stickum.

How are your elbows? Oh, you almost forgot you had any such things, didn't you? Lots of women do. And how foolish they are. Due to the wear and tear of leaning on things and the constant rubbing against the sleeves of your garments, elbows come in for plenty of abuse. Without care they quickly become scraggly and rough. Often an ugly chunk of fat settles just above the elbows. It casts shadows and makes an elbow look dirty. That's bad. To look well in formal evening clothes, you must have slender, softly rounded arms. You say you have? Swell! But why mar their loveliness with neglected elbows. Even at their very best elbows are not the most handsome part of our anatomy, so get busy on this routine and at least keep them up to par. First soak the elbows in good sudsy water, lukewarm, for about five minutes. You can use two small saucers, or a basin. After the soaking, take a stiff good hand brush and scrub them well, removing any flaky or dead skin. Rinse and dry them well. Now let one arm hang naturally at your side and with the palm and fingertips of the other hand, squeeze and roll that bulb of fat on the opposite elbow. Work on it for a few minutes in this manner, then place a Turkish towel over the spot and give it a few stiff slaps. This goes for both elbows, naturally. Then apply a good skin softener on the elbows. Work it in and remove any excess with tissues or towel. Keep after your elbows in this way every day.

NOW children, cheerio for this time. Go after these little things I've pointed out to you. Every one of you can possess the allure that you so admire in others and have long hoped to acquire. But it can't be done by hoping. No, sir! It is only possible by work. So come on, sweethearties, shake yourselves from any daydreams and get busy. Oh, gosh, I almost forgot something terribly important. Watch out for those shoulder straps that are loose and crooked stocking seams. These little insignificant things can strip you of allure so quickly you won't know what hit you.

Send for my weight control chart and ask all the questions you want. It costs you nothing except a stamped self-addressed envelope for your reply. If this self-addressed envelope is missing your letter cannot be acknowledged. The address is MADAME SYLVIA, Beauty Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 7754 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
**Star Styles Need Not Be Expensive**

**[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]**

...and effectively in dark shades. Black or navy, with a print jacket and motif would be useful all summer. Add a hat and sandals that pick up the color and again you are all set.

ON GOING pajamas need not be so pale “in tone as these pictured, if you want something more practical. One evening, again at Elizabeth Allan’s, Liz wore one of brown and white polka dots, with a long beige satin coat over it. The belt was of the polka dot satin. After an active day, a robe of this description is extremely restful if the week end is informal enough and you know your hostess sufficiently well to relax. Nothing particularly new, of course, but you will never regret owning one.

I like the little black net dress Irene Hervey is wearing. When hot weather comes it can’t be beaten for looking and feeling cool. It is so grateful in town on a hot day, and it will pinch-hit for dancing in the evening. As prints are so good we have selected two more for you, both of them most practical and economical.

On the last fashion page you will find sheer luxury. Many a bride is planning her trousseau in May and Anita Louise and Ida Lupino show you how ravishing one may be in this gorgeous type of thing. Anita’s combines an almost tailored look with a feminine softness, for the girl who does not want to go completely flouncy. Don’t forget the chiffon scarf, which does not show in the photograph, but which knots around the throat for an added bit of allure, and which may be sprayed with your favorite perfume.

Ida’s pajamas would be adorable for a dinner up in your hotel room, at the end of a long day of honeymoon sight-seeing. There is no hint of a letdown in them, from the smartness of the rest of your trousseau. They could hold their own for chic anywhere. They must be made of first-class material, but not necessarily of velvet brocade. Satin with a small figure on it or plain satin contrasting with the trousers could be used. But go the limit on intriguing modes. Have a bit of glitter and gleam on them. They charm, depend upon it, and this is your charm time of times.

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**IF I HADN’T MADE THAT “ARMHOLE-ODOR” TEST, I WOULDN’T BE HERE**

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale “armhole odor” just when you want to be most alluring!

SOMETIMES the minute you see a new man, you know he is wonderful. You meet him. You dance. It’s divine. But that’s all! He can’t forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm!

Don’t let it happen to you. No matter how smartly dressed or how charming you are, you cannot expect to be socially acceptable unless that small underarm area is kept not only sweet, but dry.

Creams that are not made to stop perspiration cannot give the complete protection you need. Unless your underarm is kept absolutely dry, some moisture is bound to collect on your dress. You may make your-
PHOTOPLAY

ends

is

Well, ready it

Miriam

CONTINUED

To

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Every

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Kleenex

Tissues

easier—just as it does at home!

men adore universally, and she is the hardest to put on paper, since the quality of attraction she possesses, in common with the Salomes and Mrs. Simpsons of this world is not a tangible thing.

William Austin Parker, famous playwright, discovered it first—or at least with the most success. She married him. But she didn’t undertake a contract so important without several mental reservations. She announced to interviewers, “Marriage, like any other emotional experience, gives one both mental and spiritual growth.

And so is worth risking. Even if it ends disastrously—you can still go on because no one thing can mean life or death to a person—not even marriage.”

BENEATH the stilted quote lies her balanced detachment—a practical viewpoint visible in the way she works, and loves. I think it is this quality of being completely honest with her own emotions and with the emotions of her friends, that has been the greatest underlying factor in Miriam’s life. If she had been able, like most women, to fall wholeheartedly in love without the immediate necessity for analyzing her own reactions, she might not have known so many years of that loneliness which means, in a strong person, artistic growth. She might not have had to adopt a son as an outlet for her capacity for affection; she might not have had to divert her staggering reservoir of energy into the collection of art and the building and furnishing of houses; she might not have had to fill her days with travel and unceasing, restless work.

Above everything else, there might not have been so many men to lay their hearts at her feet and remain to make shift with her friendship, which was all she could offer them. Jean Negulesco, the Roumanian artist, was one—and he is still in the offering, a more or less constant companion. She is immensely fond of him, but it isn’t love. And there was the director, more desperate than the others, who threatened to commit suicide; fortunately he reconsidered.

Probably what broke her marriage with Austin Parker was a psychological reaction that she herself feared when she saw movie fame in the offing. She said then, “Having stage glamour is effective in getting a man—but not in holding him. He’s flattered first, you see—sitting in a theater and seeing the audience appreciate his girl and realizing that he has her all to himself. Then after he’s married he begins to nurse a sense of grievance. Other husbands, he thinks, are luckier than he—his possession must be shared with a public and a career, after all.”

Today, after their divorce, Austin Parker, ex husband or no ex-husband, is still her best and dearest friend. And it is this Miriam who, in the course of things, sometimes plays a practical joke so monstrous that often the laughter is days late in peeping from behind the initial shock.

As the latest example: She was lunching the other day with a group of intimates—one of whom was her Lordship, the Earl of Warwick. When she heard that Parker’s valet-chaufeur had deserted him and that he was hunting for a new one. To Warwick she said, “You want to get in pictures, don’t you? Well, if you can pass yourself off as a servant before Austin, who

knows actors and theaters backward, then you’ll know you’re good. I’ll call him, shall I?”

The Earl, as a British sportsman, could do no less than fall in with her plans. So he nodded.

“Is the man a good valet?” Parker asked over the phone.

“Excellent,” Miriam assured him.

Parker sounded pleased. “That’s marvelous,” he agreed—and within a few hours Warwick was helping him on with his boots. But his Lordship, having left the details of his own wardrobe to the attention of a gentleman’s gentleman all his life, was pretty clumsy. He didn’t make beds worth a darn. He wielded a mean mop but the baseboards showed the wear and tear. Parker was disgusted.

He told Warwick so, in terms which admitted of only one interpretation.

The next day at luncheon Miriam introduced Austin with ceremony, to the Earl. The playwright speechless, was absolutely sure that this man was his new valet—but he was afraid to say anything. Nevertheless, after about an hour, he was prepared to bring the matter up, having convinced himself, when a prearranged fake phone call sounded, that he talked for several minutes with the imaginary servant, in which she agreed to tell Mr. Parker that he was once again without a valet, since no human being could be expected to put up with such indignities, or work for such a bibulous, unpleasant person.

At the end of the conversation Parker tottered to his feet. His face was paper-white. “Look,” he said, “I’m going to cancel my contract and go into a sanitarium. I’m having a nervous breakdown. I’m going crazy.”

He meant it. They had to rush for whiskey and explain the joke to him as a precautionary measure. And it was almost a week before he could manage a very grin at his own expense.

THERE is also the smart Miriam; the cosmopolite, the sophisticate, the patroness of art and music, the brilliant hostess.

Her drawing rooms in Hollywood and New York and Paris are the perpetual nuclei of famous names. She doesn’t exploit the people who attend her salons; hence they respect her. Her cultural background they are forced to admire. It’s absolutely astonishing, they will tell you, how much she has lived in the few years of her life.

There is again the Miriam who plays so charmingly at motherhood. It’s no secret that young Michael is the center of Miriam Hopkins’ personal interests.

Out of the necessity for success has been molded a Hopkins who is a superb professional technician.

Almost every director she works with eventually reaches the point at which he says, “Miriam darling, you should be directing this picture.” Her concentration on each role she plays is so uncompromising that even between shots she is unable to rest; during lunch she gulps her food and scribbles notes, suggestions for the afternoon; and every minute in which she is not actually before the cameras she is rehearsing, planning action, tampering with dialogue.

When she gets home at last, each night, a massage is ready to knead her tense body into the relaxation of sheer fatigue.

You can see, then, that here is a girl who can

During Colds adopt the
KLEENEX HABIT
in your office!

• When snuffles start, put aside handkerchiefs and adopt the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Kleenex Tissues tend to retain germs, thus check colds from spreading to others. Simply use each tissue just once—then destroy, germs and all.

Once you have Kleenex handy in your desk, you’ll find the Kleenex Habit makes many tasks far easier—just as it does at home!

Keep Kleenex in Every Room
And in Your Car, too.

To remove face creams and cosmetics • To apply powder, rouge...To dust and polish...For the baby...And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX
A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

Is It Love at Last for Miriam Hopkins?

[continued from page 25]
give herself completely in love only to an extraordinary man and, without wishing to be unpartisan about it, there is still the truth that a European man of refinement and culture usually has more to offer a woman like this than the average American man.

Being an artist, Litvak probably instinctively understands her moody restlessness. Certainly he must be an idealist, for he's never married. His friends will tell you that he's searched constantly for his ideal woman, but while he's gone through periods of momentary infatuation, he's never settled on one for long. Yet on the Normandie, coming back to America after that first meeting, he and Miriam saw each other constantly. When they came to New York they prowled around that wonder city for hours and hours. If he saw that little town house of Miriam's on the East River, he must have been duly impressed with her taste and her appreciation for beauty. And then, when they both discovered that the girl in "The Woman I Love" was exactly the type of part that Miriam plays best, it must have been a mutual delight for them to realize they could work together.

AFTER that began the Western sequence of their friendship. Miriam has bought the old John Gilbert house in Bel Air and is remodeling it completely. Daily, both on the set and after working hours, she and Litvak have been together. At parties in Hollywood during the last few months they have inevitably come together. You saw them at the various Derbys, rapt in conversation, while the food cooled before them. Their table was the one next to yours at the Trocadero or at the Clover Club, and never had Miriam seemed more gay. Professionally, they have worked as one person toward the eventual completion of "The Woman I Love."

Not long ago the Hollywood gossip's, from force of habit, announced abruptly that this newest romance was on the rocks following a quarrel, and that Litvak had offered Miriam a diamond bracelet as a conciliatory gift. Telephone wires immediately began to run round with the Hopkins voice: "What a thing to say!" she cried. "There isn't one word of truth in it—and it's so embarrassing. Now Anatole will think he has to give me the diamond bracelet anyway, just to beat out the publicity!"

But he didn't. He gave her a diamond and ruby brooch, instead.

The town, deep-rooted in its cynicism, was hard to convince, nevertheless.

When finally the company went on location to Point Magu, some sixty miles up the Coast, the watchers smiled smugly and made predictions. Because of all the cast, Miriam was the only one who was allowed to stay at home and rest; not a single location sequence called for her presence.

On the first morning she arose early, got into her car, and made the sixty miles to Point Magu in almost as many minutes. She spent the day on the set with Litvak; returned to Hollywood that night; and the next morning was once again burning the highway along the Coast.

"It won't last," said the watchers—but without conviction.

It lasted. She drove up there every single day of that location. And when, toward the end of the production, she brought Michael—her small adopted son—to the studio to watch her at work, the dissenting voices weakened and died. She had never done such a thing before; and as a crowning touch, little Michael, fresh from England and a French tutor, with the quick irritativeness of clever children was heard to chatter in a decidedly Russian accent.

There will be those in Hollywood who will disagree with me when I predict that Miriam will marry Anatole Litvak before many months have passed. And they will quote to me the many journalists who have eaten their forecasts about the Hopkins girl, finding them unpalatable.

But I stood and watched a new Miriam, glowing with happiness and in love if I ever saw anyone in love, on the set of "A Woman's Touch," her new picture, the other day. I have watched her before, during the periods when gossip columns were iteming the details of her romance with this person and that person, and I have never seen the peculiar quality which says to all observant men that a woman is in love—and which Miriam carries with her now.

So let's hope there is true love at last for Miriam.

She's suffered so long, and she's been a brave woman. She's never once whimpered. When her marriage broke up when her career didn't go quite as well as she wished it would, no one heard from her one word of self pity.

A tiny girl, reared against a Southern background, she has defied her own heritage and has not let herself lapse into the spoiled darling she might easily have been. Instead, she has been courageous enough to go her way alone.

She deserves love. And so, apparently, does Litvak. Here's hoping that they will find it together.

With youthful EYES you're never Old!

It's never too late for romance, but remember this... it's the girl with sparkling, youthful eyes who's always in demand. So look to your eyes for the secret of youth. If you want to know how much younger you can really appear, just try WINX, the modern mascara that subtracts years from your age! One application and lashes appear long, silky, sweeping—and shadowy as dusk. Eyes appear brighter, deeper with a glance that conveys youthful glamour—and allure. WINX mascara is on sale at department, drug and all 5 and 10 cent stores. It's available in three shades (Blue, Black, Brown) and in three forms (Cake, Creamy, Liquid).

WINX 3-Way Blend
Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of hardness—particularly around the eyes, WINX has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Blue Mascara blends perfectly with WINX Blue Eyeshadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its total values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of "natural" make-up for your particular type.

WINX Colors are BLENDABLE

WINX Eye Beautifiers

WINX for MAY, 1937
The All Star Story of the Cocoanut Grove

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

less from champagne they can run the gamut of
talent from light opera to sheer melodrama.

One evening the dashingly handsome Norman
Kerry became the center of a play that kept Holly-
wood agog for days.

He sailed to New York from a trip to the
Grove, the waxed skies of his mustache giving
him a devastating continental air. His eucalyptus
carriage halted at his training as a British officer,
and the shining decoration on his breast brought
bright reflections to all feminine eyes.

Another officer who had fought on the
other side in the World War, the Austrian Albert
de Conti ventured a brilliant little quip about
Kerry's dazzling metallic embellishment.

Kerry with a strong and heroic right arm
avenged the dastardly insult. But the matter
shall not end there. In a towering rage, de
Conti returned to his table. There he vowed
that his dignity had been grossly insulted, and
that only blood could erase the offense—
Kerry's blood, and lots of it.

NAMING a friend to perform the office of
second, de Conti dispatched his card to
Kerry and demanded satisfaction.

"My friend, Albert de Conti, demands that
you answer to him on the field of honor,"
proclaimed the second.

Gasps of surprise and horror from the
tremulous onlookers, but Norman Kerry rose to
the occasion like a soldier. Calmly he bowed.

It was to be pistols at thirty paces.

Next day, news of the duel flashed through
Hollywood. Norman Kerry was a valued star
at Universal Studios, where Irving Thalberg
was general manager. Thalberg was dismayed.

He threatened to fire de Conti, who was em-
ployed there in a technical capacity.

Federal agents swarmed in to warn the
parties that duels were forbidden in America.

Very well, Kerry and de Conti would
fight it out in Mexico. Prop departments
were combined for duel pistols, for insults
must be avenged.

But hot blood cools in time. De Conti
could not fight without two former Austrian
cavalry officers as his seconds. They were,
it happened, far away in Chicago. Besides, it
was a long ride to the Border, and the roads
were bad.

Eventually the duel turned into a fiasco and
faded from the headlines. The only thing
spilled was printer's ink, and as the prospect
of seeing Kerry and de Conti blaze away at
each other faded, conversation at the Grove
turned to other affairs.

One of these salient situations was the
sudden flare-up of hostilities between Lilyan
Tashman and Hedda Hopper.

This duel was fought with words—astound-
ing fact, since it concerned that thing nearest
a woman's heart—her clothes.

It centered around the problem as to who
was the best-dressed woman in Hollywood,
and although the oral weapons flew hot and
fast, no one dared to pronounce the decisive
fouche that would end Lil's and Hedda's argu-
ment. So the crowd aloofly permitted a charm
and check that amazed Hollywood.

It all started at one of the usual fashion
shows at the Grove. Hedda offered a personal
chronicle on Lil's. Tashman's outfit, and the
configuration started. It took an avid press
agent to feel the fire. Sensing the news value
in this bitter rivalry, he wired both actresses
from Agua Caliente an invitation to jointly
judge a fashion show at the Mexican resort.

Hedda wired back in deadly indifference:
"I resign in favor of Miss Tashman, who will
fit the dim byarrancy of your casino to the dot."

Once Lil's telegram read: "Sorry but am
inviting a cocktail party and cannot attend,
Miss Hopper is perfectly qualified to judge
anything passe."".

The telegrams were not published, but can
be found in certain archives that offer a fast
passing place for the ghosts of some of Holly-
wood's best battles.

In those good old days the society columns
of Los Angeles newspapers disdained to record
the gallivantings of the movie colony. In
fact, only a few years before the Grove opened,
many large banks would not accept financial
dealings with movie producers, and hotels of
the swanky sort turned up noses at the
picture crowd.

Elmir Glyn was conceded by Hollywood to
be the all-time champion of high social affairs.
La Glyn, with her four-foot walking stick,
her Russian wolf hounds, and her exotic hats,
satisfied even Hollywood's notion of the truly
regal "riz." Moving sex up into the realm of popular
literature had made Elmir Glyn famous.

Girls she nominated as having "IT" didn't
even have to campaign for election to star-
dom, despite their hitherto negligible names.

Clara Bow was first to reap the rewards,
followed by Aileen Pringle, who was chosen
by Miss Glyn to play in such torrid tales of
purple passion as "Three Weeks," "His
Hour," and "Soul Mates." But as sex waned in popularity, so did the
stars of these actresses grow dim. Miss
Pringle is now playing bits, Miss Bow has
retired to her ranch.

As one ever bothered to invite Greta Garbo
to a Grove party, although she lived at the
Ambassador Hotel. Joseph Schenck, presi-
dent of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, showed so
little interest when she first arrived in New
York with Mauritz Stiller that he did not ask
to see her. When the publicity man, Herbert
Voight, went to the boat he couldn't induce a
photographer to shoot a picture of Garbo, and
he was finally forced to hire one fellow to
expose a couple of plates for ten dollars.

Garbo was lonely at the Ambassador, al-
though Stiller and she occupied rooms 64 and
65, across the hall from each other.

Once in a while she and Stiller would appear,
take a far table and in brooding solitude eat
pickled herrings. Otherwise she was seldom
seen.

Came a night, however, when the pickled
herrings were no more. Garbo—the quiet,
homely, middle-aged gal. She phoned
down to the Grove and asked for the maître
d'hôtel. When Jimmy Manos answered, Garbo
asked him to come to room 64.

Garbo herself slung the door open to his
knock. She was quite evidently "in the pink,"
said Jimmy, "like the devil!" she cried. "Bring me
champagne."

Jimmy brought a bottle.
"Come on in, handsome," said Garbo
laughing, "and I will buy you a drink."

Jimmy, remembering the rules, declined,
and thereby lost the priceless opportunity of

KURLASH

MAIL THIS TODAY

Te: Jane Heath, Dept. A-3
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye
beauty, and a personal coloring plan for
my complexion.

Eyes—Hair—Complexion
Name

Address

City

(please print plainly)
licking glasses with glamorous Greta. Since the day Stiller left Hollywood, heartbroken by her failure, Greta never revisited the Cocoanut Grove.

When the Ambassador erected a group of very "ultra-ultra" private apartments across the lawn from the Grove, John Barrymore moved into the cottage known as "Siesta.

I was most convenient to the Cocoanut Grove, and so between these two points of focus, naturally attractive flesh, the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello romance.

Nothing could have been more irresistable to Maurice Costello, member of a rival theatrical clan. One night he found John and Dolores together at the Grove, and only by the most tactful maneuvers was a battle averted. Ultimately John escorted Dolores to the altar, and silenced forever the pater's objections.

The Grove has never failed through all the years to provide entertainment replete with thrills that can even break through Hollywood shock absorbers.

Tuesday night was, and still is, star night. Special events, dolls, and decorations, the famous floor shows, with show girls clad in little or nothing perched atop elaborate floats, were enough to make blased go completely "so-so."

No one who visited the Grove during the time of the "monkey madness" can forget those nights. It was the custom to let down toy monkeys, attached to long strings, from a balcony. The object was for each gallant male to grab one for his lady fair. The gallant males strove so hard to guard their damsels that they forgot their manly dignity, and black eyes and bruises were not uncommon.

A high light of the Grove entertainment came on New Year's Eve. It was traditional with the Grove that a lovely Grove chorus girl be lowered, clad in flowers, from a trap door which dangled from the roof. Her descent on the stroke of twelve was essential to a formal welcome for the New Year.

One year the Grove manager had a brilliant idea. They would release a covey of snow-white pigeons at the stroke of midnight, and dispense with the flowery female.

But a quip from a Grove confidante and its sources caused Jack to becloud a shadow of doubt to cross the collective faces of the management.

"Oh, the pigeons they fly high at the Grove," the Grove, "hummed Jack, carefully turning up his coat collar. The management took the hint.

Yet they were reluctant to give up the idea. Those birds would be a startling innovation. Besides they would look mighty pretty swooping about among the palms.

The fertile mind of John Browne conceived a solution to this momentous problem. To avoid complaints, and possible suits, from the guests, it was decided to cope with all contingencies by the ingenious use of a little strip of adhesive tape.

The hour struck, whistles blew, and the pigeons were tossed from the balconies. To the complete embarrassment of the Grove management the birds refused to fly. With one accord they plumped down onto the tables, waddled around on the dance floor, and perched indiscriminately on bald heads. They walked in ice-cream dishes and fluttered about with holds on bare backs. It was horrible, too, too horrible. Waiters had to go about shamefacedly picking up the birds and lugging them off in baskets, while the guests shouted in gay decision unworthy of their sophisticated natures.

The Grove, from the date of its first opening, has always been the scene of Hollywood's most important banquets. One such function will forever be a nightmare in the memory of Jimmy Manos.

The sales executives of Cosmopolitan Pictures, meeting at a national convention in Hollywood, were being banqueted in the Grove by their "Big Boss," William Randolph Hearst. The arrangement had been made to seat the distinguished gentlemen at one great table—and the guests were already arriving when an unforeseen explosion shattered the serene atmosphere of the Cocoanut Grove.

Marion Davies had discovered that she was not being seated at that table of honor! Muster ing the full force of her womanly eloquence she proceeded to make her listeners' ears wiggle in helpless embarrassment.

It was explained to her that no women were being seated at that table, that other tables were reserved, that it was too late to alter the arrangements.

Explanations meant nothing to Marion in that moment of disappointment. She was the star of Cosmopolitan Pictures. She would sit at that table, or else—!

H EARST was in a quandary. The guests, gathered in the hotel lobby, were ready to file into the Grove. It would be a breach of etiquette to seat only one lady at that table.

Jimmy Manos rose to the occasion. Speeding about among the tables surrounding the dance floor, he whispered a plea to a score of ladies and as the guests approached the banquet table they found additional plates and fair partners appearing as though by magic.
Actually that Two Weeks’ Vacation, that means so much to so many of us, is usually 15 days long—with its three Sundays; 16 days long, whenever you can slip away Friday evening.

So it is that California, with the new speed, low cost and air-conditioned comfort of western rail travel, has stepped right into the ‘Two Weeks’ plans of thousands of men and women who once thought it out of reach of their vacation time and means.

10 Days in California

Even from as far away as New York, you can have ten or eleven brilliant, golden days in Southern California. In route, via Santa Fe, there is ample time to include glorious Grand Canyon.

The SCOUT

And for economical travel, we commend to you Santa Fe’s new daily Scout—swift, air-conditioned, for coach and tourist-Pullman passengers only. Featured are Fred Harvey dining car meals for 90c per day; free pillows, cups, porter service; a lounge car for tourist passengers.

5 Trains Daily to California

Send California and Grand Canyon folders with information about fares from
Name
Address

PHOTOPLAY FOR MAY, 1937

Probably many of the women who played Good Samaritans on that occasion have never discovered the relative dignity that unexpected honor so suddenly bestowed upon them.

The standing and influence of the Coconut Grove, as a focal point in Hollywood’s social life, was unchalenged until the Biltmore Hotel was erected in downtown Los Angeles. The opening gun of a fight that nearly caused the overthrow of the Los Angeles city government was fired when the Biltmore, boasting a palatial new ballroom, took the annual Motion Picture Directors’ Costume Ball away from the Coconut Grove.

But the Grove’s ammunition was ready. On the night of the costume ball, a long line of uniformed policemen filed into the Biltmore and took an ominous stand near the entrance of the ballroom.

At precisely twelve o’clock, a police sergeant stepped onto the dance floor, and, halting the music, announced that the party was over—that an ancient statute prohibiting dancing after midnight was to be upheld. Pandemonium reigned but that was nothing to the howls of rage that arose when Fred Niblo, then president of the Directors’ Association, said that he was still dancing—and would be until four A. M.—at the Coconut Grove, where a Shrine Convention party was in progress.

Outraged Hollywood, stirred to the core.

How They Got the Girl to Say “Yes”

(Continued from page 73)

the case of Chester Morris and Sue Kilborn. He proposed on a Saturday night after the performance of a stage show in which they appeared, they were married in Atlantic City the next morning, and were back in time for the curtain call, only to read on the bulletin board a notice that the show was closing.

They came to Hollywood with nothing but a couple of suitcases but they stuck it out, and now all’s well. And here’s a tip—usually the dominant male develops the most conservative and lasting qualities imaginable after marriage.

BUT we must pass on to the next group of classifications, Types D, F, G and G, suited to the Clever Plotter sort of swain.

The plotter goes in for a certain devilish cunning. They’re all for subtlety. To wit:

(1) The Build-up, as the term indicates, works under cover as it moves toward the proposal. At first everything takes a sort of big brother trend, with no hint that the friendship may stray from the platonic, when—bingo! And out pops the plan that has plagued Eve ever since she ate the apple, and gave Adam the core.

Gene Markey had marked Joan Bennett from afar, when he saw her on the New York stage in “Jarnegan.” Out in Hollywood, where Joan started making pictures, Gene mapped his courtship.

Joan was in love with somebody else, as everyone knew, but the Clever Plotter shrugs his shoulders at a little thing like that. When Joan broke her hip in a fall from a horse, Gene sent flowers and friendly little notes. Eventually he had permission to call, and eventually he was in her very good graces as a kind and generous friend. And eventually she would marry him, although she didn’t suspect that at the moment. He was such a nice haven of refuge, so good with advice about pictures, a famous playwright, he could tell her what’s what. Lucky girl, having a big brother like Gene... or, Gene had no intention of acquiring a sister.

He was taking her to see one of her pictures, a crucial one—"Doctor’s Wives"—which was being previewed. He would tell her what he thought of it, perhaps make some suggestions on how to improve...

"Joan, will you marry me?"

"But—but don’t you want to wait until you see my picture?" stunned Joan.

The big build-up got results, and Joan’s reply remains a classic.

The Persistent (Type E) proposal requires intellectual plotting for persistence can easily become boring. Delicately maneuvered by Franchot Tone, it proved most effective with Joan Crawford.

"By the way, Joan," he would say in an undertone as somebody passed them the cake, "when did you say we were getting married?"

Or, between shots on the tennis court, "Shall we make it—say next Friday?"

The dryly humorous Mr. Tone knew very well how to handle the proposal problem for successful results with a girl like Joan Crawford.

HERE is the plot of John Monk Saunders’ proposal, well befitting a writer skilled in conniving drama.

"I’m afraid we’re stalled, Miss Wray," said Miss Wray’s chauffeur. "We seem to have run out of gas."

Fay Wray took his word for it. They were not far from Baltimore, where she was working on location in “The First Kiss.” A prophetic title.

"Somebody will come along soon," volunteered the chauffeur. A prophetic statement, for, in a moment, a car did draw along side. It was all so, so convenient.

"Can I be of help—oh, it’s Miss Wray," cried John Monk Saunders.
The Wheeler is one half the comedy team of Wheeler and Woolsey.
For the childhood sweethearts, or old pals romance, popping the question is apt to take the form of the mutual or Dutch Treat proposal.

Harmon Nelson had been out of college for three months when he sat down with his sweetheart, Bette Davis, to talk things over in a practical fashion. Bette was a movie actress. "Ham" is a musician and singer, quite lacking in fame.

"People probably will call me a gigolo husband," said Ham.

"They'll sometimes speak of you as 'Mr. Davis,'" smiled Bette.

"We'll often be separated by work, and I can't support you in the style to which you'd like to be accustomed," grinned Ham.

"And they'll have us getting a divorce half the time," laughed Bette. "But if we never lose our sense of humor, we'll get along all right."

All of which came true, for they're still in love. Bette lives in a tiny cottage. Ham is establishing himself as an agent and talent scout. They'll get along.

The Proxy proposal is frequently used by men who grow tongue-tied in the face of romance. Valentin Parera, handsome Spaniard from the movies and the Granada theater, fell in love with prima donna Grace Moore while on a Paris Bound boat. Handi capped by language limitations, he marked a poetic passage in a book to show Grace his regard.

Joe E. Brown also used the Proxy type of proposal, with Western Union playing the part of John Alden.

"Have enough money to marry stop please come cast love Joe," he wired.

She did and they did, but Joe's idea of enough money was exactly $140. Coming on down to the shy sort, we have the Unspoken, or Type J Proposal. In this both parties seem to drift into an understanding.

More and more, the modern young man proposes without proposing. Afterwards, when questioned about it, the girl goes into a state of dreamy suspension and can't remember a word of what was said. Thus, later on in marriage she is at a total loss when it comes to throwing his promises in his teeth.

A case in point is that of Henry Fonda and Frances Brokaw. They met in England, fell in love in Vienna, and decided to marry in Paris.

"We just talked for hours and hours in the Ritz bar," Henry said, "but I'll be damned if..."

Select Your Own Proposal!

For the Dominant Male:
A. Caveman Type: Capt. Astley to Madeleine Carroll.
B. Shocker: Benny Baker to Marjorie Wellman.
C. Impulsive: Charles Boyer to Pat Paterson.
   Robert Cobb to Gail Patrick.
   Chester Morris to Sue Kilborn.

For the Clever Plotter:
D. Big Build-up: Gene Markey to Joan Bennett.
E. Persistent: Franchot Tone to Joan Crawford.
F. Devious: John Saunders to Fay Wray.
G. Indirect: Dr. George Snyder to Evalyn Knapp.

For the Practical Man:
H. The Dutch Treat: Ham Nelson to Bette Davis.

For the Backward Boy:
I. The Proxy: Valentin Parera to Grace Moore.
   Edward Arnold to Mrs. Arnold.
   Joe E. Brown to Kate Brown.

For the Shy Sort:
J. The Unspoken: Henry Fonda to Frances Brokaw.

For the Hopeless Case:
K. The Impasse: Frances Vernon to Jimmy Cagney.

Her Lane Hope Chest gives
**absolute** moth protection!

SAFE in her Lane Hope Chest are the treasured keepsakes and winter woolens of this famous 20th Century-Fox star. She isn't taking any chances with the pest that causes more loss in homes than anything else. For absolute moth protection, store winter's woolens in a genuine LANE, the cedar chest that gives you a moth insurance policy free. Exclusive Lane features eliminate sticky interiors and insure aroma-tight construction. New, superbly styled Lane Chests are now on display. See these ideal gifts for girl graduates and brides at your Lane dealer's store.

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**LANE**
**CEDAR CHESTS**
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME
can remember actually proposing. Frances and I just seemed to take it for granted that we'd be married, and the question was when and where? Frances said she wanted a nice church wedding, so that's what we had, in New York."

Jack Oakie, who used to kid romance and whose favorite gag was "Marry me, and become the mother of a genius," was simply and completely sunk when love hit him between the eyes. He didn't have a comeback. All he can recall is rushing home to Mother Olliefield and getting her out of bed to tell her he had met Venito Varden and she was the one girl.

"I've heard that before," said Ma.

"But we're going to be married!" cried Jack, and sure enough, they were.

Classmates at school most frequently employed Type G. They find speech quite unnecessary to reach an agreement. Donald Woods was going to Berkeley when he met Josephine Van der Horck. He was working his way through school by clerking in the hotel where Jo lived. She bought him a malted milk one evening, and he started carrying her books to school. By the time they were seniors, there was no need of a proposal. So, one afternoon, out driving, they kept on going until they reached Tijuana and there they were married. Now they have two children.

Perhaps it is too bad that the old custom of carefully placing a hanky on the floor, resting a bended knee upon it, and eloquently begging the lady to give her hand in marriage, is as rare today as the hustle. But the Unspoken Proposal gets the same results anyway.

Last in the category of proposals is Type K, for the males who would otherwise be a Hopeless Case.

This is known as the Impasse, for the man is either too shy or too dumb to know that the time is ripe for the proposal. You never can tell from appearances what men will fall into this group.

Jimmy Cugney, that dynamic, hard-boiled he-man of the screen, who betrays the stirring of tender romance in his bosom by pushing a grapefruit in the face of his lady love, would fool you completely off the screen.

Jimmy fell in love with a beautiful little chorus girl. He was awkward and tongue-tied, with a terrific inferiority complex. Frances Vernon decided to marry him so she could look after him.

There remains one style of proposal that baffles us. It doesn't seem to fit into any of these classifications.

Pat O'Brien had been proposing to Eloise Taylor for several years. They were riding in a rickshaw at Coney Island.

"Let's get married, or something," said Pat.

"We'll get married, or nothing," retorted Eloise.

And, by jingo, they were!

TIPS ON THAT TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

The studios are booming—the night spots are gay—the beaches are dazzling—the stars are in town! This engrossing article answers all your questions about the razzle-dazzle city, how to get there, where to go, and best of all how much it will lighten the well-known pocketbook. In the June PHOTOPLAY, out May 7th.

PHOTOPLAY FOR MAY, 1937

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On the Air in Hollywood

[Continued from page 46]

Errol Flynn loves to scrap and banter with Olivia. "If you feel out of place in the Empire here," he suggested, "why not change your name to Delvia O'Havilland?"

Errol, looking trim as a welterweight, was gay and cocky all day, right through the show. He hopped a plane an hour after "curtain" for the East and Lili. They'd do Europe and then, Errol confided, he'll invade Spain alone. "I want to see both sides of the war," he told us. "I'd like to travel with each army." Warners said a loud "No!" — but what's "no" to an Irishman?

ROM Andalusian adventure a la Flynn to Arkansas by Bob Burns is no jump at all in Hollywood's radio row. Bing and Bob continue to put on the most relaxed, homey and undoubtedly worst-dressed coast-to-coaster in the business. If you wear a tie in the Kraft Music Hall, you're a sissy. Generally Bing shows up in an old slacks and a blue shirt, but sometimes he breaks down and dons a jersey sweater which makes him look just like Sailor Mike, the slug-nutty stumblesbum. Imagine, then, the consternation which reigned the night of the Academy Award banquet when all and sundry actually had to dress in dinner clothes! The reason was that Bing's gang, with Mischa Auer, was up for the award for his supporting role in "My Man Godfrey" and the banquet started at nine, an hour after the program.

Incidentally, you can forget any talk you might have heard about touchy feelings between Bing and Bob. Bob's salary has been substantially raised and everybody's happy. Of course, that doesn't keep Robin from taking his weekly dig at the old groomer.

Before every program he addresses the gang assembled to watch the fun. "It ain't much of a show to watch, folks," says Bob, "and I can't see that Bing helps it any, either!" But, dear Robin — a lot of girls don't feel that way about it.

Only one new national show popped into Hollywood this month. The Community Sing with Milton Berle moved out bag and baggage to pay when he did "Sonny Boy," who got a new lease on life after a few ticklish days before Chase and Sanborn's vaudevillian contract pen. MacQuarrie tries young hopefuls out on the air and gives them screen tests at Warners. We like the story Haven tells about his newsboy. Seems he had been buying a paper from a certain tyke for months before he became famous. One week he took the broadcast to the stage of the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles — and after he stopped by to get his paper. The kid looked at him with a disgruntled sight.

"I go clean down town," he remarked bitterly, "I spend five cents for a look at dis guy MacQuarrie. An' who do I see? You! What a business!"

Fred Astaire's Packard show is not going to give up the ghost, in spite of what you've heard or what you think ought to happen. We understand Fred would like them to release him.

In fact, his agents have done everything in their power to take Fred off the air. They think every program hurts his picture prestige. But no dice. "The contract gives Packard the option privilege and they like Fred's draw, even if he isn't equipped to put himself over on the air. Just the other day, and yet unannounced, they decided to take up the third thirteen week clause when it comes up. You'll notice, though, that more and more of the show is being handed over to Charlie Butterworth.

Getting around to Oaktie — and it seems you run for all Jack sooner or later — we heard a good one on the genial professor of Oaktie College the other day. Seems Jack has his barber come and shave him every day he rehearses for the show. The other day, he told the tonsorial gent to listen in on his show. Next week the barber showed up and went about his business of whacking the okay Oaktie whiskers. "Catch the show?" asked Jack.

"Yes," said the barber.

"Like it?" said Jack.

"Mr. Oaktie," replied the barber, "if you want me to keep that up, I'll have to charge extra!!!" Jack is still trying to figure that one out.

Jack made a crack worthy of his steel some weeks ago when Oaktie College first hit the air:

"Well," said Dr. Oaktie just before the curtain went up, "I certainly am not too bright. I'd hate to get through this college in thirteen weeks!" And that might be why Venita sits in the front row through rehearsals and kibitzes the old man.

ROM where we sit it begins to look as if Eddie Cantor is going to have to go out and discover some new Hollywood talent. His discoveries are kicking loose from the old master. First, Parkyarkarkas deserted Eddie and now, we understand, Bobby Breen is due to shake the Texaco show this spring for his own program on NBC to be called "The Singing Kid." That leaves Deanna Durbin, who has a nice salary now, on both air and screen. Eddie and Al Jolson have their troubles, but seem to run on forever. Now Al is going back to the sobby, sentimental sing-dramas that really put him up there in the early swank days. The other fellow — "Sonny Boy," who do you think sat in the audience and bawled? Davey Lee, the kid who was "Sonny Boy" ten years ago, now a big high school boy.

Here's some short flashes before we sign off this month in a blast of static: That throat operation of Nelson Eddy's may keep his great voice off the air every now and then until it gets strong again. It was more serious than you thought. Martha Raye sang a torch song when she warbled "I've Got You Under My Skin" the other night on the Jolson show. That day her engagement to Jerry Hopper went through. And Martie got the blues out of her system with songs on the program and later at Louis Prima's jam parlor. Sang every sad song she could think of! The Jack Bennies-from-Heaven plan to build a home in Beverly next year — George Burns and Gracie Allen switch sponsors for $10,000 a week on a new contract; they'll be nutty for Grape Nuts!

Our thought-for-the-month comes from Preston Foster. He was talking to Victor McLaglen before the Hollywood Hotel airshowing of "Sea Devils."

"You know, Vic," he said, "now days when they give you the air in Hollywood they do you a favor!"
I seemed sad enough to Hollywood when Luise Rainer and her groom, Clifford Odets calmly let it be known that they would live in separate domiciles but when Luise, two weeks after the ceremony, embarked for New York, it was just too much.

But there are adequate explanations, even for such odd behavior as that. Luise, it seems, merely went to New York to iron out a mix-up in passports and to arrange for the transferring of some of her possessons to this country. Or so we're told. We may be well admit right now that nothing Rainer does amazes us. Or her studio. Luise is just that way.

The enormous star sapphire worn by Jean Harlow practically threw the District of Columbia into a minor panic when Jean and Bob Taylor were there attending the President's ball. The Government, apparently, had never heard of the star sapphire feud that goes on amongst our movie stars. So when Jean appeared with a nut-sized stone dangling from one finger, senators and representatives alike were filled with awe and wonder.

One local paper gave over a column to a description of the odd appendage which drooped from Miss Harlow's finger. No one knew just what it signified. But Jean knew. Jean knew it signified she had a bigger stone than Carole Lombard, and in Hollywood that's more important than any bill Congress ever passed.

Heartbreak stuff.

Martha Raye finished her broadcast the other night and met a few friends—her fiancé, Jerry Hopper, and another couple—at the Ambassador Bar.

The four sat for a long time nursing a couple of highballs, and pretty soon the other couple noticed that Martha and Jerry had been deep in a whispered conversation for forty-five minutes.

"Hey!" said the man. "You're being rude. Pay us some attention."

"But this is important," Martha told them, and went back to her whispering. Finally Jerry stood up. Martha hesitated—and then drew her diamond engagement ring from her finger. She handed it to Jerry. He took it and, without saying goodnight went away.

"I broke it off," Martha told the staring couple.

"But why?" this in unison.

She shrugged. "Oh—I need my freedom. Jerry's so nice—but..."

And that was that. The heck of it is, Jerry's still in love with her.

Seems that certain 20th Century-Fox officials, discovering that Metro's little Freddie Bartholomew was taking a party to a recent Carthay première, got themselves all worked up with an idea. Supposing, they thought, we ask Freddie to take our Jane Withers with him? Wouldn't the papers have a treat, though—

So they asked Freddie that afternoon. The English lad wasted few words. "Phooey!"
Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own well-being.

If more than one day goes by, take an Olive Tablet just as an aid to Nature.

You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them the night before the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

PHOTOPLAY FOR MAY, 1937

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A FAMILIA AFFAIR—M-G-M

As a chronicle of the affairs of a typical upper-class American family this offers Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney in a splendid, sympathetic comedy. The dialogue is excellent, the direction clean-cut and the mood of the small-town loves and sorrows and triumphs is so genuine as to delight you. Better go.

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT—

Walter Wanger-United Artists

COMEDY, romance and melodrama are cunningly interwoven into this sumptuous production which emerges finally as one of the tenderest love stories in months. It centers itself around Jean Arthur, a pretty model who had married a rich shipbuilder, Colin Clive. He is insanely jealous of her, accusing her of intrigues until she is finally forced to seek her freedom. He is determined she will not attain it and attempts to frame her with his own chauffeur. Into this staged bedroom scene walks Charles Boyer. He realizes the situation and marries Jean by promising he is kidnapping her. It is love at first sight for both of them. Clive, thwarted, kills the chauffeur that he may put the blame for the murder on Boyer. Jean, believing Boyer has killed the man, goes back to Clive in order to protect Boyer. All three sail to New York where eventually they meet again and the story reaches a thrilling climax.

The three principals, ably assisted by Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff, weld this together into swiftly moving, stirring entertainment.

PARADISE EXPRESS—Republic

VIOLENT melodrama of the rivalry between a railroad and a trucking outfit for the farmers' business, this little offspring is replotted practically all of the concerts remaining upon her winter's program. She notified the Metropolitan that she would not be able to fill her date there, and finally she canceled a cancellation of the one contract which must have seemed to her the glory of her entire career—the concert which she was to have sung in London during the coronation ceremonies.

And according to the statements that are being made by Grace Moore's friends, the faulty instruction of those first singing teachers in New York is the cause of all this trouble. It is said that whenever her vitality is at its peak her voice is rich and full and clear. But as she grows fatigued, as her energy wanes, that long-established strain begins to show.

The memory of that period of nightmare in which she was voiceless must constantly etch upon her mind the possibility that such a catastrophe, like lightning, can strike twice.

What does the future hold for her?

According to these same friends she can completely banish every cause for fear if she will resolutely turn her back upon every demand of success, and go to France to seek the aid of one great teacher. He, they say, is the only man who can, beyond the shadow of a doubt, correct that strain which was imposed upon her voice fifteen years ago by an ignorant coach.

Grace Moore, without making a statement of any kind, has instructed her booking agents to make no engagements for her until next winter. She will be in France by the time this magazine reaches the newsstands.

The course which enabled her to fight her way up the ladder of success until she reached the very top, will carry her through whatever may prove necessary to dispel a shadow that has been haunting her this year.

Voiceless!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22]
**Boos and Bouquets**

[Continued from page 10]

We Taylor fans do not want to deprive him of love and the pursuit of happiness. Let the wedding bells ring out. We’d love it!

B. PRENDERGAST, New Orleans, La.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**DISLIKES HEPBURN**

I don’t like Katharine Hepburn. I dislike her intensely, because I dislike her intensely, which is reason enough for any female to dislike another female, isn’t it?

But because I think she is by far the best actress on the screen today I always see her pictures. She is one of the pictures that come down my hair and have a good-cry type. “Alice Adams” was a quiet affair, but the character is as vivid to me as if I met her on the bus every morning. Katie’s performances are such pure examples of egocentric detachment, she manages to get under your skin. You can’t forget her.

CATHERINE FLIMERTY, Jersey City, N. J.

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**NELSON EDDY’S SECRET**

What is the secret of Nelson Eddy’s tremendous success? We have other singers on the screen, but none have attained, nor can hope to achieve what Eddy has with only two pictures of importance to his credit.

His fame is due primarily to the he-man physique which made Gable popular. Neither has he the college boy charm of Rob Taylor. Nor do we find in him the Puckish quality of Fred Astaire, the down-to-earthness of Cooper, or the romanticism of Boyer. He lacks the menace which has skyrocketed others to fame.

He is unique. He can sing what would normally be cheap music and it sounds delightfully beautiful. It is not just his personality, or his looks or even his magnificent voice alone, but the spirit behind that voice. The spirit of a man with music in his soul, a man who longs to bring to the world all the vast unexplored realms of great music. It is this radiance, this eagerness, so unusual in a mature man, together with the strong spiritual streak that makes itself felt in every scene which has made Nelson Eddy the supreme singing idol of the screen.


**$1.00 PRIZE**

**SPRING TONIC**

A big shiny medal to all the clever comedies Hollywood is producing. Is life dull and monotonous? Watch “Theodora Goes Wild” and try to keep from absorbing the vim and vivacity that bubbles spontaneously from this sparkling production. Does your back ache from a heavy load of personal cares? Follow “After the Thin Man” and shuck off your worries with Bill’s and Myrna’s delighted irresponsibility and gay zest for living. Or are you overweight with synthetic cynicism? Re- gain your youthful figure while you thrill with Deanna Durbin’s magical voice and clear-eyed eagerness in “Three Smart Girls.” I’m sipping sassafras tea and turning to movies for my tonic these days.

J. B. LONG, Oak Grove, Mo.

**SIMONE SHOULD SCRAM!**

First: Will you please relieve a suffering public from such as Simone Simon? She is the worst VEL to land on us. If you could hear the uncomplimentary remarks when a picture is to be in our theater and she is in the cast! I have heard only one person say he thought she was cute.

Second: Will you express to Mr. Fred Astaire how very restful and enjoyable it is to see somebody as appealing and delightful as he is, without having to be the most handsome man that ever lived? Proving “that certain something” isn’t bound up in looks and sexy scenes.

GLADYS M. PITTS, Elizabethton, Tenn.

**BANK NITE IS NO BARGAIN**

Just the other day I read a list of the ten best pictures of 1936. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that I had seen only one of the ten! And would you like to know the reason? Well, it’s “Bank nite.” How mad it makes me when I think of the dough I’ve spent and the punks shows I’ve seen and the good ones I’ve missed because of this movie menace.

But I have made a resolution—each “Bank nite” I stay home with gusto and save my money to see something really worth-while. How I wish a jillion Americans would join me to blot out this plague.

MRS. FRANK V. Dearing, Abilene, Texas.

**DO YOU AGREE?**

Sometimes you can and do publish such very stupid articles in your very good magazine. For instance, “Three Cornered Love.” I flatter myself that I know beauty when I see it, but if Virginia Bruce is beautiful—I’m surely incompetent to judge. When I heard her referred to as the “most beautiful girl in Hollywood,” I couldn’t help but wonder how the really beautiful ones take to such a remark.

If Jimmy Stewart has fallen for her in preference to Eleanor Powell, I’d say the lad has poor taste.

Your description of her wasn’t bad. “The electric quality of attractiveness is there but hidden by a chromium finish.” Chromium finish for her and solid gold for Eleanor.

MERLE SMITH, Coffeyville, Kansas.

**UNIVERSAL SWEETHEART**

May I extend my heartiest congratulations and my sincerest thanks to the Universal Studios for giving to a bored movie public the thrilling fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin?

After such a long trend of Shirley Temples and Jane Withers, Deanna, with her striking beauty, her gifted singing and her outstanding acting ability and personality, proves a refreshing treat.

ESTHER WINKELHAUS, Dubuque, Iowa.

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**NEW, NATURAL-LOOKING BEAUTY TO MAKE CONQUESTS FOR YOUR EYES!**
Happiness Comes Again to Arline Judge

[continued from page 51]

“Which means he loves you very much,” Dan explained, happily.

From New York she phoned Ruggles and told him, “Are you really happy, Sweet? Is he as kind to you as he was to me? His voice asked from the distance. “You really want this?”

“More than anything else in the world, Wes,”

“Then you’re to go ahead. We’ll fix up a divorce as soon as we can. Naturally there’s no question about the boy. He’ll go with you. He’s of you and for you, and I know I can have him whenever I like.”

There was a little silence. “I’m glad it’s Dan,” Ruggles said then. “You couldn’t have got a better guy.”

He’s one of those people you read about in good slick-paper novels, this Topping. A gentleman by heredity, gentleman by profession, he stands six feet two and he’s got a profile like a Barclay illustration. When you meet him, if you’re a man, you offer to buy him a drink instinctively; if you’re a woman, you go diving after your compact and a mirror.

Arline lounged back in her chair. “He’s got two more children to go along with Wesley and I’m going to have them. I don’t care what it does to my career or anything else.”

“I’m sure I’m doing the right thing and I’m going to be happy if—but, nuts.” She laughed huskily. “I don’t have to be belligerent about it, do I?”

“What about the career? I asked curiously.

“After Valiant Is the Word for Carrie,” and all those other hits, it seems a shame.

But she’ll be back and on the celluloid scrolls again in six months, she seems. It didn’t want to, at first.

She went to Darryl Zanuck, who holds her personal contract, and told him her story, and asked for a release. “I don’t want to work any more,” she told him. “I want to make a home again and raise my children and just—live.”

He regarded her smiling. “I wish you all the luck in the world,” he said. “But I won’t release you.”

“Okay, I just asked,”

“You could quit, you know,”

“And you could sue me.”

He frowned. “Don’t be silly. We’re friends, Arline.”

“Then you understand why I couldn’t quit,” she said softly.

He stood up. “I’ll give you a wedding present, though, if you’ll accept it. Finish one more picture for me, and then take a six months leave of absence. Go to Reno, get your divorce, marry your man, go off to Honolulu for a while — then after that come back. If you still want to.”

“I’ll be back,” Arline said. “And—thanks.”

Wherefore: The ending of my story, and the beginning of new life, new happiness, for the little Judge girl.

It’ll work out for her, too; anyone who knows Dan (and hence loves her) will tell you that. “She’s such a grand person,” they’ll tell you, “that fate wouldn’t be mean enough to hand her a dirty deal.”

One person, though, is rooting harder for her than all the rest.

He is her ex-husband.

A RLINE had met Dan at Frank Morgan’s house five years ago, and he had been a friend of hers—and of Ruggles—ever since.

So when the time and stuffed it with orchids and went trotting up to his apartment to give him a laugh; and he laughed.

That was the beginning.

She fell in love with him.

“I wouldn’t believe it, I wouldn’t even admit it to myself at first,” she explained to me. “Not for weeks. But—he had so much, and after all the other fellows I’d known...

“‘I was scared silly, you understand. He’d call me for dates and I’d lie out of them. Then he began asking me to send Wes Junior over to his place for the afternoon—he’s mad for kids—and little Wes was a pushover. Any boy is for a man who’ll throw footballs and show him fight pictures all the time.

“Any way the thing had happened to me. I was having a marvelous time—doing the town—after all those months of hard work and being miserable over Wes. And when I decided to go to Miami for a while Dan caught the same train down.”

The elder Toppings, père and mère, were living in their Miami house for the season and invited her to stop with them. “I want you to meet them, so they’ll have a chance to adore you as much as I do,” Dan told her, and she thought, “It’s okay, then. He means it.”

He’d been proposing daily in New York, from the beginning, and she had had the strength, somehow, to refuse. There was still Wes. There was the baby.

“Mr. Topping is a hard man to know,” Arline told me. “He’s one of those grand persons—I mean that in the best sense—and he’s as bluntly honest about things and people as I am. So I was myself when I talked to him. I asked him if he thought Dan knew what he was letting himself in for—that I’d been married for six years and that I wasn’t any baby and that I had a child who was the most important thing in the world to me. ‘I couldn’t have any differences over the kid,’ I said.

“‘He simply smiled. ‘Dan knows his own mind,’ he told me; and then I understood it. It was a sign that evening, and we left again for New York the next day.”

Mr. Topping came to the plane to see them off. “I haven’t had time to buy you a present,” he said to Arline, “but—he’ll put a package of gum into her hand. ‘Chew this to keep your ears from popping’.

PHOTOPLAY FOR MAY, 1937
PHOTOPLAY's RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 68 and 69 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

When you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY fASHIONS and nationally known MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 58 West New York City. Send the name of your leading department store or dress shop. When you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY.

(*Marks accounts carrying PHOTOPLAY HAT FASHIONS)

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This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY FASHION. Look for it.
I think he must have been a little surprised at the sudden ending of his marriage. It was really Miss Best who made the final and definite step when she granted a sensational interview to a magazine writer. Bart made no answer to this. Instead he fell back on his old philosophy of being reconciled to whatever fate seemed to hold in store for him.

The next important woman in his life was Gloria Swanson—which is no particular secret. Their friendship began soon after Mrs. Marshall's departure for London; it has continued, devotedly, until within the last few months. What brought about the break-up is still a matter of conjecture. Perhaps there was too much basic good fellowship and friendship mixed up in their association to leave room for the necessary romantic urge that leads to marriage.

Marshall met Gloria when they were both trying to get over heartaches and disappointments. Gloria once told me that Bart was the most comforting man who ever lived. Perhaps he understood her problems so perfectly because he had long since given up the battle of his particular destiny. Perhaps he taught her something of the philosophy of bowing to the inevitable.

Their friendship in itself was a fine thing that did much for both of them. But there was one thing Bart could not become reconciled to: Gloria was a front page figure on two continents. Everything she did was news. If she so much as looked at a man, he was immediately rumored as her next husband. It was while their friendship was at its height that Bart earned the reputation of being temperamental—at least to the press of Hollywood and New York.

Once, in a New York night club, he took exception to a photographer who insisted on taking his and Gloria's picture together, and ushered the gentleman from the cafe by force.

It made every newspaper in the country the next morning.

Personal publicity that pierces into the heart as well as the lives of professional people has always been a source of irritation to Marshall. He told me that day of our interview:

"I cannot understand what difference it makes with whom we dine, or the color of the car we drive, just so long as we give the best we have to our work, which is really what the public is paying for."

It wasn't an original argument, but Bart sincerely felt it, and his desire to protect Gloria from sensational rumor—publicity was probably his main reason for living such an aloof and retiring life in Hollywood.

Because Herbert Marshall appeared in public so seldom, it added fuel to his reputation as conservative, dignified and serious person, a unit in a slightly mad profession, but no part of it. He seldom granted interviews. He seldom posed for publicity portraits—even those not of the "candid camera" variety. With a few trusted friends, he was content to live his life as he pleased while the Hollywood parade marched by.

Everyone believed he wanted it that way. Yet, in the long run, both of these Marshall phases are directly responsible to the influence of the two women in his life during his Hollywood career. Both times he was the protector—in the case of his wife, shielding a sensitive girl from the obvious comparisons between the turn in their professional fates, and with Gloria—from the sensational publicity that seemed to attend the linking of their names together in newspapers.

Until three months ago, Hollywood had proved an obligation and a threat to the codes by which Bart lives, and thus to his happiness.

And then something happened to free him from what self-imposed obligations he had put upon himself. You hear various versions. One is that a new romantic interest came into the

---

Here's a new fad for you—the "Top of the Town" Game. It is played with dice and checkers, and the board is based on the ultra-modern sets used so effectively in Universal's picture "Top of the Town." Peggy Ryan, eleven-year-old dancing marvel of the film puts one over on Richard Carle.
life of Gloria Swanson in the form of a wealthy young French motion picture producer. The other is that Bart’s return trip to London, where he saw his wife and dined with her in the friendly spirit of letting bygones be bygones, was the straw that caused the final rift in a romance Hollywood had expected to reach the altar.

But whatever the reason, Bart Marshall came back to Hollywood an emotionally and mentally free man.

A friend of his explained this supposedly "amazing transition" in him in this way:

"THERE is no one I know who has more capacity for enjoying life than Bart. Suddenly, and for the first time since he has been here, he can do and think and say and act pretty much as he pleases without having every move he makes automatically reflect on someone else."

"Personally, I’m delighted to see him coming out of his shell and giving himself a chance to enjoy all the things he’s worked so courageously to obtain. For the first time since I’ve known him, his destiny is completely his own!"

So today finds the conservative Herbert Marshall looking on the crazy antics of movie town and discovering they are good for the laughs—and perhaps for the soul!

Oh, yes, I wouldn’t take these rumors about the mysterious “Miss Russell” too seriously, either. There’s joy in rediscovering laughter and music and gaiety all over again with a pretty girl to share such dates—but it’s certainly better during such a laughing interval if you don’t take it seriously.

Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING BELLS

Bert Wheeler, comedian, and Sally Haines, actress, in Eddie Sutherland’s home, February 26th.
Mary Astor eloped to Yuma and acquired her third husband, Manuel Martinez Del Campo.

William E. Mill, director, wed to Roma Boker of Vancouver in surprise Yuma wedding January 12th.
Anita Page disclosed on January 9th her several months’ old marriage to Lieutenant Herschel House of the U. S. S. Ranger.

LOVE OPTIONS

Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan have set next December 20th as their wedding date.
Louise Henry and wealthy Lawrence P. Fisher, of Detroit, announce their engagement.
Marion Curtis and George Givot, screen dialectician, expect to marry soon.

SPARKING

When Busby Berkeley and Bonnie Rannow get their respective divorces they will be altar bound.
Elaine Barrie, awaiting her divorce from John Barrymore, is being sought by William Tannen, actor.
Bruce Cabot and Gloria Baker.
Jane Gale and Hoot Gibson.
Director Eddie Sutherland (ex-Loretta Young) and Florence Rice.
R. P. Schulberg and Wilma Francis, actress.
Olive de Havilland and Phil Hinson.
Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant.
Tom Brown and Natalie Dryer.
Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne.

MARITAL SIGN OFFS

Jean Carmen, actress, from Walter Looman, insurance broker.
Mrs. Julius L. Kirkland is reported in Reno to get a divorce from Jack Kirkland, writer.
Mary Palestine Jones from Charles Allyn Jones, cameraman.
Mrs. Vyone Stevens awarded divorce from Geo. C. Stevens, director.
Artine Judge in Reno to divorce Director Wesley Ruggles. Expected to marry immedi-
ately after Dan Topping, wealthy New Yorker.
Betty Compson filed suit for divorce from husband and former manager, Irving Weinberg.
Esther Howard, actress, filed divorce papers against husband Walter G. Howard, dentist.
Lois Sheriff, actress, divorced from Leslie Sheriff, musician.
Adrienne Ames filed new suit for divorce from Bruce Cabot.

Helen Burgess had her three months’ marriage to Herbert Rutherford, music teacher, annulled.

GONE

George Hassell, veteran character actor, from heart attack, February 17th.
Paul Graetz, actor, following a stroke of paralysis, at Hollywood home, Feb. 17th.
Sir Guy Standing, outstanding English actor, of heart attack, Feb. 24th.
George R. Daley, machine gun expert, killed by accidental explosion while working on war picture, Feb. 25th.
Humphrey Pearson, screen writer, mysteriously found dead in his Palm Springs home.
Peter Laduca, studio worker, killed in building accident, March 2nd.
Marcella Arnold, actress, was killed in automobile accident on location scene, March 3rd.

LEGAL

The parents of fourteen-year-old Deanna Durbin appointed her legal guardians by Probate Court.
Sherman D. Stevens, New York broker, sued Pat di Cicco, agent, for $25,000, following a Hollywood night club fight.
Juveniles Juanita Quigley, Patricia Waldahl, Dickie Moore, Joan Fontaine and Marie Marks had their film contracts approved by Superior Court.
Grace Moore settled the $98,500 suit for commissions brought against her by agent Frank Orsatti out of court.
State income tax collector filed levy to collect $15,953 from B. P. Schulberg, producer.

AND ALSO

The Screen Writers Guild has disbanded. Marlene Dietrich took out her first citizenship papers.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox—This exciting air drama concerns spy Peter Lorre's efforts to secure plans for top-secret military project. Dan Duryea, who walks with acting honors. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are good support. (Feb.)

CRIMINAL LAWYER—RKO Radio—Lee Tracy is the crooked lawyer who becomes district attorney, turns over a new leaf, and helps to make of Morris Graham, his secretary, the law to menace Edward Channell. Good story, clever lines and plenty of action. (Feb.)

DANGEROUS NUMBER—M.G.M.—A dull little do-it-yourself film as a wealthy senator marries a brain-tired actress, Ann Sotherton, finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors, and Reutzel (Owen Moore) bears a strong resemblance to prices. (Feb.)

DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES—Warner's—Plenty of action in this yarn about a cowboy boxer (Wayne) who is given a HF chance to win the championship. Ben Lyon gives the performance of his life and takes the champion down to earth. (Feb.)

ELIS'S END—Invincible.—Dana Andrews and Peggy Shannon provide perfunctory love interest in a melodrama involving efforts of a group to escape through New York's portals with a million dollar holdup loot. An interesting cast makes up the fare. Lots of comedy. (Feb.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—London Films-United Artists—Queen Elizabeth, Philip II of Spain, The spanish Armada and young love all figure in this fast-paced English drama about a patriotic boy who risks his life as a spy. Flora Robson and Laurence Olivier are fine. (Mar.)

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Warner's—Another exciting and vigorous story of rivalry camps enhanced by Technicolor. George Brent plays the returned playboy who saves the day for Beverly Roberts when Robert Barrat villainously jams up the woodwork. (Feb.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933—Warner's—a swiftly moving combination of catchy tunes, good gags, and girls. Dick Powell is good as the singing insurance salesman who befriended chorus girl Joan Blondell, finds himself in the show business, Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore's comedy is out standing. (Feb.)

GREAT GUY—Grand National—A subdued James Cagney returns to the screen in a life story of a clever office boy who rises among crooked politicians. Mae Clarke is his doubting sweetheart is pleasing. Extremely tense with no brimstone, and suspense. (Feb.)

GREEN LIGHT—Warner's—Lloyd C. Douglas' novel concerning a young surgeon's loss of reputation of save his brother brings new honors to Errol Flynn. Anita Louise is his lovely sweetheart. Margaret Lindsay, Sid Coric, Hardwick, Walter Abel and the whole cast are excellent. (Mar.)

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Republic—A dreary little mystery story with a Shanghaid background. Phil Regan's singing is tuneful as he warbles code messages to beautiful Evelyn Venable. Fred Prunty, who manufactures tobacco, is helpful. Grade B. (Feb.)

HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE—GB.—British Jessie Matthews' new musical caramell with delightful songs. Jessie is a poor cabaret singer with love trouble. Robert Flower, Niall Bole and Whitney Bourne do well in supporting roles. (Apr.)

HOUSE OF SECRETS—Cheshirefield.—Leslie Fenton plays a man who is determined to outwit his fearsome enemies. Marian Evans is a satisfactory heroine. Inna Moore, Patricia Morison, Madeline, Claude King and Morgan Wallace are comic. Quite fair. (Mar.)

JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN—Paramount—Intriguing romance directed by Frank Wisbar. Hollywood star, this is a phony story, dull of dialogue and structure, and is a disappointment. It fails to live up to the Arnold role as the tycoon who marries a farmette to spite a society snob. (Feb.)

JOIN THE MARINES—Republic.—A fast, little comedy about Marines in the Southern States with many surprise story twists. June Travis is the soldier-ladysinger girl, Paul Kelly is a boy who wins back his heart. (Feb.)

LARCENY ON THE AIR—Republic—This confusing story of the fight between a crooked society editor (Robert Livingstone) against harmful medicines is moral in tone, weak in entertainment. Grace Bradley is the heroine. Grandville Bates, Willard Robertson, Smiley Burnette support. (Mar.)
‘Worth stopping for!’

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY

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C
MONOPLANE

Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, windbreaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says, "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"

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

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. J. Gardner Goddidge 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Chiswell Dalney Langhorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

The Corinthian Room at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.
Why Fifth Avenue Laughs at Holl
by Cornelius Vanderbilt,
CAROLE LOMBARD Tells: "HOW I LIVE
When are you going to give your teeth the New York models use?

If you have the idea that all tooth pastes are the same, get over the idea.

You'll have a treat—an entirely new and delightful experience—when you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Fragrant, tangy, milky white, refreshing as a shower...such is the solution that sweeps your mouth and teeth when you use this dainty dentifrice.

So noticeable are its beautifying effects that exotic New York models—the most critical of tooth paste users—call Listerine Tooth Paste their beauty bath for teeth. One after another, with unrestrained enthusiasm, they declare it gives to teeth a radiant flash and brilliance, a lasting whiteness that ordinary dentifrices do not match.

Why not lay aside the dentifrice you are now using and try this modern beauty treatment?

**Satin-Soft Cleansers**

Remember, Listerine Tooth Paste was planned by beauty experts, working in conjunction with dental authorities. No other dentifrice contains the rare combination of satin-soft cleansers that do so much for teeth. No other tooth pastes contain the delightful fruit flavors that give your mouth that wonderful dewy freshness, that cleanly sense of invigoration.

Buy a tube today and see what an improvement it makes in the looks of your teeth. In two big economical sizes, 25¢ and 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

---

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE FAIRLY MAKES TEETH SPARKLE,
SAYS DOROTHY TEMPLE OF CHICAGO

She is a Spanish type. Sweet, completely feminine, her favorite sport is swimming.

IT'S TANGY, IT'S SPICY, IT'S REFRESHING,
SAYS BEATRICE IMHOFF OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

A Chicagoan, Miss Imhoff was chosen "Miss Illinois" by the American Legion, while in High School.

A WORKING GIRL CAN CERTAINLY APPRECIATE ITS ECONOMY,
SAYS IDA VOLLMAR OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

She is a New York girl with natural blonde hair. Fond of dancing and badminton.

FOAMING—YET SOAPLESS!
A Tooth Powder you'll like 25¢ & 40¢
"TO GO OVER BIG-GO LUXABLE"

says Bette Davis

Bette has everything it takes! A gay sense of humor. Down-to-earth naturalness. A fetish for freshness. Her washables (she adores them) always look ravishing. (They’re babied with gentle Lux care.) With Luxables it’s easy to have that lettuce-crisp look all summer long.

Don’t miss Bette in her newest role as the Star of Warner Brothers’ "KID GALAHAD"

She gives you some Valuable Tips about the Clothes Men Like . . .

Men fall for meticulous freshness . . . sports things clean-cut as skimming sailboats . . . sweaters fluffy as a kitten . . . romantic Luxable frills . . .

"Fastidious girls wear things they can whisk through Lux each time they wear them," emphasizes Bette Davis.

In Hollywood, not only personal wardrobes, but glamorous screen costumes are constantly Luxed. "They come out so perfectly, you can’t even tell when they’ve been Luxed in the course of a picture," says N’Was McKenzie, wardrobe director of the Warner Brothers lot.

You, too, will find that the Lux habit pays. Cleaning bills are lower, colors look fresher, fabrics last longer! Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

Specified in the big Hollywood Studios
Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You’ve Ever Seen!!!

Every laugh is tested by the Marx Mirth Meter before we give it to you! We panicked them in Pittsburg! They chuckled in Chicago! My friends and constituents, you’ll love it!!

Dotsa right, boss! If “Night at the Opera” was hilarious this is sooper-hooper-dooper hilarious!

The Marx Bros.
A Day at the Races

with Allan Jones • Maureen O’Sullivan
A Sam Wood Production • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Hear these new song hits:
“All God’s Chillun Got Rhythm”, “On Blue Venetian Waters”, “A Message from the Man in the Moon” and “Tomorrow Is Another Day”…
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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PARKER’S
Luminous Laminated Pearl

VACUMATIC PEN

The Gift They’d Pick if the Choice Were Theirs—for It Holds 102% More Ink than the Famous old Parker Duofold!

The Parker Vacumatic is the ONLY Pen with Visible Ink Supply having this Revolutionary New Diaphragm Filler, invented by a University Scientist

This tells you the 30-year difference between 1937-style pens having 1907-style mechanisms and the revolutionary new Parker Vacumatic—a difference in Performance and Perfection soon detected in use, but liable to elude you at the pen counter.

One glance at this laminated Beauty—ring upon ring of shimmering Pearl and "Jet"—and you’ll know why this new creation was chosen by 2 to 1, when men and women voted on the mostest style among pens.

But no matter how entralling a pen may look, you want it to give you the newest and best improvements—Visible Ink Supply, twice as much ink capacity as old-style, and a Scratch-proof Point of platinum and solid gold.

If a pen contains a rubber ink sac or inner tube, you have to guess at the amount of ink within, until you are down to the last drop. Yet other makes of pens besides the Parker Vacumatic have no rubber ink sac—they are sacless, like this one. They also provide you visible ink supply, and extra large ink capacity.

But due to this revolutionary new Diaphragm Filler, the Parker Vacumatic abolishes the mechanical troubles which prevented sacless pens from becoming popular hitherto. Unlike other sacless types, it contains no piston pump or eye-dropper air-bulb.

Its working parts are sealed in the top where ink can never touch them, never corrode or disable them. Its Diaphragm Filler is so utterly different and basically better that U.S. and foreign governments have granted Parker patents. That’s why this sacless marvel is GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

If you can afford to pay $5, $7.50, or $10, the Parker Vacumatic is the pen you want—not some 1937-style pen containing a 1907-style filler. You can tell the genuine Parker Vacumatic by the smart ARROWclip—a clip that holds this laminated Beauty low and SAFE in the pocket, handbag, or sweater. Go and see it today at any good store selling pens. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

To make your pen a self-cleaner, write with Parker Quink, the new, pen-cleaning ink. 15c, 25c, and up.

Parker Vacumatic
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5, Oversize, $10
$7.50
Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5

33 1/3 % More Gold than formerly, yet at no higher price to you
BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

A DOCTOR'S DIARY—Paramount.—Introducing John Trent, a former air pilot, this is a muddled business about medical ethics. Trent plays a young doctor who befriends a crippled genius. He is handsome but inept. Just don't bother. (April)

A FAMILY AFFAIR—M-G-M.—The dialogue is excellent, the direction clean-cut in this amusing chronicle of a typical upper-class American family. Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney are splendid. You'll like it. (May)

BLACK LEGION—Warners.—A superb and highly dramatic presentation of the menace behind the headlines story of the secret society which terrorized the Middle West last year. Humphrey Bogart, outstanding in the lead, is ably supported by James Cagney, Donald Crisp and others. Don't miss this. (Mar.)

BORDERLAND—Paramount.—Another Hop-A-Lone-Casidy story with William Boyd pretending to be a thief to catch a thief named The Fox. Jimmy Ellison and George Hayes skip along with Bill Bevan's locations are beautiful. (April)

BREEZING HOME—Universal.—A stock horse-racing story with a few new twists provided by William Garson, and as the honest trainer who suspects Wally Knott and Alan Baxter of double-crossing the horse. Barrie Chase is Wendy's rival. Mild. (April)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES—Paramount.—Eagle melodrama with Ray Milland moving deftly against a background of fog, murders, kidnaping and counterfeiters to rescue Heather Angel and Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive. Write the comedy. (April)

CALL IT A DAY—Warner.—This records the collective problems of an English family struck silly by the first spring day. The result is positively brillent. Leo Hunter, Brenda Gaswitz, Manne Franklin, Ada Swallow, Walter Woolf King, Frieda Inescort, Roland Young, all play with matchless technique. It sparkles and so will you when you see it. (May)

CHINA PASSAGE—RKO Radio.—Introducing Constance Worth, Australian actress, in her first American picture, this winds through a maze of unbelievable situations involving murder and jewel thieves. You've seen it all before. Skip. (May)

CLARENCE—Paramount.—Clarence's re-entry as a face-upper in a wrangling family is made a spryly business by Roscoe Karns. Johnny Downs, Eleanor Whitney, Spring Byington and Eugene Palette keep the home fires burning, finally put them out. Frivolous. (April)

DANGEROUS NUMBER—M-G-M.—A dull little tale with Robert Young as a wealthy gent who marries a brainwave actress, Ann Sothern, finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors, and Reginald Owen in a beard. Pretend it isn't there. (April)

DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES—Warners.—Plenty of action in this yarn about a cowboy boxer (Wayne Morris) who wants love and the heavyweight championship. Barton MacLane gets the fight crown. Wayne gets the sister, June Travis, and everybody's happy. (April)

DON'T TELL THE WIFE—RKO Radio.—A bon-monde plot lifted from the old story of a fake gold mine that miraculously proves a bonanza. Lynn Overman, the promoter, and Una Merkel, as his wife, are simply grand. Amusing. (April)

ESPIONAGE—M-G-M.—A skillful spy story that is downright diverting with the up-to-the-minute love-on-the-run antics of Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans and Paul Lukas. A gay surprise and proper amount of suspense make this a hoot. (May)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—London Films-United Artists.—Queen Elizabeth, Phillip II of Spain, The Spanish Armada and young love all figure in this fast-paced English drama about a patriotic boy who risks his life as a spy. Flora Robson and Laurence Olivier are fine. (Mar.)

GIRL OVERBOARD—Universal.—Gloria Stuart, Walter Pidgeon, Blythe Duff and Sidney Blackmer all give fine performances in this unexpected but satisfyingly pleasant little story of a girl who, when accused of murder, impersonates a "missing person." (May)

GREEN LIGHT—Warner.—Lloyd C. Douglas' dramatic novel concerning a young veterinarian's sacrifices of his reputation to save his teacher brings new honors to Errol Flynn, Anita Louise in her lovely sweetheart. Margaret Lindsay, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Abel and the whole cast are excellent. (Mar.)

Remember the powerful "All Quiet on the Western Front" in 1930? Now, Universal is filming the Remarque sequel, "The Road Back," definitely one of the most important pictures of the year. Here Maurice Murphy returning to the Fatherland finds ecstasy in the arms of Barbara Read

PICTURES REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE

Another Dawn—Warners
Bill Crack Down—Republic
California Straight Ahead—Universal
Charlie Chan at the Olympics—20th Century-Fox
Captains Courageous—M-G-M
Elephant Boy—Korda-United Artists
Fifty Roads to Town—20th Century-Fox
Girl Loves Boy—Grand National
Her Husband Lies—Paramount
Internes Can't Take Money—Paramount
Jim Hanvey, Detective—Republic
Navy Blues—Republic
Personal Property—M-G-M
Public Wedding No. 1—Warner
Racketeers in Exile—Columbia
San Quentin—Warners
Seventh Heaven—20th Century-Fox
Shall We Dance—RKO Radio
Silent Barriers—G
Sing While You're Able—Melody
Song of the City—M-G-M
That Man's Here Again—Warners
The Prince and the Pauper—Warners
The Hit Parade—Republic
The Stuttering Bishop—Warners
Think Fast, Mr. Moto—20th Century-Fox
Wake Up and Live—20th Century-Fox
Waikiki Wedding—Paramount
We Have Our Moments—Universal
When Love Is Young—Universal

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition
THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE EVER FILMED!

Are you ready for the most exciting evening of your life? . . . Warner Bros. bring the adventure masterpiece of the world's best-loved writer to the screen in all its romantic glory! Come and thrill to it!

Introducing Billy & Bobby Mauch—sensational twin star discovery—a double-barrelled surprise that is already the talk of filmdom!

It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same coronation this month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.

Warner Bros. present MARK TWAIN'S Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with ERROL FLYNN CLAUDE RAINS HENRY STEPHENSON BARTON MACLANE and THE MAUCH TWINS ★ BILLY & BOBBY ★

Patric Knowles • Montogue Love Fritz Leiber • Donald Crisp Alan Hale • Anne Howard Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

In the vicious haunts of the London underworld—where murder was just a good joke—a boy in rags fights for his life—and his throne.

Produced on Massive Scale...1000's in the Cast...3 Years in Preparation ...7 Months to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios.

Warner Bros.
Wake Up and Live

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Glamorous! Galorious! Howlarious!
Winchell's wincing... Bernie's burn-
ing... as they flipcrack face to face!

Nine Gordon and Revel
hits to make you come alive all over!

including
'It's Swell Of You'
'I'm Bubbling Over'
'Never In A Million Years'
'There's A Lull In My Life'
'Wake Up And Live'
DON'T look now, but there is a labor war going on in Hollywood too . . . the Screen Actor's Guild is on one side . . . the producers on the other . . . last year there was also a Screen Writer's Guild . . . like the Actor's they had definite labor affiliations . . . the Writer's Guild came to actual battle with the producers . . . make what you will of it but that guild is now gone . . .

The Actor's Guild currently is lobbying on a bill before the California state assembly . . . to do away with options . . . they want all contracts on a straight term basis . . . and you can't blame them . . . it is tough never to know six months ahead where your next picture is coming from . . . you can't blame the producers either . . . nice from their angle to pick up talent like Robert Taylor on the thirty-five-dollar-a-week option for six months . . . and then decide later whether or not they want to keep him for more . . .

It may mean something or nothing but the ringleaders in the Actor's Guild are James Cagney, Joan Crawford, and Robert Montgomery . . . and it's been quite a spell now since any one of them have had the best possible productions to display their undoubted and individual talents . . .

SING praise for the Crawford, though.

replying to the attacks made upon her recently when certain old and unflattering pictures of her were dug out and printed Joan said to me, "They do that because they think they can make me ashamed . . . but they're wrong . . . I'm glad of everything I've ever done . . . because I've always tried to do it for the best . . . ."

PHOTOPLAY is very proud to present Frances Marion's new novel (starting this issue on page 21) just as Miss Marion launches herself on a new career . . . that of motion picture producer . . . she will be the only woman producer in this great business . . . she gave us this news so that we could pass it on to you exclusively . . . she is particularly interested in American history . . . a great traveler, she feels we are the greatest and most romantic nation . . . she wants to bring that feeling to the screen . . . her first production will be a story woven around the life of Kit Carson and the opening of the West . . . Columbia will release it . . . I know who will probably star in it . . . but I promised not to tell now . . . it is a knockout piece of casting, however . . .

ALSO in this issue please notice Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. making his Photoplay debut . . . he's going to do more pieces for us in the next few months . . . watch for his report on Hollywood manners . . . and another on Hollywood's Four Hundred . . . both Mr. Vanderbilt and I will be in Europe (though not together) when these are published . . . which may be just as well . . .

Joan Crawford's comment to Miss Waterbury concerning the deluge of unflattering pictures that have been cropping up recently shows true sportsmanship
Girls which would you

By Claudette Colbert

Yes, if you were a working girl, out on your one big fling, a vacation you'd saved up for, for years, and three men told you they loved you and wanted to marry you, which one would you pick? The gay, casual, fun-loving lad who's just a pushover for any girl who comes along and who is sure she's going to be a pushover for him? The man of the world who always has to cover up his emotions with a veneer of sophistication? The serious-minded youngster who thinks, because he's gone around with you back home awhile, that he owns you? I don't know what your answer is going to be. But I know you're going to get a kick out of the way we've answered the question in Paramount's

No. 1. The Man of the World (Melvyn Douglas)
No. 2. The Pushover for Love (Robert Young)
No. 3. He Thinks He Owns Her (Lee Bowman)
“And to think only a couple of weeks ago I was working in an old department store from nine in the morning till six at night... Come on you two, get out the skis.”

“I Met Him In Paris.” And, between ourselves, I want to tell you the big bobsled accident in “I Met Him In Paris” may not frighten you... but, gee, was I scared!

(Listen, girls, Claudette forgot to tell you. But you can take it from us, the Parisian styles she goes in for in this picture will knock your eyes out.)
She’s as delectably feminine as Eve, but watch out! That’s no apple in her hand; it’s a blackjack!

Because that apparently soft and defenseless girl curled up in the pillows is completely deceiving, and if you think you, most lordly Male, can deal with her in the time-honored manner of the dominant sex, then you don’t know Carole Lombard.

Having found herself plumped down into a world where men are supposed to be masters of all creation, Carole has simply adapted herself to her surroundings.

She lives her life on the logical premise that she has equal rights with the male of the species, but she also (wise girl) preserves all her feminine prerogatives.

She organizes her affairs, lives by a code designed to fit a man’s world, and handles her business affairs with devastating serenity; yet she never forgets that a woman’s first job is to choose the right shade of lipstick.

She competes in sports and plays tennis better than most men, but she doesn’t let her nose get shiny doing it.

All of which makes “Missy” Lombard the perfect example of the modern Career Girl.

So you girls who live alone and still don’t like it, take a leaf from the private notebook of that ultra feminine success-in-life, Carole Lombard. What one woman has done, others can do.

Of course you need a few of the more essential elements, such as a pair of eyes that can open wide in bland innocence or give off sparks that can shock and numb; a figure that looks so luscious in an evening gown that it wouldn’t seem possible that it could look even better in riding dungarees—
yet it does; plus a mind that is as intuitive and fanciful as any woman's, and still forthright, outspoken, and sometimes painfully honest.

That's all you need. That's all that Carole has that some girls haven't. But it's plenty.

"What's your secret—how do you get along so well in a man's world?" I asked her.

"Because I don't believe it is a man's world," Carole replied promptly, and so, with a leap and a bound, we were right in the midst of the story.

"A woman has just as much right in this world as a man, and can get along in it just as well if she puts her mind to it," Carole announced firmly.

"Take business—that's supposed to be a man's province. Yet I can name you the most outstanding success in the business life of the movies and that person is a woman: Mary Pickford. You can't match her. She's supreme in every department.

"As a matter of fact, women have an advantage in business. Men are so secure in their belief that they are supreme in business that they are often caught napping by alert women. Man thinks he's dealing with an inferior brain when it comes to women, and that makes him a sucker. Furthermore, women have a highly developed sense of intuition that's just as valuable as hardheaded logic."

CAROLE had scored neatly.

I'll admit. But she leaves out another excellent example of success in business; herself. She, too, has met with men in the marts of trade and emerged victorious. It's all in the record so don't take my word for it. She has recently negotiated a new contract that many a big star would give his eye teeth to own, plus the right to do an outside film at another studio. She has already negotiated for that extra film.

If you look at this from the inside, you'll really understand what Carole's accomplished. When a star makes a picture away from her studio, the responsibility is entirely on her shoulders. She has to talk business with dozens of producers scrambling to sign her up to their advantage, not hers. She must read dozens of scripts, for if she chooses a poor story it's going to be just too bad for little Missy. That means, in this particular case, that Carole must have every wit sharpened to be on guard against a bad contract or an even worse script.

True, she has counsel, as all good business men should. She has a capable agent, plus the advice of a most capable associate—who happens to be another woman, her secretary, Madeleine Fields. What Missy can't think of, Fieldsie can. For a pair of completely feminine women, they are a formidable combination in the dog-eat-dog of the picture business.

And does she fritter away the fruits of victory in cars, furs, big homes? She does not. Carole always has lived in small, unpretentious homes, which she decorates herself in exquisite taste.

Carole is one girl who knows where she's going and just how she's going to get there. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 78]
Every day in every way the stars get swankier and swankier—but is their wining and dining to the manner bought, not born, as this distinguished connoisseur claims?

WHY FIFTH AVENUE

While the white-tie set of Newport and Fifth Avenue disports itself in the gayest night spots of the East, California’s most renowned white-tie set does its nocturnal reveling in and about the town called Hollywood. Once in a while the two sets meet, look each over, and report to the home field. But, for the most part, Fifth Avenue lifts a snooty eyebrow and emits a robust snort. In the midst of a gay Hollywood party the other evening, an ancient Oriental proverb that goes something like this, flashed through my mind: “Dignity begins where boasting ends.”

All about me were the Four Hundred of Picturedom, cellulose-wrapped and celluloid-displayed, pretending to have a good time. Grand people some of them, if only they would take time out to be themselves. No doubt in the depths of the modest little homes from which most of them emanated, they had for years been “just folks,” the same as you and I. But once they’d made the grade to stardom and big money and come out of their warrens and permitted the world to give them the double O, the case was different.

In the past twenty years of coming to Hollywood once or twice every 365 days, I’ve been more struck by the pretensions of the bunch than by any other single issue. Hollywood and its hillbillies are a great deal grander than the cut-glass and ermine covered dandies who refer to Fifth Avenue as their place of permanent abode. Take it for what it is worth—these lads and lassies know how to put on the mustard with a vengeance.

Never in all my life of lapping the silver spoon have I seen the likes of Hollywood when it goes to town. It would put to
shame the turnouts of the dowagers Stuyvesant Fish, O. P. H. Belmont and any number of Astors, Van Rensselaers and Hamilton Fishes. Even architect Whitney Warren must get a chill up the spine and James Gordon Bennett turn in his grave, when hearing how Hollywood puts on the onions in 1937.

Of course it may be simply a case of “too much dough”; or perhaps they’re in the first grade of from “shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves”; whatever it is, it’s the comparisons that make Hollywood so refreshing. It’s like paying your two-bits to sit in the peanut gallery down on Main and Seventh and watch the greatest show on earth (put on by a Cecil DeMille with a Cedric Gibbons and an Adrian costuming them), pass by, and then finding your next-seat neighbor, young Edsel Ford napping the ninety minutes through.

For all I know the particular party this evening may have cost the host fifty grand (in the public press); yet I learned (quite by accident I assure you) that all the domestic help

First to go British in this social tangle was Doug Fairbanks Sr. now married to Lady Ashley (far left with black glasses). Fred Astaire’s wife was the ward of Henry Bull, which means something in Fifth Avenue jargon he kept regularly in the house consisted of a butler, a footman, a chauffeur and two maids.

A case or so of champagne had been iced; nine other cases were cooled by cubed-ice in the glass. Two cases were imports, and it would not have been considered top-notch by any eastern host who knew his gravy, (or his champagne). The other eight represented the host’s patriotic California spirit. Scotch, brandy and many liqueurs lay carelessly about the rooms. And I saw one guest make a souvenir of at least one bottle.

No New Yorker who valued the blue blood which permeated his veins would have for one moment given such a slipshod affair to so many locally important people. Certainly any Fifth Avenue party would have been duller, but you may be sure the host or hostess of the evening would have seen personally that every single detail was top-hole.

True it is that not one in a roomload of Hollywood guests knew, or even so much as cared, what was taking place back of the wings. All had preened their feathers at
Howard Hughes, aviator, playboy, producer, who first put Jean Harlow into circulation, plays hands across the continent in this society game too. And Gary Cooper ploughed through the dowager circle and picked himself a peach. Veronica Balfe being asked. All could tell of their individual accomplishments, and boast for weeks to come of being included in the list of invited guests. All could lord it over the rest of Hollywood till the end of the season for having supped and wined with one of the world's best-known mugs.

AT one of those "Do come, I'm giving an itsy-bitsy cocktail party," I counted 186 itsy-bitsys, fully ninety-five per cent on the abyss. Ingredients had been mixed, diligently or otherwise. Various concoctions had originated. Guests relaxed in the host's sleeping quarters at all points of the compass. A few had gone to sea, with sad results.

Hollywood had gone Hollywood with a vengeance, when word sped through the crowd that Walter Winchell had just entered the yard. Now, usually, in the best regulated Hollywood quarters, writers, press agents, photographers, and other scavengers keep pretty much to themselves. They're just about as welcome as Santa Claus on the Fourth of July. Winchell is feared more than any man in Hollywood, and respected for that reason. How or why he'd come, no one seemed to know, but the about-face of some of our better known celebrities was quite as remarkable as his appearance at the party.

Down along the broad Fifth Avenue that once housed more millions than the United States Treasury, cocktail parties are, to be sure, given. But they are very well arranged affairs. Every person passing the iron grille is known to the waiting servants, and a plain-clothes detective or two is even scattered in the ensemble. Concoctions may be served on Park Avenue; but they have not yet invaded the sanctum of Fifth; and it's doubtful if they ever will. Martinis, Bacardis, Old-fashioned and whisky-soda are de rigueur. Take those or go around the corner to your favorite bar; no leprosy, least of all your host.

Men or women who gain the reputation of not being able to hold their drinks are avoided like leprosy. Practically every New York hostess has a little red check beside their names. A few months after they have thus distinguished themselves, the Social Register lops them off its rolls. And it isn't long before they realize they are de trop wherever smart people go. They're shunned and shunted about as if their malady were an incurable case of something horrible.

But in Hollywood this sort of person is the life of the party. What Fifth Avenue dislikes stands the Hollywood party boy and girl in good stead. Their every word is dwelt upon. Producers sign them up for fabulous contracts and directors scan them from every angle for possible picture parts.

CHARITY affairs are the strangest parties of all in southern California's play city. You will find yourself seated beside one of the screen's greatest teasers, who will baby talk you to death the rest of the evening. An attendant will ask for your ticket. Certainly your hostess has provided that; but the attendant will assure you she hasn't; and instead of making a scene you'll fork up the ten bucks. But that's only gate money. All the night through you will be stuck for this or that, until the hole burned in your jeans will singe the hair off your leg.

Back in the city of the Statue of Liberty, at least you have your liberty with every charity dinner acceptance you receive. Not a nickel leaves your pocketbook from the time you sit down until they play "Old Lang Syne." It would be considered the height of something or other if any guests forked up so much as the hat-check fee on leaving the restaurant.

Back in 1932 when Franklin Roosevelt was the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, and I was campaigning as advance manager for his political train, I well remember receiving the shock of my life on arrival in Hollywood to find the manner in which Warner Brothers had then contributed to the campaign fund. A certain sum had been written down and affixed to it were the names of the studio executives.

Some weeks later I learned that everyone from plasterers, carpenters and electricians to gate-men, stars and extras had [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]
With the happy landing of this lean twenty-three-year-old in "Lloyd's of London" there was a sharp rise in the star market. When not working, he appears to be heavily involved in a romantic triangle with Sonja Henie, skating marvel, and Loretta Young, his sparring partner in "Café Metropole".

Sunlight Study
OF
TYRONE POWER
Viewed simply as a person, in this first picture ever taken at her home in Bel-Air, Loretta Young is one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood—viewed in the light of her ten years screen experience, the twenty-four-year-old actress has definitely grown in importance this year. She has left her teary sufferings behind and with "Love is News" and "Cafe Metropole" begins a new era in the crazy, whimsical type of comedy done so successfully by Carole Lombard and others. Her next is "Love Under Fire"
A salesgirl, a beauty contest winner in her home town, New Orleans, more recently a radio singer, Dorothy Lamour came to the screen by easy stages. During Paramount's 1936 rally for new faces, she was signed, sewed into an abbreviated Malay costume and given top spot with Ray Milland in "The Jungle Princess" where her unusual charm and thirty-inch long hair (all her own) certainly registered. Currently in "Swing High, Swing Low," her next chore is the feminine lead in Jack Benny's item, "Artists and Models"
When the illness of this suave Britisher threatened the substitution of another leading man for "Knight Without Armor" Dietrich rebelled, insisted on waiting for Donat and got him. Now, RKO, who have him for one picture, are contemplating "Clementina," a Robin Hood story very suitable for dashing Donat.
PHOTOPLAY
Proudly Presents:

starting on the following pages

MOLLY, BLESS HER

Frances Marion is Hollywood's most famous scenario writer, and only woman producer. For many years before she put "lovable Molly" on paper, she lived with the spirit of her in her mind. Her dedication is most revealing. It reads: "In Memory of Marie, bless her!"

by FRANCES MARION

Robert Taylor: "Have the blues? Then read 'Molly, Bless Her.' Without being too sentimental, it is full of homely generosity and gentle humor"

Mary Pickford: "All through the book I pictured our beloved Marie Dressler in the rôle of Molly and know it was her great spirit that inspired the author"

Clark Gable: "Don't miss reading this book of laughter and tears"

Norma Shearer: "'Molly, Bless Her' is a beautiful tribute to that wonderful actress we all loved, and to whom the book is dedicated"

Spencer Tracy: "This is a book of real portraits—gay, human and entertaining"

Gladys George: "One of the most human stories I have ever read"

THE NOVEL THAT HOLLYWOOD ACCLAIMS
OLLY DREXEL paused in front of a drug store on Sixth Avenue near Fortieth Street and gazed longingly at a sign in the window, "Ice cold beer, ten cents." It was one of those July days when New York was smoothered in a hot sticky blanket of humidity, and Molly, though she rarely felt sorry for herself, decided that it was pretty tough to have to plod along the burning pavements on a midsummer afternoon without even the price of a beer in her shabby purse. As she walked quickly on her way, the thought of little purling streams of beer ran refreshingly through her mind and she saw herself back on her small farm in Connecticut, where she had often rested lazily—cool, comfortable, and independent. But that had been before the depression had closed the doors of the theaters and the banks upon her, and had left her standing out on burning sidewalks such as these on this muggy July day.

Suddenly Molly called a halt to those tugging memories that persisted in luring her back across the years. She reprimanded herself severely and, as she walked down the long hot street, she made plans for her future, all based on the desperate hope that her agent, Sol Rimbel, would be able to secure a part for her in "Gay Blades." She caught a glimpse of herself in a window. There was nothing the matter with her looks, she decided gravely. Others a lot homelier, a lot older still made the grade. Perspiration trickled down her cheek and she stopped to wipe it off. She must keep as calm and cool-looking as possible, to give Sol Rimbel the impression that she still rode in taxicabs. They were shrewd, these ferret-eyed agents, and had little respect for the down-and-outers. She paused for a moment under the awning of a small music shop to carefully re-read Sol Rimbel's letter.

For the last two years, Sol's curt notes had merely said: "Sorry

By FRANCES MARION

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

Here is the warm and human story of a woman, who, when Broadway said her time was
but the part has been filled. Sincerely, Sol.” But this letter was different; it contained two paragraphs! The first one explained curtly that he hadn’t been able to see Molly for a couple of months, owing to the pressure of work, and the second one described the character rôle in “Gay Blades” which Sol thought Molly had a chance of landing. He had made an appointment for her to be in his office at three o’clock sharp, and had signed the letter, “Cordially, Sol.” It was the word “sharp” that gave the appointment an air of importance to Molly. It sounded authoritative, too, as if Sol had made other plans for her.

“Hello, Molly!” A friendly voice startled her out of her preoccupation. “What are you so happy about?”

“Why, Ronnie Burgess! I’ll be darned!” Molly fairly enveloped a stocky middle-aged man, and the kiss she gave him was gay and hearty. “I haven’t seen you for a coon’s age. Where’ve you been hiding?”

“Hiding’s quite the word for it, Molly,” he said, with hollow good humor, his grave care-lined face lightened by a smile. “I’m afraid the sheriff will catch up with me!”

As Molly’s eyes took note of his shabby suit and his frayed, though clean shirt, she pressed his hand sympathetically. She wanted to say something cheerful, but could find no words that were not colored by a pity that she knew would hurt Ronnie’s obstinate pride. An embarrassed silence fell upon them as they stood there, Molly’s moist hand still clasped in Ronnie’s strong possessive one, their eyes speaking of their great affection for each other. They remembered how, not so long ago, they had stood before the footlights, Molly, awed and touched by the warm hearty applause of her audience, and Ronnie Burgess deeply moved because he had been the playwright instrumental in carrying her success to greater heights.

“You’re looking well,” Ronnie said at last, rather huskily, knowing that their thoughts had met and had traveled together to the past. “Are you keeping up pretty well?”

“Sure, Ronnie, I’m on my way to Sol Rimbel’s office now. There’s a nice little part in ‘Gay Blades,’ and it looks as if I’m set for it.”

“Good, Molly! I wish you all the luck in the world. You’ll be on top again! I’ve always said you would.”

He pressed her hand reassuringly and again a warm flow of sympathy and understanding passed between them. “I have a lunch, Molly, that you’re all set this time. And you know

“Molly, you old fraud! Think—think hard! Way back in the Weber and Fields days—you couldn’t forget—”
my hunches! Good luck to you, and say 'hello' to Sol for me—
that is, if he remembers me."

When they parted, Molly's feelings were a curious mixture of sadness
and expectation. In the past, Ronnie's hunches had been taken
quite seriously by the theatrical crowd. Hadn't he prophesied cor-
rectly that his play, "Tillie's Bad Dream," would be her greatest
hit? And now he had a hunch that her visit to Sol Rimbél's office
was going to be successful! With this hope drumming high in her
mind, she opened the door of Sol Rimbél's agency with an air of
aggressive confidence.

"HELLO, Morrie!" she cried, gaily, to the office boy, as she rapped
his desk with her knuckles. "How's the boy?"

"Swell. Toots. How's the old girl herself?"

"Never felt better. Boss in?" Molly's cheerful voice gave no
hint of the unsteady beating of her heart.

"Sure, but he's as busy as a traffic cop. You ought to see the
classy smoothie he's got in there! You couldn't pry him away from
her with a crowbar!"

"Go in and tell him I'm here," Molly ordered, with a note of
triumph. "I've got a date at three. Three sharp!"

Morrie leaned back in the swivel chair and slowly put his feet on
the desk. "Sorry, Drexel. You're out of luck," he said insolently
"The boss ain't gonna see nobody until five-thirty."

"He'll see me."

She brushed Morrie aside and rapped gently on the door. There
was no answer. After finding the door locked, she rapped again,
sharply. A moment later Sol Rimbél's flushed, glowering face
appeared, and he stared at Molly with vague fury.

"Hello, Sol!" She spoke brightly, though the color had fled
from her face, leaving only two scarlet patches of rouge "Well
here I am."

"Yeah? What of it?" Sol Rimbél's smar' black eyes swept her
with cruel nonchalance.

"I got your letter, Sol," Molly began, with unnatural restraint.
"Nice of you to send it—about the part in 'Gay Blades.' " She
coughed sharply to relieve the tension in her throat. "From what
you tell me,—"

He cut her short and his thundering voice echoed through the
room. "I'll fire that damn stenog! I told her, day before yesterday,
to phone you the part was filled. Sure, Molly, you'd done a swell
job of it, but they gave it to some dame that's been bowlin' em over
in the movies."

Molly gave a little gasp and by painful effort kept
back the smarting tears. She rocked unsteadily on her
feet for a moment and, as her hands dropped in a
gesture of ultimate despair, her shabby purse fell to
the polished floor with a startling clatter. Sol jumped
as if a shot had been fired and watched, with annoy-
ance, as she leaned down to pick it up. He was on the
verge of saying, "Jeez, I got nerves!" but the tragic
expression on Molly's face made a small ripple of
sympathy sweep over him. As he patted her shoulder,
he said, casually: "Don't give up, Molly, I'll lend
something for you yet."

"Sure. Sure you will." She forced a weak smile and pushed back
her hat that had slipped rakishly over one eye. "Just drop me a line
any time you want to see me, and I'll come over. So long, Sol."

"Pardon me, Mr. Graham, but you sit
up so late every night that I made you
some nice hot chocolate. I thought—"
The door clicked and he was gone. For a long frightening moment Molly stared at the closed door as if it were a symbol of her fate. There was a movement on the bench as bodies simultaneously leaned forward in avid curiosity. Molly withdrew quickly into a hard protective shell of apparent indifference. Not by a damn sight would they see her licked!

She hummed as she walked jauntily past the curious onlookers, then smiled and nodded to them at the door leading to the hall. Her humming stopped abruptly when she reached the elevator, and her hand trembled as she touched the bell.

But once outside, she walked unhurriedly to the street corner and hailed an uptown car. There was a curiously resigned air about her, and when the conductor called Seventy-fourth Street, she got off and walked deliberately until she came to an old brownstone building that bore the sign, "Doyle's Employment Agency."

EVER since they were in their twenties, Molly Drexel and Julia Fayne had been friends, which was odd, considering that their careers on Broadway had been as opposite as the points of a compass. Molly had started as a chorus girl in a burlesque show and successfully capitalized on her sense of humor. Julia had left college to play small rôles in a Shakespearean stock company and from there had risen to fame as a tragedienne.

Now, both forgotten by a fickle public gone movie mad, these two, so oddly unlike, shared a small dark flat on Sixth Avenue, where the noise of the Elevated thundering past reminded them rather sadly of the din of applause that not so long ago had greeted them over the footlights.

Today during Molly's absence Julia had languidly tidied their cluttered flat. She had often grumbled to Molly about the flat, but could get no sympathy, Molly's answer invariably being the same, "I know it's a hole in the wall, Julia, but it's awful cheap, and with the way things are going we're lucky to have a roof over our heads. Besides, I think the big room is real cozy, now we've fixed it up with our own knick-knacks."

"Our own knick-knacks" included an old sewing-machine, a noisy clock, a rocking-chair belonging to Molly's mother, a couch covered with a faded Spanish shawl, several rather nice lamps hooded with ornate shades, and a fish-net studded with champagne corks, which had been tacked on the wall and sagged dangerously over the couch. In the net were dozens of photographs, souvenir dolls of all sizes and varieties, programs, Christmas cards, and bits of odds and ends that were souvenirs of Molly's happy past. Dominating everything in the room were two large lithographed posters, one of Molly in tights and the other of Julia in her famous rôle of Portia.

Julia wondered as she languidly flourished her dust cloth, what was keeping Molly and if she had landed the part in "Gay Blades." It would mean so much to both of them; it might even stand between them and actual starvation! Afraid to let her mind dwell on such unpleasant thoughts, she crossed listlessly about the room, silent and brooding, until she found distraction in studying her reflection in the mirror. Though painfully aware of the fact that

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]
Deanna Durbin has found fame and has paid fame's price—for no little girl can accept an adult's world at fourteen without heartache

By KAY PROCTOR
A FEW weeks ago a little girl stood outside the stage entrance of a Hollywood theater. It was on a Sunday night and a wet rain had pelted down upon her, drenching her in the long minutes she had stood trying to get up courage to knock on that closed door. Finally, poised for flight she rapped timidly.

Inside the door stood another little girl, the center of admiring attention and flattery. She wore a pretty frock and was accepting compliments with a sweet but shy courtesy.

The doorman opened the door to the knock. The small waiting figure slid from the shadows into the beam of light.

"I would like to see Edna Mae Dur—-I mean Deanna Durbin," she said, hesitantly.

"Are you expected?" the man asked, the routine gruffness in his voice tempered at the sight of the child's obvious timidity with a—no,” she admitted, “but I think maybe she'll say it's all right. I'm Paula." She was told to wait a moment. In a flash the door was flung wide. Two little girls ecstatically hugged each other while tears of happiness mingled on their faces.

Thus the paths of Deanna Durbin and Paula Jenkins her best friend, crossed for the first time in well over a year; Paula, the average little American girl who lives in an unpretentious bungalow in a middle-class part of Los Angeles, and Deanna, the fourteen-year-old sensation of Hollywood, star of "Three Smart Girls," and radio discovery of the year.

"And Mother," Deanna said, in relating the eventful meeting later, “just imagine, Paula said she and the other girls were all so proud of me! Isn’t that wonderful?"

Only Mrs. Durbin knew why praise from that humble source meant so much to her suddenly famous daughter. Meant, in all truth, far more than the lavish words and laudation heaped on her by important critics everywhere, knew with a catch in her heart.

DEANNA'S story begins back in 1923. Deanna, christened Edna Mae, then a baby one-year-old, came to Los Angeles with her mother, father, and older sister, Edith. The family home had been in Winnipeg, Canada, where Mr. Durbin was a moderately successful contractor. The boom in Southern California real estate drew them south.

From the day of their arrival [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]
Basil Rathbone’s always cast as a villain—and hates it! But he’s such a swell villain that his fans seldom think of him otherwise. Here’s a story to refute it!

Basil, and his wife Ouia Bergere, have a dear friend of long years’ standing. In fact the friendship dates way back to stage days. Recently this friend came upon dark days—and how the two Rathbones are standing by!

First an apartment was rented and furnished. When the day came to take possession they took the woman there and told her it was her home. She entered to find it complete in every detail, rooms in order, draperies and pictures in place, flowers to greet her and dinner ready to be served! Here she lived until recently when a serious operation became necessary. Again this “villain” and his wife entered the scene. Every care has been given their friend and now, while she’s convalescing, they’re planning a three months’ trip to insure complete recovery.

All we can say is, if this be villainy, Basil Rathbone is one grand villain!

AND MORE WHISPERS: Jean Harlow’s long anticipated vacation went squish when she discovered she had impacted wisdom teeth—having them removed is classed as a major operation. It’ll call for a break in her running-around time with Bill Powell, too... The Metro biggies have suddenly gone air-conscious—they had an enormous conference (very secret) with most of the important radio men from the East, and we learned that the stars weren’t exactly uninterested. The other companies pay bigger salaries than the movies, and what with television and everything... Russell Gleason says he will marry Cynthia Hobart almost any time now... Little Dixie Dunbar, who kinda gets around, has reverted to age and sees somewhat of a college student named Allan Gordon these days. ... Rochelle Hudson, now...
that Tyrone Power is through pretending he isn't in love with Sonja Henie, is flying with Jack Young in his plane—and of course the whisper is that one afternoon they'll keep right on flying, to Yuma.

Darryl Zanuck, who makes stars as is stars, thinks he may present tennis champion Helen Wills Moody to you as the latest 20th Century-Fox luminary.

Mary Carlisle and James Blakeley are back together again, after their tiff, apparently more intent on love than ever. Eleanor Powell is a clever girl. Laid up with torn ligaments and forced to hobble around the set of "Broadway Melody" on crutches, she had an idea—and now you will see her in a "crutch dance," which ought to be remarkable enough.

VIRGINIA SALE and Sam Wren live on one of the only two ranches in Hollywood proper. It's located in an orange grove near Nichols' Canyon and this is the way Sam directs friends to drive there:

"You just go out Hollywood Boulevard until you come to the NO DUMPING sign and that's where we live!"

And he's literally correct: The sign is a huge one, posted just before you reach the driveway.

THIS month there were two little traffic mix-ups that gave certain contract holders a case of jitters.

Marie Wilson, that lovely little Warners comic, was driving to the studio in the morning, when suddenly another car got in front of her.

She woke up in the hospital surrounded with flowers, but her head injuries kept her there for only a week or so.

The other accident happened when Cupid was at the wheel. Y'see Lyle Talbot and his new wife (she was still Marguerite Cramer then) were zigzagging it to the license bureau so engrossed in each other that the car seemed to drive itself.

When it got tired doing this there was a loud crash.

Below, Betty Furness and Johnny Green, the orchestra leader on Fred Astaire's radio program, at the Vendome. This is a new romance—they ate all their dinner holding hands! At the right, enjoying the fun at the Troc are Constance Worth, Australian actress, and George Brent. This duet's going strong.
But love triumphed. Lyle backed his car away, picked up the strewn fenders, kicked aside the glass, and helped the other fellow lift his motor out of the gutter—and on went the happy couple.

THE day was sunny, the sky clear, but Jeanette MacDonald, en route to Palm Springs with friends, saw little sunshine. At the last moment her fiancé, Gene Raymond, had phoned that a call from the studio would prevent his joining the party.

About fifty miles from town the car in which she was riding slowed down and suddenly a man, hat pulled low over his eyes, jumped to the running board.

"Madam," he yelled, "could I interest you in some of the world's finest toothpaste?" Then, in the next breath, "Or how would you like to be kidnapped?"

With which, the sudden young man grabbed Jeanette and shrieking with laughter, they ran to his roadster.

VICTOR McLAGLEN does love a uniform—and for the picture, "Wee Willie Winkie" he has to wear one all the time.

On one afternoon he was walking around the set, looking very military and with his chest stuck out inches before him.

Shirley Temple came up and stared at him ingenuously. Then she said, "Have you got a cushion behind your coat?"

FANCY the embarrassment of Olivia de Havilland and Beverly Roberts who were unexpectedly called upon to play the roles of semi-Lady Godivas.

It happened when the two set out for a horseback ride early one morning across the desert sands near Palm Springs.
The breezes were blowing gently, the sun shining pleasantly and Olivia and Beverly were enjoying their canter immensely.

"It's warm," Beverly said, "let's take off our shirts and tie them to the saddle. Away out here no one will see us."

Before a scampering lizard could blink twice, both girls had yanked off their shirts. Only Olivia lost hers. Halfway back to town she discovered it had fluttered away from her saddle where she had tied it.

Can you picture gentle little Olivia astride a horse and no shirt? Of course you can but Olivia couldn't. She was horrified.

It was Beverly who solved the problem. She promptly tore her own shirt in two and with half a shirt draped about each of them the girls sneaked back to Palm Springs.

**WITH all the rumors and rumors—**

Here's the real low-down on Clara Bow! She is in Hollywood.

She is reading stories—with the idea of making a picture. But she'll make it ONLY if she finds a dramatic role which she feels is definitely suitable to her talents—

And, she states with absolute finality, that never, NEVER will she be an IT girl again.

Here's luck, Clara!

**NEWEST FLASH FROM LONDON:** Edna Best, wife of Herbert Marshall, is preparing to return to Hollywood very shortly.

Below, when you read this, Melv'n Purvis, the G-man who caught Dillinger, and Janice Jarrett, famed Chesterfield cigarette model, will be married. Purvis practices law in San Francisco, but they are at the Grove here. Goldwyn is trying to lure Purvis into pictures.
Shirley
MAKES A SISSY
OUT OF
"WEE WILLIE WINKIE"

Left: "Miss" Winkie, safe in the arms of valiant Sergeant McLaglen, watches the elephant's paces. In "Wee Willie Winkie," for the first time, Shirley will have a beau — eleven-year-old Douglas Scott (right) who's just three years the lady's senior. Her three leading men, Cesar Romero, Michael Whalen and Victor McLaglen all top six feet — and that's quite an item for a lassie who's just four feet tall! Above: Shirley is measured for a close-up to be sure that those dimples are in just the right position.
According to Hoyle—and Kipling, the original Wee Willie Winkie was a boy, but Fox changed his sex to accommodate Miss Temple in her latest picture. Left: Wee Willie goes a'journeying with "mother" June Lang, engulfed in skirts. But don't be fooled—beneath that female finery beats a warrior's heart. At bottom: Shirley, hard at work, tries to absorb directions, while Director John Ford stands in the background.
Answering all your questions about
the razzle-dazzle city—where to go,
what to see both night and day, and—
most important—how much it will
lighten the well-known pocketbook

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REESER

Tips

ON THAT TRIP TO

SO you're coming to Hollywood this summer! And why
not? Happy days are here again, and I don't mean the
Democratic national anthem. The studios are booming.
The night spots are gay. The restaurants are jammed; the
Boulevard sparkles like a Coronation necklace. Everybody's
in town—Gable, Garbo, Dietrich, Madame Cluck—everybody.
Stars—why, the Milky Way's gone out of business—too much
competition!

And now the object of this little paper is to tell you about
your visit. How, why, where, what, when and yes, indeed—
how much!

Well, first of all, you have to get here. And unless Buck
Rogers brings his propeller ray down from Jupiter or Mars or
wherever he was last Sunday (see Junior) that means a train
plane, bus, boat or the family heap.

If you live in the East, around New York, Boston, Phila-
delphia, you can make the round trip by rail anywhere from
$90 (coach) to $185 (first class, including Pullman), depending
on your tastes in travel. If you're in the Midwest, around
Chicago, $60 to $120 will do it. It's a four day trip, three on a
premium train, from the East; a day shorter from Chicago, so
there's an item of meals. But these days all trains have dining
and car menus with breakfasts from two-bits and dinners from
sixty-five cents.

The bus lowers the round trip ante to around $70 (East) and
$50 (Midwest) and adds a half a day to both journeys. A plane
will wing you out in sixteen hours and back in the same time
for $288 (New York) and from Chicago in twelve hours for a
round trip fee of $207. Or you can churn leisurely around
through the canal from New York for as low as $187.50, every-
thing included except tips. In your own crate, of course, it all
depends on you. It's 3,100 miles from New York, 2,300 from
Chicago, 1,350 from Denver, and the roads are as smooth as
George Raft's hair. The average tourist bowls along at 350
miles a day.

In any event, before you start, you'll have to pack. Jam in
plenty of sports things. Hollywood takes on the sports touch
more completely in the summer than anywhere you've ever run
into. I don't mean to leave your evening clothes at home
However, if you're a mere male, you'll be relieved to know, per-
Hollywood Boulevard sparkles like a Coronation necklace. One of its gems is Grauman’s Chinese Theater (above). The star-filled Brown Derby Restaurant is a good place to gape while you gulp. And truckin’ at the Troc (bottom of page) is a habit you’ll love. Here the stars feel at home and act accordingly.

HOLLYWOOD

haps, that there is no place in town where dressing is *de rigueur.* A dinner jacket will come in handy, but even that isn’t strictly necessary.

Here is one *must*—don’t forget to include a warmish wrap. Male or female, you’ll need it. Don’t let the palms in the magazine ads fool you; California isn’t tropical, it’s semitropical, and what difference a few degrees make! Also it’s near the sea; nights are cool and often damp.

If your wardrobe is a little run down and anemic, it might be a good idea to wait and shop in Hollywood. Here’s the new, white, *Rue de la Paix*-ish Sunset Strip, or Bullocks-Wilshire, Magnin’s Hollywood Boulevard, and the trim little Westwood shopping district. Men shouldn’t skip Oviatt’s in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel building or Knox and Schafer’s next door to the Trocadero for what the well-dressed screen star is wearing.

NOW about where to stop. For a big, transient city and tourist center, the Hollywood-Los Angeles-Beverly Hills area lets you down very easily for hotel accommodations. Better write for reservations. (Please turn to page 92)
A

As soon as spring comes the call of the wild gets Clark Gable. Then he must be up and away, hitting the trail that leads through the blue canyons out beyond the beyond. That's the way it was this time.

"Parnell" was finished. He'd have a few weeks off, subject to possible retakes or added scenes. So Clark answered the urge to be up and away.

He knew where he'd go—back to that unmapped wilderness of towering peaks and sheer chasms that lies north of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. That's been his favorite hunting ground for the past six years. He'd go after mountain lions, and he'd bring one back alive!

"Captain Jack" Butler, his guide on many an expedition, had been holed in at Kanab for the winter, with his hounds and pack horses. He was ready any time Clark was. Ted Tetrick, of the wardrobe department at Metro, wanted to go along so Clark and Ted tossed their duffel into the station wagon and started for the rendezvous at Kanab.

You'd have had a hard time recognizing Clark when he strode down the main street of the little Mormon village of Kanab, nestled under the Vermilion Cliffs that rise majestically against the sky.

With the broad-brimmed hat, leather shirt and pants, and the heavy sideburns he wears in "Par-

Below: Clark in camp in an Arizona canyon—his favorite hunting ground for the past six years. He got up every day at five o'clock to keep his word to "bring one back alive"

"He-man" Clark hits the lion's trail—with a camera!

By FRANK SMALL

Gable

ANSWERS THE CALL OF THE WILD

nell" (the studio told him not to cut them off, just in case of retakes) Clark might have stepped from the pages of a Zane Grey novel.

Just over the Utah border in Arizona, tucked away in a canyon, is the village of Fredonia, where a generation ago the tall young Mormon men used to come riding by night to visit their hidden wives. For a stranger to enter this forbidden valley was to invite a welcome of hot lead from the guards. But all that is gone now, and Fredonia is hospitable to the travelers who are passing through there on the way to the Kaibab national forest.

Jack Butler had everything ready when they reached Kanab. They would pick up the camp equipment and horses when they passed Summit Valley.

"Plenty of mountain lions around," he told Clark. "There ought to be good hunting."

Where the road ends they left the station wagon and slung the tents on the pack horses. When they made camp in the shadow of Saddle Mountain, below the snow line, Clark had left civilization behind. It was good to smell the wind off from far peaks, the tang of pine chips as

Clark "figured" this amiable baby would make a nice pet for Lombard. Carole had other ideas, so if YOU want a live lion, just write to Gable

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
It took one of her own sex, Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood's only woman director, to bring out the superb acting ability of Rosalind Russell. Her shrewish, calculating "Craig's Wife" was a personal triumph for this one-time Waterbury, Connecticut, debutante who now is to be seen in the highly dramatic "Night Must Fall" playing opposite Bob Montgomery.
The judges for the best costume at the party, given at the Victor Hugo, were all men, except Dietrich who was included because of her getup. Beside her above, Cole Porter, Arthur Hornblow, Eddie Robinson, and Jean Hersholt

Dressed as a romantic couple of yesterday are a bride and groom of tomorrow—Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond as Romeo and Juliet.

At the top, the host and hostess, Basil and Ouida, celebrating their 11th wedding anniversary. They are dressed as Emperor Franz Joseph and Elizabeth.

Among the four hundred merrymakers were all the social and film celebrities. Here are Kay Francis and her devoted swain, Delmar Daves, dressed as Russians.

Right, opposite page—Freddie and Florence March as Tarzan and his mate won first prize for best costumes; Loretta Young, first prize as the most beautiful girl.
Among the dancers ill dawn were those honeymooners Mary Astor and Manuel del Campo, the latter appropriately Spanish, but Mary looks a wee bit Slavic to us!

Everybody roared at everybody else. Far right, Arthur Hornblow and Myrna Loy, who will soon celebrate their first wedding anniversary, watch Freddie shiver.

Thousands of huge white Easter lilies banked the rooms. Enjoying the dinner are Mrs. Jean Hersholt, her Viking spouse and Mrs. Eddie Robinson as Josephine — Eddie was Napoleon of course.

Maybe this marriage business is contagious. David Niven brought Virginia Bruce. An omen? So closes the best party of the year!
A year ago known only to radio audiences for his beautiful voice, personable Don Ameche (born Dominick Felix in Kenosha, Wisconsin) had made one of the flashiest plunges into screen fame of any newcomer. A discovery of Zanuck his first picture was "Sins of Man," his sixth and latest "Fifty Roads to Town" in which he gets a crack at some real singing
Joan Blondell's boisterous, good-humored, wise-cracking ways are not entirely assumed for the screen. She is definitely a "good fellow." But she can be devastating in other ways. Her rôle as the femme fatale in "The King and the Chorus Girl," with Fernand Gravel, brought her offers to star on the French stage, but Warners want her here for "Angle Shooter."
Here you see that fighting Irishman, Pat O'Brien (of the Milwaukee O'Briens) in a new light—as one of Hollywood's happiest fathers—with his two adopted children, Mavourneen, age four, and Pat Jr., age one. The baby is already registered at Notre Dame where it is hoped he will be as fine a quarterback as his papa was at Marquette. Pat's newest picture is "San Quentin."
Little and luscious, especially in this pose, "Livvy" de Havilland is lucky too. Since her debut two years ago she has been consistently in the arms of such idols as Freddie March and Errol Flynn and is now to appear in "A Gentleman After Midnight" with Leslie (Hamlet) Howard. Strangely, one seldom hears of Olivia in an off-screen romance. Is she just smart, or has she a secret sorrow?
A fine sailor, as well as a fine singer, Allan Jones takes his recreation on his schooner Alrene (a combination of his name and his wife's, Irene Hervey). He's part of the Marx' crazy quilt for the second time in "A Day at the Races" after which the handsome young tenor realizes a big ambition—he will be teamed with Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly"
Where is all this going to end? Will they be giving Radio City back to the Indians next year? This month's flash is about three more new Hollywood programs which are causing big buzzes around town. None is set yet, but they're all on the fire, and here they are:

One, a big variety air show built around Ginger Rogers, who can do a whole lot of things to make you stop and listen. Two, a new radio laugh program co-starring that old movie combination, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. And three, Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx going crazy from Coast-to-Coast. The deals are hot.

That won't leave many stars around that radio hasn't stolen right from under the noses of the studios. About the only big-time Hollywood holdouts are Mae West, Shirley Temple, Janet Gaynor and, of course, that Garbo gal. We don't know about Janet, but Mae, Shirley or Greta could have a program tomorrow if they'd only say the word. But they won't. They don't want to.

Why? Income tax is as good an excuse as any. They'd be working for nothing, like Bing Crosby.

And how do they stave off persistent sponsors? Well, Greta just keeps a zipper on her lip as usual, and Mae and Shirley stick up a price so high that no one can touch it and come out on top. We understand little Princess Temple quotes $20,000 a trip.

Is that smart? Wouldn't it be smarter for Shirley to start building up a radio following now so that when that day comes—not so far away either—when she's too big to be cute on celluloid, she'll have something pretty nice in the way of a radio program to step into? Oh well, it's none of our business.
Just the same, contrast the holdout attitude with what Grace Moore told us last month when she was rehearsing "Madame Butterfly" for the Lux Radio Theater.

"My voice," Grace said, "was given to me. I think I ought to share it with the greatest possible number of people, don't you?" We did.

The new contract for the Nash program arrived to be signed by Grace just an hour before she went on the air.

Grace never looked lovelier than that night we saw her at the mike. The gentleman she was singing to, was of course, her hubby, Valentín Parera, backstage. We've seen a lot of jittery gents around radio studios, but Mr. Parera can hold his own in any company. He walked a good twenty miles the afternoon of the broadcast.

Grace tried to make him think she was nervous, too. "See," she said, putting his fingers to her throat, "feel my heart pound?" Of course it might have been Cary Grant that caused it all. The audience had a few titters when Cary got pretty realistic in his love scenes, even if he did have to reach clear around the mike to go into action.

That night Grace Moore drew the biggest sidewalk crowd ever to jam around the Hollywood Music Box, where Lux broadcasts are staged. It looked like a sure riot when she left after the show, but Grace had a card up her sleeve. Clutching a tremendous bouquet of roses that had come right after the show, she waded through the crowd handing out flowers right and left for souvenirs. Nobody thought to ask for an autograph in the scramble for posies. It's an idea for stars who worry about autograph hounds. Dish out flowers or candy or peanuts or something and stall off writer's cramp.

Marlene Dietrich's return trip to the Radio Theater—she opened it with Clark Gable, remember—had a surprise in the way Die Dietrich let down her hair and enjoyed herself. There's something about a radio rehearsal that knock's dignity for a loop. Marlene is no stuffed shirt, but she has always possessed a cool, impenetrable calmness. Well, Dietrich plucked right down on the floor with her script, grinned around at the technicians and had a big time.

If you heard her in "Desire," you'll remember the Paris taxi horns. The first time the sound effect booth tooted it sounded like a rooster with laryngitis and this tickled Marlene's funny bone. She couldn't go on with rehearsal until she'd had herself a good whooping laugh. And have you ever heard Dietrich let loose and laugh?

Doug, Jr. was around, of course, coming over from Bing Crosby's Kraft Music Hall where he guested—his first airing since his return—to make it an all-radio twosome. Herbert Marshall, too, who is getting to be a steady customer at the Theater, seemed more than casually impressed with Marlene's beauty.

Dietrich was as curious about the crowd who packed the place to see her in action, as they were about her. While the house was filling she found a pinhole in the curtain and peeked at the people until almost time for the red light.

Dietrich's performance drew an audience that looked like a Hollywood clambake. Ernst Lubitsch, who'll direct her next in "Angel," watched every move she made. He postponed the starting of the picture a week so Marlene could broadcast.

FREDRIC MARCH and Florence Eldridge were among the several stars who showed up at the show. Florence admitted it was the first broadcast she'd ever seen. It was about time she went, too, because she and Freddie were booked for the next week in "Death Takes a Holiday."

Freddie turned out to be one of those handy men around the house at rehearsal for that show. If you were tuned in (and who isn't on Monday night?) you're bound to recall that extra eerie sound of "Death's" voice—very spiritual and goose-pimply. Credit that to old fixer Fred. He spent all one afternoon trying out megaphones and mike filters and all kinds of gadgets to get a spooky tone, but he couldn't satisfy his wife, who sat up in the control booth and kibitzed on Freddie's efforts.

Guess what finally tossed his words satisfactorily to the other world—a Mexican gourd! He found one at home that he'd picked up down on Olvera Street somewhere, cut off the end, and talked into it with a very beautiful ghost-like effect. It was something of a shock to the audience to see Fredric dive for the gourd and apparently [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CRANK STOPS TURNING

Catch 'em off guard and this (on the set of "Woman Chases Man") is how they look. Top, Ella Logan looks for new nails to nibble as Joel McCrea, cheered by Miriam Hopkins, takes the round from Broderick Crawford. Will you look (above) at Miriam's old fur bedroom slippers! To keep faces from falling, the stars wear them when they won't show
BY
GORDON PALMER

THEY DISCOVERED FRIENDSHIP THROUGH HEARTBREAK

I T was late the following afternoon when Anne Nagel found herself alone for the first time. Sitting before a fire, long since gone out, she faced that first terrifying alone-ness. And her solitude was only intensified by the memory of feverish activity — of newspaper reporters, cameramen, policemen, doctors and crowds that had pervaded this same front room of the modest little ranch house she and her husband, Ross Alexander, had occupied together. Together, until just a few short hours ago. Or was it an eternity?

Absolutely alone. Ross killed by his own hand. Even the reporters and the noisy cameramen and detectives, whose blustering presence had made her want to scream for privacy just a moment or so before, were gone. She had wanted them to go. Had asked them to go—all of them. But she hadn’t realized what it would be like to be all by herself. The very stillness was smothering her. The tick of the grandfather clock invaded her tortured mind like a machine gun to vie with her anguished thoughts. Questions stumbled through her mind in never-ending confusion—stopping only to ask, not waiting for an answer. She must pull herself together. The insistent why was driving her to the brink of despair. She was afraid, deserted, desperate.

Suddenly the stillness of the room was broken by a tap on the door. Then, before she could muster the strength to stand, the door opened.

A voice, full of understanding and rare sympathy spoke. “I didn’t know whether or not you wanted me, but here I am.”

The voice was unmistakable. It was Glenda Farrell’s. With a sob of gratitude, Anne rushed to her protecting arms. All she could say, every word she could manage, was: “Oh! I knew you’d come, I knew you’d come!”

HAT, then, is the account of what Hollywood chooses to call “the beginning of the strange and inspiring friendship between Anne Nagel and Glenda Farrell.” And Hollywood is right in calling this friendship “inspiring.” Knowing its true development, I think it may be called one of the greatest friendships ever found in Hollywood. Perhaps one is right in calling it “strange”—though I feel that is merely a thoughtless reaction to Glenda Farrell’s outward show of brusque heartiness and hail-fellow-well-met. And of all those who might have come to Anne that afternoon, Glenda was the last person Anne might have expected.

For that afternoon saw not the beginning but the rebirth of a friendship—and the fact that Glenda should say: “I don’t know whether or not you want me, but here I am,” is a story—behind-a-story.

To say that Anne and Glenda have been friends for almost three and a half years isn’t quite true. It is better to say they have been friends for three years—and almost friends for three months. Because, although they have been close com-
It was Glenda who came to the rescue that terrifying night Ross Alexander committed suicide and left Anne a young widow. When Glenda lost the one she loved best she went to Anne for comfort.

In life's most desperate moments Glenda Farrell and Anne Nagel have been an inspiration to each other

companions for three years and Glenda was the person who introduced Anne to Ross Alexander, it was Anne's marriage to Ross which separated them.

"It was the day before Glenda's birthday," said Anne as we drove slowly through the valley where their ranch is located. "She had asked me to come to a party. Just a moment later, she called back to tell me that Ross Alexander would stop by and pick me up. And, although we had been working in the same picture for two days, that was our first real introduction. We had a marvelous time—yet I think that was just about the last time the three of us were ever together."

Anne doesn't talk of the reason. But I think I can explain so that you can understand why I say that Anne and Glenda were "almost friends" for three months.

Marriage, to Ross Alexander, was a solitary sort of business. It was for two people to share, not for many people to mar. He wanted nothing more than Anne's close companionship. Dinner-for-two was his idea of heaven. A game of ping-pong, a long talk before the fire, reading a good book aloud and a few other two-way bits of entertainment were not only all he wanted—they were all he would tolerate. Not only did he refuse all invitations but he extended none.

It is so easy to understand, knowing Ross, why Anne found it too difficult to explain her new way of living to Glenda. Rather than meet her but rarely—rather than attempt to show Glenda the real reason why they seldom could see one another—she decided to follow Ross' dictates and hope that her friend would understand. Of course, that was a lot to hope for. After all, these two girls had been together on an average of twice a week for three years. Quiet little dinners and gay parties given for one another and little vacation trips and shopping tours had been the regular thing with them. Now, to expect such a friendship to break off abruptly, without so much as an explanation, was painful on Anne's part and bewildering to Glenda.

But for these few months in which Anne and Ross were married, Glenda was shut out. Anne, reluctant to explain; Glenda too hurt to inquire. All during that time there was never so much as a telephone call, a message . . . until that terrifying Saturday night, just four months after Anne and Ross were married, when he followed his previous wife in suicide. Glenda was in Palm Springs when she first got the news of the tragedy.

She hurried back to Hollywood. But by reason of traffic delays, she did not arrive until about an hour after the awesome commotion had died away—until the last, unbidden stranger had left Anne alone with her sorrow. And now, knowing the truth behind those few months when friendship was allowed to lapse, you can realize what was in Glenda's mind when she stood at the open door of Anne's ranch house and said: "I don't know whether or not you want me, but here I am."
A DASHING love story built around the Cinderella theme of the ugly duckling who becomes a sensational beauty. Virginia Bruce proves herself an actress of rare spirit as the small town wallflower spurned by William Tannen, high school Romeo. Discouraged because her hero ignores her, Virginia sets out for New York to become a singer. Falling in with a publicity stunt engineered by Kent Taylor, theatrical press agent, our heroine lands in a Broadway show and becomes an overnight sensation. Despite her success, Virginia's affections still remain with her youthful idol and only after a trip back home does she discover where her heart really lies. Hal Mohr, who makes his directorial bow with this picture, has cleverly introduced the tuneful songs which Virginia sings delightfully. The tempo throughout is gay, the pace speedy and the fade-out riotously funny.

INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY—Paramount

HERE is tense melodrama of clinic and barroom, with Joel McCrea in the sacrificial white of the interne and Barbara Stanwyck as the woman with a quest. Sordid in places, but built on a story of idealism and mother love, the picture rises to a powerful climax that you will long remember.

It is an involved tale of a woman, once the wife of a bank robber, who seeks her lost child. Stanley Ridges, who knows where the baby is, wants $1,000 or Barbara; and when McCrea refuses to give her the money she takes the other course. Eventually Ridges is shot, comes to Joel for an operation—and the dénouement crashes through with pathos and to an exciting tempo.

McCrea handles with sympathy and finesse the difficult rôle given him, and Miss Stanwyck is convincingly a desperate woman. Each character performance is a minor gem.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M

WITH great simplicity and dignity, Kipling's classic story of a boy and men at sea comes to the screen as one of the best pictures of these times. It is a powerful, moving tale portrayed with understanding by a cast whose individual performances are positively brilliant. It is a portrait in glowing emotions, of a folk and their destiny, of a child who finds himself.

Freddie Bartholomew, as the rich man's brat-like son, does the finest piece of sustained acting of his short career. Overindulged by his busy father, Freddie cheats and lies until the private school he attends expels him. Then, on his way to Europe, he falls from the liner and is rescued by fishermen. On their boat, working and watching, he lives for three months, during which period his personality is translated to rich understanding and warmth. This transition is accomplished through the efforts of a simple, forthright Portuguese fisherman, Spencer Tracy, whose uncomplicated philosophy and vitality in living set the boy an incomparable example.

In this difficult rôle, Tracy does masterful work. He realizes not only the outward character but the rôle's spiritual implications. Lionel Barrymore, as the sea captain, turns in a characteristic, fine portrayal. Melvyn Douglas, the father, is outstanding. Direction is capable; photography, especially of the sea episodes, is unsurpassed. For a great emotional experience, and for sheer entertainment, see this.
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH
CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER
WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG
ANOTHER DAWN
WAIKIKI WEDDING
SHALL WE DANCE?

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH
Virginia Bruce in "When Love Is Young"
Kent Taylor in "When Love Is Young"
Freddie Bartholomew in "Captains Courageous"
Lionel Barrymore in "Captains Courageous"
Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous"
Bing Crosby in "Waikiki Wedding"
Bob Burns in "Waikiki Wedding"
Martha Raye in "Waikiki Wedding"
Jack Haley in "Wake Up and Live"
Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance?"
Ginger Rogers in "Shall We Dance?"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 115)

☆ WAKE UP AND LIVE—20th Century-Fox
THE most famous phoney feud in newspaperdom that of Winchell and Ben Bernie, hits the screen in swingtime. Produced with pizzazz by Darryl Zanuck, it provides the smoothest blend of drama and nonsense.
By way of introducing Winchell and Bernie, Zanuck has surrounded them with Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Patry Kelly, Walter Catlett, and Neil Sparrs, experienced farceurs all wise in the way of musical comedy. The songs will all be hits.
The plot has Jack Haley who yearns to sing, but has mite fright. There's a girl on the air, Alice Faye, preaching "Wake Up and Live" pep stuff. Boy meets girl. Winchell and Bernie, both playing themselves, mix in the affair. The way it works out will panic you. Winchell is original and appealing; Bernie and all the lads are fine; the old familiar are swell we are keen for it. You will be too

☆ SHALL WE DANCE?—RKO-Radio
EVEN if the "world's best hoofer," Fred Astaire, and meteor-like Ginger Rogers didn't dance in their latest co-starring picture, this bubbling fast-moving comedy with Gershwin music, original ideas, stunning sets and excellent story would be a picture to set the 1948 fashion in musical films. Add to these delightful ingredients, Fred Astaire in ballet as well as in several lively tap numbers; Fred in two rhythmic dance routines besides skating in swingtime with Ginger; then Fred and Harriet Hoctor in a dance together, and you have the best Astaire-Rogers picture since "Gay Divorcee."
Edward Everett Horton, funny as ever, is a ballet owner disappointed because he finds his leading dancer Petroff (Astaire) has fallen in love with Linda Keane (Ginger Rogers), the musical comedy star, and refuses to leave Paris in spite of the fact that he is to dance soon at the Metropolitan in New York. Petroff overhears Linda telling her manager that, tired of amorous leading men, she is going to return to America to marry Jim Montgomery, her Park Avenue beau, so Petroff, who is really Peter Peters of Philadelphia, foxyly decides to sail on the same boat.
Ketti Gallian, as Lady Tarrantown, an ex-ballirna, wants to dance with Petroff again, but to get rid of her Horton tells her Pete is married to Linda.
You'll love the ludicrous and romantic situations that follow. The songs are delightful; the whole thing is de luxe.

☆ THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—Warners
A s an excuse for filming a Coronation ceremony while current interest in things British and Royal is still high Warners bring you Mark Twain's sly tale of adventure and pathos. It is made excellent entertainment by Errol Flynn's unstilted manner, and the infectious charm of the Mauch twins.
This is the story of a Prince, son of Henry VIII, who plays a game with a beggar boy. They change clothes; the royal child is thrown from the castle, the gutter snipe remains to assume his place. While Claude Rains, decadent nobleman, uses the bewildered pauper as a pawn, the Prince fares badly at the hands of thieves, and in the process learns much about his empire. Flynn, soldier of fortune, befriends him. The utterly mail, completely satisfactory climax will amuse you.
Flynn raises each of his too few scenes to telling worth. The Mauchs, Montagu Love, Rains are all excellent.
SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARDS

SAN QUENTIN—Warners

PAT O'BRIEN introduces the Army's program of character building at San Quentin prison. His star pupil is convict Humphrey Bogart, brother of pretty Ann Sheridan, O'Brien's sweetheart. Complications include a "sit-down" strike by the prisoners, an escape from the road gang, fast chases and much shooting. Well-acted, enjoyable melodrama.

RACKETEERS IN EXILE—Columbia

GEORGE BANCRFT'S sterling performance, as the racketeer and evangelist who finally reforms himself, raises this family program to high entertainment. Evelyn Venable does nicely as the small-town organist in love with Bancroft. Wynne Gibson's gang-girl role is expertly done. The whole cast is highly satisfactory.

BILL CRACKS DOWN—Republic

ROUGH and ready action in a steel mill background. Grant Withers, in charge of the mill until the owner's son has spent a year on the job, neglects his sweetheart for work, with the usual trite outcome. Beatrice Roberts, Judith Allen, Raunny Weeks, Pierre Watkin and Robert Williams try hard. The picture stays dull despite everyone's efforts.

SING WHILE YOU'RE ABLE—Melody

HILL BILLY Pinky Tomlin capers mildly in this tepid story of yokel boy makes good. Lured to the city on promise of radio work, Pinky is attacked by thugs and as a result, loses his singing voice. Befriended by Toby Wing, Pinky regains his voice and makes the villains sorry for their dirty work. Songs are only fair and the production throughout is dull.

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Universal

LIGHT as a feather is this breezy version of cops and robbers aboard a liner, Europe bound. The stateroom of Sally Eilers, small town school teacher, is used as a hiding place for money stolen by notorious swindlers. Detective James Dunn discovers the scheme in time to save Sally's embarrassment. Mischa Auer, as a French sleuth is a panic.

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal

An unbelievable slice of hokum dealing with a coast-to-coast race between a freight train and a fleet of trucks. The object of the race is a million-dollar contract with a shipping company for the winner. Mountain snow scenes add the only spice to the plot. Performances of John Wayne, Louise Latimer. Robert McWade rise above the weak material.

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AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

**ELEPHANT BOY**—London Films-United Artists

**DIRECTOR** Robert Flaherty (he of "Nanook of the North," "Moana," etc.) has turned out a photographic masterpiece. With a background of jungle and Oriental magnificence he tells simply of a little native boy's friendship and adventures with the largest elephant in existence. The story is based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants." Don't miss it.

**SONG OF THE CITY**—M-G-M

**COMPlicated** story of a young man who gives up an heiress because of her money and a fisherman's daughter because of her career. There are several rescues, a little nice music, and the bay background is authentically reproduced. Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey Dean, J. Carroll Naish and Nat Pendleton are the principals. Weak fare.

**THAT MAN'S HERE AGAIN**—Warners

**Anemic** story of a jobless waif, Mary Maguire, who is befriended by elevator boy, Tom Brown, and lands job as apartment house chambermaid. Accidentally breaking a Ming vase belonging to tenant Hugh Herbert, Mary becomes terrified and runs away. Tom finds her and brings her back. Dull fare despite splendid acting.

**GUY KIBBEE** turns detective in this mildly amusing comedy-mystery. He interrupts his mania for rabbit hunting long enough to aid young lovers Lucie Kaye and Tom Brown, by unraveling an emerald necklace theft, and solving the murder of a butler. Edward Brophy and Edward Gargan are good as petty crooks.

**SLOW** at first, but with gaining pace, this is rollicking burlesque with Jean Harlow as a penniless widow and Robert Taylor as a playboy bill collector. He gets into her house as a deputy, discovers she is to marry his brother, Reginald Owen, and sets out to right matters. It's a bit risqué, frankly romantic, and the whole cast is good. Go.

**COMPELLING** characterizations and plot structure make this sincere portrayal of a gambler, Ricardo Cortez, who keeps his identity from his brother, Tom Brown, excellent entertainment. When Brown, also imbued with the gambling spirit, comes to town to clean up, Cortez is forced to play against him, and complications result. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
HOW would you like to walk out on the beach this summer in a slick bathing suit, the proud possessor of a beautifully proportioned, firm and young looking figure, one that would bring forth loud chirps of envy from the feminine section and cause the swarthy males to get that unmistakable glint in the eye so familiar when beauty is on parade?

Oh, you'd like that, would you? I thought so. Well, darlings, for some of you it's going to be a cinch; for others it's a larger order. But at least there's one thing certain for all of you — you can improve what you've got a hundred percent during the coming months and get results you never had hoped possible. Faith in yourselves, determination, a good dose of common sense and sincere work will do the trick.

From years of practical experience with women's

Alice Faye's smooth slim legs are proof this beauty work is worth the effort...

SYLVIA, WHO TEACHES THE STARS THEIR BEAUTY LINES, CAMPAIGNS THIS MONTH FOR THE PERFECT FIGURE, BY FIRING AWAY ON THOSE WOMANLY ENEMIES—THE BUMPS AND BULGES.
problems and from your thousands of letters to me, I know too well those parts of the body which bother you most and about which most of you complain. Whether it's movie star, society gal, housewife or office worker, it's the same old cry: "How can I reduce my heavy bust?" and "How can I get rid of these bulging hips?" Those two little numbers are always at the top of the list. So I think it would be a swell idea this time to go after those spots, especially with summer just around the corner.

When the bust line and the hip line run wild, sooner or later they're bound to bump into the waistline. When that happens, what a wreck it makes of a woman's figure! Excess flesh spreads all over the...

...and Jean Harlow's figure is all woman — but (please note) not a yard wide.
THE INTIMATE LIFE OF A

By WALTER RAMSEY

Franchot's first official protest was aired February 27, 1905, at the home of Frank J. Tone at 426 Buffalo Avenue, Niagara Falls, N. Y. It was an interesting household in which everyone, including the newly arrived Franchot and his older brother Jerry, was expected to develop interests of his own and begin living his own life as soon as possible.

Franchot's first memory of the spotlight came at the age of three, when his brother's mind went blank at a Christmas party and Franchot recited the lines he had heard Jerry practice.

Before Master Tone was five, he was practically a world traveler. Then, on his return to Niagara Falls, came school—first, Miss Otis', later, the Hill School, a boys' academy.

He had been allowed to return home two weeks early because of excellent grades.

"I took that extra leave with a great deal of poo-ba around the family," smiles Franchot. "Then, the day before Christmas, a letter arrived for me. I read it through. I read it again. It was from the Head Master. I remember the words indelibly:

"... is hereby notified of his dismissal from the student body of the Hill School for being a subtle influence for disorder through- out the fall term..."
THAT first moody reaction from being kicked out of the Hill School for being: "... a subtle influence for disorder ..." stayed with Franchot but temporarily. After the first shock, no one in the family seemed to mind much. His father, perhaps, might have taken it rather hard but for the statement made by Franchot’s older brother. Jerry said:

“What a break! Now you can start right in at Cornell without wasting that extra half year.”

Thus, Father Tone’s reaction was tempered immediately to: “Well, it’ll save me a damned expensive half term!”

Jerry had already been at Cornell several terms and was on good pal grounds with the Registrar—this because Jerry was on the baseball team and the registrar was by way of being a baseball nut. So it was arranged that Franchot was to come immediately to Ithaca and begin a two-week cram session so that he could pass the entrance examinations.

It was the dead of winter when he arrived at Ithaca. He took quarters in a combination room-and-board house and began his cramming. But despite his hard work and study, it seemed for a time that he might come closer to freezing than to mental perfection. The house had porous walls and the wind—starting at the far end of one of the Finger Lakes—hit the house and zoomed right on in. Night after night, Franchot sat in bed bundled to the ears in blankets and poured over his studies; at the same time, he was promising himself that if he was lucky enough to pass the exams he’d go on a toot by way of

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
LONDON might as well know this now as later: It can’t have a Coronation without Hollywood’s getting in on it. Hollywood is staging a couple of coronations of its own—just to prove it knows how.

Warner Brothers, who make rather a habit of reading the newspapers, had the inspiration first. They erected a Westminster Abbey of canvas, wood and papier-mâché, so like the original (that is, in appearance) that the architect himself couldn’t have told which he had designed. Therein, for “The Prince and the Pauper” they put on a Coronation. And though the costumes were different from today’s, the customs were not. The scene constitutes a preview of the crowning of George VI.

Now, out of Selznick International, seems word that a crown will be placed on the head of Ronald Colman in “The Prisoner of Zenda.” Fifteen years ago in the silent version Lewis Stone played the dual role that Ronald Colman is relishing now.

“It’s rather fun,” says Ronnie, “existing in nonexistent places. In ‘Lost Horizon’ the place was an earthly paradise. In ‘The Prisoner of Zenda,’ it is a model mythical kingdom.”

Madeleine Carroll is his co-star, in the role that Alice Terry played in the silent version, Princess Floria. Her rival as the countess, Adénette, is Mary Astor. Mary is having a typical Hollywood honeymoon with her new husband, Manuel del Campo. She is seeing him between scenes. He works on the same lot, as a scenario writer.

But the surprise of the cast is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He plays Rupert of Hentzau, the dashing menace of the piece. That’s something new for Doug, Jr., freshly restored to us from producing in England. Hollywood didn’t know that he could be tempted back, even between pictures, but David Selznick played a hunch that turned out right.

“There was a role,” says young Doug, “that would give me a chance to escape the chores of a romantic hero—chores that I’ve been doing, believe it or not, for fourteen years.”

He is more serious than when we saw him last. (“I’ve gone responsible,” he explains.) Yet he has the same spontaneous smile.

The day we go on the set, Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll are working together for the first time.

The setting is a throne room in a palace. It is dignified though exotic. The interior decorations are half-European, half-Asian, to suggest some country near the boundary of both continents. Ronnie’s light-blue uniform, heavily gold-braided, suggests a combination of all Balkan uniforms. Madeleine’s gown suggests Paris.

They make the handsomest couple that ever walked across a throne room. Their backs are to the camera, as they walk toward an open doorway, talking. The camera is on a “dolly” (a rolling platform), following them for a two-shot close-up, while over their heads, out of camera range, trills a microphone.

Director John Cromwell, quiet and meticulous, makes one “take” of this brief stroll. Then another. And another. The timing of their walk doesn’t satisfy him. They perfect that, then the camera crew notices that the heavy “dolly” is marring the waxed floor. That will never do. The property department lays down a grooved track for the wheels of the “dolly” to move down.

Ronnie and Madeleine resume their places, only to discover that in their side-by-side stroll, each will have to walk astart one of the tracks. And did you ever try to walk regally under those conditions, at the same time talking facely? Ronnie and Madeleine haven’t. Amused, they have to practice.

Ronnie is telling Madeleine for the twentieth time, “There are a great many things I don’t understand—and one of them is you,” when we leave to go on to Walter Wanger Studios where we see the newest color picture in production.

THIS is “Vogues of 1938,” starring Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett, under the direction of Irving Cummings. Also present are the twelve “most photographed girls in the world.”

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

By JAMES REID

Our wandering reporter sees the star spangled passing show from backstage and gives us the low-down.

Would you believe it—Warner Baxter will play a dressmaker in “Vogues of 1938”? Between scenes he gets acquainted with some of the “12 most photographed models in the world,” calling the roll from the production sheet.
not one of whom has been in the movies before this picture.

Like "A Star Is Born," "Vogues of 1938" is something new in color films. It's in modern dress for one thing. No attempt is being made to exaggerate the color; in fact, just the opposite tactics are being used. The picture is disproving the old legend that a color picture takes longer to film than black-and-white. It will be finished in thirty-one days, perhaps sooner, since they're ahead of schedule already, and this is only the fifth day of production.

It is a "glamorous comedy." It opens with Baxter in a gymnasium, boxing with a sparring partner. You are in doubt about his identity, beyond the fact that he is a he-man. Then you learn that he is a famous New York couturier, unfortunately married (to Helen Vinson), but with an understanding assistant (Joan Bennett). And Baxter, as far as audiences are concerned, will get away with being a couturier because the beginning, with cleverness aforesight, establishes that he is also a he-man.

This afternoon, we find Warner and Joan doing the one sad scene of the picture. She is telling him of the death of his head designer. The scene is a close-up of the two of them together, with Joan softly sobbing. To be exact, the scene is a close-up of their eyes. A shadow falls across Warner's face. Through the shadow shine his eyes. It should be an effective shot.

Joan wears no make-up except for a little lip rouge. Her white dress is simple and has only a small pastel pattern.

Warner is in a top hat, a dark overcoat, and black and white scarf. The walls behind them are neutral in color.

Note in this picture that there are no background distractions whatsoever. All the attention is focused on the characters, and their colorings, both of complexion and of clothes, is so natural that you are likely to forget that you are watching a color shot.

Warner is more exuberant than we have seen him in months. "Well, Technicolor finally got me," he says. "I was never sold on it before. But I'm sold now."

Director Cummings tells us, privately, "I don't know how good this picture will be, but I do know two things: Warner will come out of it a new personality and I predict he'll never play another costume part. Audiences will insist on his playing parts like this. He's going to be like the Adolph Menjou of ten years ago."

A year ago, some reporter in New York asked me what I thought of the future of color. "It's all right for Mickey Mouse," I said. "It isn't like enough for humans." Now I'm predicting that color will be general in another year and a half."

With that prophecy ringing in our ears, we climb into our mud-spattered sedan and drive to Paramount through another of those "heavy dews" (daytime variety) that Californians never talk about. We're anxious to see Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young do a scene for "I Met Him in Paris."

This is a lighthearted tale of a young designer in a New York department store who saves up for five years for a trip to Paris, where she has her fling. She meets Young, who is married, but wants to forget it—particularly after he sees Claudette. But Douglas, who has also glimpsed Claudette, won't let him. Pronto, we have an amusing triangle, climaxed by a three-way week-end at an Alpine resort. The scenes of which have been filmed in Sun Valley, the new million-dollar winter resort in the mountains of Idaho.

Having already done the triangle-on-a-week-end scenes, they are now getting around to filming their meeting scenes. That's how movies are made.

We break in on the scene in which Douglas first accosts Young with Claudette. The setting is a Paris cellar café, with red tablecloths much in evidence. Young is talking with Claudette when he feels a tap on his shoulder—it's Douglas nudging for an introduction. Young, with a pained expression, stands and introduces. "Miss Denham," he says, "I'd rather
not present George Potter, the so-called playwright.” Douglas helps himself to a chair. And the next take will go on from there.

Claudette is not a passive star who lets a director do all the mental work, even when that director is a Wesley Ruggles. She comments, on the first “take,” that the timing was not right. She suggests an improvement in camera angles; asks his opinion of a change of dialogue. She sees herself as an audience might. Claudette should be a star a long, long time.

A LSO at Paramount, we find the newest comedy team—Bob Burns and Martha Raye—involved in some hillbilly hilarity entitled “Mountain Music.” Likewise involved in the hilarity are John Howard, Terry Walker, Fuzzy Knight.

The background is the Ozarks. (“I feel right at home on this set,” draws Bob.) He is a member of the Burnside clan. Martha, who is his sweetheart and a bit techled in the haid, belongs to the enemy clan. The picture details the difficulties of true love, particularly at a time when there’s a murder and Bob is suffering from amnesia.

We have often wondered what became of the “switches” that women used to wear in their hair. Now we know: Extras playing hillbillies wear them for beards.

We see a scene in a courtroom, with the two clans seated on opposite sides of the aisle. It is in this scene that Martha, wearing braids that make her look like Pocahontas, uses drastic measures to revive Bob’s memory. She uses a hose—a fire hose, loaded with water.

The camera focuses first on Martha going berserk with the hose. The set is empty where the water is falling. Then the camera reverses. The others come back on the set. Director Chuck Reisner, in person, sprinkles them gently with a garden hose. Then the camera records their reactions to the wetting supposedly delivered by Martha—who, in the meantime, is scuttling through puddles toward a dry dressing room.

Leaving Martha looking more drowned than anyone else on the set, and saying “Ohh, boy! Whoever thought of this one,” we scuttle, ourselves, toward RKO-Radio.

Here there is a picture that threatens to take the long-distance shooting record away from “The Good Earth.” It has been shooting three months already, and has three more weeks to go. This is “The Toast of the Town,” starring Edward Arnold, Frances Farmer, Cary Grant, Jack Oakie. It’s the story of the life and times of Gentleman Jim Fisk and his get-rich-quick schemes.

Cary tells us, “I’ve been working in this so long that I won’t get any vacation between this and my next picture. And that’s been delayed so long that I won’t get any vacation between that and the next. I won’t get a day off till the first of July. No Coronation for me.”

The scene to be filmed involves all four principals. Frances, Cary and Jack are to be grouped around the recumbent Arnold, who is to die, victim of a shooting by an infuriated mob. It will be a tough scene for Arnold. He is preparing for it, sitting off by himself, his eyes closed.

Eleanor “Ding” Powell goes gamely through her taps though she is not recovered from her ankle sprain as you see. She wants to have a “crutch dance” in “The Broadway Melody of 1937.”
PHOTOPLAY

fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

COMES TO THE AID OF THE PARTY

A striking version of the indispensable print evening gown is worn by Joan Crawford. The tunic gives grace and a new theme to the silhouette while the courageous coloring of the print accentuates the modernity of manner and spirit of Joan herself.

NATURAL COLOR PHOTO

BY GEORGE HURRELL
A train of sequin-sprinkled black net trails across the ballroom floor in a magic gown from Marlene Dietrich's personal wardrobe. The off-shoulder treatment is a favorite with her. Deep flounces outline the skirt which parts to show a sheath of velvete. This is the sort of thing Marlene will wear in her next picture, "Angel"
Dramatic and very Dietrich, is this wrap of cream-colored velvet, lavish with red fox skins. The sleeves widen at the shoulders and have bell-shaped cuffs banded in fur. The train of the coat is bordered in fox which widens at the back. Right: Many a star has blossomed forth with a new personality under the clever fingers of Travis Banton, dictator of fashions at Paramount for twelve years. He designs for Mae West, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and Marlene—see how attentively she listens to his advice on her new clothes for "Angel"? Here she wears a slim skirt of midnight blue jersey with a minaret tunic of Persian brocade, a metal cloth in bronze, gold and red tones
Gloria Swanson has an infallible fashion sense, so when she chooses a hat, please note! Far left — the Mexican influence in two views of rust felt.

Again Swanson chose the newest and smartest — Roman stripes and brown grosgrain in the pillbox shown at the bottom of the opposite page.

And last in the Swanson hat orgy is an interesting turban of deep violet jersey manipulated in intricate folds above a black grosgrain band.

A smooth brow (and Gloria has one) is the correct setting for this peaked turban of striped taffeta. The clip she wears is of crystal and ruby.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARENCE S. BULL
Sally Eilers, whom you will see in "We Have Our Moments," was quick to grab that original blouse (left) of red and white ticking. Gaudy as a piece of stick candy, it's a new note in sports clothes built for comfort. A sun visor to match Sally is up a tree in a high-waisted culotte of natural linen. Her linen blouse is of wine color. Good fashion note that—combining two strong colors—and you meet up with the same effect in the mannish belt.
For tennis, Sally puts herself out like Helen Jacobs. She has adopted the longer type of shorts and has combined them with a navy mess jacket which she wears over a white sweater with a tailored collar.

Joan Fontaine, star of "The Man Who Found Himself," is a new find—so's her quaint dirndl frock of pink and white cotton, laced in striped blue. Joan wears leather peasant sandals and a hat of natural straw bound in pink and blue.
One of the newest and most popular ideas is shown below in a cowl neck dress of polka dot print, worn under a fitted coat of matching chiffon. White pique edges the tuxedo collar and makes the flower. This outfit comes in either wine, navy, black or brown.
That delightful fabric, silk linen, is used for the costume below. Peggy wears it in navy, but it can be purchased in either beige, grey, white or yellow. The bright Roman stripped ascot and belt satisfy your color hunger and give the dress an added distinction.

In the refreshing, spring-like dress, above, irregular polka dots spangle silk crêpe in grey, wine, navy, brown or green. The little bolero flaunts a rose cleverly made of the same material as the dress.

This tag identifies a Photoplay Original Hollywood Fashion. Look for it.

WHERE TO BUY THEM
The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 112.
Tuck away your socks, your jackets, your rouge pots, and come out in the open with Gloria. This Stuart girl, clever star of "Escape from Love," sprinkles in culottes of white piqué in beetroot red print; hoes (or pretends to) in a bra and romper suit of terra cotta percale joined by a big bright button; and for the actual grubbing dons a Dutch blue denim coverall over which billy goats and little white peasants dance entrancingly.
HERE is a buzzing and a humming at Paramount these days. Dietrich is starting a new picture, "Angel" and that is about the biggest thing that can happen to the studio. I decided that I would go back of the scenes and get a peek at the clothes for you. Even the sketches, usually kept under lock and key, would be produced, I was told.

So I went down to see Travis Banton. On the way to his office I stopped at the door marked "Edith Head." Edith, you know, designs a great many of the Paramount clothes. I rapped at the half-open door and then pushed it open, and walked bang into a busy scene. Spring Byington had been sent for in a hurry and she and Edith were down on their knees looking at materials and meditating on necklines, for Spring was to start work at once.

"Kathleen! Lamb!" said Spring, "Come in and we'll have some tea!"

After the tea I went on to see Travis. His offices are charming. The walls are a deep blue-green, the carpet a soft gray-green and a sofa, big chairs and small ones are covered in pale yellow flowered chintz like shining gleams in a green glade. Beautiful period pieces of furniture in rich wood inlay give the whole place great dignity and warmth.

Out came the Dietrich wardrobe. Travis began to talk.

"Marlene takes endless trouble about her picture clothes," he said. "She will fit the same dress four or five times. She is always perfectly charming about it but at the end of a fitting we are all in a state of exhaustion. She challenges everything. Because a thing is good she does not let it go at that; she says 'Let's see if we can't make it better.' No time, no exertion is too much for her. She lavishes care on the choice of jewels, bags, shoes and gloves. She will come in with some shoes she got in Europe. They are just the thing, she will tell me, to go with a certain dress. Perfect!"

"In other words," I said, "she takes it all as seriously as the famous Parisiennes do. As a result she has that cosmopolitan glamour one sees in them."

"Yes, her influence is hypnotic, to me anyway," Travis said.

"Let's go," I said. "The clothes!"

Travis showed me a suit of dark soft green suède, cut in a new way. The cape back of it was cut in one with the jacket and a huge roll of gray-green wolf outlined it. It was closed with zipper fastenings. Travis loves zippers. He uses them for closings and for trimming. They are so neat, so clean-cut that they appeal to him.

Travis believes in the classic tailored suit for Marlene. In fact I have seen her in tailored suits time and again this spring. In "Angel" she will wear one of dark blue with an ultra feminine blouse, all lace and frou frou at the neck. The shoulders of the jacket are broad but not extreme

A Travis Banton creation—for Dietrich. Over a draped evening dress of grey chiffon is a kneelength tunic weighted with vertical blue foxes
THE MOST HEART-STIRRING SCENE OF THE MONTH

$15.00 PRIZE
THE WINNER!

An eminent British author said recently that movies "were written by the half-educated for the half-witted."

Let's look at the record. That illiterate, Shakespeare, has three successful films showing this year. "Romeo and Juliet," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "As You Like It." I suppose "The Story of Louis Pasteur" would only interest morons, though President Roosevelt thought enough of it to quote from it in one of his speeches. (Mr. Roosevelt, by the way, is a movie fan who manages to see several movies a week.)

I know a college professor who has written prize-winning scientific books, and yet enjoys the screaming Carole Lombard. His wife, equally cerebral, goes for "alcoholic Bill Powell." It's presumptuous to mention myself in the same breath with the above, but I like being presumptuous.

I'm an average girl with a college degree, but I'll confess I've been guilty of writing a rhapsodic fan letter about swashbuckling Henry Wilcoxon.

EMILY LEE DOVE,
Cherrydale, Virginia

Freddie Bartholomew, bravely fighting his tears, being comforted by Melvyn Douglas in "Captains Courageous" as they drop flowers into the water, a tribute to the death of Manuel. Here Freddie does the finest work of his career magnificently the rôle of a simple woman, silent, without physical allure. I refer to Luise Rainer and to her superb interpretation of O-lan, the all-enduring wife of "The Good Earth."

Her artistry is incomparable—with only a few speeches and with a perpetually submissive expression, she manages to convey every possible emotion merely by the tilt of her head or the droop of her weary shoulders. This is genius. Hail to Luise Rainer, the winner of the Academy Award for the "Best performance of 1936!"

JEAN CARSON REARICK,
Wellesley, Mass.

$10.00 PRIZE
THE LOST IS FOUND

I discovered something that I thought was lost to the world forever—a young attractive movie star, with a personality which fairly sparkles, who has the courage and good taste to accept and play magnificently the rôle of a simple woman, silent, without physical allure. I refer to Luise Rainer and to her superb interpretation of O-lan, the all-enduring wife of "The Good Earth."

Her artistry is incomparable—with only a few speeches and with a perpetually submissive expression, she manages to convey every possible emotion merely by the tilt of her head or the droop of her weary shoulders. This is genius. Hail to Luise Rainer, the winner of the Academy Award for the "Best performance of 1936!"

JEAN CARSON REARICK,
Wellesley, Mass.

$5.00 PRIZE
IF THIS BE TREASON . . .

I have just seen "Camille" starring Greta Garbo with Robert Taylor. Frankly, I'm disgusted. I'll tell you why.

EMILY LEE DOVE,
Cherrydale, Virginia
Figuratively speaking the Robert Taylor, effectively leushed, was put before the public to do his stuff, while that super-actress "The Great Garbo" kept a firm hand on the chain. Garbo went through all the tricks herself—and playfully took him with her. She might have said, "See this handsome young man? He's my pet monkey! Not quite sure of himself, but then he acts when Garbo pulls the string!"

Shades of the great Bernhardt! Are the wise men of that so marvelous filmland sleeping? Must they tie Robert Taylor to the apron strings of a Garbo or a Crawford? A potentially fine actor, Bob Taylor is heading toward cinema oblivion. Constantly teamed with a few selfish stars, and then degeneration. After that an emotionalized robot! Ardent fans demand the best for Taylor. Give him a story and let him BE the star.

HELENE WORTH,
San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

CHAMPAGNE FOR TWO. PLEASE JAMES

I bring my bouquet a trifle late, but nevertheless it has not wilted. It is still as fresh and fragrant with sincere thanks and appreciation as it was when the curtain dropped on "Champagne Waltz," the object of its persistent blooming.

This "is" champagne—this delicious and captivating combination of the modern jazz and the immortal Viennese loveliness of the Blue Danube waltz. Under soft lights gorgeous Gladys Swarthout sings her way into your heart.

I'd like to dance my whole life through, gay and carefree, laughing with Oakie, loving with Fred MacMurray, swaying over glassy floors with Veloz and Yolanda.

Please, can't we have more such productions as "Champagne Waltz"?

BERDYNE MILLER,
Sioux Falls, S. D.

THE MOST INTERESTING NEWCOMER OF THE MONTH

Because he forgets to be handsome (which he is), puts on a pair of specs and gives a knockout performance as an old fuss budget in "Waikiki Wedding"; because he's Frances Farmer's husband; because he's one of the tallest men in Hollywood, six feet four; because he's going places on the screen! Yes, it's Leif Erikson.

$1.00 PRIZE

SHORTS CAN BE SNAPPY

Hollywood moguls look everywhere but the right place for their short subject material. I have a vivid picture of them groping around smelly racing stables, rehearsing worn-out hillbillies, reading biology books to gather material for some immortal spectacle called "The Love Life of the Earthworm" all in a vain effort to produce acceptable short subjects.

Of course, maybe it is beneath them to read magazines, but there they would find an abundance of good material. The short-short stories like those published in Liberty and similar magazines would make interesting films and splendid vehicles for displaying new talent.

CLARENCE SPECHT,
Fort Jennings, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE

SUCH IS FAME!

I have just seen Greta Garbo Danforth, full-blooded Apache Indian, four years old. Such is fame! This small dusky Garbo is quite a beauty herself. She has been adopted by a relative of mine, but her name was given to her on the Reservation among the campfires of her own race.

My apologies to Miss Garbo, but she will remember that a cat was given permission to look at a king.

Also my most sincere compliments to Miss Garbo for her marvelous acting and great beauty; for having earned the tribute of a world that judges genius by the products of its labs.

LENORA HANSEN,
Snowflake, Arizona.

$1.00 PRIZE

SECOND FIDDLER SOLO

I am prompted by a remark in a recent Photoplay, that Bob Montgomery plays second fiddle to Joan Crawford and William Powell in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," to observe that something is decidedly wrong with this star system when names are rated above performances. I felt, incidentally, that Mr. Montgomery's was the most authentic performance in that [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
S

MACK of fists, dull thuds of falling objects, frenzied screams of women—it's a free-for-all fight—how soul-satisfying, how utterly and delightfully relaxing to the taut nerves of Hollywood!

That's why our pampered populace fairly does nip-ups when it recalls the joyful carnage of the famous Al Jolson battle at the Cocoanut Grove, the best and bloodiest battle in more than fifteen years in the Grove's history as the center of things in movieland.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler had arrived for a sedate evening under the phony moon and still phony paper palms, and were no sooner seated than a bunch of drunks at the next table started whooping things up. For some reason they didn't like Al. The feeling, thank you, was mutual.

Al endured several wisecracks in silence, then stepped over to remind his neighbors that ladies were present.

"Where?" bellowed the chief tormentor.

"Wham!" That guy's third cousin must have felt the shock. He flew through the air, made a three point landing, and slid gracefully across the dance floor.

Instantly all was confusion. Al went down under a counter attack, chairs were overturned, women screamed with fright and leaped onto tables to get a better view. Some of Al's friends came loping to the rescue, and "The War of the Red Noses," as it was to go down in history, was on in a gory welter. Waiters came dashing from all directions, led by the ex-army boxing champ, Jimmy Manos. Their efforts toward peace were as futile as those of a League of Nations.

Abe Lyman came running from the rest room, trailed by his band. They struck up a frenzied fox trot, but music failed to huff savage breasts. By this time fights had broken out all over the Grove.

Shades of Nero and his orgies, what fun! It was the biggest banquet battle ever recorded, and next day the crop of black eyes brought movie production to a standstill.

All of which reminds us of that super-super battler, Jack Dempsey, who roved these parts with his wife Estelle Taylor. Big, blundering Jack, who never forgot a face or a pal. Dark, lithe Estelle who was at the height of her career.

Estelle doted on parties at the Grove, and Jack would cheerfully don a dinner coat to take his beautiful wife forth into the snobby society of starland.

Unhappily, Jack would meet old cronies along the way—battered hulks with cauliflower eyes, fight managers with voices raspy from shouting "Foul!" and other picturesque adventurers whom Jack had encountered in the long climb from the Colorado mines to the championship of the world.

"We're having a party at the Grove—come along!" Jack would say with his inimitable generosity. A free meal! Boy, they'd be there with bells on.

Estelle, humiliated to tears, would utter stinging rebukes. Jack loved her greatly, but he never understood her. Their appearances at the Grove grew less and less frequent, finally stopped. So did their marriage.

Fights and quarrels stand out in bold relief, but just as exciting to watch was the progress of a sizzling romance.


Janet adored dancing, particularly with tall men. Now, it

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**THE ALL STAR STORY of the COCOANUT GROVE**

Motion picture history is made at night in the quarrels and sizzling romance at this Hollywood whoopee spot

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Jolson started the "War of the Red Noses" . . .

Guest star Martha Raye blew a kiss to a big man . . .
seems trivial that dancing with extra tall men should have such far-reaching consequences, unless you remember the story of Mary, Queen of Scots, whose similar failings had tragic results.

A young newspaper man named Herbert Moulton (now an associate producer at Paramount) met Janet when she first came to town, fell in love with her, and by throwing the influence of his paper back of his discovery, landed her a job in westerns at Fox.

As part of his campaign he took her almost nightly to the Cocoanut Grove. And like many another man, the movies stole his sweetheart. With the tremendous success of "Seventh Heaven," the powerful force of public desire for a real-life romance threw Charlie Farrell and Janet together. It started as publicity; it wound up as the real thing.

Tiny little Janet and tall Charles scarcely let a night go by without dancing at the Grove. One had only to glance at them to see how terribly much in love they were.

Then came a quarrel. Because they loved fiercely, that quarrel was as intense, as searing as a flame. Days, weeks passed; there was no reconciliation. Janet, hiding her hurt, continued to dance at the Cocoanut Grove, and because she liked very tall men, her partner was Lydell Peck.

Deeply wounded, needing sympathy... well, she married him. Few knew she wept bitterly the day before the ceremony. But Charlie had been going with Virginia Valli, and had fallen in love with her.

HISTORY, the history that is made at night, never wrote a more tragic chapter in the tale of the Cocoanut Grove, than this, the broken romance of Charlie and Janet, the girl who liked to dance with tall men.

In those days, the place to launch a career was of course the Cocoanut Grove, for where else could you arrange to be seen by everyone who was anybody?

So Josef Von Sternberg brought Marlene Dietrich to the Grove. They were an odd couple: short, chunky Von Sternberg with his Svengali mustache and (of all things!) a shawl around his neck, and the dazzling blonde with the magnificent legs.

Those public appearances cost Von Sternberg plenty, for he had to settle out of court a 'please turn to page 105'.

By

JACK SMALLEY
 photoplay presents the newest in hollywood fashions

- "Brims for becomingness" has always been a fashion maxim. Joan Fontaine, who plays in "The Man Who Found Himself," proves it by wearing the red-earth ball-bun! above, its beret crown half-wreathed in daisies, and brown streamers down the back. Comes in black, brown, navy, natural or white. Left: For wear with tweeds is a green felt sports hat with a pheasant quill and a yellow pom-pon. Can be had in many colors.

- Off-the-face and proud of it is this brightblue, rough linens, heart-shaped cap. A red rosette of blotting tops it.

- The turban is here reduced to a skeleton of corded taffeta. Joan can wear it in the evening or afternoon as she likes. This and the cap above are both made in linen and taffeta, also crépe in pastel shades.

You can purchase these photoplay hollywood hats in any of the stores or shops starred (*) on page 114.

This tag identifies an original photoplay hollywood fashion.
AND still those red, red roses from “Miss L” are delivered daily to Clark Gable’s dressing room.

NAPOLEON was exiled on the island of Helena—and died there, brokenhearted. But “Captain,” Jeanette MacDonald’s prize sheep dog, although another exile, still lives a happy, care-free life. About a year ago Captain was defendant in a lawsuit wherein he was charged with biting a human being. Although he had the finest of counsel who claimed his behavior was entirely warranted, nevertheless he lost the suit and was sentenced to “Happyland,” a dog’s rest home out in the valley, where he lives the life of a country gentleman. And never a week passes without a call from his devoted mistress, Jeanette.

NOW IT’S THE SIT-DOWN FAN!

MARGARET ROBEY, daughter of a Kentucky judge, came to Hollywood with just one idea—to meet Michael Whalen. Daily she mailed a letter to his studio, telling where she would be waiting the following noon or evening—with the hope that he’d drop in and say “hello.” She mentioned the Bamboo Room at the Derby; the Ambassador, Troc, Victor Hugo, Casa nova, all the Hollywood spots where stars are often seen. But no luck! Michael, on location, gave no thought to her fan mail. Finally a member of the family picked up the accumulation and Margaret’s letters were discovered. “She sounded like such a nice girl,” said Michael’s mother, “that I phoned and told her what had happened and that she’d hear from Michael that night.”

So Miss Robey of Kentucky had a caller. There he was, Mr. Whalen, her dream prince. In person. They went for a drive and a bit of supper and dance or two afterwards. And the next day she returned home perfectly happy.

CAROLE LOMBARD and Clark Gable are up to new pranks these spring Sundays. Along with Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb, the two set out for a dude ranch near Newhall for some plain and fancy steer roping. Clark takes two horses in his combination trailer and station wagon and two more horses are hired at the ranch.

The squealing is done by both Carole and Gail who are rapidly becoming expert rope throwers. Almost the entire day is spent in the saddle and at night the weary but happy foursome trots back to Hollywood.

BASIL RATHBONE, a serious student of astrology, claims this year of 1937 is an accident year. More accidents of greater violence will happen this year than ever before, the actor predicts.

“By never driving at a greater speed than thirty-five miles an hour, I have already escaped several accidents since the beginning of the year. I want my fans to be warned. This is the year of sudden death,” claims Rathbone. “Be careful.”

ATTENTION June brides: Recipe for a happy marriage, according to Joan Blondell, is to feed hubby bean soup in the kitchen. When Dick returns from the studio tired and weary, butters drive him crazy. Servants make him nervous and cooks upset his digestion. But Joan fixes all that. Tying an apron about her curvy little figure Joan gets out the beans and on goes the soup.

“They eat it, by the way, off the kitchen table. Just the two of them with an enormous bowl of oyster crackers.”

BEHIND the picture “Swing High, Swing Low,” there is a little story about Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray.

Long before the picture went into production, Carole determined to sing her own song numbers. For weeks on end she practiced and stepping out with John Howard. He likes the way she croons. . . . Finally—and this is without comment of any sort—Marlene Dietrich and Herbert Marshall have met and lunched together several times recently. Marlene is still giving most of her time to Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Marshall’s romance with Lee Russell is too consistent to question.

Marlene is also being seen a lot with Willis Goldbeck. . . . young Doug stages it when Marlene has other dates.

OVER at RKO they call him Three-take Astaire.

We watched him go into one of those high-flying dance routines for “Shall We Dance?” The first take Mr. Astaire tripped on a pebble when the picture started, Carole was ready to sing.

MacMurray was supposed to play a trumpet in the picture and being only a fair trumpet player, he decided to have the playing dubbed in. But as he sat there day after day listening to Carole sing something happened to him.

Unable to bear it any longer Fred bought a trumpet and in every spare minute he practiced. He finally became expert enough to play the final number in the picture, while Carole sang her own song.

“Gee, it had me down,” he said afterwards. “I think I’d have gone nuts if I hadn’t made the grade at least once.”

ADD INTERESTING COMBINATIONS: B.P. Schulberg, producer and squire to Sylvia Sydney for so many years, is being seen around often with Elaine Barrie Barrymore. . . . Last week he was escorting Margaret Tallichet. . . . And Martha Raye is the prop boy had overlooked.

Astaire said nothing.

The second time the camera crew failed to move the dolly back in time, Astaire said nothing.

The third time Fred missed a step by one tap, Astaire said plenty.

“We don’t worry about that,” the assistant director shrugged. “Fred only gets going good after he’s lost his temper.”

CAROLE LOMBARD, modern, sophisticated Carole, has one secret yearning. No, it doesn’t concern Gable.

It’s a desire to bring back, if only for a moment, through spiritualistic mediums, Russ Columbo who loved her so dearly and who lost his life through an accident.

Into the secrets of the occult, the dark room meetings of mediums, Carole probes and studies, working always to see Russ again.
Carole Lombard Tells "How I Live By a Man's Code"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

If you want the signposts she follows, here they are:
1. Play Fair.
   "You'll find that men usually play fair," Carole said. "It's all very well to say that you want to back out of a bargain because you've changed your mind. That's supposed to be a woman's privilege. But men don't play the game that way. A man who says he'll do a thing and then reneges, is soon put where he belongs, out in the cold."
   "I say 'I'll do something, I make it stick.'"

If you hint that the hat she's got on doesn't look quite perfect, or that she might, just might, have led from the queen, jack, ten instead of tossing in an eight spot.
   "I went to a showing of the first rough cut of 'Swing High, Swing Low,' in a small college town.
   "In the tragic scenes, where I screwed up my face to cry (I can't help it if I look that way when I cry), the audience laughed. When I really turned it on and emoted, they howled. It was heartbreaking. I felt like crawling

burn if you hint that the hat she's got on doesn't look quite perfect, or that she might, just might, have led from the queen, jack, ten instead of tossing in an eight spot.

2. Don't Brag.
   "Men can brag," Carole points out. "but that's where a woman can't do what men do, and still be feminine. No man will endure listening to a girl boast about how smart she is."
3. Obey the Boss.
   "A career girl who competes with men has to learn that rule—or else. If she won't accept discipline, or bow to the rules of the institution and take orders, she can't succeed. I know that the picture industry knows best. I remember when I was making "My Man Godfrey" with William Powell. Gregory La Cava was directing. One day he was ill, but he insisted that work go on while he rested.
   "'You know what to do,' he told us. 'Just pretend I'm there and go ahead.'"
   "Well, it didn't work. Bill and I were used to taking orders because it's part of the discipline of the studio. It was a simple scene, we knew what to do, but the director wasn't there and we felt lost. Somebody has to be the boss in every big enterprise, and if the boss is absent the business soon comes to a halt."
4. Take Criticism.
   "Men have learned to take criticism, that is, the successful men. The ones who flare up and go home mad are the kind who never get the last installment paid on the radio.
   "Here again the movies have taught me. I have learned to take criticism and stand up to it like a man. Yet a woman will simply under the sails and losing myself among the gum and other useless things.

But I had to take it. If you're playing according to masculine rules, which is required of any girl with a career, you've got to accept criticism and profit by it. Otherwise how could you become a singer, decorator, painter or private secretary? I learned something at a experience, too. I'm best if I top off tears with a laugh. A star who is too big for criticism sooner or later loses out. That goes for working women, too."
5. Love is Private.
   "When it comes to your personal life, such as love and romance, girls should take a tip from the men and keep their affairs to themselves. Any man worth his salt regards his private life as his own. To kiss a girl and run and tell would mark him as a cad. Why doesn't that apply to girls also?"
6. Work—and Like It!
   "All women should have something worthwhile to do," says Carole, "and cultivate efficiency at it, whether it's housekeeping or raising chickens.
   "Working women are interesting women. And they're easier to live with. Idle women who can think of nothing to do with their time are dangerous to themselves and to others. The only 'catty' women I've known were idlers, with nothing to do but gossip and make trouble."
7. Pay Your Share.

"Nobody likes a man who is always flumding when it's time to pay the check," Carole points out. "I think the woman who assumes that the man can afford to pay for everything is making a mistake. More and more the concept of the Double treat is coming in vogue, particularly among working men and women. You don't have to surrender your femininity if you pay your share of the bill."

8. The Cardinal Virtue.
   "There is a sense of humor," says Carole. "Do you laugh in the right places? Then, you'll get along, in fair weather or foul. Humor is nothing less than a sense of the fitness of things. Something that's out of proportion, like an inflated ego, should strike you funny, particularly if it's your own inflated ego. Otherwise you are pathetic and quite hopeless."

9. Be Consistent.
   "By that," remarks Carole, "I mean you should take a hint from the men. They are terribly consistent, as a rule. You can tell what they'll do in any given circumstance.

"If a girl puts her best foot forward at the office, she shouldn't change steps when she gets home. A career girl must be neatly turned out, even-tempered and willing to take orders at work and there's no reason why she must check those virtues with her hat and coat when she leaves her place of business."

"I manage to add enough inconsistency to my behavior at the studio so that I'm the same there as at home; inclined to blow off steam at odd moments or be very demure and sweet-tempered—just to keep 'em guessing. In fact I've got myself guessing. I don't quite know which way I am. That's being consistently inconsistent, anyway."

"Men are about the same at home as they are at work. Don't say it's because they lack the imagination to be otherwise—just take the hint. Men are creatures of habit and comfort, and they are puzzled and disturbed by change. That's why so many of them marry their stenographers; it's in hope of finding the same efficiency at home as at the office. They are supreme optimists."

"If you go into the business world to meet male competition, then you've got to play the game more or less according to their rules."

"By doing that, I've found that any intelligent girl can get along very well. About the only important difference I've noticed is in the problem of travel; men can travel alone easier than women. However, old habits of transportation are changing and the comfort of women is more and more the concern of air, railroad and bus travel."

10. Be Feminine.
   "All of this," Carole declares, "does not keep you from preserving your femininity. You can still be insane about a certain brand of perfume and wear it when you get a run in your favorite pair of stockings."

"You can still have fits when the store sends out the very shade of red drapes you did not order, and which wear horribly at the red in the davenport. But when you go down to the drapery store and ask for them, you get a run in your favorite pair of stockings."

"All of which sums up to this: Play fair and be reasonable. When a woman can do that she'll make some man the best manager he ever found, or wind up running a whole department store. And being a woman, thank heaven you still have that choice!"
"It's a shame for any girl to risk Cosmetic Skin" says MERLE OBERON

CREAMY and smooth as magnolia petals is Merle Oberon's flawless skin. She tells you her way of keeping it lovely—a way any girl can follow. "I use rouge and powder all I like," she says. "But to guard against Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores—I've made Lux Toilet Soap my regular complexion care."

"The active lather guards against choked pores," she tells you. "It removes stale cosmetics thoroughly—keeps skin smooth." That's because it goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale cosmetics, dust and dirt.

Romance comes to girls who keep skin lovely . . .

Take Merle Oberon's tip. Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. Use it before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed. 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap!
Help Yourself to a Summer Figure

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

place and the result is what I call a one-piece figure. It has no definite lines, no curves, no proportion, nothing. It's just all woman and a yard wide! Don't let that happen to you, babies. Take it from mama, if you do, you'll be thoroughly miserable, and your job of correcting your figure will be much harder later on. Just ask some poor gal who has already gone the way of all flesh. She'll tell same problems that you have. Margaret Sullivan's hip line is smooth and free from any bumps, and Alice Faye can give any of the Hollywood gals a run for their money when it comes to flashing a good-looking figure. For an attractive, firm and well-modelled bust line, Jean Harlow offers a fine example. Study these girls' figures, then fire away at your particular faults. I'll supply the ammu-

smoothly and that your elimination is regular. If you go at this reducing business in the right way, you'll be surprised how quickly you can normalize your system and acquire the alluring proportions you so much admire in others.

But right here, let me warn you about going at it all the wrong way. Restructuring the bust takes tons of patience and systematic work. You must never use strenuous methods on the breasts. Never squeeze or massage the breasts for reducing. I know many worrying women who in their confusion try anything and everything to reduce the bust. Some take pills, others use violent mechanical contrap-
tions, vibrators, even pumps and vacuum affairs. Such instruments can ruin the delicate glands and tissues of the breast.

Other women use heat-producing gadgets that sweat and draw the very life out of them, or they sit and steam themselves down to their last tissue. When brought about by normal physical activity and increased circula-
tion, perspiration is healthy. It's a wonder-
ful way to eliminate poisons from the system. But too much sitting in extremely hot baths or steam cabinets, or too much broiling in electric blankets can sap your vitality, weaken your entire system and cause the body tissues to sag and become flabby. Is that what you're striving for? I should hope not.

SOME of you young things strap and bind your breasts tightly against your chest in your efforts to make them less conspicuous. That's equally fatal. Listen to me, sweet-
hearts, I want you all to stop such nonsense. The breasts are extremely delicate and must be treated with utmost care if you want to preserve their loveliness. You have no idea how many hundreds of unhappy women write to me, their letters full of regrets over "the foolish things I did when I was young." They now find themselves with broken-down, stringy and saggy bosoms, in many cases the result of the very same destructive things you are doing. Not until the damage had been done did they realize their mistakes. I want to keep you from making those same mistakes, so for your beauty's sake as well as your health's, let what I've said sink in.

In most cases, women with large breasts are inclined to be fat all over. A sensible redu-
cing program properly carried out will generally decrease your measurements. But in addition to diet and general exercise, you must include special exercises for localized fat.

Before I go into that, I want to give you an eating program. Remember, get your doctor's O. K. before starting. To reduce the bust, you should go on my general, ten-day redu-
ing diet, the one I gave here recently. If you missed it, send for it at once. After this ten-day conditioning period, try two days of this: Upon arising, take a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon; two hours later, take a glass of buttermilk; continue to drink six ounces of buttermilk every two hours, from the time you get up until you go to bed. I know some of you think you don't like buttermilk. Well, learn to like it. It's good for you. Consider it as a medicine, if you must. Most people loathe castor oil, but occasionally they have to take it.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82]
THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her gloriously clear, smooth skin.

She stands for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who attend the Coronation, none is lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:

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

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

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see your skin growing lovelier!

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Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she wears under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

(above) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.

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

Pond's, Dept. 15CP, Chatam, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 5 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 to cover postage and packing.

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'I heard Sid mention his sister, but she meant nothing to me. Naturally—until one day I picked up this snapshot on his desk.

'I asked him who the choice number was, and felt a little embarrassed when he said she was his sister Molly. But I guess he forgave the fresh remark, the way I began to treat him like a brother. I even loaned him money.

'He said he'd rather I'd take the snapshot than come mooning around his desk all the time, so that's how I became the owner. How I became the owner of the girl herself is another story—but it really began with this snapshot.'

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
The Intimate Life of a Gentleman Rebel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

making up for these awful freezing weeks. The wind, unmindful, continued to wail off Lake Cayuga and straight into his room.

That he finally passed the examinations with flying honors was no particular surprise to him. Self-confidence and young Tone were to be considered as interchangeable terms at Cornell. Inwardly, though, he was a different person—sure of himself, of his values and even slightly egotistic concerning his place in the scheme of things. In fact, in a less conspicuous way, he was as much of a rebel at Cornell as he had been at The Hill.

He was rather flattered when invited to join his brother's fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi, but it didn't matter to him that the fraternity felt let-down when he, their youngest member, went out for the tame dramatic club instead of seeking glory and honor for both the fraternity and the school on the athletic field. Athletics—honors bored Franchot. The dramatic club, scorned though it was as an activity, did not. And to his credit, he is said that the presidency of the Club (which he finally held) soon became one of the most coveted of honors and that before he left school, the Club was recognized as one of the finest in the country.

The first year or so of Cornell went by swiftly for the young and experimental Tone. He studied diligently the subjects that interested him, thumbed through those that didn't and poured his whole heart into the Dramatic Club. Occasionally he imagined himself in love with one of the many pretty girls in Ithaca. But even if he could remember any one of their names, he wouldn't tell them—though he swears the only one he sincerely remembers is the beautiful girl who bid him be true as she left Ithaca for a try at Broadway after a hectic summer romance. This morbidly-happy ending so delighted Tone that he actually was true to her—for six months.

When Franchot was halfway through his sophomore year, he and three other "free souls" went in together and rented a house on the westerly boundary of the Cornell quadrangle and promptly named it "The Little Gray Home In The West."

"If that paints a quiet, sentimental picture, it's a false one," grins Tone. "If "The Little Gray House could talk, it would certainly have tales to tell of Saturday night beer busts, of dishes that were never washed, floors that were left unswept and of a big, blazing fireplace that soon became the focal point of every mentally undigested idea or notion in the clan.

Franchot loved the free and easy life of The Little Gray Home In The West. It was a grand bachelor existence. Bachelor, chieftly, because all four of the male occupants were carrying the torch for some out-town girl; so women were never permitted within the doors.

"We had grand times, great talks and sometimes a heavy beer hang-over," Franchot admits. "The four of us did almost everything—including joining the Book & Bowl Club and acquiring a model T Ford. When a fire broke out in The Little Gray Home, we

spent three winter weeks with nothing but a canvas flap over the burned-away front door. And I'll never forget the night my Ford went "nuts" and chased the night watchman all over the campus—well, no one knows the truth of that little incident but model T and myself."

His first two years as a "professional" were certainly drab enough. Through the intervention of a cousin who was backing a stock company called The Gary-McGary Players in Buffalo, Tone secured a job as stage manager at the puzzling salary of $15.00 a week. His duties were to write down all stage business during the rehearsals, announce half-hour, and prompt the actors from the wings.

In fact, he was paid to do everything but the one thing he wanted to do—act!

His first break came when the juvenile of the company got an offer from Broadway and the director (Ralph Murphy, now a motion picture director in Hollywood) was left with a romantic lead for a play that was to open in a couple of nights. Luckily, being so anxious to play the rôle, Franchot had...
"I FOUND NEW BEAUTY with Hollywood's Make-Up Secret"

I had just about decided that to be really attractive one had to be born beautiful. I never dreamed that make-up could really work a miracle...but it did. I found new beauty when I discovered color harmony make-up created by Hollywood's make-up genius, Max Factor.

You, too, like thousands of girls, can find new beauty...the beauty of your dreams...if you know Hollywood's make-up secret. It is color harmony make-up, consisting of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to accent the color appeal of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Created to beautify screen star types, you may be sure it will do wonders for you.

FACE POWDER Imparts a Satin-Smooth Make-Up — The original color harmony shades of Max Factor's Face Powder will actually enliven the beauty of your skin. Clinging in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that will appear perfect under any close-up test...one dollar.

ROUGE SHADES Dramatize Your Type — Rouge should give an enchanting touch of color to your cheeks that dramatizes your beauty...and that is exactly what your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge will do. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily...fifty cents.

LIPSTICK Withstands Every Test — Super-indelible...moisture-proof, lasting...alluring color harmony shades...important reasons why screen stars say, "Once I've made up my lips with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick I know they'll appear perfect for hours." Try it and see...one dollar.

Max Factor * Hollywood

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, Max Super-Indelible Lipstick in my color harmony shade, and The New Art of Society Make-up Chart and 48-page Instruction Book FREE.

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Mail to: Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood.
learned every line and every gesture of the now-unfilmed role. So, in desperation, Murphy allowed him to play it. And Tone was so exhausted from an all-night cram session, he was sufficiently relaxed to give an excellent performance. Even his mother who occupied (quite skeptically) a front row seat, was forced to admit that Franchot might be headed in the right direction.

Being a new play, the critics were there as well. Were enthusiastic, too. And when those two "Bibles" of the theater, *Billboard* and *Variety* decided to carry short-but-laudatory reviews of his work, Franchot considered no salary. For the first time in his life, a discouraged young Franchot entertained doubts that the world was his particular oyster.

"But those tough breaks were good for me. I had them coming. Up to that time, things I had wanted had come too easily to me. I shall never forget one awful day; it was the day I had been released after six days of rehearsal and I had to ride the subway back to town. Lord, I was blue. But on that subway, I had it out with myself. I knew I could do one of two things. Return to Niagara Falls and a good job with Father, or stick it out in New York and wait for the break..."

It keeps one busy being tough, and here is Eddie Robinson touching up his phiz for "Kid Golobad" helped by Dick Johnson, dean of make-up men. Below, a candid camera shot of director Michael Curtiz showing Eddie, Jane Bryan and Wayne Morris how to act. The trouble is—only Jane is watching!

...period, he says: "Oddly enough, I stayed away from the more or less gay spots and saved my money. In fact, I saved more that year, in proportion, than I've ever been able to save since. I wound up with $2,000 in a savings account, to boot!"

The season of 1930-31 saw Franchot in "Cross Roads" with Sylvia Sidney and Peggy Shannon, both of whom tried Hollywood before he did. Following that, he appeared in "The Rustler" with a brief run with Phillip Barrie's "Hotel Universe," the Theater Guild signed him to a three-year contract.

Success had come upon him in such gradual doses that Franchot was a sought-after and popular actor on Broadway almost without realizing how far he had come. Though he was not starred, he drew laudatory notices for his work opposite such stars as Lenore Ulric in "The Pagan Lady," Jane Cowl in "A Thousand Summers." It was while touring the road with Miss Cowl that he had the terrific thrill of playing in *Ithaca* before the old gang from Cornell. The regular theater had been too small to hold the advance sale and a huge auditorium had been taken over for the play. The name "Franchot Tone" was prominent in lights beside the famous name Jane Cowl which is an experience akin to returning to your hometown and driving a Rolls-Royce up the main drag.

It was while appearing with Jane Cowl that M-G-M signed him to a contract for motion picture work in Hollywood—"Although it didn't happen as suddenly as that might sound," he added humorously. "From the moment I got my name in a Broadway cast, I had been making motion picture 'tests' for one company and then another. I suppose if the tests I made were strong end-to-end, they'd make at least a twelve-reel feature. They weren't bad, either. I remember being quite surprised that they were as good as they were, considering that I didn't think I had either a screen face or personality. But for some reason (or many of them) nothing had come of my very persistent testing until M-G-M offered me a contract beginning at the same salary I was then getting on the stage, to try my luck in Hollywood.

"Frankly, it was the year-around salary that tempted me. I decided to make as much money as possible for a year and then return to the stage. So I asked for a trick clause in my contract to the effect that after I'd served my year of financial sentence, I (or the studio) should have the option of re-signing for another term."

In the beginning, Franchot did not like Hollywood. Even now, I'm not quite sure it is his favorite environment. At the very start, his whole life and scheme of living seemed turned bottom side up. He had few friends and his original impression was that he was marooned in a completely mousy place, and to add to the gloom, he had rented a place at the beach and was forced to lie in fog for the first month or two of his stay.

But day after day Franchot reported hopefully to the studio, only to be told to "wait." When, after five dreary weeks, he was advised that he was to go into the cast of Joan Craw- ford's "Today We Live," he refused to believe it until he was actually in make-up and on the set. Even then he remained skeptical until he began his first scene with the star. **PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88**
"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I elect Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—after dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Joan was a revelation to the by now discontented actor from New York. She was the most vivid and intensely magnetic person he had encountered in Hollywood. He liked her immediately. And he was delighted when she went out of her way to be kind to him—talking of the stage, books and music. They found a mutual fund of interests, and if he became a bit more interested in Joan as a beautiful and charming girl than as a student of the art, it was an emotion he kept carefully to himself.

For Joan was married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the time and, as far as Franchot and the world knew, very happily married too.

It wasn’t until the following spring, when they appeared together in “Dancing Lady,” that their friendship blossomed into something more than “Hello” as they passed each other on the lot. This, then, was the very beginning of their romance for, by now, Joan had filed divorce papers against young Doug.

In the meantime, Franchot’s career had gone ahead with such pictures as “Gabriel Over The White House,” “Street & Return,” and “Moulin Rouge.” (His favorite picture, by the way, is “Fiengal Lancers” which he made some time later.) His “trial year” in the movies was almost at an end as he appeared for “Dancing Lady” and when he began the picture he had every intention in the world of returning to Broadway as he originally had planned.

By the time the picture was completed, wild horses couldn’t have dragged him away from Hollywood. Franchot and Joan were, by then, deeply and sincerely in love.

He didn’t talk about the romance that led to his marriage with the glamorous Joan because Franchot steadfastly refuses to make publicity fodder of anything so intimate and personal as his life. But I happen to know, nonetheless, that the early stages of their love story were not happy for Tono despite the eventual happy ending. Not that Joan didn’t return his love, but she had been hurt and bewildered by the crashing of her marriage to young Fairbanks. She needed time to adjust her life. In addition, it was slow agony for him to be dragged through the Hollywood go-up-with-the-sunward “might” or “might not” marry Franchot had been able to maintain a private life on the stage; in Hollywood, and sincerely in love with a girl whose very name spelled headlines, it was indeed another story.

During the year that an old love died and a new love was born, Franchot was devotion itself to Joan. She has said more than once that he brought new values, new ambition and new aspirations into her life. Less has been said about Joan’s influence on Franchot but it was definite from the beginning. Joan loves Hollywood and her career. She respects her profession. In time, she showed Franchot that Hollywood—with all its outward glitter and glamour—was not a mere money mill to be condescendingly embraced by Broadwayites who detested to the very bone. They held many long discussions, even arguments, concerning the relative merits of his world and hers. Gradually those two worlds came closer and closer together, finally, they found them mysteriously blended.

They went East to be married for two reasons: First to escape the ballyhoo of a Hollywood ceremony and secondly for Joan to meet Franchot’s family. The wedding, however, couldn’t have been more hectic if it had been staged in Hollywood.

“Nicholas Schenck, M-G-M’s New York executive, helped us with our secret wedding plans,” says Franchot, “by having one of his close friends—the Mayor of Englewood, N.J.—issue him a trade license to bring a license to the Mayor’s home and we were married there. Immediately after we got back to New York, Joan began worrying about the story leaking out. Walter Winchell had her promise for the story and she finally told him—asking him to wait until his Sunday broadcast (this was Friday) to break it. Winchell later told us that he never went through two such days in his life. He bought every edition of every paper, scared to death to look at the front page for fear of seeing the story. After his broadcast, he told us that he was through with stories; too many gray hairs were the result.

“During those two days while we were secretly married, we had a grand time. We danced until dawn and did a lot of silly things we’d always wanted to do. I remember going home from our Saturday night’s revelry in the cool and clear—just breaking daylight and we stopped the taxi on Sixth Avenue and watched with an ancient newsguy. The old gent had no idea who his partners in-gaitery were, I’m sure, but he joined in the fun and stepped pretty lively too, for an old codger.

“Then, in the white glare of public publicity, Joan and Franchot returned to Hollywood and a newly-decorated home in Brentwood, two dashshunds, a few close and chosen friends and their mutual love for music, the stage and motion pictures. It is hardly necessary to detail their activities, either social or professional, since that time—as practically every word that can be printed concerning them has been printed a dozen times over.

That Hollywood has chosen to misconstrue their musical ambitions, their singing lessons, their book proposals, the way they have added to their home and many other of their mutual interests as being “highbrow,” has bothered Franchot not the slightest. That Hollywood continues to interpret his refusal to be a back-slapper and a proverbial half-fellow-well-met as an indication of snobbery, bothers him even less.

And so he stands where he is today, one of the finest and certainly one of the most sincere actors on the screen. There is no guising that he is one of the most independent men in Hollywood. Franchot’s heart is as much a rebel to the traditions of the glamour game as he was to the rules at The Hill or the social conventions of his fraternity at Cornell. The real difference lies in the fact that he never seeks converts to his creed. His code is individual. All he has the privilege of adhering to it himself.

I doubt that Hollywood will ever change him or mould him to the standard, accepted pattern.

We must accept him for his fine work, his sincere portrayals, and credit his lack of the usual Hollywood conscience for his determination to avoid hypocrisy—leaving him a stranger within the gates.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

THE END
NOW SHOWING
Smart-Youthful-New White
ENNA JETTICKS

Look up this white “show” in your neighborhood. See it as soon as possible—for it’s bound to make a difference in your life! Such hit features as pert bows, punched ventilations, sandalized effects, and high-rising tongues will outfit you with youthful charm.

America’s Smartest Walking Shoes
Go Places Comfortably

Cleo Wears cool punchings in fashionable massed designs. In White Kid. $6

Edith Uses a young, upstanding tongue for front height. Comes in White Kid. $6

Bebe A gay sport with fringed tongue. White Buccaneer or Boarded Calf. $5

Fifi A debonair new punched sport in White Buccaneer or Boarded Calf. $5

Soft, cool-as-a-breeze leathers and unusually comfortable lasts are designed to send you to every occasion on your busy daytime calendar with a light, easy step. And because every shoe is hand-flexed by master craftsmen, there’s no guarantee of stiffness in the show-ful!

Enna Jetticks
Hand-Flexed by Master Craftsmen
AUBURN NEW YORK
ALTHOUGH it may be publicity build-up, B. P. Shulberg says he wants to marry his new Italian find—Milli Monti. They’ve been night clubbing together a lot.

CAROLE LOMBARD had the flu for a week and Clark Gable gave up his hunting trip to remain with her. Devotion plus.

VIRGINIA BRUCE and David Niven had a quarrel; patched it up; are hotter than ever.

PRETTY June Travis who gets about, now has Dick Purcell on the string. Dick admits she is the only girl in the world but June hedges on whether or not it’s love for her.

JACK LA RUE is seeing Connie Simpson once more after a full.

CLAUSE RAINS is off for a long vacation of several months. He’ll spend it on his farm near Philadelphia.

THAT accident Hoot Gibson had with his car last February is having results. Mrs. Myra Finn who drove the car he assertively smashed into is suing for twenty-five thousand.

THE Franchot Tones are having their first real vacation together, in several weeks at a ranch outside Palm Springs.

AXX SOTHERN, supposed to fall into a faint for a scene, hit a settee on the way down and cut her lower lip. Doctors took three stitches, sent her home. Said Cary Grant, her co-star, “She gets a rest but I have to work anyway. Why couldn’t she have done this on a day when they couldn’t have shot my scenes without her being present?”

DILL REGAN took his 16 cylinder car to a Salt Lake City course for a speed test. The car blew a tire, turned over at some incredible speed and tossed Regan out. His life was saved by a safety helmet he was wearing.

HEY say it’s all off with Glenda Farrell and Drew Elerson. He’s been going about with Tala Birell and Marjorie Murdock.

LEE TRACY’s mother slipped into Santa Monica Bay the other day when the landing gear on her son’s boat gave way under her. Tracy went in after her, pulled her out. She can’t swim.

JOHNNY DOWNS gave Eleanor Whitney a ticket to Honolulu as a birthday gift, which was convenient since he was leaving that day for the island himself. Gossip is they may be married over there.

JEAN MUIR has bought some property in Santa Fe near that owned by Lynn Riggs, her current romance.

ARLINE JUDGE and Dan Topping honeymooning in Honolulu. Arline divorced Wesley Ruggies in Reno and acquired a new husband all on the same day.

LATEST word in Hollywood is that the long expected marriage of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will take place in Hawaii this summer.


TYRONE POWER and Sonja Henie back from making snow scenes in the north for “Thin Ice” humung “Love to Keep Them Warm.”

SHIRLEY TEMPLE writes a daily report of her activities for her mother, recovering from an operation in Santa Monica Hospital.

ARTHUR TREACHER and Hugh Herbert found that an operation for appendicitis was no comedy.

KATHERINE DeMILLE, always a villainess in films, getting her chance to be a nice sweetheart in “Love Under Fire.”

ROBERT TAYLOR will sing in “Broadway Melody.” Roger Edens is coaching him.

JEAN HARLOW is changing her hair again. This time it’s to be red for her role in “Saratoga.”

GINGER ROGERS is the first bridesmaid chosen for the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding. Mothers of Hollywood stars banded together and gave Jeanette a linen shower.

SIMONE SIMON lunching with six men in the RKO dining room practically threw the place in an uproar. Only French was spoken so no one knows why the laughter and merri ment at their table.

HOLLYWOOD is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Katharine Hepburn to discover what goes on when Hepburn reads the script of “Stage Door.” It seems Ginger Rogers has a part equal to Miss Hepburn’s but no amount of talking on Hepburn’s part can change the studio’s mind, for after all Ginger Rogers leads third at the box office; Hepburn is 52nd.

SIDNEY FRANKLIN, one of Hollywood’s ace directors, and Mrs. Ruth Helms Nagel were married April 12, at Las Vegas, Nevada. They will honeymoon in New York.

TONY BELL, two-year-old son of ex-star Clara Bow and Rex Bell, is headed for a screen career. His tests are reported extraordinary.

GEORGE GIVOT, actor, will wed his childhood sweetheart, Maryon Curtis, April 25. They were reunited three years ago when she moved to Los Angeles. They will live on the actor’s twenty acre ranch near Tarzana.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell on the verge of buying a yacht in spite of the fact Joan gets seasick.
This enchanting bit of brevity, the new Jantzen Cherie, artfully combines daring and modesty with the neckline cut to the waist. A dramatically original creation! There's a tailored-in elastic Bra-Lift, exclusive with Jantzen, that molds the bust in sculptured lines. The diagonal Kava Knit fabric of luxurious, quick-drying wool gives you flattering slenderness through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch.

Jantzens are the choice of smart swimmers and sunners because they fit so perfectly, permanently; because they definitely "do something for you". See the smart new figure-control Jantzens at your favorite store or shop. Try them on. Revel in their slender "girdle-fit". Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Cherie [illustrated] .......... $6.95
Cherie [with skirt] .......... $10.95
Other Jantzen Creations, $4.50 to $10.95
PHOTOPLAY

Tips On That Trip to Hollywood

(continued from page 35)

In downtown Hollywood, the Roosevelt is a big favorite with the screen crowd. Four to six dollars a day, single; six to eight, double. But pretty nearly always packed and jammed. All right, try the Knickerbocker, from five, single; from six, double. The Knickerbocker also offers an arrangement you might like in its hotel apartments, six to eight dollars a day. Hotel service, but your own kitchenette, which can save you money on meals. Food is relatively cheap in California.

In Los Angeles, conveniently out west from town, the famous Ambassador, with its even more famous Cocoanut Grove, will put you up for eight dollars, single; ten dollars, double, complete with swimming pool, tennis courts and pitch and putt greens. If it's Beverly Hills you crave, register with Clark Gable at the Beverly Wilshire. Not under five bucks.

Of course, there are scores of smaller, but just as clean, respectable and safe taverns scattered all through Hollywood and Los Angeles. Two dollars is about the minimum tariff. Try The Christie, The Padre, and The Plaza in the Hollywood district.

If you want to beat this, have your car along. Some of the auto camps out on Vents Boulevard, just a horn honk from the movie colony at Mayor Al Johnson's Encino, will take care of you for as low as a dollar a night, cheaper by the week. There is no full-fledged trailer camp anywhere around Hollywood.

In the past, thrity visitors solved the shelter problem by renting apartments by the week. But don't count on that this year. The housing shortage and real estate boom have made apartments very rare bird nests indeed. However, if you're going to stay a while and want to have your own little lower, you can dig up bungalow courts with real Hibiscus—feel—dancing around the door. Modest single apartments usually start at thirty-five and forty.

ALL right, all right! I know you aren't planning on staying in some hotel room and staring at the three-piece overstuffed. So we'll get right on to business.

Here is the straight stuff about getting into the studios and seeing stars at work. Unless you are a pretty important person in this world, unless you have a friend or relative pretty well up in the motion picture business, unless you happen to know some oblique soul who works in a studio or allied enterprise—your chances of getting a good look at a picture being filmed are very slim indeed.

Studios don't like to be exclusive but time is big money to them. They simply can't afford to bother with any more visitors than are absolutely necessary. But you had a friend, and she got in and—all right, if you don't know a soul, here is your one chance. Go to your local theater exhibitor and see if he will pave the way with a letter to someone he knows in the studios. Maybe he can and maybe not. But he's your best bet.

Of course, you can always drive through a studio lot, if you're that easily satisfied. The Tamer Tours will ride you through the Warner Brothers lot, as part of their all-day Hollywood sight-seeing trip. If a company is shooting out of-doors, you might even get a chance to watch; but Tamer's don't guarantee a thing that way. The trip includes beach points of interest, movie stars' homes, lunch at Universal Studios, and costs four and a half per person.

If you have your own car, and want to chauffeur your own sight-seeing tour, take it out Sunset Boulevard toward the sea. At intervals from West Hollywood to Brentwood you'll see gaily colored beach umbrellas and men sitting in canvas chairs behind signs saying "Guide To Movie Homes." For fees ranging from fifty cents to six dollars, according to how much rubbernecking you can stand, they'll climb into your car and point out star mansions and various movie landmarks. You can buy a map and conduct your own tour, but it isn't recommended. Hollywooders are hard to find, and stars move around quite a bit. You might gaze rapturously at where you think Bob Montgomery tucks his toсуд, head, when all the time it's only where Joe Katz of the lingerie game hangs out.

The transportation problem is a respectable headache unless you have a car, which is a very solid argument in favor of driving out. Distances are great in "Hollywood," which is to say, anywhere from Toluca Lake to Santa Monica. It is, in fact, a good twenty mile jaunt just making the studio circuit. On top of all this Los Angeles has probably the worst transportation system of any city its size in the world. It's all surface, incredibly slow and badly co-ordinated. Cab fares are so high and distances so great as to be almost prohibitive. In other words, unless you want to fret and stew and spend your life waiting for buses and trams, you'll need an automobile.

You can rent one at plenty of Drive-It-Yourself places but it's fairly expensive. For a small car, say a new Plymouth, Ford or Chevrolet, it will set you back $21.50 a day plus 8 cents a mile, including insurance. By the week, $25.50 and 7 cents for every mile over 400. Bigger cars come higher, of course. A Rolls-Royce is worth ten bucks a day. Besides proper identification, you'll have to plunk down a deposit of one and a half times the rental price.

If you're going to be around for a while in your own motor, the best dodge is to buy a small used car and arrange to sell it back to the dealer at a slight loss when you leave. They're used to these deals. Even with the sales tax, you'll save money.

THAT saving can buy you good times, dining and dancing and going places, doing things, seeing people. Yes, I mean stars.

You might have a tough time catching them at work, but at play—well, that's something else.

For your "must" list of dance and dive spots put the Ambassador's Coconut Grove and the Trocadero right up at the top. At the Grove the big night is Tuesday—Movie Night. A big star takes over the entertainment every Tuesday and calls on all her friends to help out. Result, a field day, or night, for you and you. Can't get tickets? Have you heard of the Grove this summer, they don't know themselves; but it's always top orchestras. Any night except Saturdays and Movie Night, one flag will pay your cover charge at the Grove and three will get you a Continental dinner. On Movie Night the cover handicap is two dollars, and Saturdays one-fifty.

"Troccin" is a more modern Hollywood

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
MAKE YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS!

"Brushing with Calox seems to bring out a new, brilliant luster."

JOEL MCCREA, co-star with Miriam Hopkins in Samuel Goldwyn's "WOMAN CHASES MAN." Plan to see this picture—and watch his brilliant smile...

"Calox Tooth Powder is my choice . . . because the screen demands white and gleaming teeth."

Joel McCrea speaking.

AND ISN'T it true? Movie audiences admire a charming smile, sparkling teeth. But so does any audience—your own included. Your wife, your husband, your boss, your friends!

If your teeth look dingy—do something about it. Take a cue from Hollywood. Use the powder that has been tested and proved in the severest "personality laboratory" in the world. Use Calox Tooth Powder—at least twice every day.

Read below the sound scientific reasons why Calox cleans better, why it is the preferred dentifrice of so many stars.

WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K."

1. GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH. Scientifically approved polishing ingredients get to work! Dullness disappears. Teeth start to sparkle.

2. SAFE BECAUSE IT'S SOFT. Calox contains no grit—no pumice—nothing that could scratch enamel.

3. RELEASES LIVE OXYGEN. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.

4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE. Calox is made by McKesson & Robbins—who have supplied fine drugs to physicians and hospitals since 1833.

"CAMERA!" Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and cameraman shooting a scene from "Woman Chases Man." Powerful 2000-watt lights are poured on the star's face and teeth. Would your teeth register flawless in such a test? Experiences like this teach so many stars to use Calox.
Quickly CORRECT UGLY Figure Faults!

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES IT REMOVES UNWANTED BULGES!

TEST PERFOLASTIC at our expense!

IF YOU do not REDUCE 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS... it will cost you nothing!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making the above unqualified agreement. Thousands of women today owe their slim, youthful figures to this safe, quick way of reduction. "Hips 1 1/2 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," says Mrs. Derr.

Immediately Appear Smaller this Season!

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PHOTOPLAY FOR JUNE, 1937

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]
programs come out of Hollywood now. Most of them feature screen stars.

A good idea, the minute you get in town, would be to visit the NBC and Columbia studios and make ticket applications for your favorite air shows. You may have to wait a week or two. Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Jack Oakie, Eddie Cantor, Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Theater with its top rank screen artists and Hollywood Hotel's big guest stars are regular weekly attractions. You'll get a bang out of them and save wear and tear on the wallet. Absolutely free.

YOUR culture, ascetic or physical, doesn't have to be completely neglected while stalking the elusive movie star. Matter of fact, a grand place to bag big game is the Hollywood Bowl. Symphonies under the stars draw the stars in droves. Thanks to Mother Nature, fifty-cent seats are every bit as good as the boxes. I've already mentioned the Legion Fights on Fridays.

Mae West will be there. Also Al Jolson and Ruby, Lupe and Johnny, Charlie Ruggles and a flock of regular canvas backs. Ducats are from fifty cents to three dollars.

Malibu is a bit dated now. Lately, Laguna Beach, a lazy artists' colony sixty miles south toward San Diego, has lured Hollywooders to its rocky shores.

But for the most part, you'll run as good if not a better chance of catching your hero au naturel splashing in the public surf at Santa Monica, right near town. Take a stroll down the sand past the sea-sprayed mansions of Norma Shearer and Marion Davies and see how many famous faces you can recognize behind dark glasses and zinc oxide. The Swimming Club beach is your best bet, and you'll probably catch Joel McCrea batting a volley ball at the Beach Club next door; he's captain of the team.

Catalina Island is definitely worth a choppy crossing if you're at all nautical, or even if you're not. In cobalt Avalon Bay you'll see every movie yacht afloat.

Look for Lee and Spencer Tracy, Warren William, Bill Powell, Warner Baxter Jimmy Cagney and Dick Bartheslcy among others. The trip across and back on a big, safe steamer is only three dollars. You can fly for a fiver each way.

If you're at all horsey, you'll want to save Sunday afternoons for the polo matches.

One dollar will get you a good seat at the Riviera or the Uplifters where you can watch Bob Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, Leslie Howard, Johnny Mack Brown, Darryl Zanuck and plenty more horse hockey experts galloping about.

Golf? Your best star bet is the Lakeside Country Club, just a mashie pitch from Warner Brothers Studios.

Bing Crosby is the club champion and plays every Sunday morning, bright and early. Dick Arlen, too. You'll have to wrangle a guest card to play yourself.

There are a thousand more tips I'd like to give you.

About the West Side Tennis Club, for instance, where you can always catch famous movie racquetees and famous movie racquetees; about the Bel-Air stables; about Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear, star retreats high in the mountains; about Malibu Lake and its screen colony—but I'd need a thousand more pages to tell the thousand more things you can do and see around Hollywood this summer.

Anyhow, come—for it's a swell vacation and you'll like it.
he cut the firewood, and best of all, the odor
of hot coffee boiling on the coals.

At five in the morning he crawled out of his
eiderdown sleeping bag, rubbed the bristle on
his chin, and breathed deep of air that was
like nothing you breathe in the studio.

The sun hadn't topped Saddle Mountain yet,
and it was cold and gray in the canyon. The
dogs, though, were yapping and straining at
their chains, eager to be off. Butler's white
mule cocked one ear and then the other, won-
dering if he'd spend the day trailing.

"Gound is in fine shape for trailing lions," But-
ler said, lighting his pipe. "Moist and
thawing a little when the sun comes out; it
will hold scent for a long time."

Horses were saddled, and they started down
the canyon. The dogs had strung out, barking
with excitement, as they were out of sight,
but their yapping drifted back, and hearts
beat faster for the sound of it.

"THERE'S no thrill quite like it," Clark
says. "Trailing mountain lions has every
element of sport you want. Riding or going
it on foot when the way is too rough for your
horse, hounds to follow the cat and keep things
living. There's something doing every minute
of the chase, with a rousing climax when you
finally tree your lion."

The dogs had a hot scent and were following
it fast. But the lion was heading into high
country, trying to shake off pursuit, and the
going was rough.

Clark had chaps over his leather pants to
protect his legs from the thorny brush. Some-
thing over grown the undergrowth was so dense that
wings and branches whipped at his face, and that's
when the broad-rimmed hat of the cowboys
came in handy.

Then they came out onto a rocky plateau
that dropped away in sheer falls for a thousand
feet or more to the deep gorges. Far away
they glimpsed the Colorado River, coiling
through Marble Canyon like a brown lasso.

Only Captain Jack carried a gun—a 30-30
slung in a boot at his saddle. Clark hunts
with a camera. On this trip he carried a small
one in his pocket and a home movie camera
in the saddle bag.

The excited baying ahead told that the dogs
at last had cornered their quarry. The horses
had to be left behind, and the men tackled the
steep trail on foot.

"When we got to the rim of the mountain
we looked down fifteen hundred feet of cliff," said Clark. "There on a ledge so small it
didn't seem possible for a living creature
to find a footing, was the lion.

The big cat had jumped or slid twenty feet
down to land there. Oddly enough, one of
the bounders had somehow managed to get
down to another ledge, blocking off escape in
that direction. There he was, marooned. He
couldn't climb back up, and another step would
send him down through space in that awful
drop to the canyon floor.

"Trying to rope a lion down there looked
impossible. I'd tried it and then thrown out of trees plenty
of times, but never in a case like this. Anyway
I'd try it. My first cast fell across his neck,
but before I could jerk it tight he whipped
completely around on that tiny shelf.

Then he gathered himself and sprang right
off into space. I thought that cat was a gone
but he struck the fence of the cliff fully twenty
feet farther along, clawed his way up a crevice,
and was gone like a brown streak of lightning.

"Now we didn't know what to do about that
dog stuck on the precarious roost he'd picked
for himself. Butler tried to rope him, but it
couldn't be done.

"Ted suggested we loop the rope under
his arms since he was the lightest, and lower
him down there. It was ticklish business, let
me tell you! But it was the only way to save the
bounder. Bud and I braced ourselves and
paid out the rope inch by inch. Then the load
slacked, and Ted yelled that he was safe on
the ledge.

"He tied the dog and we hauled him up
easily. Getting Ted back was another matter.
But we finally hauled him up by main force.

"No use then going on after the cat. We
had been five hours on the trail, and even with short
cuts it would take about as long to make camp
again. You can bet we were glad to get into
our sleeping bags that night!

"Next morning the dogs were eager to be
off again, but the cats, alarmed as their sere
feet hit the frozen ground. We decided to
give them a day's rest.

"Our next cat didn't give us such a long
chase. The dogs had him treed and were danc-
ing and howling below him when we arrived.
Then I had to laugh. It was a cab, about six
months old, and it was trying to put up a
ferocious front.

"I tried to think of the terrific amount of
damage that little cat would account for in
his lifetime, but I hated to see him killed by
Butler's rifle. Even at his age he would
slaughter a hundred deer in a year, not to
mention the calves and colts of ranchers in the
valleys. Full-grown cats don't stop at deer,
remember—they'll spring on a horse and by
sinking those two-inch claws into the poor
animal, get leverage so their jaws can break
the horse's neck.

"I'll take that little fellow back alive," I
told Butler.

"The branches were thick, so I climbed
after him, and it was easy to drop a noise around
his neck. When I hauled him down, Jack
grabbed his tail and in a few minutes we had
him hog-tied. Then we manicured those
knife-like claws of his and took him back to
Camp.

"He made a great racket when he was
chained to a tree, and refused to be friends. So
we went out after a companion.

"This time the hounds had a big fellow
treed. I got my movies and then went after
him. It was a tough job getting a rope around
him, but we brought him back to camp, draped
over the back of a pack horse.

"With two lions tied to trees let me tell you
that camp of ours was far from peaceful! It
was a bellam of snarls, spitting, and general
cat yawling. Why in thunder I wanted 'em
alive, Captain Jack couldn't see. He thought
the tarnation varmints should be turned into
pills, and that right pronto.

"But I wanted to make movies and bring
'ems back to town. I figured the little fellow
would make a nice pet for Carole Lombard,
although I wasn't sure she'd appreciate him as
much as I did.

"Anyway, there they were, and they filled
the night with hideous noises. Sometime before dawn that fool white mule got himself tangled in the chain of the biggest cat, and the spring snap parted right at the collar. Of course Mr. Cat wasted no time in getting away from there. I'll bet some hunter, out to rid the range of these cattle killers, will get the surprise of his life to find a dog collar on the lion he has killed!

"The next day we were off on one of the damnest adventures I've ever witnessed. I get chills to think of it even now.

"Once more the trail led up into the high country, through narrow gorges that climbed onto rock ridges, going up and up. Deer, driven down into the canyon with the snow, were thick. We came across the remains of one with only the antler and backbone left, where some cat had made a banquet.

"I dismounted for a shot of the carcass, collecting another bit of evidence against the villains we were hunting.

"Finally, the boggle voices of the dogs changed and we knew they had our lion cornered. When we got there, we saw that the lion had holed up in a cave. We scrambled up to the lip of the cave and looked in. From the hissing and spitting that greeted us, we knew the lion was there all right.

"'Maybe we can smoke him out,' Butler said.

"But after two hours of kindling brush and trying to get smoke into the cave, we gave up.

By this time the lion's temper was just about as short as our own.

"'I'm going in there after that cat,' declared Butler.

"'I've had my share of close calls, including one time with a big bear, and I regard cats as pretty cowardly creatures, but I wouldn't crawl into a dark cave after one, believe me! And that cat in there was plenty sore, too.'

"But Jack took a flashlight and his forty-five, and in he went. At first he couldn't see the animal, but casting the spot around he saw it on a ledge above him, those two glowing green eyes staring down at him. The big cat bunched his legs, his tail twitched as he got ready to leap—and then Jack fired. He came out dragging the dead cat by the tail.

"That's carrying the sport a bit far for my money. I didn't know which would come out of that cave alive, Jack or the cat, and I was glad indeed when he came out.'

"It was time to head back home. Ted and Clark loaded the unmannered little pet into the station wagon and brought him back to Hollywood.

But did Carole appreciate her pet? She did not! Now Clark has a live lion on his hands and if there's some zoo that wants a baby cougar, the address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Culver City. And Clark will be grateful if you apply at once!

WHO'S IN WHOSE HAIR

Here is a private preview of the famous heads and silly sulks that make Hollywood a hot box of intrigue and exciting situations. Don't fail to read this amusing story in July PHOTO-PLAY, on the stands June 9th.

Don't Meet that New Man

UNTIL YOU'VE MADE THIS "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST

If any moisture at all collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will draw out stale "armhole odor" when you most want to make a good impression

PRETTY CLOTHES, appealing charm and amusing conversation may win a new man's attention. But your first exciting meeting will never ripen into friendship if you have carelessly neglected that little hollow under your arm!

If you have been deodorizing only, even though you feel sure of your personal daintiness, don't meet another man until you have made the "Armhole-odor" Test.

As you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be shocked and surprised to find that your dress has a stale "armhole odor." That is the way you will smell to everyone you meet!

When you deodorize only, and although it is quick and easy to do, you do not stop perspiration and do not give yourself complete protection. Perspiration occurs after you deodorize, and the moisture is immediately transferred to the fabric of your dress. Every time you wear the dress, the warmth of your body draws out an intensified odor of the perspiration.

Girls who have tried all ways to master the art of personal daintiness know that one way is sure—complete dryness. Through embarrassment they have learned that quick, easy methods, which do not stop perspiration, are unreliable. They insist upon the complete protection of Liquid Ondorono and gladly devote the few extra moments necessary to its use.

Ondorono is entirely harmless to the under-arm skin, yet by keeping the underarm always dry, it insures both wearer and frilled against the slightest possibility of offensiveness.

Protects Lovely Garments

The dainty shades and sheer fabrics of your evening gowns will never be marred by ugly greasiness or discoloration from perspiration if you protect them with Ondorono. And you will find dry-cleaning bills on your entire wardrobe considerably reduced.

Start today. Ondorono comes in two strengths. Regular Ondorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Ondorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

To make sure your natural charm will be unmarrred by offensive "armhole odor," send today for sample vials of the two Ondoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

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Dept. 607, 191 Hudson St., New York City
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I enclose 5c, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Ondorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________ State __________
Molly, Bless Her

[continued from page 25]

her great luminous eyes had lost some of their luster, she firmly believed that her new artificial eyelashes, bought in spite of Molly's protests, restored much of their former allure. She turned from the mirror when the door opened, but it was only Lily Pringle, another old friend whom Molly had invited to live in her flat during these depressing times.

"I was hoping it was Molly," she said indifferently, scarcely glancing at Lily, who pulled off her beret and hung it on top of the covered sewing machine. "Maybe her being late is a good sign. What do you think, Lily?"

"I'm past the thinking stage," Lily answered. "My brain's melted, Lord! but this heat is terrific!" She ran her hands through her untidy boyish thatch of graying blonde hair and dropped into the old rocker that creaked painfully under her weight. "I did a marathon today from agent to agent. Couldn't even get a bite. Can you beat it, Julia?"

"It's a lot harder on us," Julia insisted, with a prolonged sigh. "After all, Lily, you never were a star and it's only a few years since every manager in New York was after Molly and me."

LILY's eyes closed with weariness. She didn't bother to answer. She pretended she was taking a little nap, and Julia, fully aware of the ruse, covered her indignation by going to the window to peer anxiously down the street. The Elevated roared past and filled the room with thundering echoes. Taxicab horns barked impatiently at the deep somnous tones of the insomniac horns. Suddenly her attention was attracted to a large brightly-hued luminescent that had drawn up in front of the entrance to their flat. With a half-strangled cry she rushed across the room and, to Lily's amazement, quickly locked the door.

"What is it?" Lily cried, with alarm. "The house pinched?"

"Ssh!" Julia cast an imploring glance at Lily. "It's Kitty Goodall!"

"Well, what of it?"

"That bug is a little parasite!" Julia hissed. "Driving down from the country on a hot day like this, dressed fit to kill and stinking of the most expensive perfume! She comes here just so she can rub our poverty into us! She's positively sadistic, that's what she is!"

"Nuts," said Lily briskly. "I've learned to ignore Julia's threatening glare, she stalked across the room and turned the key in the lock. "Come right in, Kitty," she said, heartily. "Your old pal Julia was just wondering how you were."

Kitty Goodall's pretty shallow little face was wreathed in smiles as she entered the room, with the slouching gait of a mankinin. "Hello, girls!" she said, with a slight sip. "I thought I'd drop in to see if Molly got that part in 'Gay Blades'?"

"Nope, she's not home yet," said Lily. "But sit down, Kitty. We're delighted to see you."

Kitty sank into a chair and, picking up a frayed palm-leaf fan that lay on the table, waved it lazily under her round dimpled face. "Anyway, I'll have a nice little visit with you girls. My date isn't until seven."

"Well, Kitty," said Lily, as she relaxed and rested her feet on the table, "what old money-bags have you got on the string now? Give us the low-down."

"He's the judge that gave my last divorce for me, and the biggest settlement I've ever had," said Kitty with a giggle. "How cozy!" offered Lily.

"Pah!" cried Julia, who no longer could endure her self-inflicted silence. "You're a little blood sucker, Kitty, that's what you are."

"Come on, honey, pipe down," said Lily. "You're wasting the stitches off your eyelashes and they'll fall in the soup—or it beans tonight?"

"It's hamburger," Julia whimpered.

A that moment, the door was flung open and Molly's cheerful voice called out: "Hello, girls! Hey! What's the idea? You look about as gay as a six-o'clock breakfast!"

"Molly!" they cried, simultaneously, their eyes avidly searching her face.

"Well, look who's here! How are you, Kitty?"

"I'm swell, Molly. Did you get the part?"

Molly's smile embraces them all as she began evasively: "Sure I got a job—not the one I went after, but one that—well, it looks like a more permanent job than the part in 'Gay Blazes.' It's—the wait till I kick my pumps off and then I'll tell you all about it." She wiggled her toes in her well-darned stockings, sighed with relief, and then, as if she were diving from a high platform into a tank of icy water, she plunged into her confession. "About a week ago, before Sol's letter came, I went over to Doyle's Employment Agency. I said to myself, 'Well, if nothing shows up in my line, I'm going to try another.'"

"Mrs. Doyle's a very nice woman and I hated to lie to her, but I gave her the impression that I'd done every kind of work. After I got through trotting my own horn, she said that I was just the woman she was looking for to be a housekeeper for a big place down on Long Island."

"A housekeeper!"

"You said it!"

"But it sounds preposterous!" Julia would not accept this startling news as fact.

"No, it isn't. If only I got the job. You see, the trouble started when Mrs. Doyle asked me for my references."

"I told her they were in a trunk in the basement of a friend's house in Boston and I said I could get them in a couple of days. Then I beat it right out to several ritzy hotels and swiped some of their letter paper. And did I write myself some elegant references? I'll say I did! The night I came home with them in my purse, I found Sol's letter. Today, when Sol turned me down, I took them over to Mrs. Doyle. The job was still open, and they sent my references over to the man who wants the housekeeper. If he locates these folks I'm supposed to have worked for, he's going to be another Houdini. But if he passes on them without trying to run them down they'll be out of the ballgame."

The long silence that followed was broken as Julia suddenly cried, "But, Molly, you're going to be a serent!"

"Why not? Aren't we all? You don't call ducking Sol Rimbil's shoes rubbing elbows with royalty, do you?"

Julia let her hands fall helplessly in her lap.
"Always worth stopping for"

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

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Gum in a crisp candy coating, doubly delectable that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

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Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

"It's all too tragic," she said, in her perfect Duse manner. "To think that you've come to this!"

Molly's eyes were twinkling. "Don't make it sound like Custer's last stand, Julia. I'll get a kick out of playing the role of housekeeper and, on my Thursday nights off, I'll drop around here and tell you girls all about it."

Lily asked Molly if she gave the agency her own name.

"Nope," Molly answered, "I gave them my real name, Harriet Bunch. Only I tacked a Mrs. on it."

"Hello," said Lily, with honest candor.

"When do you start?"

"Maybe tomorrow."

"Ye gods!" Julia clasped her hands. "I simply can't bear it!"

"Don't take it like you would a dose of castor oil, Julia. I expect to have a lot of fun!" Then Molly's smile slowly died away.

"But maybe I'm counting my chickens before they're hatched. I said I might get the job, but I'm waiting to hear from Mr. Graham's butler. Mrs. Doyle told me that if Mr. Graham liked my references, the butler would be sent here tonight to discuss terms with me."

"Here?"

"Johnny-on-the-spot!"

"Where?"

"Oh, I guess about half-past eight. Gee! We've got to take down all these stage pictures. You see, if he doesn't think I'm a sedate old gal, I won't get the job."

"But where can we put them, Molly?" Lily asked, worriedly. "The cupboard's full up with stuff. You couldn't squeeze a lemon in it!"

Suddenly Molly remembered two friends who had a room across the hall. "Clara and Musette will let us park the junk in their place until after he's gone! We can lug the stuff over there in a jiffy."

An hour later Molly was ready for her caller. She sat alone in her mother's old rocking chair in a room that looked positively naked, stripped of its familiar knickknacks.

Lily had donated an antimacassar on which she had crocheted the words, HOME, SWEET HOME, and the light from the small reading-lamp shone wistfully upon a cheap edition of Romeo and Juliet and a surprisingly large Bible which Lily had borrowed from the family who lived in the flat under them.

The minutes of waiting dragged with tormenting slowness for Molly. When half an hour had passed, she rose and studied herself in the mirror. Her face looked as naked as the room, she decided, without her make-up. She patted down the somewhat damp collars and cuffs that Lily had hastily washed and ironed for her—and decided the rest was in the hands of fate. Nervously, she sat down again, but at a sharp knock on the door she rose hastily and opened it.

"Mrs. Bunch, I presume?"

"That's me," answered Molly. "Do come in."

A dapper man entered, walking stiffly on thin legs. When he bowed, he bent ceremoniously from the waist and elevated his eyebrows in a supercilious fashion.

"I'm Mr. Graham's butler, Horace Peabody," he said, with a broad English accent. "He asked me to interview you concerning the position of housekeeper in his home."

"Charmed to meet you, I'm sure," Molly replied, in her most ladylike voice. "Won't you be seated?" She indicated the chair with the antimacassar and placed his hat and cane
on top of the sewing machine, now uncover to add a domestic touch. I hope my letters of recommendation were all right, Mr. Peabody?

"Mr. Graham found them quite acceptable," he said, after a moment of serious reflection.

"Then—you think I'll do?"

"I'm inclined to believe you will do very nicely, Mrs. Bunch."

"Thank you, Mr. Peabody," said Molly, with a sigh of relief. "Am I to start right away?"

Peabody raised his hand reprovingly. "Don't be impatient, please. We will come to that later on. First, we must discuss your salary. Mr. Graham wishes to know if thirty-five dollars a week would be satisfactory to you?"

"Thirty-five dollars a week?" gasped Molly, who would have thought herself lucky to get fifty dollars a month and board. "Yes, swell indeed, I mean."

Molly grew uneasy when Peabody bent forward to get a better look at her, and seemed slightly annoyed that the light in the room was so dim.

"Is it possible that we've worked together Mrs. Bunch?" he drawled. "I've been in a few homes and—"

"I'm sure not," she interrupted, quickly, wondering if he could hear the thumping of her heart.

She was relieved when the subject was changed and he proceeded to discuss her work as housekeeper in the Graham home.

"There are only two in the family, Mr. Graham and his son, and the boy is home only on week ends. The housekeeper must take entire responsibility for the staff, excepting myself, of course," he continued, speaking rather deliberately and with an air of authority, "and Mr. Graham will expect you to keep the house in order and settle any trouble with the servants without ever bothering him about it. Is that clear, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Yes, very clear."

"Then I shall report to Mr. Graham about our interview, and get in touch with you, say, within the next day or so?"

Molly felt as if a damp woolen blanket had been dropped over her head; how often during the last two years she had heard that phrase! Peabody rose stiffly and reached for his hat.

"Have you a telephone here?"

"No, but there's one in the flat downstairs," Molly answered, in a dull drained voice.

She moved over to the table and, leaning closer to the bright cone of light from the lamp, wrote down the number. Again she felt Peabody's intent gaze burning through her.

"I could swear that I've seen you before."

Molly made no reply to this, but her heart sank when she saw him thrust inquisitively into his pocket the card on which she had written her telephone number. "I'll be waiting anxiously to hear from you, Mr. Peabody, so call me any time of the day or night."

"YES, indeed. I'll let you know, Mrs. Bunch," he said, "Good-night."

"Good-night," Molly's throat ached as she said it, and when she closed the door upon him she leaned heavily against it. "Oh, hell," she said, aloud, to bolster up her courage with a pretense of anger. But her innermost mind cried, "Oh God! O God!" She threaded telling the girls who to tell you couldn't face another siege of worry like the siege I went through before I came down here," she understood and patted his hand in a sympathetic silence until they came to a scroled gateway of the Graham estate.
Molly gazed out eagerly at her new home and saw acres of smooth green lawns dotted with fine old trees sloping upward to a huge but very somber house covered with struggling ivy and flanked by graceful elms.

“Well here we are, Mrs. Bunch,” Peabody said as he stepped the car before the door of the service porch and resumed his English accent. “Step inside, please.”

Though Molly felt that her knees resembled those of a two-day-old colt, she put on a bold front as she walked into the kitchen, where a heavy-set man with an annoyingly red face and beady black eyes confronted her. She knew at once from his tall white cap that he was the chef. Peabody had warned her against him and said that he was a troublemaker and as temperamental as an opera singer.

“Come on, Peabody, I’ll go to my room first,” she said, steadfastly meeting the chef’s insolent glare.

As she and Peabody started away, an untidy fat blonde with coarse bloated cheeks entered from the pantry.

“This is Aggie, Mrs. Bunch,” Peabody said unceremoniously. “She’s the kitchen helper and does the washing.”

“How do you do, Aggie?”

Without answering Molly, Aggie shuffled into the servant’s dining room and sharply banged the door and Molly’s heart sank.

AFTER Peabody had deposited her luggage and had left her, Molly tried to bolster the courage she felt slipping by repeating to herself how lucky she was to have such a good job and to have Harry here, changed though he was, to help her over the hurdles. And with this thought singing in her mind, she unpacked her suitcase, changed into the black silk dress that Clara had made for her, put on a set of collars and cuffs, and went downstairs.

“Mr. Graham’s out for a walk now and it’s a good time for me to show you all over the house,” Peabody said nodding approval at her appropriate dress.

She followed him meekly as he showed her through the drawing room.

“Say—let’s pull the drapes, Harry,” she volunteered. “I can see better and—it’ll cheer us up a bit.”

“Heavens, no!” Peabody raised his hand in protest. “The sun might ruin the carpets! Besides, Mr. Graham wouldn’t like it. They’re always drawn.”

“No wonder you go around looking like old man gloom himself,” Molly dejected. “Maybe after I’ve been here awhile, I’ll be able to make the whole place more homelike. I shouldn’t think the young folks would have a very good time here. It’s too solemn.”

“What young folks? There’s only Jimmy, and he won’t be back from camp until September.”

“I mean all the kids that come in to see him when he is home.”

“But Mr. Graham doesn’t like a lot of young ones around. They get on his nerves. During school terms, Jimmy’s home every week end, but he never has any friends here. No there’s not much life around this house. Of course,” he added, hastily, “that’s what makes the work here so easy. Really, Molly—”

He stopped short and wheeled around as John Graham walked unhurriedly into the room.

As Molly gazed nervously, though steadfastly, at the tall man with the grey hair, clearly-cut features, and steely eyes, all of her assurance fled. Her voice was scarcely audible when she acknowledged her introduction to him.

His grave voice seemed emptied of all emotion.
and there was a suggestion of remoteness in every word he spoke. Long after he had left the room, Molly could see his cold, deliberate face as clearly as if she had spent days, instead of minutes, gazing fixedly into it. She could see the way his hair winged back from the temples, his aristocratic nose with its well-chiselled nostrils, and his broad, finely-cut mouth which might have been generous and kindly if he had not habitually compressed his lips into a thin hard line. So this was the man she was going to work for! Then she felt welling up in her an inexplicably sympathy for him. She had seen unfathomable expressions like John Graham's before and knew that they usually hid pain and disillusion.

For two days Molly was very busy looking over the house and trying to adjust herself to her new surroundings. When night came she was so tired that she sank into her luxurious bed and slept like a top. She was quite happy in spite of dark looks from the staff and the surly attitude of the chef.

"Snooping, are you? Always snooping!" Aggie would mutter under her breath as Molly passed, "and I ain't gonna put up with it, neither."

On her way upstairs to bed one night Molly passed her employer in the hall and bowed politely, almost as humbly as Peabody. Graham nodded indifferently and Molly, as she closed the door behind her, felt the ghastly troubled. How deluded she had been when she had thought the position of housekeeper was an easy one to fall.

She did not rest comfortably that night, but tossed and turned, aware for long hours, her mind revolving ceaselessly. A slight wind swayed the white curtains, and when they danced like writhes in the moonlight they made her thoughts travel back to the opening night of "Tillie's Bad Dream." How pretty the chorus girls had looked in their sheer white dresses as they danced across the stage! Clara and Musette, and many others whose names she long had forgotten. What a gala night it had been! As the curtain dropped for the last time on thundering applause, how happy she and Ronnie and Freddy Markham had been.

"Oh, Freddy, Freddy!" her heart cried out suddenly as she recalled the wonderful sad-happy years of their love. "If only you had lived, everything would have been different."

She gripped the pillows and closed her eyes at last upon a vision of his dear kind face smiling upon her with compassion.

Next evening, late, Molly tapped gently on the door of the library. Then, as Mr. Graham peremptorily called, "Come in," she entered with a tray.

"Pardon me, sir, but you sit up so late every night, I thought you might like a little refreshment. I've brought you some hot chocolate and a sandwich. It's nice and hot, and I thought—"

"Never mind the explanations, just set it down," Mr. Graham interrupted, coldly. "That will be all, Mrs. Markham.

"She hastened out, depressed by his attitude, but when, after he had gone upstairs, she returned to the library to get the tray, she found the sandwich gone and the cup empty.

"Aw, the poor soul!" she said, knowingly to Peabody, "His back's far worse than his lip."

But not until she had been there a month without complaint from Mr. Graham would Peabody admit any confidence that her position might be considered fairly secure.

One morning as Molly was walking through the grounds, she thought what an improvement it would be if only borders of flowers were planted here and there to brighten the acres of lawn. It occurred to her that perhaps the pervading gloom both inside the house and out was only the remnant of Mr. Graham's forbidding manner, and if he could be made a little happier, then the house and the estate also would be transformed.

The more Molly thought about Mr. Graham the sorrier she felt for him, and when she went back into the gloom of the house she resolved, in spite of Peabody's warnings, to try and make him more comfortable, more homelike. The first thing she did was to pull wide the draperies in the drawing room and let the sunlight cut a wide golden path across the muffler carpet.

"There!" she cried, with triumph, as Peabody walked into the room. "Doesn't it make a wonderful difference? I've been itching to do this ever since I came here."

But Molly, "gasped Peabody, "I told you not to do that! Look at the carpets; they'll be ruined!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Molly, who could be amiable and yet peremptory. "Shush! At this time of the morning, the sun isn't hot enough. Besides it'll keep the moths away!"

She gazed around approvingly when she saw the room take on life as if it were a plant expanding in a sunlit day. The golden thread in the brocades glistened and the mahogany furniture glowed with a warm russet overtone. The alabaster vases that had looked so pallid in the gloom now were beautiful and stately as magnolias. Even the walls drew color from the sun, while the once-dull frame on the large painting over the mantel became etched in amber light.

For the first time, Molly studied attentively the portrait of Graham's son which had been painted when he was a little boy of eight. As well as Molly could judge, there was not even a remote resemblance between this boy and his father. He was a sensitive-looking little fellow, with great imaginative blue eyes, a wide gentle mouth that curved upward in a shy smile, and fair blond hair that curled rebelliously over a broad intelligent forehead.

"I'll bet he looks just like his mother," Molly said, thinking aloud.

After making sure that all the doors were closed and that Perkins was not within ear-shot, Peabody whispered: "I wouldn't know. There's not a single picture of her around this house, to my knowledge. Not even in Jimmy's room. Fritz, the gardener, says that she died when Jimmy was a baby."

"Aw, what a pity! To think of a poor little youngster growing up without a mother! She must have been mighty sweet, too, if she looked like the boy. Her mind trailed back to Graham and she felt that now she understood more clearly why he appeared so cold, so aloof; he was an unhappy lonely man who had loved deeply and who had lost a dear one, even as she had lost her own Freddy Markham."

"She hastened out, depressed by his attitude, but when, after he had gone upstairs, she returned to the library to get the tray, she found the sandwich gone and the cup empty."

"Aw, the poor soul!" she said, knowingly to Peabody, "His back's far worse than his lip."

But not until she had been there a month without complaint from Mr. Graham would Peabody admit any confidence that her position might be considered fairly secure.

One morning as Molly was walking through the grounds, she thought what an improve-
blame the youngster, though. What he needs is a little more fun and a little less discipline. But, believe me, I’m not the good Samaritan who’s going to suggest it. I mind my own business, Molly,” he said, pointlessly, “and I find that it’s not a bad idea when you’re trying to keep a roof securely over your head.”

Molly reluctantly turned away from the portrait and said, determinedly: “When that youngster comes back, I’m going to see that he has a whale of a good time while he’s at home. I know exactly what boys of that age enjoy.’’

“Mr. Graham will have something to say about that?” Peabody reproved. “And I wouldn’t keep on trying to make improvements in everything if I were you. This house is full of exits, you know.”

ALMOST as if this were his cue to leave the scene, Peabody stalked out, to Molly’s great relief. It was pleasant to be alone with her revolving thoughts. Mr. Graham, little Jimmy, Freddy Markham, and even the sunlight on the carpet, all seemed to be whirling through her mind almost like a pinwheel. Freddy always had praised her managerial achievements, Mr. Graham had not yet protested against her innovations, and here was poor little Jimmy coming home needing all that she could do to make life warmer and happier for him.

As if the empty yawning mouths of the alabaster vases had answered her, Molly suddenly realized that nothing could make the room as cheerful as would flowers. It was outrageous, she thought, that no flowers had been planted. Fritz was a lazy old gardener or he would have grown enough to have kept every vase in the house filled all summer. A groan, too, and he probably would snap her head off if she as much as mentioned it to him.

“Well, let him snap my head off!” she decided, with considerable indignation, as she wheeled around and left the room.

While some moments later, Peabody saw her hurrying across the garden in the direction of Fritz, who was back-alleyistically raking a few leaves, he seized upon her absence as an opportunity to steal into the drawing room and surreptitiously to darken it again. But as he entered the room, he paled. Mr. Graham was gazing stonily at the windows!

“Peabody, who pulled these drapes?”

After a moment’s painful hesitancy, Peabody answered, “I—I did, sir. I’ll close them at once.”

“Let them alone.”

“Yes, sir.”

“The room is more livable this way,” said Graham, with a faint suggestion of a smile. “I’ve often wondered why housekeepers think more of carpets than they do of human beings.”

In his relief, Peabody unconsciously thug up his hands in an awkward gesture. “That’s exactly what Mrs. Bunch was saying when she—” Then he stopped short, aghast at his own stupidity.

“I thought she had suggested it,” Graham remarked, crisply. “Do you think Mrs. Bunch is satisfied with her position?”

“I’m sure she is, Mr. Graham. She’s been very happy here.”

“I didn’t ask whether she was happy or not. I merely wanted to know whether she was satisfied with her wages and if she intends to stay here permanently.”

“Oh, yes, of course, sir. She gets on so nicely—with all of us!”

As Peabody left to drive around the car to take Mr. Graham to the station, he was comforted by the thought that responsibility for the carpet, which undoubtedly would fade,

THERE is one excellent and soul of Hollywood is spoken in those few words... words that have brought a thousand Cinderellas to Hollywood and, made stars of them. Elizabeth Arden has used her Screen and Stage Make-Up in David O. Selznick’s revealing story of “A Star Is Born” to dramatize the transformation of grey Esther Blodgett (Janet Gaynor) into glamorous Vicki Lester (Janet Gaynor).

most importantly...

So successful have the stars found the new Elizabeth Arden Technicolor make-up for the screen that they have taken it up in private life, creating a vogue for the subtle coloring offered only by Elizabeth Arden.

Every star... every movie fan... every woman who ever dreamed to possess glamour, may share in the discovery of Screen and Stage Make-Up by Elizabeth Arden... that they may find, thrill and believe in their own beauty, and like the people of stage and screen, live the days and nights of their private lives in rich fulfillment.

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Screen and Stage Make-Up

by

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Special Offer:

Buyers of any 55 combination of Elizabeth Arden Screen and Stage Make-Up preparations will receive free one handsome, mirrored make-up kit as illustrated above, and similar to those used by Hollywood stars.
would rest entirely upon Molly's shoulders.

Upon his return from the station, a half hour later, he found the gardener, in a towering rage, bidding good-by to all the servants with the exception of the housekeeper. Peabody's hands fell limply to his sides in a gesture of resignation.

Would a woman ever listen to any good sound advice?

"Now you've stuck your chin out, Molly, you've got to take it. And here Mr Graham, only an hour ago, was telling me that he was quite satisfied with you and was wondering if you were going to stay permanently."

"Oh, suzz!" said Molly, indifferently.

"There you go again! I can't see Fritz is such an awful loss. There must be hundreds of gardeners looking for a job, and all I have to do is to go over to Doyle's and pick out a good one. Anyway, I'll be glad to run in to New York.

Gee! but I'm hungry for a sight of the girls and I'll have time to spend a couple of hours with them.

CALM in the face of what Peabody called a disaster, Molly departed for New York. She soon realized that she had forgotten how unbearable the heat. It rushed at her like a hot feverish breath, and her eyes, grown used to the gentle, shielding, green trees, felt as if they were being see a darling. The noise and confusion were bewildering — a fact that startled her into the realization that she had come to love the peace and quiet of the country.

When Molly reached the flat, one glance at her calm and imperceptible face and at her quiet hands that once were red to him too frequen
tly, was all that Lily needed to reassure herself.

"Why, Molly, you look ten years younger! Bless your heart!" Lily cried, holding her at arm's length and studying her face avidly.

"What a nitwit I've been, worrying about you!"

"Never was more comfortable in my life," Molly insisted. "The only fly in the ointment is you girls. I've missed you like the dickens."

Though her friends insisted that they had nothing of real import to tell her, Molly listened avidly to every detail from our place. They had been to Molly's other friends, but when he looked at her relaxed, beaming face and at her eyes that had lost their harried expression, he knew that good had come to her. She told him in detail of her comfortable room, how easy the work was, and of the three delicious square meals a day, meals that were like banquetes.

"Oh, Ronnie," she said, "I wish to goodness you could have some of those good fresh vegetables that we get every day, and those nice thick steaks, to say nothing of the rich milk that's brought night and morning from a little farm just outside our place. My, but you'd soon put on flesh and build yourself up. I've gained three pounds already, and I've never felt more fit in my life." She stopped short, embarrassed by her recital of all her comforts while poor Ronnie sat before her, looking half-starved.

For a few moments, she could think of nothing else to say, then her glance, wandering through the dark room cluttered with furniture, rested for a moment on the fire escape. As she stared in sudden interest, Ronnie, whose curiosity was aroused, turned to consult Molly. She could not open anything, but could discover nothing on the fire escape but a few empty milk bottles and several cans filled with plants that he had grown to give his drab ugly room even a small touch of beauty. He didn't know that right then and there Molly had decided upon a new destiny for him.

Molly's rejuvenation of a widower's household goes on apace, with love—and the law—entering into the mud fracas to add further chaotic elements. How right it is, said Helen Markham. That is her story full of life, wit and human kindness—a story to chuckle over, a character to take to your heart!"
The All Star Story of the Cocoanut Grove

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

hundred-thousand-dollar damage suit against Marlene brought by his estranged wife, Riza, Von Sternberg. But the publicity was worth it.

When this furor died down, Marlene appeared at the Grove in black coat and pants—remember? That wasl 'em. Truth to tell, she got the idea from Garbo, whom she worshipped from afar and tried for years and years, with every device possible, to meet in person. The Dietrich-Von Sternberg affair is dead as the dodo now, and Doug Fairbanks Jr. has lately been Marlene's escort at the night spots, but the combination of the director and the German Hausfrau he thrust to stardom belongs to the bright legends of the Grove.

Jack Oakie practically lived there. His affection for the Grove (which has a truly human personality) has never waned with the passing years.

It was the general impression that Jack was on the Grove pay roll as an entertainer, but the Oakie wisecracks were contributed free, the products of Jack's grand exuberance. He paid his bill, even as you and I.

It was worth it, for at the Grove he fell in love with dazzling Venita Varden. Oakie had been in love many times, but never so intensely. He rushed home from the Cocoanut Grove one night and woke up his mother.

"I'm in love!" he yelled, doing a jig.
"You've said that before," yawned Mother Offield.

"But this time I mean it!" insisted Jack, and he did, for a few months later they were married.

That little hot tamale, Lupe Velez, consoled herself at the Cocoanut Grove when Gary Cooper departed for Africa and went out of her life forever. Lupe's consoling escort was Johnny Weissmuller, and did that couple enjoy a hand-to-hand battle?

Lupe tells this one on Johnny.

"Johnny take me to the Grove every week, and do we dance? No! He go to hear gossip.
He say: 'Lupe, go to the lounge and see what's new!' If I come back with no new gossip, bingo! And when we fight, we trow t'ings!"

But mellowed with five years of matrimony, Mr. and Mrs. Tarzan appear in comfortably sedate fashion at the Grove nowadays.

Where there are dizzy flights to the pinnacle of happiness, there are also the extremes of melancholy and depression undreamed of by normal folk. Ross Alexander suffered from such flights and falls, and when he had been drinking, sank to the depths of despondency. The Grove knew this and was worried. It is their business to see all, know all, and avoid trouble.

One night at Victor Jory's Pasadena home, Ross went into a suicide mood and his friends had to wrest a gun from him. Thereafter waiters were never more than a few feet from Ross's table at the Grove.

Eventually the complex brought about his self-inflicted death, a cruelly selfish solution for a man who had everything to live for.

But enough of sadness—away, dull care! It's time to go to the Grove for the Tuesday celebration in honor of a movie star. Who will it be this week?

Dark, smiling Jimmy Manos greets us at the stairs, where all the grandes dames of

Story of Charm

No longer need your perfume and bath accessories have clashing odors. Evening in Paris brings you Xyey Scent, that is, evening in Paris Perfume, Bath Powder and Eau de Cologne. Use them together and the romantic fragrance of Evening in Paris seems a living part of your charm, like your hair or eyes. Here's the way to use them:

You begin with your skin—after your bath, Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne leaves you refreshed and delicately perfumed from head to toe. Follow with a mist of Evening in Paris Bath Powder to wait its fragrance through your clothing.

Evening in Paris

BOURJOIS

Then, for perfume highlights, touch Evening in Paris perfume to your hair, ear lobes, lips, and the palms of your hands. At your favorite drug or department store.
Hollywood at one time or another have made the grand entrance. We elbow aside the parade of beautiful ghosts and follow a head waiter to a big, circular table on the dance floor, opposite the orchestra platform. Maurice, Volanda and Veloz, Irene Castle, de Marco—where a galaxy of dancers have swirled over those polished floors! But tonight on the orchestra platform is Ben Bernie, leading all the lads in their last evening together as a band. Tomorrow they will belong to the rest of the Grove memories, for the Old Maestro has announced his retirement and the band will break up. No more will his big cigar and bison reign. He stands where Abe Lyman, Eddie Duchin, Guy Lombardo and all that brilliant host have stood before, making music for the Getters.

Tonight's guest star—who is she? Fifteen years of tradition have decreed that shall there be an honored lady, from the days of Clara Bow, Aileen Pringle, Agnes Ayres and all those lovely stars who are seen here no more.

At each table we see a doll, dressed in a hula skirt, the face formed to the likeness of the guest star. Can it be? It is—Martha Raye! And what a story that tells—a story so typical of the Cocoanut Grove. For tonight, radiant eye in triumph, Martha Raye, a year ago unknown, is the toast of the town. To be the guest star—she who was just a little girl singing in an obscure Hollywood night club a few months ago, and who now, after one smash hit after another, is the star of "Mountain Music? Is it any wonder Martha is enjoying all this?

The Cinderella story never grows old in Hollywood.

On the floor where Carole Lombard and Joan Crawford once competed for fifteen dollar dance cups, Martha Raye has stepped to the spotlight. Instead of the "Charleston," she stamps a mean stomp to the tune of "Truckin'" and the years are spanned. New times . . . new faces . . .

Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount, watches her from behind a palm. She throws him a kiss, and he nods and smiles proudly. Other stars join the applause for Martha Raye. It is her hour . . .

The bus boys stack the tables, the janitor's crew arrives with mops and brooms. Another night has gone to join five thousand others among the golden, glamorous ghosts of the Cocoanut Grove.

Tonight has left but one memory—under a table there lies a broken doll in a hula skirt.

**The END**

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Romance In Cloth

(Continued from page 71)

The essence of beautiful Marlene was in a pajama suit of palest pearl-gray satin with a blouse of the same material. A matching muller of accordion pleated chiffon had one of its ends tucked under the belt. Over this outfit she wears a knee-length coat of black Lyons velvet. There is no pleats nor fullness in the slightly squared shoulders, which are set in with a cord to hold their clean-cut line rigid. It is a perfect garment.

"That is very 'Marlene,' I think," said Travis. He is so modest and reticent about his clothes that you can't help to dig hard to get any of his opinions.

"Now then," he said. "And out came what I call a "gasper." Imagine tiny seed pearls, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, all sewn as closely together as possible on a chiffon background. Imagine this material being made by the yard, looking as though it were woven of jewels, and then being cut into a jacket and a skirt with a long slender slant, slit up the front. The shoulders are broad; the sleeves stop three inches below the elbow. With this is worn a wide stole, also paved in gold and jewels and bordered with trims and bead about two hands wide.

"There is something rather Maharani about this, isn't there?" Travis said. "Yes," I agreed, "it looks as though it had been made by a jeweler, not a dressmaker. Don't you think it is the most beautiful dress you have ever made?"

Travis smiled. You can't pin him down into complimenting himself.

But watch for that dress in the opera sequence in "Angel." My slightly dazzled eyes next focused on a beige wool traveling suit with a cape lined halfway up with mink. That is news, that halfway idea. The cape is диагу on the neck with one side crossing over the throat to show a dark line of the nape.

Next we have a dress that will swathe the Marlene in yards of grey chiffon. The top of the evening gown is draped and the skirt is a slim sheath of chiffon over which is a tunic affair, knee-length in front and trailing at the back, weighted with vertical blue foxes, sewn on in strips. A little jacket is added, made of blue foxes mounted on chiffon.

"Claudette Colbert and I were hunting for a word to describe Claudette in her new clothes in "I've Had Him In Paris,"" Travis said. "We decided on Romance or Femininity," he laughed. "It may be quite a change from the Salem clothes she wore last, so I used as much chiffon as possible for her. It is so interesting to design for Marlene and Claudette. You see, for Claudette you can do what you want: for Marlene you can't."

She can wear things that would look wrong on anyone else. Claudette is special, too, but in a different way.

I saw a sketch of one of Claudette's picture dresses—a black crêpe frock for afternoon. Width was achieved in a sort of collar arrangement which widened into capeslets at the shoulders and tapered and pinned in wine glass line to the waist where it continued down to the hem in two cascades. This was all edged in gold embroidered lamed, and it certainly was slenderizing. On the sketch Claudette had written "I am simpler than this one!" With it she will carry a huge muff of black fox.

Pick out a new combination when you see "I Met Him In Paris." It is a black crepe dress trimmed with patent leather lines of piping on the pocket slits, the little lapels, the seams and also the belt. Now for the new note—a white tweed coat worn over this, with enormous collar and revers of white wolf.

Claudette will be swirled in gray chiffon in an evening dress with a very full skirt (Romance and Femininity, you see!)? and a tight, snug little bodice. Small V bones accentuate the waistline above the belt and the skirt has retreating lines of palest gray fox in panier fashion. A gray lamé jacket goes with this, trimmed with gray fox.

Here are two of the most important clothes pictures Paramount has done for a long time. I hope I have helped to clarify them for you.
chipped in whatever the studio had apportioned as their "share" of the fund which went down on the records as the individual contributions of the studio's big-shot executives.

The cheapness, the illusiveness, the gaudiness, the racket of the Hollywood social game paramounts anything anywhere else in the land. True, certain biggies are bigger than others - but the general run are pretty small potatoes when it comes to the bigger things in life. Each dollar earned goes out for so much nonsense that a Barbara Hutton or a Doris Duke must laugh herself silly when glancing in life's reflector before slithering into bed. 

At least the Fifth Avenue set, as worthless as it may be in other things, has learned the true worth of spending the dollars it amasses. Fun is fun when you share your fun; but fun is folly when you don't give your money's worth to those who gather about it.

There is a passage in Henry VI which reads: "Rogues mounted run their horses to death." Did you ever see it fail?

COME to Hollywood and get an invite to a typical party, and see what I mean. Sudden riches to many people are worse than none at all. Dozens of swell people go through the Hollywood mill yearly on the crest of a typhoon which crashes them to little pieces before they reach the shore. Tens of hundreds of pretty girls and swell young fellows get the braggadocian buncombe bumped out of them after it's too late.

Maybe it's the system that's wrong. Perhaps it's the associations they make. I don't even profess to know. But take any of them to Fifth Avenue for a few months observation and training and you'll turn out a cat of a different color.

Much of that pretense and pretentious pomposness will disappear. The heavy go and over-made-up cheeks and hair will be more normal. The men will retain their masculinity without the use of perfume and loud coats. They'll talk in less harsh accents, both of them, and neither will strain the Oxonian which some Hollywood linguist has told them is the way the Four Hundred speak.

They'll be surprised to find out how thoroughly the correct New York hostess checks her guests. They'll be amazed to see how hard she works over her dinner or theater party. They'll be ashamed at their own lack of knowledge of how to drink, and how much. They'll admire and praise her selection of the press, and the way she handles those uninvited who print the bare facts about her party, without giving it so much as a splinter of scandal on which to start an idle rumor. They'll praise her trained staff of men and women servants constantly "in service" who know what to do at all times.

Some of them may find the parties, Fifth Avenue brand, dull and foolish, but most formal parties are. Did you ever hear of a Garden Party at Buckingham Palace, or a Supreme Court Affair at the White House smacking of jazz and jubilation? Formal parties are supposed to be formal. If you expect anything else go start a picnic of your own; but certainly don't try to mix the two.

And when greeting your hostess in her

---

I was Never So Comfortable

...AND I'M TELLING YOU
NOTHING CAN COMPARE TO THE
3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX

Morning at the Club

1. CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft dowry cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned - the center surface is free to absorb.

2. CAN'T FAIL

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping.

3. CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX

ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super — for different women, different days.

---

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
home or elsewhere, don't clasp her endearingly and use that old, threadbare gag: "How are you darling," for everyone from the pastry cook up will instantly know you've forgotten her name.

Back east it's become a sort of fad to visit the big wigs in Hollywood to learn what not to do later on. Then also it's become a lark to come to Hollywood to play around with the braggadocios set, a sort of a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Many are the qf "Hollywood parties" given by the Inner Circle from time to time, in an effective take-off of the habits and customs of each individual star and director in the colony. Much refined laughter is enjoyed at some bull-in-the-pampas youth's expense. Last summer in Newport, members of that ultra-umptity-umph group gave a very select party, in which each member had to come to esome famous star and imitate him.

Now all of this is a bit unfair, to say the least. Jealousy may prompt it; for certain it is that there isn't a single deb on Fifth or Park Avenue that has half the personality of most of the younger movie stars in the film capital, and though there be many men in New York making larger incomes than some of those in Hollywood, nevertheless it's true that not one out of fifty of them could command the audience that the Hollywoodian gets. Regardless, it just goes to show that the way to spend money graciously at parties is not made usually but born.

RECALL when Harry Richman was paying marked attention to a certain wealthy dowager some years ago, the crowd treated him as if he were some freak from Ripley's show. "Oh, do bring him to tea," they would urge her.

"I just want to see if he knows how to handle his refreshments," and other foolish twaddle.

Back in the early Twenties when Doug and Mary were putting on the dog you may recall that Edwina Mountbatten and other well-born Britishers often visited Hollywood. Back in New York I would hear them tell me "You know, there's a certain lady who's always going through all sorts of mourning. Have you seen her?"

"Yes, of course, but I don't know who it is."

"That's my step-daughter."

"Oh, how thoughtful of you to help her."

"What about you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, you don't know?"

"I don't know."

Now comes Zip Perfumed Depilatory Cream needs no introduction to hundreds of thousands of women. It instantly eliminates every vestige of hair and permits you to enjoy wearing all the newest, briefest, sexiest summer clothes without embarrassment; permits the most modern swim-suit to reveal your radiant beauty.

Ordinarily these preparations cost 50c each. For a short time I am offering both of them to you for the price of one.

[Continued from page 49]
scene would accomplish the final miracle asked Anne to go along with her while she made a picture in England. While unable to obtain leave of absence for the necessary time, Anne was deeply moved by this last show of unselfish friendship on Glenda's part. Often, when they would be talking, Anne would say:

"How can I ever repay you? How can I ever show you what all this has really meant to me? You've done so much and I have so little chance to reciprocate."

Glenda laughed this away and together they went ahead with her plans for the trip. In the midst of the preparations, Glenda's father became ill and required an operation. For two or three days, there was much worry—then the doctor announced that the operation was a success. The old gentleman began to recover and Glenda went ahead with her plans. Having made her reservations, it was just the usual Hollywood luck that there should be delays in the production Glenda was working on at the time. How could she ever finish the picture and have time enough to shop for clothes?

Anne convinced her that she didn't have to worry about the clothes. She could shop, while Glenda worked at the studio.

Came the day when Anne was putting the finishing touches on the shopping tour. She went out during the morning and bought the last few remaining things. When she returned at noon, there was a message from Glenda. She called immediately. Glenda was crying when she said:

"Please come over—Dad's gone."

No one knew better than Anne, just how much Glenda's father had meant to her. How she had loved and cared for him, catered to his every wish and whim. His death was going to be a terrible blow. Here at last, was Anne's chance to show just how much Glenda's friendship had really meant to her.

This time, there were no hurt words of wounded pride at the doorway. In fact, the only change in the scene that had taken place in Anne's living room was that the former comforter was now being comforted. Anne wanted to gather Glenda into her arms and tell her how deeply sorry she was—that would have been the natural way with her. But knowing that sympathy was not what Glenda wanted, she did the only other thing she could think of. She asked:

"Is there anything I can do—anywhere I can go?"

That was exactly what Glenda needed her to say. Yes, there were many things to be done—things that only Anne could do. She did them, of course, and in this way has been more of a comfort to Glenda than she can ever know. Even though she is still new to her own tragedy, Anne has never broken down under the strain of Glenda's and for that reason (if for no other) I'm sure the accounts are balanced now. And to make it doubly sure, Anne has finally convinced Glenda that she should go ahead with her travel plans—to me! You've done this and that for me. You've done this and that for me. Glenda's and for that reason (if for no other) I'm sure the accounts are balanced now. And to make it doubly sure, Anne has finally convinced Glenda that she should go ahead with her travel plans—not that she should get away from Hollywood and the things that remind her of her father who is gone, just as Glenda drove Anne on to work and more work as an antidote for sorrow.

And so, two girls—who have never credited with so much as a casual acquaintance—one who has lost her husband and one who has lost her father—stand side by side in loyalty and comfort, chins up, able to bear their sorrows because of the strength they have brought to each other. Because of one another they are able to smile, through their tears, courageously at the world.
Boos and Bouquets

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73)

likely play, whereas Joan Crawford was hopelessly inadequate in her role, and even the ever delightful Bill Powell had to strain all his resources to make a falsely sentimental part credible.

Will the day ever come when a fine actor, playing superbly a secondary part, receives top billing over a star?

Edith S. Heilman, Camp Hill, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE

FROM COVER TO COVER

Shed a tear for Rochelle Hudson who, it seems, is just TOO BEAUTIFUL to get the breaks, and who appears on back covers of fan magazines in the cosmetic ads while the more bizarre glamour girls grace front covers.

Who could blame Rochelle for wishing those perfect features of hers were a trifle irregular—that melodious voice a little raucous, or that sweet disposition a bit more temperamental, when for years little Rochelle has watched such stars as Carole Lombard, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis being cast in roles Rochelle could handle beautifully.

Chin up, Rochelle. Hollywood may wake up someday.

Kern Peck, Alameda, California.

RHYTHMIC RAYE

Martha Raye may have a mouth that can compete with the Grand Canyon, but oh boy! has she got rhythm! This little lass can certainly put over a song with a bang. Mr. Gloom takes an awful beating when she's around. In the picture, "The Big Broadcast of 1937," she sang "Vote for Mr. Rhythm" but if you want my opinion, she married the guy! Let's make it a habit to see more of this animated gal and give our blues the bunt's rush.

L. M. Teal, Chicago, Ill.

THE NOT-SO-WILD WEST

I have just seen "The Plainsman" and here is my score card:

A long and well sustained Boo for the gentleman who wrote the scenario. He tried to crowd a lifetime into two weeks. A second Boo to be divided between the director and the actor who played Buffalo Bill Cody. Between them they succeeded in spoiling one of my childhood idols for all time. When I was chasing the smaller members of the neighborhood gang, who played the roles of Indians over the back lots and dropping one with every shot of my cap pistol, I did not think I was a "sissy." After seeing him depicted in "The Plainsman" I would turn back the years, turn into an Indian and "fight" Bill's scalp.

A bouquet for Miss Arthur's fine performance. A daisy for Cooper. A carload of blossoms for the Indians charging down the creek, and I'd also throw in a bit of feed for the ponies. Yes, I have more flowers. I'll give them to Mr. DeMille in the form of a wreath.

C. Clarke, Montreal, Canada.

PET PASSIONS

Bing Crosby wears a toupee. Gary Cooper uses a double when script demands skilled
A GLORIOUS COMEBACK

Well, boys, the little girl who knocked us for a loop years ago in such pictures as "Manhandled," "The Humming Bird," "The Trespasser," and many others, is all set to blossom forth in a new picture. Yes, it's Gloria Swanson, the girl who may be down but never out. No sir, you can't hide this kid's light under a bushel. Come on, Gloria, show these Hepburns and Simone Simmons what stuff stars are made of. Good luck, trouper, your home town is pulling for you!

LLOYD C. ARMOUR,
Chicago, Ill.

MAKING THE MOST OF MOTION PICTURES

I am deaf and although I was educated at a special school, when we go to see a picture we get very little out of it oftentimes. But I am glad we have motion picture magazines, for we read about our favorite pictures there. The three movies I liked best of all were "The Prisoner of Shark Island," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and "Anthony Adverse." I understood the stories so much better because there is more motion than talk, and the deaf get pictures by motion. My favorite actors are Bob Taylor, Olivia de Havilland, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers. I wish I could go to Hollywood some time and see the stars in person.

DOROTHY SNEATH,
Rockville, Ind.

HUMAN IS AS HUMAN DOES

Directors attention! When a human being retires for the night, he punches his pillow, burrows his head deep down in it, snuggles down in bed, curls up his legs, hitches the covers under his chin, and gives a contented sigh.

But when an actress retires (in pictures) oh my! She arranges herself carefully, stretches out flat and tense, with at least three ruffled satin pillows under her neck (size nine by twelve inches) and exposes her bee-utiful shoulders. The whole thing is self-conscious.

If directors would watch audience reaction more closely for guffaws and snickers, they might learn that it's the little HUMAN touches that win audiences.

LUCILE EVANS,
Woodland, Calif.

TOSCA Eau de Cologne—refreshing, provocative aura of the eternal feminine for the kind of evening that should never end.

TROIKA Eau de Cologne—racingly alive and youthful, an immaculate essential to any sports ensemble tastefully selected.

CLASSIC Eau de Cologne—essential to the other two as their base, as essential as this stimulating original “4711.” Classic Eau de Cologne has traditionally been to the toilet of carefully groomed men and women the world over since 1792.

GERANIUM ROSE Eau de Cologne—offering pleasant tryst with bygone days, stirring treasured memories of some secluded rose garden fresh with morning dew.

PHOTOPLAY FOR JUNE, 1937

HUMANS ACROSS THE PACIFIC

I am just a little brown girl, in my little grass skirt in my little grass shack in Hawaii. Perhaps that’s one reason why I do so adore Sonja Henie.

Like three-fourths of the Kamaainas here, I know very little about ice skating, and the skating sequences in "One In a Million" thrilled me through and through. Sonja's so perfectly natural. She can be glamorous and yet remain sincere in her acting. You’re “One In a Million” Sonja! Long may you reign!

MARGARETTE RUPPERT SCHUTTE,
Honolulu, T.H.
hoist a snort every now and then throughout the broadcast. But anything for art's sake. The Marches told us that they wouldn't be a bit surprised if they decided to quit Hollywood cold for a while and do a play on Broadway. They radio show put the idea in their heads, said Fredric.

"We were sitting in the kitchen one day just after rehearsal. It seemed so good being back on the boards that the idea just popped into our heads - why not go back and do a play on Broadway? We'd both enjoy being on the stage and a little sentimental, you know," he added. "That's where we first met."

The funny part is that Fredric's agent has had three or four Broadway offers but was afraid to mention them to Fred. He didn't think there was a chance of a yes.

The old town missed Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone while they were East, but managed to worry along with Milton Berle. As for Milton, he's crazy about Hollywood and what he hopes is a movie future. Wonder if you knew that he personally paid the expenses of the whole Community Sing company of forty people to bring them to Hollywood just so he could have a crack at the screen in "New Faces?"

We can't say how the picture will turn out, but as for Milton himself, the general reaction around town is that he's colossally Hollywood. He's always a sucker for a far, anyway, and what with no dance marathons, walkathons, six-day bike rides, or turtle races in season, the idea of sitting in cool shooting with a lot of other leather luggers is getting to be a regular Sunday evening sport. Last time we sang like the birdies with Miltie there was Jimmy Cagney, the Pat O'Briens, Jack Oakie with a big party and - can you take -

- Man Mountain Dean chirping "Tweet, tweet, tweet!!"

The best part of Berle's shows are the generous before and after. Too bad he's not as spontaneous and funny when he's on the air. We've just got a hunch he's going to be a whole lot fun on the screen. Incidentally, Milton's got a new thought for that CBS show on a lot of microphones. He says it stands for "Can Berle Sing!!"

We wouldn't be knowing about that but we know someone who can sing (and we mean that plentiful). That's Mrs. Garland's little daughter, Judy. You'll be mighty glad to know that she's no longer just guesting with Jack Oakie's College, she's a regular now, and if you ask us, the high spot on the whole show. Take a tip right now on a sure thing -

Judy Garland is the most terrific youngster on the air, and a year from now - well, sky's the limit.

Don't think Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer doesn't know it either, Judy's going to be a screen star, too, yes, ma'am. No fumbling the ball to a Deanna Durbin.

Old Doctor Oakie could hardly get his crazy campus organized for the air one week last month because he was so doggone busy working up a Southern accent and preparing plantation props for his "Come With The Wind" party. But I think I've seen signs "Rhett Oakie and Scarlet Varden," inviting half of Hollywood, and all his radio pals, to come down to his wind-swept place at Pacific Palisades and have fun. He fixed up the place with planey cotton plants and scores of bungalows and the party would have been just right except that New Orleans shows almost dunked him out of school. But Jack tells us he doesn't care if he never sees a camera again. He's that silly over radio.

Speaking of silly people, we always thought Gracie Allen was that way until the other day when we learned the size of the weekly pit- tance Grape nuts is paying her and George for the new program. Ten thousand coupons! Nothing silly about that. And to think that five years ago a big radio man cracked, "Burns and Allen? Why, they're only a ten-minute act! What would they do after that?"

Well, Burns and Allen have landed for the new show which is great news for the Hollywood stay-up-laters. Ray will undoubtedly play, too, in some popular spot. Nick Foran will also make his debut as a cowboy crooner on the show in between pictures.

Gracie proved she could troup the other night at the Tropic where she and George and some friends partied after the broadcast. There was a one-legged dancer on the entertainment bill who wanted someone to swing around the floor with him. Well, he spied Gracie and yelled, "There's little Gracie Allen. She'll dance with me!" Gracie had to smile and whirl around the place, pretending she enjoyed it. Pretty good trouping we'd say, and a lot of nerve for any entertainer to put a swell gal like Gracie in a spot like that.

OVER at Hollywood Hotel they're still mum- muring "scopable" everywhere and just then so they won't forget the march Louella Parsons stole on the rest of the air hawks in getting Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, the Academy award winners, on the air less than twenty-four hours after they had happily clutched their little gold "Oscars," emblematic of the year's best acting performances.

The bright idea dawned on Louella, she saws, in bed, from which she immediately hopped. Before you could say "Haven Mac- Quarrie" Paul and Luise were telling it to the world. Then Muni showed up with the bona fide beaver he's grown for "The Life of Zoda" and poor Luise appeared lobster fashion with a swell dose of California sunburn. Fact is, they had to pull her out of bed to get down there.

The whole thing was so much on the spur of the moment that scripts were out and the whole show held their breath hoping Die Rainer, known for her Garboesque leanings, would give a little more than "I'm glad to be your kiss, you dank you." Imagine their surprise when Luise spoke a whole sentence of real long speech, which, of course, you heard.

The other big treat at the Hotel last month, the Tyrone Power-Loretta Young teaser, was so exciting that the audience couldn't help wondering if they were in on the dawn of a new Hollywood romance. All this because of
a kiss Tyrone had to plant on the cherry lips of beautiful Loretta. In rehearsals there wasn't so much to worry about but when they did it for keeps, well, it looked like the guy never would break! And when he did—was he dizzy! He lost his place in the script and no telling what Loretta lost. They weren't kidding when they named him Power.

It looks like Fred MacMurray will keep on emceeing the Hotel, although you can still hear plenty of rumors that he's leaving. Maybe we'll know this summer when his twenty-week layoff clause comes up.

The other "yes and no" gentleman of the air, Fred Astaire, seems to be a radio success in spite of his fears. The Packard show is the only new show on the air to climb last month into the first ten. It's seventh. The Packard hour, by the way, is getting extremely chummy with the "Downtown Uptowners" and the "Uptown Downtowners"! Explanation: Fred Astaire, Johnny Green and Conrad Thibault always work on the right side of the microphone. They're "D. U.'s" Charlie Buttersworth, Cliff Arquette and Ken Carpenter are portside protagonists. They're "U. D.'s." It was Charlie's idea. Don't blame us.

A bit of gossip and Hollywood radio-syncopations—Bing Crosby can't sing a note over the air without waging his left knee with the rhythm. Bob Burns is burning over romance rumors about him and his secretary. They've been lunching together a lot but the dope is this. They have to lunch together so Robin can dictate. Did you know he has a column now in 142 newspapers that brings him $300 a week? Bob has soaked close to $900,000 in Los Angeles real estate this past year and a half. They keep saying that Nelson Eddy may take over the Chase and Sanborn hour one of these days when Haven MacQuarrie wears out his amateur Barrymores. . . . Fred MacMurray says in the kinks when he crosses to the mike. Now it's Frances Langford who's ailing. Doctors are observing her . . . . Telephone stock ought to soar—Harriet Hilliard in Hollywood for a picture, and Ozzie Nelson in New York kept the wires burning last month.

And we signed off, now, with this sad story of the eminent Hollywood air comic who asked a writer friend how he enjoyed his gags on the air.

He thought he heard the friend reply, "Nicely," so he expanded a little.

"Well, that's great," he beamed, "at last I've found the medium for my—er—unusual talents. I knew you'd like them?"

"But I don't," corrected the writer. "I said they were lousy. That's the plural for lousy!"

**HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY**

Pneumonia cut short the screen career of blonde eighteen-year-old Helen Burgess who died suddenly in Beverly Hills on April 8th. One of the loveliest and most promising of the year's "discoveries," she had the role of Bill Cody's wife in "The Plainsman" and was working on a new picture when she caught the cold which resulted in her death.
"ANOTHER DAWN"—WARNERS—Original story and screen play by Laird Boyle. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: Captain Tenny Ross, Arthur Byron; Babes: Minnelli, plastic surgery; Charles Allen; The Writer, by Daniel; Every Student, by Laurence; Oscar Rooney; Miltos, directed by George; Screen, by Herman; 20th Davis; Artists. Honorable Henry Allen Kingsford; Stein's Mille; —Hi's presario, Robert Petersen, directed by Fox. 20th Road. Nelson. Journ; by Nostrand; Spencer Hedges; Henry. Toney. 20th Toldo; Dorothy Ker; Tim Bright. "CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD"—UNIVERSAL—Original story by Herman Rosse. Screen play by Scott Darling. Directed by Arthur Lanni. The Cast: Biff Smith, John Wayne; Mary Porter, Louise Latimer; Corinna, Robert McCarthy; James Oliver; Theodore von Ehr; Harrison, Tully Marshall, Charlie Porter, Emerson Teskey, Fish McCord, Harry Allen; Padilla, Lee Roy Mason; Mrs. Porter, Grace Goodall; Hazen, Old Hayten; Clancy, Monty Vandergrift; Secretary, Lenny Raker.

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"—M-G-M—Based on the book by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by John Lee Mahin, Marc Connolly and Dale Van Every. Directed by Victor Fleming. The Cast: Harry, Freddie Bartholomew; MacNeil, Spencer Tracy; Dicky, Lionel Barrymore; Mr. Chetwynd, Melvyn Douglas; Cale, Salter, Charley Grapewin; Dan, Mickey Rooney; "Lone Jack," John Carradine, Cuthman, Oscar O'Shea; Priest, Jack LaRue, Dr. Finley, Walter Kingsford; Tyler, Donald Briggs; "Doc," Sam McDaniel; Charles, Billie Burrad.

"CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS"—20th CENTURY-FOX—Original story by Paul Berger. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Lusen. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The Cast: Charlie Chan, Warner Oland; Yone Koden, Katherine de Mille; Baby Adams, Pauline Moore; Richard Mabey, Allen Lane; Lee Chan, Keye Luke; Arthur Hughes, C. Henry Gordon; Carteria, John Eldredge; Charlie Chan, Jr., Layne Tom, Jr.; Hopkins, Jonathan Hale; Honoré Charles Zarahne, Morgan Wallace; Captain Strasser, Fredrik Vogeding; Peter Chief Scott, Andrew Tombert; Dr. Barton, Howard Heckman.

"DREAMING LIPS"—Trafalgar—United Artists. Adapted by Carl Mayer from Henri Berthelot's play "Le Nil." Directed by Paul Czinner. The Cast: Gabrielle, Elisabeth Bergner; Miguel del Loyo, Raymond Massey; Peter, Romney Brent; Corinne, Joyce Havel; Mrs. Stanwyk, Sydney Fairbrother; Dr. Wilcox, Fisher White; The Philosopher, Donald Cook; His Friend, Ronald Shiner; Policeman, Cyril Raymond; The Resurer, George Carney; Sir Robert Blakely; Felix Aylmer; Butler, Bruno Barabas; Inspector, Charles Carson; The Outlookers, Olive Shaw, Sam Wilkinson, Moore Marriott and Peter Bull.

"ELEPHANT BOY"—Korda United Artists. Based on "Toomai of the Elephants" by Rudyard Kipling. Screen play by John Collier. Directed by Robert Flaherty and Zoltan Korda. The Cast: Toomai of the Elephants, Sabu; Kala Yau (the elephant), Irvati; Toomai's Father, W. E. Holloway; Peter, Walter Hudd; Marika Appy, Allan Jeaves; Rham Lahl, Bruce Gordon, Hunter, D. J. Williams; Commissioner, Hyde White.

"FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN"—20th CENTURY-FOX. Based on the novel by Louis Frederich Nebel. Screen play by George Marion, Jr. and William Conselman. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: Peter Voigl, Don Ameche; Millie Kendall, Ann Schaub; Henry Healy, Slim Summerville; Mrs. Henry, Jane Darwell; Sheriff Dow, John Qualen; Dutch Nison, Douglas Fowley; Larry Smalley, Allan Lane; Tycoon Jerome O. Kendall, Alan Dinehart; Perry, Harry Foy; Frank; Tom, Paul Hurst; George Hays; Sport Charters, Captain Gallaway, De Witt Jennings; Pumple, Bradley Page; Skogen, Oscar Apfel; Captain Corr, John Hamilton; Police Official, Russell Hicks; Deputies, Arthur Ayresworth and Jim Toney.

"GIRL LOVES BOY"—GRAND NATIONAL—Original story by Carl Brown and Amos Smith. Screen play by Duncan Mabonfield and Carroll Graham. Directed by Duncan Mabonfield. The Cast: Robert Conow, Eric Linden; Dorothy McCarthy, Cecilia Parker; Charles Conow, Roger Imsh, Mickey McGarry, Dorothy Peterson; Sidney Montanuk, Pedro de Cordoba; Sally Lazy, Bernadene Hayes; Ned McCarthy, Buster Phelps, Percy McCarthy, Patsy O'Connor; Tim McCarthy, Sherwood Bailey.
This beauty says:

Never let more than one day go by.

Do you keep tabs on yourself? Most physicians agree that regular habits of elimination and proper diet are best for health and beauty.

If more than one day goes by, give Nature gentle aid by taking Olive Tablets. Organized as the formula of a practicing physician, it has become one of America's best known proprietaries.

Keep a supply of Olive Tablets always on the bathroom shelf as a reminder to the whole family not to let more than one day go by. Three sizes—15¢—30¢—60¢—At all druggists.

Dr. Edward's
Olive Tablets
The Laxatives of Beautiful Women.
WAKE UP AND LIVE"—20th CENTURY-FOX.
Based upon Dorothy Brade's book. Original
story by Curtis Kenyon. Screen play by Harry Tu-
good and Jack Yellen. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
The cast: Walter Winchell, Himself; Ben Bernie or
Orchestra, Themselves; Alice Hardy, Alice Boys;
Patsy Kane, Patsy Kelly; Steve Crane, Noel Sparks;
Eddie King, Jack Halse, Joan Roberts, Grace Brol-
ley; Gus Arery, Walter Catlett, Specialty, Leach Ray
and Joan Davis; Herman, Douglas Vonder; James
Strallion, Miles Mander, Specialty, Condor Brothers;
Brenner Turner, Themselves; Waldo Peabody, Tharce
Girardot; McCabe, Paul Hurst; Manager, George
Groat, Foster, Barnett Parker; Erbe; Charles Wil-
hams; Itz Gannan, Warren Hymen; Murphy, Ed
Garman; Ford Driver, Sr. Jesus; Batch Driver, Harry
Tyler, Chansser, Robert Lowery, Attendents, Williams
Demarest, John Sheehan, Singer, Rosemary Glose;
Accomplice, Andre Betsanger, Justin, George Chan-
dler.

"WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS"—UNIVERSAL—
Original story by Charles Belden and Frederick
Stepleman. Screen play by Grace Manning and Charles
Gravson. Directed by Alfred Werker. The cast:
Mary Smith, Sally Elders; John Wade, James Dunn;
Cuth, David Novak, Naught, Warren Hymen; Mrs.
Rutherford, Marjorie Gateson; Rutherford;
Thurston Hall; Miss Karte, Virginia Sale, Clem Porter;
Grady Sutton; The Captain, Ray Brown.

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG"—UNIVERSAL—
From the McCall's Magazine story "Class Prophecy"
by Eleanor Griffin. Screen play by Eve Greene and
Joseph Fields. Directed by Hal Mohr. The cast:
Emma Werner, Virginia Bruce; Andy Russell, Kent
Taylor; Eddie Hayes, Walter Brennan, Hannah Wer-
er, Greta Meyer, Anton Werner, Christian Rub;
Norma Crocker, William Tannen; Irene Henry, John
Rogers, Ovlette Kane, Sterling Halloway; "Daisy"
Leonard, Nylas Westman; "Caddy" Wallace, David
Oliver; Vincente Grinn, Jack Smart; Lydia Sylva;
Louise Douglas; John Dunham, Frankau Pangborn.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

SILENT BARRIERS—Gaumont-British

ALTHOUGH it successfully carries through the
epic theme of railway and empire building in the '80s insofar as splendid scenic photography and a few realistic and exciting action scenes are concerned, this picture fails to be the impressive saga its producers planned. The failure is due chiefly to the fact that the important objective of the picture, i.e., the portrayal of the heros and the self-sacrifice of individuals in order that the rails of the Canadian Pacific might be laid across the forbidding Rockies, is hidden in shadows and sequences that are worthy only of a melodramatic barroom type of Western. Richard
Arlen, the reformed gambling man, and J. Farrell
MacDonald offer the best performances, while Lil Palmer, the official siren, Antoinette Cellier, Arlen's sweetheart, Barry
Mackay and Roy Emerson do their best with roles that at times seem flat and implausible. The picture is worthwhile, however, for the magnificent scenery that it offers.

FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN—Twentieth
Century-Fox

ANOTHER nonsensical farce of the semi-

ty Christie and Ann Sothern running away to elope
and Don Ameche escaping from a divorce case
The two accidentally meet in a deserted mountain cabin. Ann thinks Don a notorious gangster until one really shows up bringing sheriff John Quaen and Slim Summers-
ville in his wake. The lines are smartly clever.

GIRL LOVES BOY—Grand National

ANCIENT in theme, treatment and direc-
tion, this story of a small-town girl who
reforms the local scamp, has little to offer.
Eric Linden's son of the town's rich man, half
heartedly saunters from one escapade to another.
Cecilia Parker, of poor but honest family,
spurns his attentions. Eric redeems himself when he launches Cecilia as a pianist
Dull fare.

CROSSTIDE

A fascinating new "sea yarn." The
adjustable white braided strap and
chrome sea horse cups do a
dual job of form adjustment.
Skirted, $5.95. Maillot, $4.95.

LADY, be beautiful! When you
swim, glorify that form divine
with the glamorous Swim Suits
of B.V.D! For in their evening gown
backs, moulding fabrics, seamless
side maillots and seamless backs,
beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful...alluring...goddesslike! The B.V.D. Corporation. Empire
State Building, New York City.

MODERN DRESSES

Designed by HELEN WILLS.

FISHNET

A brilliant new pattern in a *Sea
Satin maillot, made with "Lastex.
Shredded bra top moulds the firm
uplift held by adjustable shoulder
straps, $9.95. Skirted, $11.95.

GIRLS into goddesses—that's the
mission of the glamorous Swim
Suits of B.V.D.'s. Their silhouetting
fabrics—their evening gown backs—
the seamless side maillots and seam-
less backs that bring that sculptured
look—their brilliant patterns and
colors—all are the 1937 way to the
body beautiful...lovely...glorified.
The B.V.D. Corporation, Empire
State Building, New York City.

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* B.V.D.

Swimsuits

GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

SAILOR Dick Purcell makes a bet that he can win Mary Brian, unattractive librarian. Besides influencing her metamorphosis into a beauty,foiling the plot of a group of spies, and winning a promotion, he of course wins his bet. Purcell is fair as the egotistic gob, Mary Brian is charming as the Cinderella girl, Warren Hymer provides the mild comedy relief.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS—
Twentieth Century-Fox

WARNER OLAND, as detective Charlie Chan, scores again in this mystery of a stolen robot airplane invention. Clues to the missing plane send Chan to the Olympic Games in Berlin where he discovers the thieves have kidnapped his son, Keye Luke. Fast thinking on Chan's part leads to recovery of invention and rescue of son. Fast-moving, intriguing story.

THE HIT PARADE—Republic

STARS of radio contribute fun and frolic to this sprightly musical. The story deals with radio agent Phil Regan who is double-crossed by singer Louise Henry. Searching for new talent, Regan discovers Frances Langford and against all odds, builds her to stardom. The orchestra of Eddie Duchin and Duke Ellington supply the music. Screen and radio comics furnish the laughs.

DREAMING LIPS—Trafalgar-United Artists

DEFINITELY a problem play of the triangle school, this film gives Elizabeth Bergner, Raymond Massey and Romney Brent a magnificent opportunity to display their talents. Bergner as the wife of an orchestra leader, Brent, becomes infatuated with his best friend, a great violinist. The ensuing complications build up effectively to a pitch of high tragedy. A slow-moving but beautifully done psychological study of three fascinating personalities.

ANOTHER DAWN—Warner Brothers

THIS is a story of sand and death and love with Kay Francis the central point of a triangle. Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter, British officers, both love her, until at last one must choose death. Restraint, in this case, makes for boredom instead of art; nobody was ever as honorable as these three. There is a lot of polite killing. Go for the stellar cast.

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—Twentieth Century-Fox

THE first of a series dealing with a clever little Japanese detective, Mr. Moto. Peter Lorre is perfect as the fascinating Mr. Moto who steps into a ring of Shanghai smugglers and with diabolical cunning and marvelous jiu-jitsu traps the culprits in no time. Thomas Beck and Virginia Field are the boy and girl. There are thrills and action aplenty.

THE STUTTERING BISHOP—Warner Brothers

DONALD WOODS, as dynamic Perry Mason, detective, solves the murder of a millionaire and finds his true heiress with the greatest of ease in this routine murder yarn which abounds with suspects and clues. When not too busy detecting, Woods falls in love with his clever secretary, Ann Dvorak. Satisfyingly suspenseful, and helped by the smooth performances of Tom Kennedy, Robert McWade, and Anne Nagel.

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1—First National

NEW faces in a slightly used tale of petty racketeers who marry off Jane Wyman to William Hopper in a mock wedding that turns out to be legal. Undaunted, the bride seizes the publicity to advance her artist husband to fame and fortune. Miss Wyman and Hopper, newcomers, show promise. Marie Wilson, as a nitwit fan dancer, provides a few laughs.

WAIIKIKI WEDDING—Paramount

THE Great Crooner's newest melody-comedy, a madcap story of Hawaii and its luxurious life, creates a new kind of dimensional entertainment. Rife with excellent music, insane plot and exorbitant of setting, it is merry nonsense.

Bing Crosby plays the publicity man for an island pineapple farm. He kidnaps Shirley Ross, contest winner, when she refuses to cooperate by liking Hawaii and writing about it for the newspapers. They go to a smaller Isle and get into trouble with the natives. Dénouement comes with a bang, and it will leave you goggle-eyed.

In superb voice, Crosby reiterates his ability as a comedian. Martha Raye, Shirley's friend, is loud and swell. You'll like Leif Erikson as the belligerent fiancé. The hit songs: "Okalehao," "Blue Hawaii," "Sweet Leilani," "In a Little Hula Heaven." Every scene is magnificent fun.

SEVENTH HEAVEN—Twentieth Century-Fox

I HIS revival of the enchanting love story of the Paris underworld that brought sudden fame to Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, captures much of the charm of the silent version and is in some scenes improved. James Stewart's triumphing over miscasting will win many new friends for his sincere portrayal of the street washer. Simone Simon, piguont and charming is not the ideal Diane but nevertheless makes a good foil for the lamboyant Chico. Hauntingly beautiful is the essential story; the story of a kind hearted youth who gives shelter to a little French waif, grows to love her. The war separates them but the faith and courage of Diane throughout the years are rewarded when her lover returns. Gregory Ratoff, the zestful taxi-driver, Jean Hersholt, the understanding father, and Kay Francis as the chief love interest are excellent. Director Henry King has succeeded in emphasizing the sentiment, the wistfulness and spiritual beauty of the story.

HOODLUMS AT HOME

Of course the hoodlums are the Marx Brothers, the maddest, merriest zanies in all Hollywood. The hilarious tale of their daily domesticity is one of the highlights of the July Photoplay, on the newsstands, June 9th.
**We Cover the Studios**

(Continued from Page 60)

No. 1 on the list is "The Life of Zola," starring the Academy winner, Paul Muni, supported by the Academy winner, Gale Sondergaard, and Joseph Schildkraut, among others, all of whom are photographed by another Academy winner, Tony Gaudio. The director is William Dieterle.

The picture is in the mood of "The Story of Louis Pasteur." Its setting is France in the last century. Its theme is the story of a lone battle against injustice, ignorance and misunderstanding. It is about the fight of the French author, Emile Zola, to free Captain Dreyfus from Devil's Island and to prove that the man was innocent of treason.

Muni is not working today. This is Schildkraut's and Sondergaard's day, and they make the most of it.

The setting is a small anteroom in a French prison. The scene is the farewell between Dreyfus and his wife—a farewell said a room apart. It is vibrant with pathos.

Schildkraut is of the school of actors who believe in moods for movie making. He prepares for the scene by walking back and forth on a dark side of the sound stage. Like a man walking in a prison cell, his wrists shackled, repeating his lines half aloud. Gale prepares for it by rehearsing mentally, while a hairdresser primp the red wig she wears over her own black hair in this picture.

Both of them give everything they have to the scene, to their choked words of love, his reassertion of his innocence, her promise to live until he is proven innocent. It is one of the longest continuous exchanges of dialogue we have ever heard on a movie set. The mood of the scene is so intense that it cannot be broken up into small segments, as most scenes are. When it ends, there is a hush on the set—the greatest tribute that set workers can give to performances.

G. Audio, Italian and round, says to us, "Did you say 'Anthony M. Verdi'? The photography on that was a cheese, compared to this!"

On the back lot, on the "tenement street," Mervyn Le Roy is making his second picture as an independent producer, "In the Deep South." He is also directing. At the moment he is directing a mob scene.

He tells us, between takes, "Three years ago, I said, 'Give me a powerful story, and I'll prove that stars aren't necessary to make a powerful picture. I'll prove the 'play the thing.'" Well, this is it!"

There is only one "name" in the cast—that is Claude Rains. The rest of the cast are either virtual unknowns or totally unknowns.

It is, briefly, an American tragedy—the story of a boy enmeshed by circumstance and prejudice. He is a northerner who teaches in a small business college in a southern city. One of the

---

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25 YEARS IN USE AT ALL DRUG

AND DEPARTMENT STORES

- This near-by Universal, to the relief of residents of Toluca Lake, the war is over. "The Road Back" company is out of the trenches, after being there for three weeks straight, at all night, to film the prologue to the picture—a prologue that will consume only ten minutes at the most, on the screen. A sure symptom that another epic is in the making in this sequel to "All Quiet on the Western Front."

"The Road Back" shows, against a German background, what happened to the boys when they came straggling home from war. It is merciless in its irony, and, if the people making it get their wish, it will be unforgettable.

The boys—John King, Henry Hunter, John Emery, Larry Blake, Richard Cromwell, Maurice Murphy and all the others—are grouped today in a village square. They are about to be discharged and ordered home. They have all had a foreboding of the emotional maelstrom they will have to face, trying to readjust themselves to civilian life. One boy (Larry Blake) bitterly speaks up to his captain, deciding the so-called "heroism." The captain (John Emery) defends war.

We see the scene in which Emery, in close-up, tells why he is glad he went to war. He is not just a disciplined bigot. He knows what the other boy is trying to express. He has a different philosophy, that's all. Thus we see the shrewdness of Director James Whale in letting war state its case so quietly and sincerely. The cataclysm that befalls these boys is all the more effective afterward, because of that speech.

As for the boys, "Now that we're on dry land again, we're having a good time," reports John King. "We're prepared to state that..."
Sherman was substantially correct.

From Universal City, we cross the ridge to Beverly Hills and 20th Century-Fox, for a view of the first picture to use the present war (the one in Spain) for a background. This is "Love Under Fire," starring Loretta Young and Don Ameche.

It's a comedy, believe it or not, in the same tempo, as "Love Is News," their last hit together. Loretta is suspected of being a jewel thief, and Don is the Scotland Yard operative who suspects her. The chase leads to Spain.

There we find them in a hotel room in Madrid, where Don has finally caught up with Loretta and her alleged accomplice, Harold Huber. The setting is a big squalid room, with bullet-shattered window panes in the background and a bullet hole in the wall beside one window.

There is a story behind those broken panes and that bullet hole. They were supposed to have been made by stray bullets from below. Actually, they were made by bullets from above. A sharpshooter named Ben Southland, who has made his living for twenty years by shooting at stars, fired a machine gun from a raft to shatter the windows. Then he fired a rifle, to make the bullet hole, and during all this Loretta was standing only two feet away.

BEN didn't mind shooting at Loretta. (The only near-targets that unnerve him are war veterans, like Victor McLaglen, for example. They anticipate the shots and are jumpy.) Anyway, Don (his hair "glamorously grayed" again) and Loretta and Harold are in the room now, all with glasses in their hands. Don's drink is doped, and the drug is beginning to take effect. The camera is focused on him. He turns away from one of the windows, yawns uncontrollably, flops into a chair, yawns again.

The timing doesn't satisfy Director George Marshall. He calls for a retake, then another. By the time the scene is "in the box," everybody on the set is yawning.

At our last stop, M-G-M, we find three dancers all sitting down during a musical number. It isn't a Hollywood sit-down strike. It's a scene for "Broadway Melody of 1937," co-starring Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell.

The setting is a meadow, built indoors on the biggest sound stage at M-G-M, with real grass waving in a breeze created by a wind machine. Charles (n. Iglor) Gorin is singing a song called "Sun Showers," Eleanor Powell, George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen, sitting on the ground, are his absorbed audience.

George and Buddy look singularly contented about the relaxation. Eleanor, since her recovery from her ankle sprain, has been working them extra hard to make up for lost time. So that George says:

"There's a rumor they're going to rettitle this picture, 'Two Thin Men After One Thin Girl.'"

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It's Lonely Being A Child Prodigy

[continued from page 27]

until Deanna signed her first motion picture contract with M-G-M when she was thirteen, they lived in a modest three-room cottage near Broadway and 86th Street in Los Angeles, a district of simple homes owned or rented by wage earners. While not in want, their means were far from affluent.

As is the case with any girl who is growing up, Deanna made her choice of friends and girl-fashion, had her “special best friends” or those intimates between whom grows a strangely close and precious bond. In Deanna’s case, the “specials” were Paula and Jane Raw hust, who lived close by in the same neighborhood.

All three were members of the glee club of the Manchester Avenue grammar school and later students at the Bred Harte Junior High. Deanna was taking singing lessons by that time. Her exquisite voice had begun to manifest itself when she was three. Even then she could hear a song and sing it in clear, true pitch. By the time she was eleven, her extraordinary talent was obvious. However, Mr. Durbin could not afford to give her singing lessons and, generously, her sister, Ethel, paid for weekly lessons with an inexpensive teacher from her own meager earnings.

In the school glee club, Deanna sang as a member of the chorus. Not once did she admit, or even hint, that her voice qualified her for solo work.

“I was afraid the other girls might think I was getting stuck-up,” Deanna told me. “I was afraid it might make a difference between us, and we were so happy as things were.”

Golden, glorious days. Deanna and Janie, complete unto themselves. Sharing secrets, confiding hopes and dreams, three girls on the threshold of young womanhood, a perfect trinity. Then it happened. Separation.

It was the inevitable, of course. If her talent escaped notice at school, it did not in the community church. Regular members and visitors alike were startled, then thrilled with the music that poured forth from the throat of the child singing hymns and anthems. They all knew that some day someone would hear that voice which would bring it to the attention of millions.

Jack Sherrill, now Deanna’s manager, ultimately became that person.

MARTY-OLDWYN-MAVER about this time was searching for a child with some semblance of a voice to play the role of Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink as a girl in the proposed starring vehicle for the great diva, “Gram.” Sherrill brought Deanna to Marty’s attention and promptly they signed her to a term contract with the usual six months option.

Los Angeles being spread out as it is, it became imperative that the Durbins move, since Deanna must be at the studio daily for lessons and training.

Weeping, Paula, Janie and Deanna said good-by.

“But never mind,” they consoled themselves. “We’ll see each other all the time. Promise.”

They promised, in solemn good faith. But it wasn’t distance, as much, that was to keep them separated for a whole year, although that too...
played its part. It was that Deanna found herself plunged into a new and strange life. Her days were spent at the studio learning the bewildering business of making movies. Even her schooling was conducted on the lot, as it still is at Universal. Replacing her former teacher of voice was Andre de Segurola, former coach of the Metropolitan Opera who today guides many of the greatest voices in the world of music.

Thus the days were filled. There was no time to see Paula and Janie. No time, really, for anything but work, work, work towards this new goal.

No new little friends were substituted for the former ones. Nor could fathers be blamed if it seemed unimportant to them, after a hard day's work, to drive Deanna or Paula across the length of the city, through heavy traffic, to visit each other.

Then Schumann-Heink died. With her died the studio's plans for "Gram" and the brilliant opportunity for Deanna.

She made one musical "short" with Judy Garland, a none too successful affair. The six months elapsed and Deanna's contract was not renewed.

Now she had neither friends nor absorbing activity.

Sherrill's faith in her next brought her to Universal. A new contract was forthcoming. Again the Durbin fairly moved to be closer to the studio. This time the home was farther than ever from the beloved 86th Street—and Paula.

Once more Deanna was enrolled in a studio school, among strange classmates—a freckle-faced boy of seven, a chubby little girl of nine, and two sophisticated blondes of about fourteen.

Came the making of "Three Smart Girls." The original plans for "Three Smart Girls" called for an inexpensive and relatively unimportant "B" or second-class picture. In it Deanna was given a minor role. Her work in the first two weeks of shooting, however, proved so startling production heads called a halt.

Thereupon the studio was said to have been divided into two camps—a pro and anti-Durbin. After a bitter fight, in which a number of resignations allegedly were threatened if Deanna was made the star of the picture, and if she were not, the showdown came. The pro-Durbins won. The budget was increased to "A" or first-class rating, the story rewritten to feature Deanna.

Box-office records everywhere proved how justified the change was.

Deanna emerged a top flight star in one picture. Immediately plans were made for her second starring picture with no less a distinguished personality than the conductor Leopold Stokowski, and ninety-nine other men playing second to this little girl's beauty, charm and ability. This picture is called "One Hundred Men and One Girl," and means just that.

It was during the making of "Three Smart Girls" and hence before her success was certain, that Deanna made her radio debut. Sherrill persuaded Eddie Cantor to give her an audition for a guest star spot on his Sunday night broadcast.

She's been the feature of the program ever since.

Thus brilliant success, fame, and growing wealth have come to Deanna. Such fame, in fact, that Al Levy, oldest restaurateur of Hollywood, remarked the other day that not since fans by the thousands came to his
restaurant to watch Charlie Chaplin eat dinner has a Hollywood star created so much interest and furor in his establishment.

BUT—that success, fame and wealth was just what was straining and losing to Deanna the things she held most dear—her little girl friendships. Glad as she and Paula were to see each other again, cry as they did with happiness, both knew when they went to their separate homes that night that another year might very well pass before they would see each other again.

Both knew, too, that things were not, and cannot be as they were before.

It has cost her more than Paula's friendship. It has cost her every girl's natural inheritance of carefree youth, something she did not value until she had lost it.

Her days—and nights—now are a succession of crammed schooling, fittings, make-up tests, music lessons, practice hours, film and radio rehearsals, radio appearances and actual work before the cameras.

She happened to mention to me she had celebrated her fourteenth birthday recently on her first trip to New York City.

"Did you have a party?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she answered carefully. "In fact, I had five parties in one day!"

The Waldorf-Astoria, biggest hotel in the world, was host at one of those parties. Universal Studios' New York offices gave a second party. Jack Sherrill the third, Eddie Cantor a fourth, and Abe Blumberg, a big dress manufacturer, the fifth.

True, they were very elaborate parties, with expensive food and such, and more expensive presents for Deanna. But—not one girl friend of her own age was there. What is happy about that kind of a birthday?

DEANNA went roller skating at a public rink in Los Angeles not long ago. She loves to skate and it had been a long time since she had had a chance, since her days were filled and you can't skate on the busy streets here at night. So what happened?

She arrived at eight p.m. At five minutes after, before she had a chance to fasten her skates, a crowd of autograph seekers had surrounded her.

Still others stood and stared. By the time the last autograph book had been signed, it was time for Deanna to go home.

Still another night loomed big in anticipation to Deanna. That night, she said she "had more fun than in a year." The event was a fudge party.

The usual preliminaries went off in fine style for Deanna. There was the buying of the extras needed for the candy, the cracking and chopping of the nuts, watching the fudge boil, testing for the soft ball in cold water that means it is time to take it from the fire. Then waiting the long, long time until the confection was cool enough to eat.

There's nothing more fun than to make fudge with the right people. It is an exciting, tantalizing adventure. But waiting with Deanna for the fudge to cool that night, patronizingly amused at her breathless impatience were her mother and father, her manager, her singing teacher and heaven knows who else. All adults living in another world, a world a girl of fourteen is not yet ready to enter or understand!

Maybe Paula and Janie made fudge in one of their homes that same night. If so, they had something Deanna did not for all her fame and money.

They had a good time.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE—GB.—British Jessie Matthews' new musical crammed with delightful sentiment and tearjerkers, with Nunnally Johnson's book and script by Booth Tarkington. Princesses are available for dancing. Miss Matthews plays the lead. (May 1)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY—Warners. The eternal triangle again with Joan Baez as the trusting ex-secretary, with Warren Hull and Bud Buffalo as the loving wife, who takes him home. Joan Baez is good as Hull's cynical aunt. Everybody else overacts. (May 1)

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT—Wanger-United Artists. Comedy, romance and melodrama are cunningly interwoven in this non-romantic presentation of the trial of Arliss' disillusioned with his jealous husband (Colin Clive) who frames her for murder charge, and her tender love story with Samanit Charles Boyer. You'll get a thrill. (May 1)

HOUSE OF SECRETS—Chesterfield—Leslie Fenton brings an English estate drawn out by mysterious gangsters. Murial Evans is a satisfactory Hilton's tale. Les Hargreaves, Claude Madison, Claude King and Morgan Wallace are convincing. Just fair. (Mar.)

JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN—Paramount.—In trouble with his new girl friend, the newly married man, played by Meade, and his prospective wife, played by Marjorie Daw, is the tycoon who marries a farmette to spuit a society jane. No dice. (Apr.)

JOIN THE MARINES—Republic.—A last little comedy of love between a Beatrice Lillie and a Miss Ralston with a surprising story twist. June Travis is the soldier's love interest. She manages to get on his mind. Warren Hymer goes over big. (Mar.)

LARSEN ON THE AIR—Republic.—This funny story of the fight by a young doctor (Robert Lowery) with a man who's trying to make him the toast of the town by marrying a farmette, played by madame smiling Bundette support. (Mar.)

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox.—No laughing matter is editor Jane Darwell's trouble: she's engaged to marry her ex-friend of a murderer charge, Delma Byton, Allan Lane. The picture is flat, funny and full of sincere moments. (Mar.)

LOST HORIZON—Columbia.—After two years of monumental research and expense, James Cagney, Joan Bennett, Brian Donlevy and Billy Halop in the cast directed by Frank Capra, is a screen triumph, Ronald Coleman distinguishes himself and builds a great cast including Jane Wyat, H. B. Warner, John Whiting, Jean Arthur, Margaret Dumont and J. R. Dunn. It is mellifluous. (May 1)

LOVE IS NEWS—20th Century-Fox.—Gay, impossible, conceived in a new kind of slap¬ ping picture, the story of the making of a film. The picture is full of suspense and is all to the screen, to the tune of your laughter. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power play the leads, while the story is a complete, amusing, enchanting. Don Amecche is outstanding as the tough editor. See it often. (May)

MAID OF SALEM—Paramount.—A dark comedy of superstition and witchcraft and Puritan bigotry in Massachusetts superbly directed and produced. The drama is woven around Claudette Colbert and cavaler Fred MacMurray, both of whom have never done finer work. Bonita Granville is neighbours "These Three") is perfect. Don't miss this. (May)

MAN OF AFFAIRS—GB.—An innocuous little tale of diplomacy in high places, with suave George Arliss in the dual role of a boor so well Englishman and his titled brother. George prevents a war with the Orient, plays matchmaker for Romilly Lungo and Rene Ray. Very simple fare indeed. (May)

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—M-G-M.—This time Joseph Calleia's forceful performance is thrown on the side of the law in his struggle to impress¬ ive entertainment. As a law pro, he uncovers a lot of skullduggery, impinges his sweetheart, Florence Rice. Honest triumphs. (Apr.)

MAMA STEPS OUT—M-G-M.—A blatant and obvious picture that doesn't tell above Albert Brady's cut, to whom he is devoted to well Englishman and his titled brother. George prevents a war with the Orient, plays matchmaker for Romilly Lungo and Rene Ray. Very simple fare indeed. (May)

MARKED WOMAN—Warners.—A brutal modern melodrama about gangsters and their exploitation of women based on a recent newspaper expose. Bette Davis is more vital than ever. Edward Woods is as villainous as he was in "Blackmail," and Humphrey Bogart as the D. A. is splendid. You won't want to miss it. (May)

MAYTIME IN M-G-M.—Gay, charming and heart-stirring with a super musical score this again team Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a beautiful story of love, lost, found and love. Joaquin is a prima donna. John Barrymore has her in a supporting role, and Nelson a stud in a "Rarragon" situation. (May)

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE—Paramount. The customary detective-spyer-murder, murder-anything with a campus background. Lynne Overman and Roscoe Karns supply the comedy. Arthur Lake and Marsha Hunt provide the beauty. (May)

MYSTERIOUS CROSSING—Universal.—The usual murder mystery solvent, the crime by himself, but Andy Devine's presence brightens things up. James Dunn, Jean Rogers and John Eldridge in their roles nicely. (May)

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—20th Century-Fox.—Vinc McLaglen perfectly cast as a private eye, 20th Century. McLaglen is the man with a moustache who precipitates new squad into a murder and excitement. It's fun. (Mar.)

ONE IN A MILLION—20th Century-Fox.—A new star arrives! Sonja Henie, ex-stalking chumps, is about to find herself the target of bullies in a new musical and a sawdust chase involving Athol Martha, Athol Jinday, The Ritz Brothers and Don Amecche. Sonja has plenty of charm, snap and skill and is sure and go. (May)

ON THE AVENUE—20th Century-Fox.—Here are living Berlin's delicious new songs, Madeleine Carroll's pulsating, Alice Faye's teasing, the Ritz Brothers' physical comedy, Dick Powell's singing love lilt built around a poor boy meets rich girl angle. A swell dish. (May)

OUTCAST—Paramount.—A somber and slow moving story of a doctor who re-establish himself after an unfortunate operation. Karen Morley intends to expose William, falls in love instead. Lewis Stone saves the pair from the town's fury. (May)

PARADISE EXPRESS—Republic.—Violent melodrama of the rivalry between a railroad and a trucking company for the farmers' business. It is a story of dirty work at the crossroads. Grant Withers is the noble hero who loves Dorothy Appleby. Donald Kirke is the villain. (May)

PARK AVENUE LOGGER—RKO—Radio.—Enchanting little comic-melodrama with Agnes Moorehead as a reporter. She is打猎 a winner of a role not often in the new musicals. (May)

PENROD AND SAM—Warners.—Little Betty Mauch shows the younger generation's opinion of the girl detective whose chape for Oscar Romer. Betty Mauch is amusing as the Mother. A little too homely, but the giddies will trot their nails at the matai. (May)

PICK A STAR—Hall Roach-M-G-M.—Film¬ land laughs at itself in a screamingly funny story of a small town beauty contest winner in Hollywood, Patsy Kelly, Rosina Lawrence, Jack Haley and Harold combine their comedy abilities to make this a wov. (May)

QUALITY STREET—RKO-Radio.—Not a very kind picture directed by George Arliss' book brought to life by a per¬ son cast headed by Katherine Hepburn in the dual role of a spinster and her giddy niece. Franklin Pangborn is the dashing doting lover. Betty Hutton, Eric More and Sara Witherspoon are excellent it's splendid. (May)

READY WILLING AND ABLE—Warners.—Ruby Keeler masquerades as a famous English star, but Miss Alexander's Broadway show in the films, and the story is a sleazy, swill, is so finish. Shaw's singing is a hit. (Apr.)

SEA DEVILS—RKO—Radio.—A slam-bang story of the coast guard patrol with Preston Foster and Vink McClaglen fighting and having all over the ocean. Ilida Lupino and Donald Woods are nice sup¬ port and the storms at sea are thrilling. (Apr.)

SHE'S DANGEROUS—Universal.—Tala Birel is a detective who is winced in the murder of her chief. Walter Peckin, the faithful doctor-lover, Walter Brennan and Warren Hymer are the comedy. Very so-so.
STOWAWAY—20th Century-Fox.—Stirley Temple captures new honors in her latest attempt to portray this tale of an orphan reared in China who plays cupid on shipboard for wealthy Robert Young and Alice Faye. Stirley sings, dances and speaks Chinese with admirable gusto. (Mar.)

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—Paramount.—A smooth blend of laughter and tears, thrill to numbers, fine production, direction and camera work, this team of Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a story of a girl who marries a shaky-charging boy, makes a star of her, gets her heart broken. It's simply perfect and so is Carole. Don't miss this. (Apr.)

THAT I MAY LIVE—20th Century-Fox.—Just another story of a man, Robert Kent, who wants to go straight, but is framed by his former pals. Rochelle Hudson and J. Edward Bromberg pull a fast one on their friend. Dick Durr. (Mar.)

THE GOOD EARTH—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of the Peckinpah story, the Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and sensitive Luise Rainer. Tilly Losch, in her own right, is the second wife. See her by all means. (Mar.)

THE GREAT HOSPITAL MYSTERY (Formerly "Deaconess")—20th Century-Fox. There is little to recommend this poorly constructed murder yarn starring Jane Darwell and Thomas Beck. Joan Davis' comedy nurse shines honors. (May)

THE HOLY TERROR—20th Century-Fox.—Here is merry entertainment with Jane Withers as the meddlesome barn scarlet of a rural air base. Anthony Martin and Leah Ray sing tunefully. Joe Lewis and Joan Davis clown briskly. The best Withers' film in a blue moon. (Mar.)

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL—Warner, introducing the latest handsome male charmer, French Fernand (Covert). The colorful story concerns a bored king whose retainers hire Joan Blondell, a chorus girl, to divert him from his dissatisfactions. The whole cast is splendid. Gift-edited. (Mar.)

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—M-G-M.—The efforts of Joan Crawford, Bob Montgomery and Bill Powell save this revival of a famous Broadway drawing-room comedy from being stuffy. Joan is a refined crook, Bob Powell her stooge, Bob a suave English lord. It's amusing. (May)

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF—RKO-Radio.—An entirely new idea—that of flying hospital planes—is incorporated in this informative and incident-talented tale. John Beal, a discredited doctor, and Joan Fontaine, a flying nurse, carry the romance. (May)

THE MIGHTY TREVE—Universal.—This trite and overabundance story has Tufty, a magnificently trained canary, going through his paces for the first time. In it he is accused of sheer stealing. Sam Hinds, Noah Beery and Barbara Shore round out the cast. For animal lovers and children. (Mar.)

THE PLough AND THE STARS—RKO-Radio.—John Ford's directional portrait of strife-torn Broadway is a picture of intelligence. Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck are the high-leveled actors. The story is of patriotism and love. Barry Fitzgerald plays the part of the photographer. It is outstanding. (Mar.)

THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY—RKO-Radio.—"Must love in uniform" is the tag line of "Michael Strogoff." It's dawdling and very, very good, too. The swiftly told tale of a Korean town's reaction to the Tatars who have looted the Tartars has Anton Walbrook, Fay Bainter and Akin Tamir- rill in the cast. A winning, Austrian newcomer, is superb. (May)

THE WOMAN ALONE—G-R. A melodrama that is not particularly exciting story of a secret terrorist gang in London with Osa Massen, Sylvia Sidney, John Loder and Desmond Tester all of whom give sincere performances. (Mar.)

TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox.—Thrift and romance go hand in hand when this comedy of an heiress, Claire Trevor, who latches onto her way to the cast, picks up Michael Whalen whom she suspects of being a robber. Lots of laughter. (Apr.)

TOP OF THE TOWN—Universal.—A madly paced collection of concert dances and downbeat fun, this musical extravaganza has Doris Nolan, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Gregory Ratoff, George Arliss and the handsome. The girl of the cast, so you have the idea. Go. (Apr.)

11 O'clock Leave—Grand National.—An old style picture, this romance is mellowed with a face lift of youth, song and slap-ham comedy. James Ellison is the servant who lets his buddies in on Bill Dana's wedding. He wins his bet and the general's daughter. (May)

TWO WISE MAILS—Hepburn.—Dedicated to the study of young love, this tale is set in a college where the splendid acting of Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran make the schoolmates. Marc A, Jones and Jackie Beal are the problem children. You'll like it. (Apr.)

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT—M-G-M.—A dark but not very deep thriller with college professors going in for wholesale slaughter. Detectives Edmund Lowe and Jack Oakie are the stars, save his sweetheart, Florence Rice. The cast is adequate. (Mar.)

WE'RE ON THE JURY—RKO-Radio.—When Helen Broderick and Victor Moore meet as the jury of a jury you can expect anything to happen. It does. They find the real criminals before Judge Robert McVadon and Phil Houston are reduced to a pulp. You'll laugh. (Mar.)

WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY—RKO-Radio.—Guest star over, Joe E. Brown's new comedy presents The Mouth as an uncanny speaker whose faith in the zodiac gets him into plenty of hot water. lands him in the piaze ring. You'll howl. (Apr.)

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Columna.—Grace Moore and Cary Grant in a sparkling story of a vain opera star forced into an ironic marriage by her lover, Bob Hope. A dissembling comedy, delightful operatic and modern tunes and a splendid cast. Be sure and see it. (Apr.)

WHITE BONDAGE—Warner.—Jean Muir is the minister's wife, whose affair with a young buck costs her the vacation. The innominate vain of share croppers' rebellion against unscrupulous landowners in the countryside, Gordon Oliver, Howard Phillips and John King complete the cast. Stupend. (May)

WINGS OF THE MORNING—20th Century-Fox.—A modern melodrama involving women and horses done in Technicolor. Henry Fonda is the gentleman trainer; Annabella is his gypsy love song. The film boasts an outside-of-the-ordinary cast. Betty Furness is sweet as the love object. (Mar.)

WITHOUT WARNING—20th Century-Fox.—Norman Foster's initial attempt at directing is only slightly promising. The story is of the girl who attempts to win and loses. Rochelle Hudson tries hard as his girl Friar. You'll notice Alan Dinehart. Dub. (Mar.)

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR—Columbia.—The story of Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Bruce time to lift this picture above the average. The plot concerns an adrift woman who wins a disinterested night club singer to the heights of love for art's sake, Reginald Denny and Betty Kent are lovely. (May)

You ONLY LIVE ONCE—Walter Wanger—United Artists.—This is a triumph of feeling with finesse and feeling by Fritz Lang, magnificently acted by Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney, here is a sincerity realism and a beautiful love story. It's also a boy sent to the death house on circumstantial evidence. A must see. (May)

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW—G-R. Wallace Ford gets a better break than usual in this quite lovely tale of a pep American white knight who enables the British Army to escape police. Anna Lee, John Mills and Grace Bradley support. Lively and humorous. (May)
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Of course you do, you ought to get married ADA. You're not getting any younger.

You're even more attractive, tonight. I never met a woman I liked so suddenly, and so well.

It was fate, perhaps you captured my imagination as few men have.

I could dance forever with you!

I'm sorry to drag you home this early, but my head is simply splitting. Forgive me.

Of course I do, you poor dear.

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No matter what your personal problem may be, Physical Culture, the absorbing personal problem magazine is sure to point the way to its solution. Below are a few of the twenty-eight vital, helpful features which constitute the contents of Physical Culture for July.

OTHER FEATURES IN THE BIG JULY ISSUE

Why Sex Crimes Increase, a revealing discussion of a rising tide of menace to women and children by Edward Doherty—Ginger Rogers' Health Way to Womanly Charm by Adela Rogers St. Johns—Streamline your Face by Madame Sylvia—How Much Can You Influence the Sex of the Unborn by Amram Scheinfeld—Beautiful Baby Page—Daintiness First for Feminine Attractiveness by Carol Cameron—Control Kidney Disease by Diet by Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane—Do Women Think Faster Than Men by Daniel Mann and many other helpful and entertaining features.

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He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!

Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!

Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937!"

You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!

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The Emperor's Candlesticks

with Robert Young · Maureen O'Sullivan
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On the Cover—Jeanette MacDonald, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell


VOL. LI., No. 7, JULY, 1937
Look forward to a new series of "Tarzan" pictures, but M-G-M will not make them nor will Johnny Weissmuller play the Ape Man. Johnny would like to do straight modern roles for a change. RKO will do the series this time with Glenn Morris as Tarzan. Glenn is no slouch when it comes to being a strong man. He is the Decathlon champion of the world (running, putting the shot, high jumps, etc.). He won the award at the 1936 Olympics. Glenn is a graduate of Colorado State College, is six feet tall, weighs 194 pounds.

NELLIE LALLEY, PLANKINTON, S. DAKOTA — The principal outdoor locations used in "The Plainsman" were sites near Pole Mountain, Wyoming, and Birney Montana. At the latter location DeMille used 1,000 Cheyenne Indians from the reservation there. The Deadwood, South Dakota, saloon where Wild Bill Hickok was shot was built in Hollywood. It is an exact replica of the original. Mr. DeMille found an eye-witness to the actual shooting, Captain Jim Moore, and thus was able to reconstruct it on the screen. Jean Arthur made love to Gary Cooper once before in pictures—in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

PROEBE KEPPLER, ALTADENA, CALIFORNIA — "Wings of the Morning" was the English-speaking debut of that lovely French actress, Annabella. She was born in Paris on July 14th (Bastille Day). 1912, came to Hollywood a few years ago to make French versions of pictures, but went back to Europe after a few months. Her real name is Anne Charpentier and she is married to the actor, Jean Murat. Having a passion for Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "Annabelle Lee," she was inspired to change her name for stage purposes. A natural beauty with golden brown hair and eyes, she made such a hit in "Wings of the Morning" that you can expect to see her back in Hollywood any day. In the meantime she is working in another English picture, "Under the Red Robe," with Conrad Veidt.

NATALIE GRIFELICH, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF—Glenda Farrell uses her own name. She was born in Enid, Oklahoma. June 30, 1905. She is five feet three and one half inches tall, weighs 114 pounds. Greta Garbo whose real name is Greta Gustafsson was born in Stockholm, Sweden, Sept. 18, 1905. She is five feet six and weighs normally 122 pounds. Carole Lombard, formerly Jane Peters, (she had her name changed legally last year) was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on October 6, 1909. She is five feet two and weighs 112 pounds. You'll have to hear that her next picture will be in Technicolor, to show how really lovely she is.
FIRST PRIZE—$15.00

THE WINNER!

This idea of realism in films that fans are always harping about is just so much bunk. No realism for me, please. I have too much of that; always have had. I'd rather be fed on fantasies and fables, wafted along through literally a fairyland than to have movies come down to earth and on the same plane as we ordinary mortals.

I'm a stenographer. Live in a cramped little apartment, shared with two other girls, similar wage earners. We press a button and presto! there's Lucy's bed. Mine has to be shoved against the wardrobe closet. We skimp and save for two weeks, walk to and from work to save carfare and eat drugstore sandwiches at noon, just to be able to buy a frilly blouse or a pair of suede shoes, and a presentable evening gown is something that happens once in a lifetime. Shows are a treat the boy friend has to provide.

Realism! I hope not! Thirty-five cents of hard-earned cash for something that's all too familiar to us . . . slender budgets, one room apartments, cooking over a gas jet, shiny serge suits, runs in our hose. NEVER! Let Adrian design his scrumptious creations! Let working girls romp through their scenes with smiles instead of frowns. Glamour with a capital "G" is what we want and we don't care how lavishly it's dished out. All too soon we emerge from our cinema thrills, but until the stroke of twelve we are carefree happy Cinderellas.

The answer to the Cinderellas' wish: perhaps the glamorous Dietrich in the forthcoming picture, "Angel."

. . . is Joan Davis, who brings on an acute attack of laughter with her ridiculous burlesque rhumba in "Wake Up and Live." Joan, you remember, was the comedienne in "The Holy Terror" who made a practice of hitting herself on the chin and falling over the scenery. Another Zanuck discovery on the way up!

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00

BOUQUETS TO BARRYMORE

My bouquet of fragrant, old-fashioned flowers is for one whose face is not new, but well-beloved; not handsome, perhaps, but etched in the finer beauty of laughter, tears and understanding; in whose honest eyes the flashing fire of youth has softened to the gentle light of tender memory; whose figure is no longer stalwart, but bowed beneath the weight of years and pain, but which will always walk its lone way with quiet dignity and pride; to one who can look back upon his work and call it good; whose genius has created unforgettable characters that will live as long as his name is spoken.

To Lionel Barrymore, troup and gentleman, I offer, with genuine admiration and deep respect, my little tribute.

Willie Mae Jackson,
Columbia, Tenn.

On April 28th, the eldest of the Barrymores celebrated his 59th birthday, was given a surprise party on the set at M-G-M by Clark Gable and Jean Harlow. This superb actor was born in Philadelphia, made his stage debut at the age of five.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00

A KIng—NOT COMMON CLay!

"He came, We saw, He conquered" is the simple tale of a young man's triumph—the triumph of that handsome, debonair charmer from across the seas, Fernand Gravet.
From the moment his magnetic personality shone forth from the screen in "The King and the Chorus Girl," his success as a winner of the hearts of America's fair sex was assured. Who could possibly resist those flashing dark eyes with their humorous glint, that ingratiating smile and attractive speaking voice with its delightful inflection? He has the good looks plus a sense of humor—a truly devastating combination. And the man can act too.

He's back in La Belle France now, but I'm hoping for myself and probably a lot of other girls that he has a return ticket to Hollywood.

W. W. CASTLE, New York, N. Y.

Potest Frenchman Grevat Anglicized the pronunciation of his name (Grah-ray) as he did not wish to be confused with a meat sauce. He will return in the fall to Warners for a new picture.

$1.00 PRIZE

GARBO TOO GUTTURAL

Garbo's performance in "Camille" was, to my mind, the worst piece of acting I have seen in a long time. And this was a great disappointment, for Garbo has long been one of my favorite actresses, and I had hoped that she would give us the greatest "Camille" of all time. Her portrayal of the tragic lady of the Camellias was just a series of guttural sounds interspersed with a few coughs. I certainly cannot understand the critics' praise of her, especially when one reviewer went so far as to say that the performances of Duse and Bernhardt did not even remotely match Garbo's interpretation.

Garbo has played Garbo so long that she has forgotten how to play anything else. I for one would have wished for a little less Garbo and a little more Marguerite.

Morris Winship, New York, N. Y.

Perhaps the Swedish actress herself thinks she has played tragedies too long. Her next picture after "Marie Walewska" (who was one of Napoleon's lady loves) will be a modern comedy, which will allow Garbo to bring to her fans the gay humor and subtle wit that have been glimpsed occasionally in her former roles.

THE most interesting
M A K E - U P
of the month

. . . belongs to famed baggy-man, Boris Karloff, shown here with Beverly Roberts and Sheila Bromley, made up for his rôle as a Chinese bandit in Warners' "The Adventures of Fong." Karloff suffered for his art by having his own eyebrows shaved off—but realism at any price!

$1.00 PRIZE

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

William Powell and a long cool drink are practically synonymous terms at this point. It's hard to picture that well-known comedian without a bent elbow and a thirsty glint in his eye—and somehow the image isn't as sidesplitting as it was when he reached for his first glass. In fact it's rather a sorry thought to contemplate—that a portrayal of a state of almost perpetual drunkenness constitutes the sole characterization of one of the most outstanding actors in Hollywood.

Certainly there are other ways of portraying comedy, and William Powell ought to be given a chance to prove it.

ELSE DENTON, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

FLYNN CUTS A FINE FIGURE

The photograph of Errol Flynn in a recent Photoplay is grand. He certainly is an heroic-looking figure of a man, and fits into those adventurous rôles perfectly.

Mr. Flynn was good in "Captain Blood," he was fine in "Light Brigade," and even better in "Green Light." It is quite refreshing also to see a star who does not "hog" the camera—who is not afraid to let his fellow-players get the proper share of attention. I noticed several scenes in "Green Light" where Flynn turned his face away and allowed the other person to be in the spotlight.

Errol has not made any great attempt to be a great lover, praise be! But nevertheless he is a romantic figure. It is certain that any picture that he appears in will be in good taste, intelligent, and excellently acted, because those qualities belong to Errol Flynn.

ELLEN BARKDULL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Photoplay awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. Photoplay reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Bos & Bouquets, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.
$1.00 PRIZE

THANK YOU, MR. MACFADDEN

Having read Bernarr Macfadden's article in the April Photoplay, I want to add my plea for the time when film ladies will all gain ten pounds. There are, of course, exceptions. Jean Harlow looks as though she ate a meal or two. Her smash hit in "Hell's Angels" several years ago was certainly due to the fact that she had a lovely figure and the things she did to it, rather than the strength of her acting ability. But in "Love Is News," Loretta Young showed her beautiful costumes off with the shape of a school girl. Mr. Macfadden's choice in naturalness and beauty went to Sonja Henie, but to me the loveliest star is Myrna Loy. When I saw her in "After the Thin Man," I couldn't help comparing her to the starred and painted beauties, and Miss Loy most definitely benefited by the comparison. I wish to thank Mr. Macfadden for bringing up a subject that needs remediating.

PATRICIA SLOAN
Chicago, Ill.

Reader Sloan's favorite is five feet five, weighs 115 pounds; shapely Miss Harlow is five feet three, weighs 112 pounds.

$1.00 PRIZE

SPEAKING OF ACTORS — —

In my opinion Paul Muni has contributed more to the screen than any other actor. He has injected power and virility into an art greatly in danger of becoming effeminate; yet his technique is so subtle that it does not fail to impress the most discriminating intellectuals. He combines the sensitivity of Leslie Howard with the realistic punch of Wallace Beery. Thus both the highly educated mind, seeking inspiration, and the plainest movie fan, seeking diversion, find in him the answer to their cinematographic prayers.

R. C. WASHBURN
Memphis, Tenn.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences at their annual meeting on March 4th awarded actor Muni the prize for his work in "The Story of Louis Pasteur" as the best performance of 1936. He is now portraying another famous Frenchman in "The Life of Emile Zola."

AMERICA FOR AMERICANS

Since "Cavalcade" we have been given a seemingly endless procession of films which glorify British history, heroism, manners and morals. All of which pictures were fine entertainment, of commendable purpose and generally accurate historically.

But why can't producers portray American history in the same manner? Why can't we have more pictures like D. W. Griffith's "America" of a dozen years ago, or those other splendid silent films, "Old Ironsides," "The Pony Express." Such films are of immense educational and entertainment value.

EARL ALAN JOHNSON
Altoona, Pa.


SUFFERS FROM TAYLOR-ITIES!

Who controls your publicity, Robert Taylor? Why so much emphasis on romance? Every other picture we see of you shows Barbara Stanwyck. The rest show you in company of prominent people, Hollywood and otherwise. We know they are trying to build you up into the great "lover," but it is tiresome to see nothing but Bob and Barbara Hit the High Spots, Why Bob and Barbara Won't Wed, etc. In other words, we are getting tired of this Bob and his girl hooey. Loosen up! Let a few pictures at least show Bob Taylor as he is, not Taylor the ladies' man. Prove to us you are a real guy, and that there's something in your life besides might life and dames. We know there is, so why not let us know about it?

R. HUSSEYWOOD
Eugene, Oregon.

A TRIPLE THREAT MAN!

People continually marvel at Robert Taylor's amazing rise to stardom in one year, but I think

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]
WHAT THEY WHISPER TO EACH OTHER THEY MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these real-life sweethearts achieve their true greatness in the most important story either one has ever had... their fire and power given full scope for the first time!

ROBERT BARBARA TAYLOR-STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR MCLAGLEN

in his most powerful role

and

BRIAN DONLEVY • JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN • ROBERT McWADE
SIDNEY BLACKMER • FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Gay songs... love songs... songs of emotion
by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

20th Century-Fox, maker of hits, presents another of its entertainment achievements... in the mood of great romance... with the thrill of mighty drama!
WRITE this with one foot on the gangplank ready to sail for Europe, to see the Coronation and visit the English movie studios . . . so if this dash of Close Ups and Long Shots sounds as though I had an acute case of jitters it will be only too accurate . . . going away, however, is a fine rowdy-dow . . . it pulls so many things into perspective . . .

Take the pictures I've seen this month . . . "A Star is Born" is definitely the finest color picture, the most accurate reflection of the real Hollywood and the finest acted production I've ever seen . . . to me, good acting is not acting that makes you conscious of the performance . . . I don't like to be aware, as I always am with Charles Laughton, for instance, that the actor is going to town . . . I like to live with the character throughout the picture with no awareness of who is playing the rôle until it's all over . . . I did this with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in "A Star is Born" . . . Goopey, how real they were . . . But then I'm a Gaynor fan from way back . . . it's not fashionable in critical circles (up to now) to say little Janet is a consummate actress . . . but I've always thought she was . . .

I've never understood why playing disagreeable or eccentric people labeled you great . . . it seems obviously so much harder to play a perfectly normal heroine, as Janet has been all her career, and yet make her interesting . . .

Weird, though, what a lot of difference casting makes even with fine actors . . . Fredric March in "A Star is Born," relieved of those eternal costume rôles of his, becomes a charming human being . . . Loretta Young, tagging up "Love Is News" with "Cafe Metropole," emerges as a real girl, with beauty and allure, instead of the frigid clothes horse her other releases have always made her . . .

It's tricks like knowing how to present a star which make smart producers and millions of dollars . . . the Hollywood would-be-wise guys mutter, "What a gamble Selznick took with Gaynor, what a gamble
Zanuck took with Young and Power and Henie . . . it's all pretty silly . . . Selznick and Zanuck took no gamble . . . they were merely intelligent . . .

Consider the gamble Darryl Zanuck took with Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power . . . about as much of a gamble as collecting the interest on money you have saved . . . admittedly Henie wasn't known to movie goers nor was Power when Zanuck put them in top spots . . . but he took young Power and the scintillating Henie and put them in productions so good that, even if they, individually, had not been up to what he expected, the pictures themselves would have survived . . .

If you doubt this, note what he did in "Road to Glory" . . . he sandwiched June Lang in between Freddie March and Warner Baxter in a thrilling story in such a way that if the girl had possessed the Henie flare she, too, would be a star now . . . little Miss Lang wasn't quite ready for that big break so she was retired gracefully to less conspicuous roles and is getting the careful training she needs . . . this was handled so adroitly that few people noticed the experiment and "Road to Glory" was a most successful picture regardless of its purpose having missed fire . . .

Just so that you won't believe I have gone all gaga this month, anticipating the crowning of George VI, I'll give you my favorite recent Hollywood true story . . .

A new starlet was having her first interview . . . the interviewer was having such a terrible time that she finally got around to stock question No. 122496 . . .

"What is your favorite book?" she inquired . . .

"My favorite book?" wavered the starlet . . .

"Why, you remember, dear," prompted the starlet's mama, who was sitting in on the agony . . . "You remember, dear, the book with the red cover you got for Christmas . . ."

A radiant smile crossed the starlet's lovely face. "That's it, that's it," she cried . . .

"That's my favorite book. The book with the red cover . . . ."

AND here's another yarn, the nicest kid story of the month . . .

Pat O'Brien tells it about his little daughter, Mavourneen . . . the little girl was being taught by Eloise O'Brien, Pat's pretty wife, to say her prayers . . . what Eloise taught her to say was "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen" . . . they rehearsed it many times, and came the evening when Pat was permitted into the nursery for this big event . . . Mavourneen, kneeling by her cot, flashed a smile at Pat and just then a great thought struck her . . . she bowed her little yellow head, "In the name of the Daddy, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," she said politely . . .

And with that I quit . . . good-bye for now . . .
Recently the publisher of Photoplay traveled to Hollywood to make the radio presentation of our Gold Medal Award for 1936 to Jeanette MacDonald, star of "San Francisco." Bernarr Macfadden's remarks were highly praised by Will Hays (below) and many others; we present his words on this page

MOTION PICTURES CAN REPLACE Text Books

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

The revolutionary development of motion pictures in the last few years staggersthe imagination. They have grown into a business of colossal magnitude. Millions of our people look for entertainment every day in the motion picture theaters. They have replaced the theaters of long ago, and as a form of amusement they have no rival. Because of their immense popularity, authors, directors, and officials are assuming extraordinary responsibilities. They have the power to build up or tear down human character. The heroes and heroines of today are found in the stars, who represent the characters presented in the movies.

Our great actors and actresses of former years—Booth, Barrett, Bernhardt, Maude Adams, and scores of others—have been replaced by Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, William Powell and other stars of equal magnitude—though we should not forget Shirley Temple!

The outstanding influence of the movies in moulding human character is well understood. The young people of the country automatically try to shape their lives to harmonize with the ideals which they absorb from the heart-moving stories presented in the movies. Careers can be made or unmade. Morals can be elevated or otherwise through this influence. Will Hays, the former Postmaster General, who is responsible for the self-regulating system that the movie organizations have adopted deserves unlimited credit for his wise guidance.

The movie business generally is to be congratulated upon the high character of many of the pictures which have recently been produced. Their officials have demonstrated that what is termed "high-class" pictures, supposed to be above the taste of the masses, can be made profitable at the box office.

But notwithstanding the huge character of the present movie investments, much greater possibilities face it in the future. There is an educational influence of an unusual character in the dramatic stories that are now presented, but in the educational field itself—in our schools and colleges—motion pictures will some day replace a large number, if not all, of our textbooks!

Education can thus be made intensely interesting—as much or more so than the picture shows, which now so strongly appeal to the youth of our land. Dry lessons will then become keenly interesting stories, and we can well imagine the rapidity with which knowledge can be absorbed under such circumstances. Going to school then will be just a lot of fun, as keenly interesting as the football field of today!

"San Francisco," the picture which has won Photoplay Magazine's award for 1936, has set a high standard, upon which it will be difficult to improve, but we must acknowledge, that the amazing changes, made for the better in motion pictures in the last few years, is a source of universal comment.
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO ME IN SPAIN

PHOTOPLAY is happy to give the first and only account of the terrifying but fascinating experience of this famous actor-author. Told in his own vivid style, Errol Flynn reveals his latest adventure in a life that is already crammed with thrills.

Scores of American lads, interested in anybody’s scrap, have joined the Spanish armies. It’s adventure to them.

I am quite dead.

I am quite a bit surprised about it, too. Struck me all of a heap, so to speak, when I found out about it. For three weeks I’ve had to argue with people—try to prove that I’m not some new kind of a zombie. The best authorities between Madrid and Hollywood have all concurred that I’m not. I don’t exist. I got killed. And, what’s more, they seem to have a cheated look when I show up and start talking.

When I crossed back into France from Spain, a little rolly-polly French reporter gazed at me indignantly.

“Mais M’sieur est mort! I have written so! All over the world M’sieur is dead and now M’sieur returns alive!”

He was really quite wrought up about it and somehow I felt I owed him an apology. I suppose I really should have been dead, but when you get right down to it, I just didn’t feel like leaving this vale of tear gas bombs at the moment—the last few weeks had been too crammed with action and excitement. The events leading up to my extremely sad death were more than a bit exciting in themselves.

When Jack Warner said I could have eight weeks off, I left so fast he couldn’t change his mind, grab a phone and have me back for portrait stills. Somehow, I couldn’t imagine the publicity department following me into the front line trenches of a nice healthy war. It makes publicity men and producers very nervous to be shot at. So I picked on Spain for a few weeks’ rest and quiet.

ARRIVING in Spain, I felt I was right back in “The Charge of the Light Brigade.” After having passed through better than fifty “Committees,” I arrived at the famous old Grand Via Hotel in Madrid. “Committees,” incidentally, are small patrols of men, armed to the teeth, who examine your credentials while their rifle muzzles probe at your fifth rib. You may have the right papers, but they always look at you as though you stole them.

I was glad of the comparative peace of the hotel and immediately took a nice, cheap room on the third floor with a lovely view.

At nine-thirty the next morning, I found out why it was so cheap. If you’ve spent the last twenty hours riding over shell-pitted roads at eighty m.p.h., you rather like to lie abed for a while the next morning, so I was in no mood for levity. 

Passes were difficult to wangle but Flynn and his friend, Dr. Erben, succeeded in reaching the front.
when awakened by a sibilant whoooshing, followed by a loud crash. I muttered something about somebody please let the dogs out and I tried to get back to sleep. At that moment, there came another loud whooosh-bang, and I was suddenly uncomfortably aware that I wasn’t back in Hollywood, so it couldn’t be the dogs.

I opened a tentative eye and peered through the window. A few yards away, bathed in the morning sunlight, stood the huge Telephone Building. But something was wrong with it. It had holes in it. Large, gaping holes. And from one of them, dust, bricks and debris were at that moment still falling. I was pondering this unusual phenomenon when, directly overhead, another whoooshing sound approached, banged off and there, before my eyes, was still another brand new hole in the Telephone Company’s lovely building.

I rose and left my bed rapidly.
In fact, I didn’t even wait for the elevator. My pal, Doctor Erben, and I swooped down three flights of stairs with an ease that would drive a trapeze artist to an early, brooding grave. Arriving in the lobby, we wrapped ourselves in bathrobes and dignity and approached the clerk.

"Buenos dias," he smiled. "I trust that you have slept well and are over your fatigue. The accommodations are excellent but, of course, the service—" he shrugged—"La Guerra!"

We agreed that the service was a bit hampered by the good old guerra and that the view was indeed excellent. The clerk expressed polite interest when we informed him that the view had three spanning new holes in it. He glanced at his watch. "Ah, yes! To be sure! Nine forty-five. It is that way every morning. The enemy warm up their guns with three shells at the Telephone Building every morning. You may return to your rooms now in complete safety. There will be no more local bombardment until tomorrow morning at the same hour—excepting, of course—strays. But they won’t be intentional."

Erben cleared his throat and mentioned something about quieter rooms anyway. They could be had, but they cost three times as much. They were in the cellar and the view was very bad. We hastened to assure him that we would readily sacrifice the view of the sorely wounded Telephonica and in a few moments were installed in the crowded but

Less than a mile from the firing line lorries loaded and unloaded soldiers weary from all-night sniping

Gay, bright buildings that once knew laughter and music and song are now nothing more than shambles
capacious cellars of the Grand Via Hotel along with dozens of war correspondents soldiers and Government officials. Off duty, they used the common rooms of the basement for quiet drinks, billiards and a rousing game of dominoes at the table near the furnace. They turned out to be a grand bunch of guys who took life easily and very, very lightly. In their business they have it!

With their help, it was only a few hours before we had our salvo-conductos (safe conduct passes) in order and an armed guide and car driver assigned to us. It is really a strange thing to see an embattled city, under bombardment half the time, continuing its business more or less as usual. The men on the street cars, going to and from their regular work, don’t even look up from their daily papers as the shells howl overhead. It wasn’t long before we felt much the same way, hardly even turning to look when a twelve-incher split the air. One thing that I never did get over, though, was the chilling and deadly staccato bark of the machine guns.

But all the guns and bombs in Spain only frightened me half as much as Pedro. Pedro was a dark, sleepy-eyed little Spaniard who wore an outsized revolver at the ready even when he went to bed. He piloted us around Madrid and the front sectors with unquenchable ardor. He had a habit of driving at 120 kilometers an hour over bad roads and turning around to the back seat for a friendly chat at the same time. When I add that he had the Spanish habit of talking with his hands, you’ll see what I mean.

He must have had an extra eye in the back of his head. I would see a large shell hole dead ahead but would be ashamed to mention it. I’d done that so often before. I’d sit there and feel myself going pale with horror as we roared on towards it, without any slackening in speed. Just as disaster seemed inevitable, Pedro would take a casual glance at the road, see the hole and, with one hand, swerve expertly around it on two wheels and return to the conversation—all without batting an eye. Once, coming back from the Guadalajara front, we heard a plane approaching, looked out and saw a huge tri-motored bomber swooping down over the road. Pedro stepped on it!

If we’d thought we’d been travelling before, we then found out how Pedro could really dynamite along when he put his mind to it. He kept the car careening from side to side to make a more difficult target for the machine gunners above. Just as I was about to feel I’d rather be bombed than drive on like this, Pedro jammed on his brakes. The car immediately turned around twice in its tracks like a top. We wrenched open the doors and dove headlong into a ditch. A few seconds later, the plane roared overhead, a single burst of machine gun fire cutting a neat dotted line down the length of the automobile. A few minutes later, that same plane dropped hell and fury on an airdrome near Albacete.

Back at the hotel, we really felt the need of a few Malagas with the boys. It was then that we heard tell of one of the war’s most fascinating scenes—the front lines at night. We’d been up and all through the University City front in the daytime. The passes were devilish difficult to wangle and we were told that night passes were frankly impossible. We had, however, our night and day passes for the Madrid front proper and, when I caught an answering gleam in Erben’s eye, I knew that sooner or later Erben and Flynn would be watching the fireworks at night on the front.

If I’d known what was in store for us then, I have an idea that at least one Irish actor would have gone to his grave without ever having seen the fascinating horror and repellant beauty of spouts of flame belching into a velvet night while the drums of war resounded in a crashing, menacing crescendo.

As soon as darkness fell, we started. Once outside the hotel, we were stopped every block or two by a “Committee” who suspiciously examined our passes. There are no lights in Madrid at night and you make your way by the aid of extremely dim flashlights. One bright enough to really see by would land its owner in jail at the first corner. The black silence of the city at night is enough to make your hair stand on end. Very occasionally a dim, firefly-like glow slowly moving down a street will warn you of another pedestrian. Hurriedly, silently, you pass, holding your breath. Suddenly out of nowhere you hear a swift movement, the metallic triple-click of a carbine and a barked command—“Alto!” Believe me, you alto! It isn’t healthy to even twitch an eyelid after that blunt order to halt.

A lot of those “Committees” think it saves time to ask the questions afterwards. Slowly, your heart in your mouth, you make your way through the bitterly cold streets. It seemed forever and a day before we reached the limit of the patrols, crawled past the picket line and into the depopulated area just behind the front where night passes don’t do you any good.

At that point, it was necessary to slide along, cautiously flattened against walls, ducking into cavernous doorways, squirming over loose piles of incredible filth and debris, guided only by the increasing volume of sound from the firing lines. It must have taken us a full hour to cover a distance of not more than five or six hundred yards—and every yard is indelibly in my memory. Scared? Of course I was! But I wouldn’t have missed it for a million, cash in hand! However, the real kick lay ahead.

About the time when I was beginning to think that the rest of my life would be spent that on my belly crawling, scrambling, running and dodging through impenetrable blackness, a
blackness so dense it made you feel almost dizzy, we came to
a corner.
"The Rosales!" whispered Erben.
Once the gayest and proudest plaza of all Madrid, the Rosales
is now a shambles of gutted buildings. In place of
music, song and laughter, all you hear there now is the line of
music is the tenor of machine guns and the bass of heavy
artillery.
It was impossible to go any further. Although the lines
were dead ahead, most of the actual combat was going on
about a quarter of a mile down to our right. From where we
stood, we could look obliquely along the lines, get a full view
of the fighting. Both in sound and vision, the whole scene was
a little like a symphony coming up from hulls into arpeggios
and rising into earth shaking fortissimos. It was staggering
and a bit bewildering to realize that human beings were down
there trying to kill and maim men they'd never seen, had
nothing against—blindly killing under orders for a cause they
hastily understood, if anyone does understand those things at
all.

THERE is no cover across the wide Rosales and a few
hundred yards away a machine gunner sent blasts of flame
and lead whipping across, every few seconds. A little further
I'll never know whether some spontaneous muscular con-
fusion or the concussion of the shell itself threw us flat, but
whatever the agency, it is to that we owe our lives. We
landed on the ground, nearly unconscious. The shattered
wreck of the wall at our backs was a lottery shield, but it
worked. In the split second before I lost consciousness, I
heard the sickening sound of shrapnel smacking up against
the brick with a sound like fifty eggs cracking on a footpath...

When I came to, someone had, I was sure, inserted a singu-
larly unpleasant and painful baseball between my skull
and scalp. There were lights all around and I couldn't quite
make out if the pearly gates now had Neon signs instead of
pearls, or if it were actually the cubicle in the basement of the
Grand Via that we had inhabited for a couple of weeks. I
was about to make some angry remark to Erben, to stop him
from swimming about the ceiling that way, when he hit of his
own volition, grinned and asked me how I felt. I told him.
I can't tell you—not in print, anyway.

All that had happened, fortunately, was that a large chunk
of plaster had been jarred loose from the building by the con-
cussion of the shell. It had dropped like a large sombrero on top
of my crown from a height of twenty or thirty feet and laid me
out for about four hours. I still get headaches, and I'll be much
more careful about walking under ladders in the future!

As I started to feel a little more alive, I began to be faintly
and modestly proud of my war wounds until my Spanish
confreres gazed dispassionately at them in the bar and passed
them off as the merest of scratches. Scratch, indeed! It was
my head and it hurt like hell!

It wasn't until I got to Paris that someone of the French
press told me I had been dealt for some days. Naturally, I
appreciated the notion and then rushed around to send off
much-alive wires to the parents in Ireland and telephone my
small French pal in London.
She was so relieved at learning the Master's person was
all in one piece, she ran me up a telephone bill which looked
in French francs like Einstein's Theory!

By the way, she got a telegram during that period which
she insists on having framed.
She says it will serve me as a reminder any time I begin
to get the urge to return to the wars.
It's a strange feeling to read a sympathetic little note written
about yourself to someone else.
It starts:
"In this hour of your sadness want you to know how we feel
for you over the loss of Errol. We feel sure that his death will
not..."

Try reading one of those sometime when you're feeling war-
like!
Personally, I'm settling down to long years of peace!

Among the concealed emplacement of large caliber guns
firing at minute intervals. Concealed, that is, by day. By
night the Rosales is lit up for fifty yards as the orange flash
erupts from the muzzle. Almost immediately, from across
the valley a couple of kilometers away, would come the
answering flash from the opposing artillery position. Nearly
a full second would elapse after we saw the flash before hearing
the dull boom and then the whine of the shell as it hurtled
overhead into the heart of the city.

Erben and I took shelter, such as it was, around the corner
of a ruined building, only half of which was left standing.
That particular spot had once been heavily contested and
blasted into debris, but as far as we knew, no shells had landed
there for about two weeks. Therefore, we felt as safe as
possible that close to the lines.

We weren't.

Erben had brought along his camera to take some night
shots and was just closing up the equipment, preparatory to
starting the long squirm back to a drink and a cigarette. I
took a last look at the lines. Across the valley, I saw the now
familiar flash, waited for the boom and whine.

It came. But this time the whine sounded different.
Closer it came. Closer! Paralyzed, I suddenly knew that
this one wasn't headed into town. Erben opened his mouth
to yell, but no sound issued. The whine became an incredible
shriek...
Marriage marked a turning point in Joan's career. She sparkled with happiness and beauty. She gave out a thrilling new quality of glamour.

By GRETCHE MESSER

FIVE years ago Hollywood's smartest money was bet right on the nose of the Joan Bennett-Gene Markey marriage. It was the surest thing in life that this was the ideal romance. This was the perfect match. This one would last. This was the marriage that would disprove every one of those cryptic, sinister evolutions to the effect that "no marriage can last in Hollywood."

Now Joan is signing her divorce papers. Gene is living alone in a bachelor apartment. The children, "Ditty" and little Melinda are with their mother—in the home that has been wrecked by Hollywood.

And Hollywood is gloating. It's field day for the scandal-mongers! The blaring, black headlines of an evening "extra" dropped this tidbit into the gaping maw of the gossip clique and now the town is buzzing with all sorts of trumped-up juicy bits.

Strange, isn't it, that when Joan and Gene were married it wasn't "hot news." Not hot enough for the front page. Instead it was recorded conservatively in the second section and more emphasis was placed on the guest list than on the bride and groom because that guest list was so full of what Hollywood terms "celebrities." No it was just another beautiful wedding and that was that. People got married every day or so—so what?

But a divorce! Now there is really something! There must be some good dirt behind that!

On the other hand there is a dull ache in the hearts of the
JOAN MARCHES ON—ALONE!

To those on the outside who want the truth—Joan sends this exclusive message, through her best friend, to Photoplay

With the signing of divorce papers "Ditty" and Melinda remain—in the home Hollywood wrecked. Joan knew almost to the moment when real romance was over—and what's more, why very few people who really know the youngest Bennett. Knowing her, they knew way back in the beginning how completely deserving of great happiness this Joan was. They knew, too, how deeply in love were these two grand people, Joan and Gene. Now, knowing all this, these real friends realize that the very thing which Joan and Gene so loved in each other—unselfishness—has turned out to be the very thing which has torn them apart.

STRANGELY enough, by the time the news of the divorce broke with such a sudden blast over Hollywood Joan and Gene had passed through the worst of their heartbreak. Actually, by that time, these two were calm, collected and resigned. They are not now in the throes of tragic self-reproach or useless hysterics. They are behaving as only thoroughbreds can behave in the face of such bitter disappointments.

Joan isn't giving interviews. She doesn't wish to discuss this thing which is, or should be, of interest only to herself and Gene. But since the outside world seems to feel that she owes it an explanation, she is sending out that explanation in one exclusive message through Photoplay.

"I suppose it sounds like the same old story," said Joan in a clear, sincere little voice, "but, Gretchen, you ought to know, if anyone, that my divorce proves the rule about careers and marriages not mixing. You know that when Melinda (aged three) was born I didn't want to resume my picture career. It was the first real quarrel Gene and I ever had. But he wanted me to go back on the screen. He seemed to have an intense pride in feeling that with the confidence he knew he had given me in myself, I could go back and make a greater success than I ever had made before. Nothing I could say would convince him otherwise."
At the Troc after "A Star Is Born," David Selznick, the producer, gave a party for Janet Gaynor and Freddie March. Here you'll see a few of the all star guests. See if you can find Freddie, Madeleine Carroll, Sally Ellers, Claudette Colbert. At the left, Janet is obviously happy accepting Selznick's congratulations.
When Gregory Ratoff's wife, Eugenie Leontovich, opened in "Tovarich" the whole town turned out! Top, Freddie March and Norma Shearer. Just below them, Mischa Auer greets his public with Mrs. Auer. Beside them are the Dick Powells. Simone Simon came with Bill Wyler; and there's Sophie Tucker far right.
DO THEIR HUSBANDS MIND?

"SORRY, sir, but you'll have to leave now, while your wife necks Fred MacMurray . . ."
A bit awkward to have to say that to the husband of a beau-teous star, isn't it?
Yet that is actually in the contract between Gladys Swarth- out and Paramount. That her husband "is not to be per-
mitted on the set during love scenes," it says right there in black and white.
So, while Miss Swarthout is professionally engaged in accelerating the pulse of the movie hero fortunate enough to have the chance to clasp her close to his breast and kiss her through seventeen "takes," Frank Chapman must stand out-
side the set. When the red danger light on the door goes off, it's safe for him to enter.
The hero will be off in a corner discreetly removing some red lipstick.
No matter how much movie husbands protest that it's all in the line of duty, more than one has secretly admitted that he's plenty bothered when his wife goes into a torrid love scene with somebody else.
Usually they stay away from the sets and spare their own feelings. Wives are apt to register a guilty air when the camera starts grinding on an intimate scene of modern bundling if friend husbands' anxious off-stage gaze is fixed upon them.
In the case of Frank Chapman, however, he is employed by the studio as musical adviser to his wife, and he has to be on the job. But his lovely wife is contract-bound to order him firmly to leave before he catches her necking, while the studio tactfully gives her an "out" by saying: "This is to save the male player embarrassment."
Sometimes you run across a hectic scramble of husbands and wives that is more fun to watch than the movies they are making.
"Pardon me, while I make love to your wife," said Clark Gable to Franchot Tone in "Love on the Run." Then the luckless Tone, playing in the same picture with Joan Crawford, had to stand by while Clark kissed her in a highly incendiary manner.
When Joan Crawford was cavorting with Robert Taylor in "The Gorgeous Hussy," Franchot was working on a near-by stage with Jean Harlow in "Suzy." There was a choice situa-
tion, with Franchot right in the middle.
It's no secret that Joan and Jean are not altogether friendly rivals; in fact, it was on this set that I made the unforgivable error of addressing Miss Crawford as "Miss Harlow" and was nearly tossed out on my ear.
Imagine, then, Joan's husband making love to her dearest rival! At times it became almost excruciating.

—when movie-queen wives get a sample
of torrid passion during working hours?
—when each good-night kiss must equal
a Taylor clinch? Some do and some don't.

The afternoon that Joan did those sizzling numbers in the bedroom with Bob Taylor, Franchot left Jean's set to come and visit his wife.
I never saw Joan in better form than that day. She is a delectable creature, most certainly, and when the screen's number one heart stimulant in the shape of Bob Taylor went into action with her, the temperature rose several degrees. But the real actor in that scene was not shown on the screen—it was Franchot who was trying to act nonchalant.
Joan would twine her arms about Bob's neck and snuggle under one ear, decide that wasn't quite what she wanted, and twist in his arms until her lips were under his chin. And from the devilish gleam in her eye it was plain that she was enjoying the tableau.
You can't blame her; for, after all, Franchot was similarly occupied with the luscious Jean Harlow, and here indeed was a contest of supremacy in the amatory art.
Naturally, the movie wives insist that it's just acting, and all those kisses are purely celluloid, but—would Bob Taylor's kisses leave you entirely unmoved?
Husbands have good reason to mind more than a little bit. Too many wives or sweethearts have fallen in love with their leading men to leave husbands with complete peace of mind.

ASKED Harmon Nelson if he minded having his wife, Bette Davis, make love to other men, and if he ever watched her do it.
"Sure I have," grinned this young husband. "Believe me, I watch pretty closely, too. And with a critical eye, I might add. I drop in once every month or so to check up. I want to see if she's using some technique on the other man that she doesn't use on me. If so, I know I'm slipping . . ."
Frank, and to the point, but I notice that Bette does some checking up on her husband, too. When "Ham" was singing at the Cinegrill, Bette would drop in and casually inspect the ring of adoring matrons lured by Ham's dulcet voice.
Bette has induced her husband to give up piano playing and singing, and go into business as an actor's agent, which leads one to the suspicion that wives mind too.
Mixing a feminine bundle of dynamite with a male who’s highly charged with currents of sex appeal can cause (and often has) a terrific explosion. For that reason, many a canny director shoots the love scenes first, before the boy has a chance to know the girl. Sometimes they aren’t even introduced before they have to start kissing with all the ardour of lovers. Doris Weston spent her first day in her first movie kissing Dick Powell in “The Singing Marine.”

Josephine Hutchinson’s first experience in pictures also consisted of being cuddled by Dick.

And was Josephine’s fiancé burned up about it? He is James Townsend. It so happened that nobody told him the love scenes were to be filmed first, and he was elsewhere at the time. They are now married and he minds a heck of a lot having his wife kissed.

When Joan Blondell starts cavorting in the purple pastures, though, Dick Powell learns how other husbands must feel. I notice that Dick manages to drop in, casually, when Joan starts beguiling some other male for a movie.

When Warners were making “Three Men on a Horse,” Dick was a constant visitor. In the stage play the girl is taxed with keeping Erwin, the horse race prophet, occupied with interests other than business. They put him to bed and she’s to keep him there by fair means or—well, fair means if possible. Joan played that rôle, and although the scenes were toned down for the movie, Dick didn’t miss the filming of any of them.

Standing in the shadows back of the camera as it turned on a love scene between Frances Farmer and Bing Crosby, was young Leif Erickson. Norman Taurog was directing “Rhythm on the Range.” He knew Miss Farmer’s husband was an onlooker.

Director Taurog couldn’t seem to get what he wanted, no matter how many tricks of love-making Frances uncorked. Time after time he shot the scene, until Bing and the blonde in his arms were groggy. Then he turned to the cameraman: “Was the last one all right?” he asked. Getting a nod, he said to the electrician: “Were the lights okay?” And then, as if by chance, he glanced at Miss Farmer’s husband and—“How was her technique, Leif?”

Poor Leif turned several shades of red and beat a hasty retreat. When you’re a movie star’s husband, you’ve got to take it and like it!

It’s a matter of record that John Barrymore, however, doesn’t like it and won’t take it. He didn’t approve of Dolores’ working in films and when her successor, Elaine, signed up for a stage play the gossips declare he chased her around the block with a shotgun. Some say he should have waited until he saw the play.

You never can tell how a husband will react, after you have him firmly hooked. That pretty German girl who frolicked in the movie “Ecstasy” caused her husband such concern that he tried to buy up the film. Yet Jane Wyatt, who swims in the altogether in “Lost Horizon,” wasn’t even chided by her husband.

Captain Philip Astley, wealthy and distinguished husband of Madeleine Carroll, has preserved his British aplomb through several trying situations. He made it a point to be on the set while his wife made love to the omnipresent Dick Powell, and aided and abetted her in exerting her devastating sex appeal. He is that rare fellow, a husband with a fine eye for clothes, and he was right on hand | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 |
From time to time Photoplay will ask famous writers to take you on tour to the playgrounds of the stars. This month Faith Baldwin invites you to Palm Springs.

When you read this, Palm Springs will be settling down to summer...the visitors will be gone and only one will remain save the Indians and some of the hardly very local people. For the Palm Springs season is from October to the first of June. Some of the hotels open a little later and close a little earlier than that but so far as the motion picture people go, it is Palm Springs during the autumn months and again after Easter.

It is almost impossible to put Palm Springs into words. It has to be seen to be believed. Situated at the foot of great mountains, it lies in a cup surrounded by snow-capped Santa Rosa and San Jacinto.

The village itself has a main street plentifully supplied with hotels, bungalow courts, shops, souvenir stores, a hospital, mud baths—and Neon lights. There are other streets of course, but the goings-on remain on Palm Canyon Drive. There are a great many hotels. The two largest ones are The Desert Inn, where I stayed, and El Mirador. It was Desert Inn, you know, that was established twenty-five years ago by that remarkable woman, Nellie Coffman, who was farsighted enough to see that Los Angeles was a growing city and that its people would need a sand pile to play in.

There are other smaller hotels, operated on both the American and European plan. There is one, to the south and right in the mountains, which is conducted like a house party—and takes only about thirty-five guests. There are two theaters and innumerable eating places.

If you go to Palm Springs by trailer, there is a trailer camp not far away. You can go by car—a little over one hundred miles from Los Angeles it lies—or by plane or by railroads. And you can pay almost anything you like for accommodations. In one hotel you can have a bedroom for two, a living room and two baths, three meals plus tea in the afternoon— all for forty-five dollars a day. You can pay more, or you can pay less.

There are marvelous dress shops, Indian trading posts, beauty shops, drug stores, department stores—anything your little heart desires. And the most miraculous climate—warm in the daytime, cool at night. Even when spring sets in you rarely find the temperature higher than 82 in the daytime or 60 at night.

Clothes? Anything goes. Pat Ellis wears shorts. They're mild compared with other get-ups. And for amusement? The Dick Powells have fun cycling but there are sports for every athletic person.

Dark Indians stride through the town. Their reservation is the most fertile spot there. If you want a famous mud bath, you take it with the red skins.
53 at night. While I was there I slept under a multitude of blankets and the snowy air from the near-by mountains was something to write home about.

At the Desert Inn you can have a room or rooms in a bungalow, or in a two-story lodge. You can swim in the pool, play tennis, walk down the street to the movies, play golf on the course near-by. And most of the hotels have cowboy hosts who arrange picnics, breakfast rides, or moonlight suppers for the amusement of the guests. There is always something doing.

Everyone rides something—horses, bikes, or, as this year, motor scooters, a sort of motorized kiddie car which is perfectly astonishing and terrifying. The road seemed full of them.

As for clothes—I have heard Palm Springs referred to as a center of fashion but it seemed to my ignorant mind that anything goes. It depends on the weather—cool days brought forth sport suits, flannel skirts or tweed—and nights, no matter what the day had been, produced coats of mink and ermine, silver fox and sable.

But on warm days! Shorts. And if you have never seen ladies over forty in shorts you ain't seen nothing. Shorts, socks, shoes ... and a halter I give you my word! Sun suits, play suits. And not only the ladies—but the gentlemen, appear in shorts as well—and sometimes in a species of rompers.

The main trend, of course, is Western. Everyone goes Western. This year, from the first of March until after the desert circus, which took place, I think, the eleventh, if you didn't wear a Western costume you were fined by a Kangaroo court. I left before such an indignity menaced me but I saw plenty of Eastern cowgirls and cow boys before I left. Blue jeans or levis, high boots with heels, brilliant checked skirts, silk handkerchiefs about the throat, ten-gallon hats, belts heavily studded with silver; or Mexican outfits, embroidered in gold or silver.

DURING our short stay we attended a rodeo held at the Field Club, and went on a picnic to one of the canyons. There are many canyons about, mostly Indian owned, for every section except Palm Springs is Indian owned. There were picnics at long tables with cowboys cooking your steaks, boiling your coffee and singing to you under a cloudless sky.

You can visit Palm Springs inexpensively, or you can stop at the Desert Inn or El Mirador and pay as high as $45 a day. But whatever you pay, it's worth it...
We also went on a breakfast ride . . . at least most of the people rode. As for us, we rode over the desert on a stage coach, simply appalled, especially at the points where the road was washed out. The friend who was traveling with me remarked, as we alighted on the spot where the cowboys had made camp, that she was going back by car. She saw no reason why she should suffer for my art! So back by car we went.

We dined at El Mirador one night, that charming hotel, more conventional in plan than the Desert Inn. It is from its tower that Amos and Andy broadcast every night. It has lovely landscaped grounds, a marvelous swimming pool, a register crammed with famous names, a most attractive manager and the best looking publicity department these old eyes have ever seen.

We obtained, through the Mirador, a card to the Racquet Club, owned and managed by Charles Farrell and Ralph Bellamy. On the day we were admitted to the grounds behind the high board fence we saw Mr. Farrell and Mr. Bellamy playing tennis, and very well too. I talked to Frank Morgan who sat on the side lines, had a cocktail in the attractive bar, and shivered on the edge of the lovely pool. For that was a Sunday on which the sun did not shine. By the way, everyone wears dark glasses in Palm Springs even when the sun is behind a cloud.

Far outside of Palm Springs and right in the desert you drive to a couple of places where Lady Luck holds sway, where the turn of the wheel, the rattle of the dice and the click of the levers on the slot machines make sweet music to the ears of those who wish to try their luck.

One of these Clubs is very modern. It has charm and dignity, and serves excellent food—at a price. There is a bar, a lounge, a dance floor and gaming rooms. On the night I was there, I saw Adrienne Ames trying her luck, talked to Frank Morgan again and to Bert Wooster. Buster Keaton was there, too. But who was the girl who took off her shoes and did an impromptu Hawaiian dance to the plaudits of the crowd?

Frank Morgan, by the way, owns an antique store in Palm Springs. At least so I was told.

The other Club is small, cozy, like the bungalow of a friend's. Here chili, sandwiches and drinks are free at a small room off the kitchen. The walls of the gaming room are plain board and covered with signatures of celebrities. And the chili is better than you know what.

If it would interest you I left sixty dollars at one spot.

[In Palm Springs itself one of the most popular places is Rogers Stables. This is really a stable. My proud stage coach came from there and many of the visitors rent their horses from the Stables. But the office has been turned into a little bar. Everything reeks of horses. The room has a bar, a wooden bench and a long wooden table. People find places at one or the other. Pretty soon there isn't room for any one else so you stand up. The cowboys who live over the stables stand over near the stove in the corner and sing. There is a tin bucket on the floor in which coins are thrown. That's all there is; there isn't any more. It is hot and inconvenient. Personally, I hate to stand. But the first time I was there, accompanied by the attractive cowboy host at the Desert Inn, I stood—and liked it. Or didn't I? The variety of costume was simply entrancing—men and women in evening clothes, in blue jeans, in cowboy outfits, mink coats and silver fox caps, overalls . . . anything.

Most of them took their liquor straight. Few looked as if they liked it.

Every so often a barn dance is given in a room upstairs and a good time is had by all.

There is another place—The Barn. It is just that, but the music is good and I can vouch for the superiority of the coffee. And still another, which is Hawaiian in music and atmosphere. There is a thatched roof over the dance floor and dim lights . . . and, at stated intervals, a thunder storm arises and rain pours off the slanting roof and runs into gutters provided for it. The diners and dancers are not even made damp.

There's Claridges for little pancakes, and the Doll's House and a place where Spanish food is served. You can eat your way through various countries at Palm Springs. There's Carl's at the Plaza . . . and a dozen more.

At the Desert Inn, on warm days, you eat outdoors under umbrellas. When the spring nights are soft and balmy, lanterns are strung over the tennis courts and you dance there.

ONE day at the Desert Inn pool, I talked to little Sybil Jason. She wore a brief bathing suit but she wasn't swimming. She had recently recovered from an operation for appendicitis. She looked wistful, sitting at the edge of the pool, and her thin child's body was very white. She has dark hair and great dark eyes and a sprinkling of freckles across her nose. She has an enchanting English accent and very good manners. Her pretty aunt was with her, a brunette youngster who looked like Sybil's sister, a little older, of course. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]
A bit of wistful wooing by a pair you’ve seen teamed before. This time they’re keeping company in Sam Goldwyn’s revival of “Stella Dallas.” Remember the silent version in ’25 when the late Belle Bennett and the still very debonair Ronald Colman wrung the hearts of the world?

John Boles & Barbara Stanwyck
"Don't Ever Change" is no theme song for Luise Rainer! There's nothing left of the dull-eyed Olan of "The Good Earth" in this provocative creature of the auburn curls. With her new fiery locks, the star of "The Emperor's Candlesticks" takes a new lease on allure and goes glamorous.
THE LIFE STORY OF A

Problem Child

Tyrone Power, III, son of an actor, grandson of an actor, and a lad who had women trouble even at the early age of six

His application for a job, or life insurance, or entrance into a club, would read:

Name—Tyrone Power, III.
Profession—Movie Star.
Born—Cincinnati, Ohio, May 5, 1914, at 5:30 P. M.
Parents' Names—Tyrone Power, II, actor; Patia Reaume Power, actress.

And he might, if he would, write at the bottom of the blank, "Member of the lost generation, in good standing." For Tyrone is one of a group of young people in America today whom we all know well. They’re your children, or your friends’ children; they were born to War, reared to the Jazz Age, matured in Depression. They’re twenty-two or three, with appraising keen eyes and a small smile for life and an almost pitiful sophistication and a sincere determination to squeeze every drop of color out of living, while living is possible. They’re on intimate terms with age—and the years beyond them, with the works of Stravinsky and Duke Ellington and Krafft-Ebing. They speak a mongrel tongue, a composite of forthright slang, old proverbs used satirically, and Noel Coward.

Their code is simple: Get wherever you’re going before someone else does, and stay there. Create something that will make money, lots of it, quick. Don’t be sentimental. Take a cab if you’re too tight to drive. And hurry, hurry, hurry—because anything might happen.

TYRONE POWER, since his first bawled greeting to life chronologically coincided with Europe’s first shrieking salute to death, is one of these people. You could set two thirds of his biography to music and it would be a cacophony made of the exhaust sound of a speeding motor, the clink of ice in glasses of bathtub gin, the bleat of clarinets playing “I Can’t Give You Anything But Love, Baby,” the applause of packed theaters.

Make a surrealistic portrait of him during those years, and you would have a collection of symbolic tatters: a portion of buggy, skirt-bottomed slacks, a slicker painted in India ink with figures from the comic strips, part of a white mess jacket, and (saved as mementos) six cards to speakeasies. The vivid background would be a row of smiling girls, with slim tanned figures and bright, candidly artificial mouths and incredible eyebrows.

But somewhere, from the madness, a pair of intelligent, wise brown eyes would look out at you, belying everything.

Fortunately Patia Power, Tyrone’s mother, was a tolerant woman and a clever one. She had to be. From the time Tyrone was out of his crib she knew she had a problem child. He was weak and undernourished physically, but mentally he was motivated by an outlandish curiosity and a restless propensity for mischief. The pranks he played, even when he was still in diapers, seemed inspired by the most destructive kind of malice. He was impatient under punishment, self-willed in the face of opposition, and loudly assertive when crossed.

Later, when he was old enough to reason, she found she could curtail his activities if she could make him understand, logically, that they were a detriment to his own happiness. But during those first years she was helpless—and the Power ménage existed in a kind of minor hell.

They lived, until he was two, in New York. Then, one afternoon Mrs. Power carted him off to a brain specialist and thereby changed her own destiny.

“‘He’s got too much energy and too little brain,”’ the physician told her. “Like an airplane motor in a kiddie car. Get him out of this climate or he won’t last six months.’”

So she packed him and his small sister and herself into a compartment on the first train going West and came to California, where the sun is bright and the air healthful to young lungs. Once settled, Mrs. Power organized a troupe to amuse soldiers in the naval base at San Diego, while resourceful Tyrone toddled furiously up and down Coronado beach in a sun suit, grew brown and fairly sturdy, began to acquire an understanding of the fundamentals of living. His outbursts of nervous energy, directed into constructive channels, were less disrupting; his temper, still vitriolic, became a means to achieve an end and not just an escape valve for fury.

Living with a precocious child is amusing, if wearing. Precocity usually manifests itself in an abounding ambition
to get ahead of other people and Patia Power was first aware of this quality in her small son when she took him riding in her 1915 Ford, high and stuttering and affectionately known as "The Typewriter." Perched on the front seat, he would begin to strain forward as soon as he saw another car in front of them, pushing against the windshield and shrieking, "Faster, faster," until the other motor was behind. Then, invariably, he would turn and, grinning, put his tongue out at the slower car. "Blah!" he would shout, triumphantly.

When Mrs. Power, after the Armistice, was signed as feminine lead in the San Gabriel Mission Play (a now extinct pageant depicting the early California priests and their troubles) and moved with her children to near-by Alhambra, Tyrone entered into a more normal sort of life. Across the street lived two other little boys; on the next block lived a little girl of special memory, numerous assorted children and a Saint Bernard dog. With these playmates the Power child discovered companionship, played wildly at games, fought and laughed.

But to be merely one of them wasn't enough for Tyrone. He wanted to be ringleader, and since he was neither brawny enough to bully the other boys nor old enough to awe the little girls, this distinction was denied him.

Then, after a hurried trip to New York to visit his father, he returned with a football. None of the neighborhood kids had ever heard of the game and they were fascinated when, one afternoon, he explained the use of the pigskin pellet to them.

"We'll make up a team," said the accepted leader of the gang, "and I'll be captain."

"No," Tyrone told him quietly, "I'm gonna be the captain. Because, you see, if I'm not I'll go back into the house. And I'll take my football with me."

Therefore he was duly elected; and thereafter his short legs carried him with a more assured swagger which Mrs. Power was quick to detect. But she was determined to practice the art of scientific child-raising on her offspring and to this end neither prided nor pretended nor commanded without reason. Tyrone and his sister made their own decisions, after consultation with their mother; but the argument for or against a project had to be a good one.

Mrs. Power: "I should think it would be a good idea if you didn't throw any more baseballs through the living room window."

Tyrone: "Why not? I like the sound it makes."

Mrs. P.: "Well, of course you may continue to do it if you like. But new glass costs money, which would mean you would have less nickels for ice-cream cones."

Tyrone: "Oh. Then I'll just get some bottles out of the trash box and break them with a ball bat. Okay?"

Mrs. P.: "Okay."

There was one problem she couldn't cope with. Tyrone's sister was a stolid, utterly calm, quiet child, stoic when punished, unmoved by events which sent her brother into nervous hysteria. And with these qualities in her he was completely impatient. He grew less and less tolerant of her stolidity until one night it became unbearable. Their nurse had read them the Twenty-Third Psalm, and after ten minutes of thought Ann had said, "Simpson, what does 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want' mean?"

Tyrone, erupting from the bedclothes, snorted. "For gosh sake, it means God'll give you everything that's good for you if you've sense enough to ask Him. Now shut up and go to sleep!" Which she did, without another word. But his sister's seeming stupidity continued to rankle somehow, in Tyrone's mind—until, after swearing for hours in the darkness, he got up and with his mother's manicure scissors cut off all of her long brown curls. Then he went back to bed and with his soul clear of turmoil went peacefully to sleep.

Even at this age, Tyrone's mind had acquired a subtle...
Powers' bad boy at 5 years. He was soon to make his stage debut at the San Gabriel Mission.

Tyrone was a frail child but California sun and warm sands of Coronado Beach helped him.

detachment, an awareness. When anything new moved into his ken he observed it, dissected it, viewed each component part from the standpoint of its relationship to his own personality, and then shoved the whole into a corner of his memory. Thus when, at play in Patia's dressing room at the Mission Playhouse, he heard things not intended for his childish ear, they created no complexes and engendered no neuroses in him. He knew about sex at the age of seven, and was unimpressed.

At about this age his mother discovered he had a retentive memory, an aptness at mimicry, and a passion for the limelight. So she wrangled the rôle of Pablo, a neophyte, for him, rehearsed him for a week, sent him out to carry on the tradition of the Power family. He entered into the assignment with inherent drive, was decidedly superior in the part, and got special notices in the press; from that time on it was taken for granted, by himself and by his family, that he would grow up to be an actor.

He went on tour to San Francisco in "La Golondrina"—mad adventure, breathlessly exciting to him—and then Patia moved abruptly with her small brood to Cincinnati; she'd been offered the chair of dramatics at a school there, and anyway she wanted her children to have the advantage (perhaps dubious but nevertheless traditional) of an Eastern education. She took a flat in a house that tumbled casually along the side of a hill, put both Tyrone and Ann in parochial seminaries, and settled down to living.

"It was then," Tyrone said to me, stretching his lean legs into the sun and hoisting up his swimming trunks, "that things really began to happen. What does it matter what your life's like before you're—uh—past the age of twelve?" We were lounging in the walled garden of his house, while he got a tan and I got a story; and the next hour was an orgy of reminiscence. Nostalgia is never more potent than when, at twenty-three, you remember fifteen.

The first few years after the arrival in Cincinnati, of course, were spent solemnly studying under the stern guidance of the Sisters, and Patia was heartened at the result. When Tyrone flunked the sixth grade she wisely transferred him to an academy taught by men, and his report card returned to normal. There was one brother who, with his back to the class, could still unerringly detect mischief and its perpetrator. Turning suddenly, he would exclaim, "Power!" and snap a piece of chalk into the air with thumb and middle finger.

"He never misses a shot," Tyrone had explained on those occasions to Patia. "Catches me on the nose every time. He's swell!"

In the afternoons he played football on a vacant lot (which was strewn with broken glass and gopher holes) in company with four neighborhood boys, five Italians and three Negroes from across the tracks. This was forbidden, since Mrs. Power, while not a snob, felt one had to draw the line somewhere; and so when one day Tyrone broke a finger during a tackle he said nothing. By the time Patia discovered the injury, the knuckle was mis-shapen, and had to be re-broken.

"And all that sort of thing," Tyrone said impatiently, hitching his chair into shade; the sun was hot. "But quite suddenly I was fifteen, after those endless years of early adolescence, and I was ready for anything."

CONSIDER the period, 1928-29. It was then that skirts were at their shortest and young men's trousers at their fullest and music at its sweetest and youth at its craziest. It was especially during that era that respectable middle age, its sedan crowded against the curb by the racing bright roadster of its offspring, was ready to mutter, "Reckless young fools!

What is this generation coming to. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]
AFTER the preview of "A Star Is Born" which tells the story of a screen star who was once on top, a group of Hollywoodites gathered in The Brown Derby Bamboo Room to discuss the picture. "Bah," one producer snorted, "I think the story is an exaggeration. After all we're not that cruel."

At that moment, Buster Keaton who once was a biggee on the M-G-M lot approached a table where sat a reigning star of the same lot.

The star glanced up briefly at Keaton. "Hi, Buster," he said shortly and went on talking to friends, while Buster just stood.

A dead silence fell over the producer's party as they sat taking in the little drama. "Let's get out of here," the producer finally snapped, "I've got the jitters."

JOTTINGS: After four years of being just good friends, Jimmy Ellison turned to Gertrude Durkin one evening and said, "Gertrude, you know I've just discovered I'm in love with you." They were married next day in Yuma... If Sam Goldwyn catches up with Francis Lederer it's going to be fun. Francis it was who persuaded Margo to throw over the lead in Goldwyn's picture "Hurricane" and at the last minute, too. Dorothy Lamour will replace Margo... Warner Brothers are holding out the olive branch of peace to Jimmy Cagney. Jimmy refuses to touch it. Claims it may be poison ivy in disguise... According to reports and rumors any day now Tom Brown will lead Natalie Draper to the altar.

CLARK Gable claims a Los Angeles newsboy has the making of a shrewd business man. Coming down the court-
Intimate news and chatter about the West

Coast settlers whose famous di-does Hymie Fink catches with his candid camera

house steps after his recent combat with Mrs. Violet Norton who claimed Gable was the father of her child, Clark hailed a newsboy to buy a paper.

As the actor reached for the coins the lad cried, "Aw no, Mr. Gable. I've sold more papers today on account of you than I've sold in a week. This one is on me."

THOSE New York models brought to Hollywood by Walter Wanger for "Vogues of 1938" have caused more commotion than a dozen prima donnas.

First, business on the Wanger lot was brought to a complete stand still when every man in the studio spent all his working hours on the set viewing the models. Finally Wanger was forced to post signs forbidding males visiting the set.

Next, the girls absolutely refused to pose in bathing suits for publicity stills. "Teddibly sorry," they snooted, "but we're reallah hand and head models, you know." When bathing suit stills of Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers were shown them, they reluctantly consented to pose.

But the real headache for Wanger came when, after a vigorous campaign concerning the models' youthful charm, husbands began appearing on the scene. And not only husbands, but husbands leading children by the hand who lustily cried for "mamas."

NEWS: Warner Brothers groaned loudly when Fred Waring and his orchestra nicked them for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to make one picture. Their groans turned to cheers when the Lane sisters, who sing with the orchestra, proved to be sensational screen material. Lola Lane is a sister of the newcomers. . . Too happy for words.

A couple of Broadwayites meet far from home—Walter Winchell gives Strip Teaser, Gypsy Rose Lee, the lowdown on Hollywood

The honeymoon isn't over. Not while Brian Donlevy and his bride, Marjorie Lane, still sip from the same glass right out in public

Was it romance? Some say not. But Beverly Roberts and William Keighley had everyone fooled if it was only a publicity stunt

Arline Judge and her husband, Dan Topping, stopped off in Hollywood just long enough to say hello and good-by. They're honeymooning now but Arline will be back on the screen shortly
Paramount's linger of Ethrei Kay. She has the story she had longed for, in Edmund Goulding she has the director who suits her, and in Henry Fonda and Ian Hunter she has the men she wants. Kay is pleased over the appointment of Stanley Logan to direct her new picture "First Lady." It's Logan's first directorial job. Two weeks ago Logan, a dialogue expert, and Kay weren't speaking. Kay called him a prig. Today he's a darling. Tomorrow—? . . . That captivating Frenchman, Fernand Gravet, is reaping more fan mail after his one picture "The King and the Chorus Girl" than most stars do after ten pictures. Result is, Gravet comes back in September. We hear several of our bigger glamour girls have spoken for him but (shhh) it seems none other than Gloria Swanson has the deal sewed up! There's news for you . . . Clark Gable is farming his horses on Bob Taylor's new ranch. Gable says he's going to breed race horses. Taylor says there will be no race horses on his ranch. Well, boys, what's this?

Temperament Item: Luise Rainer has to wear a new kind of hair-do in her current picture, "The Emperor's Candlesticks." She had a lot of trouble with it. So she went to the big bosses.

"I want you to re-shoot the first week of the picture," she said. "so I can eliminate my bangs."

It would only have cost a mere tens of thousands of dollars!

When James Stewart was rushed from the "Vivacious Lady" set in great pain, director George Stevens anxiously sought out Ginger Rogers.

"Could it have been the corn Ginger?" he asked. "I'll never forgive myself!"

But Ginger hustled him and assured Stevens it was arthritis and not those three dozen ears of corn the director had framed Ginger and Stewart into eating during the making of a scene.

Even though only a part of each ear was consumed, enough retakes were made to dispose of thirty six ears. And to top it off when Stevens took Jimmy and Ginger to dinner that night, he had a large ear of corn set before each place. No wonder the director looks that guilty, woebegone look. But it was arthritis that laid Jimmy low and the picture's postponed.

She was young, pretty and redheaded. As she strolled down a shady avenue in Beverly Hills she clasped the hand of a little three-year-old lad who trotted beside her.

"Well," smiled a woman in passing, "what a fine little man you are. I should think a handsome lad like you would be pictures."

"Mama," the little boy said as they walked on, "what's in pictures?"

"It means to act in movies," his mother explained.

"Oh," he said indifferently and turned his attention to a passing scottie.

The mother smiled. A million people once knew that famous smile. For the mother was Clara Bow.

Once she was the "It" girl of Hollywood, adored by fans everywhere. Now she is the wife of cowboy Rex Bell, adored by that three year old lad. Even a proposed test for the coveted role of Scarlett Barrett brought only a negative shake of the famous red head—for being "in pictures" interests her no longer.

Above. Is she scheduled to be the next Mrs. John Barrymore? Sally Allen has been Don Juan's constant companion since his recent divorce from Elaine Barrie. They were at "A Star Is Born" together.
Hollywood Mumble Jumble: Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell liked the Whitney racing horse (used in "Broadway Melody") so much they bought it—and it will run under their colors in forthcoming meets. Bob will stable it in his new ranch. . . Anne Shirley, after paying up a large annuity for her mother, gave the parent a new house in Beverly Hills, just as a topper. . . Norma Shearer is really back in the social swim once more, what with giving a big party on the opening night of "Tovarich." Her friends are so glad she's beginning to take an interest in things once more.

Suzanne Kaaren is moping because Tommy Warner, her heart, went to South America. . . Racquel Torres' sister, Rene, is having husband trouble, says rumor. And they just married, too. She's married (at least at this writing) to Ermon Pessis. It wasn't temperament after all when Aline MacMahon left the set of "Make Way For Tomorrow" without a word and planned East. Her husband, it turns out, was gravely ill in a sanitarium. Ken Murray and Florence Helli's say they will make it legal almost any time now. We're still laughing at the new gag the souvenir hunter played on Myrna Loy. She looked out of a second story window a few days ago, and was amazed to see a strange man calmly digging up one of the new trees in her lawn, preparatory to carting it away in his car. She sent her butler out to investigate. "I just wanted something that belonged to Miss Loy," sighed the man. Trees, by the way, are worth their weight in diamonds in California, they can't get a twig for less than five hundred dollars. Hazel Forbes has given Jack La Rue the go-along for Bill Boyd. Louise Rainer has just bought her fifth new car in two years and not just for swank. She really wears them out, motoring round the State. She's an inveterate tourist visits all the chamber-of-commerce picture spots and the like. And although she refuses to comment one way or the other, the rumor is persistent that she and Clifford Odets are wondering whether to purchase a blue or pink layette. Richard Dix reports he is running sixteen M.M. films at milking time on his farm, and getting more milk as a result because, when the cows see the pictures, they settle back and just give and give. . . That new Australian import, Mary Maguire, had a nervous breakdown and for no good reason—at least neither she nor her doctor can figure out why the ganglions started vibrating . . .

Below. A lovely lady gets caught in the rain but Joan is enjoying it. Right: Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney at the Troc. And all along we thought Phil Huston was Olivia's best beau.

No mind, we don't positively guarantee it but 'tis whispered the Miriam Hopkins-Anatole Litvak romance has cooled considerably since Litvak's picture "The Woman I Love" proved to be far from the sensation they both anticipated. A noticeable cooling, indeed.

There have been many speculative rumors cropping up about Garbo's health—but this time it does look like the real thing. Those who know tell us she is so ill she may not even be able to finish "Marie Walewska," her current picture. Certain it is that her studio has been holding up stills of her and other advance publicity, fearful that, after all, they may have no picture. We have watched the Swedish Legend walking from set to dressing room on the lot—and she looks completely sick.

In addition, her studio chauffeur reports that every evening, after the last scene is

Please turn to page 108.

Far right. Another upsetting cupid note. Anne Shirley puts in her appearance at the Tropics with John Payne when rumor has it that she will be married to Owen Davis, Jr., in the early fall. Or is it off?
A Star IS BORN AGAIN

JUST the other night a slight, girlish looking woman with hair as red and shining as new spun copper paused at the edge of a churning crowd which swamped the great forecourt of the Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Above the freckles on her cheeks, her eyes glistened like dew in the sun. She drew her breath in quickly.

"Let's find some—some side door, " she faltered to her escort.

"Nothing doing," he smiled, "this is your big night!"

"That's right," she said slowly after a second's silence.

"This is the biggest night of my life."

The woman, the star, was Janet Gaynor. The event was the big Hollywood preview of "A Star is Born." David Selznick's simple, yet poignant picture of a little Cinderella girl who found fame and love—and heartbreak in Hollywood.

That night the reels had whirled to spin out, as they had done ten years ago, the precious and mysterious stuff of which great screen stars are made. The next morning the daily film trade papers, sensitive to Hollywood reactions, gave the verdict of "A Star is Born" in impulsive, extravagant praise—no, not extravagant, because what they said was true. Janet Gaynor was a genuinely great star.

Only six months ago these same papers had printed this item:

"Twentieth Century-Fox has abandoned its plans for individually starring Janet Gaynor . . . in her next picture she will share billing with Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Simone Simon . . . the decision to eliminate individual star billing follows exhibitor check-up of her drawing power, the studio states."

Right now Janet Gaynor is causing more excitement in Hollywood producing circles than you'd think possible for a young lady her size. The question isn't "Is she worth a starring picture?" It's "Can we get her to star in our picture?" The bids are high and very handsome. They're in the Garbo and Dietrich class, if money talks to you. And the little red-headed girl who found that the glass slipper of Cinderella fit her ten years ago has shown them it still fits—perhaps even better than the day when Diane worked her wistful way into the hearts of the world.

THE other day I talked to Janet in the small, comfortably lived-in front room of her house which nestsles tree-hidden just a block below the busy commerce of the Sunset Strip. It was in the fading hours of sunlight, a time which seldom flatters physical features or spirits flagging with the waning day. Yet I have seldom talked to a more alive, attractive and really vivacious person than Janet was that evening. She was merry, she laughed a lot, her eyes danced and her smile was honest and gay. Her figure, something I had never bothered to notice before, was trim, young and definitely appealing in a fresh plaid jacket and sport skirt. She had just breezed in out of the spring air and her eyes were shining.

Frankly I was surprised. If this was Janet Gaynor then the Janet Gaynor I had been hearing about all these years was somebody else. Either that, or something had happened to change her.

The answer, I think, is—a whole lot of both.

The Janet Gaynor you and I and everyone else have been hearing about was somebody else. She was a symbol for sweetness and light and a wistful-smiling-through-persecutions Pollyanna.

But the Prince Charming of ten years ago wasn't in a jovial mood, apparently, when he picked Janet for his Cinderella. He

In a rôle that closely parallels her own career, fiction blends subtly with fact.

It's a Cinderella story and the glass slipper fits the wearer—Janet Gaynor

BY KENT BAILEY

Secondary roles and oblivion threatened Janet's career. Then came a chance that is rarely accorded a falling star. Fredric March shares stellar honors
glimpsed her in a sad scene and he found what he had been searching for with a little glass slipper in his hand and a prayer in his heart.

His name, of course, was Frank Borzage—and it was he who happened in on one of Janet's scenes in "Peter Grimm" only to rush out to the front office exulting "I've found my Diane!"

Thus he had launched the wistful Cinderella illusion that was to cling to Janet for many years.

"She doesn't need a test," Borzage had declared, and on the set of "Seventh Heaven," with tears coursing down his cheeks, he had cried as he watched her, "She is Diane! She is Diane!"

So that's what she was—forever after—Diane. She was a personality and a personality that paid off. For six years Janet was the number one box office attraction. No star has ever touched that record, or even approached it.

I don't suppose I have to explain that what pays off is gospel in Hollywood forever more. Winfield Sheehan, who held the reins of Fox studios, assumed the personal career

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]
Mrs. Chico Marx was a Brooklyn Karp. They have a daughter Maxine (right above), a darling who has survived a thousand gags and pranks. She's just nineteen.

Mrs. Groucho Marx (center above) thought Groucho was insane the first time she met him. Could this have anything to do with their 16 years of wedded bliss?
THE head of the house was entertaining at dinner. He was about to help himself to some peas when a small voice behind his chair said, "Don't take any. I had some. They're lousy."

The host looked around. His daughter, aged nine, stood in her nightgown surveying the dinner party. "What are you doing down here? Get back to bed," commanded the father, dishing out peas in the teeth of the warning. "I can't sleep," replied the little girl. "I've got a sore throat."

"Then take some medicine."

"All right," the child agreed. "Which bottle?"

"The little brown one," her father instructed. "with the skull and crossbones on it!"

THE boss said to go out and get a serious story about the home life of the Marx brothers. Too many people, she suggested, are under the impression that all three reside at Patton, the California state nut farm, being released once a year to make a picture, and then returned to the tank.

I set out with good intentions. I still have them. Why shouldn't the private lives of Julius, Arthur and Leonard Marx, all strictly as stated above, make a straight-faced story?

You tell me. I don't know. All I know is that before you get to first base investigating the non-professional tenor of that terrifying triumvirate's existence you stumble over some upsetting little domestic episode like the one above between Groucho and his young daughter, Miriam, and it's all off.

It's true, however, that the Mad Marxes are not only three of Hollywood's prime unpredictable paradoxes, but three of its milder mysteries as well. Once every year, like groundhogs, they pop up into the light and then the whole world quivers with an abysmal, uncontrollable belly laugh. Right now they're up for air after making "A Day at the Races."

JULIUS GROUCHO MARX, "Grouch" to his pals and brothers, isn't the eldest, as I'll bet you thought. I did. He's the youngest of the three. But he is the ringleader. It's Groucho who makes the important decisions and works out the important business deals.

Groucho was also the first home owner and solid citizen. He lives in the heart of Beverly Hills, in a big family-sized place, with his wife, Ruth, his son, Arthur, and his daughter, Miriam.

All of the Marx brothers knew how to pick 'em. All three of their wives are unusually beautiful women. And happy wives. Not a divorce, separation, or domestic rift on record. It is hardly normal.

Mrs. Groucho, sixteen years ago, was Ruth Johnson, a Chicago dancer. She joined the brothers in a vaudeville act, their first on the Big Time. It was called, ironically enough, "Home Again." She thought Groucho was insane when she first met him. Everything she said he turned into an insult or a wisecrack. It was his way of making love, she soon discovered.

Groucho never did propose, Mrs. Groucho recalls, in fact, he never even came across with a...
**HOLLYWOOD**

RIDDLE: What's good about the good old summer time if everybody goes off the air?

Answer: If your favorite air-star takes a run out powder to gather mosquito bites and sunburn, don't use the hatchet on your radio set. The big Hollywood shows are going right on through—bigger and better. If one star ducks out to daily, one more will step up and rally. Yes, sir!

Getting back to the summer outlook business—the casualties will be Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny and Fred Astaire. Old Groener Crosby plays hookey around the first of July, scrambling immediately down to his new race track at Del Mar where he'll dig in among the gee-gees for two long months.

Bing opens his new racetrack and not even the lure of spilling his fancy vocabulary in the Music Hall can keep him away from his pony—again, and according to our private Gay Pay-O the Arkansas unraver is none too happy about it. Last year, remember when Bing skipped off to Blue Hawaii, Bob had to emcee the whole Kraft show. He didn't like it. Bob believes his stuff is just right for a short spot and when you stretch it out over an hour it gets a little yawny. But Bing's a pal, so what can he do?

Speaking of Bing's show, John Barrymore and Amelia Earhart had a little contest the night they both guested. Amelia had just been spread all over the front page with her around the world flight and Honolulu crack-up. The incomparable Jack strolled up. "Hello," he said, "you've been over to Hawaii, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Amelia, "I took a little trip."

Barrymore, we'd say, looked dangerously shaken and in need of a good rest. But the next night he was out with a new girl friend—so?

Bing will be back in September. Afraid we can't make any

**Good news!** The glamour city licks that old radio of the star names and big programs that will come

their seats with one of the worst cases of the shakes we've ever witnessed. How he ever got through without knocking over the mike is still a marvel. His script looked like a cocktail shaker and a couple of times he clutched at his head as if the strain was too, too much. Barrymore, we'd say, looked dangerously shaken and in need of a good rest. But the next night he was out with a new girl friend—so?
promises about Fred Astaire. From where we sit it looks a lot as if Fred signs off for keeps in June.

Incidentally, Fred is a big fan of Walter Winchell's. He always breaks up rehearsals on Sunday evenings to catch the latest scallions and orchids hot from the flash fellow.

As for further flashes, there's rumor that Stuart Erwin might make a pass at a mike this summer to pinch hit for Jackson Jefferson Washington Benny, that funny Sunday guy.

bugaboo—summer slump! Here's a bird's-eye view over the air waves to make the heat waves bearable

**BY JIM NEWTON**

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**ON THE AIR**

Mutual admiration society—Fred Astaire breaks up Sunday rehearsals to hear Winchell's programs and W. W. tosses orchids to the famous tapster. Below, Gracie "GrapeNUTS" Allen made her debut on a new program. That's Dick Foran beside her

Jack and Mary Livingstone will sail the ocean blue any week now to do Europe (but not Spain!).

By the way, we happened to sit with Jack and Mary when George Burns and Gracie Allen went dramatic in "Duley" on the Lux Theater.

Suppose you know how close the Bennys and the Burnses are. We didn't realize it until we asked Mary, clear out in the audience, why she was so jumpy. "Nervous," she explained.

"What have you got to be nervous about?" we queried, looking anxiously at the jittery Mrs. Benny.

"I'm nervous for Gracie!" said Mary
THE banquet room was jammed to the doors. Movie stars by the gross were parading and being paraded in the name of Sweet Charity. So worthy was the occasion that even the little keedles, Shirley Temple and Freddy Bartholomew, were on hand to lend their juvenile buster to the affair.

As the evening wore on toward nine o'clock (the kids were leaving in an hour because ten o'clock is bedtime for movie starlets, charity or no charity), an enterprising cameraman approached Master Bartholomew.

"How about coming over to Shirley Temple's table, Freddy?" said the excited and perspiring cameraman. "I'd like to get a picture of you two together before you have to go home."

"Of course," said Freddy, and you know how he says it. "I should be delighted."

There's a time lapse here while Freddy, with the cameraman running interference, smashes and tackles through the crowd—and we pick up our story again as he and his rear guard approach the table of the Box-Office Darling of America.

"Miss Temple, this gentleman has requested that we pose together in a picture," said Freddy, carrying off the honors as only Freddy can do it. "I should be so happy if you would do me the favor of appearing in a picture with me."

Across the most Famous Child's Face in the World, there crossed a look of surprise, then flattery, and then pure caution. Shirley said nothing before turning to her parents for her cue...
Master Bartholomew, with his best Oxford accent, graciously invited Miss Temple to pose for a picture with him. What happened from that point on is one of those things a lot of people have been busy keeping out of the newspapers.

Suddenly there was enough whispering at the Temple table to dub in for a beehive. Freddy stood rooted to his tracks. Slowly blood began to rise to his neck.

Now no one was close enough to catch the exact Temple reply, but a moment later Freddy was bowing politely from the waist (by this time the blood had reached his face), and Mamma Temple and Papa Temple were shaking their heads as graciously as possible.

Why the Temples would not permit Shirley to pose, or just how Freddy reacted to the entire event is one of those things a lot of people have been busy keeping out of the newspapers. But if Freddy had been twenty years older it might safely be assumed that the Temple clan had landed in his hair in one of the sweetest slow burns on record. And what's more—something tells me that if they live to be character actors, this is the first and the last time Master Bartholomew ever invites Mademoiselle Temple to honor him with a pose.

With this not too hectic proof that even little children have their moments of temperament in good old emotional Hollywood, the season of feuding, 1937 edition, is once again upon us. While we wouldn't go so far as to say the edition is better than ever, it is certainly slightly bigger, perhaps because of the rains.

There's nothing like having to remain indoors to work a sulk up to the point where it is liable to break out in a gossip column at any moment.

Breaking out in print is really one of the worst things that can happen to a stellar feud, because the minute a feud is columnized the stars feel duty bound to be good scouts about it and try to laugh it off, at least while folks are looking. I've known some of the finest hates of past years to simmer down to mere repugnance just because they were spotlighted into attention and the principals had to grin through gritted teeth just to prove how far above "such pettiness" they were at heart.

Take the pretty well-rumored...
"The trouble with me," said Humphrey Bogart, he of "Black Legion" "Marked Woman," and now "Dead End," "the trouble with me is that I'm an introvert. And that's worse than admitting to murder. Everybody I know is being psychoanalyzed. Moss Hart is being psychoanalyzed. He's pushing those psychic blocks out of his mind. He's shuddering over his wish fulfillments and he's telling the analyst things he's never told anyone before. That's all because he's an introvert.

"But me—I'd be no fun for an analyst because there's nothing in my life I couldn't tell anybody, which, I understand, is what being an introvert means. I've done everything, but I'm not ashamed of it." He paused for a moment and looked over the blue-green golf course of the Toluca Lake Country Club. His sunburnt, super-masculine face was serious. There was no smile on his mouth, only that straight scar on his upper lip. But his brown eyes laughed as he added, "Well, maybe there are a couple of things I'd rather not mention...

A couple of things? If so, he can skip them. For extrovert Bogart talked straight through five hours of a California afternoon.

He talked about the curious way people have of threading themselves through your life—how, had it not been for the completely haphazard circumstance of his living, at the age of eight, next door to a little boy named Bill Brady, he wouldn't at this moment be talking to me in a golf club in Hollywood, California. He talked about the times he has been in love, about his war experiences, about his two marriages—one of which ended in divorce and the other which seems to be tottering.

He talked about actors and he talked about boats. He told me about how he felt when he didn't have a dollar. He talked about forging his own name to get overseas.

You've probably gathered that Humphrey Bogart talked. You're right! And it was stimulating, exciting, aware sort of talk. If Humphrey Bogart is an extrovert—which he is—then I'm glad I know one.

"The psychoanalysts," he said, "always begin by trying to dig out of your subconscious your first recollection. They wouldn't have to dig it out of me. I'd tell it gladly—even if it does make me blush.

"What I remember was dancing around a Maypole. Yes, that was me—the tough guy in 'Petrihed Forest,' the hard-boiled mug in 'Black Legion.' At three and a half I was in love and dancing around a Maypole. Do you suppose that's a symbol?

"I must have been terribly in love with the little girl I danced with to have remembered her so vividly all these years. I know I was just three-and-a-half because my mother assures me that was positively the last time I ever danced around a Maypole.

"We decided it would be a good idea to have a highball.

"For a long time after that," Humphrey went on, "I wasn't in love with anybody. I went to Trinity School in New York and we didn't think much about girls. At ten I was in love again—with a marvelous English actress whose name I should remember—but don't—Young Bill Brady, my pal who lived next door, used to go to his father's show every matinee. We'd sit in a box and watch H. B. Warner act and sometimes at a very tense moment we'd yell, 'Go it, Harry!' We should have been shot.

"Then we'd go backstage and I'd see the leading lady. It was with her I was in love. I'd hold her coat for her and shake all over.

"That was long before I thought of going into the theater. My family was rich. My mother, who is a grand woman, was Maude Humphrey. She had exhibited at the French salon and was a fine artist but starving in a garret didn't appeal to her when she discovered she could make $50,000 a year drawing covers for magazines and illustrating short stories.

"My father was a physician and he made a great deal of money. I have two sisters. I thought my family was swell. They were pretty discouraged about me. Very early in life my father saw I wasn't going to be a student. It was the way I was taught, I think now. They made you learn dates and that was all. They'd say, 'A war was fought in 1812.' So what? They never told you why people decided to kill each other just at that moment. I discovered I could learn the why of things better outside of school.

"Every summer we went to a lake for three months. I had my own sloop and played with some kids named Sayre.

"Because I loved boats and water," Humphrey went on, "I joined the Navy when we declared war. I was just seventeen and I think my father, who had a hunch I wasn't going to learn anything, thought maybe it was just as well.

"The war was a big joke. Death? What does death mean to a kid of seventeen? The idea of death starts getting through to you only when you're older—when you read obituaries about famous people whose accomplishments have touched you—and when people of your own generation die. At seventeen, war is great stuff. Paris—French girls. Hot damn!

"At training camp I was a messenger and I carried the lists of those assigned to foreign duty back and forth. One day I typed my own name on the bottom of the list.

"I saw active service but I was lost in Washington. They didn't know what had become of me and for months I was listed as a deserter. That worried me not at all. Nothing worried me. Submarines? A big thrill. Now I tremble when I think of those death-dealing machines sticking their noses up over the water. Shells? Why, it was all part of the fun when one hit the side of the boat and splintered it. A piece of wood lodged in my lip. That's where I got this scar." He touched that thin white line on the right side of his upper lip.

"So I came back from the war without ever having had it touch me mentally. I was sorry it [please turn to page 109]"
JUST

Ginger!
Gay, graceful, glorious Ginger, whose abandon, charm, and slim agility in "Shall We Dance," her newest picture, leaves her reputation as America's Number One Dancing Darling still way above par. You'll turn into a wilder Rogers' worshiper when you see her slick syncopated rhumba, shown in these performance photographs. Pete Theodore is Ginger's partner for this particular sequence, though, of course, Fred Astaire with his nimble feet co-stars with her for the seventh time
Two of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, but very different in type. On this page, Fay Wray, wife of John Monk Saunders, the scenarist, and mother of the very young Susan Saunders. In fact, Susan was her mother's career-interrupter last year (by being born). Fay's first picture since that important event is "Once a Hero." Excellent pianist, good versifier, Fay rounds out her talents as feminine table tennis champ of Hollywood.
This is June Lang, most exquisite of 20th Century's baby stars, still in her 'teens and just beginning her success story. June's roles have become progressively more important this year. The missing beauty of "Nancy Steele Is Missing," she will soon appear in "Wee Willie Winkie" and make history by being the first person to give Shirley Temple a good spanking on the screen! June collects china, uses no make-up but lipstick, isn't concentrating on any one beau at the moment.
Something new under the sun! It's man-biting-dog stuff when the screen's bad girl gets caught with a pair of knitting needles instead of a cigarette. Between doses of worldliness in "Marked Woman" and "That Certain Woman" Bette Davis helps herself to a portion of demureness with a new paisley outfit.
Irene and Randy

A heaven in a hayloft for Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott. In "High, Wide and Handsome" Irene, as a carnival girl, continues to kick up her Theodora heels, and—you'll be happy to hear—once more trills her golden notes to Jerome Kern's music; while her leading man causes a vast amount of swooning.
This field of California wild flowers is a perfect setting for one of the youngest and loveliest of the child stars, now grown-up, Anita Louise. Though Anita really prefers costume pictures, Warner's have slated her for a modern rôle in "That Certain Woman"
YEARS ago, she played the lead in a drama of mine which David Belasco produced. In spite of it, we remained good friends.

I met her the other day. She was coming out of a Fifth Avenue department store.

"Been doing a lot of shopping," she said. "I'm going back to Hollywood."


"No. I'm going out there to live. All your fault, too. Remember that place, high upon the hill, overlooking the whole of Los Angeles, next to where Lionel Atwell used to live? Well, I ought it."

I was delighted but not surprised.

Our last meeting, many months before, had been in Hollywood, at a Sunday noon breakfast given by Louis Lighton, the M-G-M producer. At that time, she had just come to Hollywood "out of curiosity," as she put it.

"Oh, but you will enjoy Hollywood—love it—as I do," I told her then.

"What is there to enjoy?" she queried.

"Glamour. Romance. Enchantment. I'll prove it to you. I'll be your guide, philosopher and friend..."

I was.

During the next few weeks, I showed her many things of glamour, romance, enchantment. Things, too, stark and simple in their humanity. And things of that salty, earthy American humor that has not died with Mark Twain.

For Hollywood has all these things—if you know where to look for them—clear away from the motion picture studios, the make-believe of the state, the paste jewels, the cardboard castles and canvas cathedrals...
FASHIONS IN FEMININITY

WILL THE STRIP-TEASY VIRTUES OF GYPSY ROSE LEE SUPERSEDE THE LESS SHOWY ALLURE OF LA HARLOW?

Just when New York, that "den of iniquity," closes its burlesque houses and has night-club owners shivering in their boots, Hollywood imports Gypsy Rose Lee who earned her Ph.D. via the school of Minsky (burlesquers) and the university of Broadway. For years Hollywood depended on the blonde allure and exquisite figure of Jean Harlow to set the men gaga. Will the dark, exotic beauty and very attractive figure of Gypsy Rose start a new trend in sex-appeal? Your guess is as good as ours. Her imitating sisters have filled the money tills in their efforts to follow her technique of disrobing bit by bit—commonly known as strip tease. But alas and alack, Gypsy Rose will be in full regalia for her screen debut.
HOLLYWOOD once thought it would never feel sorry for Constance Bennett. She was the girl who once asked—and, moreover, got—$80,000 a week for working during her vacation. Remember?

But now Hollywood thinks it sees a chance to indulge in a large, lachrymose dose of pity for a Bennett. And Hollywood, good old Hollywood, is getting a kick out of moaning.

"Poor Connie! She's finally making another picture. But did you hear who's producing it? Hal Roach—if you can imagine it! Poor Connie!"

Little does Hollywood know whereof it weeps.

Connie still has enough in the bank so that she doesn't have to work, unless so inclined. She can still afford to be choosy about her pictures. And if she chooses to make a picture for Hal Roach, there must be a reason. There is.

Mr. Roach has reformed. Or, if you like, he has changed with the changing times. There was a time when audiences were convulsed by comedians whose cleverest form of repartee was a custard pie. Mr. Roach promptly cornered the custard-pie market. Now, audiences demand to be convulsed by something more subtle. And, again, Mr. Roach is out to deliver the goods.

"Topper" is his latest effort—and what an effort, we discover, as we start out to cover the studios this month.

Constance Bennett is the smart, svelte heroine. Cary Grant is the hero. Roland Young has the title role, with Billie Burke for a wife, and Alan Mowbray for a butler. The script is something new in ghost stories. To film it, they've had to invent new camera tricks.

They're being pretty secretive about these tricks—not only to agitate your curiosity and ours, but to guard them against idea-pirates. That's why the set is closed practically every time Connie and Cary are working. And not because of Bennett temperament.

Connie and Cary are a pair of gay sophisticates, irresponsible though married. Very early in life, by pushing an accelerator to a car floor, they become ghosts. That, if you must know, is only the beginning.

It seems they can't get into heaven until they've done something worthwhile on earth. And what could be more worthwhile, they ask, than changing Roland Young's ways? That appeals to their sense of humor, their mad impulses.

Thereafter, Young leads a bedeviled life. Visible and distressing things happen to him, by invisible means. He is in a lingerie shop, for example, when a pair of lace panties rises off the counter, floats through the air to a near-by mirror, and there attains a ravishing fullness. Embarrassed beyond words by this particular prank of his ghost-friend, he thinks of nothing but snatching the netherwear and running.

We witness the sequel scene.

The setting is the interior of his home—a setting so "ultra-ultra" that it has figured damask, rather than wallpaper, on its

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JAMES REID

PHOTOPLAY'S super-snooper brings you another intimate glimpse of what happens behind the scenes and on the sets of Hollywood's movie lots
walls. Not that you will notice that. What you’ll notice is Billie Burke, looking more beautiful than ever, sitting in a wing-back chair, sewing on some petit point. Near by stands Roland, fussing with a cigarette box.

She is chiding him again. Some ladies have been calling on her, hinting darkly of his doings. Roland comes around to her to explain. He reaches into his hip pocket for a handkerchief with which to mop his brow, saying, as he does so, “I’m just a faithful old dog.” Simultaneously, from under his coat, something drops to the floor—something silky and lacy. Billie leans over, picks it up, rises to her full height, and says, with hurt indignation, “Faithful old dog!..."

The timing of the first “take” doesn’t satisfy Director McLeod. Neither does the second. On the third try, Billie on her upward rise, asks Roland, with hurt indignation, “Since when have you been wearing lace?"

The ensuing burst of laughter all but shatters the “mike.” When the set is sober again, for another try, Billie says, “Now, with that out of my system, maybe I can follow the script.” The show goes on.

We go on to near-by M-G-M, to see “The Emperor’s Candelsticks,” starring William Powell and Luise Rainer.

This is Luise’s fourth picture, the third she has made with Bill, and the first in which she has been allowed to be exotic. It is Bill’s last picture on his present M-G-M contract. When it’s finished, he plans a long rest. One eye has been troubling him ever since the eyelash was sunburned last fall; it is demanding specialists’ attention.

He is a baron at the moment, and Luise is a countess. They are rival spies in a Polish setting. Each has a hiding place for dangerous documents—a secret compartment in one of the Emperor’s candelabra. The candlesticks become switched, with the result that each comes into possession of the other’s papers. Then the fun really begins.

When we come on the set—an ornate reception room in the Countess’ home—only the camera crew is in sight. Bill has not yet reported for duty. Luise is in her new, modernistic, portable dressing room.

The only person who is actually working is Eddie Claremont. He has one of those jobs that only Hollywood could create. His sole task, eight hours a day, is to play mood music on a phonograph. Today he is playing for Luise. Other days he plays for Joan Crawford or Jean Harlow. He gets a healthy salary and has the responsibility of producing the right music for the right mood.

The phonograph is now emitting an operatic number. With this as a cue, we look forward to a dramatic scene. We get it.

When Luise appears, she is wearing blue velvet, ermine trimmed and floor length. We’d call it an off-the-shoulder model. It has that well-known Glamour. Especially with the addition of a tiara on Luise’s reddish-brown hair.

In this scene, she is sitting in a chair talking with Frank Conroy, who is standing beside her. The chair is raised up on blocks, as are all chairs in sitting-standing scenes, so that her head won’t be at the top of the picture while hers is at the bottom. The block trick brings the players closer together.

They are fencing verbally. He implies blandly that he suspects her of caring for the Baron; self-possessed, she pretends that she does not know what he is talking about. Her voice has a seductive, subdued vibrance. (The girl isn’t the same in any two roles, even in her voice tone?)

Suddenly, her maid announces the Baron. Suppressed terror comes into Luise’s eyes and into her voice, instantly, naturally, without any visible effort. Here is real acting.

Director George Fitzmaurice likes the rehearsal. The scene begins, when, suddenly, the sound “mixture” on the sidelines lets loose a loud burst of blue profanity. Everyone stops, in amazement.

The sound man yells, “Quick! ‘Fhit! There’s a —— fly in the ‘mike’”

No one else has heard the buzz, but that is all that he can hear. The buzz is annihilated; the microphone is covered with a kitchen type strainer as a safeguard. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
Director James Whale and shouting assistants start placing 900 extras hours before the actual shooting. It's the largest single set ever built in Hollywood and represents a public square in war-stricken Germany.
O a comparative few of us has been given the fun of knowing well the Astaire who makes the Astaire you know tick. Not a smart international citizen, a cosmopolite in top hat, white tie and tails equally at home in London as in New York, in Hollywood as on the Continent, but a great big kid with a simple, boyish and totally delightful sense of humor—that's the Fred I know!

When the two of us are working out a routine, a sort of running gag, a kind of continued riff, goes on between us.

Whenever I have a particularly tough piano solo, Astaire stands by—sort of half-kidding on the square attitude—waiting for me to hit that "clinker." If I do hit it, the Astaire eyebrows zoom skyward—then he tells me no one would notice the mistake anyway. If I get through the solo without an error, his sigh of relief is like a small tornado.

When he rips into some difficult turn with his feet, I look straight up to the ceiling, hold my breath and wait. If he gets through it perfectly, we both laugh—but loud! If he misses it, we both laugh—but loud! Then Astaire drives himself crazy worrying about the step that he missed and doesn't stop worrying until he does the dance again and does it correctly.

But there is a bond between Fred and me which is perhaps even greater than our musical one. We're a couple of full fledged cusses for a dialect.

During the days of the most hectic and turbulent preparation for the premiere of our Packard show, the phone would ring at some odd hour and I would be told Mr. Astaire wished to speak to me.

"John," he would excitedly advise, "I've just thought of the most marvelous 'Englishism.'" And off he would go into some bit of completely authentic London West End colloquialism that would panic us both. As a matter of fact the most important item that Fred had to relate to me of his last summer's trip to England was his London tailor's comment on discovering that the trousers of one of Fred's new suits were too long:

"We shall have to nip them up just a sensation, sir," and as I recall, both Fred and I fell right down at this one and laughed for two solid days.

It became virtually a contest between Fred and me to see which of us could get the jump on the other with a new bit of dialect.

I well remember the no less childish enthusiasm with which Fred greeted the idea of doing "Christopher Columbus" on the Packard program. Yes, and don't think that it was the tune or the thought of what I might perhaps do with the arrangement of it that intrigued him. He could hardly re-
A famous orchestra leader turns author
and sheds a new light on an old friend—
Fred Astaire—gagster, ribber, screwball

By JOHNNY GREEN

Fred was a great star
when Johnny was but
a youngster. They
clowned their way to
a lasting friendship.

Thirty-nine weeks of
gruelling broadcasts
was a test but this
Astaire guy can leave 'em
with a laugh.

strain his joy because I had suggested that he do part of it in Italian dialect. I want you
to know that he was like a sophomore playing his first part in a high school dramatic club
play about that bit of Italianized English. His reaction to the “I Love Louisa” number,
which was done with a German twist, was just the same.

However, all during the piano rehearsals of one of these linguistic bits Fred would go
completely turn-about, complain that he wasn’t a dialectician, virtually scream that his
dialect was no good and then timorously ask me if it sounded all right. I would assure him
that no one would believe that he was an American after hearing it, that the dialect was
positively sensational and that he would probably never do another number in straight
English again. This mood would usually hold until the hour of the show when he would
live for the dialect spots, sail into them with a will and not only get laughs from the audience
but break himself up to pieces.

“Do you kill YOU!” I whispered to him during the program one night, just after he
had panicked himself with a bit of Scotch brogue.

“Yeah! Isn’t it awful?” he hissed back through difficulty restrained hysterics.

I think I shall never forget the time when we did the “Piccolino” as the finale to the first
half of our broadcast. I practiced it and practiced it. Came the rehearsals with the
orchestra. Astaire listened, remarked, “Why don’t you give yourself something that you
can play instead of all that?”

“I’ll have to remember that next time you practically break your ankle,” I retorted.

For your information, I’d better tell you that in this arrangement of mine Fred had a
vocal cue which was the key to the whole sense of the number following my piano solo.
Well, we came to the show and everything was going splendidly. I sat down and literally
cavorted through my entire solo—not a mistake—just one...
CAFE METROPOLE—20th Century-Fox

T HIS offers handsome young Tyrone Power and exquisite Loretta Young in an unbeatable combination of sly satire, speedy humor and romance. It’s solid entertainment without being too precious in any respect.

Gregory Ratoff, who wrote the story, snatchéd the best lines for himself; but there are plenty left for the others. It’s a casual story of a young heir who, having spent his inheritance, falls into the bingly villainous clutches of Adolphe Menjou, maître d’ hotel of Cafe Metropole. Menjou needs money; persuades Tyrone to pose as a Russian Prince and make love to heiress Loretta Young. The trouble begins when the two really do fall in love.

Nicely dressed, the entire cast deserves special credit. Charles Wynninger and Helen Westley contribute neat bits. Direction and production are smooth, photography excellent.

A STAR IS BORN—Selznick-United Artists

A T last, a story of the real Hollywood comes to the screen, glorified by the finest color photography yet revealed. A story that neither satirizes, whitewashes or lampoons the glamour city but reveals with true insight, reality and humor, the heartaches as well as the glories of the motion picture industry. Typical of the town itself is the tale of the little country girl who comes to Hollywood seeking fame. Through the aid of an assistant director, she finally secures a job as waitress at a film party where she meets Norman Maine, reigning screen idol. Impressed by her unaffected naturalness, Maine secures for the newcomer a screen test that wins her a role in his picture. Their marriage follows her screen triumph and as the new star arises, Maine sinks to obscurity. The building of one star’s rise against another’s fall is tremendously effective in providing great emotional suspense. The locale of the story provides an opportunity for a close-up of such famous spots as the Hollywood Bowl, the Trocadero, the Santa Anita race track and Grauman’s Chinese Theater.

Janet Gaynor as the small town girl who becomes the glamorous star, does her best work since the advent of talkies. Fredric March is superb as the fallen actor and wins only sympathy for the character he portrays. Adolphe Menjou as the producer, Andy Devine as the assistant director, Lionel Stander as the bitter publicist, contribute greatly to the picture.

We urge you not to miss the best Hollywood story to date.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

A STAR IS BORN
KID GALAHAD
THEY GAVE HIM A GUN

CAFE METROPOLE
NIGHT MUST FALL
WOMAN CHASES MAN

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Janet Gaynor in "A Star Is Born"
Frederic March in "A Star Is Born"
Tyrone Power in "Cafe Metropole"
Loretta Young in "Cafe Metropole"
Edward G. Robinson in "Kid Galahad"
Bette Davis in "Kid Galahad"
Wayne Morris in "Kid Galahad"
Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall"
Rosalind Russell in "Night Must Fall"
Dame May Whitty in "Night Must Fall"
Miriam Hopkins in "Woman Chases Man"
Spencer Tracy in "They Gave Him a Gun"
Franchot Tone in "They Gave Him a Gun"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 122)

★ NIGHT MUST FALL—M-G-M

This is like no horror story ever brought to the screen, yet it holds an aura of the dankest terror from start to finish. With the utmost restraint and imagination Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell and an exceptional cast build the portrait of an English family involved in murder. It is not a children's picture, since the neurotic blood-lust, the sheer, frightening baldness of the story create an emotional chill which is almost unbearable at times. Montgomery, as the nice-looking page boy with a twisted psychosis and a knot of complexes for which he compensates by killing people, creates with unerring skill the difficult character. Brought to task by testy old hypochondriac Dame May Whitty for getting a servant girl in trouble, he ingratiates himself in her affections and plans to kill her for her hidden money. Miss Russell, the old lady's niece, is the only one who understands his twisted psychology; she is alternately repelled and attracted, eventually proves his nemesis.

Although no actual scenes of bloodshed or violence are shown, by implication the sense of danger and horror is synthesized into suspense which will make your mind creak with apprehension. Direction and production are artistically superlative, and each individual performance is an acting triumph. Dame Whitty's sequence of hysteria will linger in your memory for months. Alan Marshall contributes a nice bit. This will have you looking under beds at night.

★ WOMAN CHASES MAN—Sam Goldwyn

Starting with such smashing force that it will throw you back in your logs, this dwindles into melodrama of the old school toward the end. But, excellent characterizations by Spencer Tracy, Franchot Tone and Gladys George make it artistically good and the almost over abundance of action makes it thrilling entertainment.

The story concerns war buddies Tracy and Tone who both fall in love with Miss George, a nurse. Tone essentially adolescent is brave only when he has a gun. Tracy backs out in favor of his friend. Tone shifts to the present, and Tone is discovered as a ruthless racketeer and killer. You are then offered the struggle of the innocent wife to right her husband's wrongs, a jailbreak, and a finale in a circus. Tracy with great feeling makes every line count. Tone handles with restraint and ability his difficult role. Unique and worth while.
AS GOOD AS MARRIED
—Universal

AUDACIOUS, gay and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary, Doris Nolan, in order to save on his income tax and insure himself against breach of promise suits. But his secretary-wife, really loves her boss, grows tired of his philandering. Walter Pidgeon, Tala Birell, Alan Mowbray are a giddy lot.

ANGEL’S HOLIDAY—
20th Century-Fox

AGAIN Jane Withers proves herself a rare trouper in this rollicking comedy of a kidnapped movie star. Jane provides her uncle’s newspaper with plenty of headlines when she not only locates the missing actress, played by Sally Blane, but helps capture the kidnappers. To cap the climax, Jane even sacrifices her heartbeat. Robert Kent to Miss Blane.

DANCE CHARLIE DANCE—
Warner

STUART ERWIN provides what comedy he can in this old-plotted picture of a small-town boy who inherits a fortune and puts it into an unsuccessful Broadway stage production. Jean Muir is the sympathizing secretary who guides the inexperienced boy to success. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards, Glenda Farrell contribute to the general hilarity.

THE GO GETTER—
Warner

PETER B. KYNE’S famous story of a man who, despite the loss of a leg, still fights against all obstacles to finally win out, is brought to the screen with sincerity, fast movement, and humor. Charles Winninger is splendid as Cappy Ricks, Anita Louise is charming as his daughter, and George Brent as the ambitious young man is sympathetic.

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW—
Paramount

A TENDER heartstirring story of two old people who are unwanted by their own children. Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore offer a richly sympathetic portrait of the devoted couple, who having lost their home, are farmed out to their children. Thomas Mitchell, Porter Hall, Fay Bainter among strong cast. It’s splendid.

DANCE TALK OF THE DEVIL—GB

AN extremely diverting mystery involving the ability of Ricardo Cortez to imitate anybody’s voice. This aptitude can do a lot of damage, and he succeeds in bringing tragedy to Sally Eilers, her ship-building guardian, and Basil Sydney, who also had a hidden talent. He forges checks. The cast is nice; the direction very able.
AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

KING OF GAMBLERS—Paramount

THIS shocker-type melodrama reveals the sinister maneuvers of Akim Tamiroff, slot machine racketeer, who grimly murders any who stands in his way. In love with Claire Trevor, night club singer, Tamiroff lures Lloyd Nolan, his rival in love, into a murderous trap that catches the wrong fellow. Smooth performances of cast make a top-notch thriller.

THE transformation of Boris Karloff from boogey man into sympathetic character is an important feature of this pleasing story. Karloff, an inventor of electrical burglar alarms, finds himself at the mercy of crooks who plan to use his inventions for their own selfish purposes. There is suspense and even humor in the inventor’s scenes of revenge.

THE WOMAN I LOVE—RKO-Radio

HERE once more is the melodrama of the triangle, with Paul Muni the husband, Louis Hayward the lover, Miriam Hopkins the Woman. Against the background of war the three work out their destiny, with God and the Germans to help. In every case the performances are excellent and powerful. Very grim, but see this for direction and acting.

THE Jones Family again deliver an excellent piece of entertainment in this story of how they are almost ruined by Jed Prouty’s (Mr. Jones) entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Gleason is good as the procrastinating florist who loves Shirley Deane, and Kenneth Howell does fine work as the son whose invention saves the family from ruin.

THE GOOD OLD SOAK—M-G-M

FILM veteran Wally Beery again shows the younger players in a cast how it’s done. As the wayward, rum-guzzling father who finally untangles the family problems, Beery rightfully takes all honors. Janet Beecher and Una Merkel supply exceptionally strong support, with Eric Linden, Judith Barrett and Betty Furness registering faintly. Hokum but good.

VIVID and fast-moving, this story of a young doctor’s effort to better sanitary conditions in the slums is engrossing. Balked by a crooked politician, Edward Ellis, the doctor finally gains his help when the infantile paralysis epidemic touches Ellis’ protege. Bennie Bartlett, John Howard and the cast are swell. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
HAVE you ever said about some girl whom you know that she seems to accomplish as much in a day as six ordinary humans? Why do you say, “ordinary humans?” Do you judge the ability of so-called “ordinary humans” by your own capabilities or by the lack of them? Did you ever stop to think that this girl may be the normal one and that you are below par when it comes to energy? You think of her as unusual, superhuman—but is she? She is simply the personification of health, energy and aliveness.

Is that so unnatural? No, A thousand times no.

This girl doesn’t wear the most expensive clothes, is not particularly witty and her social graces are nothing to write home about. She’s well-bred, behaves herself and is a lady on all occasions. She doesn’t talk baby talk, isn’t a strip tease queen and there’s nothing of the obvious siren about her at all. Yet she’s the one that has all the Robert Taylors of the village stumbling over themselves for dates, trying to be number one boy on her list, while the rest of you sit back flabbergasted, wondering how she does it and asking yourselves what in the world they see in her.

I’ll tell you, babies. She’s potent! She radiates a certain something that an alert, healthy male can’t mistake. Call it magnetism, personality, charm, allure, glamour, sex appeal, hot stuff, vitality or whatever you wish, but by any other name it would be just as sweet and important to possess. And it all comes from glandular perfection and health.

Your entire personality can be affected by the condition of the glands. Your bodies are full of them. Two of the most potent are the thyroid and pituitary and they are closely associated with the sexual glands. Your appearance, the state of your mind and condition of your body generally are dependent upon them. Everyone of you should occasionally have a thorough check-up by a competent and reliable gland specialist to keep tabs on your metabolism. That means the rate at which your food and body tissue is used up. Have a test at least twice a year, particularly if, for no apparent reason, you find your sex appeal is lagging.

To register sex appeal, to be vivacious, sparkling, healthy and have that certain air, you must constantly create a flow of high powered energy. Energy is the force of life, a magic wave created by the smooth action of the organs and glands of the body.

The food that you eat plays a leading rôle in maintaining the normal function of those organs and glands. That goes for digestion, too. Proper food makes healthy blood that is needed to supply the glands and nerves with the minerals and chemicals they require to build strong and healthy tissue. If, by overeating and indulgence in wrong foods, fat is allowed to get a strangle hold it suffocates the organs and makes them function improperly. You become listless, weak and irritable. Then the panic is on!

Today, there are more smashed romances and divorces than ever before. In many cases, despite the fact that the woman is usually the divorce getter, these break-ups can be blamed on the lack of healthy physical appeal of the woman. By

Eleanore Whitney of the fast tapping toes has no difficulty in keeping her figure in perfect trim but she also knows the secret of keeping her vitality intact.
Sex-appeal, glamour, allure—call it what you will—but vitality is the secret to every woman's personality and magnetism

her indifference to physical fitness and refusal to keep herself as alluring as possible, she herself creates the grounds upon which she eventually sues. A woman who is sloppy and unclean about her person is unforgivable. There are no two ways about that. When she allows fat to squelch her vitality, her flair, her enthusiasm and her sense of humor, it is sometimes forgivable. but never forgettable. If that fat is allowed to remain undisturbed and accumulate, it becomes a definite threat to love, health, beauty and happiness. It's an eyesore to the male.

On the other hand, just as most men hate fat, they very easily tire of looking at a haggard emaciated female that has been foolish enough to starve herself down to her last mineral in an effort to reduce and who is constantly reminding him what a martyr she is, whining that she can't eat this or that for fear of fat. Listen, darlings, why don't you be wise and understand that a man isn't concerned about your discomforts in your reducing regime. And let me say right here, if your regime is a sensible one, you won't have any discomforts. A man is only concerned about you being the best looking thing that walks on two legs. He wants his woman to have a slender, slick, well-proportioned figure. He wants softly rounded arms and nicely molded neck and shoulders. He wants a healthy, vigorous companion, not a finicky fussing frostbitten female.

You can be all of this to him, but only if you use your little needles about this reducing business. If you don't and go in for stupid fads, vicious starvation diets, drugs or some so-called quick-and-easy-way-to-melt-your-fat-away, you'll discover too late that such bunk is fatal. The inevitable scrawniness, flabbiness and crepey skin that result will only repel your man's caresses and make them less and less frequent. That's not what you want, is it? I should hope not!

So before I forget it, let me settle this little matter about "quick, easy, effortless methods of reducing." If you want to reduce properly, healthfully and in the right places, there isn't such a thing as a "quick, easy, effortless" method. It takes time and plenty of work and you are the babies that have to put forth the effort. It's a cinch for any one of you to lose a few pounds in a short time by starving, physicking or sweating yourselves to death. But believe me, in even a shorter time you'll get it all back again—if the regime hasn't killed you in the meantime. By the time you get through with your starving, physicking or sweating routine to lose those few measly pounds, you're so weak and so sapped of your vitality that you haven't the strength to continue with it until you reach the proportions you desire. Furthermore, when you finally give up, your

Lovely Grace Moore is an outstanding example of the new school of opera singers. She proved that it was unnecessary and unhealthy for prima donnas to be fat
"You're kind of like my mother as I remember her, Mrs. Bunch—the same look in your eyes, and you laugh the same way too, and—"

The story thus far:

WHEN Sol Rimbel, Molly Drexel's theatrical agent, failed to get her a part in "Gay Blades," she knew she was through, done with the stage forever. Without funds, desperately in need of a job of any kind to keep the shabby apartment which she shared with two other down-trodden actresses—Julia Fayne and Lily Pringle—Molly applied at the Doyle Agency for a job as housekeeper with a Mr. Graham, living on Long Island.

Back at the apartment, she broke the news. "But Molly, you'll be a servant!" cried Julia in her best Duse manner. "Oh, it's all too, too tragic!"

Molly's sense of humor stood her in readiness. "Don't make it sound like Custer's last stand, Julia—what worries me is that I might not get the job. Mr. Graham is sending his butler to interview me tonight—"

When Peabody, the Graham butler, arrived, Molly, who had given her name as Mrs. Bunch, recognized him as Harry Phipps, a former friend and fellow actor. They huddled, and Molly got the job, on her promise of strictest secrecy.

Molly arrived at the Graham estate to find she had an unfriendly group of servants to deal with. Mr. Graham, himself, was reticent and austere; his son, Jimmy, away at school, returned only for an occasional week-end.

Molly set about making the place livable, but her manner..."
chilled Peabody, who lived in terror that their ruse would be discovered.

The climax came when Molly blithely discharged the gardener and hired Ronny Burgess, the man who had written the play—which had made Molly a Broadway star.

---

**Bless Her**

of a gallant actress who played her greatest love rôle without grease paint or applause

"...and I'm getting happier every minute," Molly concluded for him. But her heart ached! How could a mother, no matter how young, desert a lad as fine as Jimmy?

---

WHEN Molly stepped off the train with Ronny Burgess and presented him to Peabody as the new gardener, she wore an air of aggressive triumph such as is seen on the faces of conjurors when they produce a rabbit out of an opera hat. She was not at all disturbed, in the days that followed, because the other servants eyed Ronny suspiciously and whispered behind his back. Not until Mr. Graham said, "Who is that strange man on the terrace?" did she have a qualm of conscience.

"That's only Mr. Burgess, our new gardener, Mr. Graham," she answered meekly.

"When did he arrive?"

"About two weeks ago. He seems very conscientious, too; always studying at night and----" Molly moistened her lips to relieve the feeling of cotton in her mouth "I think the garden's going to look very beautiful if Mr. Burgess can carry out his plans . . ."
“He doesn’t seem to be in any hurry about getting to work,” Graham interrupted, dryly.

“Oh, he must be thinking about something,” Molly apologized quickly. “He’s a great thinker.”

A smile flickered at the corners of Graham’s mouth. “Perhaps he is thinking about the A. Ampelopsis. It ought to be clipped before it chokes the chimneys.”

“The what, sir?”

For a moment, Graham wondered at the startled expression on his housekeeper’s face. “I was speaking about the ivy, Mrs. Bunch. A. Ampelopsis Hedera helix is the botanical name for it. Years ago I took a course in horticulture and was very much interested in it.”

Molly longed to wipe off the dew that sprang to her forehead, but she endured its uncomfortable tinkle and said, politely, “Shall I tell the gardener to cut the A—ivy, Mr. Graham?”

“I shall speak to him myself before I leave,” Graham answered.

“I’ll tell him so he won’t be at the far end of the grounds.”

It took surprising control on her part to walk slowly and with apparent ease out of the house and up to Ronnie.

Lowering her voice until it took on the tone of Julia’s fiercest stage whisper, Molly jabbered, “Mr. Graham’s coming right out! Knows all about gardening! Learned it at college! Calls ivy ambidextrous or something like that! Use all those big words you’ve been learning from the catalogues Ronnie—and don’t get scared! I’m shaking all over!”

Graham never would have suspected her nervousness, for, as he approached, she beams pleasantly. “Mr. Graham, this is Mr. Burgess, our new gardener.”

“How do you do, Burgess?”

Ronnie bowed and, with an even glance into his eyes met his employer’s steely gray ones. To Molly, it seemed an intolerably long time before Ronnie remarked: “I was just looking at the Ampelopsis on the house, Mr. Graham. It’s menacing the chimneys; besides, it’s a pity not to show some of the warm red bricks.”

Graham gazed long and critically at the house as if he were viewing it for the first time. “You’re quite right, but won’t cutting it involve a great deal of work?”

“Not at all, Mr. Graham,” Burgess answered, eagerly. “I’ll enjoy doing it. I like ivy when it makes an attractive pattern on a wall, though I must say, if we planted climbing roses on each side of the porte-cochere it really would enhance the beauty of the house.”

“Wouldn’t it, though?” Molly interjected, quickly. “My, what a nice idea, Mr. Burgess!”

“I had a cherished idea years ago,” Graham went on, ignoring Molly’s remark, “of trying my hand at raising orchids. Know anything about orchids, Burgess?”

“No,” answered Ronnie, quite truthfully. “I’ve had very little experience with—orchids, sir—I—that is—” By this time, his nerves were so on edge and the beads of perspiration that trickled down his bald head were so annoying, that he felt as if nothing but a frank confession would relieve the situation. He was saved from it by Molly, who divined his purpose and rushed headlong into conversation, pyramiding her words until Mr. Graham stared at her in amazement.

“Flowers, flowers everywhere, Mr. Graham! Won’t it be simply wonderful! I can’t wait until all those little hootannies you were talking about come up and I can pick armfuls of them and put them in every room in the house!” Her laughter grew hysterical. “And I’m terribly glad you’re not angry with me

for tying the can—er—getting rid of Fritz, and I do hope you’ll get along nicely with Mr. Burgess because I’m sure he’ll always have your interests at heart.”

When she stopped, breathlessly, Graham turned to Ronnie.

“I’m delighted to find that you have a technical knowledge of your profession, Burgess. I’ll discuss my plans further with you soon.” As he walked away, Pierre, the chef, and Aggie, who were peering through the kitchen window, saw Mrs. Bunch reach over and press the gardener’s hand.

“Well, if that don’t beat all,” Aggie remarked as they solemnly turned away from the window, disheartened by the calm ending of the scene they had just witnessed. “I tell you she’s got the evil eye on this house and we’ve all got to look out for her. If anything more happens, I ain’t gonna stay here!”

AFTER his alarming interview with Graham, Ronnie worked very hard during the day, clipping and trimming ivy, and by night reading gardening catalogues. Molly’s fertile brain, meanwhile, had conceived a plan whereby Lily, still out of work, could be added to the Graham staff of servants. It was the pickling and preserve season and Lily could assist Pierre, the chef, Molly calmly decided. No sooner said than done.

She introduced Lily to her staff as Miss Lily Brown and, although she tried to convey the impression that Miss Brown had been sent down by Doyle’s Agency, the housemaid Perkins’ suspicions were instantly aroused.

One afternoon while listening at the keyhole of Mrs. Bunch’s room, she heard Miss Brown distinctly call Mrs. Bunch, “Molly,” and Mrs. Bunch call Miss Brown, “Darling.” She hurried downstairs and, drawing Pierre, Hilda and Aggie into a safe corner, she confided her latest discovery. She saved her most cherished piece of gossip to the very last.

“And then!” she exclaimed, almost losing control of her high-pitched voice, “I heard her say to this new woman, ‘What with Harry and me, and Ronnie, and now you here, Lily, the plot’s getting thicker than pea soup’” She waited a moment, her large vacant eyes rolling in their sockets like marbles in a teacup, as she watched the effect of her startling revelation.

“Well, what do you make out of that?” all Mr. Graham demanded, when the staff was too stunned to speak. “You can’t say now that there isn’t some dirty work going on right under our noses! Sure! We might be in the hands of a dreadful band of crooks, for all we know! Or detectives! It certainly looks mighty queer to me.”

Aggie, who had been listening openmouthed to the unrolling of this dark mystery, grew very pale. “Yeah,” she drawled, and her knees sagged under her weight so that she had to grab a kitchen chair to keep from falling; “we might get our throats split from ear to ear some night and never know anything about it.”

But it wasn’t her fear of impending death that terrified Aggie. Secreted in her trunk was a fine lace tablecloth, six linen towels, a collection of silver spoons, forks and knives that she had filched from time to time, and also a pair of Mr. Graham’s expensive cuff links that Hilda innocently had sworn to Mrs. Bunch were lost in the laundry. Suppose that Mrs. Bunch suspected her! That night, after the housekeeper was safely in bed, Aggie gathered together all her belongings and stole out to a cab she had ordered to wait at the foot of the drive, and never was heard of again.

Molly smiled pleasantly at the news. It meant simply that Lily’s job could now be permanent. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]
Jeanette MacDonald's favorite trousseau negligée is from Margaret Smith. Over lush white bridal satin is slipped a dramatic coat of accordion pleated sheer, the sleeves of which swirl almost to the floor. Gold brocade sandals add a brilliant accent.
For evenings in Honolulu, on her wedding trip, Jeanette MacDonald chose the gray chiffon gown with full skirt and sash shown on the opposite page. The little jacket is of periwinkle blue woven with gleaming silver. From Margaret Smith

The dress above is black and white printed crépe in a small pattern and has a black suede belt. Scarlet poppies accent a white straw hat which is lined

Company. White handmade linen gloves; white suede shoes trimmed with black patent leather; a white leather bag

Jeanette's favorite in her trousseau is the lipstick red chiffon dinner dress at top right. A frou frou outlines the split-up hem

Jeanette wears size three and a half, despite her height. Here she wears navy linen sandals

FOR A HONEYMOON IN

P H O T O G R A P H S  B Y  G E O R G E  H U R R E L L
Dorothy Lamour, appearing in "High, Wide and Handsome," knows that an all white suit is perfect for her, so she dons one of satin lastex, and slings a wicked straw hat over her back or wears it atop her superb braids.

Stars and crabs chase each other over Dorothy's white satin lastex bathing suit. With no back at all the narrow shoulder straps are conveniently adjustable.

Here she looks devastatingly smart in a brown and beige coat of plaid wool, worn with tan Kentucky jodhpurs. Brown hat and scarf of red and white
WITH A Snap

Mary Carlisle, getting fit for her part in "Double or Nothing," leaps high in a play suit designed by Edith Head. The shorts and bandeau are of white silk linen laced with navy silk cord. She wears varicolored raffia sandals.

Ring toss makes an ideal finish for a day outdoors and for it Ida Lupino wears white linen shorts, made with cuffs, a blue linen shirt and blue shoes.

After that gentle exercise Ida cools off in a gray and white pyjama, with a scarlet scarf matching her fingernails. Her shoes are made of canvas.
“Good morning, Mother,” says Sandra. “We look so much alike that nurse wrote my name on my collar so Daddy could tell us apart.” Breakfast for two in white tailored slacks.

Sweaters and skirts for a run in the garden. Gracie wears a blue sweater and white skirt, and Sandra’s box sweater has run-around stripes in blue. A pleated skirt for Sandra.

Ever since Sandra has been able to walk and talk she has demanded clothes “like mama’s.” So Gracie Allen has to shop and shop, for Sandra is her shadow and follows her round their lovely home from breakfast until bedtime. They play for hours in the sunny garden or do a bit of weeding amongst the flowers. Sandra is obviously worried about the orange crop, though. Sandra’s parties are given in the beautiful living room of their new home, where every bit of furniture is a veritable antique. The staircase leads up to the nursery for two, which is a riot of toys and games. A big sundeck opens off it. Its floor, also, is littered with go-carts and toys.
Top of page: Gracie bought a gay cotton smock for gardening so Sandra has one, too. Big coolie hats for both, tied on with ribbons.

Above: Party dresses, of course. Sandra bows to the guests in her favorite frock of shell pink taffeta, printed in blue and white flowers. Blue grosgrain ribbon bands it. Gracie has the same color scheme in a silk linen, hand blocked, designed by Howard Greer.

Idyllic and so soft kimonos over pink nighties. Sandra has been a good girl all day so Gracie will take her up to the nursery and tuck her in.
Joan Fontaine's new picture is called "You Can't Beat Love," and neither can you beat the double-breasted "ligger" coat seen above. It's of white fleece.

Right: Angora rabbit's hair makes a suit in several shades. The cape-like line and jour and eon are both in a crêpe made of its own fabric.
At upper left is a topper of angora rabbit's hair, taffeta lined to give you that swish. Note the clever front treatment and length.

Joan's suit, upper right, shows the short jacket, after Schiaparelli. The stitched fronts and the triangular breast pockets are noteworthy, as is the tucked shoulder. Belt and scarf in contrasting shades.

A useful and flattering cape to wear over almost anything is worn here by Joan. Made of angora rabbit's hair the tucked shoulder and tuxedo front give it the new look. Inside straps are for convenience.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 124.
You can't blame Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas for feeling that way about Claudette Colbert, in "I Met Him in Paris," either on or off the set. Travis Banton has made her ultra delectable in mist gray chiton, banded with platinum fox. The bodice of her gown, which is hidden here by the brief jacket of silver and gray brocade, ties with quaint bows, has a surplice treatment of the chiton, with the soft bows repeated on the shoulders.
Billie Burke, that amazing woman, keeps the sun out of her blue eyes with a huge Panama, circled by a printed fringed scarf. Round her neck, she ties a printed silk bandana and defies the years with great success mixed up with ice cream, and beds that rolled up, and flowers promised by Gracie. In fact, it seemed to be a grand party Sandra was going to have and she could hardly wait for it.

I have found something in the shops that is going to be a delight for warm weather. On a hot, hot day the less you wear the happier you are, as you know, so I went shopping for something I could slip into when I get home in the late afternoon. Something which would look well if guests should drop in for tea and which I could wear on for dinner if I liked. Pyjamas would be too informal for the city, I thought, and for stargazing on my roof after dinner, but I wanted something as easy as they are, something which could be worn without a girdle, and overlastepantsies.

I asked to see the chintz house gowns and found an adorably quaint one of striped glazed chintz in mauve and lavender and warm chocolate brown. The neck was cut square and was edged with a tiny ruffle of the brown, which also finished the short sleeves. That one I took for mornings, for pottering round my roof and watering my flowers in their boxes. But the one for evening is the one I love. It is of cotton challis, they told me, but it feels like silk; a sort of twilled weave. It has an all-over printed pattern in bright colors on a white ground and cherry red buttons chase themselves down the long trim bodice front. The skirt, and here is the relaxation note, is full and long, rather of dirndl kleid inspiration. It will be perfect for week-ends in the desert, for the flies will not get at my legs and the material is uncrushable. Wudge it up into a bundle when you pack and it still comes out as fresh as a daisy.

I noticed in Palm Springs that a lot of girls have shirts of thin wool to wear when they come out of the pool in the late afternoon. One was in tiny blue and white checks and was worn with blue linen shorts. The minute the sun goes down behind the snow-topped mountains the desert cools off miraculously, and the wool is a good idea. It makes the change into a dinner frock so easy, too, if one has to go on to something more formal.

Lots of girls wear blue denim overalls all day on the private ranches in the desert. They keep the flies from biting and fade into softer blues as the season goes on. If a desert stroll is indulged in, the trousers are turned up into deep cuffs over cowboy boots, so that the snakes you always hear mentioned but almost never see would have their exploring tongues baffled by leather, just in case you should step on one over a clump of primroses and verbenas. You see lots of small silk handkerchiefs tied, peasant fashion, over longish bots, but get the men's size linen squares if you prefer to tie them round, gypsy fashion, and keep your hair out of your eyes.

Attended the opening of "Tova-rich" in Hollywood recently, and have never seen such a brilliant audience. The curtain had to be held a full half-hour because the snap shooting in the foyer was continuous, and the stars practically had to battle their way into the great theater.

I saw quantities of short fur capes and jackets. They seemed to be the favorite wraps, in ermine, silver fox, white fox, or pales gray. I saw one lovely evening cape, though, of soft French blue wool made with a little turn over collar of dull red. It was worn over a white crepe gown and carried out the French red, white, and blue color scheme.

Judith Anderson, of the New York stage, had a severely cut coat of scarlet duvetyne, collarless and fitted. They say we are going to see a lot of these brilliant red coats in both velvet and duvetyne.

Hedda Hopper was radiant in pale blue crepe, cut with a cape in the back. Hedda is piling her hair up on top of her head these days and it suits her, as you will see in "Vogues of 1938." It is nice to see the nape of the neck again and Hedda says Antoine told her to get all the short hair in the . . . (Please turn to page 94)
An excellent idea is the guard strap under the arm of Evalyn Knapp's white suit. The high waistline is stressed and the shoulder straps tie at waist.

1. RKO's young starlet, Anne Shirley, prefers the dressmaker type of suit, crinkled crépe in an aquamarine design on a white background. Lined with lisle.

2. Beige is high fashion this season and here is Mary Carlisle of Paramount in a most practical suit of that shade. The vertical weave makes for slenderness.

3. Olivia de Havilland, that delightful Warner Brothers' star, wears a matelassé knit pastel suit. The ends of her shoulder straps are tied round her pretty waist.
A sleek new Lastex fabric molds Dixie Dunbar's youthful figure in a suit which has adjustable shoulder straps. Dixie calls Twentieth Century-Fox her home lot.

Universal's Jean Rogers swims in a white two-piece rubber suit. The flaring skirt buttons at both sides and there is a becoming quilted effect at the neckline.

Columbia has signed up Jean Parker. Here she wears a dusty pink suit made with a flaring skirt over trunks. The close knit design is woven in a neat pattern.

Madge Evans of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer slithers into a turquoise suit of sea satin. It is brocaded, almost iridescent, and is flattering to her figure.
YOU know how often you've felt like slapping Mamie's face for talking about you behind your back. Or telling Susie what you thought of her taste in hats, especially when Susie criticized the bargain dress you bought. Or advising the boy friend in plain pointed language just how annoyed you really were about his coming for you fifteen minutes late.

If you haven't done any of those things, you probably envy the people who do them, for "obey that impulse" is an American creed. It's a slogan. It's a form of wish fulfillment. You see it in advertising. You read it in the newspapers. The magazines are full of it.

Now, if anyone could get away with such a creed, the motion picture stars should be able to. With wealth and power behind them, it would seem as if they could always do pretty much as they wished.

One girl who has been accused of obeying exactly as she wishes, of never catering to other people, of obeying every whim and impulse is Sylvia Sidney.

There was a time when that accusation was almost literally true of Sylvia. An impulsive, undisciplined young individualist, she wanted what she wanted when she wanted it, and did not care who was hurt in the process of getting it. The person who was usually hurt was Sylvia Sidney.

"I'll stand or fall by my own decisions," she used to say. "I won't turn to anyone for advice."

Recently Sylvia told me, "I was a fool. My creed didn't work. It got me into nothing but trouble. It may have sounded workable, but it wasn't. It was no comfort at all, when the mistakes kept piling up, to say to myself, 'Sylvia, these are all your own fault.' It was no comfort to say, 'I obeyed my impulses.'"

After a terrific slump, Sylvia Sidney's career has recently taken a turn upward. With "Mary Burns, Fugitive," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Fury," "You Only Live Once" and "The Woman Alone" to her credit, she is now the brilliant star she gave promise of being when, substituting for Clara Bow, she burst upon the screen in "City Streets." That wasn't her first picture, but it was her first important one.

Several exquisite screen performances followed and then, suddenly, the career of Sylvia Sidney fizzled out.

She is on top again today because she has learned to disobey her impulses!

But before I tell you about that, let me try to give you a picture of the forces which fashioned Sylvia into a difficult young individualist.

SYLVIA was born in the Bronx section of New York, the daughter of Victor Kosow and Rebecca Saperstein. And unhappiness stalked that home.

Sylvia, in speaking of it, said, "When I was a little girl, I wasn't really a little girl at all. I did none of the things that other little girls did. I wanted none of the things that other little girls wanted. I was painfully shy.

"I am certain that all this shyness was caused by the trouble between my mother and father. It is not so much that I remember definitely unpleasant episodes between them; it is more that I lived with a saddening and permeating sense of my mother's tears."

Perhaps it was because Mrs. Sidney felt that Sylvia had been robbed of one of the most precious things a child can have—a home in which two parents dwell in peace with each other—that she tried to make it up to her in every way she could. Never was Sylvia made to feel that there were things she couldn't have because they were too expensive. Her mother saw to it that the child wore beautiful clothes. When she was only four, she had a blue velvet coat with an ermine collar, so lovely that even to this day Sylvia, who isn't ardently clothes conscious, remembers it.

Deprived of her father's love and seeing him rarely, it was only natural that Sylvia should feel that her mother's love was a bulwark and protection against a mysteriously hostile world.

Her mother worried because Sylvia was so different from other children. So painfully shy. So sensitive. So stubborn. Even as a child, once she had made up her mind to a course of action, she would persist against all odds, and never admit that she had been in the wrong.

There was the time, for instance, when Sylvia was sent to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon for some childish offense. She remained in bed the rest of the afternoon. Dinner was brought to her.

"You'll stay in bed," said her mother, "until you apologize."

Sylvia remained in bed all the next day, and when her mother asked her if she was ready to apologize she said defiantly, "No. Mother." Then she looked out of the window. "Anyways," she remarked, "it's a rainy day, so I don't want to go outside." She never did apologize.

Months later her mother sent her to boarding school, in the hope that she would be forced to make friends with other children. The first night she sat up in bed and shrieked, "Mother, I want my mother!"

She remained in school but she made no friends. She wanted none. And in boarding school began that series of infringements of the rules, that series of petty rebellions that were to make the life of everyone around Sylvia miserable, and in the end to make Sylvia the most miserable of all of them.

She made things so difficult for her instructors that finally her mother took her out of boarding school. It looked to small Sylvia as if her obedience to her impulses had worked again. For the purpose of her rebellion was to go home, to find a haven in the kindness and understanding of her mother.

She found out very promptly that her supposition was wrong. Her mother was in business just then, and it was difficult for her to take care of young rebellious Sylvia. So partly as punishment and partly because there was really no room in her tiny apartment for Sylvia, she sent the child to an uncle's house in the Bronx.

However, that failure to get what she wanted taught Sylvia very little. She next persuaded her mother to let her go to the Theatre Guild Dramatic School. Again she was a disrupting influence.

"I wanted to be a great big bomb," she told me, smiling, "but I'm afraid I never succeeded in being anything more than just a little firecracker."

When Linda Watkins was given a role on which Sylvia had counted. Sylvia, again on impulse, feeling that she had been treated unjustly, broke a strict rule of the school by going for a drive with a boy she knew. The next morning she was expelled for her defiance.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]
Above right. Gail Patrick, appearing in "Artists and Models," prefers her blue felt Breton with the brim snapped down in front. The radial stitching and square crown are a new note in summer chic.

Above. Gail chooses another charming felt that fits so perfectly with the "strictly tailored" mood. The brim turns sharply up in back and belting forms the band and bow which ties in front.

Another view of the same felt which can be worn bonnet-wise, straight back on the head, or as Gail wears it. Both hats come in pastel and other shades.
Enchantment in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

And I said to her:
"Consider, for instance, the case of the bird."
I showed it to her, one day, on the road to Santa Monica. It fluttered like an autumn leaf from one tree to another.

It was a sparrow, and, by every rule of nature, it should have been melancholy gray and bister brown. But as it flew in the wash of the afternoon sun, its plumage was brushed with ruby and flecked with old gold; and it came to rest on a cluster of eucalyptus tree flowers which were cherry red—a cherry red that was luminous, yet without sheen.

THERE is gold in the mellow, man-fashioned marbles of Sicily, ruby in the thousand flowers of my New England garden, and cherry red in the New Hampshire foliage when October has tinted the maples. There is ruby-and-gold and cherry red in the Great Canyon of Southern Utah where the White River winds through the quicksands. But there is no ruby-and-gold like that of the small, down sparrow, no cherry-red like that of the clustering eucalyptus flowers . . . and I asked my actress-friend:

"How d'you like it?"
And she replied:
"I think it's swell."
And I said:
"Consider now the case of the desert . . ."

* * *

So I took her far out beyond San Fernando. I showed her a single palm soaring rigid and solemn and austere, with a certain masculine arrogance that is typically of the Far West; the silhouette of a cowboy etched against the tightly stretched sky like the scratched handwriting of a forgotten era; a rock worn to its naked bones by the erosion of the centuries; the contours of a little brand-new boom town—hard, dazzling white, compactly folded into an ochre, purple-stippled dip of the desert; the desert itself, rolling out, spawning its iron-yellow eternities of shifting sand; a sky holding a greenish tinge in its master-blue, like a transmigration of emerald in the heart of a sapphire . . .

And, words being my trade, I announced:
"A keen, dry land! And the winds here like cracking spears. And—look!—the air like a rapidly whirling wheel of gleaming dust, shedding silver and violet sparks, giving to everything a touch of the fantastic, the sudden, the unexpected, the dramatic, even—playing with the lines and forms of the objects—accentuating them harshly, mercilessly—then hulling them with a diapason of gently curved rhythms and washing them over with the lazy gold of a far sun . . ."

And she laughed and exclaimed:
"I wager you've rehearsed that last bit."
And I, since she had spoken the truth, was annoyed and replied rudely:
"Shut up! Consider now the case of . . ."
"Fool," she interrupted. "I'm starved—which won't do me much good, since Hollywood cooking is the worst in the world."

And I said:
"Consider now the case of Bill O'Donnell . . ."

* * *

So we drove out on the road to La Crescenta. There I took her to a lunch-wagon where, some years earlier, my dear, departed friend Lowell Sherman had introduced me first, and introduced her in my turn to Bill O'Donnell, loading it in lonely glory behind the counter, a wide-brim, twenty-dollar Stetson on his ballet-shaped head, a large and evil-smelling cigar between his teeth.

He looked disparagingly at my friend's lean, tenuous greyhound curves of which she is so proud.

"Lady," he announced, "you ain't got enough bosom—" that's how he pronounced it—"what you need is a hunk a steer."
I assured her, as I swung the car into the stream of traffic:
"Where are we going now?"
"To consider the case of the exiles."
"Exiles—like you and me—from New York and London and Paris?"

"Nothing as drah as that. Exiles from their own high dreams—dreams that are over and done with, and dreams yet to come. Exiles from the kingdom of romance. But, even in exile, carrying this same romance about their shoulders—like a crimson cloak . . ."

Flash! Walter Winchell gets caught making love to some one else's girl, and look whose girl it is—Gable's! But Clark neatly turns the tables on Walter and does a little snooping and note-taking. This was snapped at Marion Davies' circus party which accounts for the Wild Western frippery.

He gave us hunks of steer broiled to a turn.
He gave us fresh corn, tomato salad, apple pie, strong coffee. And, when I had packed away about two dollars' worth, for which he charged me sixty-five cents, he inquired:
"How was the steer, brother?"

"Lousy," was my mendacious retort.
"Oh yeah . . .?" He reached behind the counter and came out with an ugly automatic which he pointed at me. "How did yer say the steer was?"

"Elegant!"

"Okay, brother. Another hunk of steer—on house!" He turned to my friend. "How about you, lady?"

"You bet!" she exclaimed, becoming rapidly Westernized. "Good for the bosom!"

We left the lunch-wagon.
She observed:
"I liked the hunk of steer. I liked Bill. I—" she was a little on the defensive—"I think I'm beginning to like Hollywood."

"You'll like it a whole lot more by-and-by."

So I took her down into the City of the Angels; and, presently, we left behind us modern America, modern California, and drove into the Mexican quarter. There, in a winding street that smelled of garlic and red wine and was named after a gentle, forgotten saint, we came to a small, whitewashed house; and we beheld, on the veranda, seven men, sitting side by side—sitting there stiffly erect and in melancholy silence.

THERE was a black horn on the street, their beautifully tailored clothes as black as their long, thin cigars. They bowed deeply, gravely, in unison, when I introduced them to my friend. They kissed her narrow hand with the exquisite and angular grace of Castilian grandees; and, since she knew only English and they only Spanish, I was the interpreter; and, like many another interpreter, I followed my own fancy—and, I am afraid, my own sense of humor—in translating. I grew quite eloquent and witty.
about a number of subjects, though they, after
the manner of strangers, spoke mostly of the
weather.
After a while, my friend and I got up to go.
And again the seven men bowed deeply,
gravely, in unison and kissed her hand; and, as
we re-entered the car, she said:
"They are like people out of a play."
A romantic and tragic play—don't you
think?
"Yes. Who are they?"
"They are the men who make history—and,
at times, unmake it. Four of them have been
presidents—call them dictators—of Central
American republics here and there. Three ex-
pect to be presidents—call them dictators—of
Central American republics here and there.
And, between revolutions, they come here, to
California . . ."
"Why here of all places?"—aggressively.
"Why not rather New York?"
"Because they prefer sun to soil, and
nature's warmth to steam heat—essence of
roses to essence of subway. Also, because they
remember that, not so long ago, California was
Spanish. And because to them it is still
Spanish. As Spanish as a glass of ruddy-
looking port, as Spanish as a black lace
mantilla and a tall, carved tortoise-shell comb.
As Spanish as a secret patio where a fountain
 tinkles under the sun and a dagger, belike,
 might glitter under the moon."

"I don't believe a word of it," she an-
nounced.
"Don't you?"
"No. I think these seven men are—oh—
stage props to impress greenhorns like my-
self—"
"Well," I countered, "suppose, for the sake
of argument, that you're right—which, in-
centrally, she was not—are they not
romantic all the same?"
"Painted romance! Man-made! Not God-
made!" was the contemptuous answer. And
that, though I did not say so, was funny, com-
ing from an actress.
"All right," I replied. "God-made it shall
be. For you shall now consider the case of the
sky—and the night—and the morning to come . . ."  

So we went to the very top of Doheny Drive.
And there, with the town, like a deep-cleft
canyon, at our feet, we parked the car and
looked out.
In silence. Hour after hour. Not caring
how fast time passed—or how slow.
And we watched the sun die in a haze of
coppery decayed—decayed, I thought, like the
sun on the Day of Judgment. We watched the
moon come up, stabbed on the outer horns of
the world, dispassionate, calm, indifferent to
the heart of man—the moon. I reflected, that
shone serenely on Hollywood and Broadway
alike, that had wheeled across the arc of the
heavens long before either came to existence,
would be here long after both had been
forgotten.
We watched the living stars swirl and swarm
past the horizon. We watched them vanish,
one by one.
We watched young day shoot up, racing
along the rim of the world in a sea of fire, with
purple shafts of light that put out the paling
moon.
We watched the West flush with green,
like a curved slab of thick, transparent jade.
We watched the East flush with pink and
lemon and faint heliotrope.
We heard the noises of waking day.
Noises in a near-by garden. A drowsy
canticle. A bird gurgling and twittering. A
tiny bat cheeping. A metallic buzzing of flies.
Noises in the streets far below. Seething in
frothy, brutal streaks . . .
I gave a little shiver—and, I am afraid, a
little yawn.
I said to my friend:
"Consider now the case of . . ."
"Breakfast?" she interrupted firmly.
And the twenty-five minutes later, we were in
a drug store, having orange juice, coffee and
toast; and I heard her murmur, half to herself:
"Glour—romance—enchantment—
Hollywood . . ."

The Life Story of a Problem Child

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

for heavens sake!" Middle age didn't know,
and neither did youth. The difference was
that youth didn't care. Youth gave neither
a whoop for the future nor a damn for dough
and its opinion.
You'dclasses when and if you could. You
borrowed your father's car and took your girl
up into the shadowed hills overlooking town
and, if allowed, got familiar. You drank a
great deal of a kind of liquid popularly known as
"not-gut" since it was strictly outlawed and
easy to get. You did things if you were
on the crest of the young wave, in the swing of
things at all. And Tyrone Power the third
had to be there; his personality demanded it.
Understand: to those with a bent toward
the romantic there was nothing crass or un-
varnished about this way of life. It was
polished with the sort of glamour that only
the teens can know; the long dreams were
cloud-wrapped, the short loves heartfelt
and painfully sincere.
In Cincinnati there is a place called Ault
Park, which straggles along the river's ragged
edge. In the midst of the trees there's a
pavilion like a giant pastry cake, with a marble
tower of terraces and an orchestra; you
could dance there for twenty-five cents admission
and ten cents per number—a price eminently
suited to pocket books of fifteen year-olds.
Tyrone had an allowance from his mother,
which he augmented by working at the corner
drug store as a fountain clerk. And Patia,
pursuant to her policy of letting the children
discover the world in their own way, was
fondent with her car.
So that Tyrone, in company with a crow
named William Wright, began during that first
incomparable spring to recruiting dashing young
misses from the Purcell High School and
to make the Ault Park Pavilion his Saturday
night headquarters.

"Those Saturdays . . ." crooned Tyrone
happily.
"There'll never be anything like them
again. Do you remember?—In the
morning you'd play tennis, with a warm
sensation inside you because you knew you were
going 'out' that evening. Then in the after-
noon the guy with whom you were double-
dating would come over and you'd polish the
car—we always tried a new polish each week
and completely ruined the finish—and then,
long before it was time, you'd have your shower
and dress all up. And the evening would come
on, full of wonder, romance. You'd get
a couple of pints of liquor in an alley on
the South side, whiskey aged two years in
tree days with an electric needle, and then
you'd call for the girls. And you'd be so in
love . . .!"

THERE were other highlights too! For
instance, there was the car he bought with his
own money; his first big possession. It cost
him $35 and was too high to get into the
garage. He poured gallons of oil daily into
the thing and a few hours later all that
would come out was hot water. This
conducted him until he discovered the engine
block was cracked, whenupon he sold it to a
friend for $30 and bought an Essex coupe.
And so the months went on, always faster,
always more hectic. And eventually with
their passing went much of the callowness
of Tyrone's spirit, many illusions, and part of his
youth. When, finally, he stood on the plat-
form of his school and waited for his diploma,
the shell of maturity about his spirit was
already forming. The Depression had hap-
donced, unaccountably, unbelievably, and in
company with his fellow students Tyrone was
thinking carefully of the future and of work.
There was so little time, and so much to do,
and his ambitions were so exacting.

He understood, somehow, that he would get
the things he wanted to have; after all, you do
not have a superior intelligence, a ruthless
determination, and a charming face for nothing.
So clearly did he see things that, after com-
 mencement, when his mother called him into
her study one afternoon to discuss plans for
college, his mind was inexcusably made up.

"I'm not going on to school," he told her.
"If I'm going to be a successful actor, I've
got to start early. You understand—I'll be
bored with the idea if I wait too long. For
this job you have to work anyway with the
things I've been doing lately—studying,
running around, working at stupid little jobs
and taking my living from you. That
last isn't idealism. I know when I'm well off,
and if things go badly I'll be back, don't worry.
I'm not a fool . . ."

"No," agreed Patia, grinning.
"But I want to get on, d'you see? I want
success and money quick, so I can enjoy them
right away. I'm impatient, I suppose, but
you never get anywhere if you aren't.
Anyway I haven't time for college. Dad's promised
to take me up to a summer place in Canada
and give me a course in Shakespeare. You've
been swell, teaching me all these years and
everything, but—"

"I understand," Mrs. Power said. "Your
father's a great actor, and he can be of in-
estimable value to you." She stood up with
a gesture of finality. "You've always made your
own decisions and you'll make this one."

That was in June of 1934, just a little less
than six years before a man named Darryl
Zanuck decided to make a picture called
"Loyds of London . . ." More eventful data on the thrill-packed
tife of Hollywood's most sophisticated young modern next month in PHOTOPLAY.
A FAMILY AFFAIR—M-G-M.—The dialogue is articulate, the direction clean-cut in this moving chronicle of a typical upper-class American family. Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney are splendid. You'll feel (May)

ANOTHER DAWN—Warners.—A story of sun, sand and death love in British India with John Barrymore, Robert Young and Ian Hunter being too, too, honorably about all. There is a lot of little kitting of the natives. Go for the stellar cast. (June)

BILL CRACKS DOWN—Republic.—Rough and ready action in a steel mill. Grant Withers neglects his wife for work, with the usual title outcome, entrace Roberts, Judith Allen, Nancy Wakes, Irene Watkins and Roger Williams try hard. Dell. (June)

BORDERLAND—Paramount.—Another Hopalong Cassidy story with William Boyd pretending to be a thief to catch a thief named The Fox. Jimmy Ellison and George Hayes skip along with Billie's locations are beautiful. (April)

BREEZING HOME—Universal.—A stock horse racing story with a few new twists provided by William Gargan as the honest trainer who suspects Andy Barre and Alan Baxter of double-crossing the horse. Bonnie Barnes is Wendy's rival. Milt. (April)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES—Paramount.—Light melodrama with Ray Milland moving honorably against a background of fog, murders, kidnap and counterfeiters to rescue Heather Angel, eingald Denny and E. E. Clive provide the comedy. (April)

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal.—John Wayne, Louise Latimer and Robert McWade see above an unbelievable slice of Bologna dealing with a coast-to-coast race between a freight train and a fleet of trucks for a million dollar contract. kip. (May)

CALL IT A DAY—Warners.—This records the collective problems of an English family on a road trip. The result is deadly brilliant. John Hunter, Bonita Granville, Rita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Walter Woolfing, Fredric March, Roland Young, all play with infallable technique. It sparkles and so will you when you see it. (May)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M.— Simplicity, dignity, magnificent photography of superb acting by all the principals combine to make Kipling's powerful tale of Portuguese fisher folk the best picture of the season. Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy and Melvyn Douglas surpass their most brilliant efforts. Positively a must. (June)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS—20th Century-Fox.—Walter Long again dishes out his Chinese hoolies with aplomb in this mystery of stolen airplane inventions located at the Berlin Olympics. Kaye Luke is again his eager helper. Fast moving and intriguing. (June)

CHINA PASSAGE—RKO-Radio.—Introduces Constance Worth, Australian actress, in her first American picture, this winds through a maze of unbelievable situations involving murder and jewel thieves. You've seen it all before. Skip. (May)

CLARENCE—Paramount.—Clarence's re-entry as a wise-cracking in a wrangling family is made a spirited buddy by Moose Karrin, Johnny Downs, pleasure Whitney, Spring Byington and Eugene Paulette keep the home fires burning, finally put them out. Fifield. (April)

DANGEROUS NUMBER—M-G-M.—A dull little tale with Robert Young as a wealthy gent who marries a brainless actress, Ann Sothern, finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors, and Reginald Owen in a beard. Pretend it isn't there. (April)

DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES—Warners.—Plenty of action in this yarn about a cowboy boxer (Wayne Morris) who wants love and the heavyweight championship. Barton MacLane gets the crown, Wayne gets the sister, June Travis, and everybody's happy. (April)

DON'T TELL THE WIFE—RKO-Radio.—A boodoggle plot lifted from the old story of a fake gold mine that miraculously proves a bonanza. Lynne Overman, the promoter, and Una Merkel, as his wife, are simply grand. Amusing. (April)

DREAMING LIPS—Trafalgar-United Artists.—A problem play of the triangle school that allows Elizabeth Bergner as the wife, Romney Brent as the wronged husband, and Raymond Massey as the weak lover, full play for their magnificent talents. If you like your psychology tragic, see this. (June)

ELEPHANT BOY—Korda-United Artists.—Tropical jungles and Oriental magnificence are the background for this simple tale of a boy's friendship with the biggest elephant in existence. Based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" it is a completely diverting photographic masterpiece. Don't miss it. (June)

ESPIONAGE—M-G-M.—A skillful spy story that is downright diverting with the up-to-the-minute love-on-the-run artistry of Edmund Lowe, Madge Evans and Paul Lukas. Gay surprises and a proper amount of suspense make this a honey. (May)

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The sunnier side of life makes a hit with Carol Hughes. Warner's starlet

[Please turn to page 120]
difficulties arising between Fred Astaire and Ann Sothern—and all because Ann gave out a story on her real gay Fred! You wouldn't think this would be the type of article to annoy any actor, even one as cloistered as Freddy.

But apparently Fred is sensitive in all directions, nice or not, if they in any way apply to his private life or to him as an off-screen personality. Along with Garbo, Astaire has gone to no end of trouble being another Great Unknown, and so I suppose it is highly discourteous to have somebody come out in print and reveal him as one of the nicest guys in Hollywood, who adores his wife and child, and doesn't even mind when relatives come visiting from the East.

Far be it from me to insinuate that the better co-stars get along the more likely they are to insult and rib one another, but at any rate, you won't get any such camaraderie out of Bob and Rosalind.

They were so polite to each other that they went into a mild co-temper together when the story they were feeding broke out in print. Both immediately marched into the publicity department demanding a retraction. It seems they thought the very idea was absurd, ridiculous.

So I suppose Rosalind was just playing the day she went around answering all questions put to her with: "I really wouldn't know. You'll have to ask the stars!" It wasn't ex-acty what she said. It was the way she said it.

THE big difference between Fred and Franc- chot Tone in matters of this kind is that Fred, it can't quite lose his sense of humor, even for a first-class feud.

For a long time now Francotone and one of the best known woman columnists in Hollywood have been at swords points. For six months or so, things went on back and forth, with "friends" of each carrying tales of what "she said about you" and what "he said about you." Finally, and quite accidentally, believe me, they met one night at a party.

For two hours they played hide and seek which is always difficult in a small group.

Finally, Francotone could stand it no longer. Marching right smack up to the lady, he said:

"I have heard you are the rudest woman in Hollywood. I know I am the rudest man. Can't we have a cocktail together in honor of our terrible manners?"

They had the cocktail together, and while I wouldn't go so far as to say they've been thinner than thieves ever since, I've a sneaking hunch this is one feud liable to be chuckled into a friendship any moment now.

Where Martha Raye and Shirley Ross are concerned, however, not even their closest friends are holding out hopes for a happy ending. When you see Martha and Shirley on the screen in "Walking Wedge" you may see them together in several convivial scenes. They are paid for this. But their own time—was their own time

Funny part of this is that even the insiders can't dig out the cause of the trouble between the two girls, both so popular on the Paramount lot. Everybody likes Martha. Everybody likes Shirley. Only Martha and Shirley don't if you know what I mean.

Perhaps it isn't just in the cards for two girl singers to get along together even on a happy lot like Paramount's. Apparently stealing a song number in a picture is just fifty times worse than stealing a scene.

That theory is probably worked out on the principle that although another scene will come along in a minute it's a long time between song hits. On the other hand, it might be something purely chemical that caused Martha Raye (of all people!) to say of Shirley: "I just don't care for her mouth!"

If you were to wander out the M.G.M. in search of a good feud, you'd go a long way before you would find a more deadly polite set than "Night Must Fall" where Rosalind Russell and Bob Montgomery were working.

A gay and carefree pair—and why not. Both are on top of the heap, but they were a couple of scared young stars when they made their first big picture together—"Broadway Melody of 1938." They're re-united in the new version "Broadway Melody of 1938." Who? Bob Taylor and Eleanor Powell.

It would be a little difficult for Bette Davis to go around with the entire Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in her hair without attracting considerable attention. So just let's leave it that they aren't sympatique.

In the first place, it took the Academy a long time to get around to awarding Bette the "Oscar" for the best performance of the year, when she really won it a year or so previous. But that little matter might have passed off all right (they finally got around to recognizing Bette's talent) if another little matter hadn't cropped up again this year:

It seems that Bette, who is a gracious and charming and very thoughtful girl, had the bright idea that it would be very nice if she, last year's winner, was on hand to present it to the lucky winner. Victor M. Laglen was to do the same for the lucky my winner.

Considering that the ladies are seldom generous, it was really quite a nice gesture for Bette to suggest herself for the presentation exercise with Luise Rainer.

So along came the big moments! Vic M. Laglen did his stuff in honor of Paul Muni, but when Luise Rainer stepped to the platform somebody had forgotten to find Bette. at Georgie Jessel did a pinch hit while Bette did slow burn.

You can hardly blame her. It looked pointed, almost as if she had changed her min or something, about Luise's performance.

"The Great Ziegfeld."

Yet the poor Academy meant no malice. It was merely a case of forgetting. But little things such as that that keep Bette at the Artists and Scientists from being as close as they might.

On the other hand, there is even a story the Bette planned to say to Luise. "I hope the award brings you as much luck as it brought me." Considering Bette's award year feature her being off screen and losing her contract with Warners that speech could have torn down the house!

THE announcement that Helen Vinson was coming out of retirement as Mrs. Frin Perry to cast her swelter shadow on the screen in "Vogues of 1938" was not half as interesting to people with good memories as the idea of Helen and Joan Bennett's being reunited in the first time since "Private Worlds." And mean—for the first time!

Just by way of refreshing your memory you may recall that Helen and Joan formed a girls' club of mutual admiration during til making of their first picture. First there was the little matter of the hairdresser. I da say she was a very good hairdresser, but ye would never have been able to convince to London Wagner executive she was so good that both beautiful blondes had to have her; at the same time. But oddly enough, the seemed to be the way it was all through til picture.

Then a little later there was the added matter of the set dressing room. Joan had one and Helen didn't. Before that issue was settled Helen had one, too—but it wasn't Joan's. Claudette Colbert donated hers—just I have a little peace and quiet on the set. hope that doesn't give the wrong picture From the best authorities, I hear that not one ounce was raised while all this was going on. But the silence was deafening!

Of course, there are several other strain relationships that crop up unexpectedly; parties and on the sets (for one, I hear Jo Crawford and Clark Gable aren't profes-sionally mutual admiration for one another 4). They used to)

But in the long run I don't think we can complain about this year's bumper crop of large and small peces.

It wouldn't been human if they didn't have them in Hollywood same as in Poo-dum, Paris, or Pittsburgh.

The only difference is ours are more fun
A Straight Tip—and a Good One!

USE COSMETICS ALL YOU LIKE!
BUT DON’T TAKE CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN...

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics thoroughly—has an active lather that prevents choked pores. I always use it!

Joan Blondell
Warner Bros. Star

Hollywood stars can’t afford to take chances with dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin! That’s why 9 out of 10 of them use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap. It has an active lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Keep your skin smooth and lovely with the same gentle care Joan Blondell uses. Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

Girls everywhere follow Hollywood’s lead—use Lux Toilet Soap for a bath soap, too!
That's how movies are made—sometimes.

From there, we amble over to the set of "Broadway Melody of 1937," where the fly may have come from—they're working with horses today.

Neither of the stars—Eleanor Powell and Robert Taylor—is on the set. This is a scene with the two next-most-important principals—George Murphy and Buddy Ebsen. George was the first dancing partner that Eleanor had on either stage or screen. He is dancing today without Eleanor and without music.

The setting is a small area between two rows of tenements, with a New York skyline in the distance. George and Buddy, a couple of horse trainers in the script, have their horse pastured there. In one of the tenements, Charles Gorin starts singing. The horse goes crazy, first leaping around its small yard, then breaking in the barn, and then leaping over a few fences. George, doing some nimble side-stepping, tries to stop both the horse and the singing. His footwork is unrehearsed, but fast.

The dirt on the sound-stage floor, about six inches deep, is raked and rolled. The light-producing arc lamps are adjusted and the wind machines turned on to fan the family washings on the tenement clotheslines. Buddy mounts, to do the first part of the scene—the wild romp around the small yard. The "take" begins.

George and the horse do most of the acting in this scene; Buddy is too busy just hanging on. The horse gets his cues from the crack of a trainer's whip out of camera range, and George gets his cues from the horse.

Buddy surprises everyone, including himself, by staying perpendicular. "That's more work than keepin' up with Eleanor Powell," he drawls afterward.

Then comes the tough part of the scene—the fence jumping. Despite the hirsute mat on the back of Buddy's neck, neither M-G-M nor Buddy is risking said neck for this. A double does the stunt, wearing a large wig. But the pay-off is: even the horse has a double!

B E F O R E the M-G-M magicians can produce a double for us, we double-quick out of there, past the sound-stage where Charles Boyer is locked in with a gag about "Marie Waleska," out the front gate, and up Washington Boulevard to Selznick International.

There, between two color pictures, David Selznick is producing "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Ronald Colman as the dual-role hero, Madeleine Carroll as the heroine, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the dashing villain, and Mary Astor as the scheming countess.

Everyone else has covered the coronation scene in "the palace of Ruritania" this month. In a desperate effort to avoid duplication (and be different) we cover a dungeon scene.

Ronald, the royal prisoner, lies unconscious in a dark, dark cell, the stones of which have been made on the lot out of plaster of Paris and human ingenuity. To his rescue comes Ronald, the very similar Englishman who has been doubling as king. Barricading his way is a guard, armed with a sword. They have a lusty duel and carefully we watch to see how a duel is filmed.

The guard is Ralph Faulkner, a tall, lithe man, who was international fencing champion in 1928. But he is no champion in the script.

Colman topples him backward through an open trap door to a watery doom in a moat.

Colman is a good fencer, but he is not up to the stunt necessary now. Faulkner is to appear pierced, suddenly and thoroughly, before he topples. To deliver this last quick thrust, in the "safe" inch between arm and chest, an expert swordsman is on hand—his features just beyond camera range in this shot of Faulkner. His name is Wilfred Holroyd, and, oddly enough, his features are those of a hungry Colman. He has screening possibilities.

The camera is reversed, for a close-up of Colman, half-prone, making the last desperate thrust.

Colman, bearded with "perpiration" (fresh out of an atomizer), asks for a target for his thrust. Two prop men hold a square of compo board at the right height. Colman shakes his head. "It won't do," he says. "I see about five pairs of hands." They have to rig up a mechanical contrivance to hold the target.

That's Colman, the "killer."

Unfortunately, we can't wait to see his meeting with himself. We have a date at Samuel Goldwyn Studios, where another famous silent picture—the one in which, by the way, Colman first found stardom—is now in the remaking. This is "Stella Dallas," the all-time high in heart wringers, starring Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, and Anne Shirley.

As the sacrificial mother, "the most natural girl on the screen" has her chance to rise to the heights as an actress. She is taking it seriously. No publicity is going out about Taylor-Stanwyck romance nor is Barbara giving any romance-flavored interviews. She is being "Stella Dallas, not Barbara Stanwyck," this month.

The setting we see is the living room of Stella's flat. It characterizes her in its untidy-ness—newspapers lying about, clothes strewn on furniture, shoes on the floor where they have been kicked off.

As the scene opens, Barbara is at a sewing machine in the foreground, working on a surprise party dress for an expected hero. She is supposed to be (and looks, in clever make-up) only twelve. Barbara hears Anne coming and hides the dress form in a closet. The child has brought her teacher (Anne Shoomaker) home to meet her mother. The teacher, dignified and refined, makes the best of an awkward situation. You suffer with her—and with Stella's pitiful attempts to be a lady.

The scene is a long one. It is rehearsed all of an hour by Director King Vidor, who has a hundred quiet suggestions. At last he is satisfied, except for two things. The closet "isn't messy enough." That is fixed. Then, Barbara isn't untidy enough, although her hair makes her look like a harridan, her polka-dot dress is wrinkled, and her feet are in black slippers with ugly red bows. An added touch is needed.

Someone has an inspiration. An assistant director, on bended knees, pins up the back hem of Barbara's dress, so that her slip shows about an inch.

Going from Goldwyn to Paramount, we get another clothes surprise from one of the glamour girls.

Marlene Dietrich, famous on the screen for gauzy glamour, is wearing one of her off-screen outfits. A suit. A skirted suit. She's in her stocking feet. And still she's glamorous! Marlene is tall. Not too tall but going shoeless in scenes where her feet won't show enhances that illusion of feminine pettiness. Then, too, there's the comfort angle. Loretta Young also is an advocate of more stocking-feet work.

"Angel" is Marlene's first picture since her return from England; and her first, ever, under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. The Lubitsch label guarantees clever comedy. Moody Marlene is going definitely lighthearted.

SHE is married to Herbert Marshall, high British statesman who is too busy with the League of Nations to remember his wife. On a brief trip to Paris, she has an affair with Melvyn Douglas, who does not know who she is or where she is from and calls her "Angel." Their parting is a warning from her never to try to find her, lest everything be spoiled. Then Douglas meets her old school chum, Marshall, who asks him home to dinner....

We see the scene in which Marshall introduces his wife to her lover.

Marlene approaches the two men, smiling impersonally, stretching forth her hand to Melvyn. "How do you do, Mr. Horton?" she says. "My husband has told me so much about you. Won't you sit down?" is the first "take." But Lubitsch, who has been acting out the whole scene himself in unconscious pantomime on the sidelines, is looking for a certain nuance of expression. "Mar-lain-uh," he says, "you should have a more quiet smile—the most conventional greeting in the world. He works, and she works, until together they get it.

Marshall goes through all the "takes" unscathed. He says he is carrying a good luck charm. He shows it to us, with a grin. It is a...
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tiny gold electric fan, sent to him by an admirer—"because he was so hot."

Driving ourselves to partake of some fresh air for a change, we go to Universal after nightfall to see a night scene actually made at night. It is a mob scene for the anti-war epic, "The Road Back" in which nine hundred extras are working.

This is the largest single set ever built in Hollywood. It covers four acres, includes thirty-eight buildings, and represents the public square and branching side streets of Klosterburg, Germany. A group of boy soldiers return here from the trenches and find hunger riots flaring up. The scene tonight is a riot.

The west side of the square is a cathedral, on the steps of which stand soldiers of republican Germany, rifles ready for action. The south and east sides are stores topped with dwellings, in front of which, behind police lines, is a mass of humanity. The north side is vacant except for a thousand lights and three cameras, one mounted on the world's largest camera crane, which is capable of swinging forty-five feet upward for bird's-eye shots.

Director James Whale and shouting assistants start placing the extras at eight o'clock, and it is 9:30 before the filming begins. As each extra enters the set, he falls under the eagle eye of "Doc" George Cantillon, first-aid specialist to the studio. He is watching for "stingers"—people with injuries who will claim later that they got them on the set. One unwelcome worker is ushered off the set.

It takes so long for the extras to be placed that by 9:30 few of them are in a working mood—if extras ever are. Whale has to lash them verbally to make them properly riotous.

"You people by the pastry shop—will you break up the poker game? Would the gum-cheers mind parting with their gum? All you people in the windows—stand up! The man with the red necktie—come up this way more! Everybody turn up coat collars. It's freezing cold, and you feel it. And people have been shot. You're very, very angry!"

Despite the unwholesomeness of a cast of 900, Whale has a rehearsal of the first push against the police lines. That gets everyone in a riotous mood. The scene is about to be shot when one of the street lamps starts smoking from a short circuit. When that is fixed, a thin mist starts falling. This isn't in the script—but Whale goes ahead with the shooting anyway. Nine hundred extras cost too much money to pay them off without working them.

Next morning, after drying out, we start afresh at Columbia, where Richard Dix and Fay Wray are making "Once a Here." It is Fay's first picture since the interruption of her career by motherhood, and the newest picture with Hollywood as a background.

The story has possibilities. It's about a cowboy star of the silent era, with a fan following of millions, who takes a career nose dive when talkies come in, while his leading lady takes a new lease on fame.

This morning they are making a scene for a movie within the movie—a glimpse of silent picture complete with the old written subtitles. Rich and Fay are both on one horse, riding off into the great open spaces.

Between scenes, Fay asks the horse to tell its name. He paws the floor three times. "That isn't right," the owner says. This time the horse paws five times.

"He's almost human," comments Fay. "After one day in pictures, he's hesitating about his age."

Mulling over that truism, we drive on to 20th Century-Fox, where everything has just finished or is just about to start, except for "Escape from Love." This is a comedy about a young married couple, Gloira Stuart and Michael Whalen are starred.

Mike is in white tie and tails—"and heartily sick of both." Gloria wears a blue evening gown, but she sighs, "Oh, for a pair of slacks!"

They play a scene in which Mike stands by Gloria, who is on a chaise longue. Like Luise Rainer's chair, it is raised up on blocks. We see the rehearsal, then see a half-hour wait for a cigarette lighter to go on the table beside Gloria. Somebody doesn't like the one already there.

Then, after a new lighter has been found, neither Gloria nor Mike uses it in this particular "take." That's Hollywood.

From there, we head out of Hollywood's spring haze to Warners-First National in sunnier Burbank. There, for a beginning, we see a scene from "The Life of Emile Zola," starring Paul Muni.

The setting is outdoors on the back lot. Once it was the Casa da Bonnyfeather in "Anthony Adverse." Now it is a market in the Boulevard de Clichy in Paris. The camera, like the olfactory nerves, is focused on the scene.

A Mothers' Day party in Hollywood—but it's really a field day for the smart younger set of the colony. The host, clad in his party linen, is young Ricky Arlen, posing grumpily on the terrace, while in the back row are Mrs. Arlen, Mrs. Robert Young, Irene Hervey, June Collyer, Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Gracie Allen (holding young Ronald), Marly Astor, Pat O'Brien, front row line-up, left to right: Carol Ann Young, Susan Ann Gilbert (Virginia Bruce's younger), Gail Jones, Billy Erwin firmly grasping sister Judy, Mavournee O'Brien, Ricky, Sondra Burns, Michael McHugh, Marilyn Thorpe, Susan McHugh, Mawny Robinson.
"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her"

I DIDN'T KNOW there was such a person as Betty in the world when I went on my vacation last year. I met her at the Inn, and she was one of the crowd that went around a good deal together during the two weeks.

"Of course some snapshots were taken—one of the fellows shot this of Betty and me on a picnic. When I got back on the job, things seemed pretty flat, somehow. Every little while I'd dig this snapshot out of my pocket—then write Betty another letter.

"The snapshot wouldn't let me forget her. Boy, am I glad right now!"

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
food sector. Zola and his wife (Gloria Holden) ride up on bicycles Alright, and are discussing lobsters when hoodlums start shouting for the death of Dreyfus, “the traitor.” This inspires Zola’s long fight for Dreyfus.

Muni looks even less like Muni than he usually does in his pictures. He has a heavy beard—an extension of his beard in “The Woman I Love.” He wears pince-nez. And—parfait!—his head is square.

“I have been a guinea pig in the hands of a make-up scientist, Perc Westmore,” he says, relishing a chance to talk about make-up. (He is a scientist in it, himself.) The superstructure for his head is made of crepe paper and plastic wax. It takes two hours every morning to put it on, one hour every night to take it off.

“It makes me look forward to the year’s vacation I’m going to take,” he adds, with a smile. “But I know, too, when I get away from it all. I’ll be unhappy.”

Muni is one man who is an actor for acting’s sake, and admits it. Few do.

Then, just to see the publicity department look shocked, we ask to go on the Marion Davies set. It’s Hollywood legend that the “No Visitors” sign is permanently posted on Davies’ sets. No one within memory has asked what we ask now. But do we take the publicists back? They take us. They take us on the set.

The name of the picture is “Ever Since Eve.” It is a comedy about a pretty girl who can’t keep a job because all the men in sight go for her. She makes herself up like a hedge fence to work for a young author (Robert Montgomery), and wants him to fall in love with her. He doesn’t... until he meets her after working hours, and then he doesn’t recognize her.

In all seriousness, the publicity department assures us that it takes “ninety-five minutes daily” to debauchify Marion for themarionette scenes. We expect to see a female Franken-stein. Instead, we see a schoolmarm type, with dank straight hair and horn-rimmed specs, who looks as if it might have taken a lifetime to get that way.

Marion has no phonograph player furnishing mood-music before a scene. She has a four-piece string orchestra, which goes in for the gayer modern melodies, played softly. It’s a nice, if expensive, idea.

There is no tension on this set, no temperament, and everyone seems to be having a good time. This must be Marion’s fault since the star usually sets the mood for a picture crew.

We see her do a scene with Bob in his library, wherein he goes into a rave about the beautiful girl he met last night (Marion, without the hedge-fence make-up). She tries to make him think of something else.

It is a long exchange of dialogue, which requires delicate timing. Bob and Marion take turns blowing up in their lines, until finally it becomes a sort of game, to see which can forget first. Then they start all over again, grimly amused at themselves. They are almost through this take when Marion has another encounter with amnesia.

And does she put on the fireworks of frustration, as some actresses would at this point? She does not. She heaves a comic sigh, and mutters, “Went with the wind again!”

Fashion Letter for July

(Continued from Page 79)

back up high on her head, if she wanted to look like a Parisienne. Simone Simon, whose name is not pronounced Simeon Simeon, by the way, wore a white crépe frock and a short crinoline bolero. The photographers pursued her down the aisles with their flashlights. I saw lots of vivid satin prints, which suit our already sartorially attired girls perfectly. Anita Louise, who is even lovelier off the screen than on because of her ethereal coloring, wore black taffeta with a bouffant skirt and collar and cuffs and dust ruffle of demure white embroi-dered bolero.

A T a Sunday morning breakfast in a shadow splashed patio two of the smartest printed frocks I have seen were worn by two screen favorites. Maureen O’Sullivan was in one of them; a crepe of Gauguin coloring, with an off-the-face hat of black straw. The other was worn by that brilliant young actress Rosalind Russell. Rosalind has everything a girl should have, charm, beauty, brains, good manners, and an utter lack of affectation. She looked as chic as possible in a black crépe frock printed with upstanding tulips in red and green and a wide black straw hat with red ribbons down the back. We sat and talked “pictures” while we ate popovers, sausages, scrambled eggs, waffles served with piles of strawberries and desert honey and cream; chocolate cake with soft, goopy thick frosting; all washed down with enormous cups of coffee. I sat beside Billie Burke for a while, that amazing woman who has the smile of a young girl, and the charm of an ingénue. She wore a little flowered toque on her head, into which our host, Adrian, stuck lavender sweet peas.

We visited the monkeys, the thousand pigeons, the newly hatched chicks, the rabbit, the tame magpie, the bad parrot, “Laura,” who hates women and loves men and who has an amazing vocabulary. Tony, the black poodle, presided over all, super intelligent, perfectly mannered, anxious to have everyone happy.

Bathing suits are divided into three categories this year. The satin lastex ones are most certainly excellent for confining the figure and even the shimmest girl likes to do that. The knitted suit are, of course, the standard and seem to be more cleverly cut every year, to afford a maximum of efficiency for active bathing and for sun tanning. Then there is the dressmaker suit for girls whose curves are more ample. I saw a good one at Palm Springs. It was cut in coat fashion with a slightly flared skirt was made of black crépe printed in white polka dots and buttoned all the way down the front. A good idea is to have a suit of each type as they all have special qualities to recommend them.
This new Jantzen radiates smartness. It's versatile...it's chic...it's debonair. Christened the "Continental" because it is a favorite along the Riviera. There are as many ways to vary the strap and neck-line arrangements as you have moods! Designed from a diagonal Kava Knit fabric of luxurious quick-drying wool and seamed down the center front to achieve pencil-like slenderness. Like all Jantzens, it fits perfectly, permanently, with an amazing degree of figure-control, through the magic of Jantzen-Stitch. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

FIGURE-CONTROL SWIMMING SUITS

DIXIE DUNBAR
20th Century-Fox Featured Player in "Sing and Be Happy"
The Continental (illustrated) with tailored-in elastic Bra-Lift 5.95. Other Jantzen Creations 4.50 to 10.95

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 302, Portland, Oregon.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1937 models.

Name

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City

WOMEN'S MEN'S
A Star Is Born Again

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

guardianship of Janet Gaynor. Sheehan was solidly sold on the idea of keeping her in little-slay Cinderella roles, and, what was more, of keeping her publicity character in tune with those roles. And his theory certainly seemed to work.

Old-timers at Fox can recall a thousand things like this: Soon after "Street Angel" had been produced, for instance, a letter elaborately embossed with coronets arrived from Italy. It was from an Italian sick, she alleged, the aristocracy and she asked for Janet's measurements. She wanted to send some clothes and things to make the poor child more comfortable! The poor child, indeed—the most pot-pot-office drawer in the world! Or the veterans can remember the day when photographers in the portrait gallery, gagging the Gaynor illusion, draped white chiffon around Janet's head and slapped her as she looked soulfully up at the ceiling. Just by accident, the nun-like pictures were printed and sent out. They were the only times in the sitting that clicked. The studio couldn't supply enough for clamoring newspapers!

There is no way, of course, to tell just how much a fabricated personality insinuates its way into the real being of a star. When an artificial build-up is as concentrated and prolonged as it was in Janet's case, the fiction sometimes blends subtletly with the fact. Certainly it did with Valention and plenty of others you could recall without much trouble.

At any rate, little Janet Gaynor, whether for this or another reason, gradually became one of the town's milder mysteries, as far as her personal life was concerned. Nothing much was actually known about her: everything, however, was rumored. She was supposed to be in love with Charlie Farrell. Then he married Virginia Valli, and she was supposed to be heartbroken. Then she married Lydell Peck and she was supposed to be happy. Then she was divorced and for years thereafter she and Winfield Sheehan were supposed to be in love. But nobody knew anything.

Doubtless Sheehan worshipped Janet. Whether his worship was fostered by romance or friendship would be hard for anyone but Mr. Sheehan to say. Certain it was that his attention to her was personal, and carried all the hints of adoration. Up until a few months before he left Fox, when their personal career relationship was finally and definitely severed, not a day passed without flowers from him in Janet's studio bungalow, the best bungalow, by the way, on the lot. Not a morning on the set without a personal visit from Sheehan to see if things were all right. Janet's career flowed along smoothly under Sheehan's benign protection. She was completely sheltered from the storms and furly of the outside world. On her own lot she was a pet, cuddled pampered and catered to—a queen bee: Miss Movie Star in person.

Then came the dawn. It came, really, with a bump on the head. It was a welcome dawn—that is, except for the bump—to Janet, because she was desperately tired of herself. True, she had kicked up her heels and rebelled times enough to be branded "going Garbo," but basically she had remained grateful to Winfield Sheehan and loyal to his wishes. And Sheehan still believed in the Cinderella illusion.

But the bump—probably you remember the accident. It happened while Janet was in early scenes of "Way Down East," when a head-cracking scene with Henry Fonda was too realistic. She dropped, stunned. They carried her off, but she came back to work the next day. Then she collapsed.

For weeks she tossed in bed with brain concussion. While she was in bed, merged with Twentieth Century and Winfield Sheehan bowed off the lot. Darryl Zanuck moved in as head man.

The shelter that had warded off terrifying reality from Janet all her Hollywood life was gone.

If she had been well and strong this might—possibly—have been a different story. If Darryl Zanuck had not been so pressed with the many details incident to revamping a great studio, it might also have been different. But Janet was too old to care what happened, and Zanuck too busy to plot her future in the new organization.

There has been much misunderstanding about the reason for the break-up between Janet Gaynor and Darryl Zanuck's Twentieth Century-Fox. All sorts of things have been said and most of them have been untrue.

Zanuck apparently did hold small faith in Janet's future as a star when he came in. But even geniuses have off days, it seems. Janet, on the other hand, had all the queen-of-the-lot traditions and background to make the shock of readjustment even greater.

Her contract had a few months to run. She decided to work it out and then go on her own. She sailed for Hawaii and rested in her little grass shack. When she came back a loan to M-G-M for "Small Town Girl" eased the situation. It was when she returned to her old lot for her last picture there, "Ladies In Love" that the studio made the announcement in the trade papers quoted earlier.

Janet Gaynor no longer a first line star! The thought shocked her. These stories hurt her deeply. For a while, I know, she considered suing the studio.

She should have thanked them. It was to be escape at last, escape from the weary garments of the old Gaynor illusion.

Because the very minute Twentieth Century-Fox was figuring that Janet Gaynor's starring career was over, another producer who had just been waiting for something like this to happen, grabbed the telephone and called her number. He was David Selznick and he had an idea. He was ready to take advantage of the other fellow's mistake. And is some of Hollywood's face red!
than this is her spirit, up-to-date "it," yes—and sex-appeal. There is nothing technical about this. It is simply the real Janet Gaynor at very long last released from the bondage of b-occupation.

There are some, among them David Selznick, who are saying now that Janet Gaynor is the greatest actress in Hollywood. This may surprise you. But don't forget they said Gary Cooper was just a cowboy for years, until he stopped trying to be something he wasn't and started letting Gary Cooper come through. Then they said he was the finest actor on the screen. Janet Gaynor, like Gary Cooper, acted from inside in "A Star is Born"—and that is the greatest kind of acting there is.

What will this great triumph mean to Janet personally? I asked her, of course, about her plans, and she said the truth was she just hadn't had time to make any. Victory will probably not alter any part of her private life. Five years ago it might have perhaps, but not now. Janet Gaynor is not likely to change her ways.

Janet still has practically no close friends in the Hollywood set. She still runs off incognito on trips. She dashed back from New York, driving clear across the country, for the preview.

Probably the most important coming event of her life is her new hilltop house, the first she has ever built. It's going up soon in the Hollywood Outpost district, without, Janet says, "a projection room, a bar or a swimming pool." But if it means any imminent change in her life, you'll have to read a Mona Lisa smile better than I did. I doubt it. The closest thing to romance is a doctor in New York and that's not serious.

As for her career—every producer in town is chasing her with a contract as this is written. Who will win? Don't be surprised if it's Mr. Selznick. He certainly seems to have the inside track. Janet told me, however, she won't make more than two pictures a year—whatever happens.

But whatever does happen, you can be sure of this—when those bright lights blazed at Grauman's Chinese the other night they signalled the start of a glorious new destiny—a destiny which will last be in Janet Gaynor's own hands.

LAST MINUTE FLASHES

June Lang is wearing Vic Orsatti's engagement ring again!

The suit which Mrs. Violet Norton brought against Clark Gable claiming he was the father of her daughter was won by Gable. Mrs. Norton was fined for using the mails to defraud. Great Garbo is being sued by David Schratter, German film producer, for $10,500, but the case has been postponed because La Garbo is busy making "Marie Walewska."

Natalie Cantor, the second of Eddie's five girls, married Joseph Metzger, antique dealer on May 6th.

Ralph Ince, screen pioneer, died in London on April 11th.

Suits Edward, film comedian, passed away May 1st after a lingering heart ailment.

SPARKING

Joan Marsh and Earl Kramer.
Adrienne Ames and Harry Ruskin.
Olivia de Havilland and Phil Huston.
Vic Foran and Ruth Hollingsworth.
Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Martha Raye and Bill Morrow.
for Miss Carroll’s fittings when she was trying on clothes for “On the Avenue,” shaking his head or nodding approval.

Only once did Captain Astley’s magnificent composure show signs of strain. Madeleine had taken a great liking to Sun Valley Lodge in Idaho and had made several trips to this new winter resort which had even named a ski run after her. On the last trip there, before starting “Prisoner of Zenda,” Madeleine was passing through the lobby when someone said:

“I made Carroll in two minutes yesterday.”

It was just one ski enthusiast boasting to another about making a difficult ski run, but it shows what can happen when your wife is in the movies!

It’s not so bad if friend husband also works for the movies, and knows the ropes, but it’s tough when the husband is a doctor. They are thoroughly averse to publicity, due to the ethics of their profession while actresses swim in a sea of printer’s ink.

Dr. Joel (Jack) Pressman, husband of Claudette Colbert, is not jealous of his wife but he is extremely jealous of his medical reputation, and the stigma of publicity horrifies him. To put his picture in the papers or even mention his name is like staking a Jack in the back. (Pardon our knife, doctor?)

The same goes for Dr. George Snyder, Able medico married to Evelyln Knapp. His wife is listed as unmarried in the Motion Picture Almanac, and Dr. Snyder will run, not walk, to the nearest exit when anybody mentions movies.

Dr. Francis Griffin keeps well in the shadows when Irene Dunne appears before the rude gaze of the public eye. He has finally given up his New York practice. Doctors’ wives usually moan loudly; in Hollywood it’s the doctor who weeps and wails.

Even worse for wear and tear on a husband’s nervous system is the job of directing his own wife. Even unmarried sweetheart cracker under the strain of cultivating such an impersonal attitude toward kissing technique that the lady turns from wife or sweetheart into an animated puppet.

Director Wesley Ruggles probably found that out when he was married to peppy little Arline Judge. Once he was so absent-minded as to order his wife to take a screen test of her legs for a certain role.

“Gosh, doesn’t he know what my legs look like?” exclaimed Arline.

When “The Judge” throws herself into a love scene she really gives it the business. A husband would have to be darn impersonal to be able to sit that shapely mass into action, and experience no tinge of jealousy.

Then there’s the problem of the wife’s friends, acquired in movie circles, all strangers to the husband.

Arline knew a lot of the “collich” crowd and the house sometimes overflowed with them, much to Ruggles’ objection. He stayed away three days once, objecting. That was evidently too long. Arline is now Mrs. Dan Topping.

Even if you don’t mind your wife’s going into a clinic with a handsome star, there are other angles to being married to a movie actress. Austin Parker, ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins, fought with the Lafayette Flying Corps, and then fought the Riffs as a flyer for the Sultan of Morocco, but when it came to living with a movie star he couldn’t take it.

Parker has made his pile as a novelist and playwright, and while it didn’t bother him to write love scenes for his wife to play, the movie-go-round got the best of him.

“A movie star can’t live like a wife,” Parker told me. “There’ll be six or eight weeks when she’s up at dawn and home by dark, exhausted. The husband can’t go out alone without causing talk; he can’t stay home and listen to the radio because it makes too much noise; he can’t do this; he can’t do that. Then the pictures is over and the wife is ready to step out and enjoy a vacation with energy and clan just when the husband finds himself head over heels in work. The result is unhappy.”

Miss Hopkins and Parker remain good friends because they got a divorce. Do husbands mind? They certainly do!

Unless, of course, it’s a perfect husband, like Arthur Sheekman, who does most of Shirley Temple’s scripts. He’s married to Gloria Stuart, who is definitely the home-loving type. She’d rather sew a dress or try out a recipe than gad about.

Playing bridge with the Sheekmans one evening (40th a point) I asked Arthur if he mind when his wife went into a torrid scene.

“I don’t mind a bit, so long as the lights are on,” he said.

All in all, being the husband of a movie star isn’t all beer and skittles. Bright lights, spotlight, autograph hounds, screen lovers, expenses, and—fan letters.

“Dear Myra Loy: Why don’t you get a divorce and marry Bill Powell?” Those letters come in by the thousands, insisting that she can only be happy with Powell, whose wife she plays so beautifully on the screen.

Does Myra’s husband mind? He would, except that Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is the producer who snagged Myra out of those Oriental roles and started her in the type of acting she does now. But most of us would be disturbed to have a wife whom ten thousand admiring letters which do—declare should be married to somebody else.

So you never can tell . . . some husbands object violently to everything; some are resigned to it all; and some mask their feelings with a great show of unconcern. And then, of course, there’s Marlene Dietrich’s husband.

But that, my children, is another story.

NEXT MONTH WE GIVE YOU—DO THEIR WIVES MIND?

—When screen-lover husbands put on big necking scenes?

—When strange blondes keep a night watch on their doorsteps?

—When love letters by the ton arrive with their oatmeal?

Some wives don’t mind—some wives do violently! Which do—Which don’t—and why—are secrets that are yours for the reading in August Photoplay—on the newstand’s July 9th.
Don’t See Him Again Until You’ve Made this “Armhole Odor” Test

No matter how sweet and fresh you are, if moisture has ever collected on the armhole of your dress, a stale “armhole odor” will be noticeable to others.

That man you just met will never explain why he doesn’t ask you to dance the second time. He can’t. Bewildered and hurt, how will you know that it is just your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm that is losing you a wonderful new friend?

If you have been deodorizing only, before you see him again, take the precaution, no matter how certain you are that you never offend, of giving yourself this “armhole odor” test.

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You may be painfully surprised to find that your dress carries a stale “armhole odor.” Single-action preparations, that deodorize only, though quick and easy to use, cannot give you absolute protection because they are not made to stop perspiration. In spite of them, perspiration occurs and the moisture is absorbed by your dress. Your dress gives off a strong odor, and people believe it is you. Girls who want to avoid any humiliation insist upon the scientific double action of Liquid Odoronost, and gladly invest the few extra necessary minutes to use it.

They know that Liquid Odoronost not only keeps the underarm surface odorless, but completely dry. With all moisture banished, your dress can’t develop an “armhole odor”; you can’t offend. Fastidious women are safely using millions of bottles of Odoronost every year.

Wardrobe Insurance

With Liquid Odoronost you have absolute clothes protection, too. There will be no sudden need to replace a dress ruined by perspiration. And frequent dry cleanings to remove underarm grease or perspiration stains are eliminated.

Odoronost comes in two strengths. Regular Odoronost (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odoronost (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to insure complete daintiness and freshness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronosts and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

SEND 8¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Odoronost Co., Inc.
Dept. 7Q7, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2120, Montreal)
I enclose 8¢ to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odoronost and descriptive leaflet.

Name
Address
City State
and saw his favorite bird, a penguin, waddling across the stage in his direction. Louella had hired "Oscar," the penguin, from a beach concession to surprise Roly. It surprised him all right. He almost stalled the show.

Humphrey Bogart didn’t have any idea how quick on the uptake La Parsons was when he beeked about not getting any soup for his efforts in “Marked Woman.” She handed him a can done up in pink cellophane just when he started emoting. Humphrey didn’t know what to do with the darned thing! Bette Davis just missed fainting at that show, much to the horror of everyone present. Running back and forth between radio and her pictures she forgot to eat or sleep for a few days.

But for a real dramatic highspot of Hollywood Hotel last month we’ll pick that time. Olivia de Havilland barked like a dog. Honest— they needed a dog sound effect and Olivia asked to do it. Seems she likes that sort of thing. Anyway, you can imagine dainty de Havilland woofing into the mike—or can you?

THE Hotel’s singing spot has finally been settled after more prolonged gossip than a party wire ever saw. Jerry Cooper is the lucky guy. Tony Martin almost had it, but there was studio trouble with Twentieth Century-Fox. Fred MacMurray bows out gracefully, and if you ask us, deserves plenty of credit for stepping cold into an important spot and delivering. Jerry is a Southerner from New Orleans, who used to sing exactly like Bing Crosby. When they looked at his sing-box they found it built just like Bing’s, too, so they operated. Ever since, he’s been doing all right. He’s a baritone and you may see him in pictures.

With Clark Gable and Walter Huston and Joe E. Brown, the Lux Theater had a strictly masculine month of Hollywood headliners, but that didn’t keep the crowds away. When Clark showed up to broadcast "A Farewell to Arms," half of Hollywood was milling and stampeding around the Music Box. It took a couple of Clark’s Arizona lion-hunting pals to rescue him. Pretty clever stunt at that. Clark’s big shiny car rolled up and the mob dashed for that. Not a mere publicity man, but one gruffly gritted out of the seat. Meanwhile Gable had slipped into a dusty desert roadrunner with the bar hunters and got away practically unscathed. Eight cops and twelve C.B.S. ushers didn’t make a dent in the crowd. But Adolphe Menjou and Josephine Hutchinson helped decry a little bit.

Walter Huston’s Lux showing of "Dods-worth" worked up more dramatic side-lightes than any show in weeks. Getting it all set was something like Eliza crossing the ice. Walter was up on his ranch, "Running Springs," high in the San Bernardino moun-
tains when the show was planned. They had to telephone to a tiny mountain store and send a messenger on snowshoes to tell him they wanted him on the air. The contract traveled the same primitive route, back and forth, and then when rehearsal call came, darned if Walter wasn’t snowbound with a sudden mountain storm! They finally packed him out, two days late, but in time to whip up the show.

We were chatting with him backstage. "You know," he said, "the last time I was on the air in Hollywood was when I debated Aimee Semple MacPherson on the prohibition question. What do you imagine that now?" We sure couldn’t.

They held a transcontinental plane a half hour to let Joe E. Brown do "Alibi Ike." Joe had to be in Chicago the next day for the start of the baseball season. As you know by now, Joe has a radio gig at a broadcast big league baseball games this summer, our idea of a soft touch. Baseball’s the one love of his life—and to think—that he gets paid for the job!

WELL, here’s our last minute flashes and Hollywood static stutters—Showboat comes out to the coast soon with Charles Winninger back at the helm, and how do you like that? Frances Langford is well over that appendicitis slicing, thanks, and strong again after those rumors about her leaving Hollywood Hotel and being ill with a serious disease are as crazy as Milton Berle. No matter what happens to the Packard show in the fall, Charlie Butterworth and Johnny Green will find a good spot. Mary Livingstone took a screen test at Paramount the other day and you may be surprised soon.

Fibber McGee and Molly may stay in Hollywood if "This Way, Please," their first picture, hits. When Frances Langford’s operation spoiled her break in "Vogues of 1938," it gave Virginia Verrill, Jean Harlow’s old voice double who made good in New York, her big picture break. The newest radio program to click in Hollywood is "Hollywood In Person"; a traveling broadcasting studio goes right out on the lots. It may go national soon... That Grapenuts announcer, Ronald Drake, whom Gracie calls "Donald Duck" is Ken Miles’ brother, Ken Niles. Al Jolson transacts all his radio business in his sunbathing tent.

And just to sign off on an artistic note—Percy Grainger, the eminent pianist, was a guest of Bing’s Music Hall last month. A split minute before the red light he dashed for a practice chord on the keyboard, as pianists are wont to do. A terrifying racket shattered the hushed silence. Grainger almost swooned. But Bob Burns tiptoed across and gingerly fished a long and mutilated stick off the strings. A beatific smile lighted his face. "I been lookin’ for this whittlin’ stick." he breathed happily, "I guess I kind of misplaced it!"

SHE GOT A BREAK...

A studio had signed her... She thought the skirmish was over... It was just beginning.

This is the story of what actually happens to every girl signed to pictures today. We’ve put her through her paces for our readers’ enlightenment...

READ—

HOW HOLLYWOOD CREATES ITS GLAMOUR GIRLS

In August PHOTOCPLAY, on sale July 10th
Molly, Bless Her

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68)

Pierre frowned darkly when Mrs. Bunch told him that she had engaged Miss Brown permanently as kitchen helper and laundress. To be ordered by Mrs. Bunch to call the kitchen maid (of all people!) Miss Brown was the last straw, and as he stirred the simmering peach jam he was making, at Molly's orders, he cursed bitterly under his breath.

His rage made him tremble from head to foot, and he knew that nothing would ease his jangling nerves so much as a sip of Mr. Graham's fine old brandy which was used only when guests were dining there. It was kept in the wine cellar under lock and key and Mrs. Bunch carried all the keys on the end of a chain attached to her apron, but Pierre had his moment of triumph when he thought of the key he had made during her absence.

So, while Lily was in the butler's pantry washing the last of the quart jars that were to be filled with the peach jam, Pierre stole quietly down into the basement and over to the locked liquor cellar. If it had not been for a peculiar odor that eventually assailed her nostrils, Lily would have gone on with her whistling and washing and no one would have known anything about Pierre's small theft. Unfortunately for him, in his haste to get away, his sleeve had jerked the gas cock on the stove and made the flames rise high under the kettle. Even before he had unlocked the liquor cellar the peach jam was burning and its pungent odor brought Lily hurrying into the kitchen. In her excitement, she seized the handle of the huge kettle without realizing that it was hot as a branding iron. She screamed, and dropped the kettle, which fell on the kitchen floor with an awful thud, its contents forming a golden pool of sizzling jam.

Pierre, terrified by the alarming sounds that came from the kitchen above, set the brandy bottle down and, without stopping to lock the liquor cellar, ran frantically up the stairs. As he flung open the door leading into the kitchen, he tripped, his feet shot out from under him so that he sat down in the burning mess.

His frantic outcry brought everyone in the house to the scene of the accident.

"My pants! My pants! I am on fire!" Pierre kept screaming between colorful French oaths when Molly and Ronnie finally got him to his feet. "They plot to kill me! Perkins, she is right! I get out of this house at once! I go! I quit!" the Frenchman screamed.

The doctor, after dressing the burns, decided to take Pierre to the emergency hospital, and the chef, his luggage in the car with him, left, wildly threatening to bring suit against Mr. Graham.

His was on Friday, and fear clutched at Molly's heart when she realized that Mr. Graham, who had gone to spend a few days with his son, would be home in time for dinner on Saturday—and no cook. Lily suggested that she telephone to Musette and see if she could come down for the week-end to do the cooking. Molly called her.

Musette agreed to come but she was scared out of her wits. "You think, Molly, just because I can mix up a fair stew and a pretty good pie, I know everything about cooking."

"Oh, you don't have to worry, Musette." Molly consoled her. "Lil and I will pitch in and help you."
But in spite of her cheerful words of assurance to Musette, Molly grew more and more troubled as Saturday dinner time grew closer. She waited until dinner was over and it was time to serve Mr. Graham's cup of hot chocolate before she told him about Pierre. Graham stared at her quizzically as she talked, his grave eyes never once leaving her face. When he saw that she was growing quite uncomfortable, Kitty put her arm around him. "I should have discharged Pierre months ago!" she said. "He always has been a troublemaker. I'm glad to know he has gone."

Molly, limp with relief now that her conscience was freed of some of its guilt, dozed herself off. Then, when the door opened, the door, Perkins crouched close to it, her ear even with the height of the keyhole.

"Perkins!" Molly exclaimed. Her voice amounted to a murmur, but Graham, who looked up in time to see Perkins, frozen by terror.

"What are you doing there, Perkins?" he demanded, sharply.

Her face crimson, Perkins jerked herself to a standing position. "I was only picking up a piece of lint, sir. I wasn't listening to what you were saying, honest I wasn't!"

Graham gave a look of disbelief, then, with a wave of his hand, closed the door and faced Perkins. "You'll leave here tomorrow," she said in an icy tone. "I know honest girls who would be grateful for a chance in a beautiful home like this. Now stop that infernal howling!"

She added, as Perkins began to protest.

"I'll tell Mr. Graham all I know!" shrieked the girl, as Molly prodded her in the rear to make her travel faster up the stairs. "I'll tell him how you're all plotting against him! I'll tell the gardener, too! He's a phony! He ain't a gardener at all! Ouch!

The girl as Molly caught a soft bit of flesh and tweaked it between her thumb and finger. "Ooh, ouch! You're pinching me!" Still waiting, she retired to her room.

DEWKIN'S departure, coming so close on the heels of all the other trouble, upset Molly more than she realized. After the sullen creature off, she went into the kitchen for a refreshing cup of coffee and a talk with Lily, who was always calm in the face of any upheaval. Lily was comforting.

"I think we're lucky to get rid of her," she said.

"But their ears at the keyhole would have caught too much. Who'll you get to take her place, Molly?"

For just a moment, Molly was stunned. Then, in a flash, a vision of Julia flashed before her mind. Why not? She answered her own unsupposed question. Julia would make a wonderful purloin maid. She turned to Lily, her eyes twinkling. "I'm going to give Julia a chance," she told her.

"No!" Lily shrieked. "You can't, Molly! She'd cramp our act! Not Julia!"

"Yea, Julia," Molly persisted. "Why not? We've all had this lucky break, and who know we have to keep poor Julia out of her chance?"

But as she rose to leave the kitchen she blurted the slight detail that teased her uncomfortably. "Don't mention anything about this to Harry until I've laid down the law to you two."

"I'll keep that a secret and try to do what's expected of us, or get out! Now calm down and pour Kitty's tea for her."

"Do you mean to say that I have to wait on that little bloodsucker?" Julia's voice trembled with indignation.

"You heard what I said, Julia," Molly answered, with severity. "If you're a maid, you have to wait on guests if they want you to."
Maid, please put two pieces of sugar in my tea," Kitty ordered, importantly.

"I wish I could put arsenic in it!" Julia snapped, fiercely, but she poured the tea, dropped the sugar in with a splash, and handed it to Kitty.

"Thank you, maid," replied Kitty, graciously.

Suddenly Julia stiffened. An idea had come to her. She bent again over Kitty. "Well, of all the insolence, Catherine Goodall!" she whispered, bristling with fury. "The next time you call on any of us, please stay in the servants' dining room, where you belong. Our visitors are not allowed in the drawing room."

She faced Molly accusingly. "I'm surprised, Molly, that you'd take such a chance, with Mr. Graham in the house. If he ever gets a good look at Kitty, we're through. You know she can't open her mouth without putting her foot in it."

Never in her life had Kitty known such a moment of supreme satisfaction as when she told Julia that Judge Burroughs, Mr. Graham's attorney, was her fiancé, and that she expected Julia would be serving her often.

She added, in her sugary voice, "I hope I won't have to criticize Mr. Graham's maid to him," as Julia majestically swept out to the sound of Molly's hearty laughter.

ONE evening Molly, coming into the garden for a breath of air, saw a dark figure walking across the lawn. She was startled at first until she recognized Mr. Graham by his characteristic walk. A wave of pity for him swept over her. What a lonely man he must be, she thought.

"I feel sorry for poor Mr. Graham," she said to Lily, on her return to the house. "He's got everything and he's got nothing. I don't know when I've ever met a lonesomer looking man."

Sometimes loneliness did lie heavily upon John Graham's heart. People did not seem to understand him and, perhaps unfortunately, he no longer tried to understand them.

He was thinking about this as he walked alone in the grounds where autumn winds rustled through the trees and tugged at the crisping leaves. He was reminded of a September night when, in his early twenties, he had walked alone in his father's garden to escape from the house and the horrible turmoil that had followed in the wake of his father's suicide. He recalled the collapse of his father's great land syndicate, and how the newspapers had hounded him until, in shame and despair, he had taken his life. Though Graham was certain that his father was not guilty of deliberate fraud, the credulous world believed all that it read in the flaming headlines and for years Graham was pointed out as the son of one of the crookedest speculators in New York, who had died because he could not face the world.

Graham suddenly thought of his own son and he wondered if he ought to tell Jimmy the story of his grandfather.

Depressed by these recurring thoughts, Graham walked briskly across the lawn and into the house. When he sought refuge in the library, he found his favorite chair placed close to the fireplace, where a log was still burning brightly, but the cup of hot chocolate to which he had looked forward was not yet there. With a shade of annoyance, he rang the bell, then scanned the shelves for a book that would appeal to his mood.

It was ten minutes before Molly came with his chocolate and sandwich. Her face was flushed, and Graham noticed that beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead.
PHOTOPLAY FOR JULY, 1937

SHOPPING WITH SUE

Here is what I learned about personal hygiene accessories. You can hardly complete confidence in these intimate items.

Sue Lee
Shopping Expert

For Extra Comfort

Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Wonderform belt, especially designed to wear with KoteX sanitary napkins. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasp prevents slipping. The belt is flat and thin, adjusts to fit the figure. This gives self-confidence — you can bend every which-way without harness-like restraint! Choose from two types: Wonderform at 25 cents; the Deluxe at 35 cents.

For Personal Daintiness

Don't pass up Quest deodorant powder — completely effective on sanitary napkins! Use it so for underarms, feet and after your bath. It's a positive deodorant that assures all-day-long body freshness — doesn't clog pores or irritate the skin. And being unmented, it doesn't cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume. Buy Quest for only 35c — a small price for the personal daintiness women treasure.

For Pain Relief

A doctor I know told me about Kurb Tablets — the new device to cure "periodic" pain and ordinary headaches. As proof of safety the formula is right on the package so your doctor may check it. Kurb Tablets are small, white, tasteless and non-habit-forming. See how quick relief is and you'll always want them handy. Only 25c for 12 Kurb Tablets in a smart purse-size container.

For the Last Days

Here's something new that's gaining favor with many women. Indestructible sanitary protection of the tampon type — and the name is Fils. A product of the famous KoteX laboratories — the best recommendation I know for hygienic safety. Perhaps you'll want to try Fils tampons when less protection is needed. They may be carried in your purse for emergency measures. The box of 12 is 25 cents.

"I'm terribly sorry to be late," she apologized, "but the time just flew in the kitchen tonight. I didn't realize it was so late until you rang."

"You're not having any more trouble with the servants?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Mr. Graham! Everything's hunky — going like clockwork," she corrected herself quickly. "But cook's been terribly busy all evening. You can have a lot of cakes and things for your boy. Peabody didn't tell us until after dinner that he's coming home to-morrow."

Graham looked puzzled. "But why do you bother to fix anything extra for Jimmy?"

As Molly was about to answer, there was a shrill tone. "There's the telephone, Mr. Graham — the telephone!"

"One of the boys has called Jimmy, and he's going to have a little boy's tea and it's been so animated and intensely alive. "I've never had any kids of my own, Mr. Graham, but I know what boys of that age like. If you want to get on the right side of a regular boy, you've got to feed him the kind of things a boy likes best — chocolate cake and ginger snaps and ice cream!"

After Molly had bid him good night, Graham found himself annoyed by her remarks. How ridiculous that his household should be upset by Jimmy's advent! Chocolate cake, ginger snaps, and ice cream! A lot of nonsense! But even as Graham said this to himself, he saw another little boy with a huge slice of chocolate cake in his hands and his mother close to him, watching him with tender smiling eyes — his mother — and be the small boy!

GRAHAM set the cup down on the saucer and pushed it away from him. Somehow his appetite had gone and even the sweet chocolate tasted bitter to him. "I must not be influenced by a sentimental memory," he told himself, but the vision of his mother and of Jimmy's devoted and poignant desire to rest himself in his heart and could not be denied. He reached for his comforting pipe. Perhaps Mrs. Bunch was right, after all, about the chocolate cake, and ginger snaps, and ice cream; there was something rather homelike in the sound of it, and if, when he grew up, a boy did not have pleasant memories of his home, he had been cheated out of his birthright. This thought, stealing into Graham's heart, came as a definite challenge to himself. Had he really provided Jimmy with the kind of home that he would remember happily through life? Had he given him the chance of living a boy had a right to expect from his father? Graham's hand, holding his pipe, trembled. Yet, as he debated the question in his mind, he felt certain that he had done much for his boy, for not only had he endowed Jimmy with integrity and seriousness of purpose, he had also given him a background that reflected cultured taste, and some day Jimmy would inherit a considerable fortune. He loved Jimmy dearly, though, of course, neither he nor the boy believed in any foolish demonstration of affection. He had known a few tears, and a great many mothers who, he felt, had softened their sons' way by their stupid and mawkish sentimentality. Not at all! But if Jimmy had had a mother hovering over him, she might easily have broken the rigorous training that Graham firmly believed was necessary to give a boy the right start in life.

A look of intense bitterness, even hatred, darkened Graham's eyes as he thought of Jimmy's mother. Time had not softened the pain that rose in his heart when Jimmy looked at him with his mother's set blue eyes. Often Graham felt an emotion close to anger at the boy, because of this resemblance to his mother, a resemblance that kept alive memories that tormented and had almost destroyed him.

Now, he decided suddenly, if Mrs. Bunch thought she was going to make a mollycoddle of Jimmy, she was wrong.

But somehow, when she joined him the next day, when they both heard the car, bearing Jimmy, drive up, he didn't find the time or have the heart to scold her, she was so lovely and excited over the boy's arrival.

JIMMY soon realized that he had found a real friend and confidante in Mrs. Bunch. He was not a boy who confided easily in anyone. There was, however, something so sincere about Mrs. Bunch that he often found himself talking quite frankly to her and telling her quite a bit about his own family. His father's younger sister, who had lived, in Westchester County. As he talked with boyish enthusiasm, he revealed, unconsciously, something of the family history, and Molly, though she did not pry into it, gathered that the relationship between his father and his aunt Edith was a trifle strained, but that in spite of it, Graham had permitted Jimmy to spend occasional holidays at her home.

"Oh, you should have seen my aunt Edith's house," Jimmy told Molly, as they sat talking in his room. "It's a lovely place, you would like it, even if Dad says that it was in very bad taste. It really was a wonderful homelike place to visit, Mrs. Bunch."

"Are you going up there this Thanksgiving, Jimmy?" asked Molly.

"I can't, she's gone to England to live," the boy replied, his eyes clouding with unhappiness.

"Never mind, Jimmy," Molly consoled, "we'll try to have a gay little time right here when the holidays come. How about asking some boys from school to listen things up a little."

Jimmy looked at her eagerly. "That would be great!" he exclaimed. But the light died quickly out of his eyes. "Ay, Dad wouldn't let me. He has an idea that we'd play leap frog over his rugs or spin tops on the piano. Say, Mrs. Bunch," he shot at Molly suddenly, "as I was sitting here looking at you, do you know what I was thinking about?"

"Your aunt Edith?"

"No, You. You and my mother. You're kind of like each other. Really you are, Mrs. Bunch. I have a picture of her I'd like to show you."

Molly vaguely wondered why he carefully closed the doors before he searched on the top shelf of his closet for a small sandalwood box. Though she was not trying to peer at Jimmy's treasures, she glimpsed a packet of letters and several photographs.

HERE it is," he said, excitedly, handing a small photograph to Molly.

Molly smiled with ill-concealed amusement as she gazed at the portrait of one of the most beautiful girls she had ever seen. "Jimmy," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "I'm afraid that you're a born diplomat."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Bunch," he earnestly assured her, "it isn't so much your exact features that are alike, but you have the same kind of look in your eyes, and your laugh is just alike, and — and —"

He paused, searching for words to express himself.

"— and I'm getting happier every minute," Molly concluded for him, relishing his praise.

Nevertheless her heart ached. How could a mother, however young and vital, desert a boy like Jimmy — She sighed and got to her feet.

"Don't go, Mrs. Bunch," Jimmy begged. Molly looked at him. "What is it, Jimmy?"
His face suddenly flushed. "It—it's about my mother," he answered, with almost painful hesitation. "I—well, I'd like to talk to you about her, that is... if you'd like to hear—"

"Indeed I would, Jimmy."

He gazed at Molly appealingly. "You won't say anything to my father about it, will you, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Why of course not, Jimmy."

He lowered his eyes as if he were ashamed to meet her steadfast gaze. "I guess it's not right for me to hide these pictures away from my father, but my aunt Edith gave them to me and she told me all about my mother. She said that she loved me even if she did run away and leave me when I was a baby."

"Oh, Jimmy," Molly cried, compassionately, "of course she loved you. Maybe someday you'll find her again and be as close as if nothing had ever happened. A mother's love never changes."

"She's dead," Jimmy said in an awed tone, "and I'm never going to see her again."

"You look very much like her, Jimmy."

"Yes—I'm glad I look like my mother."

For a moment a wave of pity for John Graham swept over Molly. "Yes, you're a very lucky boy," she emphasized. "You resemble your sweet little mother and you'll grow up to be a fine, serious and honest man like your father."

"Oh, I didn't mean anything against Dad," he explained, hastily, "only—only he'll never let me speak about my mother to him, and my aunt Edith told me all about her. She said it wasn't my mother's fault that she ran away. You see, my mother never really loved my father. Aunt Edith said so. Only she was very poor and her family made her get married to him and he was awfully old at the time. He was thirty-eight! My mother was an actress," he added, proudly.

"An actress!" Molly almost dropped the photograph. "What—what was her name, Jimmy?"

"Ellen." "I mean her stage name?"

"I guess it was Ellen Lombe. She wasn't a very big actress, Aunt Edith said," he apologized lamely. "But anyhow, if I could only tell the boys at school, it sure would make them sit up and take notice. Would you like to see another picture of her, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Indeed I would, Jimmy," she answered in a voice quieted by a strange emotion that she could not quite understand.

"It's a picture of her and me when I was three months old," he said with some embarrassment, as he handed Molly the photograph. "Heck! Wasn't I awful!"

Molly smiled. "Well, Jimmy, you weren't beautiful, but you were as cute as a little red wagon."

For a long time Jimmy stared at his mother's photograph before he said: "My mother looks as if she liked me a lot, doesn't she, Mrs. Bunch?"

"She must have adored you," Molly answered, deeply touched by the boy's brooding unhappiness.

"That's what my aunt Edith said," he assured her, his face brightening. "She told me that a lot of people thought my mother shouldn't have left me after she got a letter from Dad and went to South America to marry somebody else. But she said that my mother loved me so much she knew that she couldn't do so much for me as Dad. Like sending me to the best schools and giving me a big house to live in and—"

He paused a moment, and his mouth worked
always ardent color.

never

lipstick parching

Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!.. But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50c. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

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

nervously before he continued: "I guess I shouldn't be telling you all this, Mrs. Bunch, but it all kind of slipped out, because—well, because Aunt Edith isn't here and I haven't anybody to talk to about my mother. And you—you're so much like Aunt Edith, it made me awfully lonesome. But you won't tell Dad, Mrs. Bunch?"

She laid her hand affectionately on his young slender shoulder. "Of course not, Jimmy, and I'm glad, Jimmy, that you like me enough to trust me, and I'm sure it's going to bring us mighty close. Almost as if I were your very own Aunt Edith." She smiled as she added, wistfully: "I hope I'll always deserve your confidence, Jimmy. It's going to be a sacred trust with me."

As she watched him hide the sandalwood box, Molly felt as if she had a clear picture of John Graham's past. It was not an unusual story, a rich man in his late thirties falling in love with a young girl who had been urged by grasping parents to marry him, but it always would be a sad story. Depressed, she was torn between her sympathy for Graham, who, made bitter by his disillusion and disappointment, did not seem to understand his son, and fondly little Jimmy, who could not understand his father's rather cold attitude and aloofness. There was little that she could do for Mr. Graham beyond making him comfortable, but she might be able, by companionship and understanding, to transform Jimmy's cold, wistful little world into a warm and friendly home.

"I forgot to tell you that my cousins had six dogs!" Jimmy said to her one afternoon, as he scraped away at the ice cream dasher hung with chocolate stalactites.

"Six!"

"And once they had fourteen! Puppies, of course."

"What on earth did they do with all of them?"

"Played with them. And say, you should have seen the tricks that Wings—he was their fox terrier—could do. Almost stood on his head if you showered him a piece of sugar."

"I've always said that a boy isn't a real boy unless he has a dog for a pal," Molly remarked, wisely, reaching over to flick a dab of ice cream off Jimmy's coat. "Now I know what's missing around here, Jimmy! You should have a dog all your own!"

"Why, I've always wanted a dog, Mrs. Bunch, but Dad said it would wreck the house, and the garden, too. Once Aunt Edith let me bring home one of the puppies, but Dad sent it back and didn't like it because I cried like the dickens." The thought of a boy of Jimmy's age never owning a dog of his own, and wanting it, haunted Molly even after he returned to school, and one evening during the bridge game in the servant's dining room, she stopped right in the middle of dealing a hand to exclaim, "Imagine that boy never having a dog of his own! I call it downright cruel!"

Ronnie said, casually, "If you want a dog for Jimmy, the gardener on the adjoining estate said they're anxious to get rid of a puppy."

Molly thought deeply for a moment. "All right, Ronnie, get him. I've made up my mind! In spite of Mr. Graham's prejudice against Jimmy's having a dog, I'm going to take full responsibility and let the kid have one."

"You're not, Molly!" Peabody cried, in despair.

"Yes, I am, and wild horses can't stop me!"

"But what will Mr. Graham say?"

"Exactly what he said about the sun on the carpets and clearing out the old servants and changing over the garden," she answered triumphantly.

"Gee! but you have your nerve!"

"I don't call it nerve, I call it courage!" Molly replied. "Courage is a beautiful thing to have. Besides, I'm not afraid of Mr. Graham, not one little bit. I'm beginning to understand him. What have you all got to say to that?"

So, the following morning, at Molly's orders, Musette cooked a small saucepan full of meat, vegetables, and dog biscuits, while Molly prepared a nice snug little bed in a box and set it in Ronnie's room in the stable, having decided that this was the safest place to keep the puppy.

While the others waited, mildly eager, for Ronnie to return, Peabody still protested. "It's a dreadful mistake!" he lamented. "Just when everything was going nicely, too. Why under the sun, Molly, can't you leave well enough alone?"

"Don't be such an old woman," Molly reproached him, sharply. "Didn't I tell you that I'd be responsible for it?" She ran to the door where she heard the sound of the station wagon on the gravelled road. "Hurry up, girls, here he is!"

Ronnie stopped at the back door and, as he jumped down from the driver's seat, he looked rather sheepish. They all stopped and whispered as he hurried over to look at the dog's trembling flank. "It's only a pup, not quite seven months. I had no idea it was a Great Dane; the gardener never mentioned it."

Molly inspected the dog more closely. "Why, the poor thing!" she said, with ready sympathy. "I should say he is half starved. His ribs stick out like a washboard. And look at his eyes; he's scared to death of us! Come here, you poor old doggie, you!"

The Dane's trembling increased as it crouched on the floor and tried to hide its head on one corner of the rug.

"Everybody step back and let me talk kind of nice to him," Molly suggested. "He'll soon get over being scared." As she glanced up, she saw Peabody's grim pale face. "As for you, Harry, you better go back into the house before your thoughts poison the poor animal."

The girls formed a semicircle around the station wagon, watching curiously as Molly clicked at the dog, urging it gently, "Come, nice doggie. Cluck! Cluck! We're not going to hurt you, you poor old doggie. Cluck! Cluck!"

The dog's long ears hung almost to its nose, intensifying the forlorn expression of its eyes.

"Maybe if we call him by his name, he wouldn't think we were strangers," Molly suggested to Ronnie.

"Er—it's not a he," Ronnie reluctantly informed them. "It's a she, and her name is Daisy."

"My stars! What a name for a dog!" Molly gasped. "We couldn't keep a she-dog, anyway. One would be all that Mr. Graham would stand for. Come here, Daisy, Daisy, Daisy-ee like a good doggie."

By this time Ronnie had dragged Daisy close to the edge of the wagon. He put his
arms around the dog and lifted her to the ground. There she crouched and continued to tremble violently.

"All of you go into the house!" ordered Molly. "I'm going to stay here, alone with Daisy, until I've got her to stand on her four legs. After that, we'll talk over what we're going to feed her. Got any soup meat, Musette?"

"Sure. I've got a whole pot of it on the stove. We're going to have beef soup for dinner tonight."

"We're going to have cream soup." Molly decided, "for Daisy's going to have that beef soup. The poor thing's in awful shape, and I'm not going to send her back on an empty stomach."

Peabody wiped his clammy forehead, and with an air of utter dejection walked slowly into the house. He had lost all hope.

On the following Friday, when Jimmy returned from school, he thought, as Mrs. Bunch met him in the hall, that her actions were most mysterious. It irked him when his father followed him up to his room to discuss his school work for the past week and to spend minutes of precious time lamenting his low mark in algebra. At last Mr. Graham was called to the telephone, and Jimmy escaped. He hurried downstairs and bolted out, to find Mrs. Bunch waiting for him.

"Ssh!" she said in a stage whisper. "Come with me."

When she cautiously opened the door of the stable, a huge animal leaped upon her, barking wildly.

"Down, Daisy! That's a good girl. Quick, Jimmy, close the door before your father hears this racket!"

"What is it?" Jimmy exclaimed, after the door was closed.

"A dog, Jimmy."

"Sure it's a dog, Mrs. Bunch, but how did it get here?"

"We got her from the folks next door who were starving her to death. You wouldn't think so now, to look at her. But she was a sight when she came! We've been keeping her for you ever since Wednesday."

As Jimmy looked Daisy over, Molly was not quite sure that he approved of her.

"I know Daisy's not much to look at," Molly apologized. "Her skin doesn't seem to fit. But you'll be crazy about her when you know her. She's smart as a rattail."

Daisy, to prove it, clumsily began to chase her tail around and around until, completely losing her balance, she fell over backwards and lay there, coquettishly waving her huge front paws and thumping the floor with her long hind tail.

"Why, she's a wonderful dog!" Jimmy cried, happily. Then his face clouded at once. "Do you suppose, Mrs. Bunch, when she goes back they'll be good to her?"

"Jimmy," she said, seriously, "I've done an awful lot of thinking about you and this dog, and I've come to the conclusion that if you like Daisy, we're going to keep her for your very own!"

Jimmy, for a moment, was stunned at the miraculous thought of owning a dog. Then he remembered his father, and Molly saw the light in his face dim and fade away—

"We can't do it, Mrs. Bunch," he said gravely—"What would Dad say?"

Pathos and love—high comedy and the law run a close race as Molly proceeds with her plans to humanize the household of a handsome Long Island widower.
PHOTOPLAY

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(continued from page 35)

shot, he's instructed to be waiting at the sound stage door. Garbo's street clothes must be folded in the tourné. And the actress, without bothering to remove makeup or costume, gets directly into the car and is driven straight home. She's never done that before.

We can't resist telling you this one of Simone Simon. Seems the little French star, being interested in her own professional welfare, drove up to a Hollywood theater very late one night; her new picture, "Seventh Heaven," was being announced there and she wanted to find out what size letters they had billed her with.

As she stood looking, two sailors, the worse for wear and refreshment, sauntered up "Hary, Babe," they said. "Howzabout coming and having a little drink with us?"

Simone was rather frightened. She saw a theater attendant, who had recognized her, rushing up—but he didn't look very big. So she darted into her car and zoomed away. Said the attendant: "Don't you know who that guy?"

"No," said the sailors said.

"That was Simone Simon."

"Aw," said the sailors, "we got better looking gals than that right down in San Pedro."

They went careening down the boulevard at the breathless speed of fifteen miles an hour. Bill Powell and his young son. Powell was teaching the boy to drive.

"Now what do I do?" the boy asked.

"Let in your clutch and shift to high," Bill instructed.

The boy complied and stepped on the gas. The car was hitting an even twenty, when suddenly the driver turned to his dad with a sly smile. "Dad," he said, "we're both just a couple of sophisticates now, eh?"

To those of you who have been waiting all this time for news of W. C. Fields: He is buying a house in San Fernando Valley. His physical health is perfect, his mental health ditto. By the time you read this he will be hard at work doing a specialty act for "Broadcast of 1938," and immediately afterward he will star in "Bag of Tricks," for Paramount. Sound good?

OFF THE BOULEVARD: Well, Clark Gable at last will have that solitude he wants so much—he's bought 500 acres in a blind Santa Monica canyon, at $4.50 per, and is building a one-room cabin there. The only way you can get to the shanty site is on horseback. Understand Beverly Roberts and William Keighley have severed diplomatic relations. D'you suppose it's because that certain picture is out of the cutting room and doing all right because of the publicity? And speaking of publicity: the Hollywood police have put up with plenty in the name of the studio press, but a girl named Jean Hepburn went a little too far—she burglarized four homes in order to get into headlines, and got one to fifteen years in the pen for her efforts. Sensitive Hollywood has changed Gypsy Rose Lee's title from "Strip Tease Artist" to "Specialty Dancer." And after all the fuss Nelson Eddy has put up because his female fans bejequered him so—now it's he who goes about seeking; he's been cast in "Rosalie" and for weeks has been trying to find fifteen of the best looking girls in America, to be featured in the musical. To date he reports having discovered three. It'll be interesting to see how his taste in lovelies holds. Hear tell Cecilia Parker and Johnny Downs have that look in their eyes. ... Martha Raye, having put aside her all-white Packard for a town car with chauffeur, and having closed her set to all and sundry, and having dictated until she doesn't look funny any more, is gathering around somewhat with Robert Florey...

All through their friendly separation, Wesley Ruggles let it be known he wasn't too interested in what his wife, Arline Judge, did.

But from the day of her divorce and marriage to Dan Topping, Ruggles has carried a torch for Arline, sitting moodily by himself at parties. "It's the fact she didn't waste any time in remarrying that hurts," Ruggles explains.

They made the newspaper headlines both in the same day—Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. Moore, despondent and ill, had attempted suicide, the papers claimed. Mary was about to marry the handsome Buddy Rogers. Nothing odd about it—except that just twenty-five years ago the same two people made the headlines together. Mary had married Owen, her leading man.

Jean Harlow's grandparents have arrived in California to stay. "You remind me of a lot of your grandmother, Jean," Bob Taylor told her. "Well—yes," Jean laughed, "we are alike, but with this difference. Grandma has been married for fifty-one years—and to the same man."

The loud speaker that loudly announces the various cars after an impressive première, is just one more burden to be borne by those natives of Hollywood who desire to sleep in peace. Repeated calls for Mr. Barrymore's car that boom forth at half after midnight so often is tiring to the would-be sleepers. There was one morning, however, when the loud speaker was employed at three A.M. from a swanky Franklin Avenue apartment house. The entire neighborhood was galvanized into action when over the speaker came the announcement...

"Mr. So and So's car, and hurry, please. He's in a fight with another actor."

Heads popped like magic from every window while the call came loud and clear over the air, "Hurry with his car. He's still fighting."

Hearts and Flowers: Louis Hayward is taking out citizenship papers—he's British—and will probably marry Ida Lupino when everything is set... The Virginia Bruce—David Niven pairing seems right up there with the best of them—so where does that leave Cesar Romero and Jimmy Stewart?... Anita Colby and Walter Kane deny they've riffed...
Meet Humphrey Bogart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

was over because I knew my father would ask me what I was going to do with my life. I had sort of thought I would let it alone.

"Surgery I couldn't see. Ships interested me but I was bored with the shipping business. The bond business I hated. Then I thought of Bill Brady and the theater.

"William A. Brady, Bill's father, gave me a job at his studio in New York. I was studio manager with my hands on the money bags. Nita Naldi and Arlene Pretty made a picture while I was there—I'm trying to forget what it was.

"Just around quitting time young Bill would come out and say, 'How about a party? Pad the expense account another twenty-five bucks.'

"At first I thought that wasn't right until I doped out my own code of ethics. Your own code is always so convenient. So I'd say, 'This isn't dishonest. After all, Bill is Brady's own son. If the son tells me to steal from his father, what am I to do?'

"But I wanted to act. Brady put me on at a salary of $100 a week. It jumped me to $200. I was going right up. Money? It grew on trees."

No faintest cloud of emotion crossed Humphrey's face as he changed the subject quite suddenly to remark, "I was engaged to Helen Mencken for three years. That was not difficult for him to say. No urging was necessary. I was glad I didn't have to interrupt, glad I knew Helen Mencken was one of Broadway's subtlest and most exotic stars.

"Helen didn't want to marry me because she was wise enough to know about theatrical homes where husbands and wives are separated continually," he explains. "We were married for a year and a half—and then we got a divorce.

"I married Mary Phillips—a great actress, a fine woman. We've been married eight years but that isn't working either. Right now we're—well, I guess you can call it a 'trial separation.'"

He paused for a moment. I knew Mary Phillips was an entirely different type of woman from Helen Mencken. "The least said about this the better I'd like it," he said touchably now. This—this marriage was close. But he forced himself on.

"The trouble with theatrical marriages is that there are too many separations. Once when I was in Hollywood several years ago, Mary was working in New York and couldn't come with me. For eleven months we were apart. That isn't the way marriage should be."

"But we were so modern. We were too modern. I was to go out with other girls. She was to see whom she liked. She was fine—not jealous a bit. I said that was great. She was an understanding wife. But I wanted her to be jealous. And she was ashamed to admit it when we were both so modern.

"Somehow, nowadays, people don't try to keep a marriage together. In my mother's day they did. My mother and father—both temperamental, sensitive people—used to fight. We kids would pull the covers over our ears to keep out the sound of the fighting. Yet that home was kept together—for our sakes and for marriage's sake. And they became adjusted, too, and stopped quarrelling long before we were grown. They were tremendously devoted.

GERANIUM ROSE Eau de Cologne... a delightfully sheltered miss whose debut promises new prestige to the House of '4711'. This newest version of feminine witchery freshly recalls fragrant summer days with the breath of treasured rose-garden memories.

TROIKA Eau de Cologne... maid of sports and the outdoors of rugged youth immaculately at play. This is a priceless adjunct to the summer toilet ensemble.

TOSCA Eau de Cologne... femininity gone formal for your complete undoing when gown and evening cast a spell of romance not easily survived nor soon forgotten.

CLASSIC Eau de Cologne... the basic virtue of the other three, the original '4711' Classic Eau de Cologne traditionally associated with men and women of exquisite taste the world over since 1792... refreshing, stimulating, reviving.

Spraying '4711' CLassic Eau de Cologne early became a '4711' habit, whether to heighten the charm of person or boudoir. Today, the atomizer worthily carries on this '4711' tradition, diffusing the refreshing essences of '4711's newest versions of Eau de Cologne.
Before father died mother nursed him through a dreadful time. She is lost, now, without him.

"But right now—well, I don't know. I do know that every time I went out with another woman (and with my wife's full knowledge and consent, mind you) something of our marriage was lost. Those long separations can't be bridged."  

WE were quiet for a time until the ice touched the bottom of our glasses.

"Remember I was telling about how I had met almost everyone I had ever known sometime later?" he smiled. "Coincidence is great. It makes you feel life is a well regulated little motor chugging away for your good all the time."

"On my first trip to Hollywood I contacted Gregory LaCava, the director. His lovely young wife came in. Her face haunted me for a moment and then I knew she was one of the Sayre kids I had played with at the lake. And another one of that crowd—a girl I was mad about—is out here, married, happy, a grand person. I met her one night at Bob Montgomery's house.

"One evening a bunch of us in New York were in Mary Hay's room at her hotel. A young man came in. I hated him at sight—a Racket Club boy who thought actresses were pushovers. He got fresh. Paul Kelly was there and wanted to pop him. But I said, 'No, you're too big. He's more my size. I'll take him on.'

"Somehow I thought he looked familiar and then, suddenly, I remembered. He, too, was one of the kids I played with at the lake. But when someone needs to be popped I'm not one for old sentimentalities.

"I took him down in the lobby and out on the street. He said he didn't want to fight. Just then a limousine drove up. 'Let me go, That's my car,' he said.

"'The hell it is,' I said. 'That's your mother's car. You never worked a day in your life.' So I opened the door and shoved him in and popped him just once for good measure.

"I was very scornful then about people not making a living. Even though my family were rich, I had been on my own since I was seventeen. Money came easy."

"Then came the depression. I didn't know what failure was until that point. My father lost every dime. Then, for one year, I worked just six weeks. Mary and I got behind with the rent. For the first time in my life I began worrying about money. It was awful.

"But Mary and I talked it over and we decided that if you're making lots of money you should save but if you have only a little you should spend it. What good does it do to save money in today's feeding-the-starving starving a few weeks is all. And when you're trying to keep up an appearance you might as well go through what you have. So Mary and I went out to dinner and we had friends in. I was crazy with worry—but I didn't moan.

"There's something about an actor anyhow. He never starves. Maybe he won't work for a year—even two—but hope keeps him going. The telephone may ring and there'll be a big job for him. If he hasn't earned a nickel for months he'll appear ready for the job when it pops up, looking spruce and neat and with a 'complete wardrobe.' Actors are good guys anyhow. And people tell me that, the legend to the contrary, actors pay their bills. Mary and I lived on at our apartment and they let us because they knew we'd pay.

THERE'S another legend that needs exploding—the one about actors being immoral. Maybe they are—I don't quite know what morality is, anyhow. But when I was on the road in 'Cradle Snatchers' playing the role of the Spanish osteopath, all the old women in the audience thought because I played such a part I must be such a guy. I wish I'd saved the notes that came to the theater. They would make you sick.

"Once one woman wrote that she was a friend of Eddie Dowling. I thought that was okay and went to a country club dance or something with her. Later I discovered that she had mentioned Eddie 'Darling'—someone I didn't know.

"But that night at the country club dance showed me what goes on away from the theater. It was much, much worse than anything I've ever seen in New York or Hollywood."

"Actors aren't bad. They're okay." It was getting late. The waiters eyed us in that way that only waiters do when they realize you aren't going to have another drink and aren't going to pay for dinner. I said we should go. Humphrey said he was nearly through his story.

"I was cast in a show with Rose Hobart. It opened the night of the day the banks closed. There were ten people in the house.

"Things kept on being like that. I thought my career was over. I thought I never have any money again. And then came 'Petrihed Forest' with Leslie Howard. And then came the movie offer.

"I made some money in 'Petrihed Forest.' I paid up all my back debts, the rent and all, and I still had about a thousand dollars left. So I was hard to get. When the picture company offered me a job I wasn't interested! The old telephone was ringing again. I was an actor once—debts paid and a thousand bucks left over.

"BUT I finally gave in—actors always do when big chances are offered them. So here I am in Hollywood, in this manana country, playing golf a little and working a little and leading a nice lazy life. Here I am in the most introvert town in the world—the complete extrovert."
In spite of her daily bath
she's an
UNDERARM VICTIM!

Every day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping up later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
“I think I knew then, although I wouldn't admit it even to myself that my return to the screen would steer our marriage straight for the rocks. I knew it would for a jinny ever since I knew the real romance was over. Yet it was a supreme example of Gene's unsellish love and admiration for me. He was positive that I would be unhappy without my career. And he wanted an actress-wife, not a wifehouse. So I swallowed my own fears and my earnest desire to be just his wife and Melinda's and Ditty's mother and got out my makeup box again.”

EVERYONE knows that Joan's return to the screen after her marriage did mark the turning point in her motion picture career. She sparkled with a happiness and beauty which was overwhelming and contagious. She gave out a thrilling new quality of glamour which roused her tiny star with skyrocket speed right past that of her famous sister, Connie, and left everyone breathless.

Gene was justly and ecstatically proud of the new Joaf Bennett. And just as justly proud of this slender, golden child who, as Mrs. Markey, presided over his faultlessly managed home and that glorified nursery where their baby ruled her tiny world with her large brown Markey eyes and a winning way breved from the charm for which both her distinguished parents are famed and sought after.

But the thunderclouds were forming. And both Joan and Gene were racing against the storm long before anyone on the outside could possibly realize it. Joan's working days began before the rest of the household awoke. Often she was through for the day and ready to sleep before the average Hollywood dinner hour of eight o'clock. There were parties and dinners to which Gene must go without her. She insisted.

There were nights when she worked to the wee small hours and sometimes whole weeks passed when the Markeys scarcely met, except on Sunday. Not much time for marriage hugging.

Possibly Gene began to regret having urged Joan to return to the screen. His own brilliant career was becoming more and more important; he needed her beside him. But she was not by his side because she had followed his advice.

There was gossip. There were clashes. No home is large enough for two sensitive, highly-strung, successful people who know, too late, that they have asked too much of their life. Their love was strong but no love is really unsatisfactory. When a man tries to love two women, it seldom works.

How then can any man solve this Hollywood problem? Every feminine star in town who tries to run both a career and a marriage is living a dual life. Actress one-minute—wife and mother the next. And trying to run two such important feminine personalities at once is a difficult task. "We've known for so long what we must do," said Joan. "And we've tried so hard to figure out some way of turning back, some way of preventing it. But there just hasn't been a road."

"My romance with Gene began, as you know, during that period when I was forced to give up my screen work because of an injury to my hip. In spite of the physical pain, that was the happiest period in my whole life. Motion picture careers—as far as I was concerned—were not designed to bring me the meagre thrills in life. I was engaged to Gene—I was to be Mrs. Markey—not just Joan Bennett, actress.

"I defy any woman really to give what she should to her marriage, her husband, her home and to her career. I believe that a screen career demands. I know that many women are bravely attempting this. I have given for—and sometimes with—those 'twice as many' who have failed to breast those troubled waters just as I have failed."

"It's like swimming against a rip tide. Once you're caught it doesn't matter how strong your strokes are—you can't swim back to that lovely beach where you found happiness, peace and contentment. It's behind you—a lovely memory. Something you'll never find again—something which will live in your heart always."

Joan said as the dressing room bell rang calling her back to the stage where "Vogues of 1938," Walter Wanger's color extravaganza—starring Joan Bennett—is in production, "If people are my friends they'll believe in me. That's all I ask. I want them to trust me and to realize that I am doing what I believe is the only thing to do for both our sakes. Gene and I are friends I hope—always will be—and that's all there is to say."

Then she tried a pale blue satin negligence stage-wear and smiled a faint Joan-like smile.

THE divorce wasn't as sudden as the headlines may have led you to believe. Joan told me that she helped Gene find the attractive apartment in which he is now living. She has a great flair for decorating and not only picked out the furniture and arranged it for him but attended personally to those important little touches such as arranging the linens closet and stocking the kitchen shelves. And more than that, Joan is turning over to Gene his favorite servant so that his life will go on as nearly as possible as it has in the well-managed home from which he has moved.

This divorce is one of Hollywood's most amicable ones. There is no bitterness—except that which idle gossip conjures up. And I know that Joan will wish her fans to know that she is not weeping in a corner or "blowing up" in her lines. Her blonde head is held high these days and her clear blue eyes are meeting every glance with a flashing challenge. She has never worn her heart on her sleeve and she has gone through more sorrow than you or I can ever dream. But she's not the whimpering type. She can take it. She knows where she's going. That "where" is straight ahead—onward and alone, except for her two beautiful babies. She is through with marriage.

I'm told to that—in case you're interested—Joan's staunchest admirer, booster, friend and fan will always be—Gene Markey.

No matter what Hollywood has to say about it.

So if you feel like being sorry for Joan—be sorry because she and the youngsters are down with the chicken pox at present—and not because her marriage with Gene Markey is over.
Hoodlums At Home

The whole family is closer than a lobby jam on bank night. Both Arthur and Miriam play the piano, and Groucho plays as he says, "good enough to get kicked out of any saloon."

But even this musical passion is a family matter. On Sunday evenings the whole clan gathers in the front room for free-for-all jam sessions. Groucho conducts. Maybe it isn't the last word in polished orchestration, but as Groucho says, "It keeps the neighbors from going to sleep too soon after dinner."

Groucho is inordinately proud of his kids' ability to wisecrack. One night not long ago, the Marxes, en famille, were gathered about the evening board when Groucho opened a bottle of California claret he had picked up at a market for a dollar. Miriam wanted a taste, and after the sip Groucho asked her how she liked it.

"All right," decreed Miriam, "but not as good as that other wine."

"What other wine?"

"You know," explained Miriam calmly, "the kind you have when you want to show off."

Outside of occasional home dinners with a limited group of friends, Groucho is a social dud. He hates to dance and is the one Marx brother who isn't a phenomenal bridge player. In fact, he refuses to play at all.

Outside of this failing, there are no complaints from Ruth Marx. He likes everything she puts on the table. On only one domestic subject does Groucho live up to his name. He doesn't want anyone fooling around his room disturbing things. He doesn't want his pants hung up, his dresser put in order, or his desk tidied.

Promoted by this paternal craving for peace and privacy, the Marx family—Kath, Arthur and Miriam—banded together last Christmas and decided on a unique Christmas gift for the old man. They conspired with an architect to build on an additional room over the porte-cochere, fitted it up with a huge divan, easy chair, rambling desk and put a tag on the door saying, "Merry Christmas."

Groucho was duly surprised, delighted and touched.

A week later the bill came in. It was addressed to him!

CHICO MARX has been married twenty-one years and has a nineteen year old daughter, Maxine, a pretty brunette. Chico is the oldest Marx brother, the original show troup and the only one who hasn't bought a house. Says he's "waiting for high prices!" Chico's romance, courtship and wedding was every bit as sensational, if not more so, than Groucho's. He met his bride, Betty Karp, in Brooklyn, New York. She was sixteen then and still too young to be let out of the house at night, so Chico wooed her after school. He proposed like this:

"Marry me and you'll learn more than you
ever will from your school books."

"... and I have," says Mrs. Chico Marx, "much more."

They were married secretly in Brooklyn, but decided to do it over in the presence of the family, in Chicago. As the rabbi intoned the rites, Harpo and Groucho jerked the leaves off a rubber plant and ate them. The rabbi looked up, noted the sacrilege, and walked out in the middle of the ceremonies.

Later a rabbi with a sense of humor agreed to stand for anything and Chico arranged for the nuptials in the house of a friend. Only when the bride arrived did she discover why this was so. The friend was an expert pinochle player. Chico played two-handed pinochle up until the nuptial hour, was wed, and then returned to the game.

Chico is an inveretate gambler, and the sport of the brotherhood. Groucho wouldn't put a nickel in a slot machine, but Chico will take any bet any time. When the ponies run at Santa Anita, he's on them every day. During the football season he has bets every Saturday on games scattered across the span of the nation.

His sporting instincts—he's the best golfer of the three, and they're all good—lured Groucho, Harpo and Zeppo in on an ill-fated enterprise a couple of years ago, when the brothers chipped in and bought the contract of a fighter named Cohen, whom they promptly rechristened "Canvasback." "Canvasback" lived up to his name with pleasure, being unable to operate in the prize ring in any position other than the horizontal. That was the last Marxian sporting adventure.

For years Chico and his small, dark, pretty wife and Maxine, the daughter, have lived in hotels and apartments. Now they rent a house in Beverly Hills. Maxine was raised in a trunk, on vaudeville tours, but it worked out all right. She's a tall beauty in her second year of dramatic training in New York, talented like her dad.

The Chico Marxes take care of the night life for the whole Marx family.

This winter, during the flu epidemic, Chico woke up one day with a sore throat and a chilly feeling. He called the doctor.

"Stay in bed," ordered that worthy, "eat lightly, get plenty of rest."

A while later, Chico felt better. He got up, despite widely protests, shot a round of golf, wolfed a spaghetti dinner and played bridge until one in the morning.

The next day the doctor called. "H-m-m-m," he hummed, "that rest did you a lot of good. I believe I'll let you up today!"

Up until last spring sometime, Harpo Marx was given up for a confirmed bachelor. Then he began building a house in Beverly Hills, not far from Groucho's. Harpo merely rolled his eyes when questioned. Not even his brothers could get a word out of him about the portent of it all.

A little later the justice of the peace in a tiny Northern California town was confronted by a very beautiful girl and a queer looking man in a tight, old fashioned suit, a shriveled up hat and a high celluloid collar. He said his name was Arthur Marx and he wanted a marriage license. Three days later he returned with the pretty girl for the wedding.

"You'll need witnesses," declared the justice. The office was over the fire station.

"Call up the firemen," said Arthur Marx. And so, surrounded by provincial hook-and-ladder artists, was the only bachelor of the Four Marx Brothers blessed with matrimony.

Mrs. Harpo, who was Susan Fleming, a Folies beauty, well remembers when Harpo first came into her life. She was sitting in the third row of the Palace Theater in New York and Harpo was on the stage. Suddenly he began pointing at her and making lecherous faces. She walked right over and told him to do very well and go home. It was very disconcerting.

Harpo brands this a canard to this day. But Susan says "yes" firmly. Just the same, the next time she saw her, some years later at a banquet in Hollywood, he got her telephone number and wrote a letter and called her up. He asked her to come up to his apartment and see his paintings. Honest!

The house was started in April, and by September, when Harpo brought home his bride, only one room kept out the California dew. They moved in and built the house around them, honeymooning to the sock of hammers and the rasp of saws.

The honeymoon house explains Harpo Marx very neatly. Outside, in the back yard, there's a swimming pool, a ping-pong table, badminton court, croquet grounds and a putting course. Inside, there's a special music room built for acoustics, with a little platform for his twelve-grand harp. Various other instruments, from bull fiddle to piccolo—all of which Harpo can play—all the walls. There's a big bookshelf in the library crammed with his memenot. In the living room is a mantelpiece, a painting of Harpo as Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy!"

Harpo, for some reason, attracts the intelligentsia. Maybe he's one of them. When Dali, the leading surrealist impressionist, came to Hollywood recently, Harpo entertained him and Dali reciprocated by doing a surrealist painting of Harpo. Just what it expresses, I wouldn't be knowing, but I could guess.

In the East, whence he repairs more often than any of the other brothers, Harpo has long been a member of a little inner group of talented people, including Alexander Woollcott, Nysa McMein and Dorothy Parker, who get-away-from-it-all occasionally on an island in Vermont.

Once when Harpo was hiding out there, the reclusive community was disturbed by the excursions of picnickers from a nearby town. Harpo immediately shed his clothes, painted his body a bright blue and donned his flaminig wig. Then he ran yowling through the underbrush. The picnickers departed—in a hurry.

In Hollywood, the Marx brothers and their families, see each other all the time, naturally. They all get along and never fight. But they lead entirely separate lives, and have been known to go for months without seeing one another in the evenings. They work together all day—and that, incidentally, isn't only when they're shooting. Every annual Marx opera is in preparation almost all year. They all help write the gags. They all try them out on their own families. "And until," says Mrs. Groucho, "I go and scream."

You may have noticed that I've given short shrift to Brother Zeppo. He's around town and doing all right, handling business matters for his brothers and others.

As for Zep's niche in the Marxian Hall of Fame (and I refer you to a picture which used to hang in Saadi's New York restaurant—and still may, for all I know) it was a picture of Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx.

And underneath was the legend, "The Four Marx Brothers."
Charm Is Self-Made

[continued from page 65]

resistance is so low that you lay yourselves wide open for sickness and further misery. Take it from me, sweethearts, the road back is uphill all the way and too many times the trail ends in a psychopathic ward or sanitarium. So will you listen to mamma when I tell you that you can’t starve your way to sex-applique, that you must have strength to reduce and to produce-strength you must eat... but correctly!

Often some of our movie stars are foolish enough to think, they can make the grade in what they think is “the easiest way.” They too are only human and so they too find themselves ill, jittery, with sour dispositions, figures that are flabby and faces that are saggy. In desperation they put it all together and try to make it spell g-l-a-m-o-r, while they droop around with a warped kind of pride—as if there were something artistic about looking like the wreck of the Hesperus.

But look at the smarter gals—such lovely creatures as Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald, two of our foremost singers. These two girls are outstanding examples of the value of energy. Without a continuous flow of vitality they could never keep up the pace demanded of them by their work. Their performances would lack the spontaneity and zest you find in their pictures. Acting is strain enough on the nervous system, but singing is even more exacting. Therefore these girls who have to do both must have tremendous energy and know how to preserve it if they are to continue with their success. That goes for their love life, too, in which these girls are equally successful. Grace is one of my babies, and I can tell you she has what it takes to hold her hubby. And if I know my prima donnas, Jeanette will have no trouble keeping Gene by the fireside.

Dancers find their work equally as strenuous, but in spite of the long hours of practicing and perfecting new steps and routines little Eleanore Whitney, Paramount’s dancing star, keeps her figure, and her supply of vivacity is never exhausted. Nor is she ever wanting for male escorts. Her allure is substantial. You wonder how they do it? They keep themselves healthy by following common-sense methods of physical culture, complementing those methods by sane living.

I want my readers to take life as an adventure, not as drudgery but to stay in the swim you must be healthy and keep yourselves attractive. You had better dive in right now! If it’s figure trouble, let me know the spots you want skinned down or where you need a little padding.

In the meantime, here’s an eating program chock full of energy-building foods that will tone your body and supply the strength that must be a part of your reducing program. Stick to this along with your exercises and you’ll keep the love light shining in poppa’s eyes.

BREAKFAST
Glass of water with juice of half a lemon (upon arising).
Choice of one: melon, two slices oranges or fresh berries with two tablespoons of cream and a little brown sugar.
Occasionally one coddled egg.

My clothes last much longer if I knew of a really safe Deodorant.

Contrasts in Liberty—war wait impatiently for this “complete woman’s magazine in miniature.” A thumbnail sketch of an interesting person—a choice bit of gossip—a new and intriguing recipe—an unusual fact—a touch of spontaneous humor—an amusing or pathetic little story—a suggestion for some interesting reading—an intimate bit of fashion news—salty comment on the doings of royalty—all in a single page, reading time five minutes—brilliant, sophisticated, enticing. Get a copy of Liberty today and try it for yourself. You will love it!
Joan Bennett says

“A Film Actress can’t take chances with MOTHES”

One Spraying Mothproofs a Whole Year

Your clothes are just as important to you. You get rid of moth dangers as movie stars do—Spray with Larvex today.

Spraying with Larvex is the complete safeguard advised by scientists and used by milliners of costly woolens. It penetrates to the very center of every woolen fiber. Moths starve to death rather than eat the fabric.

Ordinary, stainless, Larvex does away with the clothes storage problem, too, for one spraying Larvex spray lasts a full 12 months.

Spray with Larvex today and forget the moth problem with a spray before, after and be sure.

Mothproof with Larvex

A BUSINESS CAREER IN THE MOVIES

Pressing Work
Thrilling Surroundings
Excellent Opportunities
Exceptional Salaries
Live and Work in Hollywood

WOODBURY COLLEGE

PHOTOPLAY FOR JULY, 1927

One slice of whole-wheat bread (toasted or day old) thinly buttered with a little honey. Small glass of skimmed milk, coffee or tea (clear).

ELEVEN O’CLOCK

Glass of orange juice, tomato juice or whole fresh tomato (so salt).

LUNCHEON

Cerely (eat the leaves too).

Cup of vegetable, chicken or thin lentil soup.

For salad: Cole slaw, watercress, endive, lettuce or romaine or a mixture of these greens. Add chopped parsley to your salad. Green onions are valuable too. Season with lemon juice or thin French dressing.

Pine gelatin, baked apple without sugar or whipped cream, steamed fresh or dried fruits, caramel custard or small piece of Angel Food cake for dessert. Coffee or tea, clear.

MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON

Raw apple, handful of raisins, two raw carrots or a glass of orange juice. By the way, if you are a great deal overweight it would be a good idea to have a liquid lunch at least three times a week. I didn’t say liquor! Go easy on the water. Stick to fresh fruit and vegetable juices, clear soups and a glass of skimmed milk.

DINNER

Cerely and two ripe olives.

Beef, mutton, or chicken broth with barley, or tomato basilion or consommé jellied. Saled as given for luncheon.

Choice of one: Broiled kidneys, broiled liver, broiled sweetbreads, 1 mutton chop or double lamb chop, 2 slices or rare roast beef, ground round steak, broiled (1 portion). Beef or lamb stew occasionally but go easy on the gravy.

Choice of two: Okra, turnip tops, stewed tomatoes, mustard greens, bead top, carrot, string beans, asparagus. A crisply baked potato. Be sure to eat the skin and eat that part first.

Dessert: Any one given above for luncheon or fruit salad (no mayonnaise) half a grapefruit, melon or rice pudding but not too often.

Dine late or tea clear.

BEFORE RETIRING

A glass of grapefruit juice. (Fresh).

[In handling down a decision against a young lady in a love suit recently, the Honorable Justice Marshall F. McComb of the Second District Court of Appeal in Los Angeles, stated, “It cannot be doubted that with the advent of the radio, moving pictures and the widespread dissemination of information regarding relationships of men and women, the female of eighteen years is better informed.” Today concerning the conduct of a woman who should follow in her association with the opposite sex than was her sister of fifty years ago.”]

Well, ladies, the same thing goes for you in your beauty work. You certainly better informed than grandma was, and she wasn’t allowed to primp and fix up. It was considered almost a sin. But today, with all the beauty information given to you through the aforementioned mediums, plus magazines and newspapers, there is no excuse for women to lack alluring beauty.]

His Honor also pointed out in his decision that at one time the Supreme Court of the State of Oregon had said: “The individuality of the female sex has been materially advanced during the last few years. Their knowl-

edge of the world has been greatly improved. . . . The notion that they belong to the weaker sex is only entertained by the credulous and unsophisticated. They are not easily beguiled and should be held to a reasonable responsibility. If allowed to maintain an action for their own seduction, they should be required to prove something more than mere impor-

tunity as the means through which it was accomplished.”

I want to apply that to you babies who are handling yourselves all the time. You can think of when it comes to taking care of yourselves, perfecting your figures and increasing your general attractiveness. After all, nobody is standing over you with a skillet ready to crack you over the skull if you exert a little will power. When you’re ordering salads, don’t tell me it isn’t just as easy to order “lemon juice” as it is to say “mayonnaise.”

It may not be so pleasant to your palate for the first few times, but how pleasant your figure will be to the eye if these and similar precautions are taken regularly for a month. It’s an everyday job and, to be sure, there are plenty of temptations, but as my good friend, the Oregon Supreme Court says: “The female sex . . . should be held to a reasonable responsibility . . . “ Well, I say you’d better hold everything and fulfill that responsibility.

When it comes to beauty and health, there is only one safe, sound and lasting method of preserving it. That method is sane living and thinking. You must have enough respect for your bodies and minds to see that you give them all the care and attention that you possibly can. Correct eating, sufficient physical exercise, the corrective variety, plenty of fresh air, sunshine, rest and sleep must be included in your daily regime. You must play a little, too. If you haven’t this respect for your own self, then don’t complain and whine if others have no respect for you. You’ve got it coming if you let your own laziness and in-

difference make a trump out of you.

But cheer up, darlings, like the old saying, “there’s always tomorrow” for you, there’s always Sylvia, modest little violet that I am. But I mean it. I’m always here ready to help you with your problems, to give you all the honest information and advice I possibly can. Most of you know by this time that I give it to you straight from the shoulder and sometimes between the eyes. But that’s because I know by my many years’ experience that that’s the only way some of you can be made to realize that you can’t be really lovely or attractive unless you yourself work for it.

You can always depend upon me to tell you that you look like the devil, if you need it, and to show you how you can look like an angel if you want to. So come on, babies, drag out the old gumption, let it pave the way. And if it proves you wrong, you can always remember how much things you had never before dreamed were possible.

What part of your figure needs correcting?

My personal figure-analysis chart will tell you. Send for it. There’s no charge. I have a swell SUMMER COMPLEXION DIET, too. Let me know if you want it or any other help with your beauty problems.

Address: Madame Sylvia, Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 7731 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Don’t forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.
THE TENTH MAN—GB

THIS not particularly thrilling morsel is all tangled up in British big business, election returns, and the near divorce proceedings of John Lodge, who blasts his way through all three in a very loud way. There are a few good characterizations, notably Clifford Evans, as the honest friend, and Anthony Holles, as Swalescliffe, the hypocritical political manager. Antoinette Cellier is the feminine interest decked out in everything but the window drapes. Very study.

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY—RKO-Radio

A MOVIE cowboy proves himself a two-fisted outdoor lad when he is mistaken for a real cowhand and is hired for a round-up. George O’Brien, as the movie star, not only aids in the round-up but gets the horses, high pressure rackets and wins the ranch owner’s niece, Cecilia Parker. Maud Ebarne is the wealthy ranch owner. It’s fast, furious and funny. Joe Caits is a riotous stooge.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR—M.G.M

TWO seances played in complete darkness give this murder mystery an eerie, ghostly effect. Dame May Whitty is the medium who solves the murders and saves her daughter, Madge Evans, from suspicion; and Thomas Beck is the governor’s son who loves Madge. Elissa Landi and Ralph Forbes are the most likely suspects, and the real murderer will surprise you. Plenty of suspense and shivers add to the melodrama.

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Universal

AN effective story dealing with the stresses of the naval flying service and its effect on newlyweds, Woody Barrie and Ray Milland. When Wendy finds the strain of adjusting their marriage to Navy rules too much, she decides to leave until her husband’s court martial brings her the realization that love and regulations can mix. William Gargan and Kent Taylor are splendid.

SLIM—Warners

SIZZLING with excitement this high voltage story reveals the bravery of linemen in their hazardous work among high tension wires. Henry Fonda, a country yokel becomes assistant lineman to Pat O’Brien, an expert workman. The two become pals until Fonda meets and loves Margaret Lindsay, sweetheart of O’Brien. The triangle of love is solved in a terrific climax. Stuart Erwin provides the laughs.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

ASSURANCE

of PERSONAL DAINTINESS

Wix, the original tampon, offers sanitary protection internally

without PADS!

without PINS!

without BELTS!

Imagine sanitary protection without pads, without belts, without the slightest tell-tale evidence, without odor! That is the great accomplishment of Wix, the original tampon developed by two physicians after years of clinical research.

Wix can’t possibly show—even with a bathing suit—because it is entirely internal. Wix can’t possibly chafe—because there is no protrusion to rub or irritate. Wix, because it is worn internally, absorbs naturally and prevents odor. You are not conscious of wearing it.

Wix is sold by department stores, drug stores and at drug counters everywhere. Or send for introductory package; use coupon below or write.

VISIBLE PROOF

The fine surgical cotton used in Wix absorbs many times its weight without expanding. Place a Wix in a small glass of water, watch it absorb, visible proof of its efficiency.

WIX

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein

The Wix Company, 777 Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed 25c please send me one regular size package of Wix.

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Address

City................. State..........

Accepted for Advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association.
Get Double Protection This Way—

Your dentist will tell you that to keep teeth white and sparkling, gums must be firm and healthy, too. To do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums—an eminent member of the dental profession created Forhan’s Tooth Paste. When you brush your teeth with Forhan’s, massage it gently into the gums just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your whole mouth feels! Forhan’s costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the new big tube saves you money. Start using Forhan’s today. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan’s
DOES
BOTH JOBS
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WOMAN’S GLORY

Keep It Glorious With

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BEAUTY OIL SHAMPOO

Woman’s crowning glory is always her hair, regardless of how often styling may change. Lucky TigeR Beauty Oil Shampoo cleanses and beautifies the hair, corrects harsh, brittle hair better than anything you’ve ever used.

NO SOAP—NO FOAM

Get a bottle of Lucky TigeR Beauty Oil Shampoo. Use it according to directions for thirty days. You’ll be amazed at the wonderful improvement in your hair and scalp. You’ll be delighted how much longer your next permanent lasts.

At Drugists, Barbers, or write LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Kansas City, Mo.

BASICALLY OLIVE OIL AND OTHER FINE OILS

PHOTOPLAY FOR JULY, 1937

No More Impulses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83)

During the next few months she had plenty of reasons to regret her impetuousness. Sylvia was only sixteen then, and looked even younger. She went from one manager’s office to another and no jobs were forthcoming. They looked at her and laughed. “Go home to your mother, baby.”

But she did have talent and a determination so strong that it couldn’t be downed. She had a terrific sense of her own worth, and in her life, the theater which all through her childhood had been her one means of escape from a world she found unpleasant and unreal.

Sylvia played her first really important role on Broadway in “Crime,” which turned out to be one of those terrific hits which run on and on. That was about ten years ago. After “Crime” closed, role after role in Broadway productions was offered to her. Unfortunately, Sylvia went to no one for advice, but chose the roles she herself liked, and invariably she chose the wrong plays. For four years she appeared in nothing but flops. Her father (Dr. Sigmund Sidney who adopted her) figured out that she spent more time one year rehearsing for plays than actually acting in them, so quickly did those shows, once produced, close.

During the time Sylvia’s reputation for being temperamental grew steadily. It meant nothing to Sylvia to tear up a script on which some writer had worked hard. It meant nothing to her to jump a contract if the situation was not to her liking. It meant nothing to her to turn on a director or fellow actor in a fury and tell him how impossible she found him.

If someone invited her to a party, she might accept, and then at the last moment, simply because she didn’t really feel like going, call up and say she had a headache. She did this gratuitously, until people grew tired of her rudeness.

She didn’t know what it meant to think twice about anything.

Such was the Sylvia Sidney whom B. P. Schulberg discovered when he went to New York and saw “Bad Girl.” Sylvia Sidney’s was a magnificent performance, and Schulberg recognized it as such. He asked her to come to Hollywood and make several pictures under the Paramount banner.

Now almost any young player, when a contract is up for signature, turns to a competent lawyer for advice, or at least to some friends she knows and trusts. Sylvia didn’t.

“They handed me a typed note on a slip of memo paper—the kind they use for interdepartment correspondence—and asked me if I’d sign. Instead of saying, ‘I’ll think it over,’ I signed immediately. Afterwards I went yip-yip-yipping all over the place because I had nothing to say about choosing my own pictures.”

In Hollywood Sylvia continued her policy of going wherever her impulses led. She found, to her regret, that they led her to both emotional and financial disaster.

I don’t want to write of the emotional disasters, for it would be impossible to do so without hurting Sylvia Sidney, and I like her too much to do that. But everyone who knows Sylvia realizes that in her emotional life as in everything else, she allowed her heart instead of her judgment to rule her.

And financial folly came when Sylvia Sidney went on an orgy of spending. All around her Sylvia saw Hollywood actors buying large homes and apparently finding great happiness in them. The theory was that the more rooms you had, the happier you were. So Sylvia rented a twenty-room house in Beverly Hills. It even had a private projection room.

“I rented that house on an impulse,” Sylvia told me and, like all my other impulses, it was a mistake. “I think the real reason I rented it was because I wanted to give myself a feeling of security. In Hollywood the sword of Damocles is always over you; you know that careers end overnight, people come and go. Because they have so little natural feeling of security, Hollywood people feel that they must have large homes, with sweeps of lawn and beautiful gardens. These material possessions give them a false sense of security, a feeling that they have something to hang on to.”

Perhaps I’m just judging them by myself.

Obviously, though Sylvia needed only a few rooms for herself, she couldn’t live in a home in which most of the rooms were empty. So she furnished the house, and Sylvia and her manager’s assistant, and Sylvia squandered her money on Sheraton book cases and other beautiful things that she could ill afford.

She began to splurge in other directions. She walked into a Hollywood shop and when the models paraded before her, she nodded her head, and said, “I’ll buy that and that and that.” She bought a chiffon evening gown, a green gown paler in color than young grass, a lace gown, sports things, afternoon things, semi-formal things—more clothes than she could possibly find time to wear.

She bought two cars, and she even decided to go social. She had been criticized for never going to or giving parties, and she now began to give a few. But they were failures. For at heart, Sylvia is not a social creature and claims she makes a very poor hostess.

“What first made you realize that the house in Beverly Hills wasn’t for you?” I asked Sylvia.

“That didn’t take long,” she said grimly. “Mother and I were alone in that huge house, and sometimes when Mother was in New York I was by myself. I was surrounded by many walls—not of them pleasant to look at. I thought, ‘What am I doing in this place? Why have I got two dining rooms? I can only eat in one.’ I began to look upon the empty bedrooms as so many mausoleums.

“I stood it a year and a half and then moved to an apartment. My lease wasn’t up at that time, but I couldn’t endure it any longer. It was better to take a loss on the apartment.”

A MONTH ago Sylvia Sidney’s four months’ marriage to Bennett Cerf, the publisher, collapsed. Her career seemed to collapse too. She appeared in such pictures as “Behold My Wife!” and “Accent on Youth” and in her own opinion, she “smelled up the screen.”

Sylvia Sidney decided to quit Hollywood, and she came to New York to live, hoping that Paramount would not be able to find another story for her before her contract expired.
they forget that Nelson Eddy won overnight fame in one picture, "Naughty Marietta," a real success and a hit. Eddy is a real triple threat man because he is handsome, has a winning personality and one of the finest baritone voices it has been my good fortune to hear. His performance in "Maytime" is the most delightful make-believing in many months. He is gay, romantic, charming and amusing, and after this picture is generally released, I think MGM will be swamped with requests for Eddy photographs. I have only one complaint to make—we want more than one Eddy picture a year.

Muriel Marks,
New York, N. Y.

Returning from his usual spring concert tour, the handsome baritone will again be spiced with Jeanette MacDonald in "The Girl of the Golden West."

They're a Bow—

Congratulations to Robert Riskin, the director, for his splendid handling of Columbia's "When We Were in Love." Thank heaven for a good job of directing done on Henry Stephenson's "conducting." Blow me, if these musicianless actors are allowed to give any more exhibitions over their respective dummy orchestras I'll have a stroke. If only for the sake of perfection let's get some semblance of intelligible rhythm and expressive "directing" into our musicals.

Edward Schroeder, Jr., Musical Director,
Dubuque, Iowa.

And it was on those terms that Sylvia signed. The funny part of it has been," she said, laughing, "that ever since then I've been kept so busy I've had no time to think of the stage. But it doesn't matter so much now, for during the last year I've made pictures that I myself have found interesting. I'd rather play a small role in a picture like 'Fury' with an actor like Burt Lancaster than a large role with an actor like—well, I'd better not mention names."

I thought, with a swift flash of amusement, that only a few years ago Sylvia would most decidedly have mentioned names; would have shouted them to the four corners of the world if anyone had cared to listen.

"If I had obeyed my impulse," reasoned Sylvia, "I would have quit Hollywood forever; I would never have made 'Mary Burns, Fugitive,' which really began a new life in Hollywood for me."

"I have discovered that I don't really need a lot of material things to make me happy. And with that discovery, I have less respect for the importance of money. I live more economically than I ever did in all my previous years in Hollywood, not because I deliberately set out to live economically, but because I have found that I do not need much to buy the things I really want. Such things as good music, for instance."

So, to other girls who, like her, are given to impulses, Sylvia Sidney says, "Don't follow your impulses. Before you act, wait twenty-four or thirty hours. I wish I'd slept on every impulsive gesture I ever made. Not once has acting on impulse done me any good."

Mr. Riskin—Take a Bow—

When the words "When We Were in Love," were heard, I thought: "Thank heaven for a good job of directing done on Henry Stephenson's "conducting." Blow me, if these musicianless actors are allowed to give any more exhibitions over their respective dummy orchestras I'll have a stroke. If only for the sake of perfection let's get some semblance of intelligible rhythm and expressive "directing" into our musicals.
PHOTOPLAY

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(FIYTER ROADS TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox.

Another cuckoo comedy of the semi-mad type, with Ann Sothern running away toelope, and Don Ameche escaping from a divorce action. They meet in a deserted cabin. From then on, it's everybody's party. John Chalan and Slim Summerville are around. (June)

GIRL LOVES BOY—Grand National. —Ancient Ideal in theme, treatment and direction, this story of a small-town girl who can't make contact with the world around willy-nilly. Eric Linden and Cecila Parker are no help. (July)

HER OVERBOARD—Universal. —Gloria Stuart, Walter Pidgeon, Billy Burrud and Sidney Blackmer all give nice performances in this unspectacular but pleasant little film. The daughter is accused of murder, impersonates a "missing person." (July)

HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE—G-R. Britten and Dina Mathews' new musical crammed with delightful songs. Jessie is a poor cabaret singer in love trouble. Robert Fleming, Loyd Boren and Whitney Bourne do well in supporting roles. (April)

HER HUSBAND LIES—Paramount. —Old-fashioned melodrama presented in a new-fashioned way by the well-wishing characteristics of Ricardo Cortez as a gambler forced to play against his own brother. Pat Carroll is a treat for the eye as usual. (June)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY—Warner. —The eternal triangle, again, with Jean Muir as the trusting ex-secretary wife to Warren Hull and Evelyn Roberts at the Century-Park. Elizabeth Allan is a man. Carla Blandick is good as Hull's cunlant aum. Everybody else overacts. (May)

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT—Wanger. —Wanger and nèt's new film, the crowd complexly interwoven in this sumptuous production. It centers around John Arthur's dilemma with her jealous husband, Stanley Young, who plans her with a murder charge, and her tender love story with Sammillon Charles Boyer. You'll get a big thrill. (May)

INTERNES CAN'T MAKE MONEY—Par- Paramount. —Tense melodrama of the clinic and the recovery of Jol McCrea in the surgical white of a young doctor, and Barbara Stanwyck as the witty, individualistic, independent-minded, naive intern. Stanley Ridges knows all the answers, a la minor. (June)

JIM HANLEY—DETECTIVE—Republic. —Portly Guy Kibbee turns sleuth in this mildly amusing comedy mystery interrogating his maids for catching to tie a lovers' knot for Lucie Kaye and Tom Brown from the New York Fair. (June)

JOHN BROWN'S WIFE—Paramount.—In- the immortal Frances Larrimore, one of the newest Hollywood wood stars, this is a phony story, dull of dialogue and Holly as a action. It involves Edward Arnold, who seems to be the tycoon who marries a farmette to spice society life. No dice. (April.)

LOST HORIZON—Columbia. —After two years of monumental research and expense, James Hilton's tale of a lost Paradise in Tibet, was a collector item, been tripped by Juanita Moore, Ronald Colman distinguishes himself and heads a great cast including Jane Wyatt, H B Warren, John Howard, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Isabel Jewell and others. It is spellbinding. (May)

LOVE IS NEWS—20th Century-Fox. —Gas, impossible, conceived in a new milde, happy humor, this spuites across the screen to the tune of your laughter. Loretta Young and Tyrone Power are a rich, the best power game that is enchanting. Don Ameche is outstanding as the tough editor. See it often. (May)

MAMA STEPS OUT—M-G-M. —A blatant and obvious picture, far from being a rich comedy, a cheap gag picture that is constructed. It is enchanting. Don Ameche is outstanding as the tough editor. See it often. (May)

MAN OF THE PEOPLE—M-G-M. —This time Joseph Calleia is Mr. Lincoln and his own side of law and order and lifts a trite story to impres- sive terms and fine entertainment. There is a lot of shadiness, implicates his sweetie, Florence Rice. Honesty triumphs. (April)

MARKED WOMAN—Warner. —A brutal and inept murder melodrama with exploitation of women based on a recent newspaper expose. Betty Davis is more vivid than ever, and Kenneth More is indeed a superior example to Bogart as the D. A. It is splendid. You won't want to end. (May)

MAYTIME—M-G-M. —Gay, charming and heart-stirring with a superb musical score, this is the story of a small-town girl who suffers in a beautiful story of love, lust, found and lost, Jeanette is a prima donna; John Barrymore her im- patient and the student, with a story of two nations, both classical and modern. A "Must." (May) my

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE—Paramount. —The customary detective-reporter-many-suspects- mystery mix with Ronald Reagan and John Dougan. A new murder, and Allyn and Marsha Hunt supply the comedy; Zan Zigl, and Sam Jaffe makes a superior support to this modern melodrama. (July)

NANCY STEELE IS MISSING—20th Century-Fox. —Victor McLaglen perfectly pointless but corny, and the daughter with the munitions manufacturer, then repents. Peter Lorre, Walter Connolly and June Lang make a superior support to this modern melodrama. (July)

NAYVE BELLS—Republic. —Sailor Dick Purcell makes a bet he can win unattractive librarian Mary Brian. Besides metamorphosing her into a beauty, causes a promotion and finding rich man's wife of course wins the bet. The cast is fine. (June)

NOBODY'S BABY—Hal Roach-M-G-M. —A neat little setup for the antics of Patsey Kelly and Lydia Lott. The plot adorns itself with a peculiarly romantically inclined toward Bob Ar- nold and kyne overman. It's a panic. (April)

ON THE AVENUE—20th Century-Fox. —Here are Irene Dunne's delicious new vehicle, Where Madeleine Carroll's pulchritude, Alice Fay's toching, the two brothers nutters in George E. Stone, and Dick Powell singing love lies built around a poor-boy-meets-rich- girl angle. A swell deal. (April)

OUTCAST—Paramount. —A somber and slow-moving account of a doctor's efforts to re-establish himself after an unfortunate operation. Karen Morley intends to expose Warren Williams, falls in love with his husband. Monroe saves the pair from the town's fury. (April)

PARADISE EXPRESS—Republic. —Violent melodrama of the rivalry between a railroad and a trucking company. Has plenty of gory scenes and plenty of dirty work at the crossroads. Grant Mitchell and Virginia Appleby. Donald Kirke is the villain. (June)

PARK AVENUE LOGGER—RKO Radio. —Entertainment packed comedy with athletic George Sidney. Joan Blondell and Bob Taylor as a playboy bull collector scurries through the towns, with a newspaper. Bob Taylor is a hearty rival. Mildly risqué and very exuberant. (June)

PICK A STAR—Hal Roach-M-G-M. —Film- brand at its best, as an item of a small-town beauty contest winner in Hollywood. Patsey Kelly, Rosina Lawrence, Jack Haley and Laurel and Hardy in their comedy abilities to make this a wow! (May)

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1—Warner. —New faces in a slighted used tale of petty racketeers who marry June Whitman to William Hopper in a mock wedding which turns out to be legal. The new- wives are amusing; Marie Wilson provides the laughs. (June)

RACKETEERS IN EXILE—Columbia. —A family programmer built to high entertainment by George Seaton, who uses the quaintest code of a gangster evenger who finally reforms. Evelyn Venable does nicely as the town organist, Wynne Gibson is good as the gang-gang. (May)

READY WILLING AND ABLE—Warner. —Ruby Keeler masquerades as a famous English star, and runs Rags Ackerman as a big band in this glistening musical. Lee Dixon, a new dancing feg, is splendid, so is Wini Shaw's singing. (April)

SAN QUENTIN—Warner. —Lieutenant Pat O'Brien, with a big supporting cast, is entertaining. The story of a lot of shadiness, implicates his sweetie, Florence Rice. Honesty triumphs. (April)

SKA DEVILS—RKO Radio. —A slang-based story of the convict ward patrol with Preston Foster and Victor McLaglen lighting and loving all over the ocean. Ida Lupino and Donald Woods are nice support and the storms are thrilling. (April)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE... Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into the bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food digest is difficult. It is always in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks dark. Lavatera are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these good, old Carter's Liver Lichels to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and out." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Lichels by name. Stoolibor没有 refuse anything else, Etc.

Your eyes can seem to be natural beauties!

PINEDAL'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
PREPARED IN FRANCE

• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra- creamy mascara. Smileproof. Permanent. Non-staining. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch

PINEDAL'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINEDAL'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

PHOTOPLAY: JULY, 1937

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]
SEVENTH HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox.—The revival of the hauntingly beautiful love story of a young woman who was caught in the vortex of the World War. James Stewart as Chief, the street cleaner and Simone Simon as Diane are sincere and effective. Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard and Jean Hersholt round out the splendid cast. (June)

SHALL WE DANCE—RKO Radio.—The seasonal teaming of Rogers and Astaire full of grace and refinement, Gorrie Newell’s sets and the completely novel dance routines. The plot revolves around the male characters’ efforts to marry without revealing their identity. The cast is diverting, the songs are delightful, the whole thing is de luxe. (June)

SILENT BARRIERS—GB.—The adventures, the loves, the perils and disasters of the lucky pioneers who opened the Canadian Pacific Railway. Richard Arlen is the reformed drinking man, Antoinette Coolidge is his wife and Lilian Bond, the siren. A lot heavy but worthwhile for the magnificent scenery. (June)

SING WHILE YOU’RE A-LEND.—Melody.—Hillburn’s and Tom Tully’s cakewalk is through. Bob Mont- gomery of a yoked boy makes good. Lured to the city for radio work, he is befriended by Toby Wing, makes a hit on the air and wins down town work. Songs are fair, production stupid. (June)

SONG OF THE CITY—M-G-M.—A complicated story of a young man who gives up an artless love because of her mother. And a fisherman’s daughter because of her career. Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey DeM, 1, G. Cali, Jean Hersholt and Nat Pendleton are the principal. (June)

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—Paramount.—A smooth blend of love and tears, torch numbers, and sentiment, the villagers and the young do this teams Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurphy in a story that will make a star of him, gets her heart broken. It’s simply perfect and so is Carole. Don’t miss this. (April)

THAT I MAY LIVE—20th Century-Fox.—Just another story of an ex-con, Robert Kent, who wants to go straight but his former partner, Phil Knowles, Ro- chelle Hudson and J. Edward Bromberg pull a fast one, free Bob from a murder charge. Dull. (May)

THAT MAN’S HERE AGAIN—Warners.—An amusing story of a jobless wolf, Mary Maguire, befriended by an elevator boy, Bob Brown, who lets her in on the elevator scheme, she runs away; Tom brings her back. Dull as dish- water. (May)

THE GREAT HOSPITAL MYSTERY—Form- erly “Dead Yesterday” —20th Century-Fox.—The hit parade to recognize this poorly constructed murder yarn starring Jane Darwell and Thomas Beck. Joan Davis’ comedy nurse steals honors. (May)

THE HIT PARADE—Republic.—Stars of radio contribute to the fun and frolic of this musical built around a rousing double-bill presented by the pickup orchestra of singer Louise Henry discovers Frances Langford and Fred MacMurphy. the melody. (May)

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL— Warners.—A sexy, saucy romance introducing the Lorenza Dear, the real-life wife of French Fernand Gravet. The fast-paced story concerns a bored king whose retainerière Jane Blondell, a chorus girl, to divert the king and the whole cast is splendid. Gift-edged. (May)

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—M-G-M.—A dis- appointed woman’s account of her romance and marriage and Bill Powell save this revival of a famous Broadway drawing-room comedy from being a yawner. Joan Astley, Bob Hope and Bill Powell are double-splendid. Busy, (May)

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF—RKO Radio.—RKO has something of flying, stunts and plans—is incorporated in this informative and in- telligent tale. Johnnie, a discredited doctor, and Joan Fontaine, a flying nurse, carry the romance. (May)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER—War- ner.—This silly tale of adventure and pitho revolving around two youngsters whose exchange during the death of the British Prince. Errol Flynn plays his usual soldier of fortune rôle superbly. The Mauch twins are infectiously charming. (May)

THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY—RKO Radio.—Dana hit this tide confuser. It’s “Michael Strogoff” in disguise and very good, too. The softly told tale of a Russian spy in the days of the Czar has Anton Walbrook, Fay Bainter and AiKim Tam- roff. And Anton Walbrook, an Austrian newcomer, is superb. (May)

THE STUTTERING BISHOP—Warners.—This time Donald Woods plays Perry Mason, dynamic detective who finds his true heiress with the greatest of ease. He also falls in love with his smart secretary Ann Dorvol. Satisfyingly suspenseful. (June)

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox.—The first of a series dealing with the clever Japanese private detective of the Saturday Evening Post stories. Peter Lorre is perfect as Mr. Moto who, with a few of his snapping fingers, hunters a ring of smugglers. Thomas Beck and Virginia Field are the love birds. Plenty of thrills. (June)

TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE—20th Century Fox.—Thrills, suspense and romance结束s the comedy of an heiress, Claire Trevor, who hitch-hikes her way to the coast, picks up Michael Whalen whom she suspects of being a robber. Lots of laughs. (April)

TOP OF THE TOWN—Universal.—A madly amusing musical dance-and-ding-dong delightful, this musical extravaganza has Doris Ken. Carole Lombard, Dorothy Lamour, Gregory Ratoff, George Murphy, Perry Ryan, Hugh Herbert in the cast, so you have the idea. Go. (April)

21/2 HOURS LEAVE—Grand National.—An old story, but these彩色 films are associated with a face lift of youth, song and slap-shang comedy James Ellison is the scorpion who gets his buddies together, and at the end he wins his bet and the general’s daughter. (May)

TWO WISE MAIDS—Republic.—Dedicated to grade teachers, this emotional melodrama offers the acting of Alice Faye, Patric Knowles and Polly Moran as the school madams. Marcia Mae Jones and Jackie Earl are the problem children. You’ll like it. (April)

WAIIKIKI WEDDING—Paramount.—Croon for crooning. This is a musical set in the background of this melodious madcap comedy. Publicity for Betty Grable, and the blonde who brings Shirley Ross, Bob Burns and Martha Raye and Leo Lefkoe into juxtaposition. Magnificent fun. (June)

WAKE UP AND LIVE—20th Century Fox.—A well-moving, tear-moving musical riot intro- ducing Walter Winchell who carries on his famous radio feud with Ben Bernie, surmounted by a smash cast including Alice Faye, Jack Hulst, Putty Kelly, Walter Cawitt and others. It’s keen (June)

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Universal.—A banal story of cap and robbers, aboard a liner, Europe bound. Sally Eilers’ stateroom is used as a hideout for swindlers. Love embraces detective James Dunn in his duty, Mischa Auer is a panic. (June)

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG—Universal.—A gay and dashing musical with a Cinderella theme, beautifully produced and subtitled. Diny and Taylor and a splendid cast. Virginia is a small town ugly duckling who becomes a Broadway sensation. You’ll like it. (June)

WHEN’S YOUR BIRTHDAY—RKO Radio.—Gooder than ever, Joe E. Brown’s new comedy pre- sents The Mouth as an astute astrologer whose faith in the zodiacx gets him into plenty of hot water, lands him in the prize ring. You’ll howl. (April)

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Columbia.—Grace Moore and Cary Grant in a sparkling story of a vain opera star forced into an iron mar- riage contract to fix up passable trouble. Ruddy comedy, delightful operatic and modern tunes and a splendid cast. Be sure and see it. (April)

WHITE BONDA GE—Warners.—Jean Muir is the lady in the red gingham dress and immacu- inous yarn of sharecroppers rebellion against unexpurgated sculptures in the cotton belt. Gordon Oliver, Howard Duff and John King complete the cast. Stupid. (June)

WINGS OF THE MORNING—20th Century Fox.—A modern melodrama involving women and horror, and in Technicolor, told by the gen- tlemans trainer; Annabella is his gypsy love song. The Irish countess is played by Angela Lansbury, McCormick sings magnificently. Better see it. (May)

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR—Columbia.—The acting of Melvyn Douglas and Virginia Fox cleverly lifted the story above the average. The plot concerns an artist who attempts to inspire a disillusioned night club singer with the notions of love for art’s sake. Reginald Denny and Pert Kelton are funny. (May)

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE—Walter Wanger— United Artists.—Superbly produced, directed with finesse and feeling by Fritz Lang, magnificently acted by Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold, Herbert Marshall, Henry Kolker and Virginia Cherrill, here is a searing realism and a beautiful love story. It’s about a boy sent to the electric chair on circumstantial evidence. A must see. (April)

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW—GB.—Wallace Ford gets a better break than usual in this gassy tale of a cheap American racketeer who enlists in the British Army to escape police. Anna Lee, John Mills and John Carradine support. Lively and humorous. (May)

Ever seen a rouge LIKE POWDER? IMAGINE a rouge as feathery as powder, as easy to tone into your skin, yet so long- lasting you needn’t carry it! That’s Po- Go— the rouge that’s hand-made in France.

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Shades include famous Brique (naturale) —as well as Rouge (raspberry), Saumon (for blondes) etc.
A STAR IS BORN — Selznick International
— From the story by William A. Wellman and Robert Carson. Screen play by Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Gladys Brockwell. The Cast: Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Jose Ferrer, Nunnally Johnson, William Tabbert, Al St. John, Virginia不错的,你的眼睛看起来很光鲜。但请注意，过度的化妆可能会导致皮肤问题。保持健康和自然的外观是关键。
"THE THIRTEENTH CHAIR"—M.G.M.—From the play by Bayard Veiller. Screen play by Marion Parsonnet. Directed by George Seitz. The Cast: Maie, Rosalie La Grange, Dame Play Whitty; Yell O'Neill, Madge Evans; Inspector Marwey, Lewis Stone; Helen Trent, Elissa Landi; Dick Crosby, Thomas Rob; John Hain, Henry Daniell; Lady Crosby, Janet Beecher; Lionel Trent, Ralph Forbes; Sir racism Crosby, Holmes Herbert; Mary Eastwood, Heather Thatcher; Dr. Mason, Charles Townbridge; Shanything, Robert Coote; Miss Stanley, Elsa Buchanan; Professor Evertising, Lail Chand, Maha; Countess, Neil Fitzgerald; Chaire, Louis Vincente.

"THE GOOD OLD SOAK"—M.G.M.—From the play "The Old Soak" by Don Marquis. Screen play by A. E. Thomas. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The Cast: Clem Hawley, Wallace Beery; Nellie, Una Merkel; Clemmie Hawley, Eric Linden; Ida, Judith Barrett; Lucy, Betty Furness; Al Semonne, Ted Healy; Matilda Hawley, Janet Beecher; Kennedy, George Sidney; Webster, Robert McWade; Tom, James Bush; Mimmie, Margaret Hamilton.

"THE GO GETTER"—WARNER.—Original story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by Delmer Daves. Directed by Bud Berkeley. The Cast: Bill Austin, George Brent; Cappy Ricks, Charles Winninger; Commander Tidelle, Henry O'Neill; Karl Stone, Joseph Crecin; Bob Blair, Eddie Arnold; Matt Peady, Willard Robertson; Skinner's Secretary, Helen Wulff; Mrs. Lucy, Helen Lowell; Cappy Rick's Secretary, Minerva Urecal; Tony, George Humbert; Fourth Survivor, Kenneth Harlan; Second Survivor, Walter Miller; Margaret Rick, Anita Louise; Lloyd Skinner, John Eldredge; Third Survivor, Craig Reynolds; Lucy, Gordon Oliver; First Survivor, Carlthe Moore; Jr., Bruce, Pierre Watkin; Lester, Herbert Rawlinson; M. B. Barker, Harry Brodhead; Miss Davis, Mary Morris; Matilda Comont; Radio Station Operator, Edward Price; Nurse, Matilda Comont; Policeman, Ed Gargan.

"THE TENTH MAN"—BG.—From the play by Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Marjorie Deans and Geoffrey Kerr. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. The Cast: Geof Winter, John Lodge; Catherine Winter, Antonette Cellier; Lord Ethkingham, Athole Stewart; Ford, Clifford Evans; Lady Ethkingham, Iris Hovey; Anne Ethkingham, Aileen Martin; Colonel Trent, George Graves; Bennett, Frank Tramell; Edward O'Donnell, Bruce Lister; Suesslethille, Anthony Holmes.

"THEY GAVE HIM A GUN"—M.G.M.—From the book by William Joyce Owen. Screen play by Cyril Hume, Michael Malham and Maurice Rapf. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. The Cast: Fred, Spencer Tracy; Rose Dugy, Gladys George; Jimmy, Frank Trowbridge; Sergeant Meadonarok, Edgar Dearing; Sister, Mary Louis Trean; Luke, Cliff Edwards; Judge, Charles Townbridge.

"WINGS OVER HONOLULU"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Isabel Dawn and Joyce Degan. Directed by H. C. Potter. The Cast: Laurata Cortis, Wendy Barrie; Lieutenant "Stuffy" Gitchins, Ray Milland; Gregory Chudler, Kent Taylor; Lieutenant Jack Furness, William Gargan; Rosamund Furness, Polly Rowles; Hattie Prender, Mary Phillips; Admiral Furness, Samuel Hinds; Nellie Cortis, Margaret McWade; Eric Cortis, Clara Pondake; Tally-Goo Girl, Joyce Compton; Mammy, Louise Beavers.

"WOMAN CHASES MAN"—GOLDFAX—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Lynn Root and Franklyn Fenton. Screen play by Joseph Anthony, Manuel Soli and David Hertz. Directed by John G. Blystone. The Cast: Virginia Travis, Miriam Hopkins; Kenneth Soames, B. J. McMahon; Charles Winninger, Horatio Safron; Eric Rhodes; Nina Tennyson, Lewis Milestone, Ella Logan; Bland, Broderick Crawford; Mr. Judd, Charles Halton; Winifred Dyer, Roger Drake; Doctor, William Jaffrey; Taxi Driver, George Chandler; Secretary, Mary Frances Girard; Process Server, Alon Breeze; Process Server, Jack Bailey; Process Server, Walter Soderling; Man in Subway, Al K. Hall; Man in Subway, Jack Creamer.

"THE WOMAN I LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel "L'Equipage" by Joseph Kessel, published by Librairie Gallimard. Screen play by Ethel Beren and Anthony Mortimer. Directed by Anatole Litvak. The Cast: Maie, Paul Muni; Denise, Miriam Hopkins; Jean, Louis Hayward; Captain, Colin Clive; Deschamps, Minor Watson; Jules, Elizabeth Wisdom; Berthier, Paul Guilfoyle; Georges, Wally Albright; Florence, Madly Christians; Doctor, Alec Craig; Miserere, Owen Davis; Je, Dufres; Stereo Holloway, Mary O'Herlihy, Vince Barnett; Harry, Adrian Morris; Michel, Donald Barry; Starburne, Joe Twerp, Pascha, William Jeffel.
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If you are overweight and wish to lose fifteen pounds of ugly fat during the next month—you can do it. Yes, it’s as simple as that if you but follow the instructions of Madame Sylvia. And Sylvia tells you how to lose these unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely.

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PHOTOPLAY for July, 1937

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U.S. Satinlite Applesauce—A refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Reduces coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Satinlite in one-half pint witch hazel.
One of the most interesting experiences I had was a glimpse of the vast tunneling operations of the Metropolitan District Water Project. In miner's helmet and hip boots, I went down the Carbazon shaft and under the San Jacinto Mountains as far as the tunnel has been completed from that side.

We drove to Ranning in the mountains twenty-five miles away and at a height of twenty-four hundred feet above sea level. And we drove to the Salton sea, in the desert, which is below sea level. It is reached through the date-lined Cologna valley, that strange lost water lapping at the foot of moun-

tains, a very large lake, caused by the overflow of the Colorado river at one time and occupy-

ing what is probably the bed of a lake which disappeared five hundred years ago. On this trip we went into the Painted Canyon, some miles from Mecca by car—that cathedral of strangely shaped and colored rocks.

On another occasion, we took part of the Palms-to-Pine drive which takes you gradually over magnificent roads from desert to moun-
tains, and a growth—actually palms to pine. It did not seem at all strange to find ourselves surrounded by snow within the space of an hour!

I wish I could make you see Palm Springs—the mountains with their shifting colors, the desert with its brown soil and strange vegetation, the desert, which in spring changes to a carpet of the most gorgeous flowers, verbena and primroses, incense bush, lilies—a hundred kinds. I wish I could make you see the roads over which you ride to the South and on which you see the strange mirage of blue water in which are reflected date palms and telephone poles. The palms are there but the water is not. I wish I could make you see the Indian ritual house and the dark Indians walking stolidly down the gay main street. I wish I could make you see the palms.

There is everything at Palm Springs—gaiety, warmth, color, unusual happenings and a lot of fun. There are the houses of the Eastern and Western winter residents with their gorgeous desert gardens, swimming pools and patios.

I think perhaps the Easterners must amuse the Westerners. The Easterners go so very Western, not alone in costume but in what they conceive to be outlook. They let down the barriers with a right good will. They feel that they can be themselves, not realizing, I suppose, that you can't be yourself unless you are yourself already, in any locale and under any circumstance.

The stars come to Palm Springs to escape Hollywood—and find it right there. They come down for rest—which they probably don't get—and for climate, which I assume they do find. I didn't. It just happened that California was having an "unusual" winter when I arrived—the orange groves destroyed by frost and Palm Springs enjoying less than its usual quota of sun. But if there is sun anywhere, you should find it there. If you don't, you can always find it in Palm Springs. If you want romance, I am sure you'll find it there too.

Week-ends the tourists come from near-by places and the streets are thronged with them

Chad in the invariable shorts or what have you, autograph books in hand, looking for the stars

Palmer Gillette, who manages the date market for the great King Gillette ranch, told me that

one woman comes to buy dates and to complain that she had seen no stars. Mr. Gillette made the mistake of telling her she had bumped into Loretta Young on her way in.

So the lady departed, post haste, to catch

Miss Young and Mr. Gillette lost a sale which was from Father Divine's followers sent Father Divine dates.

They were in Palm Springs shortly before I

reached there, the man who called himself Jesus Christ and the girl who was called the

Virgin Mary. They came in a great car plentifully supplied with money. Because they didn't register under their own names they were not permitted to stay at El Mirador where they went first. They did, however, lunch at the Desert Inn on the follow-

ing day and informed an amazed waitress that they always set a place for God.

You can visit Palm Springs inexpensively or you can pay through the nose. You can see the stars in their shorts and on their motor bikes. You can take magnificent trips and you can go to fortune tellers. Palm Springs is full of them. You can gape at the great and near-great and you can amuse your-

self by watching the curious antics of the

visitors. The desert air does something to

them. They feel younger. Fat women feel pounds lighter; tired business men be-

come up-to-date collegiates. You can read

who's who in either of the two weekly papers. One, by the way, is edited by a brilliant little woman with curling brown hair and

many a snappy comeback. She is a Baltimore

girl who went to school with Wally Simpson, and she has a whale of a lot of fun setting the

Village by the ears and picking civic lights with the localities in her interesting paper. I

wouldn't be without it.

You can do as much or as little as you please in Palm Springs. You can see the town; you can observe the goings on of the rich who come down here sometimes in trailers from which they alight, if female, in mink coats and bathing suits. You can look at titled people.

You can watch the private airplanes spin-

ning overhead—Andy has one, or is it Amos? And you can see every kind of car from a

Model T Ford to a Duesenberg or a Rolls or a special job. You can attend a Desert Circus and watch the Sheriff's posse riding.

You can lose your shirt on the turn of the wheel and drink a potent Side Car. You can

ride over the desert with a cowboy in attend-

ance or sit around a camp fire and listen to 'em sing. Or you can sit in the sun and be quiet, and look at the mountains and the desert and re

flect upon the Joshua tree which grows on the

mesas and in the mountains. About that
time you begin to realize how small you are and how small we are, all of us—the stars from the other side, the sun and the moon from West and East, and how insignificant fame and money and beauty and strength, how miniature and feverbish the quest for excitement and gaiety must seem to the mountains and the desert, altering with the shift of light, on their ancient surfaces, but, basically, eternal.
LISTEN BABY—
GIVE ME 50 MINUTES
AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW
TO REMODEL YOUR BODY
THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

MADAME SYLVIA

NOW... in fifty minutes you can learn the carefully guarded beauty secrets of Hollywood's famous Madame Sylvia.

You have always wanted to be beautiful... attractive... glamorous. Now you can be! For the very same methods which the famous stars of the screen and stage use to acquire and maintain their beauty are now revealed by Sylvia of Hollywood in No More Alibis.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find every ounce of knowledge, every whit of observation and all the good, sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years in making the human body ideally beautiful.

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time all of her carefully guarded health and beauty secrets... the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. She gives special attention to reducing and building up the body and covers the subject thoroughly with suggested exercises, illustrated by fine photographs.

There is no other book like No More Alibis—for there could be none. In this volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier! No matter how old you are, or how fat you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

You cannot have good looks, a beautiful figure nor a charming personality by merely wishing for them. But beauty should be yours—and it can be if you follow the expert advice and suggestions of Madame Sylvia as given in No More Alibis.

Glance at the table of contents listed on this page. Notice how completely and thoroughly Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that all of Sylvia's instructions are simple to follow. You need not buy any equipment whatsoever. You can carry out all of Sylvia's beauty treatments right in the privacy of your own home.

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this marvelous book is ridiculous—small—only $1.00 a copy. If you are unable to obtain a copy, send this coupon to your local department or book store. Mail the coupon below now:

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— Constance Bennett

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How Rosalie found a fascinating new world

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I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST CLAIRE - SHE'S STUNNING.

BALONEY - GET SOME SPUNK. YOU SIMPLY SAT BY AND LET HER TAKE JOE AWAY FROM YOU.

I'LL DO IT. WE NEED MONEY SO BADLY.

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More than

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Listerine Tooth Paste

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On a vacation from “Artists and Models,” her new picture for Paramount, Ida Lupino wears Hollywood’s beloved slacks. Crisply tailored Luxables fit perfectly into any vacation plans from Maine to California.

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HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS
PHOTOPLAY FOR AUGUST, 1937

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SO NEW IT'S A YEAR AHEAD!

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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Songs by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed

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"Yours and Mine"
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"Got a New Pair of Shoes"
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On the Cover—
Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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The Prince and the Pauper go fishing—one works while the other whistles. Billy and Bobby Mauch are making the most of their vacation before starting "A Prayer for My Sons" years ago?" Only we moviegoers don't have the opportunity to know we are being gypped because titles are changed without our knowing it. Never yet have I seen a mention on the poster to the effect that...

 Broadway says the best writing talent in the country has gone to Hollywood. If so, why hasn't someone out there enough talent, imagination or initiative to write a NEW show that looks today in the eye. Why go back to the shoddy, half-baked morals of post-bellum days? Why is any rehash of the past (classical writers omitted) better than current thoughts and manners? If the movie producers insist on rehashing old pictures, why don't they show them in the second-run theaters where they deserve to be.

 Perhaps other movie fans have different opinions on this subject. Hear... hear!

 Kathlyn Handy Fuller
 Winona, Minn.

SECOND PRIZE $10.00
SCORCHINGLY SCRUMP'TIOUS

Superlatives are usually permitted only to motion-picture critics, but as an ordinary fan I should like to borrow a few in praise of "A Star is Born." As a story it had everything—all the sentiment, human interest and heartaches of success stories placed in an ever-fascinating locale. But the addition of color made it pulsate and glow with life. The lines of Dorothy Parker delivered by...
Six months in Hollywood and nobody knows her! Goldwyn has kept Sigrid Gurie in seclusion until her debut in "The Adventures of Marco Polo" was directed with swift kaleidoscopic effectiveness in an intelligent adult manner. "A Star is Born" gave the public a human, understanding portrait of Hollywood, but above all, it offered entertainment of the best and highest type.

**FLOYD MILLER, Harmarville, Pa.**

**THIRD PRIZE $5.00**

**GLAMOUR DRIPPERS**

The starlets of Hollywood today are much better looking than those of, say, ten years ago. They are de-lovely, beautiful and charming; they drip glamour. Only—are my eyes deceiving me? These actresses are beginning to look as though they were all cut out with the same cookey cutter.

It's the fashion, now, for Miss Goldy Star to have a "big, generous mouth" painted over her own originally good-looking mouth. It's the fad for the actresses to look languid and ethereal and just a bit bored and to wear a flower topknot. For example:

Ginger Rogers: She's beautiful. Granted. But I often wonder if she didn't have just a bit more individuality a few years back when she had her own cute figure and baby-doll face.

Simone Simon: Personally, I don't consider her beautiful, but she possesses a piquant quality you'd go a long ways to duplicate. That is, she did possess it. The movies, not satisfied with her own unique charm, gave her a Joan Crawford mouth and a hairdress à la Cinematown!

And now—I can't bear it any longer—look what they're doing to Sonja Henie! Winsome and cuddlesome, they're streamlining her to a fare-u-well and up pops that "big, generous" mouth, again. Heaven forbid!

It's pleasant to see so much feminine pulchritude on the silver screen, but aside from a few character actresses and Luise Rainer (and who knows when she will succumb) they all look like a flock of pretty little carbon copies. S.O.S.!

**RITA PHILLIPS ROBB, Rapid City, S. Dakota**

**$1 PRIZE**

**PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT**

"Learn by experience" croaks the homespun philosopher, and what a pleasure it is to me to observe that many intelligent wide-awake movie stars have done just that.

Alice Faye has had the good taste to soften her hair from a garish platinum shade to a more becoming and softer golden brown.

Carole Lombard has forgotten to pose continually for the audience's benefit. She has laid aside those mannerisms such as shrugging her shoulders and lifting her lovely eyebrows in Garboesque fashion. The result is a better actress and a more natural unstudied beauty.

Joan Crawford has discarded her extreme mouth make-up and her super-super, but oh so impractical hair-dos.

Janet Gaynor has the good sense to realize that

A fairy godmother was looking after Lana Turner when Mervyn LeRoy found her jerking sodas in a store and cast her in "They Won't Forget" (please turn to page 106)
A paradox in Hollywood—
Olivia de Havilland, who passes up the night clubs
and sleeps 14 hours a day
—when she gets a chance

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

A RICKETY ANSWER

THE ANSWER MAN
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.
and superb acting by all the principals combine to make Kipling's powerful tale of Pre rove semi-infantile into the best picture of the season. Freddie Bartholomew in "Hobson's Choice" and Douglas Douglas surpass their most brilliant efforts. Pos-tively a "must." (June)


CHINA PASSAGE—RKO-Radio—Introduction: Constance Worth, Australian actress, in her first American picture, this winds through a maze of unbelievable situations involving murder and jewel thieves. You've seen it all before. Skip. (May)

DANCE CHARLIE DANCE—Warners.—Stuart Erwin provides what comedy he can in this old-fashioned picture of a small town boy who inherits a ranch and quits on an unsuccessful Broadway production. Jean Muir is his sympathetic girl friend. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards and Glenda Farrell contribute. (July)

DREAMING LIPS—RKO—United Artists.—A problem play of the triangle school that allows Elisabeth Bergner as the wife, Rooney Brent as the wronged husband, and Raymond Massey as the weak lover, full play for their magnificent talents. If you like your psycho tragic, see this. (June)

ELEPHANT BOY—Korda-United Artists.—Tropical jungles and Oriental magnificence are the background for this simple tale of a boy's friendship with the biggest elephant in existence. Based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants," it is a completely diverting photographic masterpiece. Don't miss it. (June)

ESPIONAGE—M-G-M.—A skit full spy story that a downright diverting with the up-to-the-minute touch. Attractive stars of Edmund Lowe, Madame Evans and Paul Lukas. Gay surprises and a proper amount of suspense make this a "must." (May)

FAMILY AFFAIR—M-G-M.—The dialogue is excellent, the direction clean-cut in this amusing chronicle of a typical upper-class American family. Lionel Barrymore, Cecilia Parker, Eric Linden and Mickey Rooney are splendid. You'll like it. (May)

FIREFLY TOWN TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox—Another cautious comedy of the semi-smart type with Ann Sothern running away to elope, and Don Ameche escaping from a divorce action. They meet in a deserted cabin. From then on, it's everybody's party. John Qualen and Slim Summerville are around. (June)

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120 |
The Highest LOVE ... the lowest men
The Seven Seas have ever known

MUTINY!...Gold-mad, blood-mad cutthroats
defying the gallows...doomed unless they smash
a love that dared a HONEYMOON OF HORROR!
NEVER BEFORE SUCH A MIGHTY SEA-SPECTACLE!
NEVER AGAIN SUCH A STRANGE LOVE STORY!

Warner WALLACE
BAXTER BEERY
SLAVE SHIP
with
Elizabeth ALLAN
Mickey ROONEY

GEORGE SANDERS • JANE DARWELL
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson
Based on a Novel by George S. King
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production
THOUGHTS of an editor vacationing in Europe... I believed I knew about the power of the word "Hollywood" but I didn’t really until I got over here... you have only to announce that you come from the place to find yourself invested with an automatic glamour and turned instantly into a question and answer department...

Coronation Day in London with its banners flying vividly against the steady downpour of rain. I sat and watched the crowds going up to the temporary newsstands erected in the various stands and buying books on Shirley Temple... there were other things to buy there... magazines, novels, newspapers... but hundreds bought a sixpence booklet on Shirley to one who bought a newspaper... Coronation night at the very chic Savoy... everyone in carnival mood... a table of English musical comedy stars near-by... the crowd asked them to sing, which they did, but what the crowd called for were song hits from American musical comedies... said one of the comedians, Jack Hurlbut, climbing up on his chair and waving a champagne glass, "Ladies and Gentlemen today we have seen a spectacle that Hollywood could not surpass"...

LEFT London to get away from the Coronation crowds and visited Windsor Castle... sitting in the dining room where Charles the Second had so often had his meals, walking beneath the balcony from which Anne Boleyn had looked out across the gardens, strolling about the courtyard where Elizabeth had watched her horses being groomed... it was the past, completely peopled with ghosts until a voice somewhere in the servants quarters of the palace began singing "Pennies from Heaven"...

At Oxford staying overnight at a hotel more than six hundred years old and the little maid who brought breakfast begging my pardon with much blushing and stammering but oh, miss, could I please tell her was Clark Gable really going to marry Carole Lombard...

I muttered to myself that I was on vacation... fed up on movie stars, bored with the very idea of Hollywood... so my chauffeur drove me further and further away from the cities... into the tiny English towns... through what the English call "the black country" meaning the ugly industrial cities of the north... but there were the cinemas... Joan Crawford in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 91]
Suppose a $75,000

Here's How I Felt

by

Jean Arthur

I WAS RIDING on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Yes, sitting there all clumped up, worrying about how I could squeeze a new budget-shop hat out of my poor little old salary. Then it happened. A fur coat landed out of the sky right in my lap. And what a coat. Not lapin or Kolinsky, not even mink, but real movie-star sable. Imagine a million dollars floating into your office window and you'll know just about how I felt. Naturally, when I recovered enough to ring the bell and get off the bus, I hurried right back to see where it came from. I knew it had to go back. After all, twenty-dollar-a-week stenos don't keep sable coats.

MR. BALL BUYS A HAT...

I went back to where the bus was when the coat fell on me. And I stood there holding it, hoping whoever was tossing sable coats out of windows would come and claim it. Then I met Mr. Ball. Mr. Ball was a big man who looked as if he owned the world. His face was red kind of like he was angry. He tipped his hat and said, "Young lady, do you like that coat?" I thought the world had gone completely mad. "Well," he went on, "keep it then. I'd rather see somebody wear it who can appreciate it. But you need a new hat. Something's happened to yours, hasn't it?" I took off my little ancient felt and, sure enough, the coat had hit it, and it was squashed in worse than ever. Well, it's unbelievable. Mr. Ball just took my arm and shoved me into the swankiest hat shop on the Avenue and bought me a glorious new hat. "There," he said, "You look fine. Goodbye."

I GET A TOWN CAR

But this was only the beginning. Here I was, Mary Smith, with a beautiful new sable coat and a beautiful new Paris bonnet, and before you could say Jack Robinson another amazing thing happened. A little man
you got hit on the head with sable coat! How would you feel?

Twenty-Dollar-a-week stenos don’t keep sable coats.

Jean Arthur

who said he ran the most exclusive hotel in New York had appeared and handed me the imperial royal suite to live in. Another man had given me a brand new town car to ride around in. A jeweler had sent me oodles and oodles of diamonds to try on. All of a sudden, it seemed as if New York had suddenly picked on me to hand all its most precious luxuries to ... me, Mary Smith ...

I MAKE A MILLION...

But, as if all this wasn’t enough to make me keep pinching myself, a very serious minded gentleman in a derby bows in front of me and asks me if it’s all right for him to invest a few hundred thousand dollars for me. And before I can even think of a sensible answer like “No,” he’s invested or done something with his dream money. For he comes back to tell me I’ve just made a million dollars. Me, Mary Smith, living in the ritziest hotel in town, wearing sable and silk and having chauffeurs and butlers and valets and florists and masseuses bow to me as if I were a queen ... and now I’m told I’m worth a million dollars.

I MEET MY DREAM PRINCE...

And yet the most wonderful thing of all I haven’t even mentioned. My dream prince. Suddenly there he was, grinning at me, and wearing not any fancy prince charming clothes, just an ordinary gray suit. But he had a smile like all the best story book lads and he told me he loved me, me, Mary Smith ...

But Mary’s told you enough. Did she have to go back to pounding the old typewriter, punching the old time clock? Or did her series of amazing lucky breaks end happily for Mary? You’ll find the answer in Paramount’s “Easy Living,” the grandest picture of the summer, starring Jean Arthur in her swellest role as little Mary Smith, Edward Arnold as Old Mr. Ball, and dashing Ray Milland as her dream prince.

Ray Milland

He had a smile like the story book lads.

Adolph Zukor presents

JEAN ARTHUR • EDWARD ARNOLD

EASY LIVING

RAY MILLAND • LUIS ALBERNI • MARY NASH

A Paramount Picture • Directed by Mitchell Leisen
Glamour

WHILE YOU WAIT

"At last," cried the would-be star as she signed her first film contract, "success is mine! I've waited a long time to get into pictures, and fought a hard fight, but it's all over now!"

She was young and attractive and possessed of that certain something—personality, they call it, for want of a better word—which is the real requisite of stardom today. She apparently had the potentialities of a topnotcher. Still, she was wrong when she said: "It's all over now."

On the contrary—and she learned it soon enough—the fight she had made to get her first break in pictures was just a preliminary skirmish compared to the battle that lay ahead. Instead of saying, "It's all over now," she should have said, "It is just beginning."

Because, even though a girl has won a screen contract, she must travel a long, hard road before she can hope to enter that coveted Valhalla wherein dwell Filmdom's truly great. She must exchange her vision of fame for the reality of work—work that often seems pointless and futile. She must suffer almost certain physical pain and more than certain bruises of heart and spirit. Unquestioning, unprotesting, she must deliver herself up to a strange, sometimes fearful order of existence in which she is accepted, not as an individual, scarcely as a human being, but only as clay which, someday, God willing, will be moulded into a moving picture star.

A new contract player earns about $50 a week. Robert Taylor made even less than that at first—Frances Farmer and Fred MacMurray a little more. But $50 is the average. And for that amount, Mary Brown or Susie Glutz or whoever she is, must discard her identity unconditionally; must forget she is an individual; must surrender to the studio that signs her up for at least two long years of her life.

And what does she get in return, other than her small salary? The answer is fairly certain. Stardom, if she can "stand the gaff"; disappointment and oblivion, if she cannot.

This is the story of what really happens to a new contract player, especially the "feminine of the species," during the years which constitute the average apprenticeship in pictures—

Here the actual truth is told—from change of name to change of hairline, from close-ups to clothes. To the strong of heart comes success—but at a price!

Clay in the hands of studio gods, this potential star. Contract signing is only the beginning, but the reward—stardom if she can stand the gaff
What the young player looks forward to as a real thrill often sends her home in bitter tears, weary and humiliated.

The detailed description of the price nine out of ten new players must pay, and have paid, for screen success.

The first thing the studio does, almost always, is to change her name. In place of her own, she is given one that fills two requisites: brevity (so it can be written large in lights) and euphony. Alice Faye, Myrna Loy, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow—don't they all sound pleasing? They should. They are Hollywood's own creations, decided upon after careful thought and many conferences among the powers that be.

On the first day that this new contract player reports for work at the studio, she is sent—not to some set to face a camera, (she won't see a moving picture camera for many weeks to come) but to the studio's dramatic school. All studios have one. She reports to the head coach. She is certain to find him in a room full of mirrors, and she is certain to be scrutinized, examined, put through her paces much as a child is catechized by a teacher the first day he reports to school, that his talents and training may be properly classified and recorded. Only in this instance, it is the new player's physical attributes, abilities and appearance that are first considered.

"Stand up... Sit down... Walk... Turn around..."

The head coach barks commands at her like a circus trainer handling his animals. And while she is obeying, he and other experts comment on her mirrored likeness.

"She walks fairly smoothly..."

"Yes, but she wiggles her hips..."

"She is pigeon-toed..."

"Her steps are too short..."

This will probably go on for hours, until she is ready to drop from weariness and to cry from humiliation. She had better stem her tears, though. If she is smart, she will realize that this is just the beginning.

As a result of this first day's experimenting, the coaches prescribe a course of training and correction for their new pupil, similar to that which has been followed by every big star in Hollywood since talkies came in.

It is a slow and tedious business. She will spend days re-
hearing nothing more than walking across a room with books balanced on her head, to insure grace. She will spend many more days learning simply how to stand still gracefully and to move suddenly, without awkwardness . . . and a host of additional hours will be spent learning to seat herself properly and to remain seated without wriggling and fidgeting. Haven't you seen people who cannot seem to sit still? Well, this is a point not to be tolerated on the screen. Any new candidate learns how to sit still gracefully right away.

She will be taught, too, to forget her hands.

"An actress' hands can ruin her," the coach always explains. "She absolutely must learn to handle them with an easy carelessness." So, day after day, a new player will rehearse correct movement and idleness of the hands.

Incidentally, many of the screen's most finished and glamorous actresses have had plenty of trouble with theirs. Norma Shearer worked with her hands endlessly, until their movements became graceful and unobtrusive. Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert did the same. On the contrary, they say over at Paramount that young Marsha Hunt's hands, from the very beginning, were lovely both in appearance and in movement.

However, if it isn't a new player's hands that are wrong, it will be something else. Every player has plenty of faults to overcome during his or her long apprenticeship in Hollywood's training school.

A new player will also take up dancing. Not that she will ever use it on the screen, but because it will give her poise, assurance of movement and muscle flexibility as well as assistance in keeping down her weight. Slenderness, of course, is essential to screen charm.

In addition to this physical grooming for stardom, there will be voice training, several hours of it each day, during which our novice reads aloud—poetry, plays, ordinary prose—while a teacher listens and corrects her pronunciation, enunciation, tone and diction.

She will also study singing. Her coaches know she will probably never sing in a picture, but this training will improve her tone quality and eliminate dissonance from her speech.

Is she the first to do this? Certainly not. Carole Lombard, Joan Blondell, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Jean Arthur, Myrna Loy, Virginia Bruce and dozens of others take a singing lesson every day, even now. They do this because they want to cultivate the loveliest speaking voice possible.

After a few months of this type of training, another phase of star grooming is instigated—not as a substitute for what the new player already has been doing, but in addition to it. She is turned over now to a corps of beauty experts.

As on that first day, she is treated by those she is sent to as so much raw material to be worked over. The whole procedure is pretty brutal. I know because I was present at one of those sessions.

You would be surprised, perhaps, if I told you the name of the player, now a famous star, who appeared at the studio's make-up department that memorable afternoon.

I don't think I shall ever forget it. She looked so young and pretty and eager. You could tell she had anticipated this, her first make-up test, as a real thrill. But I don't believe it was. It must have been something quite different.

In the first place, the "Head Man" didn't like the slacks and sports shirt she wore. Brusquely, he handed her the top to a sun suit. "Put it on," he ordered. "How do you expect me to arrange a proper evening coiffure without seeing your back?"

When the younger (and she was no more than that then) had done as he said, he gave another order: "Stand there."

There was a pedestal in a mirrored alcove. When she had mounted it, he turned on lights above and all around her and, at the same time, turned off the lights where we sat. The result was something like the prisoner show-ups they stage daily at the city jail. The poor victim stood in a blinding glare while the rest of us, seated in semidarkness, inspected her

The "H.M." began tabulating his observations, dictating to a stenographer as he talked. "Haidine—okay; follow for wigs."

Yes, almost every scene actress wears a wig in pictures. It saves a prodigious amount of time that would otherwise be spent in hairdressing. If her own hair and hairline are good, the wig is an exact replica. If not, it is changed to a
more pleasing effect.

The "H.M." went on: "Eyebrows—pluck and lengthen. Nose—too long. Teeth—unsatisfactory. Skin—passable; cut out sweets. Facial contour—too round; curl hair high. Mouth—upper lip to be thickened with rouge—"

He wasn't trying to hurt the girl's feelings. He wasn't even thinking of them. He was simply pointing out the plain, unvarnished truth and proposing remedies. He told her, also, as though it were nothing at all, that her teeth would have to be straightened and her nose shortened. He even told her she must bathe oftener.

Up to that point she had been taking it without a whimper. But this was different. Crimson color flooded her face. Tears brimmed over.

"I bathe every day!" she choked. "How hateful of you—"

Curly, he interrupted her. "Well, bathe twice a day. You are undoubtedly clean enough, but your skin is too oily."

There was more. She stood there before those hot, white lights all afternoon while the expert and his assistants unearthed everything about her appearance there was to know, and made their decisions. When it was over, her pictorial personality had been agreed upon; the color of her hair; the type of her make-up.

I don't know whether she went home and cried, or not. I know I would have—and maybe quit the picture business, too. She, I hasten to tell you, did not do that. Instead, she followed all instructions. She had her nose shortened by a plastic surgeon famous for his beautifying of screen players. She had her teeth straightened. Teeth are particularly important to a pleasing screen appearance. The slightest irregularity shows up as a glaring defect. Consequently, half the stars in Hollywood have had the ones nature gave them improved upon.

Alice Faye is one of the most notable examples. When she came West for her first picture, with Rudy Vallee, her teeth, though good, were too far apart. In order that work could begin right away, they filled in the crevices with cement, but when it became apparent she was a hit and therefore in pictures to stay, the studio sent her to a dentist. In six months' time she had a beautiful set of teeth.

Clark Gable's teeth, also, have been practically made over. So have Greta Garbo's. Marion Talley has been going to the dentist for months, having gold fillings, even in back teeth, supplanted by porcelain fillings so that in close-ups, when she opens her mouth to sing, not a single blemish will be visible. Other singers have done, likewise. Jeanette MacDonald, in fact, is one of the few singing stars whose teeth are all her own—and perfect.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]
The tables are turned—Bill's on the receiving end of a big laugh—and it's W.W. who did the trick! Again: Bill gazes soulfully at dapper Charlie McCarthy, that infamous "big piece of Grade B lumber"

by SARA HAMILTON

Yes, my little chickadees, it's Bill Fields—the man who wouldn't let the world forget

THERE'S something in the very air of Hollywood—a zip, a chuckle, a snap that only a week before was lacking. Natives are crawling out from their hibernating gloom, their faces all set for a laugh. There's good humor everywhere.

And all because That Man's Here Again.

Yes sir, Bill Fields is back. Back not only to take up where he left off, but to go on from there, bantering over the air to millions of listeners.

Already people are saying, "Say, did you hear Fields' latest crack about his pernicious dandruff? And the one about the doctor over at Bill's hospital who treated a patient for three years for yellow jaundice before he discovered the suffering man was a Chinaman?"
NOT in the years she lived, but in the life and laughter of which Fame robbed her lies the story of Jean Harlow which Hollywood suppressed.

All the things she wanted most to do she had been forced to leave undone when she turned that last, blind, unbelieving smile upon the man she loved, seeking his face through the gathering darkness.

And in her heart for all her courage, must have been a passionate protest at death, which had once before stabbed her so cruelly in the back. was taking her away from all the bright and beautiful things her falling hands reached out to, at long last.

Somehow it does not seem quite fair—somehow it seems she had earned the right to walk out of that prison in which she had been held captive. And somehow I cannot bear to think that she had to go alone. She had whistled in the dark so often in her short life that it hurts to think of her, so very young, such a foolishly brave little thing, whistling in the darkness of the valley of the shadow—alone and still trying not to be afraid.

For a long time, ever since a day in September now almost four years ago. I have thought much of Jean Harlow and the years that lay before her. She has always seemed to me since that September, 1933, the most poignant figure in the dynamic drama of Hollywood. Victim of a tragedy only half understood even by those of us who knew her best. I cannot quite seem to realize that life didn't give her time to find her happy ending—as though just as the storm and rain were over and she reached out her hand to take hold of the rainbow, it turned to lightning and struck her down. I wanted so much to see those years to come, to see life repay her for its betrayals, to see the happy ending of her strange story. Perhaps we all felt that way. Perhaps that was why in spite of the hard-boiled, unsym pathetic parts she went on playing we had a peculiar tenderness for her—we wanted to see her get a square deal and find that happy ending.

Jean Harlow had success. Few women have had more success.

But it wasn't enough. For she was greedy, as all such women must be. She was a vibrant, lusty, high-spirited, generous, fault, eager young thing and success is a cold bedfellow. We don't always understand the incredible contradictions of women like Jean Harlow. The very things that made for her success made success empty for her. The love of life, the warm, sweet desire for love, the all-woman heart of her, reached out from the screen. Under all the glitter and the glamour which were her stock in trade they were there. That's why we loved and forgave the women she played—the platinum blondes and the redhead women—because those wistful, pitiful moments of heartache and reality always came through. And she wanted so many more things and everything she touched turned to a glittering fame, as everything once turned to glittering gold at the touch of Midas.

Desperately, she wanted the things all normal women want. And over and over again that impulsiveness of hers robbed her of them. Over and over, she was betrayed by her own heart and denied the things she wanted.

She wanted a child.
She wanted marriage—a real marriage.
She wanted a home.
She wanted to be able to eat and drink and live.

These things were just coming within her reach, just before the end. Even then, they were withheld from her because of that success and that tragedy which was none of her making.

Jean loved Bill Powell. Almost two years ago she told me that she loved him. Not in the half measures that had come to her before. Not in a boy-and-girl first love not in a sad affection, not in need, but as a woman loves the man of her life.

I suppose it is natural that Jean comes back to me tonight in pictures. Vivid pictures. The night I first saw her when Paul Bern brought her to a party at Colleen Moore's. We laughed a little about her that night not realizing that she was painfully shy and trying her poor young best to live up to Jean Harlow. We didn't mean to be unkind, but we had seen her in "Hell's Angels" and we didn't know anything about her and she was wearing such a very, very seductive black dress and a big black hat with a rakish feather and we said, "Paul will go in for all the 'bad girls' of the screen, won't he?" None of us knew how horrible a reason lay behind that habit of Paul's nor into what depths of hell it would lead the shining young blonde he introduced to us that night.

Then we came to know her well and she began to be herself, and we found her gay and sweet and terribly shy and a little bewildered by this glamour girl, Jean Harlow. But delighted too. Laughing a little, amazed at this sudden tremendous success, terribly excited about it all. reaching out hungrily, as any girl would, for the applause and the fame and the luxury with a bright pride that she had done all this herself—at nineteen-twenty. That was the young Jean I knew then—

This four-color portrait, posed especially for PHOTOPLAY, was from Jean's last sitting

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
Death cut short the romance in which Jean found her greatest happiness. Except for Bill Powell, her friends were unknown studio workers. Bobbe Brown, her stand-in, was her trusted confidante.

The cruelest tragedy of her life was when Paul Bern, her husband, took his own life.

But other pictures haunt my memory of her tonight. Jean, so quaintly staid and grown-up, the day after her marriage to Paul Bern. Determined to show Paul's friends that he had married not just a glamour girl, but a girl who would be a worthy wife. And later Jean, shaking with stage fright the first time I interviewed her over the radio, and talking afterwards about her "morning marketing" and the price of eggs and carrots. Very pleased with herself, very domestic. The look of shame for him and pity for him in her eyes one night when Paul Bern made a stupid, jealous scene for no reason at all.

But that last picture of Jean, one day in a garden high on a mountain top, talking of her love for Bill Powell, that is the most vivid. I am glad it is. I like to remember her like that. The rainbow almost in her grasp. I wish only—as I am sure Bill Powell wishes now—that they hadn't been afraid, hadn't been cautious; hadn't played safe—to be sure of their happiness before they took it. If they could have seen how short the time was for happiness, I don't think they would have waited. And I wish Jean might have been a wife—a real wife—married to the man she loved as she wanted to be, even if only for a little while before the curtain fell.

Paul Bern and the dragon of unfavorable publicity robbed her of all that.

There has been so much said of the "mystery" of Paul Bern's suicide only two months after he married Jean Harlow. So much has been made of the suicide note he left which read "Dearest Dear: Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humili..."
tion. I love you, Paul. You understand last night was only a comedy."

I have never been able to see any mystery about it—nor anything mysterious or difficult to understand about that note which lay beside his dead body.

I believe and told Jean then that I believed that she knew exactly what the note meant. And I have always believed that Paul, if he could have known what his death and that note did to Jean, if he could have come back when the frightful mental anguish that drove him to death was over, would have wanted it all told no matter what it meant to him. For he was the kindest man who ever lived and, except in mental torment that wiped out all thought, he could not have done so cruel a thing to the girl he idolized.

And so now that they are both gone, it seems a simple thing to read—though Jean would allow a thousand misunderstandings rather than speak one word that would touch the name of her dead husband with that "abject humiliation" of which he wrote.

He had done her a "frightful wrong." For when he married her he had denied her wifehood and motherhood and he knew it and she did not. It was no fair bargain, for Jean did not know.

I will tell you now, for her sake, why I am so sure of that. You see it happened that I did know. For Barbara LaMarr was the dearest friend I ever had—and Paul Bern had once wanted to marry Barbara. But he was fairer with Barbara, he told her the truth, and asked her to form with him a mental and spiritual marriage. And Barbara, who was a wise and worldly woman, told [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]
EVER HEARD OF

When the glamour girls say that about the new Mrs. George Brent it’s really sour grapes—and this story tells why

The Glamour Girls of Hollywood are burning. A little girl they never heard of set the fire.

Six months ago she sailed into town from her native Australia and calmly elched from under their turned-up noses the famous young star who had been Ruth Chatterton’s husband, Greta Garbo’s boy friend, Anita Louise’s heart throb and the film colony’s nomination for the most eligible but impossible-to-get bachelor!

George Brent is the man. Constance Worth is the girl. Their runaway marriage in Tia Juana, Mexico, a few weeks ago, is still the hot talk of the town.

The sheer impudence of Connie’s success where other lassies had failed is what irks and irks plenty. But Connie just smiles sweetly and George grins happily. And the Glamour Girls burn all over again.

“But who is she?” is their lame and late defense. “Nobody ever heard of her! What’s she got that we haven’t?”

I’ll grant right off that the new Mrs. George Brent does not have the brilliant sophistication of Ruth Chatterton. She hasn’t a suggestion of the mysterious allure of Garbo. Her physical charms are not in a class with the fragile loveliness of Anita Louise. And her name doesn’t—or didn’t—mean a thing in Hollywood.

But—

She has charm, a healthy, outdoorsy kind of charm. She has a sense of humor with a wide Irish streak in it. And, she has for a husband, the personable young man the other girls wanted and couldn’t get. At least, they didn’t in the three years he has been in the marriage market.

To me it was amusing that even Connie’s own studio, RKO, knew precious little about their contract player who jumped into the romance headlines with such a bang. They had to dig into biographical files themselves when, hard on the heels of the first rumor of the surprise marriage, I called for routine information.

Connie had, it appeared, played the feminine lead in a “B” or second-class picture called “China Passage” since being put

Here’s the man Hollywood scenes tried to beat. It took blonde Connie Worth, a champ at making cakes—and love—to win him.
No girl in Hollywood has jumped into romance headlines with a greater bang than Connie—hardly was the ink dry on her marriage certificate than divorce rumors made the rounds under contract by them six months before. At present she was working on loan in an independent production, "Windjammer," in support of George O'Brien.

"Yes, but what does she look like?"

There was a significant pause. "Well," came the answer, "she's blonde and has blue eyes. Sort of medium in build."

So are a thousand and one extras in Hollywood!

Now that I've seen and talked to Connie, I can add a few items to the studio's description of her. She is blonde, blue-eyed and medium in build, true, but those are minor matters. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
The West Side Tennis Club is the most remarkable club in Hollywood for two reasons. It is on the West side of town and people do play tennis there.

Most Hollywood clubs have little or nothing to do with their names. The very sight of clover in the Clover Club would fill the natives with superstitious awe and, personally, would put me on the water wagon for life. The fundamental purpose of a club out here seems to be to serve as a place where the inmates and members can get together and talk about the inmates and members of the club across the street. A club has one other important social advantage. When guests start breaking crockery and spilling drinks on the rugs, no one worries but the club manager, and he's paid to worry about such things.

It is an accepted fact that gossip is the primary product of our clubs. The members can take a tiny tidbit, mull over it, pull it about, add a touch here and there until it becomes a truly amazing thing. But at the West Side we are proud of our record. Forty per cent of the membership plays tennis and it has been reliably rumored around that the other sixty can all recognize a tennis racket if they come upon it after tea in the morning. In my opinion, that compares very favorably with the Santa Monica Swimming Club and its neighbor, The Beach Club, only ten per cent of whose memberships ever get wet externally.

The West Side has another distinct advantage. It is hidden away in the nether regions between Los Angeles and the sea, far from the haunts of the autograph hunters. If it weren't so far from the usual tracks, there wouldn't be room to drink, much less play tennis, on the club grounds, for the simple reason that we have more celebrities there over week ends than any other acre west of Times Square.

The gossipers and box-hoppers seem to find something inexpressibly soothing on a hot sum-

Above: Errol lunches with Mr. Nakano, Davis Cup winner, after taking a trouncing. Right: the writer and Frank Shields at the weekly Sunday night Buffet Supper—plenty of food and plenty of fun for $1
PHOTOPLAY finds a crack reporter among the movie idols! This month meet our relentlessly honest scribe

at the WEST SIDE Tennis Club

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Below: Vic Orsatti, flanked by Heather Angel and Simone Simon. Wonder if his bride, June Lang, will stop that racket!

What with $50,000,000 worth of acting talent strewn around the Club, the gallery offers a better show than the courts.
mer day in dragging their tall drinks out on the veranda and watching two grown men run themselves into a ragged sweat after a small white ball. Their heads wag from side to side rhythmically like a mass formation of cobras under the influence of a powerful Oriental narcotic. But, no matter how much the heads sway, there is no diminution in chatter.

Swaying or not, that gallery is really something to see. It makes the average première tour look slim and unimpressive, especially if you prefer your female figure in shorts and such instead of sables and ermine.

FRANK SHIELDS and I were playing off a match in the men's singles one day. We met at the net for the usual handshake and kidding. Frank glanced over the gallery and back. We looked at each other and grinned, both with the same thought—that it would be far more fitting if we took a couple of chairs out on the court and watched the gallery, rather than the other way round. And a great deal more entertaining it would have been, too.

Strewn around the boxes and veranda was what I would conservatively estimate to be better than fifty million dollars worth of actresses, leading men and so-called brains.

Michael Bartlett could be seen leaping gracefully from box to box. Kay Francis was doing something languid to a cigarette. Connie Bennett was looking for Gilbert Roland and Gary Cooper was chewing a piece of grass from the lawn while Rocky talked about the women's doubles to Paulette Goddard and Dolores Del Rio. Nigel "Willy" Bruce was snorting around trying to find someone to whom he could tell a story about the guardsman and the charwoman. Cesar "Butch" Romero was looking menacingly around the veranda wondering about a gin riecy while Myrna Loy was asking Arthur Hornblow to help her focus a Leica camera so she could take a picture of Hymie Fink taking a picture of Bill Ulman taking a picture of Humphrey Bogart who was taking a picture of an airplane and doing a bad job of it, judging from the way his eye was squinted. Gloria Stuart and Maggie Sullivan were talking to each other about babies while Liz Pierson sat by knitting a sweater. That sweater, incidentally, is commonly believed to be a prop. She's been at it for two years. Somewhere further down the line, was a green Tyrolean hat with Douglas Fairbanks sitting under it talking to Lady Ashley about Wimbledon. Sally Eilers and Glenda Farrell were trying to find some shady seats, while Harry Joe Brown and Freddie March were chatting with Keith Gledhill. Somewhere down front was a New York society editor, looking frustrated as she sat in the middle of a ring of broken pencils. I laughed then. She was so obviously going mad trying to get all the names and dresses and couples straight and down on paper.

But I'm not laughing now.

I know how that industrious young lady felt. When I agreed to do a series of articles on this cockeyed town for PHOTOPLAY, I thought it would be, if not easy, at least not a very difficult job of reporting. But stand alongside a merry-go-round with the steam calliope sounding off in your ear and try reporting what it's all about sometime and you'll see what I mean.

The only things that are worth reporting anywhere are the unusual things and, in this town, the unusual is an everyday occurrence. The unusual thing at the West Side is that the membership is almost one hundred per cent picture people, so there's a tacit understanding that it is the one place where you can come in unarmored and let down your back hair without landing in a gossip column the next morning. You can even speak to a girl you haven't got under long-term contract.

The girls seem to like it because they don't have to be dressed and coiffed like a Schiaparelli fashion show. Kay Francis drops in with her hair knotted in a bandana and wearing an old coat that she's gotten used to and likes because it's comfortable. The men who have reputations for being "snappy dressers, on and off," come around for the serious business of tennis dressed comfortably and not like a page out of Esquire. The reason for that may be that if you actually dressed on the court in such a flamboyant style, your opponent would probably be blinded which is not considered sporting.

On top of that, we are developing a brand of tennis out here that bids fair to being the best on the West Coast. Frank Shields and I had the pleasure of playing, and being beaten by the ranking aces of Japan—the Davis Cup winners—a few weeks ago. My own opponent, Mr. Nakano, played a game of tennis that for sheer steadiness and powerful, flat forehand drives was a wonderful thing to watch.

After beating me 6-3, 6-3, he met me at the net and I had another taste of Oriental "face-saving." He grinned, stuck out his hand, complimented me on my game and added, "The loss wasn't entirely your fault, Mr. Flynn. You may blame it on Their Majesties' Coronation Ball last night." Matter of fact, I'd been thinking much the same thing. The endurance was ebbing a bit that day, due to the fervor with which a bunch of us had gotten together to celebrate the big show in London.

David Niven, who is keeping bachelor quarters with me, broke a record of some years' standing that afternoon by refusing to meet a dazzling blonde visiting town from Dallas. Instead, he sat mournfully watching the tennis in a ring-side box, cheering the Japanese, me and the King with little impartiality. I was really touched by it all until he met me at the showers and muttered something about, "A splendid game, old man, splendid! Best I PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102!"
"Life Begins with Love." It's the title of Jean Parker's first picture under her Columbia contract. And life did begin for Jean when she became George MacDonald's bride.
Mrs. Fonda's little boy Hank is one of Hollywood's busiest these warm days. The minute he finished "Slim," Warners' cast him for "That Certain Woman" with Bette Davis.
A rod, a reel, a murmuring brook—that’s the answer to a sportsman’s prayer. Between “Punett” and “Saratoga,” Clark Gable sandwiched in a few days of hunting and fishing. But the Allan Joneses (right) prefer the less rugged summer pastime—lolling on the beach.
Johanna Nelson Greene, below, with the baby daughter who was destined to win fame on the stage as Jean Arthur

JEAN ARTHUR is Hollywood's latest enigma. She supplants Garbo who ceased to be a mystery the minute it became apparent she lived like a recluse because her health required it. Consequently, because Hollywood must have an enigma and because Jean does keep the film colony in a perpetual state of bewilderment, she was elected.

Jean makes it very clear that those things which are meat to the average star—interviews, social prestige, publicity photographs, salaaming—are as poison to her. Those who know Jean and those who don't know her are in constant discord. The indulgent who know her insist she is a grand human being. They explain that it is because she is sensitive and life has hurt her that she appears difficult at times. Those who don't know her

HIDDEN Heritage

Exclusive! The hitherto unpublished story of Jean Arthur's pioneer ancestry

by

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER
At an early age Jean's theatrical ambitions were evident in her fondness for playing Indian and in the front porch plays she staged.

argue she takes advantage of her position to indulge herself in many downright unpleasant characteristics.

Neither group is right. I base my statement on the fact that, barring Jean's family, I believe I know more about her than anyone in Hollywood. If she were disagreeable and high-hat and other similar things those close to her would be the first to know it. And if she were the sensitive little flower she is painted she never could have survived the heartbreaking experiences which piled up on her, one on top of another. Neither could she have reconstructed her present happy and successful life on the ruins of a life which crashed not so long ago, both romantically and professionally.

Just a year ago I flew to Hollywood because Jean Arthur had agreed to give me her life story. The day I finally sat opposite her in her dressing room will be outstanding in my memory always. She was wearing a buckskin jacket and a short swinging skirt. "The Plainsman" was in production. Looking small and white and defiant, she told me she had decided not to give her story after all.

"I find I'm unwilling to expose my personal life," she said. Her words came husky and measured. "And even less willing to expose the lives of those my life has overlapped. So I guess there's nothing more to say."

Then, and it was this that made that interview so memorable, she insisted she should give me the money I would have been paid for writing her story.

"It's only fair," she said. "You came to Hollywood because I agreed to talk. Writing is your business. You made the trip counting on the revenue this story would bring you. Now that I'm unwilling to give it—now that I go back on my word, really—it's certainly up to me to see that you aren't the loser."

This attitude proclaimed her fair and understanding and many things I hadn't expected her to be. Undoubtedly I'd been more influenced by the talk I'd heard than I realized.

It wasn't long, however, before I was attracted to her as I've been attracted to few people. When this occurred I wanted her life story more than ever; because of the curiosity I had in her as well as because of my professional pride. How I finally prevailed upon her to give me her story is unimportant. What is important is that she gave it to me, passing lightly over her early years, and it was published.

Not long after this I had a letter from St. Albans, Vermont, from a man named Charles Anderson. This man, a cousin of Jean's father, was disturbed that Jean's story hadn't mentioned the fact that her real name was Gladys Greene or dealt with her early background. He asked me to come to Vermont so he might supply the missing chapters. I went—with mingled emotions.

It was on that trip to Vermont, expecting to uncover less happy and more recent material, that I came upon the romantic story of Jean Arthur's hidden heritage. It was a story which explains Jean completely. Telling it here I have no doubt I'll make it necessary for Hollywood to cast about for another enigma. For my story explains not only the independence of Jean's actions even in the face of criticism and misunderstanding, it also explains the courage she never fails to show in the face of disaster.

We are all the fruit of our family tree. And Jean, straight and golden-haired, whom Hollywood has been pleased to call an enigma, not knowing enough about her to understand her, emerges from a long line of splendid pioneers, from men and women who had courage in their hearts, willing strength in their hands, and dreams in their eyes.

We'll begin at the beginning. Five generations ago, because a man and a woman had the heart to pick up the pieces and carry on, Jean's family, the Greenes, became the first settlers in St. Albans. This man and woman settled first at Bennington, Vermont. There they worked, long and hard, to grow crops in the field they had cleared and to make the cabin, built from the felled trees, snug and warm. This man and woman, the first Greenes of whom any facts are known, like many of our American settlers, were visited occasionally by a friendly Indian. He used to come down from the hills when he was out shooting to break bread with them. And always when he did this it was a little ritual.

One day when the pumpkins were yellow on the vines, when flour enough to make the winter's supply of bread had been
There were factors in Jean's early life that prepared her, as she grew up, for the bitter heartaches she was to encounter before she became the husky-voiced glamour girl (right) with Ray Milland in Paramount's "Easy Living."
The Flowers are the main attraction, but the unsung B's are the real fun.

SEE by the papers that two bright young men named George B. Fox and Dale Armstrong have gone into the business of producing two-reel dramatic films in the technique of the short, short story. This is a deliberate effort to cut into the business of—if not do away with entirely—the B picture.

I am a kindly soul. It has often been said of me that I wouldn't hurt a fly. There is no reason for me to hurt a fly but if I could annihilate Mr. Fox and Mr. Armstrong with an H. G. Wellsian flit gun, I would gladly do so. For anyone who makes an effort to abolish the "B" is robbing me, and a whole little clique of my friends, of my favorite form of entertainment.

In case you are not "B" picture conscious, let me explain. "B's" are films produced at a low cost, somewhere between $50,000 and $175,000 (yes, I know that's dough in most places but it's a mere nothing in our best Hollywood production circles). "B's" star either once top-notch stars or newcomers. They are spoken of, in studio parlance, as "good for duals and nabes" which, translated, means that they are aimed at the double-feature houses and the neighborhood theater.

When the double feature first made its lengthy bow I, along with other enthusiastic picturegoers, complained bitterly.
I choose the films I want to see with care," I told all who would listen. "When I go to a picture that has received particularly good reviews, why should I sit through some dud starring June Lang?" And to show my profound contempt, I used to call the theater and ask, "When does the real feature go on?"

I should like to give credit where credit is due but I can't remember the name of the first "B" picture I saw. The dope at the box office—who turned out to be the opener at the doors of enchantment—gave me the wrong schedule. I arrived at the theater just as the "B" picture was beginning, trembling mightily, I sat down to make the best of a bad bargain. Then suddenly there unfolded before me the most fearless and wonderful film I had ever seen.

They took a boy and they took a girl. The girl was every-thing noble and fine and gallant. She had not a single problem which would make a psychoanalyst twiddle a thumb. Every notion she felt was worthy. The only trouble was that sometimes you couldn't exactly tell which one of numerous worthy notions she was feeling because the enamelled perfection of her face did not once vary. The most intense passion she displayed was signified by the slow closing of her beautiful large eyes. You could count the false eyelashes, twenty-four on each eye. It was simply fascinating.

Now in "A" pictures I have sometimes been frightened by some of the acting. I get fidgety when Garbo lets fly one of her many neuroses. Crawford's vitality has made me cower. Shearer's brittle poise gives me a deep inferiority. But this miraculous heroine was neither neurotic, vital nor stunningly poised. Restful—that's what she was—and easy to follow.

And she was intellectual enough to realize that she didn't have to act—even if she could. As for the hero of the tale, he was a gallant, worthy, brilliant, self-made millionaire, aged eighteen. Counterfeiters, shipwrecks, gambling hells, backstage murder—hot diggity!

The dialogue was simple and direct. Everyone said exactly what he meant, like "Let's get out of here," "Darling, I love you" and "Oh, hello." No beating around any conversational bush. It was all so familiar you could sing it to Rock-a-Bye-Baby. You were soothed and excited at the same time. And if that's not entertainment, you name it.

After having raised such a row because the wrong schedule had been given me, I felt like a cad sitting there enjoying myself too much. So I tried to lay my enjoyment at the door of nostalgia.

"Now this," I philosophized, "is what pictures used to be.
Dangers

THAT FACE ROBERT TAYLOR!

When people speak of the “dangers” of Hollywood they are talking as a rule, of such spectacular pitfalls as wine (vintage champagne); women (very wild); parties (orgies); and a sort of general insanity which has been publicized, preached against, and linked with the name Hollywood the world over.

Considered calmly, like pitfalls yawn before the feet of young people and old in every big city and most small ones in the world. The chief difference is that Hollywood is the proverbial goldfish bowl. Everyone who gets into the swim can be seen, gaped at and pointed out as an “example”—bad or good. There is just as much drinking, as many sensual women, a rub: would-be Casanovas, just as many wild parties and extravagance, and as many scandals and divorces in any community—only Hollywood happens to be of more public interest than Podunk Corners... so when there’s a shooting at the Corners or when Hiram the Hired Man runs away with the farmer’s wife, or the Judge’s son gets drunk and drives his car into an elm tree, the newspapers make very little of it. But let a Hollywood star acquire a simple hangnail and before morning it’s a hangover!

As a matter of fact, Hollywood people are oddly enough just people. Some drink and some gamble; some stay out nights and some make love to other people’s husbands or wives; some beat their own wives and others take to narcotics; some give Roman parties and others just roam. But all make headlines... unless the studios are very adroit. Yet from where I sit, I can quote a New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, San Francisco scandal for every Hollywoodian going on.

If I were giving advice to the boy or girl who is starting out in Hollywood I certainly should not dwell on these ordinary menaces, for he or she would encounter them anywhere else. A young clerk, or a stenographer, a girl behind the department store counter or a boy selling insurance can find plenty of danger in the big or small town if he or she wants to look for it. To be sure, in moneyed circles, it is bigger and better, so to speak, and maybe there’s wine instead of gin, roulette instead of craps, a ruby necklace instead of a wrist watch, an ermine wrap instead of lapin—but the principle is just the same. And Hollywood works very hard. The greater majority of the people in it, when working, go to bed early and get up early. If a young man values his health and his appearance, if a girl thinks about her skin, neither of them goes in for magnums of bubbly. Also, they recall the morality clause in their contracts. When I was in Hollywood I went to dinner at the home of a great editor, now deceased. I was so entranced with my own presence in the home of the famous that I stayed until after midnight, and realized afterwards that except for myself everyone had yawned behind their hands, looked longingly at the clock and wished themselves safely in bed!

No, it’s dangers to be encountered in Hollywood are not the obvious things against which our mothers warned us we were practically in the cradle. There are dangers from within, dangers like termites, working with stealth, and leaving eventually the hollow shell of what was once an integrated human being.

Let us consider the case of Robert Taylor and the things he has to fight. It took him just two years to become one of the most attractive and talked-of young male stars in the world.

Well, they’ve done everything to him. They’ve enlarged his neckline, changed his hairline and given him rôles which many older and more experienced actors would hesitate to tackle. They have rushed him from one picture to another; they have publicized him until even in Borneo the maidens grow breathless at the mere mention of his name—which isn’t his own name, of course. They put his nice mother on the radio—she gave us a very good recipe for baked beans—and interviewed her mercifully about her son’s life. They broke up what looked like a promising love affair, and when another was delicately trumpeted around the world they began to make a picture, with the object of Mr. Taylor’s affections playing opposite him—a neat touch... in fact, a touch, a desire to cash in.

Mr. Taylor has leaped like the nimble chamois from a salary of thirty-five dollars a week to around two thousand. He can’t appear anywhere without women hurling themselves upon his enlarged neck and tearing the clothes off his back for souvenirs. What this will do, has perhaps done to... [Please turn to page 105]
It was fun to be a prospective bride. The Johnny Mack Browns gave a pre-nuptial dinner for Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. Fay Wray and Billy Bakewell watch the bride-to-be cut her cake. Below: Fight enthusiasts Walter Winchell, Bob Armstrong, a grown-up Jackie Cooper and Pat O'Brien

Do these things happen only in Hollywood?
After the final vows had been exchanged between Vic Orsatti and his bride, June Lang, bridesmaids Claire Trevor and Alice Faye stepped up to kiss the bride and murmur, "You're making no mistake, June. Vic is a fine man. You see, we know."
Claire and Alice had both been sweethearts of the groom.

SHHH, step lightly, and we'll take you into the very boudoir of the Charles Boyers' for an intimate glimpse of a domestic tragedy.

A new dress had cost Mrs. Boyer, Pat Patterson to fans, more than any frock she had ever bought, but she simply had to have it. It was her dress. And this very evening it lay on the ironing board downstairs ready for the maid to press.

Charles and Pat were sipping their champagne cocktails before it was time to dress for the important premiere at the Chinese Theater. Suddenly before them stood the maid, trembling and crying. The dress was ruined. The iron had been too hot.

Pandemonium, with weepings and wailings, broke loose. Boyer ran frantically from maid to Pat and Pat to maid, trying to calm each in turn.

"Don't cry," Boyer soothed his wife, "tomorrow I will buy you six new dresses. I promise you."

All the way to the theater he promised his wife six new frocks if only she wouldn't feel so badly.

"Six new ones," he repeated and then, just before entering the theater, his French thriftiness took hold of him. "Well, anyway, darling," he said, "I will buy you two new ones."
It must have been one of those twenty-minutes-to-the-hour or twenty-minutes-after lulls that happens so often in a room full of people. At any rate, in a sudden silence, the voice of Mrs. Clark Gable was heard to say,

"Well, now, mine doesn't want a divorce."

Three women simultaneously leaped to the nearest telephone to call Carole Lombard.

At a recent social gathering in Pasadena, Werner Janssen, musical director, introduced his wife to a friend from Vienna. "You must meet Mrs. Janssen," he said.

The friend took the hand of Mrs. Janssen and looked at her a long minute without speaking. Finally he said, "You must forgive me for staring at you like this, but you remind me so much of a fair lady I once fell in love with. She was quite the loveliest lady I ever saw, but, unfortunately, I could never meet her. She was of the motion-picture screen."

The voice of Mrs. Janssen faltered slightly as she asked, "And what was her name?"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]
On their last vacation together—these pictures were taken when Mr. and Mrs. Henie accompanied their famous daughter and Tyrone Power to the "Thin Ice" location.

**SHADOW ACROSS THE ICE**

Sonja Henie has lost her partner. Theirs was an invincible combination—invincible, physically, to all but one thing. Death parted them in Hollywood. And only death could have separated such a team as theirs.

Roaming the world together, from Oslo to Budapest, from Montreal to Vienna, from Berlin to New York, the great, barrel-chested man with his vast smile, and the small, flaxen-haired daughter, became the most famous partnership in the world of sports.

Together they had conquered every obstacle and reached every goal they had set. The story of their love and comradeship is as human, and as inspiring, as a prayer from the heart.
To Sonja Henie has come the pain of times that cannot be again. Her compensation is the safe-kept memory of a lovely thing that stood between her and her generous-hearted partner.

It is a story that has never been told.

Let this, therefore, be a salute and a farewell to Wilhelm Henie, father of the greatest ice skater that history records, and a tribute to his share in the triumphs of his daughter.

From the very first, it was apparent that Sonja was cast in the same mold as her father, while, as it often happens, her brother Lief was going to be like his mother.

Two years older than Sonja, Lief was slender, studious, quiet. Sonja was active, brimming with superabundance of energy and spirit, marked with a quick temper but a happy disposition.

She was only three when the real partnership began between “Pop” Henie and Sonja. Owner of a large and wealthy fur house in Oslo, Norway, Wilhelm could indulge his family. And so each winter he would take them to his big hunting lodge in the mountains at Geilo.

It was here that he laced her first skis on Sonja’s baby feet, his big fingers fumbling clumsily with the thongs.

“Now you be careful,” he admonished, “and keep out of trouble, or Mother will be angry.”

She started down an easy slope, her pudgy legs sprawled out, and straightway she dove. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]
Bernarr Macfadden, PHOTOPLAY'S publisher, is interested in the scene Director Bob Leonard explains. It’s on ”The Firefly” set and he watches Jeanette MacDonald (below), as Nina Azara, Spain's famed entertainer, dance for the first time in her screen career.

**Hollywood—caught off guard again**

—with more comments by that clever Star Shadower who can pass the “Closed to Visitors” sign and get us sidelights on the real secrets of the sets

We see by the headlines—big headlines, too—that there is a strike in Hollywood. We have a dire presentiment of the gloom within the studios. We picture production slowed down, perhaps stalled. We have a foreboding of silence where there are microphones, empty stages where there are cameras.

We remember Jack Benny’s gag in “The Hollywood Revue,” a few seasons ago. Describing film folk, he said, in his mildly caustic way, “Just one big happy family!” and then made a gesture of having his throat slit horizontally.

The gag, we think ruefully, has become serious. Ruefully, we anticipate writing this month of bitter feuds, instead of better films.

But there is something wrong with the strike picture that the papers have painted. In front of studio gates, we find a few thin lines of lonely-looking pickets, carrying signs: “Don’t scab!” On sets, a few haggard make-up people perform the work of the former large staff. A few feminine stars are mildly upset by the temporary loss of their regular hairdressers.

We find no symptoms of production slowing down or stalling. The studios still are making pictures, just as good pictures as ever, and having a good time doing it. Some of them are making more pictures than usual.

Warner Brothers-First National, for instance. Without counting any Grade B pictures, there are five “must-see” sets on our list on this lot.

“Varsity Show” is one of them. This is the latest big musical of the Warners, who rather make a habit of being musical in a great big way. It stars—you’ve guessed it—Dick Powell. Co-starred with him are Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.

Incurably hopeful of some day finding a musical comedy with A Plot That Matters, we ask what the story is about. We learn that Dick Powell, as an undergrad at dear old Winfield College, produces these Varsity Shows. They’re terrific hits.
From school, he goes to Broadway. He produces shows that are terrific flops. But so are the Shows at school after he leaves. The undergrads summon him back; the professors resent his intrusion. Upshot: he goes back to Broadway—his idea of a Varsity Show goes with him—and bam—they score a socko hit. Oh, yes—he makes a star of his coed sweetheart.

We look forward to being dazzled by some skillfully undraped dancing girls in the best Warner tradition. Or hearing Dick Powell sing one of next month’s song hits. Or watching Warner’s bandmen swing it. But do we see any of these things?

Left, occasion: Ernst Lubitsch’s 25th anniversary as a director. Place: the famed all-white room in “Angel.” Point: Dietrich-Lubitsch feud rumors dispelled when Marlene has Bart Marshall and Ernst eating out of her hands.

Top: Directing “That Certain Woman.” Edmund Goulding spent hours getting Bette Davis in the right mood. Then came a bee. . .

Below: case of the howling dog, Priscilla Lane of “Varsity Show” she’s Lola Lane’s sister.
We do not. We see a restrained mob scene—the scene in the musty college auditorium when the Dean announces that Professors Catlett and Atwell will have charge of the Varsity Show.

The auditorium is jammed with sweatered adolescents. They look collegiate enough to be from U. S. C. or U. C. L. A. They aren’t. From the front row to the rear, they’re $5-a-day extras. Youngsters who might have gone to college, if there hadn’t been a depression.

They are taking today’s instruction from silvery-haired, but youngster William Keighley, who last directed the mob scenes (and all the other scenes) in “The Prince and the Pauper.” This is in a different mood, but a mob is still a mob. And Keighley has this one under complete control. He doesn’t use the hard-boiled method. He uses the way of persuasion. He gives even a mob credit for intelligence. And just between you and us, he also flatters their mobs on their acting ability as individuals. He is kinder than most directors. And shrewder.

Between scenes, we meet a couple of girls that you are about to meet—Rosemary and Priscilla Lane. Rosemary is the poised one who sings; Priscilla, the pert one who dances. They are sisters of Lola Lane. They have been with Waring’s band for six years. As part of the unit, they came out for the picture. Warners liked their looks. Rosemary was given the feminine lead opposite Dick; Priscilla, the second lead. We ask if Waring can spare them for future films. Priscilla says, “In show business, you can always be replaced.” Priscilla has wide-open blue eyes. She seems to be keeping them wide-open even in Hollywood. She sounds promising.

We see Roy (Stuttering) Atwell talking to Walter Catlett between scenes with nary a stutter. We see the camera crew celebrating the cameraman’s birthday, between scenes, with a spanking party. (The boys think nothing of whaling their boss.) We see the mob react to Keighley’s quiet charm. We won’t see any chorine choreography unless we stay here for days. Frustrated, we wander on—to the set of “First Lady.”

This is Kay Francis’ third picture in a very rapid row. Kay operates on the theory that the longer she works at one stretch, the longer her eventual vacation will be. It’s like hitting yourself on the head with a mallet: it feels so good when you stop.

She is undergoing a vast change with this picture, both in front of the camera and behind it. In front of the camera, Kay is going in for mad comedy. (It’s a lampooning of Washington society, inspired by the Dolly Gann-Alice Longworth precede-feud of a few years ago.) Behind the camera, on this set, she isn’t sitting apart, remote from everyone but her maid; she’s laughing with the gang, really being sociable.

There seems to be three reasons for the transformation: (1) The mood of the picture. (2) The high sociability of the supporting cast, headed by Preston Foster, Anita Louise, Marjorie Rambeau, Louise Fazenda, Lucille Gleason. (3) Director Stanley Logan. He used to be a dialogue director. He told players how to read lines. Now, Warners are giving him a chance to tell them how to act, too. It’s an experiment—but it makes sense.

We see a scene in which Kay, smartly dressed, makes a solo entrance through a doorway. Ordinarily, she might enter with the cool poise that is a Francis trade-mark. Logan wants her to enter animatedly, like a smartly dressed woman eager for admiring approval. And Kay delivers what he wants.

“Mr. Dodd Takes the Air,” Warners hope they have two stars in the making. Their names are Kenny Baker and Jane Wyman.

Kenny is a local boy, tall and good-looking, who takes the curse off his wavy hair by looking shy. He is the singer who plays dumb on the Jack Benny radio program. He must be dumb like a fox. Jane is a vivid brunette, who also used to be a radio singer before she turned to movie-acting. Their mutual Big Opportunity is a story of a small-town boy who makes good in the big city by singing on the radio, then doesn’t know what to do with his sudden success. It is the girl friend who tells him.

We see them in a modernistic nightclub—one of those movie night clubs that takes the gloss off the real kind. The headwaiter doesn’t want to admit Kenny in a business suit. Jane explains who he is. The headwaiter recants, adding that Kenny’s boss is in the club. Kenny wants to see but Jane won’t let him. The headwaiter leads them to a floor-side table. Other guests are awed by the sight of Kenny. He’s awed by his surroundings.

In two tries, they satisfy Alfred Green, who has been for twenty-one years a top-notch director. We know stars who would call that quick take a triumph. “Beginners’ luck,” Kenny calls it.

On a near-by sound stage, the star who called a one-woman strike several months ago is hard at work. We mean Bette Davis. She’s working overtime to regain the ground she lost in her absence from the screen. “That Certain Woman” is the third picture she has made in six months.

Designed to appeal to the female customers, who are hereby warned to take along man-size handkerchiefs when they go to see it, the picture is a story of a misunderstood girl, heartbreak and sacrifice.

The principal men in front of the camera with Bette are Henry Fonda, as the man she loves, and Ian Hunter, as the man she doesn’t. The man alongside the camera is Edmund Goulding, the Noel Coward of Hollywood, who not only is directing the picture, but wrote it, created the incidental music, and, before each scene, enacts each rôle.

We catch one of the final scenes. The setting is a café in Monte Carlo. Goulding takes infinite pains, rehearsing the dialogue, to establish the right mood. Finally, he is satisfied. He is about to call “Action!” when Bette rises from the table in a hurry. A bee is buzzing around her.

By the time the prop department has disposed of the bee, the mood has been disposed of, too. The business of building it up has to begin all over again.

As soon as she is permanently out of the mood of “That Certain Woman,” Bette is to report on the set of “It’s Love I’m After,” where Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland and Patric Knowles are already at work. At play, rather. For here, in the making, is the maddest bit of hilarity in which any of them has ever participated.

“My reputation,” says Olivia, with mock foreboding, “is going to be utterly ruined.”

Leslie plays a Shakespearean actor—handsome, famous and hammy—who is in love with his Juliet (Bette), but addicted to making love in private as he does on the stage. Olivia, engaged to Patric, complicates Leslie’s life by overwhelming him with her idolatry. Finally, Patric inveigles Leslie into disillusioning Olivia. But no matter what Leslie does to prove he’s a cad, Olivia only idolizes him the more—“because he’s frank and honest and real.”

We see the scene in which Patric charges into Leslie’s apartment to accuse him of betraying his trust. He shouts: “You’re trying to steal her away!”

Leslie, wearily recumbent in a chair (he has just had an encounter with Olivia’s father, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

The welcome Elissa Landi gave Nino Martini when he returned has all Hollywood guessing.

But she isn’t neglecting Tristan, her favorite mount, for the opera singer. The auburn-haired equestrienne, vacationing since finishing “The Thirteenth Chair,” rides the horse herself in shows
With "Hamlet" out of his system, this gay sophisticate, Leslie Howard, is having the time of his life with Bette Davis in "It's Love I'm After." Then he goes into producing his own. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" will be his first for Renowned Artists
After the solemnity of "Maid of Salem," our girl on the cover needed the sparkling gaiety of "I Met Him In Paris." And Claudette Colbert's next, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," directed by Lubitsch, will hardly send her audience away in tears.
Glorious young goddesses turn sun worshipers when the heat waves hit Hollywood. Carol Hughes above; Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise, right; Karen Morley, opposite page, are but a few of the beauties who bask in the sun.
Just like Mr. and Mrs. Average American—Mr. and Mrs. Fran
chot Tone hied themselves off for a vaca-
tion, then bedeviled their friends at home
with messages such as "Wish you were
here"—"This is a di
vine spot"—and
other greetings that
make one envious

The simple life at the
B-Bar-H ranch — rid-
ing, hiking, sunbath-
ing — was a far cry
from the luxurious
existence of the Tones
of Brentwood. Long
trails over the desert
led back each night
to a little stone
bungalow where
smart, sophisticated
conversation over the
dinner table was not
the keynote to their
entertainment — their
friends were the cow-
boys of the ranch
Warning to Brentwood Heighters! If you're awakened out of a Sunday morning lethargy with a "yippee-ey-ee-ey-oh," don't call the gendarmes. The B-Bar-H cowboys who wired Joan and Franchot that they would like to spend a weekend with them will have arrived.
A golden and graceful figure was welcomed into the Nelson family circle. He was accorded a place of honor, then, grateful that he is, proceeded to put a mark on the career of his hostess.

The remarkable adventures of Bette Davis and her “boarder.” He’s a tiny fellow but he wields a mighty scepter.

Well, here’s Oscar,” smiled Bette Davis, as she returned to her table at the Academy Awards banquet. Her husband tilted a questioning eyebrow as he helped her to be seated. The booming applause made speech impossible. Bette had just been proclaimed the best actress of the year. “I named him after you,” Bette added, when the wave of sound had rolled back. “Isn’t he handsome?”

Harmon Oscar Nelson beamed admiringly upon the newcomer, murmured: “Glad to meet you, Oscar!”

Oscar A. (for Academy) Award indeed had a distinguished presence, as belts one who represents the ultimate in motion picture fame. He was golden and graceful, and even though his nose did lift rather superciliously, Bette and “Ham” knew it would be an honor to have Oscar come to live with them.

So, Oscar moved into the Nelson family circle on that eventful night, and in no time at all, Hollywood was calling him familiarly by his first name.

The first problem that came up after Oscar arrived was where to put him up. Bette tried all the places in the living room, but it seemed too ostentatious to show him off there, and it gave him no privacy. Finally she decided upon a chest of

By Jack Smalley
drawers that stood in her bedroom.

There Oscar has perched ever since.

At first Oscar was fun to have around. Although he was lacking in a sense of humor, which is essential if you are to get along with Bette and Ham, Oscar's very dignity was so solid and impenetrable that it became a virtue.

But as the excitement of his arrival wore off, Oscar developed a disturbing malevolence.

It became an open secret in Hollywood that he had sailed in under false pretenses. There were many who believed Bette should have received the gold statuette for "Of Human Bondage," a picture she had made the year before. It was whispered that awarding her the token for "Dangerous" was a compromise.

After the banquet, someone had said: "Say, do you have to win one of those things twice, like a tennis cup, before you can take it home?"

The edge had been taken off Bette's triumph, so justly earned. What should have been a supreme thrill was blighted by the controversy.

Having arrived under a cloud, Oscar proceeded to put a jinx on the career he had been pledged to honor. As a boarder in the home of Bette Davis, he was a positive Jonah.

NOW, winning an Academy Award is supposed to mark the very heyday of an actress' career. It is supposed to bring with it the very best things in life for the star.

Yet, from the moment Oscar set foot inside the door, Bette Davis did not make a picture!

Bette, the beloved of one Oscar, and the erstwhile victim of the other, is looking up again these days—she taught her guest who ruled the roost

Instead of setting her on the very pinnacle of success, Oscar brought nothing but trouble.

Such a thing never had happened before. It seems incredible that it could happen to Bette Davis, who had won that coveted award twice over.

At times, when Bette lay awake worrying over the problems that beset her, and the moonlight revealed the featureless face of Oscar standing there on the dresser, he took on the appearance of an evil djinn.

Bette had determined to live up to Oscar, but she was finding it difficult. He had, in short, turned out to be a nuisance.

"Fish and guests spoil after three days," is an old saying. The guest in the home of Miss Davis, however, was there to stay. She couldn't very well get rid of him.

Egged on by Oscar, Bette demanded a financial adjustment in her salary, in keeping with an Award winner. After weeks of idleness, Bette and Ham went to England, and there she made up her mind to settle matters in court. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
The famous blonde sisters vie with each other as comedians. Joan struts her stuff in Wanger's "Vogues of 1938" and goes serious (in specs) only for rehearsal. As for Connie, she'll show those who poor Connie-ed her. It's said Roach's "Topper" will put her on top.
From his father and his father's father, Tyrone inherited the all-consuming desire to act. He thought the world was his but he was to learn differently.

THE LIFE STORY OF A Problem Child

By

HOWARD SHARPE

A BLUEBOTTLE fly moved in a zigzag across the pond surface, stopped on a leaf, darted suddenly upward, and disappeared with the sun glinting on it. Tyrone Power, moving lazily, sank the leaf with an accurate flip of his cigarette and heard with momentary pleasure the hiss of the coal being drowned.

It was late August in the Canadian woods, and the heat was breathless. "'Mar's hot minion is return'd again; her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,'" declaimed Tyrone softly. "'William, you bore me." It was hard remembering lines this afternoon, hard forcing the smooth Shakespearean rote to his

Today Patia is still standing by, knowing that for a young man of twenty-three fame can sometimes be more potent and more dangerous than a heady wine.
The death of Tyrone Power II brought the first real sorrow to the life of young Tyrone but Patia, as always, found ways and means to further her gifted son’s ambitions.

You will know when you read this why Tyrone Power is the fastest rising and most romantic young star in Hollywood.
A "June" wedding on May 29th of that popular couple, June Lang and Vic Orsatti. They pose above with bridesmaids Shirley Deane, Dixie Dunbar, Sharon Mulcahy (flower girl), Jean Chatburn, Claire Trevor, and Alice Faye.

Upper left, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and right, Anne Shirley and Phyllis Fraser, bound for the first big church wedding of the season. Center: close-up of June’s shower of white roses, and the extremely well-executed kiss-at-the-altar scene.
Right: it looked as though another honeymooning couple were sailing away too, but Barbara left Mr. Taylor to shuffle off to Honolulu alone. It was a short trip, however; two weeks later Bob and Babs celebrated gay reunion.

Above: after one of those hectic on and off-again romances, the pretty bride and her agent-husband sail off to a Honolulu honeymoon. They say Vic’s stag lasted until the morning after, but he seems to have weathered it.

Below: after the gala wedding reception at the Trocadero the Orsatti guests came down in high spirits to wave bon voyage and to pelt the bride and bridegroom with rice.
I MET HIM IN PARIS—Paramount

As exhilarating as a champagne cocktail and as smart as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated comedy reveals what happens when two boys meet one girl. The story is slim enough. It begins with Claudeette Colbert, a department store designer, setting off for a fling in Paris. There she meets Melvyn Douglas, a playwright, and Robert Young, a playboy. Young persuades Claudeette to go with him to Switzerland for the sports and Douglas trails along as chaperon. When Young's wife unexpectedly shows up, Claudeette leaves in a rage and love-stricken Douglas and Young follow. When Lee Bowman, Claudette's New York swain, joins the unhappy group, it's every man for himself. The dialogue is delicious and as catchy as measles! Snow scenes taken in Sun Valley are breathtakingly beautiful. The entire picture is a treat for which director Wesley Ruggles may take a big bow.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR
London Films—United Artists

James Hilton's subtle story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution has been transferred to celluloid with superlative artistry. Produced in England, it is as entertaining and as beautifully synthesized as any superior American film.

Marlene Dietrich, without her usual mask of restraint, plays the exquisite countess who is caught by the Bolshevist terrorists. Her imaginative portrayal is vivid and at times so completely without glamour that you believe in her as a human being. Robert Donat is the secret service agent who falls in love with her, and by careful machinations brings her to safety. Gripping and often nerve-wracking in its realism, the picture is almost without humor, but you cannot escape the superlative atmospheric photography nor the really fine work of the director and the whole cast.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple, a little less wee and a little more adult in portrayal, proves in this splendid picture that she isn't through just because she is no longer a precocious baby. Excellent production helps, of course, but Shirley commands every scene in which she appears.

Action, and there is plenty of it, takes place in a British Army post in India where Shirley goes with her widowed mother, June Lang. There she meets Aubrey Smith, her grandfather and the pukka colonel. Later she captures the affections of hard nut, Sergeant MacDuff, played by Victor McLaglen. There is the usual British trouble between the army and a neighboring Khan, and Shirley brings chaos when she innocently delivers a message for a batman and spy in her grandfather's quarters. The Indian chieftain swoops down, murders quantities of people including McLaglen, then kidnaps Shirley.

It is the old colonel who takes it upon himself to brave the dangers of Khyber Pass and rescue his granddaughter, thus impressing Khoda Khan, and saving India for the Empire.

Michael Whalen is Miss Lang's romantic interest in the film, and young Douglas Scott is Shirley's. Cesar Romero as the brilliantly vicious Khan does a nice job, and you may expect the usual excellent performance from McLaglen. For Shirley Temple fans and for audiences with no preference except for good cinema, this is a "must see."
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH
A DAY AT THE RACES
SLAVE SHIP
I MET HIM IN PARIS
MOUNTAIN MUSIC
KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR
WEE WILLIE WINKIE
PARNELL
THEY WON'T FORGET

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH
Claudette Colbert in "I Met Him in Paris"
Robert Young in "I Met Him in Paris"
Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armor"
Robert Donat in "Knight Without Armor"
Martha Raye in "Mountain Music"
Bob Burns in "Mountain Music"
Shirley Temple in "Wee Willie Winkie"
Claude Rains in "They Won't Forget"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 120)

☆ SLAVE SHIP—20th Century-Fox

MEANT to be a shockingly brutal picture revealing a blot on America's history, this story softens considerably in the unfolding, leaving only spectacular entertainment.

The plot deals with the unsavory business of transporting African natives. Warner Baxter, skipper of the slave ship, falls in love with Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle, takes her as his bride aboard ship, after dismissing his crew and giving up his unlawful profession.

But the crew including Wally Beery, George Sanders and Mickey Rooney, mutiny and seize the ship. Back in Africa they try to maroon Baxter. In the end he outwits them. The beating of the suffering blacks, the wholesale drownings to avoid capture makes this a real and grim portrayal of the slave traffic of 1850. Baxter is magnificent; Beery again puts a human touch to his villainy, but it's Mickey Rooney who really shines.

☆ A DAY AT THE RACES—M-G-M

AGS that explode with the vim of a firecracker, dialogue that sizzles with delicious insanity, pretty girls, tuneful melodies plus the animated antics of the mad Marx Brothers take this one of the juiciest plums on the laugh tree in Hollywood. Marx fans, in particular, will be entranced. There is a wolf around every corner, and on every corner a Marx Brother alighting with some monkey business to keep the laughs at feverish pitch. Why, there's even a plot, if one looks closely. Groucho, a horse doctor, is mistaken for a celebrated nerve specialist, and brought to a down-at-the-heel sanitarium to treat Margaret Dumont, a wealthy neurotic. Maureen O'Sullivan, owner of the sanitarium is engaged to Allan Jones, who nabs his last dollar on a race horse, so he and Maureen can get married.

Chico, porter, aids Maureen in keeping the health establishment by selling bum tips on the races to Groucho. Harpo, dumb jockey with a sign language all his own, rides the wrong horse to victory. But a trick ending saves everything.

Best scene in the film is Harpo leading a troupe of coloredingers in a pied piper dance and song. Allan Jones, between mad outbursts of the Marxes sings several delightful numbers, makes love to Maureen.

Altogether it's the grandest bit of nonsense in the whole Marx Time parade.

☆ THEY WON'T FORGET—Warners

THIS is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema and excellent entertainment. Taken from the best-seller, "Death in the Deep South," it tells with truth and power a story of injustice and sectional hatred. Also it introduces as stars the lovely Gloria Dickson, the engaging Ed Norris, and interesting Lara Turner.

Relentlessly the story progresses from a simple, unwitnessed murder to a courtroom case that involves the nation. Norris, a Northern school-teacher, is accused by scheming District Attorney Claude Rains of the crime, and the small case is fanned to great importance by a reporter. North and South take up the fight and the original issue is lost. Mervyn LeRoy had great daring in producing and directing this celluloid thunderbolt. Don't think of missing it.
SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARD

THE LADY ESCAPES—
20th Century-Fox

ANOTHER Grade B attempt at whimsical farce that fails to amuse. Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart are a pair of battling hyenas who, after a year of assault and battery, decide on a divorce. Gloria goes to Paris, annexes a new man George Sanders, and Michael, in a jealous fury, follows. More quarrels lead to a reconciliation. Cora Witherspoon wasted.

PAUL KELLY, a big business man, is sent West on an undercover deal to purchase a dairy ranch owned by Judith All He falls in love with her and becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. There are the usual riding and shooting scenes, but it is all nicely done. Johnny Arthur has excellent dialogue and gives a swell characterization. Good action picture.

MICHAEL O’HALLORAN
—Republic

A SENTIMENTAL sobby drama of a frivolous wife who befriends two orphans in order to win back custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, actually grows to love orphans Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, her husband, Sidney Blackmer, becomes convinced of her sincerity and all ends well. Warren Hull is convincing as the doctor.

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—
Warner

BASED on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this story reveals the brutalities of a sadistic father, Robert Barrat, who befriends his daughter, Josephine Hutchinson. In self-defense, she kills her father and is sentenced by her mountaineer neighbors, but to justice, to a long prison term. As her attorney, George Brent adds his bit. Too grisly and repellantely cruel.

MEET THE MISSUS—
RKO-Radio

MISS AMERICA contests come in for some fancy razzing in this Helen Broderick-Victor Moore snicker-flicker. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging hubby Victor to Atlantic City for the finals. The judges finally pay them both to leave town. Anne Shirley, their daughter, and Alan Bruce are romantic through it all. A bit looney but funny.

THE GIRL SAID NO—
Grand National

WITH sixteen Gilbert and Sullivan songs to create nostalgia and with a surprise performance by Irene Hervey, this reaches the upper brackets as bright comedy. There's an involved device in which Robert Armstrong revives a down-and-out troupe of actors, whereby the music is given as excuse. Several veterans of light opera do excellent work.
YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

**THEM GOES MY GIRL—**
**RKO-Radio**

Even the well-liked team of Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond are hard put to make anything but second-rate entertainment out of this. Story is the aged set-up of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good comedy situations, delivered briskly, but on the whole it's not a very excellent picture.

**BEHIND THE HEADLINES—**
**RKO-Radio**

A Peppy story with an ingenious plot and a bright newcomer, Diana Gibson. Miss Gibson finally succeeds in having Lee Tracy, rival news broadcaster, barred from the air. In a comeback attempt, Tracy uses a portable broadcasting device that foils a band of racketeers and saves Miss Gibson's life. It's exciting fare, well-paced and expertly acted.

**HOTEL HAYWIRE—**
**Paramount**

A Conglomeration of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffoonery that somehow manages to be funny. Leo Carrillo is a fake seer whose bad advice keeps apart Lynne Overman and his wife Spring Byington. Amateur detectives Benny Baker and Collette Lyons only add to the general confusion. Mary Carlisle and John Patterson furnish romance.

**BORDER CAFE—**
**RKO-Radio**

John Beal, ne'er-do-well, comes West and, aided by Harry Carey, rancher, and Armida, café dancer, makes good. When Beal's staid Boston family comes to visit him, Carey lends him his ranch as a front and installs Armida as cook. Further complications arise when gangsters move in on the cattle industry. An entertaining western.

**THE MAN IN BLUE—**
**Universal**

Just average entertainment is this story of a cop who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, becomes an upstanding young lad but through the influence of his rascally uncle, Richard Carle, he becomes a thief and is sent to prison. His foster father, Edward Ellis and his fiancée, Nan Grey set him on the right path again.

**NIGHT OF MYSTERY—**
**Paramount**

This, without any qualification, is a bad cinema. It tries with no success to follow in the tradition of the Philo Vance series, the sequence of story is unintelligible, you don't care who killed whom, and even the acting is unfortunate. Grant Richards, Roscoe Karns, Helen Burgess are the principals. Unless you want a good nap, skip this. [Please turn to page 107]
Do their Wives mind?

Where the little woman is a necessary evil—shunted aside, ignored by the crowds. Some grin, others don't insists they are long-lost sweethearts; fan letters insisting he divorce his wife; photos from amateur strip-tease artists who think a display of assorted charms might lure him away; girls who camp on the front doorstep determined to die then and there if they can't have the man they adore!

At public functions the wife is shunted aside and ignored by the crowd. At previews she slinks in to watch him make torrid love to a siren who tosses everything at him but the kitchen stove. It's terrific! I don't see how they stand the gaff!

One solution is to shut the front door and lock it against the invasion, as the Fred Astaires do. Phyllis and Fred are as remote from the colony as if they lived on another planet. They rarely appear in public. When Fred gives an interview, the rule is that the interviewer will kindly refrain from personal questions. Phyllis attends all his radio rehearsals and comes frequently to the studio, for she takes a keen interest in his career. But as for coming out from behind the screen to take a bow, that's absolutely out for both of them.

Public appearances are the bane of a movie wife's existence. Yet they're a necessary evil.

As a favor to Harry Cohn, producer of "Lost Horizon," Chester Morris joined the group of stars going to San Francisco for the première of the picture, but wise little Sue Morris stayed home.

This bothered Chester considerably, and when he was selected to escort another Columbia star, Margot Grahame, to the big banquet, he was on pins and needles. Margot, a great tease, showed up in a ravishing gown that gave Chester the jitters. From one who was there I learned that Chester worried so over her décolleté that he even hunted up a safety pin so she'd be more conservative!

As far as Sue is concerned, she need not worry about Chester; but it is an aggravation to have to put up with the Hollywood custom which ruthlessly thrusts the wife to one side. Jack Oakie appeared at a big Paramount Jubilee celebration with Venita, was rudely torn

By John Winburn
Cartoons by Paki
from his bride on entering and told to escort Martha Raye up onto the platform. Venita had to shift for herself. I don’t think she liked it.

If you were a Hollywood wife, you’d have to get used to everybody’s calling your husband “darling,” or “honey,” because that’s another accepted custom.

Pat O’Brien was lunching one day with his wife, Eloise, when a strange young woman came up to the table.

“Hello, honey,” said Pat absenty.

“Hello, darling,” said the girl, and kissed him full on the lips. “That’s for Alice,” she added.

“Hm?” said Eloise to Pat. “Who was that?”

“Honey, I honestly don’t know,” Pat declared.

Reading his fan mail a few days later (a wifely chore), Eloise came across a letter from the girl who had kissed her husband. “That kiss was for my sister,” wrote the fan.

“She wasn’t doing that for her sister,” grinned Eloise.

That’s why Pat has learned to duck when a strange woman approaches. He’s afraid of the ladies.

Freddie March, on the other hand, likes to drape a pretty girl on either arm, but fortunately his actress-wife knows it’s just good, clean fun. He is invariably the center of attraction at a party, never fails to look soulfully into an admirer’s eyes and squeeze her hand.

All this might lead to complications, except that Florence Eldridge is the only woman in the world for him. What other wife would endure his harmless little idiosyncrasies, or his mania for astoundingly unpalatable diets? Yet, Florence will cheerfully live on some newfangled bread for weeks, until Freddie discovers some other health food.

[N an effort to protect the privacy of the home, the stars do not list their phone numbers. One wife, on a shopping expedition, tried to phone home for the car and was informed by the operator that she couldn’t give out the number. Friend husband had changed it that morning and forgot to tell his wife. She took a bus home, seething. When you can’t even phone your own home, you know you live in Hollywood.

Basil Rathbone, I think, is the only star whose name appears in the phone book, which is documentary proof that his wife has learned how to get along with Hollywood. Since everyone has a private number, his friends go to all sorts of trouble to call him up, never think to look in the phone book. But it’s there: Rathbone, Basil, Normandy 6140. There are also ten Robert Taylors, but don’t bother them, girls. They just hang up, mad as hops.

Ouida Rathbone is very broad-minded about the girls who crave just a look at her handsome husband. She demonstrated her tolerance when he was playing Romeo to Cornell’s Juliet. Coming to meet him backstage, Ouida found a girl who was pleading with the watchman to let her in. She didn’t have the money to see the performance, and simply had to have a glimpse of her idol. Ouida invited her in, Basil took them both to dinner, and a grand time was had by all. Ouida even gave the girl a ticket to the performance.

Sometimes the phone number leaks out. A girl discovered Allan Jones’ number and began calling the house. She gave the secretary a name no one recognized, but one night Irene Hervey answered. The woman was so insistent that Irene finally called her husband to the phone.

“You must remember me,” said the voice. “I lived next door to you once. I loved you then. I still love you. I must have you. Nothing can stand in our way. Darling, I—”

But Allan had quietly set down the receiver and gone back to his easy chair.

“I get used to it,” Irene said philosophically. “If the girls really mean what they say, it’s so futile I feel sorry for them, and if they don’t mean it, then why let them worry me?”

The wife of Don Woods is long-suffering. Poor little Jo, I drop a silent tear for what she must put up with. Don is tall, tanned, and darned good-looking. Girls go for him right and left.

Once a group of pretty young things rushed up to him (if memory serves, it was at the swank premiere of “Anthony Adverse” in which Don had an important rôle). One of the girls turned to Jo and said: “I think your son gave a marvelous performance!”

“Your son? Don is a year older than his pet, redheaded little wife, but from that moment she aged his mother!”

“I used to be surprised and hurt when I was disregarded, and Don was the hero of the hour,” Jo told me. “But I’m used to it now, and it strikes me funny.”

Since these married actors are always complaining about being tied down, Jo told Don to join a group which had struck for its independence and demanded Wednesday [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]
WANTED . . . Young women!

Attractive, neat girl . . . good at figures . . . young!

Women . . . young, must have personality!

Opportunity for young woman . . . must be energetic . . .
good appearance . . . intelligence!

Young lady with ability . . . must be good-looking!

Thus read the want ads. Youth . . . youth . . . youth! And, oh dear, they instruct you to "apply in person." They want to look at you, to get a glimpse of your personality, to get a sample of your spirit.

Does that frighten you women over forty? Do you see in those fiery letters: y-o-u-t-h, the competition that you dread? Do you fear it is too late to meet that competition face to face, whether it is in business life, the social whirl, in the home or out in the arena vying for love?

But, hold everything! What do they mean when they say "young lady"? Does that mean a young charmer just out of school who has nothing to offer but a pretty face? Not exactly, nor entirely. Just ask the thousands of pretty girls graduates who are hounding the employment agencies for work, who are turned away when in answer to the question, "What experience have you had?" they have to reply: "None." Of course employers want the enthusiasm of youth, it's freshness, it's beauty and energy. It's an investment that pays good dividends. But with it they need the experience, intelligence, dependability, poise and judgment of the more mature.

"Listen," you say, "what do they expect—miracles!"

Suppose they do. What of it? Shooting for the moon never hurt anyone. At least there's always the chance of grabbing off a star. Don't you expect miracles when it comes to your beauty and your figure? Oh yes, some of you do and are still waiting for them to happen. Don't tell me differently, I know you too well. And don't a lot of you shoot for perfection? Or do you? Well, you should!

But let's get back to that cry of youth. Aren't you older ones able to deliver at least half of the requirements? Certainly you are. That's as much as most of youth can do, isn't it? What are you squawking about? Furthermore, you can supply all of those requirements if you want to badly enough, and go after your goal intelligently.

Your first and wisest move in the right direction is to pull yourselves together and stop whining that you're finished, washed up, that you're being abused and browbeaten by middle age. Stop all that nonsense! Stop sulking! There's no fun living imprisoned in a dank dungeon of moroseness, eating your heart out over your inability to stay in the swim. Nobody wants that. Rise up, darlings, you can still escape and once more see the sun. Once again you can walk with youth, recapture romance and know the ecstasy of the love which, like a fledgling, flew the coop and left you sitting on the glass egg! Life was meant to be gay. Come on, there's still time to fill yours with song and dance, music and moonlight.

As long as there is a world, only the fit will survive. But everything that it takes to keep yourself in that class is available to everyone of you. You get it from the air, from the sun, from the water, from simple foods and from putting forth a little concentrated energy and effort. Step up, babies and help yourself to what you want. Regain the loveliness and physical charm that you have let slip through your careless fingers.

That goes for you younger ones, too. Plenty of you twenty-year-olds are running around with an extra ten or fifteen years added onto your looks. It's all due to your own negligence and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. What I've got
Madame Sylvia explodes the antique-rocker theory, and proves the paradox that the older you are, the younger you are, if you do the right things.

Billie Burke is giving youth a run for its money; she snips off the years graciously by being alert—and acting it. Ruth Chatterton's too busy living to count her birthdays; she knows vivacity and eagerness are the best age-chasers.

EDITOR TO SAY TO MY OLDER BABIES, THIS TIME, IS SAUCE FOR YOU, TOO. Not only for today and tomorrow, but for every day as you sail on through life.

Perhaps for some of you, your canoe of youth and beauty is gliding along peacefully enough. Being ultra-modern and "sap-fisticated" you laugh in scorn at the tiny ripples. "Phooey," you say, "I'm young, I should bother at my age." Well, sweethearts, don't be so fresh about it that you overlook the fact that those tiny ripples are honest warnings that eventually you, too, are bound to hit the rapids. Whether you end up at forty behind the "age-ball" or come through unscathed is entirely in your hands.

Don't kid yourselves that youth will stay young willy-nilly. It will stay young only if it is kept shining brightly with a daily polish of common sense and strict adherence to the fundamentals of good health. Believe me, that forty-year stretch before the fortieth is the true "dangerous age." Too often it is the reason why so many women squirm and lose their foothold later on. So just sit still and listen to mama. She knows whereof she speaks!

Now suppose you are forty or past. There's no reason to-day why you have to look it.
HERE is every indication that ornaments will continue to be worn in the hair for some time. This is good news to the clever woman, but it's news full of pitfalls to the careless. It means that if you want to wear something to give accent to your costume, flowers or an ornament of some kind in your hair, you must, must, must be sure that the hair is in perfect order before you try it. Nothing is more hopeless than an unbrushed head with a flower pinned somewhere at random on it. Simone Simon wears her three white carnations, on the opposite page, with confidence, because she has placed them correctly. Her dress is of light, summery character and the carnations are a perfect accessory for it.

Turn the page and you come to the glory that is Marlene. Of course, in line with the story of the picture "Angel" she has to go gorgeous at times, and so Travis Banton has woven a dream fabric for her, as I told you in the June Fashion Letter. Here is the gown itself.

The hand-woven white tailored house coat is the sort of thing Marlene loves, for she knows the simplicity of its cut brings out her exotic beauty. Every girl would find a garment of this type useful. You could even wear it as a summer evening coat if you liked, and very smart it would be with a scarf of your favorite colored chiffon tucked in at the throat. Notice the clever use of the stripes in the other gown on the same page. They dip into flattering points and rise into slenderizing V's, instead of just going horizontal or vertical. Used this way any wide-striped material would be becoming.

It is so seldom that Myrna Loy finds time to pose for photographs that I was delighted to get the two on pages 72 and 73 for you. The full skirt again, you see, in powder-blue pebbly crepe, this time cut with no fullness over the hips but flaring to enormous proportions at the floor. The heaviness of the material lends itself so well to this cut. Myrna piles her hair high and omits the flowers she has added in the other photograph. She likes height and achieves it in these two ways.

Cotton at its smartest is featured in Myrna's piqué gown with the bold printed design. The square neckline suggests the dirndl frock which is so popular this summer.

On the last page of the Fashion section is Rosalind Russell, radiating Park Avenue grooming in her print dress. In her riding habit she radiates something else again; this time love of the great outdoors and the rightness of a light color scheme for her hot-weather habit.

Jeanette MacDonald's wedding dress has been specially designed by her friend Adrian. The whole bridal party will be dressed by him in flower tones. The bride's dress is of palest pink mouseline de soie made with a long coat over a full circular skirt. The coat is edged with loops of the material all down its length and the long sleeves have lines of the loops on them. Little buttons fasten the coat to below the waistline from where it flares to a few inches above the floor. At the throat is a bow of pink ribbon holding a cluster of small flowers and of baby's-breath.

On her red hair Jeanette wears a shell-like coronet of priceless lace from which a frill of the same falls almost to the shoulders. Under this a long tulle veil sweeps to the floor.

The maid of honor will wear a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]
Solid mass of glittering gold and spangle embroidery, studded with emeralds, rubies, and pearls form the splendor of Marlene's gown on the opposite page. It was designed by Travis Banton, for her new picture, "Angel." A wide stole is bordered in emerald. Herbert Marshall and Evalyn Douglas pay homage to her sublime beauty. Again in "Angel" are the two Banton costumes on this page. Above, a slim slip of black taffeta is foundation for a circular skirt of black and white gauze. The little jacket is the taffeta. And right, handwoven white tweed is cut into the sophisticated simplicity of Marlene's double-breasted muse coat. To it she adds a scarlet chiffon scarf for color.
Myrna Loy, whom you will see next in "Parnell," chose the powder-blue gown of pebbly crepe (opposite page) for her private wardrobe. The one-piece dress has a low neckline and is topped by an abrupt jacket with short sleeves, gathered and folded into width. Rose buttons ornament the front. The skirt, cut flat at the hips, sweeps to enormous width at the hem.

Below, waffle piqué, printed in a bold, modern design in shades of red, makes a crisp and informal summer dinner gown. Red grosgrain ribbon outlines the square-cut neck and edges the puffed sleeves. Daisies are the perfect flowers for cotton gowns, and notice that Myrna wears no jewelry with this frock as the striking and unusual design of the piqué is accent enough
Silk jersey comes into its own as a popular summer fabric. Mary Brian wears a sleek and slinky example of it in this black evening gown. The halter back (four straps hold everything in place) is intriguing and the white silk roses becoming. A narrow belt with a tailored bow finishes it off. This gown is available also in lovely soft pink, aqua, white or royal blue.

The swagger wrap of moire (Mary wears it in green) will go with everything. The graceful back flare springs from two shoulder pleats, the fronts are tuxedo and the sleeves start out in pleats, at the top, where the material is cut and the sleeve proper superimposed on them for width. Also in white or pastels.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 122.
Here you see the full view of the tea-rose satin dress Mary wears under the cape pictured below. The waistline is high, marked with three rows of grosgrain ribbon in soft green. Bows of the same tie the twisted satin shoulder straps. Also to be had in white or pastels.

Lower left, gaily Mary swings away to an early summer dinner in her red velvet military cape. There is a small turnover collar at the neck with a big old-fashioned frog fastening. Directly below, as she enters her hostess' home, Mary shows the dignity of her cape in repose. You may choose from the following colors: black, navy, or a lush red.
Rosalind Russell rejoices in her tulip-splashed black crepe frock, after the repression of her wardrobe in "Night Must Fall." The front of the skirt flares gayly and the shoulders are slightly squared by pleats. A velvet ribbon ties in a tailored bow in the back. Her hat is of finest black straw. You'll see her next in "Wedding Dress."

For her early mornings on the Beverly Bridge paths, sand-brown whipcord jodhpurs are topped by an English jacket of brown-and-white check in Rosalind's warm weather habit. Her ascot is yellow with brown polka dots. Her hat is classic.
"Has he changed?" wondered Irene Dunne when she and Bob Taylor radio-signed for "Magnificent Obsession." She found out at rehearsals. Below, Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert air "Hands Across the Table."

**Hollywood on the Air**

Lang, Clang, Clang! There are big doings in the radio front. New idols have come to set tuner-inners rolling on the axminster.

A FINE thing! A fine thing indeed when a woodenheaded ventriloquist's dummy steals Clark Gable's girl away from him! Yessir, Valentino must be seething in his grave as at smug, smirking impertinent little runt, Charlie McCarthy, comes the hottest lover in Hollywood.

Charlie and his maestro, Edgar Bergen, and W. C. Fields and on Ameche and Werner Janssen, and—oh well, the whole hase and Sanborn show, are the big news on the Hollywood front this month—and there's nothing all quiet about it either. every femme star in town is clamoring for a crack at putting le passion on Charlie. Ever since Carole Lombard let herself in with Mr. McCarthy on the air, it's become a sort of game. eek ends aren't what they used to be—everybody just hangs round the radio waiting for Don and Bill and Charlie, and the ot stuff he has on tap.
Here they are—those mad and merry zanies of the Chase and Sanborn show. Guest star, Dorothy Lamour; Hollywood's hottest lover, Charlie McCarthy; his maestro, Edgar Bergen; Don Ameche, M.C.; the one and only Bill Fields; Ann Harding and her new husband, Werner Janssen, who conducts the symphony orchestra—they're very much in love, as you can see (right).

We were tipped off about the crowds beforehand, so we arrived early at the studio and hogged a front seat for the debut show. Did you know it was whipped together in a week? They signed up W. C. Fields while he was still on ice in a sanitarium, and poor Don Ameche (whaddayamean, poor!) was still hopping back and forth between "First Nighter" and the new coffeeklatch up until a few days ago. Don, by the way, tells us he has so much fun sparring around with Bergen and Charlie and Bill Fields that he's ashamed to take his check. Give it to us, Don. Seriously, we wondered if he wouldn't blow the show the way he ties himself up in those laugh knots. When Bill Fields settled down to work, Don almost rolled on the floor. We were wishing he would—so we could join him! No better sight for these old eyes in months than Bill Fields in there for a chukker of chuckles.

We had a long talk with Bill right afterward and he told us the reason he wanted to go on the air so badly was to show the world he was still alive and kicking. Bill, you know, took a terrific two-year rap of bad health—neuritis, arthritis, misplaced sacrolilac, lobar pneumonia, double vision and everything except the bottles. He isn't too well now, but he told us that clicking on the air had done more to put him back in shape than all the croakers and their pills. His pulse chart must have taken an extra big jump when, the day after the first broadcast, the sponsors grabbed up all his options for five years in one lump. It meant just one million of those little mint-green coupons. (See the story about Bill on page 16, this issue.)

On the distaff side of the show Mrs. Werner Janssen (Yep, that's the tag she prefers now—Ann Harding, we mean) showed up in a flowing white gown and, except for her dramatic spot, never took her eyes off her lord and music master. They're veddy, veddy much in love and Ann has confessed to her close friends that at last she has her feet on the ground and feels the life is just beginning. So far, they qualify as the perfectly mate couple—and isn't that nice, after all the domestic scrimmage Ann has been through? We had a pleasant chat with them both at a party, discovered that even symphony conductors can't regular guys and rediscovered that Ann Harding—pardon, Mr. Werner Janssen—is one of this town's most charming ladies. S-o-o-o-o, it's nice to report that, all in all, everything is just beer and pretzels with the new Chase and Sanborn variety and that everybody is happy.

But wait a minute—not everybody. Our private Operato Q-66 has just slipped us a note (in code) that Nelson Edd is jutting out his lower lip in a bit of a miff. It seems that when Nelson was signed on the show (he doesn't go o until this fall) he thought what with Janssen and symphon music and all it would be a very dignified spot, calm, conserv ative and classic. Well, when he listened in and realized wha a rowdy, informal take-off-your-coat convention he was booked for he was shocked—but definitely. Old Beatrice Blairilax New ton's advice to you, Nelson, is to let down your ash-blond lock and have a good time with the gang. What's dignity, anyway Just a ham sandwich with English mustard.

And that reminds us that Beautiful Bob Taylor is about a pleasantly poised and ingratiating a young drama peddler as w know when he gives into a mike. |PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110
PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS A PRE-VUE OF HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

Marsha Hunt, now playing in Paramount's "Easy Living," picked canary yellow in Agnes' Pierrot hat (left). The double brim and the folded crown make it most flattering and the ribbon trim is in navy blue. Felt, of course. Below left, you see the double-bowed back of Marsha's smart clown hat snuggled in a summer ermine coat for open-car driving in the evening, Marsha pulls Alphonsine's high-crowned felt swagger well down on her head. The brim turns up in the back and the felt bow, ribbon band and hand-stitched crown are clever details. Above right, a profile view of the same model. Note the interesting forward dip. Both hats come in black, white, pastels and the dark range.

YOU CAN PURCHASE THESE PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HATS IN ANY OF THE STORES OR SHOPS STARRED (★) ON PAGE 122.
WHEN Sol Rimbel, Molly Drexel's theatrical agent, failed to get her a part in "Gay Blades," she knew she was through, done with the stage forever. Without funds, desperately in need of a job of any kind to keep the shabby apartment which she shared with two other down-at-heel actresses—Julia Fayne and Lily Pringle—Molly applied to the Doyle Agency for a job as housekeeper with a Mr. Graham, living on Long Island.

She received the job when Peabody, the Graham butler, to whom she had given the name, "Mrs. Bunch," came to interview her and proved to be Harry Phipps, a former friend and fellow actor.

Molly arrived at the Graham estate to find she had an unfriendly group of servants to deal with. Mr. Graham, himself, was reticent and austere; his son, Jimmy, away at school, returned only for an occasional week end.

Then came Molly's chance to discharge the gardener and hire Ronnie Burgess, ex-playwright and her staunch friend. This she did, much to Peabody's horror, a horror that was intensified later on when Molly had a chance to hire Lily also, as helper to Pierre, in the kitchen.

When Pierre turned thief, stealing his master's liquor, Lily's job became permanent and Musette, still another of Molly's out-of-luck friends, came on. That left only Julia, of the old gang, without a job, and dauntless Molly hired her as parlor maid.

Thus things stood when young Jimmy came home and completely won over Molly's heart by the story of his mother who had left his father, married a South American, and later died. It was Jimmy's close resemblance to his dead mother that had proved a barrier between Jimmy and his father—a barrier Molly determined to lick. Her first step in humanizing the household was the acquisition of Daisy, a Great Dane puppy, which she concealed by keeping in the stable.

There—on Jimmy's next visit home, she took the lad to show him his first dog. He was delighted until he remembered his father. Then his face fell. "But, Mrs. Bunch, what will Dad say?"

Said Molly, with a blitheness she was far from feeling, "You just leave that to me, young man. I'll find a way."

Now continue with the story:

On the Monday morning following Jimmy's return to school, Graham announced that he was going to Westchester to be gone until the following Thursday. As the weather report warned of a storm, he was going by train.

"Good!" Molly exclaimed when Peabody broke the news that night as the four of them—Ronnie, Molly, Lily and Julia—sat at a card table in the servants' quarters playing bridge. "Now we can have a general housecleaning from cellar to attic while he's away. Here, Ronnie, you shuffle for me!"

Daisy, who was allowed to come in the house when the master was away, was awakened by their voices. She yawned stretched, and, without anyone's noticing, ambled slowly over to the door. A thin wraith of tobacco smoke wafted toward her. Daisy did not like smoke and went elsewhere. With a pup's irresistible curiosity to see what she could find, she wandered, unmolested, through the house.

Her departure was all too soon discovered. Peabody hurled through the doorway with both arms flung high above his head "Girls!" he yelled. "Daisy's made a puddle right in the middle of the drawing room carpet large enough to float Jimmy's sailboat!"

For one full moment those sitting around the bridge table were too stunned to make a move or an outcry. Then, as of one accord, they rushed to the scene of the accident.

They huddled in the drawing room and stared at the incredible pool that seemed too awful to be true. As if she were trying to shake off a nightmare that had laid its clammy hands upon her, Molly said at last in a low, strained voice "Well, let's do something about it."

"I'll get a pail of hot water!" Lily started toward the door.

"What about milk?" Molly's face brightened with faint hope.

"That's only for ink stains, Molly."

"No, lukewarm water is our best bet."

Musette bent over the pool and studied it carefully. At last she said, "It's dreadful; it's almost hopeless."

It was three o'clock in the morning before the tired little group staggered upstairs to their rooms. Sheer exhaustion had forced them to abandon all hope of seeing the carpet dried before morning. For hours, after it had been well scrubbed, they had knelt upon it ceremoniously as if it were a prayer rug fanning it or taking turns holding Julia's hair-dryer over the vast damp area.

When dawn crept wawnly into Molly's room, it found her lying there awake and staring fixedly at the ceiling. She rose wearily and, slipping into her bathrobe, quietly went downstairs to the drawing room. As she reached the door, she was startled to see a pale gray figure crouched in the center of the room. It was Peabody, who said, dizzily, "It's dry, Molly, but will you look at that frightful stain! We can never get it out."

Molly laid a cold, but friendly hand on Peabody's shoulder.

"Never say die, Harry! I can—"

She was interrupted by the entrance of Musette and Julia, followed by Ronnie. Again they huddled in a miserable group and stared at the glaring stain, growing more aggressively yellow as the daylight increased.

"Now I wouldn't worry, girls, if I were you," Ronnie consoled them. "Certainly a good cleaner can get it out."

"A cleaner! Of course!" Molly clasped his hand. "For goodness' sake, why didn't we think of that before!"

By nine o'clock the cleaner had joined the mourners. He knelt down on the carpet, examined the stain, rose, scratched his head, then got down on the carpet again. When Molly could endure the suspense no longer, she cried, "Speak up. Certainly you can fix it!"

The cleaner was doubtful. "You see," he explained, pointing to the stain that now stood out boldly in the bright sunlight, "the color's absolutely gone from that spot. And when the color's gone—well, the color's gone, and that's all there is to it."

He studied the effect of his unpleasant statement on the sober group.

Molly's heart sank, but only for a moment. "I've got it!" she cried. "We can have the carpet dyed back to its natural color!" She seized the cleaner by the lapels of his coat, scarcely aware that she was shaking him vigorously. "Sure we can't we?"

The cleaner scratched his head again and reflected for a while. "Sure," he finally conceded. "We can bleach it, an
When it's all bleached out it can be dyed to the exact color it is now.

"Hooray!" shouted Molly, exultantly. "I told you that'd work out, all right, didn't I, girls? Now, all we've got to do is to take the carpet right up and help this man load it into his wagon. Quick, Ronnie! You run outside and find a couple of hammers. If all of us go to work yanking this carpet up, we'll have it out of here in a jiffy!"

When the carpet was resting safely in the cleaner's wagon, Molly gave her last order. "You'll get it back here tonight, won't you?"

The cleaner stared at her in amazement. "Say, what do you think we are—magicians? You'll be lucky if you get that carpet back here next week."

"Next week!" came shrilly from Molly. "Why, Mr. Graham will be here Thursday!"

"Ho!" said the cleaner, scornfully, "there ain't a cleaner in his county who could bleach a carpet and dye it again inside of eight days."

Molly saw that there was no use arguing and that she must try something else. "We'll pay you ten dollars extra if you get it here by Thursday afternoon."

The cleaner reflected seriously for a few moments about the extra ten dollars, most of which would find its way into his own pocket, and finally said, "Well, all we can do is try, and keep the big dryers going night and day."

Bless you!" said Molly, fervently, as she pressed his hand. "Bless you!"

EARLY Thursday afternoon Daisy headed the group, who, armed with hammers and tacks, met the cleaner as he arrived with the carpet.

When the roll of carpet was dropped on the drawing room floor, the man, who already had...
The Life Story of a Problem Child

"BOBBY PRINCE AND BILLY PAUPER"

—That's Hollywood's name or its newest child sensation, those dynamic small-town Mauch twins. They say their favorite school subjects are Lunch and Pecess; they save little girls from boredom at parties.

—But you must read "Double Trouble", the story about them in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

"At least so long as Dad lives I'm secure. He's an important guy in the theater world. He can fix it for me—I needn't worry."

Five months later, at four o'clock in the morning Tyrone Power Senior died quietly in his son's arms. A few minor things had happened in the interim. The boy had carried a spear with definite insouciance during two weeks' rehearsal in Chicago, he had toured New England for three months (with Fritz Lieber and Helen Menken and the spear) as a member of the Civic troupe; he had agreed to go with his father to Hollywood when the famous old actor was offered a role in Paramount's "The Miracle Man."

But these activities were trivial. Tyrone sat in the bleak half-light of that California dawn while seasonal fog crept outside the windows of the hotel suite and doctors closed with stark finality their instrument cases; and through the tumult in his mind he thought, "I'll have to do it by myself. Whatever I want—all those things I have to get—I'll have to get them alone."

It was bright day before he got up at last looked at the disturbing sheet-covered figure on the bed, and said aloud: "But I'll get them. Don't worry."

NOW that he has these things, he drives a "caddy" in his sleek special car to an apartment building at the top of Highland Avenue, where in the days after his father's death he lived and planned the future. Having parked the expensive motor, he walks slowly in his correct English clothes down the same sidewalks, around the same corners, looking in the same windows and having a sandwich in the same benneym, trying desperately to recapture the years.

Now that he has these things, he must wire from them every drop of pride, of arrogance, of achievement, before they are translated to the commonplace.

As an aid to nostalgia he whistles the songs popular in 1931 and 1932 and 1933. "Say It Isn't So," "The Peanut Vendor," "We Just Couldn't Say Good-by." Usually, if some passing girl doesn't stare, and nudge her companion, and whisper audibly, "That's Tyrone Power!" the mental fiction works. Then he is once again the eighteen-year-old youngster with a fierce determination, with a carefully cynical patience, with $31 in his pocket. Then he can remember.

He can remember, first of all, the talk with his father's financial adviser, a certain Francis D Adams, and the tone of Adams' voice saying: "Yes, I know he lived well. Yes, he did have an enormous wardrobe and stopped at the swank hotels and drove imported cars. That's just exactly it, d'you see? That's why there's not a penny left—"

That was that, then. Tyrone could go home, to Cincinnati and the patient Patia,—or he could stay here and hunt for a job. Adams would see he didn't starve. There was such a thing as friendship, as loyalty, wasn't there?

He couldn't go home. It wasn't pride that dictated his refusal to even consider return—"I've never believed in starving," Tyrone told me, as he remembered this—but it was the thing in him that wouldn't let him step back, ever, which said with wild persistence that forward was the right way, and the intelligent way, and the only way.

If it meant living off someone else's bounty, however ungrudging; if it meant hurting people's feelings—"Nuts," he thought. "There's no time for sentimentality." There was a man named Arthur Caesar and his wife, old friends; and he went to live with them. That was in May of 1932, the month his agent brought him the news that Universal could use him for a small role in "Tom Brown."

"You don't have to worry now," crowed the agent. "This is it. You're set!"

Tyrone believed he was. He went confidently off to location for eight weeks, at $150 a week, and in the evenings in a strange town, apart from the strange people whom he had not the money or the greatness to know, he figured with pencil and paper, adjusting the balance of his salary against the sum he owed Mr. Adams. He thought, if nothing happens this will just pay him back, after that what I get will be mine. I can work for myself on the next jobs.

When, toward the fall of that year, he had finally to face himself in the mirror of his room and admit that there hadn't been any next jobs, that there might never—for months and years—he any next jobs, he was a little afraid. Yet he was without panic. The agent who had been so sure had been wrong; well, now Tyrone knew better. Now Tyrone needn't trust anyone else's judgment, ever again.

And to the shell around his youth was added another polished layer.

THEN began the interminable, the lonely, dogged, stubborn months that somehow passed until 1932 was gone, and then the winter, and the banks had reopened, and Mussolini was staring at Ethiopia, and I've enjoyed this chat about your father but I haven't a thing for you just now, and Your attention is respectfully called, and Not Sufficient Funds. And it was spring, and somebody flew somewhere, making a record, and You'd better not wait any longer, Mr. Power. Mr. So-and-So says he positively cannot see you this week, and how have you been.

Doing all right, thanks. My agent says he's got two or three good things lined up; they should break next week—or tomorrow, maybe.

And it was bright, dry-hot 1933 California summer, and "tomorrow, maybe" had begun to need the seasoning of a little truth to make it palatable.

Mr. Adams, in his capacity as lawyer, handled the receiverships on apartment houses sometimes—ever-increasing times during those Depression months when real estate was still unsubsidized by government funds,—so that Tyrone was continually moving from one vacant building to another, staying until the litigation was completed and the new owner stepped in. It didn't cost anything, but it was a funny way to live. There might be no apartment house failure next month and then what?

For that matter then when Adam got tired of shelling out, when the very last chance of getting anywhere in this town had been explored to its final possibility and then at last had been discarded? What did you do after that. when you were nineteen and would rather die than end up as a clerk in a shoe store?

Lying on the beach one early afternoon in that September, he considered those things, thinking back over the past months.

He thought of his father, and of the endless waiting rooms to casting directors' offices, and of the cars and buses and of the little blonde girl in the corner drugstore (he had borrowed Adams' car that night) And the unsigned contracts and the waiting—the eternal, mind-numbing hours of waiting.

"Come on," he growled turvously to his personal Providence. "Don't just sit there, Do something!"

So it did. A tanned young man in blue trunks sprinkled water on his dry back, sat down, said, "How's the street-cleaning business?"

"Fisher," yelled Tyrone joyfully. "Eddie Fisher! Where've they had you in storage?"

It seemed that Mr. Eddie Fisher had not been in storage, but in Santa Barbara—unless the two were synonymous in your mind. There was a theater group there, and Mr. Fisher had an excellent job in it—oh, stage managing and directing and things. They could use a little new talent though. He supposed Tyrone was so busy these days he couldn't consider.

That night Tyrone, dashing happily up the stairs to his apartment, found a wire under his door; "Tell the mayor to get his speech ready," it said. "We are coming." And it was signed Patia.

ONE period—the worst—in his life was over, then. The next began with the Santa Barbara excursion, and lasted a year, and concerned a girl.

Her name, in Tyrone's memory and for the purposes of this story, was Nicky. Hopeful parents at one time had christened her with other, more sedate nomenclature; but no one ever bothered to remember. "Nicky" suited her; she was slim and glib and ten years in advance of everything. When you saw her you thought of surf boards, of roadsters with the top off, of TWA tickets, of spike heels going down a theater aisle, of all the things that are youth and made of laughter.

[Please turn to page 86]
Hollywood’s Beauty Bath protects daintiness...

EVERY GIRL knows how important it is to keep skin sweet. It’s only then you can be sure you are attractive! Lux Toilet Soap’s ACTIVE lather sinks deep into the pores, frees them of stale perspiration, every hidden trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin thoroughly clean.

You’ll find this quick beauty bath refreshing, too—a wonderful pick-me-up before your evening date. Why not try it?

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
All these things were the explanation of her beauty, of her charm, of her—whatever it was that made Tyrone want to see a lot of her. They had date after date. Nicky could, and did, come down to watch rehearsals; and at the opening night of "Three Cornered Moon" it was she who cheered wildly, unashamedly, at his exit. She could be so glad, so openly happy when Fisher went on to greener fields and they chose Tyrone to succeed him.

Then, suddenly Tyrone realized he had a career he had to get on with.

In typical Tyrone fashion, he flung his clothes into suitcases, left a scribbled note to his roommates, and hopped the midnight bus... to Hollywood.

For three weeks, until August, he stayed there, with nothing to do, with the silent questioning eyes of Patia to face each night, with his heart filled and troubled with the memory of Santa Barbara. Even the most deathless love requires three months to forget completely. At least. And besides he was tired at last of instability, of all this one-horse stuff. It had been almost six years since he had really tried hard to make the world his private property, and six years was too long.

He went to Patia. "There are things I can't tell you about," he said, "things inside me, that make me want to do this. But also I think there's more chance in the East. Will you get me the money?"

"I knew there was something," she said. "Yes. That is—we'll get it some way or other."

Some way or other, by scraping, by begging from friends, by asking the still-patient Mr. Adams, she got enough for his fare to New York; and he caught the evening train. Late that night, while the others—the unwashed, rayon-stockinged smorng others and their chocolate-smacked children—slept, he sat staring out of the day-coach window at the dark desert, rearranging the processes of his mind, rationalizing the thing that had happened to him.

And the fates, taking pity, began that night a new pattern for his future.

When he stepped off the train at Chicago there was a contingent of friends to meet him, and they were friendly, and they said: "D'you want a job?"

The Midwest metropolis was insane with Fair, with Century of Progress. For Tyrone, the period from August to January of 1934 was more than a minor insanity too, a composite madness, a hole in his memory.

There was the concession at the Fair, "A Glimpse of Hollywood" or something, in which at first he strutted and put on make-up and pantomimed before unloaded cameras for the edification of gaping visitors. There were the four other young Thespians with whom he lived and prowled and laughed in an apartment on the North Shore.

There was getting into radio in bit parts in Don Ameche's national show, and the sudden impromptu friendship that began and grew between the two boys.

Things and happenings repportioned themselves in his mind—

Until one morning he went to the studio, said: "I'm not going to read the comics for you any longer over your little local hookup. I'm going to New York." And he did, that afternoon. The detour ended.

The really great thing happened then, almost immediately, as if fortune, having decided to be nice, was patient. He had accepted the sincere invitation of Michael Strange and his wife, Harrison Tweed, to stop there with them for a time; and, using their house as headquarters, he had started again the trek from producer to producer, from waiting room to waiting room. This time, however, the days of searching were not bleak or hopeless because he knew—somehow he knew—that it wouldn't be long.

He stopped one late afternoon before an office building and something made him think, "I'll go in and rest a moment—maybe I can see Stanley Gilkey and get some passes to Cornell's new show." So he went in; and the fates whispered, "Now."

"Hello, Mr. Power," said a secretary, "Mr. Gilkey will see you at once. This way."

Katherine Cornell's manager was glad to meet him. Miss Cornell, it seemed, had heard of Mr. Power here and there, and was impressed. Was Mr. Power under contract at the moment? Well then, would he consider touring with Miss Cornell if the part were good enough, and the salary a respectable one? Excellent. Then if he would just take these passes, and this script...

At the switchboard of Michael Strange's apartment, a half hour later, Tyrone found a message, "See Stanley Gilkey about a job before 3:30 P. M. or he'll give it to somebody else," it said tersely. It had been written five minutes after he'd left that morning, and now, as he stood reading it, the clock above the desk pointed to 3:28. So that was why the door had opened so easily, why the secretary had smiled.

Young Mr. Power laughed suddenly. Sheer luck well, it had come finally. Now the road was clear, and everything and anything he had ever wanted was at the end.

Still grinning, he put the bit of paper into his cartridge, to keep.

The truth about Tyrone's romance with Sonja Henie, the highlights of his tour with the famous Katherine Cornell, the story of what he had to go through to gain his stardom in Hollywood—all these will be told in September PHOTOPLAY.
"This was the snapshot that brought us together."

"When I left the old home town, Helen was just a little girl. Her brother Dick was one of my pals, and she was always tagging us around. But it never occurred to me that she was anything except a nice little nuisance.

"After I landed a job a thousand miles away from home, getting back wasn’t easy. I let several years go by, and had forgotten all about Helen until one day my mother sent this snapshot. She wrote on the back—‘Do you remember your little playmate Helen?’

"I could hardly believe my eyes. Believe me, it wasn’t long before I found a way to get home—and when I came away again, Helen came with me... I wouldn’t take a thousand dollars for this snapshot."

The snapshots you’ll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don’t take chances... use it always...

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.
A faraway look came into her eyes. "'Good Earth,' 'Good Earth'—oh, yes, I think I saw it. Didn't it play with 'Counterfeit Lady'?"

Seven guests sat forward in their chairs, all following the silence. One of the seven said, "That was a wonderful picture."

The man who had mentioned "Good Earth" came in with, "Luisa Rainer was grand, wasn't she?"

The seven people whirled on him and said, in a single protesting voice, "Luisa Rainer wasn't in 'Counterfeit Lady'."

After that, everyone talked at once.

"Wasn't Joan Perry marvelous when she hid the diamond in the chewing gum under the counter?"

Ginger Rogers and Florence Lake dine on caviar at the Troc, but on the polo field they're hot dog fans.

"And then remember how Ralph Bellamy came in and told her where did she get off pulling an old trick like that?"

"I liked 'The Case of the Black Cat,'" someone else offered enthusiastically, "with Ricardo Cortez and June Travis."

"The only trouble was the cat wasn't black—it was sort of grey and white."

The others all whirled on this captious critic.

"Who cares? Who wants a black cat? They're bad luck. That was a wonderful picture."

I stuck in my oar with a plea for, "Women of Glamour."

"Yes, yes," they all said. "Marvelous! When Melvyn Douglas tries to make the chorus girl good—I mean give her religion—I never thought he would, I just never did."

The man who had asked about "Good Earth" left immediately. Poor dear, he was just out of everything.

When I discovered that everyone I knew simply doted on the double feature and envied the same fine taste in 'B's' as mine, I decided to find out how they were made and who thought up the brilliant idea. And then I unearthed a curious fact.

Instead of vying with each other for credit the Hollywood producers, when quarrelled, all looked amazed and muttered, "'B' picture/

What is a 'B' picture?" And when I grew insistent said, "Hush, hush. You must never, never mention them. It isn't supposed to get around that we make anything but 'A' products.

But here are the facts, just the same. For years the major studios have made what they fondly thought were "A" pictures. The independent companies, known none too affectionately as the "indies," made what were once termed "quickies." These rented at a low price in the small theaters. But with the growth of the double bill, the independents were getting as many bookings as the majors.

The majors would rank first at a rental of about $25 and the little indie would be booked at $15.

Then the bright lads in the big studios became greedy for the smaller money, too, and set to work like little . . . I almost said bees amongst the flowers.

The studios can buy good basic stories for a paltry thousand dollars or so. They can also remake old properties. Warners leads in this activity. "Isle of Fury" was "The Narrow Corner." "Dance Charlie, Dance" was "Butter and Egg Man." "White Boudoir" was "Cabin in the Cotton." "Here Comes Carter" was "Blessed Event." "Two Against the World" was "Five Star Final!") And a lot I care!

Most studios have actors and actresses they star only in the "B's." The Junes—Travis and Lang—Donald Woods, Shirley Ross. They have short shooting schedules, do trick shots for the night club ensembles, filet spectacle sequences from old pictures and dub old music in a new sound track. I really hate to see all this down town. It's as if nobody really cared about the "B's." In Hollywood, nobody does.

Everyone hates to make them, for Hollywood has not yet realized that the "B" is a vogue. Some studios have producers who make nothing else. At Warners it's Bryan Foy. KO assigns them around. M-G-M makes its producers take turns because when they tried to force Lucien Hubbard to confine himself to them he broke out in a rash and left.

Often "A's" that don't jell are shoved into the "B" class. Sometimes, as in the case of "Three Smart Girls" and "The Last Outlaw" a "B" is listed and sold as such but gets an "A" rating.

The awful thing is that Hollywood thinks the "B" picture is a menace. They are apprehensive over the increased number of second and third-rate films and theater operators are concerned.

One columnist even pointed out that when a sufficient portion of the customers become acquainted with what, until now, has been a technical classification and join those who, in increasing numbers, ask about quality before they lay down their money, there will be a day of reckoning. You bet there will! They'll have to reckon with me and my pals.

This same columnist, in bemoaning the "B" points out that generally the stories told are of an elemental character, written in bold fashion and played with directness. No time is wasted on fine writing or delicate direction.

And who, pray, wants to waste time on "fine writing" and "delicate direction?" There are Marcel Proust and Walter Pater for fine writing and I would dare either one (if either were alive) to create a "Hideway Girl" or a "Mad Holiday." As for "delicate direction" leave that to Max Reinhardt and see what he would do with "Honeymoon Pilot."

When you watch a "B" the workaday world is forgotten in a mad swirl of murdered airplane pilots, counterfeiters who kidnap Treasury Department men, murder college professors (who live, incidentally, on their penurious salaries in New York town houses renting for forty thousand a year), shipwrecks, floods, G-men (so many of them have been appearing in "B" pictures that the government is thinking seriously of changing their designation to B-men), gangsters, and spies that anybody but another player in a "B" would know was a spy the minute he came on.

And certainly when viewing a "B" one feels one's problems fade. All the subtle refinements of civilization, the doubts about ethics, the brooding over what he really meant or what she was trying to do to herself, and is Freud right and should I be psychoanalyzed—why, these things vanish into thin air when heroines invariably behave exactly as they should, heroes are always absolutely righteous and villains are really dirty dogs. When you come right down to it, life in the "B's" is reduced to its simplest elements; it's life at its finest.

I've just one regret. I missed "Second Wife" with Walter Abel and Gertrude Michael. My friends tell me that one was the best one ever, that even Hollywood booked it for three weeks and the Palace, people applauded the hero and hissed the villain right out loud, and the dialogue was so fine, so well remembered, so restful that the audience joined in and recited it right along with the characters.

My life is not quite complete without that one picture. Maybe, someday, it will play a return engagement at my neighborhood theater, though it probably won't, because the life of a "B" is short and sweet. If, though, some fine day, it does come back, I'll be there cheering—and reciting—even if I have to sit through "After the Thin Man" to do it.
You can Learn a Make-Up Secret from Eleanor Powell, Star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938" Here's Hollywood's Way to Enhance Your Beauty

It's color harmony make-up... powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades for your type, created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

★ POWDER
Like the screen stars, you, too, will find that your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder will bring flattering beauty to your skin. Satin-smooth in texture, it clings for hours and hours... one dollar.

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One test, and you, like famous screen stars, will depend upon Max Factor's Lipstick always. Super-Indelible... moisture-proof... it gives to the lips a lovely color that withstands every test... one dollar.

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For personal make-up advice—sample of your color harmony make-up—copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... mail coupon.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY...
the comfortable hours her grandfather, contractor and architect for the General Electric buildings and later superintendent of their structures, had established.

It was in Schenectady that Jean developed an ambition to become a tightrope walker. She spent hours every day balancing herself precariously as she walked the fence. She also appeared in little plays which she produced on the Greene front porch.

When she was about fourteen her father went to New York to work for C. Gardner Smith, a famous photographer. Soon after this Jean began posing for artists, Howard Chandler Christy among them. And now growing up, making her way, facing brutal discouragements, she suddenly was to need all the courage those fine pioneers who were her ancestors had left her as a heritage.

According to Jean's older brother, Don, she took the names of two boy friends, Jean and Arthur, to form her professional name. For years it didn't look as if this name was to bring her luck. Her first screen role was the lead in "Temple of Venus." Unequal to the demands it made upon her she was fired after her first day's work. Humiliated and frightened, she wanted to quit and go home. Not coming from a quitting line, however, she stuck it out even when she had to finish her contract playing in slapstick comedies, having custard pies smeared over her face all day.

On her own, after her contract expired, Jean behaved like a Spartan. Once she worked without pay for eighteen hours straight in an advertising film on the chance someone would see her and like her and give her another chance. But no one did.

Later on, discouraged by a succession of dull parts which were her lot under a Paramount contract, she asked permission to play the lead in "Spring Song" given at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. This was her first stage appearance but she did so well in it that she was signed to play opposite Bill Powell in "Gentlemen of the Street." However, before this picture went into production, the studio changed its mind about the type the girl in the picture should be and someone else was given the part upon which Jean had set her hopes and her heart.

It was in 1928, when Jean was twenty, after she had struggled for four years to get ahead in pictures, that she eloped with Julian Ancker. They were married at Ventura.

It's easy enough to believe yourself in love with someone who is kind and adoring when you are discouraged and lonely. Messages based on such a relationship survive sometimes, but more often they do not. Jean, as it happened, had no time to discover whether her marriage would have been the surviving kind or not, for when she and her bridgecom returned to Hollywood the studio took a firm hand in their affairs. In Jean's contract was little clause that she hadn't thought to read. It specified Jean was not to marry. The studio threatened to exercise its right to declare that contract null and void and Jean was frightened. She needed that $250 a week that contract guaranteed her every week. Having brought her mother and father and brothers to Hollywood she felt, rightfully enough, that they were her responsibility. So the same day she and Julian Ancker

were married they separated and he later sued for an annulment, claiming she had not lived up to her marriage vows.

At twenty years of age, romantically and professionally, she was surrounded by disillusionment and failure. But she kept her chin up. And not long after this, when she found herself out of a job, she picked up and went back to New York and started all over again on the stage. It's meet and right, I think, that doing this she should have found such success that Hollywood soon called her back on her own terms.

She found romance again, too. In 1931, dancing with Frank Ross to Bing Crosby's theme song "Where the Blue of the night meets the Gold of the day someone waits for me" she was able to forget the disillusionment of 1928 when she had danced to the love songs of "Show Boat." Spiritually as well as physically, you see, she proved equal to starting all over again and believing in her luck.

Jean is sensitive undoubtedly. I would be the last one to contradict that. But believe me when I tell you she is far from being the frail little flower many would have you think her. She's the daughter of pioneers. Strength of purpose and courage and patience are in her blood and in her bones.

Fate, for example, another ancestor of hers who was strong in the face of a feud. Take for example Farmer Greene, Jean's great-grandfather, who grew rich on the orchards planted on that slope of Lake Champlain where those first St. Albans' settlers had halted their oxen years before.

Farmer Greene had pride in the wing he and his sons were building on his farmhouse and in the gloss that shone on the coats of all the horses in his barn. His wife, in turn, had pride

in her swinging shelf of jellies and preserves, in her chest of fine linens, fragrant with lavender, and in her rose garden.

One night they had all this. The next morning it was gone. Clifton Weeks, a crazy boy who lived on the adjoining farm, set fire to the Greene barn first and then threw his flaming torch to the farmhouse roof. He had a grudge against the Greenses because he believed, in his madness, that they had prejudiced a visiting sewing girl, whom he loved, against him.

It was as Farmer Greene rushed from the house to free his horses from their halters that Clifton Weeks shot him. Hiding in a currant patch, he fired three times. The first bullet stung Farmer Greene's arm, the second burned into his thigh and the third found his chest.

Neighbors made a litter and carried Farmer Greene away from the noisy flames to a farm down the road. His wife followed, his sons too—one of whom was Sidney Greene, the grandfather with whom Jean visited in Schenectady. And a doctor came miles, on horseback, to cut away the bullets and save Farmer Greene's life.

"Get Clifton Weeks!

"Get Clifton Weeks!

"Get Clifton Weeks!" That cry spread over the hills and farms and echoed across the lake.

"Get Clifton Weeks!" But they didn't find him until the next morning. He lay in a hayloft. He had cut his throat and put a bullet through his brain.

When Farmer Greene recovered, he bought another place, smaller and easier for a man in his late fifties to look after. And none of his children or their children built again on those original Greene acres. They stand today without house or barn, with just the rows of fruit trees running down the hillside towards the lake. Perhaps it is this Jean Arthur thinks about when she says it's her ambition to settle down on a farm eventually.

One year to the day after the Greene's barn and house were destroyed, the Weeks' place burned. "The Greenses!" ran whispers. "One year to the day exactly!" "That's strange, very strange!"

The Greenses said nothing. Whenever they heard the whispers, their heads went higher. The way Jean's head goes today when she knows there is talk about her. They had their pride. They wouldn't explain. Deep in their being they knew that eventually you stand or fall not by what is said about you but by what you are.

Eventually Farmer Greene and his sons were vindicated. A tramp who set fire to another place admitted he had been responsible for the Weeks' fire too; that he had been smoking in their barn.

All these things, I think, make Jean Arthur the most understandable person in the world. She really isn't an enigma at all, you see. She's strange only because she's in a strange land. She brings to Hollywood the many old-fashioned qualities which are her heritage and to keep in step in Hollywood you must be as much of a pioneer as she is.

Along the shores of Lake Champlain, up near the Canadian border, they would find nothing strange about Jean with her patience and her courage, her reserve and her stubborn pride. For to her own people, to others who spring from those sound human beings who have survived the hardships of pioneers, the things Jean does and the way she does them would be as familiar as the palms of their hands.
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TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS!

"I've never heard of any dentifrice that cleans and polishes the teeth better than Calox... Here in Hollywood it's considered 'tops!'"

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When you see Dick Powell in this picture, admire his charming smile. And remember that in making a picture, powerful 2000-watt lights are poured on the star's face and teeth (see illustration above). Would your teeth register flawless in such a test? Countless experiences like this reach so many stars to use Calox Tooth Powder.

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SUPPOSE you had to face a movie camera today. Would you be proud of your teeth? Would they register pure and clean?

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McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.
George Barbier), indignant ly rises to his feet. Theatr ically striking his chest, he says, "If that's the kind of cad you think I am, may you strike me down where I stand!"

Patric lets him have it, and walks out. Leslie, assembling himself on the floor, ruefully rubs his jaw, saying, "So help me—he did it!"

Director Archie Mayo watching from behind the camera, is amused by the action. "There's just one thing wrong. You pushed him that time. Pat. This time, look as if you hit him on the button!" Pat is so realistic on the next try that everybody is surprised not to hear a crack of fast hitting chin.

"We're having a picnic on this set," says Mayo, "a picnic without pickles sandwiches or ants. But why not? No work is worth killing yourself for."

FROM Warners, we head across the hills to Twentieth Century-Fox where we discover there is only one picture in production. This scarcity of working units is not an outcome of the strike, we are assured; the studio is just "between schedules."

The one picture before the cameras is a big musical comedy, "You Can't Have Everything." It stars Don Ameche and Alice Faye. It introduces Gypsy Rose Lee. If the name sounds familiar to you, it's because she used to be the strip-tease queen. And we mean "used to be." She will do no strip-teasing whatsoever for the cameras. Someone has suddenly discovered that she has a dramatic face. But now her name's Louise Hovick and she'll be dressed dramatically, and you'll like it.

We ask Alice what the plot of the picture is. "You tell me," she says. "All I know is that Don is a Broadway producer, and I'm a Broadway showgirl. We go somewhere from there."

They do an interior of a taxi scene for us. The "taxi" is no car. It has no wheels, no engine, no front window, no top. It is a small wooden coop, the size of a taxi interior, raised on a platform which in turn is on rollers. A prop man rocks the platform to give the effect of a jouncing car, and through the rear window a night traffic scene appears. We gather that they are on their way to Greenwich Village.

Director Norman Taurog has them go through the brief scene once

We're demanding a rebate on the salary of your news sleuth. Covering the "Artists and Models" set can't be called work. Center, LeRoy Prince, Ida Lupino, Raoul Walsh and Gail Patrick confer.
nances as well as sings, and has Allan Jones for a hero, with Warren William for a sinister suitor. Warren is a new addition at M-G-M, replacing John Barrymore on but three months ago. Ironically now, he is living up to the title that he spent years living down: "another Bar- rynmore."

Jeanette is frantically trying to finish all of her scenes so that she can have a new kind of Hollywood wedding in a honey moon immediately after the ceremony.

We do not see them in action today. Jeanette is meeting Warren for the first time, and their exchange of dialogue lasts five minutes, uninter- ruptedly.

The tested spectator on "The Firefly" set is Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of PHOTOPLAY Movie Mirror and other well-known magazines. He has met Jeanette before. Several months ago, she accepted the PHOTOPLAY award from him, on behalf of M-G-M, for the picture, "San Francisco." This, however, is the first time that he has seen her on a studio set. He is impressed. And an interesting commentary on his visit to the studio is that even stars are conscious of famous celebrities. They crowd around to greet him.

From M-G-M, in far-out Culver City, we rush back to Hollywood, to look in at Para- mount.

As we approach the set of "Angel," we hear rumbles of a minor feud between Marlene Dietrich and Director Ernst Lubitsch—about Marlene's clothes. In the picture, Marlene has something like two dozen changes of costume, and each one, so the fashion experts tell us, is really something.

As we come close to the set, which is an all- white apartment (with white moiré walls, no less), we look for Dietrich and Lubitsch. They are not on the set. But then we see them—in an inner room that is not lighted Lubitsch is talking. Marlene is listening at- tentively, nodding frequently. So they're feud- ing, are they? Lubitsch is giving Marlene the boon of private instruction about the effect he wants in the next scene.

On another closed set down the studio street, we discover that Paramount is about to give a palpitant world a rival for Martha Raye. The rival's name is Judy Canova. Radio fans know her as a hillbilly artiste. Which possibly explains her making her movie debut in "Arti- st's and Models," which also boasts Jack Benny, Gail Patrick, Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen, six artists and at least sixty models.

The set is that of a large musical opus at work, entitled "New Faces of 1937," a variety show with a plot running through it, which, except for a few of the top names, lives up to its title, the top names being Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, Harriet Hilliard, Milton Berle and Jerome Cowan.

We see Penner and Parkyakarkus do a scene. The setting is the basement of the theater Parky, armed with a battle-ax, is sitting on the stairs, waiting for Penner. A wigged head ap- pears around a corner and in bounces Penner in female garb, trying to brush past his enemy Parky tells the lady what he's going to do to Penner.

Joe, in that excruciating, elastic falsetto of his, says, "A great big manic-wansie like you shouldn't be so meanie-wansie."

We see Parky's ears strain with the effort of suppression. Then it happens. He spoils the "take," and with a laugh. Penner has been ad- libbing again.

We go on to Samuel Goldwyn Studios, where three (no less) of the year's biggest pictures are in the making.

Since we last saw "Stella Dallas," Anne Shirley has grown up, Barbara Stanwyck has aged six or seven years, and the scene has shifted from a squalid apartment to a swank resort hotel, with no lessening of the catch-in- the-throat mood of the story.

The setting we see is a soda fountain in a hotel drugstore. At the counter sit Anne and her boy friend, Tim Holt (Jack's son, who is making his movie debut hereafter), with several other chattering adolescents.

In the background appears a woman who is fortyish, plumpish and garish. She is wearing a loud red print dress, a black net hat, two large white fox furs, too gaily colored sandals and with bells attached, ten bracelets on one arm and two strands of pearls. It is Barbara (Stella) Stanwyck.

One of the crowd says in a stage whisper, "There she is now." Anne suddenly realizes they have been making fun of her mother. She breaks into tears, flees.

Barbara is paddled to give her the plumpish effect. She has gadgets in her mouth to blot her cheeks. She is wearing five pairs of stockings to make her legs look thicker. But is she suffering for her art? "I love this old Stella!" Barbara says. And, we predict, so will you.

On a near-by sound stage, the set for "Dead End," starring Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea and Humphrey Bogart, is something to give any New Yorker homesickness. It not only looks like New York; it smells like New York.

The setting is of a short, dead-end, water-front street on the East River. At the water's edge is a corner of a big apartment house. Back of it are tenement hovels-breeding places of discontent and tragedy and violence. This is the theme of "Dead End," the short, yet unbridgeable distance between the have's and the have-not's.

All of the adult players in the cast are com- pletely convinced that the young boys are going to steal the picture. There are six of them, between the ages of twelve and fifteen, all brought out from the Madison Square Club in New York, all uninhibited, and all having the time of their lives.

At the end of the street an old scow is an- chored. Between the scow and the pier is a small pool of water, made to look like the East River by the addition of vegetables (strictly edible—fresh). It's heated; it's clean, and the boys are in it more often than they're out.

The scene we see introduces one of them—a slow-witted boy, who has to wheel two smaller children around in a baby carriage, and is picked on by the other boys. Everything is all right when one of the babies emits a wail. Director William Wyler, himself, pacifies the infant by making startling faces, at the same time waving his arms like an insane semaphore.

Simply by going from there out to the Gold- wyn back lot, we transfer from the squalor of the New York waterfront to the lazy peace of a South Seas lagoon. This is the setting for "Hurricane," which is a tale of both terror and beauty, revolving around a native boy and a native girl who are parted by mankind, re- united by Nature.

Dorothy Lamour was borrowed from Para- mount for the role of the girl, and Samuel Goldwyn doesn't mind telling Adolph Zukor that she'll be a star when she goes back to Paramount. The boy is played by a tall, bronzed, handsome newcomer named Jon Hall, also certain to be a star when "Hurricane" is finished. He was discovered by Goldwyn, after Director John Ford had tested every other possibility between here and Tahiti. And Ford learned only then that Hall lives just three doors from him.

"You're Right I Adore It"

"So you've just discovered Beeman's? About time such a bright girl caught up with such a luscious flavor! As a discriminating person you've noticed that allright package. It's important to those who appreciate fresh chewing gum. And Beeman's is the favorite among thinking people as a delicious aid to digestion."

Beeman's AIDS DIGESTION...
'On the return trip," Miss Waterbury thought, "I'll get a little rest." Instead she ran smack into another miniature Hollywood. Gloria Swanson, above, was returning for her comeback in "The Second Mrs. Draper," Glenda Farrell, below, had just done the Coronation up brown. And the Neil Hamiltons, after two years of London and English picture-making, were heading for Hollywood.

"Love on the Run," Joan Crawford in "The Gorgeous Hussy"... no mention in either case of any of her co-stars in those pictures... in the poorest towns American "B" pictures starring actors barely known even in the United States... but American definitely... the factory hands cycling home in the exquisite English twilight whistling "I've Got You Under My Skin"...

SAID get me away from it and drove back to London and ran into the divine Merle Oberon... she has a little house in Regent's Park. one of the most charming parts of that vast metropolis which is all enchanting... the kind of house you would expect Merle, as the English call her, to have... quiet, in lovely taste... with book shelves from floor to ceiling and the coal fires burning in open grates and masses of flowers around... Merle, herself has been in a streak of hard luck... When she got to England to make "I Claudius" under her Korda contract, she found the picture wasn't ready for her... she has had to sit around idle for ten months which is not good for a star just really beginning to climb... she was in that dreadful automobile accident and suffered a severe concuss on... she lost her mother who was very dear to her... and she is most unhappy about the rumors which spread that she was to marry Brian Aherne.

She says never... never will she marry an actor... she wants to get married because she wants to have babies... the plural is hers... which she knows will mean giving up her career but she thinks it would be worth it... but for that she doesn't want a man who must necessarily be vain about his face and his figure... as an actor must be.

It is always an exciting experience to talk to this Oberon girl because the combination of her exotic beauty and her unaffected intelligence makes such a fascinating blend of personality...

Merle said I just did have to see the Korda studio... so I drove twelve miles out into the country... and walked right into Hollywood... director Bill Howard... Eddie Lowe... the usual press agent routine... the new rising star you had to meet... the photographs you really should see since you were right there... even the same wretched food in the typical studio commissary...

I want to get away from it all I insisted... and sailed for Paris... and ran into Frank Capra in the elevator at the Crillon as I went up to my rooms for the first time... driving around the city nothing but American movies being shown in any cinema... Bill Powell
lipeting with himself in "The Great Zigzag" "After the Thin Man" and "The Ex-As. Bradford"... which the French whimsically had renamed, "My Divorced Wife Detective"... going to a little out-of-the-way bar for cocktails and running into the Dick Philis there... seeing a revue that night and Maurice Chevalier turned out to be the star... So I got up very early next morning and out to Versailles... back into the sixteenth century... shades of Du Barry, Marie Antoinette, Napoleon... but I wanted to see rooms that aren't ordinarily shown... the guide said indeed madame they really couldn't show me the rooms... I said you see I come from Hollywood... "Ah, madame, when Norma Shearer makes Antoinette," he started and then began saying me... the rooms they really must produce... the balcony on which they must have Norma stand to see the tattered mobs mingling down from Paris... the secret stairways down which she must glide... I saw so much of Versailles that I staggered to bed after early dinner, completely worn out...

O, I couldn't get away from it so I thought I might as well come home... and I slipped the Normandie at the last moment... just rest and relax... and there was Glenda Farrell returning from her European vacation... and Gloria Swanson very effortlessly being the best-dressed woman not only on the boat but whom you had seen anywhere... and handsome Neil Hamilton coming back home again... and of course we all got together and of course you all know what we talked about... did it was so much fun... Tolstoi wrote a masterpiece entitled "War and Peace"... today I'd say it is War and Hollywood... war the universal fear and Hollywood, the universal language...

HAVE YOU A LITTLE Camera IN YOUR HOME?

And did you ever photograph a movie star? In Hollywood? Or out of Hollywood? Or anywhere? Or did you ever grab-shot any movie event that made a good picture? Well, PHOTOPLAY will buy those pictures of yours. We'll pay $5.00 for the best of the month and $1.00 each for the next five we publish. So send them in addressed to

Ruth Waterbury,
Editor, Photoplay,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York, N.Y.
Bette lost. At this point, thanks to Oscar, she had been out of pictures for a year, and all that had been costly. But she was a good loser, and Warner Brothers were generous victors. They shook hands and meant it. The hatchet was buried and Bette came home to resume work on a basis of thorough understanding and co-operation.

When she and Ham unlocked the house on their return and walked through the rooms, there was Oscar, imperturbable as ever, staring at the lilies of the field. "The film like we needed," he said. "Come on, Bette, it's over."

I had finished the war, and Bette had no one to talk to. She brooded upon the possible outcome of "Marked Woman." She worried over the future. She thought a round and round.

Back home, Ham was keeping bachelor quarters with Oscar and working hard at a new job in an agency. He had renounced cabling as an orchestra leader.

"It's good to have to think," he whispered. "I like to feel those wheels going round in my brain again."

But good for Bette, though, having war going around in her mind, because they got her nowhere. She had reached a pretty low ebb. She was really sick.

"It was the worst thing in the world for me to be alone at that time," Bette said late one night. "All I could do was worry and fret. The Ruthie (Mrs. Davis, her mother) came down. She said: 'Here, snap out of this. Let's have no more gloom! You'd think you were carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders."

"I saw the point and snapped out of it. Ruthie has always been like a sister to me, and a grand companion. We went to laughing over some of her recent adventures and I perked up.

"Keeping up a front had been too hard, had cracked under the strain. I had been trying to be cheerful and wear a smile when actually, I was worn out. If you had to live up to the expectations of that statue you'd learn what it's really like. Well, Ruthie was the tonic I needed, a breath of fresh air to blow away the cobwebs."

"We decided to have an old-fashioned East egg hunt down there on the desert. The old one I grew, the more fun you get out of doing ka-sheets, I guess."

"But we couldn't find a bunny, a baby chick or a duck. We searched everywhere."

"Imagine driving over baking sands, looking for a duck in the middle of the desert!"

"Saturday night came and we were desperate. Ham was driving down after work, and all our plans would be a fizzle without at least one duck."

"Then I had a flash of inspiration, a sheer touch of genius, I might even add. It was too late to catch Ham at home, so I'd have him stopped on the way."

"I telephoned the Sheriff at Banning."

"There'll be a black Packard coming through there pretty soon," I told him. "I want you to stop the car."

"What for?" asked the Sheriff:

"Tell the man in the car to bring us a duck," I said."

"A duck!" he exploded. 'Well, all of the fool things!"

"Then it struck me funny, too. I laughed until my sides hurt. The Sheriff finally was convinced that finding a duck was a matter of life and death, and that all movie people are..."
"I still think the scheme was a good one, even if it didn't work. Ham drove through in the dark, and we had no duck for Easter. But I had so many laughs over it that you just imagine 'duck' now and we go into fits."

DAUGHTER is the best cure-all in the world. Bette was herself again when she started her current picture "That Certain Woman." She finds herself working with children, and so her punishment was fun. Most actresses detest playing with children.

She made a hit with four-year-old Jackie, a tiny, unspoiled lad Director Goulding discovered for the part of Bette's son. She took Jackie on a tour of the set and showed him "go get" the whole house.

"But they left off some of the walls," Jackie thought.

Bette offered to get him a nice big drum if he would sing for her. Jackie not only sang, he declaimed! Goulding was so pleased he put the kid into the picture.

Never before had Bette taken an interest in children. She didn't think she was the type, in fact, she was confident that the material instinct was missing in her make-up. It had only been submerged. Now she has the habit of spending nearly every Sunday with the godchild, Baby Anne Green, daughter of her friend, Elizabeth Green. Bette can change the baby from the skin out. The next day she makes of it, too.

When she plays the role of a mother she gives, as usual, a faultless performance.

At the time when Baby Anne was due to arrive at the hospital, Bette and Ham wanted to be helpful. They couldn't be of much use to Baby Green, but at least they could take care of the expectant father. He was pacing the corridors when his amazement saw Bette and Ham arriving, with a bridge table. They told him to be calm. They set up the table, and laid three-handed bridge all that night.

At seven a.m., Anne arrived with a grand un.

"I don't know how I'd have lived through it without you," said the baby's parents. But back home again, Oscar had put on his coolest look. He did not approve of Bette's story bridge all night in a hospital. How dignified!

This time Bette just made a big snooze right on the bridge at home. From noon she was through crying about Oscar. His spell was broken. He sailed through "That Certain Woman" with Director Goulding and Warners chortling the glee at what they saw in the rushes.

In the midst of dates on this picture the bad news was flashed from New York that "Marked Woman" was a success. Her first picture in a year a smash hit—all that worry had been for nothing at all.

Another piece of good news arrived. Warners were casting Bette Davis and Leslie Howard toward "It's Love I'm After." A comedy, with Howard—what could be better! Life was getting to be all smiles.

As for Oscar A. Award, he seems to be wearing a broad grin himself these days. He is very proud of the lady of the house, at one thing is sure: Oscar no longer rules the roost. And if he tries any more of his jinks, he'll find himself in a closet. There he'll stay until he behaves himself.

From the looks of Bette's future, however, he might even win another Oscar, and then what? If one could cause a nice girl so much heat, what would happen if she had two?

The answer, thank heavens, is simple. She could use 'em for book ends!

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PHOTOPLAY FOR AUGUST, 1937

Thank Goodness

"Let Your Dress Tell You!"

It's only human to think, "I am not like that!" But, just to be absolutely certain, test your dress tonight. As you take it off, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may be horrified at that stale "armhole odor." And you must face the fact that that is the way you smell to others!

Do you wonder that women everywhere, who make any pretensions to refinement and social standing, are so faithful about taking the little extra time and trouble to apply Liquid Oдор? So much depends on those few seconds of waiting for Liquid Oдорon to dry ... your peace of mind, the safekeeping of your charm.

Gentle, But Sure

Liquid Oдорon merely diverts the perspiration from one small closed-in area to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. And it leaves no grease on your frocks.

With Oдорon, dresses and coat linings can't stain. Cleaner's bills go down. In two strengths, Regular and Instant, at all toilet-goods counters. Double your popularity by sending today for sample vials and leaflet offered below.

SEND 8c FOR INTRODUCTORY SAMPLES

RUTH MILLER, The Oдорon Co. Inc.
Dept. 807, 191 Hudson St., New York City
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I enclose 8c, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Oдорon and descriptive leaflet.

Name
Address
City State
"Miss Ann Harding," he said. "Why I—I am Ann Harding" was the reply and suddenly three faces grew rosy with embarrassment.

Joe Penner drew up to the corner near Paramount studios and watched the struggle of the two kids who were trying to assemble the parts of a pair of broken roller skates.

"Gee, you kids have yourselves in a mess, haven't you?" Joe asked. "Hop in and we'll see what we can do about it.

The boys hopped in and Joe drove off to the nearest department store where he bought each boy a new pair of skates. Driving the boys back to the corner again he said, "Now you kids beat it."

Only one more daily good deed performed by Joe Penner, known as the best-hearted clown in Hollywood.

Hollywood—This Month: The gayest spot in town—that fascinating double dance floor rendezvous known as the Hawaiian Paradise on Melrose Avenue. Ooo—that hula dancer! Ooo—those visiting firemen.

The most talked-of man this month: the fascinating Charlie McCarthy, friend of Edgar Bergen. At the Coconut Grove, where Charlie holds forth, the ladies vote him the best ever. Did we make it plain McCarthy, the lamb, is a dummy?

The loneliest man in town: Gene Markay, former husband of Joan Bennett, who sits alone in night clubs list cling to those "I can't believe we're apart" ballads.

The best crack of the month: Gracie Allen's, when she viewed the strike picturers before the Chinese Theater. "Poooh," said Gracie, "if all those pictures were laid end to end they still wouldn't make a fence."

The most discussed frock of the month: Carole Lombard's softly draped black chiffon with short, full skirt worn at a four o'clock broadcast. Even the air waves quivered. Was it luscious?

The most spectacular event of the month: the Jeanette MacDonald-Gene Raymond wedding with all Hollywood out in full bloom. The bridesmaids were all matrons, Gene's knees were all jello and Jeanette too bofil.

The deepest mystery of the month: why Clark Gable sat on a curb before Carole Lombard's house in Beverly one evening muttering in his beard. (Put down those eyebrows, please.)

The bitterest quarrel of the month: the three-day battle between Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck before Bob left for Honolulu. A skirmish that sent Bob to the Derby alone for his dinners—where he sat in gloomy silence with a two days' growth of beard and a wow of a growl.

The biggest surprise of the month: Martha Raye's sudden marriage to Wally Westmore, youngest of the make-up clan.

The funniest look of the month: on the face of Martha Raye's mama when she heard the news.

The most heartily approved event of the month: Bob Burns' marriage to Harriet Foster, his friend and secretary.

The best party of the month: Miriam Hopkins' Russian event with everyone breaking glasses after each drink. And going Russian like mad.

The saddest farewell of the month: Barbara Stanwyck bidding adieu to Bob Taylor when he sailed for Honolulu.

The gayest farewell of the month: Rice-throwing friends bidding farewell to June Lang and Vic Orsatti, bride and groom, when they sailed away on the S. S. Lurline.

The biggest headaches of the month: all the wedding guests next day.

THE way Gene Raymond took the razzing from cast and crew of "The Life of the Party" about his farewell to bachelorhood, won him many admirers.

But one day on the set director William Seiter called "Ready to shoot people. Are you ready, Mr. MacDonald?"

Gene turned quickly. "What was that crack?" he demanded. "Oh that's all right," the director replied. "I was once Mr. Laura LaPlante myself and I lived through it."

Disillusionment Item: In a Wilshire Boulevard after-two-A.M.-spot the other morning we sat and watched Elaine Barrie come in with a small party. It was after her nightly stage show at the Orpheum (it had folded that afternoon) and she was gussied up to kill. A very old gentleman, somewhat the dandy if somewhat the drunk, got up and insisted on singing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life" in a cracked voice—a little number which he dedicated to her.

After he was finished Elaine put out her hand (over the heads of several grinning people) to thank him. He blushed it surprisingly.

As she drew her hand back one of the men seated at the table had to duck to miss having his hair mussed. No one looked at him twice.

He was Frank Fay, once the husband of Barbara Stanwyck and the most sensationaly successful M.I.C. in the business. I wonder how he would have announced that tableau?

We, too, had believed all those stories about Martha Raye's going high—but until last week we saw this happen on one of her "closed" sets.

Just as the cameras were about to grind she reminded something, asked the director to wait, and called to a carpenter, "How's your wife doing?"

"Pretty well," the carpenter said. "The operation was yesterday."

"Tell her I'll be over for the evening, to sit with her," Martha yelled—and went on with her work.

Now for a gal who is shooing people off her sets, breaking radio appointments and generally being uppity, that was a pretty swell thing to do. And if you want the truth Martha's been tightening down on visitors and personal appearances because she's almost ready for a breakdown from overwork.

Notes on the Back of a Derby Menu: Spencer Tracy is still trying to explain himself—twisted the jigger on a new sprinkling system in his garden just when his wife was seating some twenty garden-party guests; and the sprinklers worked.

"Robert Young understand, can't thank the magnificent break he got in "I Met Him in Paris" to the temperament of another star up in Idaho's Sun Valley."

Author when All Jolson clipped Walter Winchell on the ear, thus starting a long-standing battle between the two. Well, it's over. Of all things—because Jolson sent Winchell a cure for insomnia. Nice kind of peace offering.

Surely Sonja Henie can't be quite so naive, but the story is that when she got her first traffic ticket for parking wrong, she was frightened to death.

What Hollywood Says This Month:

"When I walk into a crowded place I just say to myself 'Oh nuts' and go to some quiet place and drink a lot of coffee."

Robert Taylor

"I recommend marriage as a cure for almost anything."

Josef von Sternberg

"It's not the public that has the mind of a twelve-year-old but the producers of Grade B pictures who possess twelve-year-old minds."

Sam Goldwyn

"As far as I know I'm the only great-grandmother in pictures. At least I'm the only one who admits it."

May Robson

"I think writers get more fun out of life than anyone."

Freddie Bartholomew

"Oh boy! I'm a bride."

Martha Raye

"I do."

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond
GIVE YOUR THROAT
A KOOL VACATION!

LIKE A WEEK BY THE SEA, this mild menthol smoke is a tonic to hot, tired throats. The tiny bit of menthol cools and refreshes, yet never interferes with the full-bodied flavor of KOOL'S fine Turkish-Domestic blend. A coupon comes with each pack, good in the U. S. A. for beautiful, useful premiums. (Extra coupons in every carton.) Your throat needs a vacation, too! Get away from the heat, and head into a pack of KOOL'S today! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Merton Ross, NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.

SAVE COUPONS...MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS

Lady's Umbrella—in several colors. 375¢ coupons.

Cigarette Case—Embossed and silver-nickel; choice of five colors, 100¢ coupons.

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]
THERE'S a novel, somewhere in the thin
that has happened to Isabel Jewell.
You see her sitting vaguely at tables in Hol-
lywood night spots—the new, smart Hawaii-
Paradise, or at Prima's—talking without ani-
mation to her companions.
Usually they are two men, old friends free
wayback.
She was in love with Owen Crump. If I can
believe my eyes she still is. But the romantic
that started in June last year, lasted only
eleven months. And fairly authentic source
tell me that Isabel is on the financial rock
just now.
A few people know the true story behind
Isabel's unhappiness but they won't give it.
Perhaps it's just as well.

GOSSIP IN DOUBLE TIME: Julia
Hayden probably will be dropped by
M-G-M. Anyway, she tells us she ex-
perts the gate any time now. Wonders
why that studio wasted the opportunity
to make a great star out of such a
beautiful actress?... Bette Davis is a
little excited—her next picture will of
fer her the first light role of her career.
She's a little tired of mellerdrummer.
... During the strike Clifford Odets
once a radical, worked across the street
from his studio—in a corner bazar shop—because he didn't want to pass
the picket lines. But he went on earn-
im: his reported $2,500 per week just
the same.

You should have seen all the fuss
there was at Universal the other day
because a mother cat had five kit-
tens and then streaked off deserting
them. Production on a picture was
stopped while officials solemnly pon-
dered what to do; eventually they called
the humane society. When the society
car arrived the kittens were gone. The
picture was halted again while an in-
volved search went on.

Finally a technician admitted sheep-
ishly that he hadn't wanted the kittens
chloroformed, so he'd smuggled them
into his car. Bet his wiz was sur-
prised.

Is it true that Republic signed Ra-
on Novarro because of his popularity
in South America, only to discover
S. A. didn't give a hoot about the ex-
Hollywood star? Seems to me Ramon
is a good bet in any case, even if he has
been out of the game for so long.
... Frances Farmer and Ray Milland were
so jittery on a Paramount set the other
day—they'd been signed to make "Ebb
Tide" together, in color. And then it
was remembered that neither had ever
been tested for color. When I talked
with them the tests hadn't been fin-
ished, and the biggest break of a life-
time for each was hanging in the
balance.

The fellow who played the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury for the Coro-
nation ceremony in "The Prince and the
Pauper" has just been given a new rôle.
It's that of a screwball character in
"Varsity Show," forthcoming college
film. Hmm, hmm, hmm...
time passes and screen tests become the order of events in a new player's life, clothes also become important. She is therefore sent to a costume designer and his assistants who examine, discuss and tabulate her good and bad features from the clothes standpoint.

"You are too hippy; take it off," the head stylist may instruct her. "Flat-chested; pad her two inches—this to the dressmaker. "Sway-backed; oh, well, a short waistline will take care of that. Blue is her best color. That outfit she wore in here is terrible."

Yes, she is likely to be told her pet ideas about clothes are all wrong and to have even her personal wardrobe selected for her in the future. But by now she will have learned to shrug her shoulders and answer: "Yes, in," or the equivalent. Who is she to argue, especially when it does no good?

So it goes, until, perhaps at the end of a year, a new player can expect her first part in a picture. If her tests have been good, her part will be good. I am remembering one role that was almost too good for a certain new player, and how a great director forced her to rise to its demands and put it over.

The scene was one wherein this young player was supposed to walk down a broad staircase, he bride of one man but heartbroken because he loved another.

The little novice rehearsed the scene once, twice, thrice—a dozen times. The director fought little of her emotional display. 'Weak,' he said. 'Do it again!'"

A dozen times more she tried it, her nervous tension mounting to the breaking point. But in the opinion of the director her performance still was unsatisfactory. So he let go. He raved and ranted. He called her dumb, a ninny, a fool, an empty-headed little piece of fluff. He aid he was sorry he had given her the part. He said he would take it away from her. Then he stopped, faced her and said: "I'll give you more chance. Go back and come down again."

She did ... and when she faced the camera hat time, heartbreak was written in every movement—her own personal heartbreak.

That scene was a "take." After it was finished, the director strode over to her as she stood, sobbing, at the foot of the stairs. "It was fine," he told her gently. And then—"I'm sorry to have made you cry, Fay, but you know I had to do it, don't you?"

Yes, the girl was Fay Wray. The picture was "The Wedding March," which made her a star. The director was Eric Von Stroheim.

Not all new players, of course, have exactly that experience during their early days before the camera, but something like that is certain to happen to each one of them and they had better be prepared to face it.

The last stage in any player's training for stardom is publicity. Every studio knows sound that way. She had just answered the publicity man's questions. But the chap who figured in the story thought she was exploiting his friendship and was furious at her.

She couldn't help it. Who was she to change the fixed design of the star mill to which she had entrusted her destiny?

By this time, though, the mill will have finished its changing, its renovating, its moulding. It will be ready, at last, to present its "creation" to the public, with proper formality, in a proper role, and with proper fanfare.

This is the real crisis, all important to the young, would-be star. It means that now at last she will know whether the past two years have counted; whether the struggle, the work, the tears are to bring her success—or oblivion.

Now will she feel as she faces this great climax? Frightened? Certain that what she has given will be repaid? Or doubtful that it ever can be repaid?

Of course I cannot answer that definitely. But I can tell you about a girl I know who is now a star, and how she felt one momentous day when, deemed ready for the great trial, she went to work in the picture selected for her screen debut as a possible star and which, as it turned out, won her fame overnight.

She was in her dressing room that day when I saw her, sitting in front of her tall, light-bordered triple mirrors, applying the last bit of powder to a classic little nose, a feature, incidentally, which I happened to know had been done over six months before.

She turned as I came in and spoke in the quick, direct way she has.

"I've been thinking about the scared, gawky kid I was that first day I reported to the dramatic coach in his room full of mirrors," she said. "He told me I handled my hands like a clown. She tried to smile to show she didn't care, now, but somehow she wasn't quite successful. "They broke my heart three times a week, but I suppose they had to—to make me different."

Different? How was she different from the youngest who "handled her hands like a clown"? What had the operators of the star mill done besides breaking her heart three times a week? What had they given her as compensation?

The answer was there, all right—glamour. Glamour—one upon a time we called it "sex appeal." Then Elinor Glyn coined a new name—"It."

But whatever it is, indefinable, intangible, elusive, glamour is the real and only key to film fame. There is no other definition.

Yes, this girl I speak of was glamorous, and she became a star. She is still glamorous and therefore she is still a star.

In spite of that, I sometimes wonder.

Of course, it was a long time ago I saw her there in her dressing room, sitting so quietly before her mirrors, and she has never mentioned what she said since. But every time I see her I have a feeling she hasn't yet forgotten how it felt to have your heart broken—three times a week—and that she still wonders, once in a while, if the game is worth the candle.

You should be very sure it is—you who would follow in her footsteps.
cricketing I've seen since I left England!"

A town where nearly everyone regardless of sex, does something to earn a living, the big days are almost always Sundays. To give you an idea of how the routine goes. I called Cedric Gibbons last Sunday and arranged to meet him and his wife, Dolores Del Rio, at the club for lunch. Somewhere along the line, they picked up Gary and Rocky Cooper and brought them along. We picked up Paulette Goddard who was Cedric's partner in the mixed doubles. The usual crowd was milling about. Archie Mayo was loudly declaring to Humphrey Bogart that the best-written script he'd ever worked from was "The Black Legion." The rest of my gang went on down to the courts to sprawl on the lawn and watch Paulette and Cedric work out while I wandered into the locker room.

I was peacefully wriggling my toes when the door burst open and in popped "Tubby" Griflin, the president of the club. He doesn't like to be called "Tubby!" any more than he likes to be kidded about his slow-motion service. I started talking to him, and he has been seen. Not for revenge ever since. By the look in his eye, he'd found it. He was literally quivering in an effort to be nonchalant.

"Oh, hello, Errol—you here?"

I admitted that the last time I had looked in a mirror I had indeed been there.

"Did you bring Arno along today?" be-inquired with the bland innocence of a Capone pulling a gun. Then he snickered. Immediately I examined him closely. When "Tubby" snickers, something is afoot and the nation is in peril. Skulduggery.

You see, Arno is my favorite dog. He's a good-natured tramp, a schnauzer with the mind of a clown and the heart of a wolf. If pressed, he'd fight and lick four times his weight in wildcats.

Now, there's a strict rule in the club that no dogs are allowed on the premises, but Arno is no respector of minor regulations. Matter of fact, he's even got me feeling that way. So Arno has been the privileged canine of the lot, wandering free and clear about the club, much to the envy of the other dog owners. What's the use of being on the Board of Governors, I always say, if you can't rate a special privilege?

But to continue—I left "Tubby" snickering. He paused long enough to cock an ear. I followed suit. We sat cocking ears at one another. In the distance, a faint roar could be heard—the noise of the nudging crowd.

"Exhibition match?" I queried.

"Th-huh! It's Arno!" and he went off into mirthful howls. I felt a bit shaken. No telling what my child was up to, but I was sure it must be bad. Gathering my pants about me, I saluted Arno.

The grandstand and veranda were in an up roar. Bets were being made hysterically. Johnny Weissmuller and Hal Roach were holding each other up. Helen Flint and Mary Carlisle were all but weeping. Everyone was staring down on the broad expanse of sand before the courts—and there stood Arno. Not his old insouciant self, not the Arno of confidence and boisterous good nature, but a harried and puzzled poodle. He was being at tacked and couldn't find the attacker. The lawn was naked of man or beast, but some-
thing was definitely chivyng at his tail.

Two smallish birds, known as butcherbirds were indulging in a bit of ground strating that would have made Richtofen's Fying Circus look like amateurs. They'd circle above my poor hound, waiting for the proper moment and then the one would drop over into a power dive straight at his rump. The bird would zig 
down, jab with its beak, haul out a couple of hairs and fly off, leaving Arno mortified and worried. While the first bird flew back to the nest to deposit the haul, the second one would kick over its joy stick and drop to the attack. No matter which way Arno ran, his rear was in danger and the betting odds had mounted to eight to three in favor of the birds, with no sign of diminishing.

I covered one bet with "Tubby," more out of loyalty than hope, and started cheering Arno lustily. Tennis was forgotten. It was a titanic, elemental war. "Tubby" had bet that they both get him again, but Arno suddenly got sense. He sacrificed dignity for security, turned to face the grandstand and sat on his vulnerabilities, snapping wapsibly every time a bird that had been the object of his devotion came near. The birds retired to map out a campaign on an Angora cat a block away, but "Tubby" swore that it was no contest and that the birds had won by default.

I really enjoyed tasting "Tubby" into the swimming pool. He made an immense splash and then Arno and I went into the clubhouse to mend our shredded dignities.

Inside, I found Frank Morgan and Pat O'Brien in a deep argument. Morgan had lost a bet on the recent encounter, but was holding forth in favor of the bird. He was about to write to the War Department with a recommendation for a training school for butcher-birds in time of war. Expanding the theory, he was sure that they could be trained to speed after enemy airplanes and harry the backs of the pilots' necks, thereby destroying their morale. I left.

LUNCH with the Coopers and the Bing Crosbys followed on the open veranda while we all listened to Bing expound the beauties of his new race track at Del Mar, which opens this month. He was drawing a picture on the tablecloth explaining about the new type of photograph finish device they're using and we were kidding him about it.

"It must be good," he wailed. "A guy by the name of Lorenzo di Medici del Riccio invented it. With a name like that you can't go wrong!"

Just then, Myron Selznick, the agent, came by and solemnly announced that the part of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind" had at last been filled. The producers had decided to wait until Shirley Temple grew up.

After lunch, I went on in search of new victims while Crosby went to sleep and Cooper ruminatively chewed blades of grass. I played a few sets with Paul Lukas who, incidentally, plays a very fast and hard game, and then flopped into the swimming pool, vaguely hoping to wet "Tubby's" body floating around in it. Instead of "Tubby," he went out of the pool and unlike his usual body gliding around, which was a pleasant surprise. She was wearing one of those rubber outfits. Something awkward must have happened to it, because she got down at the deep end and started bleating to Paula Stone. With firm determination and precision, Paula and her female cohorts cleared the pool and surrounding walls of all the men while Eddie made a dash to the locker rooms.

It was all very unfair, I thought, running out like that! Anyway, we had fun diving in the pool later trying to find out what Eddie had lost, if anything. The answer remains as in 
scrutable a mystery as the Sphinx.

Sunday is a pretty dull day at best in Hollywood, so the Club starts crowding up early and you can wander from group to group, listening to the talks about last night's parties. Pleasedly recuperated from Saturday, in a gentle glow from the workout, you sit around gabbing unimportantly over cool drinks until the Buffet Supper is announced. This is the really big event of the week, aside from periodic dances. For one dollar per person, you can eat more of the best food in the ensuing hours than I've ever seen anywhere before. While you're stowing it away, some energetic lad will wander over to the piano in the big living room and start playing something like "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" unaccompanied by a dozen or more hanging around him and singing.

I recall one particular night it was really swell. Jeanette MacDonald started improvising a song and held everybody spellbound, especially Gene Raymond. Later on, Jack Oakie took to the floor and began beating one up and in a couple of minutes half the club was clustered around in a bit of close harmony.

AFTER the Buffet Supper that night, bridge games sprang up and gorgeous gals sat around sadly in need of rouge and powder on their sunburned faces. In a far corner was another mob that didn't have to work the next day and wanted us all to know it. Unsuccessfully. They were working up a bit of mild whoopie. To give you an idea of what I mean by mild whoopie, let me tell you what happened.

I had been working very hard all day and had played a lot of tennis that afternoon and had eaten a sizable dinner. The result was that I got sleepy, but, perversely, I didn't want to go home. I went into the locker room and lay down on a rubber pad for a minute. The minute lasted three hours!

It was after twelve when I hauled myself up, cursing myself bitterly for being such an idiot. As I stalked up the stairs, I heard a piano hanging away at something, then a crash and a lot of silly giggling. I looked into the huge living room. It was empty except for Ann Sothern. "Butch" Romero Betty Furness and a half dozen others. These "sophisticated" celebrities were having a wild party—a real wild party. They were playing "Musical Chairs" and "Going to Jerusalem" and loving it.

That's why the West Side Tennis Club really is the place to go. Everyone knows every one there and they know you and there is no one to impress or be impressed by.

At the West Side, comedians don't have to be funny and tragedians can tell old jokes, athletes can take sprawling naps and writers can play a haircut in the open with their hair in curlers. But Western stars are positively not allowed to ride their trusty mounts into the Club House— that's about the only thing that is forbidden. You can be yourself.
That Man's Here Again

[continued from page 16]

Yes, Bill's back again. But behind his return is a story, believe me—you—the story of a man who wouldn't be forgotten or wouldn't let the world forget.

W. C. FIELDS, the man who literally rocked the world with laughter, sat in his hospital bungalow and faced a bitter truth—nobody wanted him.

A young man crawled by in agonizing slowness since Bill had finally given in to the suffering that wracked his body. It had been a year during which Hollywood, somehow, took to speaking of Bill in the past tense and then—now you know how it is—just not at all.

"Who? Fields? Oh, Bill!" they'd say when you asked. "Oh, he's pretty sick. Yes, guess it's all up. Don't think he'll ever—"

And Bill shrewd and as keen as a whip where human nature is concerned, knew what they were thinking. That is, when they did think of him at all. He knew they felt that he was through, had closed a chapter.

It was one morning recently he walked, cane in hand, to the window of his hospital bungalow and looked out. It was spring out there. Things were living, moving, breathing. Two birds were raising a major rumpus on a pepper tree bough near-by. Those sharp little eyes of Bill's that had grown misty and blurry with pain sought to focus on the feathered disturbance.

"Oh," he mumbled to himself in that typical nasal twang, "birds, eh? I once knew a man who had a bird. He—ah—let's see, what did he do?" The muttering ceased as he turned away and walked over to the great chair and sat down. He sat there a long moment thinking. He thought of his two best friends who had gone. Swiftly and suddenly they had left him while he lay ill and helpless on a bed ofrank pain; Bill Rogers and Sam Hardy.

"Bill went out thinking of me," he said to himself. "The last piece he wrote up there in Alaska was about me." "Bill!"—he unconsciously called the name aloud—"Bill, you old—"

As he arose and walked back to the window

"Yes sir, this man had a bird—" he took up the tale where he had left off. And suddenly he breathed the words he hadn't dared think before.

"They don't want me," he murmured. "No sir, no one wants me. Well, it's pretty comfortable here," he assured himself. "Yes sir, pretty comfortable. I can do as I please. My bank roll is nicked but I can stay here and listen to the radio and sit by the window. I can be alone here. Yes sir, it's pretty nice. Nurse!

The last was called through an open door.

"Help me pack. I'm leaving."

ONE week later to the day, W. C. Fields, the man no one wanted, was established in a house in Bel Air, had signed a million-dollar radio contract, and agreed to begin pictures immediately with Paramount, with salary increases and percentage of profits, and had turned down a syndicate's offer that would have netted him almost a million and a half per year inclusive. He had to turn it down and fight off the others who came pleading for his services.

In a week Bill Fields, forgotten and alone through his own courage, became the top-notch man of the hour.

It is the sensation of Hollywood.

"Yes sir," he told me, "I'm the Cinderella man of Hollywood. Out of the ashes into the fire. Only," he glanced down at his feet, "they can't find a slipper to fit my foot and it hurts too damned bad to put it on if they could."

When things got too cozy for me over there in the hospital," he said, "when I got to thinking of myself as settled, I knew the time had come to get out and I got."

He permitted himself no self-pity, you see. He wasn't too proud, this man who had listened to world applause and world acclaim, to come to Hollywood, when Hollywood wouldn't come to him.

The word spread rapidly in Hollywood that Fields was back. "Gee, I thought that guy was finished," someone said. "Who'd ever have thought old Bill would come back to town?"

"Fields back? You mean he's back in town? Say wait, I've an idea. How about Bill as a guest star on the new Chase & Sanborn radio hour?"

"Oh no, no," his studio advisers said, "he'd never be able to do it. Too—you know—too nervous. Bill's all shot."

But the man with the idea was insistent.

"Well, let's ask him anyway," he said.

"Radio, eh?" Fields replied. "Great thing radio. Used to listen to the radio by the hour over at the hospital. Yes sir, great thing. When do I go on—and let me see the script."

Five days after he had, of his own volition, bid good-bye forever to sanitariums, deliriums, and nurses with petticoats (Bill insists they wear 'em starched and stiff as a lady should) he stood before a microphone for a nation-wide broadcast, his script, the one he had written. It was a new program for Chase & Sanborn with Don Ameche, Ann Harding and her new husband, Werner Janssen, and the terribly funny Charlie McCarthy of the dummy fame.

Sponsors: at trance-like in the East watching the second hand creep to the hour. "I hope Fields can get by as our first guest star," one said to another. Then that familiar Fields twang spun across the wires, the gongs flew fast and furious, and a nation roared in unison

Bill Fields was back again, funnier than ever, if possible.

An hour after that broadcast, they had his signature on that million-dollar radio contract and Paramount, the studio that had said, "Better take it easy until next fall, Fields," was begging at his door. "Can you start a picture now?"

He agreed but, as we told you, he had to turn down the others who came offering and pleading for his written articles.

Yep, Bill had come back secure in the faith that the world's faith in him had never died.

It had only slept.

HE won't talk much about his year of suffering. "I tell you," he said with that Fields smile that gives away the heart under the tough hide. "I don't want people ever to feel sorry for me. You see, if they feel any pity at all, they won't laugh at me. And I've got to keep them laughing at me!"

But he did let slip a hint or two of his trials when he said, "I'm going to call my new pic-
You doubt marked HESITATE thought, went is Of Wix protection Department You it glass because many counters its can't Wix because may in efficiency.

A surgical cotton that's so important to absorb perspiration — it's during the night when the patient is in the coma.

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Wix, the cotton that's been trusted by doctors for decades, is now available in pre-packed, sterile packages. Wix Personnel Pads and Buttons are the standard in the field. Wix is the only cotton that can be relied upon to keep the patient comfortable and dry.

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Dangers That Face Robert Taylor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

him psychologically, is nobody's business but his own. But it makes one curious to think!

Tyrene Power is another very young man who has come into the limelight with considerable suddenness. The fact that he comes of stage people may have been of help and instruction to him. At any rate, he certainly seems to have some idea of what is happening to him. Perhaps he is a little appalled, but what is he going to do about it?

There are several things to do about it. One is to keep your sense of humor and of proportion. It is fatal to believe all you read about yourself on the billboards. It is also well to remember that if you have become famous overnight, someone else may also turn the trick. The lad who greases your imported car on Tuesday may be discovered by a motown-picture scout a week from Thursday and in a year or two may top you in fan mail.

When I was in Palm Springs I heard the salaries earned by the stars referred to as easy come, easy go money.

I would advise the young man or woman who has hopped, skipped and jumped into what is commonly known as the dough, to try and learn to take care of it. Agents appear to be necessary and managers are helpful, but it's wise to learn for yourself that two and two make four, that taxes are inevitable, that Wall Street is sometimes known as the Wailing Wall, and that it might be a very good thing to put something aside for that day when you may not be in the money. If you don't believe that day will ever come, look around you at some of the extras, trying to make comebacks, who once drew bigger salaries than your own. For in the good old days the salaries were bigger.

And keep your eyes out for flattery — flattery of women, flattery of hangers-on, flattery of parasites who want to be around you while, things break right for you, but who will disappear like morning dew if things start breaking wrong. If you don't believe that there are people in that category who appear when your special moon rises and vanish when it wanes, consider the Duke of Windsor — a gentleman more publicized than any Hollywood star, more of a romantic figure, more everything, a man who was briefly King and ruler of the greatest Empire in the world. But for a man who once was King, how much loyalty has survived? Very little. There's a warning to you, written in royal purple — one that might well be taken to heart.

OMEN the young star selects his or her friends by their box-office value. That doesn't make sense. But the average person pitchedforked into fame seeks instinctively and rather pitifully those who are even more famous. It is well to recall that the ladder is slippery, that fame is a seasaw, and that if you select your friends for their human merit and their intelligence you will still have them at the end of the game, and that they will still be as they were when you selected them.

Moderation, temperance, a realization that while the candle burned at both ends "gives a lovely light." It soon goes out, is just something else to remember. Not to get yourself into a drunken scandal by staying sober. And there have been innumerable stars who have lost their health and their place in the sun because of excesses. Excesses are silly, anyway. They start — unless a man or woman is a born tramp — by way of showing off. But after a while they become necessary. I call them excessories before and after the fact. And after they become necessary then what happens? Scanda heartbreak, oblivious — and sometimes worse.

One skeleton which is trotted out of the closet to rattle its bones at the newcomer to the screen is marriage. Don't marry, marriage won't last, they say. Hollywood marriages can't last, besides you will lose your box-office appeal! That seems to me the silliest item of all. If you want to marry, go ahead and marry and don't be afraid of it — or the box office. I haven't noticed that Gary Cooper's box-office value has fallen off since he married. Nor that Bing Crosby's appeal has diminished, and a world and not just a citizen of the narrow community of fellow actors, writers, painters or what have you in which he has found his niche.

It appears to me important that the young men and women of the screen should make good friends of their own sex. Look at the Three Musketeers, Ronald Colman and the regiment of Richard Barthonelms. These are three of the most interesting men in Hollywood, or anywhere else, and have been over a very long period of time, as Hollywood time is counted — because they are regular. They get along with each other, and with other men.

Professional jealousy, backbiting, gossip, stelling scenes, mugging are some of the minor pitfalls. But they can lead to major catastrophes. The man or woman who indulges in petty larceny of the spirit and the letter cannot last very long.

Courtesy is significant. Not empty courtesy, but the real thing which springs from a genuine desire to be friendly and considerate. It is a difficult rule to follow when one is a star, hampered with a thousand and one demands. But all of us who have ever met a great, a really great man know the effect he has on himself. Some years ago I was talking to the head of a great insurance company whom I had known when I was a child. I told him I had gone to his offices to see one of the vice presidents about some material I wanted. And he asked, "Why didn't you come to me? I am the easiest man in the company to see. Didn't you know that?"

In speaking of Robert Taylor at the beginning of this article I selected him since it seemed to me that because of his background and very sudden rise he is typically exposed to all the dangers which beset the youngster who has made good, almost immediately; and because a young man like Mr. Taylor might very easily be twisted from his natural pattern and made into something which he is not. The blame does not lie with the world which the public has much to do with it. The studios are not in business for their health. They must give the public what it wants; they must watch the straws to see which way the wind of approval is blowing. Then there's publicity, both studio-censored and outside the studio; gossip, like a snowball growing larger and larger until finally it is an avalanche, until we hear so many conflicting things about a person that we don't know what to believe and end up in believing nothing — or everything.

It seems to me that the only really valuable thing a person like Mr. Taylor has to contribute to the world is himself, not a self which has been manufactured. If he, and others like him, keep their heads and sanity, they'll be all right — for as long as they live. If Robert Taylor can take his career as a job and work at it, he will be happy and loyal, and refuse to have his basic values distorted; if he can realize that the one thing in life which is really important is the integrity of the human spirit, he will then become something very much more important than a Hollywood star — a human being, a man, male, not in the image of a shadow flickering past upon the screen, but in the image of his Maker. For stars come and go, winds veer, other stars are born, and children in the audience grow up, but a personality which is integrated and sound and genuine remains.

NEXT MONTH!

You Can't Get Away from Sex

Will sex be tabooed from motion pictures? If not, how far should films go? An open discussion of one of the most important questions facing the theater public

by

Lupton A. Wilkinson

OFTEN the young star selects his or her friends by their box-office value. That doesn't make sense. But the average person pitchedforked into fame seeks instinctively and rather pitifully those who are even more famous. It is well to recall that the ladder is slippery, that fame is a seasaw, and that if you select your friends for their human merit and their intelligence you will still have them at the end of the game, and that they will still be as they were when you selected them.

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today's public is not interested in sticky sweetness. Result: a chic, attractive young girl with occasional clouds on her sunny disposition (after all, we're all human)

JEAN KERICK
Wellesley, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
YOU'RE WELCOME!

Thank you for that perfectly grand biography of the nicest actor—Franchot Tone of course! I got the most tremendous kick out of those kid pictures—bright eyes, funny mouth, peak of hair—he hasn't changed a bit, has he? It's so nice to be able to find a sensible unphasing piece of literature in a film periodical.

My second rosy writ is for Bette Davis' return to the screen. I missed her—there are so few genuine actresses about. Yes, she overemoted in "Marked Woman" but it's so pleasant to get a good look at the saucer-eyed pugnacious little Davis map, that one really doesn't mind. Do you suppose it's the prevailing stoildity of mankind that makes us eagerly lap up her extravagant chemosition?

SELMAR G. KATZ
Brockton, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
MONTGOMERY IS THE McCoy

After the recent plague of ultra-gay, ultra-mad comedies, it was an astonishing relief to see the best murder movie yet, "Night Must Fall." Whether it was the excellent script, a masterpiece of psychology, the strong sympathetic direction of Richard Thorpe, or the amazing acting of Robert Montgomery that made it so exciting is hard to tell. I suspect it is the latter, and I feel many will agree.

Here is something new under the kleig lights, something great. If it does not develop into an orgy of gory pictures that lack equally painstaking preparation it may well mark a trend toward really great films. At any rate "Night Must Fall" will stand supreme as a flattering tribute to all who helped produce it.

MELVIN FREEDMAN
Brookline, Mass.

Long bored by his position on the screen as a
tight-hearted sophisticate, actor Montgomery, after seeing "Night Must Fall" on Broadway last year (which producer-actor Emlyn Williams had brought from a successful London run), became obsessed with the idea of playing the role of the sly, ingratiating baby-faced killer. He persisted M-G-M officials till they gave in, and in the finished picture he gives a completely satisfactory proof that he does not need to be "typed," hopes by this start in a new direction to live down his reputation as a playboy.

$1.00 PRIZE
A MIRTHQUAKE

Screen comedians may come and go, but W. C. Fields still rates as a top ranking performer. The older he gets, the funnier he seems to be. His presence saves a poor picture, and adds distinction to a good one.

W. C. Fields' understanding of life is profound, and as a result his humor runs deep. A laugh with him is a laugh close to the heart. He's not a mere pie thrower; yet he can trip on a rug and we chuckle—not the gag which comes from ordinary slapstick, but one of full understanding of man's frustrated existence.

A. B. OLIVER
Fargo N. D.

Radio is having its Field Day now as well as pictures. For years W. C. Fields turned down offers to go on the air, for he thought he had to be seen to be funny. No one who heard his hilarious debut on Sunday night a few weeks ago would agree. Happily recovering from his great illness of last year, one of the most beloved of the stage and screen's top comedians will appear soon in another picture, "Big Broadcast of 1938."

$1.00 PRIZE
SAUCE FOR GEES

"Mama Steps Out" is the subject of this ink! The film was as plotless as a Sixth Grader's short story. Not one step did mother—Alice Brady—venture, though her spirit was there. Why? Because after they got that smart title, the brain waves subsided and they just said, "Alice, MUG! Keep on mugging until we get another idea." They then—whoever they are—went to Palm Springs or Honolulu. And Alice would be tripping over her own train yet, and waving her hands helplessly if Anita Loos hadn't wandered in, snapped the band off her notebook, and said, "Hey, there are some lines for that. I'll write dialogue till the whistle blows, and then let's go home."

The pity of it is that a trio like that (Alice Brady, Guy Kibbee and the incomparable Anita Loos) could have staged an impromptu skit at a party and beaten the present opus into cranberry sauce. Yours for a soupçon of genius for the next footage these martyrs put up with.

DOROTHY FAUBION
Iowa City, Iowa.

"MAYTIME" A MASTERPIECE

Glorious song, spring, love, youth and beauty, and a touch of tragedy are the principal ingredients that make up "Maytime," musical extravaganzas extraordinary. Jeanette MacDonald has never disappointed any of her admirers. In triumph she sings her way through the story and into the hearts of more millions, establishes herself as the outstanding star of musical motion pictures. The histrionic efforts of Nelson Eddy, coupled with his superb singing, must not be overlooked. I believe it may be truly said that both these stars excel the high standard they set in the captivating "Naughty Marietta" and the entrancing "Rose Marie" that won them wide acclaim.

S. LEWISON ANRUD
Denver, Colorado.

PHOTOPLAY awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

THE AFFAIRS OF CAPPY RICKS—Republic

IN this very tepid little offering, Walter Brennan plays the old seafarer who finds the world going ahead too fast for him. In order to save his business and to prevent his daughter's marriage, he maroons the whole party on a remote island and tries to straighten things out. The cast strives valiantly to make this entertaining, but the bad dialogue and poor story fail their best efforts.

THE GREAT GAMBI—Paramount

THIS is a complicated story with Akin Tamiroff as the magician and mind reader who predicts the marriage of Marion Marsh and Roland Drew will not take place. It doesn't because the latter is murdered, which gives the Great Gambini opportunity to use all his occult faculties in solving the mystery. Handsome John Trent, in love with Marion, is the chief suspect, while Genevieve Tobin gets everybody involved with her leather-brained chattering;
RIDING ON AIR—RKO-Radio

C H A R L I E WOODS, the pint-sized screen star, centering a

adaptation of the first novel written by the noted English

novelist, A. B. Farley, has an adorable romp through the

air. A delightful vehicle, "The First Flight," features the

youngster in a lead role. The story is of a little girl who

dreams of flying and eventually achieves her ambition.

TALENT SCOUT—Warners

L E N D A F A R R E L L, newspaper woman and

female Sherlock Holmes, again solves the murder mystery,

although this time she takes to the air on a round the world trip
to do it. Barton MacLane is the detective in love with

Glenda—even though she solves all his murders for him.

Good comedy is provided by
tom Kennedy. The heavy is Gordon Oliver,

And the finish is surpassing.

YOU CAN'T BEAT LOVE—RKO-Radio

YOU will find a new and engaging Preston

ixer in this. It's screechy comedy with the title

show manages to be consistently funny.

Silk-hatted Mr. Foster is tied up in politics,

means Joan Fontaine, falls in love.

Herbert Mundin tropes nicely as a

manservant, and Barbara Pepper turns in

a hilarious performance.

RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS—Republic

B E T T E R than most independent quickies,

this offers Patricia Ellis as an unsuccessful

composer of music and Warren Hull as the big

shot musician whom she compromises.

It's an amusing comedy in the modern style,

without hitting the brilliant pace you expect from the

story. Put it on your see-if-necessary list.

BANK ALARM—Grand National

YOU get everything in this, from murders to

kidnappings to counterfeits. Preponder-

ance of story makes it a sort of cinema hash

but production is neat and there is little co-

fusion. Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Hunt fol-

low the adventure trail through situation after

situation to find happiness together. Fair fare.

UNDER THE RED ROBE—New World—20th Century-Fox

OLD-fashioned in theme and treatment,

this offers Annabella, the current toast of the

Continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of the

days of Cardinal Richelieu built around such

diversions as dukes, duels, secret passages,

missing diamonds, and much plumage on the

men's millinery. Raymond Massey plays an

irritable small time Cardinal hardly impressing

one as the power behind the throne. Veidt is

obviously unhappy at being cast as the im-

pecunious swordsman who is given a chance to

save his life by capturing the Duke de Foix.

He falls in love with the Duke's sister, upsets

the Cardinal's applecart by allowing the family to

escape. Annabella is piquant and pretty but

her accent needs much polishing. Romney

Brent's amiable skid-guggers as the servant is

the only light spot in an otherwise dull evening.

PARCELL—M-G-M

JOHN STAHLS has screened the history of

Ireland's greatest statesman—Parcell—

with a direct sincerity of purpose and a fine

feeling for detail. With Clark Gable in the title

role and Myrna Loy playing the woman for

whose love the "Uncrowned King of Ireland"

lost his power, this picture offers a moving and

educational portrait of a man and a period.

As the idolized leader of the Irish "Home

Rule" faction, who fights with tolerance and

serenity for his country's freedom, Gable gives

an exacting and superbly restrained perfor-

cance. Miss Loy, more beautiful than ever before

in Adrian coverings, has great charm as

Kitty O'Shea who, married unhappily, loves and

protects Parcell. Edna May Oliver and Billie

Burke carry the comedy burden as the vitriolic

Aunt Ben and the inquisitive fluttering sister,

respectively. Outstanding in minor roles are

Montague Love, Alan Marshal, Neil Fitzger-

ald, and Edmund Q. Gwenn. You may find a

little suffocating the passion for detail which

forces bad grammar into some of the dialogue,

but on the whole this is a monument to a

cause, and superior entertainment.

MOUNTAIN MUSIC—Paramount

HIS screwball story of a hillbilly who suf-

fers amnesia is a rollicking purely slapstick

comedy of the knock-down and drag-out tradi-

tion. Since it has no other pretense, you can

settle back and prepare for unstinted laughter.

Martha Raye, a big-mouthed gal—louder than

ever—portrays the ugly girl whom no man

wants. But when Bob Burns sees her his

brain is out of whack and he thinks she is beau-

tiful. The plot is complicated by the fact that

the mountain folk think Burns has been killed

and accuse John Howard of his murder. But

after several raucous reels in which Martha

drags her new fella through courtrooms and

hotels into innumerable funny situations the

difficulty is unravelled. If you don't fall out of

your chairs when the Raye girl gets killed by

a fire hose in the courtroom you've got chronic
dyspepsia. Cast direction and pro-

duction are all excellent.

LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID—Paramount

HIS action-packed melodrama of modern

day Spain offers you timely subject material

and a good story, but dialogue is an insult to

intelligence. Included in the cast, are Lew

Ayres, Robert Cummings, Dorothy Lamour,

and Gilbert Roland—all of whom overact.

MIDNIGHT MADONNA—Paramount

A S AN introduction to new little four-year-

old Kitty Clancy, this serves its minor

purpose. She's good and you'll see more of her.

The story is a sentimental, often satirical,

sometimes amusing hodge-podge about a lot

of dreadful people who want the custody of

Kitty because she's an heiress. Warren William
does well. Take your family.

The appearance of a review in these columns

rather than on the opening pages of the Shadow

Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture

reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that

the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed

on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage.
“Nobody Ever Heard of Her”

For all she looks like a movie actress, she might be the girl who lives next door, attractive in a clean-cut way and always good fun. As closely as I can peg her actual features for you is to say that she has that gamin something of Margaret Sullavan. Her voice is low and husky and free of any hint of the caricatured Australian accent except for the national trait of speaking rapidly in clipped words. Her hands are firm and capable.

Connie is disarmingly direct and frank in conversation; there is no pose or evasion about her. She looks you squarely in the eye when answering questions. Her mouth is rather large and when she smiles, she does it without reservation. One deep dimple in her right cheek comes and goes at unexpected moments.

An expert horsewoman, she loves all vigorous sports and excels in tennis and swimming. She doesn’t know the meaning of fear, apparently and will tackle any feat at least once. Usually she will give it try after try until she has mastered it. Contrariwise, she possesses that knack of homemaking, her mother revealed, and delighted in making her own clothes for many years. She not only knows how to bake a swiss chocolate cake but does it right along.

SO much for what she is. Now for who she is—this little “unknown” who beat the Glamour Girls at their own game.

She was born Jocelyn Howarth twenty-three years ago in Sydney, Australia, the daughter of Mort Howarth, a wealthy retired banker and owner of a sheep station, the equivalent of the American ranch. She landed in Hollywood and pictures by a fluke, and admits it.

Reared in luxury, her education was completed at Miss Dupont’s finishing school in Paris, France, as was that of so many of her socially elect young friends. Her first contact with the theater came via the route of amateur shows for charity, much like our own Junior League productions. Seen in the leading role in “Cynara” in such a venture, she was perused by Australian film directors to take a test. The leading rôle in the Cinesound production “Squatter’s Daughter” was the result. Stage offers followed, and for a time she defied the conventions of strict British society by appearing on the boards of Sydney.

London film scouts saw her, offered contracts. It seemed a good idea to her to look the contracts over more carefully on the home ground before signing; so with her mother she started for England, via California. The shipping strike caught her boat in Los Angeles harbor. What was to have been a visit of two days turned into an enforced stay of several weeks. In the round of entertainments for her, she met Hollywood film directors and the contact with Rome followed.

“I have no illusions about being a great actress, or even an actress,” she laughed. “But they can’t count me out until I’ve tried.”

She first met George Brent only two months ago. Prior to that memorable afternoon, Hollywood had been a pretty hazy place for Connie. She lived with her mother in a large house, leased, oddly enough, from close friends of mine. That, in fact, was the first introduction I had there was such a person called Constance Worth. Those friends checked from time to
time and reported her a model tenant. No parties and all that. Just Miss Worth and her mother living very quietly indeed.

Connie confided to me, in fact, that until she met George, she had no social engagements with men in Hollywood at all!

'The Trocadero, the Coconut Grove and all those places everyone goes were just names to me,' she said. 'I'd read about them, and I'm honest enough to admit that I wanted to see inside them.'

Connie on the outside and the Glamour Girl in her.

That was the year George met over a cup of tea at the home of a mutual friend.

'I knew who he was, of course,' Connie related. 'I had seen him many times on the screen. I can't say I had a crush on him or anything like that. I merely thought he was charming and a good actor.

George at that time had just finished 'The Go Getter' in which Anita Louise played the feminine lead. Half of the romance reported budding between them at that time originated, no doubt, in the minds of an alert publicity department. The other half, I'm inclined to believe, was on the up-and-up. They appeared to be tremendously interested in each other, at any rate, and quite frequently were seen at this or that function together, and right chum my two.

'It was rather prophetic, don't you think that 'The Go Getter' was the picture George was making when he met Connie, and that 'Gold Is Where You Find It' will be his first after marrying her? Incidentally, Warners are making that latter in Technicolor and it will mark a new high in Brent's career.)

A CERTAIN publisher could do worse than capitalize on this: one of his books started the Brent-Worth romance!

When they met over that cup of tea, both George and Connie had volumes of Negley Parson's 'Way of a Transgressor' under their arms. True, there wasn't anything about the book itself to stir up love, but at least it paved the way for a conversation a bit more personal than "So you're from Australia? Big country, that," and the usual rejoinder which always comes as a surprise to us Americans. "Yes bigger than Australia," Brent said.

Discovering a mutual love of tennis, the two arranged a game for the next day. It was a stiff game. Connie gave no quarter, asked none, and took her trouncing like a gentleman. George liked that and together they laughed about it. That ability to laugh freely and wholeheartedly at the same things—games, people, life and themselves—drew them ever closer as date followed date. Nor were those dates confined to sports. Because Connie enjoyed it, they actually went to parties, previews and luncheons. She said it had been the tip-off to the romance finder-outers, had they been on their toes. It should have been the tip-off to the camera boys, too, who neglected to snap the pair in public because Connie was no "name."

Maybe it was because George did none of the obvious things like bringing Connie to his own studio to visit, or holding hands in public, that the wiseacres failed to spot this romance as a serious one—or the Glamour Girls recognize a match was being made under their very eyes.

After knowing Connie two months George proposed.

How much of a Babe in Hollywood Connie still is was revealed by her next remarks.

"I'm sure George had no intention of marrying an actress," she said.

I asked her what made her so sure of that.

"Well," she answered naively, "I had read where he said that in interviews!"

I don't recall that George ever made such a statement, but if he did, it was one of the few positive declarations he ever made in print. He is about the most un-tallkative gentleman in all Hollywood, the despair of interviewers and a thorn in the side of his studio's publicity department, for all they agree he is one swell guy personally. Not only is he loathe to talk about himself, he gets all "hem up" when anyone does it for him. Before the advent of Connie, the thought of two places he was really happy—at the controls of his own ship high above the clouds, and in his secret hideaway in Palm Springs. That was a little inn, far off the beaten track, where none of the help or other guests ever recognize him. (Whether Connie had anything to do with it, I wouldn't know, but he has sold his airplane—and the hideaway hasn't seen him since last March.)

They eloped on a Monday morning, driving remark on first meeting—'Where has he been all my life?' and ended in divorce twenty months later, he was married for six months to a girl whose identity to this day is unknown to Hollywood. The marriage was annulled. The closest Connie has come to matrimony has been a brief romance with a young chap in Sydney, a doctor's son. This was broken just prior to her sailing for England last fall.

They tried to keep the marriage secret. At least George did. He denied it even to his closest friends, Don Turner, a bit player and double, and "Mushy" Callahan, an ex-pug who keeps him in physical trim. He denied it to his studio. He must have denied it to her, for in turn flatingly stated there had been no marriage.

Connie says they had no intention of keeping it secret, that they were both too proud and happy to share their news with the world. "George did want as little publicity about it as possible," she qualified. As if that marriage could be kept quiet in Hollywood!

It is amazing how little Hollywood or the fans know of George Brent, considering he has been in pictures some ten years and a top ranking star for at last five.

Perhaps now that he has found love, it will be a different story. He didn't go to night clubs before and avoided photographers as if they were the plague incarnate.

One thing is certain. Henceforth if George won't talk about George Brent, his wife will. She's all wrapped up in the subject and without any urging will tell you that he really likes people; what everyone thought was reticence, if not introversion, really is just "choosiness."

She'll tell you, too, that he has a boyish streak in him a mile wide and that his ego needs bolstering up at times; that he has a magnificent imagination and a vast capacity for enjoying life, and not always in such a quiet way; that he can be led but not bullied; that his bridge isn't so hot; that he plays the guitar moderately well and has a good disposition in the morning; that the only economy she has caught him at is seeing how many shaves he can wheedle from one razor blade!

They are living in the rambling ranch home George built some time ago in the valley where he keeps the famous movie stars in for the outdoor life. That suits Connie to a T. And although the house was built by a bachelor for a bachelor with no thought of a woman to rule it, it likewise is perfect in her eyes. Bless my soul, she hasn't even made a single change in his staff of servants and doesn't intend to.

Both plan to continue their individual screen careers—that is, Connie will if there is a place on the screen for her. As I told you, she admits she hasn't won her spurs yet. If there isn't a place, well, being just a wife is an even greater accomplishment than what she did with unmistakable conviction and sincerity. I like the pay-off to this Glamour Girls versus The Little Unknown. I think it's the best unconscious bit of humor in a long time.

Connie said: "When I first came to Hollywood, the beautiful girls with their sophisticated clothes and cars and houses and beaux scared me to death"

In the future, no doubt, our famous beauties will keep a sharper eye on these little girls they've "never even heard of." This goes to prove humor is rampant about Hollywood that the Brent marriage will not last. These rumors have been started before and proved false. I hope that will be the case with George and his little Australian bride.
Considerate and conscientious he is too. In instance, when Bob did "Magnificent Obsession" with Elizabeth Taylor, before shooting opened up a spell ago he was all tied up with one of those local publicity stunts—they were making him an honorary fire chief at Long Beach. So, despite the fact that the Culver City chief of police escorted him to and from rehearsals, Bob was so engrossed in that, he screamed up after the call hour, and he really was terribly concerned, because the rest of the company had to wait. He peeled off his coat and went right to work, and it wasn't until an hour later, when C. B. DeMille caught him whispering to a stage hand to run out for a sandwich, that the cast realized Bob had skipped dinner. He finally ate off a piano, with Irene feeling very maternal about it all. "If I'd only known," she fussed, "I'd have brought you down some strawberry shortcake I made for dinner.

Bob and Miss Dunne made a handsome pair indeed on the stage, but we couldn't help being a little twitchy when Irene insisted on closing her eyes for a bit of realism in her blind role. We thought she'd get all mixed up in her lines if she didn't watch out. As usual, we worry more than the actors. It was the first time Irene and Bob had worked together since the picture, which, you'll remember, gave Taylor his real boost into the big time. More than once that week we noticed Miss Dunne regarding Mr. Taylor with a slightly quizzical eye. Finally she said, "You haven't changed a bit, have you?"

"Haven't I?" replied Robert.

Isn't he? I wonder.

Claudette Colbert double-dribbled last month, airconditioning "Hands Across the Table" in the Lux Theater with Joel McCrea and then slipping over to Hollywood Hotel two weeks later for "I Met Him In Paris," with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young. Both times she ran true to form by getting pretty sick but keeping on with the show. Maybe you didn't know, but ever since Claudette took that bad bump on the head some months ago at the studio she hasn't had quite the same nervous stamina. Hard work sets her nerves jangling, and then the nerves kick up the rest of her system. During Lux rehearsals she turned pretty pale and peaked more than once, but each time waved away suggestions to stop. She kicked off her slippers and climbed up on a high stool in her stocking feet. "Just let me get a good hold," grinned Claudette, "and I'll be all right."

Miss Colbert has, of course, as shapely a brace of stits as you'll find around town but she had plenty of competition that night at the Hotel. Harry (Sweet Lelani) Owens and his girlfriend, the British girl, brought the smoothest little burl shifter you ever saw. Usually on Hollywood Hotel the guest stars relax before and after their spots in a little room off stage, but that night both Melvyn and Bob Young stuck like chewing gum to the stage what with that shapeless little tempest in t' leaves swinging about. And don't think Claudette didn't kid them about it either. What their wives had to say, we wouldn't know.

SPEAKING of wives and things like that—Jean Crawford and Franchot Tone certainly managed to keep the Lux routines, "Mary of Scotland," right in the family. We never saw such teamwork. Joan and Franchot checked every word with each other all week. The magazine people were a little surprised to see them. After a de Lux show because they insist on a full week of rehearsals—but Joan and Franchot went them several better. They toiled over forty hours on the stage, then took the Lux men out to Joan's Brentwood place and kept it up far into the night. The last thing they did, the strand house, they played the record Joan had made at rehearsal. If careful Crawford ever gets a crack at the stage—which she says is her big ambition in life now—we're putting our chips on her to do it right.

Joan's black skullcap chapenu was one of the sartorial sensations of the month in radio's little private Peacock Alley, although hardly as hefty an eye tempter as the peasant creation that lovely Anita Louise bloomed in while mike-ling "The Go Getter" with George Brent at Hollywood Hotel. One of those varicolored businesses, it divided a bouffant skirt with shorts underneath and won in a walk in the dress parade which is getting to be a regular part of the Hollywood ether strut. We asked a clothes-conscious star friend of ours how come her screen sisters put on the dog so for broad-casts. "It's the rule," we replied, maybe a little cattily, that they had more clothes than they had places to wear 'em!

Anyway, Irene Dunne spotted a different ensemble for every rehearsal at Lux and Janet Gaynor managed a striking charade gown with orchids at Hollywood Hotel's "A Star is Born." Even Hedda Hopper, who can hold her own in any fashion free-for-all shows up in a new Annette Simpson creation every time she does her coast program, "The Hollywood Magazine of the Air."

Fortunately, the mere male side of the picture is quite the reverse—thanks to Bing Crosby. Bing's idea of the perfect radio get-up as we've intimated before, is a shirt and a pair of pants—preferably ones that have just been used to grease the car or clean out the attic. Bing, by the way, is steadily but surely becoming the most popular star along Radio Row. You can't seem to change the man who's got the aces with both the biggies and the smallies.

For months now two front seats at the Kraft Music Hall have held twin girls, just starting their teens, Dorothy and Doris Hargrove. Each week they come in from a little town near Hollywood on the trolley, carrying a little box camera and worshipping expressions. Sometimes they have tickets, more often not—but somehow Bing gets them in for the show. He doesn't like to have his picture taken on the Kraft hour either, but the twins snap him from all angles, and Bing just grins.

When you read this, of course, Bing will be a victim of that vacation bug and Bob Burns will be back from his fishing excursion up on Puget Sound. Every week Baxoza Bob was away Bing received a telegram a few minutes before the show started. They were all from Bob—saying Bob had come home a very happy groom May 31—the bride, of course, his secretary, Harriet Foster. What a lot of people who wondered at Bob's romance don't know, is that Miss Foster was the best friend of Bob's wife, who died last year, and that she's a great pal of Bob's Junior's. All in all, it looks like the happiest of domestic set-ups.

The Old Kraft Music Hall took a lot of star-boards into its spare rooms last month, which included Elisa Landi, Bill Garland, Lionel Stander, Myrna Loy, Jean Auer and Victor McLaglen. As lovely as that loveliest of all the dream gals in Hollywood to our mind—Miss Madeleine Carroll. We had always thought, that Madeleine, being British, was bound to be a little studied shrillish. So we were duly surprised at her performance, particularly when someone noticed just before the zero hour that the green ruffle on her petticoat was decidedly out of bounds. "Oh well," said Madeleine, "that'll be nice for the tired business man in the front row!"

A GOODLY portion of our regular congregation is indisposed with a touch of summer shulmipthis this month, including the eminent President Jack Oakie, Mayor Eddie Cantor, Judge Jack Betny and Alderman Al Jolson. So here's this month's Hollywood Hot Air Waves and Summer Static—

Frances Langford is still on the weak and wan side after her operation. Those long distance calls at the hospital were from George Jean Nathan ... Eddie Cantor has put out fifty thousand eagle stamps to set his new son-in-law up in the antique furniture dodge ... Myra Tomlin is rid of another naughty song to success; first it was "The Object of My Affection" and now it's "The Love Bug Will Bite You." That got him a radio contract ... Walter Winchell gave Jack Haley a big kiss after he sang on the Hollywood Hotel broadcast of "Wake Up and Live!"—Whoops, Walter! Why was Grace Fields, the high-priced British comic, sore when they wanted her to sing a funny song on the same H. Hotel? ... When Frankie March goes on the air, he always borrows chewing gum from the extras ... Gracie Allen's brother (the real one) has taken such a ribbing over the air that now he has to go out in public. He's a San Francisco oil man ... Is it true that Jeanette MacDonald will take over the Vick's program in the fall? And if so, what made Jeanette change her mind about radio? ... Bing Crosby has just signed a new air contract for five more years ... Eddie Cantor's new ticket, "Dinner at Eight," is going to do the Chase and Sanborn hour, will be a star in Sam Goldwyn's coming epic, "Hurricane" ... Jerry Cooper got a surprise birthday cake on his third Hollywood Hotel show—it was also his third anniversary on the air ... Radio success has made Shirley Ross independent enough to walk out on a Paramount picture ... Bing Crosby hopes to broadcast from his alma mater, Gonzaga College, this fall ... Don Ameche's mother cooks the best spaghetti in town.

AND here's a nice item to finish up this broadcast—Lee Tracy was in a hurry to get to the Kraft Music Hall one Thursday last month when a traffic cop waved his car to the curb. Minutes were ticking off and explanations getting nowhere fast, so Lee explained his plight and the cop took a look at his driver's license and said, "I'm Lee Tracy," he said, "the motion-picture actor."

"Tracy?" The cop looked puzzled. "Oh sure, I saw you in 'Captains Courageous.' A swell picture," he said, slipping the ticket stub back in his pocket. "But say, pal, you oughta take it easy—you've sure lost a lot of weight!"
accepted the dollars pressed thankfully into his hand by Molly, tucked at the scrappily arranged and conspicuously huge desk. You won't be needing these hammers and axes, missus.'

"Why not?"

"Because—well, she's shrunken a bit."

Though startled by their outcry, he went on: "Didn't you know that? Carpets always shrink when they're dyed. Say, I've got 'em. A pair of feet each way—that's the cheap ones. But you take this here good expensive carpet, she wasn't like that. She only shrunk about a foot."

A hostile horror hung over the room. Lily spat out the words quickly for fear she might swallow them.

"Yes, she's shrunk, all right," repeated the cleaner, as if this was what he had sought to achieve. "Come on, let's unroll 'er!"

Further horror descended upon them. The carpet was the hideous shade of decaying raspberries! Without a word, they stretched it on the floor, replaced the furniture, and silently went about their work.

At five-thirty Graham returned in particularly good humor which only augmented the mezzanine. Mrs. Graham was in her element. "The cook is improving every day," he remarked, pleasantly, to Peabody. "How is Mrs. Bunch?"

"She's—very well, sir."

But in spite of this, Graham did not think that Mrs. Bunch looked very well when she came in with his chocolate that evening.

"Mr. Graham," she began, bravely, "I'm sorry to tell you that the carpet in the drawing room is ruined."

He looked up. "You mean the sun has ruined it, Mrs. Bunch?"

"No, Mr. Graham. I ruined it. I spilled something on it and sent it out to be dyed. It's—it's come back—a terrible color."

Graham rose in some bewilderment. He followed Molly into the drawing room and stared incredulously at the carpet.

I know you want me to resign, Mr. Graham," Molly said, tremulously.

He glanced at her. "Why, Mrs. Bunch?"

"Because I ruined your carpet."

A touch of pity swept over him as he saw that she was intensely distressed. "Of course not," he replied, quietly. "Accidents will happen. Don't worry about it. I will order a new carpet."

As he retreated to the library, Molly swayed and held onto a tall chair. If only he hadn't been so darned nice! She deliberately forced herself to return to the library.

"Aye, I know," she began, nervously. "I'm sorry to interrupt you again, but—but I didn't tell you the whole story and you were so good to me that I—I—well, I just can't hold it in any longer, that's all."

Her face worked, and her hands touched at her handkerchief. "You know she—she says she was afraid he would interrupt. I wouldn't have cared so much if you hadn't been so terribly nice about getting the new carpet and—if—"

"What is it?" Graham said, rather sharply, when Molly hesitated and gulped quite audibly.

"It's—it's the dog, sir. She did it."

Graham stared at her. "What dog?" he asked.

"Whose dog is it?"

"Our dog—Daisy."

Graham asked, severely, "Are you trying to tell me that you have been keeping a dog here?"

Molly hung her head contritely. "Yes, Mr. Graham. We've had her here for several weeks."

"So you've been hiding her from me? May I ask why?"

Molly raised her eyes and looked at him frankly. "Because I was afraid that you'd send her away if you found out. If you could only see Jimmy playing with it. It would make you happy, honest it would—" Dissembled in tears, Molly could say no more.

Graham, conscious of his own embarrassment, stared intently at his book. Somehow his anger lessened and the sight of Molly standing there, weeping silently, filled him with compassion. However, his voice did not reveal his thoughts. "Mrs. Bunch," he said, slowly and decisively, "there is no need of working yourself up into such a state over Jimmy having a dog. If he wants this dog, he can have it. However," he added, pointedly, "I believe that a dog's place is not in the house, and I hope you won't encourage Jimmy to bring him in here."

"Oh, Mr. Graham!" Molly's voice rose. "Oh, that's wonderful of you! Thank you ever so much, thank you!"

"Good night, Mrs. Bunch," Graham said, in a tone of finality.

A MONTH later Molly was certain that no one in the household enjoyed Daisy more than Mr. Graham. All in all, life was spreading as smoothly as molasses on a nice, thick slice of bread.

That is—until Jimmy, emboldened by Molly's success with his father over the Daisy matter, said to her the second before Thanksgiving, "Gee, Mrs. Bunch, I wish Dad would let me ask some of the boys here. I never have any company and it gets pretty lonely sometimes with just Daisy."

"I'll fix that," said Molly, with confidence, giving the young shoulder a comradely pat, "I'll speak to your father about it tonight."

But Mr. Graham was not easily persuaded. "I hardly think that Thanksgiving is the time for parties, Mrs. Bunch. And, incidentally, I had looked forward to spending this Thanksgiving holiday alone with Jimmy."

The following day, however, Jimmy was permitted to have a young friend visit him, and Molly accepted this as a small triumph. Unfortunately, the boy, Jerry Allen, confided to Jimmy that he must not miss a party they were planning for Thanksgiving night. A dozen of the boys were going skating, and afterwards they were to have a late supper at Shellman's Inn. Jerry's parents were allowing him to go because his older brother was to be present.

"That sounds great, but you see—" Jimmy shook his head dubiously—"well, Dad would never let me do it."

"Ah, you're tied up like a sissy by his mother's apron strings," Jerry said, scornfully. "I wouldn't be afraid to tell the old man a thing."

Graham was annoyed when Jimmy told him of the skating party. He would not consider...
letting his son do a thing like that, and chided him for being so thoughtless as to expect it.

The result was that the more Jimmy thought about the party, the more hurt and unhappy he became.

“You have to learn to accept disappointments more gracefully, Jimmy,” Graham told his son next day.

For the first time in his life Jimmy’s eyes flashed reproachfully at his father. “I suppose you wouldn’t understand,” he said sarcastically.

Graham was aghast. “Go upstairs to your room at once,” he ordered, “and stay there!”

Jimmy, his face flushed with anger, wheeled around without a word and left.

Alone in the library, Graham had difficultly trying to mend the rift with his son. He rose and started toward the door. He wanted to recall the boy, but it was difficult to know quite how to approach him. At the same time, he argued, if he relented too quickly, Jimmy might take advantage of him, so he returned to his chair by the fireplace and stared glumly at the open book.

Several hours later he went wearily up the stairs to bed. To his amazement, he saw Molly, rapping on the door of Jimmy’s room.

“Jimmy!” he heard her call. “Jimmy!” She turned, sharply, when she heard his footsteps and realized that he was coming closer. Graham stepped forward quietly and opened the door.

“Jimmy!” he said, but there was no answer.

They turned to the bed and, in the moonlight, saw that it was empty.

As Molly went through the upstairs hall on her way to breakfast, she heard Jimmy call her softly. Entering his room, she found him fully dressed, white-faced and frightened. She learned that not only had he stolen out to join the skating party, but that he had gotten into trouble. The boy had broken into a gang of young toughs at the lake and later encountered them again at the inn. One of the toughs, picking on Jimmy, had pushed and tripped him.

Jimmy had struck him heavily. The boy, in falling, had hit his head on a radiator and had been knocked unconscious. A general fight had followed and the proprietor had telephoned for the police. When Jimmy had returned home long after midnight, his father had opened the door. He had been too angry to listen to Jimmy’s stammered explanations. He had cut him short and said that he would settle with him in the morning.

Molly was greatly concerned. “Oh, Jimmy,” she reproached, “how could you have done a terrible thing like this!”

At that moment the door opened and Peabody came in. “Your father wants to see you,” he said, looking worriedly at Jimmy.

“Right this minute in the library,” Molly followed Jimmy downstairs.

She watched him go into the library as if he were going to his execution. She was still standing on the stairway when Jimmy came out a few minutes later.

“Oh, Jimmy, what is it?”

“It’s nothing”—he tried to answer bravely—“only—I’ve got to go back to school for the rest of my vacation. And not a soul will be there,” he added, brokenly.

Alone in his room, Jimmy had difficulty trying to get his mind from reverting to his unpleasant scene with his father. He busied himself with his packing. His father’s cold, inscrutable severity had been so terrifying that an emotion close to hate welled up in Jimmy. Thinking that he might get a little comfort in the photograph of his smiling aunt, and already mentally writing a letter pleading with her to let him come to England, he opened the hidden sandalwood box that contained his treasures.

He was gazing tenderly at the photograph of his mother when the door opened and his father stepped into the room. Jimmy made a swift movement to hide his pictures.

Graham demanded, sharply, “What are you hiding?”

“Nothing,” Jimmy answered.

“Let me see it?”

“I tell you it’s nothing! They’re mine, anyway!” Jimmy’s voice rose shrilly. “You can’t take them away from me!”

“Give what you are hiding to me!” Graham spoke with cold intensity.

“I’ll tell you what they are,” the boy cried.

“They’re pictures of my mother and some of her letters, and I’m not going to let you take them away from me! They’re mine!”

For a moment Graham was too stunned for speech. Then he said, in a strained voice, “Give them to me at once!”

“I don’t want any of the sort!” Jimmy was screaming now in terrifying hysteria. “I wish I could go any place to get away from you! I hate you and I never want to see you again! I do! I do!”

In an effort to quiet the boy his father caught him by the shoulders. The photographs of Jimmy’s mother fell almost at Graham’s feet. As he swiftly swept them together, he tore it and flung the pieces away. Jimmy’s face forward and slapped his father, a hard, stinging blow across his face.

For a full moment they stood there staring at each other; Jimmy terrified by what he had done; Graham suddenly shocked. Then, unable to endure more, Jimmy pushed past him and, flinging himself upon the bed, burst into violent weeping.

As Graham stood there, watching his son’s hands clutching impotently at the bedspread, he felt a horrible feeling of disgust with himself swept over him. He crossed the room and bent over Jimmy, put his hand on the boy’s quivering body. “Look here, Jimmy, stop that crying just for a moment. I’m very sorry for what I did just now. I had no right to do it. I had no right to lose my temper, son. I can only say it was a great shock to me to see that photograph of your mother. Please sit up and face me.”

“I—I don’t want to face you!” Jimmy cried. His sobbing spent itself, and slowly he drew himself up on the bed and turned his bloodshot eyes toward his father.

An instant later a hand had rounded the boy and held him as he had done when, as a little fellow, he had been hurt, hugged insistently at Graham’s heart. “Jimmy,” he said gently, “I had no idea that you knew anything about your mother. I wasn’t prepared for that—and I’m sorry that I tore her photograph.”

Jimmy was touched by the note of pain in his father’s voice.

“In an old trunk in the attic there are other pictures of your mother,” Graham continued. “I never could destroy them. I loved her very much. Tomorrow I’ll give them to you, and there’ll be no more to hide them.” He rose and walked slowly to the door.

There was something about his father’s bent shoulders and his sad face still bearing the imprint where Jimmy’s hand had struck him, that filled the boy with sudden pity. “Dad!” he cried, in his voice. “I’m sorry.”

He hurried forward, holding out his hand, but when Graham turned and Jimmy saw that there were tears in his eyes, he flung himself into his father’s arms.

“There, there, Jimmy, that’s all right. We’ll forget all about it. I’ve been thinking lately that I haven’t been quite fair with you, that I’ve been seeing you as a child. I’m afraid I have made a mistake.”

“Oh, Dad, you’ve always been all right to me,” Jimmy sobbed again. “I wish I hadn’t slapped you. I didn’t know what I was doing.”

“I see, son,” Graham quietly—“let’s not say anything more about it. Perhaps we had to have this understanding.” He patted the boy’s shoulder. “Come on, Jimmy, let’s pull ourselves together.” His glance rested for a moment on the half-packed suitcases. “It’s almost lunch time, and we’ll have luncheon at one of the clubs.”

He put his arm across the boy’s shoulder—

“And, on the way out, how about telling Mrs. Bunch to go ahead with that party tomorrow night?”

Molly’s excitement knew no bounds when she rushed out to the kitchen to tell the staff that Jimmy was to have his party, after all. They had just begun with plans when Peabody announced that a Mr. Sam Adler had come to see Jimmy. Instantly on the defensive, Molly went into the hall and stared coldly at Sam Adler’s forget-me-knot tie. In a too-familiar manner he told her that he was an attorney representing the boy who had been badly hurt by Jimmy Graham during the row at Shellenman’s Inn the night before. The fact that the injured boy didn’t want to make any trouble for Jimmy, added Adler, but he had to have a hundred dollars at once to pay his son’s doctor bill.

“Jimmy Graham returned to school this morning,” Molly lied.

“That’s all right,” Adler answered, easily, “his father will do it.”

“But he won’t be here until late tonight.”

“Well, well,” Adler replied, “I’ll wait until he gets here. I’m used to waiting,” he added, with an oily smile that made Molly long to slap him. “You see,” he drawled, “I can’t leave until I have the hundred dollars. Then he added, pointedly, “A hundred dollars won’t mean a thing to a man like Mr. Graham.”

Molly’s mind was harried. With her last month’s wages, she had more than a hundred dollars in the old pocketbook hidden under the blanket on the shelf in her closet.

“Will you give me the receipt in full, then get out and stay out if I give you the hundred dollars,” she demanded of Adler.

His eyes narrowed to conceal his delight.

“Sure I will.”

Molly exchanged her hundred dollars for a penciled receipt, stating that she had paid Sam Adler one hundred dollars in full payment of all claims by the injured boy’s doctor. She signed with relief when she saw Adler drive off before there was any sign of Graham and Jimmy. She was, however, entirely unaware that Adler, going slowly down the winding drive, had seen Jimmy standing on the side lawn, drying her long black hair.

Julia paid no attention to Adler, but he suddenly stopped to stare at her and to watch her closely as she walked across the lawn and around the side of the house. He longed with surprise, elevated his eyebrows, and smiled. If he had suddenly found something out of which he could make capital.

That evening Molly went upstairs wearily after a long day of work. She heard a low whistle and saw Lily, in a shaggy bathrobe, emerging from the service stairs.

“Hey, Molly! You’re wanted on the phone. It’s a man. I told him you were in bed, but he says it’s terribly important.”

Even as Molly had feared, it was Sam Adler
against. A chill ran down her spine.

"That little affair we talked about looks pretty serious," he told her darkly. "The boy Jimmy hurt is worse than I thought and his father thinks we have a neat little case against Mr. Graham."

"So you're trying to blackmail him. Is that your idea?" Molly retorted.

There was a long pause, then Adler said, ominously. "I happen to know, Mrs. Bunch, exactly what is going on in Mr. Graham's house. You'd all better do as I say."

"What—what do you mean?"

"I might give you a chance. I tell you that I will to be with a law firm that handled a lot of cases for the theatrical profession. I remember one actress in particular—Miss Julia Fayne!"

Molly gasped.

"Mr. Graham hates newspaper publicity," Adler's voice purred, "but he may have to take an awful big dose of it if he doesn't watch his step. My friendly advice to you is not to mention the matter to him until I've seen you tomorrow. Good night, Mrs. Bunch."

After Molly hung up the receiver, she sank into her armchair and sat there for several minutes before she could make her trembling legs support her. When she could, she stumbled up to bed, where she lay awake, shivering, and blaming herself for bringing Julia down here to upset the applecart for all the rest of them.

The following afternoon the telephone rang eleven times, and eleven times Molly sprang to it and yanked the receiver off the hook as if she expected it to explode in her ear, but the calls were just from Jimmy's friends or the tradespeople in the town. The twelfth call, however, dealt a cruel blow to her. It was Peabody on the house phone, announcing Kitty and the judge.

The moment that Molly laid eyes on them she sensed that they were harbinger of more trouble.

The judge moved slowly and with massive dignity as he inquired, "Is Mr. Graham here?"

Molly was tempted for a moment to tell him that Mr. Graham was not at home, but she didn't dare. Her fear dissolved into a slight nausea as she answered, reluctantly, "Yes, he's here, Judge. He's very well. I'll see him alone."

He walked toward the library with the authority of a man who is entirely aware of his own importance. "My dear, you visit with Mrs. Bunch," he advised Kitty.

After Graham had been summoned and had gone into the library, Kitty seized Molly's arm. She leaned close and whispered in Molly's ear that some one had told the judge that a morning sailing sheet had hinted at an affair between Graham and a former Broadway star. Though she had pleaded with the judge not to delay the gossip to Mr. Graham, he had firmly believed that it was his duty to do so.

"Did they mean you, Molly?"

Molly stared blankly at the wall and solemnly shook her head. "Lord knows," she deplored, "but Mr. Graham is going to be frightfully upset."

Before Kitty had a chance to reply the library door opened, and Graham stood there looking at Molly with a dreadful, cold intensity. "May I see you for a moment, Mrs. Bunch?"

He stepped aside for Molly to enter the library, then closed the door sharply after her.

"What is it, Mr. Graham?" Molly asked, tremulously.

"Mrs. Bunch," he began, "something has appeared in a newspaper that upsets me very much. Some one claims to have seen a well-known actress going in and out of my house. Do you know anything about it? Have you had any visitors here? Anybody who would answer this description?" he persisted, handing her the paper.

"I haven't had a visitor since I've been here," she told him truthfully, glancing briefly at the paper.

"Then what is the basis of such a story?"

"Maybe it was some one on the next estate," Molly suggested.

Judge Burroughs raised his pudgy hands like a small boy eager to ask a question. "May I advise that the telephone editor again? When I called him this morning, they told me he wouldn't be in his office until after five."

With a judicial air he drew his watch from his vest pocket. "Ah, five-thirty," he affirmed, "I can get him now."

"Ever hear of anybody called Julia Fayne?"

"Brushing her hair!" Graham's eyes blazed. "No, I never did! And what's more, I think they're trying to blackmail me!"

"Exactly!" cried Molly.

Judge Burroughs frowned, but Mr. Graham said only, "I don’t know but what you’re right, Mrs. Bunch. I've heard of things like this before, and I don’t want to get involved in any unpleasant situation."

Molly wanted to cry out. "Shake, old boy!"

Instead she spoke quickly. "Now if you will please pardon me, I'll hurry back to the kitchen. It's not long before the party dinner must be served."

When she returned to the kitchen, she found Lily standing admiring Jimmy's birthday cake. She glanced at her watch.

There wasn't time to tell Lily all that had happened. It was better to keep it to herself.

"I don’t think we'd better bring in the cake until the last thing, do you, Lily?" she asked, with apparent calmness. "Let's go peek at the kids. They're a sight for sore eyes—"

HEY left without noticing Daisy, who from her perch outside the kitchen door, sat gazing enviously at the beautiful tempting mountain of sugar. She whined pleadingly, but when no one came to open the screen door, she lost control of her temper and unhesitatingly tore out the barrier between her and her desire. With her long tongue, she scooped up one whole side of the frosting on the cake. As it was the nicest thing that she ever had tasted, she went to work hastily and thoroughly.

It was a good three minutes later that a terrifying scream from Lily interrupted Daisy and gave her such a fright that she bolted into the butter's pantry: Before anyone could stop her, she had plunged into the semi-darkness of the drawing room. Suddenly voices rose like sirens.

"Froth!" yelled a boy. "Run for your lives! Quick! Mad dog!"

Pandemonium broke loose. Peabody sprang upon Daisy and dragged her away just as Molly appeared, shouting: "She's not mad! She's been in the sugar-bin, that's all!"

Molly found Musette hysterical. "Look at it," she sobbed. "It's ruined. You'd think we'd had enough grief today without that dog barking up the birthday cake."

"Stop yowling like that," Molly commanded, bending over the cake and studying it critically. "I've got an idea how we can fix it so it will be all right.
"But we can't serve it! It's ruined." "Why not? Daisy's a healthy dog. Every kid shares his ice-cream cone with his dog, and nobody's ever died of it yet. Hand me a knife and that can of marshmallow goo. I'm going to use that for a base!"

As Molly said this her eyes rested for a second on the torn screen door. Some one was outside. "That you, Ronnie?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bunch, it's me, Sam Adler," was the reply.

**Molly,** who had been too stunned even to close her mouth, sighed deeply, then beckoned him to follow her into the servants' dining room. At the doorway, she gave Lily and Musette a last stricken look. "Go right on with the preparations, girls," she said, in a voice drained of all life. "I hope I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Molly had no more than ushered Adler into the servants' dining room than he said, "I brought along the x-rays of that kid's head."

He pointed to a dark spot on a haze of white. "That's a compound blast fracture. You may not realize the seriousness of it, but if the boy should—" He paused impressively.

"Are you trying to tell me that this boy might be killed, fearedly."

"Fortunately, the boy has youth in his favor," he said casually, as he removed his thick-lensed spectacles and wiped them on his highly scented monogrammed handkerchief. "What kind of a boy is young Graham?"

"One of the sweetest kids I've ever known in my life."

"I've no doubt of it. That's why you and I must protect him. Save him—if it's possible," he added.

"Save him from what?"

"From having to go to jail!"

Molly's flesh quailed. "Over my dead body that kid goes to jail!" she threatened.

Sam Adler raised a supplicating hand. "Please calm down, Mrs. Bunch, and let's put the cards on the table. I came here tonight to see if I couldn't get a settlement from Graham that might placate the injured boy's father. To be quite honest with you, they're a common family, and they're only too well aware that they have a cause of action against Graham. But here's where I come into the picture, my dear!"

Molly resented this familially and trying to get rich from it. "I'm not looking for small fry like those people. I want clients like John Graham. And, if I'm willing to do him a little favor, naturally I'm doing it with an eye to the future, so I've talked the boy's father into settling.

"For how much?"

"For five hundred dollars," Adler answered.

"I had to work to get him down to such a small sum."

"It's a hell of a lot of money, if you ask me," Molly replied, still straining to read the receipt he kept dangling before her eyes.

"We can't have the five hundred dollars tonight from Mr. Graham—or from anyone else," Adler answered, ignoring her caustic remark. "I'll hand over this receipt and that ends the whole affair. And incidentally, I'll be mum about Julia Payne. He spoke magnanimously of her, a little of it leaking out of my office, but I can hush it right up. You see, you can save old man Graham a lot of headaches."

Molly thought desperately. She had only fifty dollars left. Julia might have twenty. Ronnie thirty. Musette could possibly dig up ten more. Harry—but of course it would be useless to ask Harry. His money was in the bank, anyway. "I'll tell you what," Molly's face looked drawn with worry, "can't you reduce the sum? Say, take a hundred down and pay the rest in monthly installments."

"It's quite evident that you are ignorant of the law," Adler sneered. "Shall I go or would you prefer that I wait for half an hour?"

"Well—wait," Molly's voice dropped hopefully. "I—I'll see what I can do."

In a daze she went quickly into the drawing room. There the young people waited with eager expectancy for supper. Jimmy, whose eyes wavered between a pretty little blonde and the clock, looked up joyously when Molly announced, "Supper's served!"

She only waited until they were seated; then she went quickly to the library to see Mr. Graham.

NOTING at once a strained expression on his housekeeper's face, Graham asked, with polite concern, "What's happened now?"

"Why, what made you ask that?" Molly drew back, surprised.

"You look positively haunted," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Don't tell me that you're here to report another ruined carpet. Mrs. Bunch?"

"No, Mr. Graham," she answered dully. "I'd like to borrow a little money from you. I'm in rather a difficult position. I have to meet a note."

"Tonight?" he inquired, with surprise.

"Well, tomorrow morning."

"But tomorrow's Sunday," he observed, slightly nettled.

"It's—it's a personal note."

"What do you want the money for?" he asked, bluntly.

Molly shook her head. "I can't tell you Mr. Graham."

Dark suspicion seized Mr. Graham's mind. Had he been mistaken in Mrs. Bunch? Was she the woman he had thought or was she some clever schemer who had insinuated herself into his household?

"Mr. Graham! Oh, you've just got to give that money to me!" Molly cried, despairingly, reading his reluctance in his shrewd eyes. He grew indignant. "You can have exactly what's coming to you of this month's wages and I shall ask you to resign, Mrs. Bunch. I shall also pay you for two extra weeks in lieu of notice."

Molly's despair gave way to anger. "If that's your attitude, Mr. Graham, I'll be very glad to leave! But if I do, I warn you that it's going to be pretty disgraceful for you!"

"I thought so," he said, quietly. "Incredible as it seems, I was certain you were playing some kind of a game. You'll leave this house tonight, Mrs. Bunch."

"That's what I intend to do," she answered in sudden calm, "but before I walk out of this room you're going to give me five hundred dollars in cash!"

"I'll be damned if I will!" he said, grimly. "This is outrageous!"

Molly stood on against a rush of tears, then answered, bravely. "You're quite right, Mr. Graham, it's—blackmail!"

When he made a move to ring the bell, Molly stepped in front of him. "I wouldn't advise you to let anyone else in on this," she said, her voice trembling, "or the story might get around. It wouldn't be a very pretty story, either, though I'm sure it would amuse a great number of people all over the country."

"Mrs. Bunch, leave this room at once at crooks!"

"As soon as you give me a chance to explain what I'm driving at. When you asked me if there had been an actress in your home, I lied to you. I'm an actress, Mr. Graham. I used to be pretty well-known. In fact, all of the young works with me in this house are old-time actresses!"

Graham stared at her in stunned amazement. "I assure you that we came only because we were out of work and needed jobs. We've worked hard and conscientiously, since we've been here. But when the story about Julia broke in the scandal sheet, and we knew that it would be followed up by other stories and investigations, we—that is, I, saw it would mean the end for us and we'd have to clear out. That's why I wanted the five hundred dollars, Mr. Graham, you thought I was ungrateful. We need the money to get other jobs. Of course, if you don't want to give it to us," Molly emphasized, "probably we can collect twice as much from the yellow journals that would love to print our experiences as servants in a ghoulish old widower's home." She paused for a moment, and her heart ached with pity for him; but she forced herself to continue relentlessly. "If you do give us that money, we'll all go out quietly tonight. Peabody can search our luggage and drive us to the station. You can trust him absolutely," she added, quickly, "for no one has your interests more at heart than he.

Graham's face was ashen. "To get rid of you I'll give you the money," he said, bitterly, "but I have no doubt that you'll sell your story to the papers just the same. A woman who can lie and trick as easily as you can is above nothing."

Dry sobs tore at Molly's throat as she watched him open the library safe. He handed her five one hundred dollar bills. She closed her hand on them convulsively. "Now go," he said, "and take your cheap crowd of actresses with you! I never want to see any one of you again."

**Graham,** once more alone, rang for Peabody. "As soon as this party is over, you're taking Mrs. Bunch and the other four women in this house to the station. They're through here tonight."

"Mr. Graham?" Peabody's expression of fright was almost ludicrous.

"Search their luggage first."

"But, Mr. Graham?"

"You heard what I said, Peabody. Now try to find the other children."

Peabody sped to the kitchen to tell the news. "Molly's spilled the beans, girls! You're all fired!

Lily, Musette, and Julia went as white as the table they leaned on. "Where's Molly now?"

"They all cried."

Ronnie answered them. Opening the door leading into the dining room, he called Molly's name, twice, sharply, and when she appeared, he said, "Everybody listen—I've just been talking to the police. They're on their way here now. I knocked out that little crook who was behind it, Molly; he's unconscious, we've got him safely tied and locked up in my room."

"Ronnie! Not Sam Adler!" screamed Molly.

"Yes, Sam Adler," Ronnie answered. "If it hadn't been for Daisy, I never could have made him."

"G—get me the automobile!" gasped Molly.

Ronnie stared at her with slight annoyance. "What's the idea? Don't you realize that Adler might be the ringleader of a whole gang of crooks?"

"Oh—Ronny," wailed Molly. "Read that!"

Agitated she produced the signed receipt she had just procured from Adler.
"What is it?" asked Ronnie, taking it from her.

"It's a document signed by the boy's parents where they agree, for the sum of five hundred dollars, not to bring any suit that involves Jimmy."

"Did you give him the five hundred dollars?"

"I did! I had to get it from Mr. Graham. I blackmailed him into giving it to me by telling him what I knew. I didn't say anything about you or Harry," she added, hastily.

Ronnie started with amazement at the paper in his hand. "Why, Molly," he commiserated, after his eyes had scanned the text, "you poor old darling. It's just what I thought. A dirty, crooked out of your money. This isn't the worth the paper it's written on!"

"That's not so!" She clung firmly to her belief. "Can't you read? Can't you see that it's signed?"

"Sure, by two names that most likely came out of Adler's fertile imagination. An idea flashed across his mind. "You stick here—all of you! Don't move out of this kitchen until I come back!"

When he returned, he flung a roll of bills into the hand of Molly. "Here's the money! Adler's still unconscious! Don't worry, he won't die! You couldn't kill that bird with a meat ax! Now I'm going right straight to Mr. Graham—"

His gardener came into the drawing room so hastily that Graham was instantly on the defensive, not quite certain whether or not he was going to be attacked. Anything could happen in his home now and not surprise him.

"Mr. Graham! The police are on their way here to arrest a man I've locked up in my room!"

"It's a cook who calls himself Sam Adler. He says he's a lawyer. I don't believe he knows anything about the law except what he's learned behind the bars. He showed up after the fracas at Shellman Inn and told Mrs. Bunch that Jimmy had seriously hurt a boy in a fight.

Tonight, he threatened to bring a suit against you and arrest Jimmy unless she gave him five hundred dollars. Here's a phony paper he gave her!"

The paper was quickly scanned by Graham.

"Why didn't Mrs. Bunch tell me the truth about this affair?" Graham challenged. "What right had she to try to handle it by herself?"

Ronnie looked at him coldly. "Being an honest lawyer, Mr. Graham, I didn't suspect anything of anyone. She believed Adler's whole story and hoped that you would never hear of it. Frankly, she was afraid that you'd get angry with your son and not let him have his birthday party."

The man showed up on Friday. He saw at once that he could get under her skin. I suppose she gave him some money then, I'm not sure. But he came tonight, about an hour ago, and scared her almost to death. She thought when she gave him the five hundred, the whole affair was settled." Ronnie paused to take a breath of that pocket, where he had thrust them. "Mrs. Bunch said that this money is yours, Mr. Graham."

"—I think she should keep it," Graham stammered, merely because he could think of nothing else to say.

"Why?" you questioned. "It's yours. She wouldn't think of taking it," he continued, stiffly. "She is one of the finest women I ever have known, honest and sincere. I doubt if you'll ever have anyone in your home again who will serve you as loyally and as faithfully as she has done. And if ever there is anything in the way of a proposal, I think that she will have had nothing to do with it."

"Where is she now?" Graham asked, suddenly crying Ronnie keenly.

“She’s preparing to leave the house. I understand she’s been fired because she asked you for the money and you found out that she had been an actress.” Ronnie answered, keeping his eyes fixed on John Graham’s disturbed face. “Is that so, Mr. Graham?”

Graham silenced him. “Yes, I was upset because she came to me and demanded five hundred dollars. I had no idea what she wanted it for."

“Then you’re willing for her to remain in your home?” Ronnie cut in quickly.

Peabody rushed in. “The police—on the phone, sir!”

Graham seized the telephone and yanked it off the receiver. “Yes, yes, this is John Graham. No, you’d better send a police ambulance. The man’s tied; he’s unconscious. Yes, he attacked my gardener. What—What!”

He banged down the receiver. “They said a newspaper man is on his way! Said he was hanging around headquarters and heard our call—"

Graham, torn between his fear and hatred of newspaper publicity and his sense of fairness toward a woman whom he had misjudged, hesitated. He thought of his staff—actresses, all acting for a crook, and then he looked intently on Ronnie. “I suppose you’re going to tell me that you’re not a gardener.”

“I’m not, Mr. Graham,” Ronnie answered, with pride. “I’m a playwright. And what’s more, I’m going back to playwriting. May I thank you very much for your kindness while I was here? I think I’m leaving, too. It’s going to be necessary to borrow your station wagon to get us to New York tonight, as, unfortunately, there are no more trains, but I hope, Mr. Graham, that you trust me enough to be assured that I’ll return it by ten o’clock in the morning.” With these words, Burgess got up and walked rapidly from the room.

Graham stood alone in strained silence until he heard the warden bearing his discharged servants drive off.

Peabody sidled into the drawing room. “Mr. Burgess gave me this key to his room, sir.”

He showed the key to Graham. “He said the man’s regaining consciousness, but he’s too weak to get away. If you don’t mind, sir, I’m to keep guard outside the stable. Burgess also gave me this revolver that he took from the man. I’m to hand it over to the police, sir, when they arrive.”

“They’re gone—all of them!” Graham asked, faintly.

“Yes, sir,” then Peabody added, worriedly, “I’m sorry I didn’t have time to go through their luggage. They only had a suitcase each but they had to throw things to me in such a hurry. But I’m quite sure, Mr. Graham, they aren’t the kind of women who’d try to steal anything from the house.”

“Who told you to search their luggage?” Graham snapped.

“I didn’t —I guess it sounded to you,” Peabody answered, meekly, as he hurried away.

A chill clutching Graham as he heard, nearing the house, the piercing shriek of the police siren but Molly Drexel has not gone out of Charles Graham’s life forever—she is to see him again, in an eventful meeting of unexpected portent—and the Molly he finds on that occasion is a far cry from the human! But I’ll be telling, too.

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into a snowbank. Her round little face puckered up. Then she saw Pop watching her. His great legs, like blocks of granite, were widespread, his massive head thrown back, and he was laughing. Sonja launched too. It was her first lesson in taking the spills that were to come, the spills that test the mettle and make the champion. Pop Henie went back into the house.

Time passed, and Sonja did not return. Mother Henie became alarmed, and Pop went out to look. He found only two parallel lines, leading straight down the mountainside! It was five hours before Pop found her errant daughter and took her back to the lodge. But he would not let her be scolded or punished. Instead he hugged her to his breast, wherein deep laughter rumbled. Here was a girl after his own heart!

Wilhelm had been renowned in the world of sport, as a speed skater and as holder of the championship of the world in bicycle riding. Over in Denmark another amateur bike rider, named Jean Hersholt, used to wish he could ride as well as the great Henie.

But after all, little girls were not cut out to win fame in sports. Wilhelm and his wife Selma did not urge them upon the child. But on the Christmas that Sonja was seven, something happened that was prophetic. As usual the Henies had bought armloads of gifts for the children. For Sonja, toys suited for girls; for Lief, a splendid pair of skates.

Sonja searched through all her packages. Then she walked away. Pop caught the glint of tears.

“I wanted skates, too,” she whispered huskily.

So like a forlorn little Kewpie doll she looked! A lump came in Pop's throat. Without another word he put on his fur cap and sought out a neighbor who owned a sporting goods store. Pop made him leave his family and go downtown to open the shop.

Sonja had her skates for Christmas.

Soon the family knew she was a born skater. She won her first prize when she was eight, during the winter competitions in Oslo. And was Pop proud! He took her downtown and had her photographed wearing her first pair of figure skates. By the time she was thirteen she held the championship of all Norway, and came within an ace of winning the interna- tional meet. Helina Jaloss of Hungary de-feated her. It was her last defeat from that day to this.

WHEN, on the following year the world's figure skating championships were held at Oslo, Sonja went there to her father. He had just returned from a fur buying trip and he was in good spirits.

"I want to enter the championship," she said.

"And I'll help you," promised her father.

She designed her own costume of white silk and white fur. She has worn white ever since. Wilhelm Henie signed the entry blank for his child. He arranged for instructors. He introduced Skates, talked with experts, saw to everything.

Sonja was nervous and excited when the time came for her to flash out onto the ice before the thousands of onlookers, but Pop was calm. "You will win," he said confidently.

She did. Champion of the world at fourteen! It was unheard of, but it had happened.

It was inevitable, then, that Sonja would set her heart on winning the Olympics. One winter night, when the logs burned fiercely in the fireplace of the great stone house in Oslo, little Sonja and her father talked it out. As Pop watched the eager, alive face, his heart thrilled with pride.

But it was heavy with misgivings, too, and for a good reason. As he told her why, her face sobered in sympathy.

Wilhelm Henie had expected to win the bicycle race at the Olympics, and wear the laurel of the most coveted honor in all sports. And he had won! Then the blow fell; he had been disqualified.

The honor had been snatched from him just as it was within his grasp. Judge-competitors had told the judges that Henie had lost his amateur rating because he had accepted money. A nobleman's son had asked him to teach him how to be a bike rider, and had given Henie a gift in return for the lessons.

In vain his skill had pointed out that it was merely a gift between friends, and that as the son of a wealthy fur merchant he didn't need pay for coaching. It was no use.

Years later the story of that heartbreak was made the foundation for Wilhelm Henie's greatest reward. It was the basis of the motion picture that brought his daughter to stardom.

He did not foresee that, of course, when he said to his daughter:

"It means hard work. It may mean heart-break. But I will help you."

From that moment his days were dedicated to helping his daughter win at the 1928 Olym- pics. That goal was as important to Pop as it was to Sonja. He sought the best teachers available. He shopped for skates, until at one time Sonja counted as many as forty pair. Always the best was none too good for Sonja.

When the time came, she was ready. She was only fifteen, a radiant-faced girl with lovely legs and entrancing dimples. And she was grace personified.

When she raised her hand to take the Olymp- ic oath that winter at St. Moritz, she also swore an oath to herself. She would bring a championship to the Henie family, to replace the one her father had lost.

That victory tasted sweet indeed. Pop celebrated grandly, for he knew himself to be a lucky man. His son was making good in the fur business, doing so well at it, in fact, that Pop could give plenty of time to helping his daughter.

And they were kindred spirits. Like him, Sonja was a born showman, attracting attention through instinct and sheer personality. Pop had always been the center of attraction. His travels had made him a linguist, and his wit sparkled with any audience. Seeing them together, no one could mistake that they were father and daughter. Even Sonja's way of standing, with her hands on her hips, was like him.

Their deep love and affection was demon- strated_strategy, when in 1931 a tournament that took place in London, when Sonja skated before the late King George and Queen Mary.

As she finished the last difficult number, Pop as usual started the applause. Always his booming voice and the thunder of his clapping hands rang out first, and above the roar of the crowds. He would pound on the wooden sides of the box with his feet, too, making a pro- digious racket.

But tonight Sonja did not hear him. Her ears were filled by her body swayed. The tension and excitement had been too much for so young a girl.

Suddenly the figure in the center of the rink slumped onto the ice.

Instantly Pop was over the side of his box. For all his bulk, he moved with lightning speed. He knelt beside his first. She was lying a white feather in those massive arms as he carried her to the dressing room. Tenderly he unlace- skated.

"I just fainted," she whispered. "Excite- ment, I guess."

But Pop's face was lined with fear. "I would never forgive myself if this skating should hurt you," he said.

Just then an official knocked at the door. "Your presence is requested in the Royal box," he announced.

"Come, Father," said Sonja. "We will meet the King and Queen of England!"

ONE triumph followed another. Sonja learned ballet from Madame Karsavina, and translated the classical dances into winged movements of flowing grace on the ice. Pop employed the famed skater, Howard Nicholson, to assist her in improving her style and technique, so that each championship was won by a larger and larger margin.

He sought out the best physical trainer to be had, choosing Hugo Quist, the man who brought out Paavo Nurmi, greatest runner of all time. In all those years, Quist has been as faithful to his job as Pop himself. Hugo is a man of few, if any, words. But as a trainer and business manager when Sonja entered her professional career after winning her third Olympic, Quist has been indispensable.

Mother Henie developed an uncanny knowl- edge of skating, just from watching her daugh- ter. She could see a flaw quicker than anyone. Sonja depended upon her heavily for criticism of her technique.

But it was Pop who saw to everything, whose generosity knew no bounds. Always the big- gest bouquet of flowers in her dressing room came from Pop. When he learned that the best ice skates were made in America, he imported them for her, although European judges were inclined to show displeasure at this.

This gay partnership, this close affection and understanding between Pop and Sonja, and the busy life she led in winning one championship after another for ten consecutive years, left Sonja no time or inclination for falling in love.

There were plenty of young men who came courting, too. They sent flowers by bushel loads. But she paid no attention to them.

Sometimes she would tease Pop or Quist about it. When she came over for the 1932 Olympics at Lake Placid, Quist was so busy running errands between this city or that, he voiced the wish for an airplane.

"Then I will make you an American boy friend, and I'll buy you one," grinned Sonja.

After she met Tyrone Power, Quist tried to collect. Sonja shook her head. "I found him myself," she said.

One young man in Norway, the son of a very
wealthy family, has never quite given up hope. On her tour last spring he cabled her to Chicago, asking when she was going to retire and say "Yes."

The romance with Tyrone may hold the answer to that question.

That friendship with Tyrone made no difference in the close relationship between Sonja and her father. He had been busy winding up his affairs in Ohio when she met Tyrone, for he had decided to turn the business over to Lief and to settle down in Hollywood near Sonja.

At Palm Springs, where the Henic family and Tyrone used to vacation after "One In A Million," the father, daughter and Tyrone used to go bicycle riding. And how they'd laugh when Popp, once the champion bike rider, would be left behind!

When Pop and Mother Henic went with their daughter on location for Thin Ice," at Mount Rainier, and for a day or two then weather was too cloudy for shooting, it was Popp who kept the company in good spirits.

He spoke English with only a slight accent and an occasional Goldwynism. Each day, and sometimes twice a day, he would appear in a different and astonishing costume, just for the laughs. He could hold his own with any Hollywood wit. His flair for comedy was as wholehearted as that of John Bunny, beloved comedian of early pictures, and Sonja was always a perfect foil for his jokes. Sidney Lanfield, director of both "One In A Million" and "Thin Ice," was so convinced that Pop would make a hit in pictures, he determined to write in a bit for him on the return to Hollywood.

But that was not to be. Suffering an attack of appendicitis, Wilhelm Henic was hurried to the hospital. A blood clot formed on his lung. A few days later the great, generous heart stopped beating.

Sonja and her mother were stunned. It seemed incredible that she could have lost her partner.

Or had she? He was gone, but his indomitable spirit remained. That was to stay with Sonja, telling her to carry on, for there was work to be done. Sonja went back to the studio stage, ray, and radio, but determined.

"We will go on with the picture," she said. "He would not want me to delay it."

As she stood there, arms on slim hips, head slightly bent forward, you could not mistake the daughter of Wilhelm Henic.

An indomitable combination, invincible still. Here was a partnership that even death could not dissolve.

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Fashion Letter for August

[continued from page 78]

coat-dress of periwinkle blue and the bridesmaids will wear similar gowns of pink muscaville de sole, shading from the pale pink of the bride's gown to warm rose. On their heads they will wear wreaths of flowers surrounding tiny foundation crowns worn on the back of the head.

I WAS in Adrian's workroom while Virginia Bruce was fitting her gowns for her next picture, titled, "General Hospital." Virginia has the loveliest skin I have ever seen. You think it is white and the next minute, misled by the sheen of her fair hair, you think it is palest gold. Anyway, she looked superb in a dress of off-white satin. If an oyster could blush that would be the shade the satin was. Wide bretelles of sable struck out from the shoulders, continued tapering down the back, edging a cowl of satin. A long V of embroidered steel and silver started on the bodice and ran off down the back almost to the train. Virginia was wearing a new huge square aquamarine ring.

As a town dress Virginia will wear in the same picture. A loose coat of white woolen material swings out over a slim black gown. The sleeves are in modified kimono version. A little upstanding collar is lined with sable which continues down the front and then out and down the back in green and silver. Two wide black and silver plaques fasten the coat in front at the bustline. With it Virginia will wear a small pillbox hat made of cords. It is one of the smartest ensembles Adrian has ever created.

Holda Hopper is wearing those great thin gold links twisted into a wide bracelet round her wrist. She can also wear them round her neck or waist. At a cocktail party recently Alice Brady came glistingly in leading two dogs on leashes. She was looking summery in a pink silk dress, big black hat and black gloves. Gladys George wore a simple dark blue crepe frock which set off her fair coloring perfectly. With it she wore a brimmed dark blue straw hat, its crown made of two strips of white grosgrain ribbon which exposed her fair hair at the top—a perfect style for hot weather.

We are asked to come early to cocktail parties these days as the early evenings are so lovely in the gardens. You wander round them sipping a cool drink, listening to the latest gossip. Then you go into the house and find that you may stay on as long as you like because the tables have been covered with cold turkeys, succulent Virginia hams, cheeses and salads. You help yourself and settle down for the evening, if you are lucky enough to be free.

To get back to hats, the stars seem to like those little models made of fine straw. I saw Irene Dunne in a close-fitting, lineless one of this category at a preview recently. It was worn well back on the head and showed her hair all round. It is very suitable to the longer bob and that probably explains its acceptance. At the same preview Virginia Bruce wore a hat of this type of fine golden straw, and perched on the very top were two most natural-looking pink roses.

Dining at a new, exclusive restaurant, which I have promised to keep secret, was Miriam Hopkins in a coatdress of gray taffeta, cut with a flared skirt. Her collar was in points of white quill with a stiff bow of the same material.

Grace Moore was in the same foursome, wearing black crepe with bands of pale, striped satin, and embroidered from shoulder to waist. Her hat was an off-the-face black tiara and her jewelry was of heavy gold.

There seems to be a tendency to dress in darker colors this season. So many of the stars I have seen lately have been dressed in a more sophisticated way than I have noticed previously. And it is grand to notice the waving of the long bob, the curly mop. Heather Thatcher's hair was perfection the other night. It is naturally fair and she has it washed in blue which gives it a mauve tinge. She brushes it into sleekness and then turns the ends under, all round her neck, from above both ears. It is parted on the side and above the left ear is the only remaining curl, coiled into a snail-like shape. Very groomed, very becoming, very welcome after our haphazard winter.
Do Their Wives Mind?

[continued from page 67]

nights off. For the last couple of months he
has gone out faithfully, but the movement is
 petering out. In another month Jo probably
won't be able to get him out of the house.
On one Wednesday Jo was out with a gentle-
man from New York, and they dropped in at
the Troc. She was probably hoping in secret
that she'd encounter her husband. The news
 camerman that haunted the place rushed up
and saw that it was only Mrs. Woods.
"You always take pictures of husbands when
they go out with some other woman," she com-
plained. "Why don't you take my picture?"
Hymie Fink obliged, and sent her a print.

Now she's waiting for the right minute to flash
it. Jo, with her cute face and figure, would
wow 'em in pictures, but I know she couldn't
keep a straight face in a love scene. She has
the most irrepressible sense of humor in Holly-
wood.

ONE thing that Mrs. Don Ameche must
endure, and with good grace, is Don's pen-
chant for dining out. He loves company with
his meals. If she hasn't invited a crowd in,
then Don takes her out to the Brown Derby,
Levy's, Cafe Lamaze or some other favorite
spot. Once there, he pays no attention to any-
one but his wife.

I'm sure that Honore would rather be home
with the two boys, but she never gives a hint
That's why they are so happy.

In fact, their life together is the closest par-
allel I can find to that of the movie couple in
'The Thin Man.'

"I don't mind the movie colony life," she
told me, "probably because Don's radio career
prepared me before we came here. But one thing
helps: we never talk shop. When the
day's work is over Don wants to get it com-
pletely out of his mind."

Don Ameche has all the zest for food, con-
versation, and friends that you'll find in Italian
natures. Every Sunday Honore cooks five
pounds of spaghetti, for she never knows how
many extra guests may drop in after the rest
of the food is gone.

They hold hands unabashed in public. He
phones her five or six times a day from the set
when he's working. For such attention she
can snap her fingers at Hollywood.

Sometimes it isn't so easy to pay attention
to the little woman, and then there's the devil
and all to pay. Getting caught in the Satur-
day afternoon shopping mob is nothing to the
assaults of a bunch of fans

she mused. "I've often watched him making
love in a scene. If I think that he's getting
self-conscious because I'm watching, I steal
quietly away until they're through shooting.
But I don't leave because I mind all that per-
sonally."

The Arlens are very popular in the colony
and Toluka Lake society more or less revolves
about them. There are annoyances in the movie
business, but there are compensations.

SOME men seem to exert a fatal fascination
for women. Brian Donlevy has that qual-
ity, a blend of hero and villain, a male menace.
Ever since he stalked through "Barbary Coast"
clad in black, creating an unforgettable role
as the killer, Knuckles, Donlevy has simply
slayed the gals. When he walks through the
lobby crowd at a preview you can feel a shiver
go through the palpitating ladies.

Decidedly, that's going to complicate mat-
ters for his wife, Marjorie Lane.

One afternoon she and Brian were sitting
in their home when Brian noticed two girls
staring at their front window.

"Oh, they are a couple of schoolgirls who
are in love with you," Marjorie said. "Now
that you're home I'm going to invite them in
to meet you."

That's carrying the battle to the enemy's
camp!

Marjorie was friendly and sweet to the wide-
eyed girls. Soon she and the girls were carry-
ing on a sprightly conversation about their
favorite actor, and everybody was palsy-waby
when they finally left, thrilled to tears.

"Doesn't it worry you, with so many girls
having a crush on your husband?" I asked her.

"The time to worry is when they stop being
interested in him," was Marjorie's practical
answer.

When the girls see Brian Donlevy in "This
Is My Affair" starring Robert Taylor and Bar-
bara Stanwyck, there will be plenty who won't
know which man to fall in love with.

Two movie careers in the same family always
present a difficult situation. The wise movie-
wife takes a back seat, so she can say: "Look
what I gave up for you!"

Sandra Shaw gracefully dropped out of pic-
tures after marrying Gary Cooper. The minute
Gary finishes a film they put as much distance
as possible between themselves and Hollywood.

Far-off Bermuda is their favorite haven. San-
dra doesn't intend to let herself in for what
other movie-wives endure. When their baby
arrives in September Hollywood will see even
less of the Coopers.

Frances Brokaw Fonda, wealthy New York
socialite, had her introduction to the life of a
movie star's wife the day they were married.
The New York church was knees-deep with
fans. They could hardly get to the car at the
curb. Finally they got past the barrage of
newspaper cameras and shook off the clasp of
the last persistent fan. They settled themselves
comfortably with a sigh of relief.

Then they saw a strange face peering at them
from behind a camera. A flash bulb went off.
One of the cameramen had hauled the chau-
feur out of his seat and while a buddy held him,
had snapped a close-up. "Okay, Hank, you
can kiss your wife now," he grinned.

Oh, for the life of a movie star's wife!
How Young Do You Want to Be?

(Continued from page 99)

Any clever woman of forty can easily get by poking thirty. Science is progressing daily and one of the new offers you great protection and help take use of it.

KNOW plenty of women over forty who are giving youth a run for its money. So do you. What about some of the movie stars that you admire and envy? Look with awe upon them and wonder how they do it? You'll find a goodly sum of the brunt of forty, some even older. Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Fay lainter, Billie Burke, Mary Boland and Alice Brady are still attractive women. They are active and capable. These gals can slip off ten years from their ages without flickering an eyelash; look you smack in the face while doing so—and what's more, get by with it. Why? because they think of themselves as young. They are alive with the enthusiasm of youth. They are creating constantly. They are busy living and they know the value of keeping themselves attractive and looking the part. They are troopers and the show must go on.

Look at Alice Brady, for instance. She takes life in a business-like way. She's shy and alert and works constantly at being that way. She's successful because she's determined to go on, not to be licked. She's smart enough to realize that in order to fulfill successfully the various requirements that her work demands, she must keep her weight down and her figure in proportion. And the same goes for you, and you, and you.

For the movie stars, the hot lights and long hours in the studios are devitalizing enough. When the stars allow themselves to be burdened with excess fat, it's adding insult to injury. Fat is unhealthy for any one. It handicaps the organs and glands, the normal activity of which is imperative to life at any age. Not only that, it looks bad and is a menace to smoothness of body motion. Even in her nitwit roles on the screen, if Alice Brady's called upon to run, she must run gracefully, and there's nothing graceful about bumps and bulges. Alice knows that and keeps her figure free from them.

Billie Burke is another from whom you can take some tips. True, she has been catered to and protected through her years of success but friendship goes only so far in any business and she has to deliver the goods to be able to retain her position as one of our premiere screen mothers. Not so long ago, she lost her devoted husband her provider, her adviser. In the face of that tragedy she did not sit back whining. "All is lost—I'm over forty—I'm finished!" No! She gritted her teeth and started out all over again, at the hard parts in her life? She does not. She's facing them herself. Trained by her many years before the public and its critical eye, she earned long ago that appearance and charm are great sellers no matter what your vocation or position. She laughs at her scalliwag characterizations on the screen because you recognize in her portrayals some equally obnoxious female whom you know and most likely would like to crown at times. But the real Billie Burke is plenty headed.

She tells the whole science has to offer to help her keep her body healthy and her face lovely and firm. Billie Burke is a mother with a grown daughter, still you wouldn't call her old. Yet many of you who are even younger are thinking about giving up the ship, if you haven't already done so. Come on, darlin', stop being softies. Even though you may have buttered your bread, you don't have to lie in it. Wake up, let's get going.

Being young is a matter of good health, and alertness both in body and mind, vivacity, enthusiasm, eagerness, ambition and adventure—all of which hinges upon the glands and their vitality. Keep those glands alive! If you have a hunch they're acting strangely, consult your physician. It's wise to do it occasionally whether you have the hunch or not.

Your age is judged by how you look, not by how many years you've been on earth. Your appearance can lie for you or let you down. It will add years or take them off. It can make you old at twelve or young at sixty. It's like a puppet—but you have to pull the strings. And let me tell you this, you may feel young in spirit and have plenty of go-get-um about you, but your outward appearance must harmonize with that spirit. The right shade of lipstick properly applied can make a pair of drab forty-year-old lips as appealing and kissable as many a pair at twenty. But if you go in for giselles and coyness, pink bows in the hair, baby talk, fluttery hands and the fidgets and get so awfully whimsical about it all, you'll be laughingly referred to as being in "second childhood." And you'll deserve it. Reality and it's delicious tang doesn't need bolstering by such ghostly fripperies. They are as useless as a census taker in a deserted village.

If trying to be young makes you ridiculous, it isn't worth it. But if you will hang on to yourselves and invest wisely in a sound program of physical culture you'll live longer and real youth will be prolonged that much more in proportion. And, ladies, in answer to that frequent question: "Am I too old to start?" let me repeat: "It's always too soon to quit!"

Excess fat spells age in any language. Any spreading through the hips or too much derrière puts you in the matron's class regardless of years.

Now the first thing I want you fat gals to do is go back up to a full-length mirror and look over your shoulder. Do you see what I do? I thought so. Well, now that we've discovered the seat of your trouble, we might as well begin there as anywhere. If you office workers or other sit-downers want a sure-fire exercise to smash off the fat on the buttocks and reduce that desk-chair spread, I have a money that's yours for the asking.

But while you're waiting we won't lose any time. You can go right ahead with this exercise; stand up straight, feet about six inches apart, arms outstretched toward the ceiling. Now begin to sway the body from side to side. Keep the arms swinging at the same time, swing the body swinging the arms as you do so. When you bend to the right side, the left leg must be stiff and when you bend to the left side, the right leg must be stiff. Do this for five minutes every day at the beginning, and as you get used to it, increase the number of times as well as the depth of the bend until you are finally able to touch the floor on either side with your finger tips. When you get to the door-touch-
And based Now on a career of twelve years, he herself has known the world of fame. She purchased a jar of Stillman’s Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles now disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

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FAIR WINDS—Rediffusion—Directed by Robert Hoaglund. The Cast: Virginia Grey, Rosemary DeCamp; Morris, Victor McLaglen; Donaldson, Nat Pendleton; Oldfield, Howard Mitchell; Smith, Edward Keane; Simpson, Cathleen Nesbitt; Cline, Martin Milner; Westmore, Nita Talbot; Brown, Patricia O’Hara; McGuire, E. W. Swatek.

FLY-AWAY BABY—Warner—Original story by Dorothy Kilgallen. Screenplay by Robert E. Sherwood. Kenneth Gamet Directed by Frank McDonald. The Cast: Dorothy Gish, Glenda Farrell, John Beal, Barton MacLane, Robert Paige, Helen O’Connell; Lucien (Sunny) Grey, Gordon Oliver. In Sayre, Marcella Raiton; Gay Alster, Joseph Kestin, Sally, Gordon Hart; Colonial Hugger, David Davez; Del Sereno, George Gehr, Kalamata, Tony Kennedy, Maze, Raymond Hatton, Tosco, Andrew Lawler; Clifford Evans, Emmett Vogan.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

GIRL LOVES BOY—Grand National.—Ancient traditions, still revered, are the backcloth of this story of a wall-town girl who reforms a local scamp and marries him. The picturesque but stiltingly sensitive little girl of a woman who, when accused of murder, impersonates a "missing person" (May).

GIRL OVERBOARD—Universal.—Gloria Stuart, after Pidgeon, Billy Barrad and Sidney Blackwood, gives the most unpretentious but undeniably pleasant little girl of a woman who, with a sense of murder, impersonates a "missing person" (May).

GETTER, THE—Warner.—Peter B. Kyne's

GOLD, THE—MGM.—A dis-

tinguished and beautifully authentic produc-
tion of the Jack Buck's style. The story of the poor

GREAT EARTH, THE—MGM.—A dis-
tinguished and beautifully authentic produc-
tion of the Jack Buck's style. The story of the poor

GOOD OL SOAK, THE—MGM.—Wallace

GREAT HOSPITAL MYSTERY, THE

HER HUSBAND LIES—Paramount.—Old-fash-

HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY—Warner.

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT—Wanger

HIT PARADE, THE—Republic.—Stars of radio

HOBBY WOLF—RKO Radio.—A showy
cowhand, who doubles

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY—RKO Radio.—A
tera-scarfed, good-looking, high-grade goon, who

INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY—Para-

JIMMY BEEVES—Detective—Republic.—Portly

KALAHARI—Warner.—An exciting

KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL, THE—War-


KING OF GAMBLERS—Paramount. The

LOST HORIZON—Columbia.—Mter two

MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE—RKO

MARKED WOMAN—Warner.—A bruta

MURDER GOES TO COLLEGE—Paramount.

NANCY STEELE IS MISSED—20th

NAVY BUDES—Republic.—Sailor Dick Purcell

NIGHT KEY—Universal.—The transformation of

NIGHT MUST FALL—MGM.—Sheer stark

PARADISE EXPRESS—Republic.—Violent

PORTLY PHOToplay, for AUGUST, 1937

PILLS FOR PUGEY, THE—MGM.—In

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him then in loving words—for she did love him dearly—that even if such a marriage were possible to her it would never be to him—and had refused.

When he fell in love with Jean Harlow, he persuaded her to marry Barbara—he did not tell her. Knowing, I was deeply concerned, but I didn’t know Jean Harlow as well as then as I came to know her later. I thought she must know. I thought it wasn’t possible that Jean Harlow, as I had seen her on the screen, could be ignorant of anything so vital about a man with whom she had been close friends for years. I didn’t realize that Jean Harlow was sick to death of the passion and desire of men that poured upon her because of the parts she played, the way she looked, and that her whole soul bowed in gratitude to the man who loved her for herself, for her mind and spirit, and not for her body. The love she had for him threw her joy because of his respect, his fineness, his lack of demands. That made the truth more bitter.

It was a frightful wrong to marry a young vital normal girl who lived him—his children, as he knew. To shut her off from the thing to which every woman has a right. But there were many strange deep, dark sides to the brilliant mind and tortured heart of a man like Paul. He had seen life for years through dark mists of pain and frustration. His soul must have been warped—into unbelievable tenderness and pity for those in trouble or pain, into bleeding pride and longing.

And so, loving Jean, he reached out and took at last the thing he wanted, hoping, believing making himself believe, that somehow it would work out.

It was like Jean that when she knew the truth she never faltered. This normal young girl found herself stranded in a morass of abnormality. Found herself looking at the strangest, bleakest path through life—years of life to come. But she was loyal and loving and tender, she was torn with pity for the man who had done her this frightful wrong. She didn’t whimper. No one suspected that there was anything wrong.

But Paul Bern didn’t realize. I am sure, what his death would do to Jean.

She had to fight then for her success, her good name, or be trampled completely by life. And it was a bitter and desperate fight. The shock nearly killed her. The manner of his going was added horror—and the thought that, through no fault of her own, it had been because of her that life was no longer bearable to him. Then, sharp as a knife in her back, was his betrayal of her—leaving her alone to face the consequences of his act. Flinging her to the world to be judged, discussed, pitied, perhaps condemned. And for days and nights she went back over it all, wondering what she could have done to prevent it, wondering if she had failed in some way, weeping her heart out in shame and hurt and pity.

And there was nothing left to her except her work—and perhaps not that. Stars had been killed on the screen by much lesser scandals. Her stardom protected magnificently and Jean obeyed their commands. She was not to go out to any place of amusement for six months at least.

It is hard to understand unless you know Hollywood. But she lived in a prison made by Paul’s suicide. By the fear of scandal. By the fear of misunderstanding. The public had forgiven her much. They loved her—they wanted her. But she was still Jean Harlow who on the screen exemplified the hard-boiled ruthless girl who broke men’s hearts without thought. She represented sex appeal and glamour and wild freedom. It was impossible that in some measure she shouldn’t be identified with the parts she played—and she knew that and it hurt. But it was part of success—and she knew that, too.

Every move she made was made in the glare of that spotlight. If she made a mistake—if she ever was involved in the slightest little thing—who knew what might happen?

Now remember Jean was only twenty-two then. Remember her eagerness for life. Remember that unhappiness had been forced upon her. As great as was the shock, she naturally and normally wanted, after a few months to laugh again, to go where people were gathered to have a simple good time. But she couldn’t. For six solid months she literally never went anywhere—just sat home, a vital fun-loving girl of twenty-two.

Naturally enough as soon as she could go out, she fancied herself in love again. So she married her good friend—and Paul Bern’s. Her marriage to Hal Rosson was a marriage of escape. It would all be easier if she were married. For every time she spoke to a man, every time she went out anywhere, every time she had a friend—headlines reported it. There wasn’t a moment when she could have any normal, everyday living—when she could do the things that you and I can do.

Jean Harlow had success—and she had her mother. Her mother was compensation for almost everything. But Jean was a woman—and she wanted love and life and she was too young to be satisfied without them, too young and ideal and imaginative and hungry.

You see, caution wasn’t natural to Jean. She was always a gambler. Always recklessly generous. But caution had been forced upon her. And all her days after Paul’s death were cautious days and this cautious marriage with Rosson, which had enough vitality to support itself, and which she never should have made, was part of it all.

Work—and the kind things she could do. Those kept her alive. And she was always doing kind things. I know that she once said to me, “If I never intentionally hurt anyone. I shan’t be afraid of whatever comes.”

The world may know now where the money came from that so mysteriously appeared in Hollywood to send a sick child to the country—to perform an operation—to buy a little home—to send a boy to college. It was Jean’s money. Money always went to the sick, the helpless, the suffering. Always, always, with the one provision that it wasn’t to be paid back to the giver but that some day, if possible, it was to be “passed on” to someone else in need. It may be that many who read this will think for a moment and know that they owe Jean Harlow.

“I want,” she said passionately to me, in the last long talk we had “I want to play Marie Antoinette. I want to play real parts. I’m sick—sick—of these hideous parts I play all the time. I hate them. I’ve fought and fought —and begged and begged. I’ve learned to act. I want a chance—just one real chance.”

And she did fight for it—and it was a bitter irony that the success and the career which she fought for never flowered—never, in her own mind, was worthy of the sacrifices she made for it. She would have been so much happier if she could have spent her time being simple, having good food and laughter. She loved the sun—but they made her stay out of it because she burned so easily. She loved food but couldn’t have what she wanted because of the necessity of preserving the Harlow figure. And she loved Bill Powell.

“I want to write—really write well. I want to write a good book,” she said. “And I want babies. I want to be married, as happy women are, and I want to have children. I want to be to some child what my mother has been to me. I want to really love—the one man of my life. That should come to every woman. I’ve had—many things. But the great things of life I’ve never had—a man to love and to love me, a child of my own, a book in which to speak my heart, and a chance to do something really worthy on the screen. I want a real life—a full—life—free of fear and remembrance. I want the real life I longed for in the things I’ve missed—do you think it will?”

And tonight I wish so very much that when she and Bill Powell met they had been reckless and utterly happy, and had married and known sweet, decent, normal happiness and trust.

Finally, thinking of her out there alone tonight, whistling in the dark, I just can’t help thinking she had that coming to her. But she knows many things now that we don’t know and perhaps the years to come will be, for her, sweeter and fuller than we ever dreamed.
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And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this marvelous book is ridiculously small—only $1.00 a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—now.

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— when the show is over

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ORALGENE
The new fumeric tooth gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew...
ANNE was simply floored; Sylvia of all girls, getting a man like that after so many years. Sylvia, the office nuisance. Sylvia, the girl that men forgot as quickly as they could.

"Isn't he nice?"

Anne had to admit that he was.

"My dear, it was simply whirlwind. We met ... we talked ... we fell in love! Didn't we, Dave?"

Dave grinned sheepishly, "Boy, am I lucky."

"We're going to be married next month," Sylvia ratted on, "and then honeymoon in Bermuda."

"How gorgeous!" said Anne.

Then while the somewhat abashed bridegroom-to-be sauntered out onto the lawn, Sylvia held Anne's ear. Dave was in business for himself... doing awfully well, too ... they were going to build a home

... he had the nicest disposition ... and, my dear, half a dozen girls had made a play for him at the summer resort. Suddenly she stopped and patted Anne's hand—

"I guess I've got you to thank for this," she said, simply.

"Me? Why, Sylvia?"

"Don't you remember the spat we had? You lost your temper and told me about my breath. Told me to get Listerine or get off the earth."

"But, Sylvia..."

"No bolts. Honestly, if you hadn't said what you did I'd probably still be a wallflower instead of the luckiest girl in the world. That dig of yours—changed my entire life."

**How About You?**

There are a million people that might well take a hint from Sylvia's case—people who are fastidious about everything but their breath and who continue to offend without even knowing it. Perhaps you are one of them.

No one is exempt from halitosis (bad breath). It may be present today and absent tomorrow, due to subtle chemical changes in the mouth.

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Why guess about the condition of your breath, why take needless chances of offending, when all you need do to make your breath sweeter, cleaner, purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic?

Listerine first cleanses the entire mouth; then halts the fermentation of tiny food deposits, a major cause of odors. At the same time it kills outright millions of bacteria which produce odors.

Don't expect tooth pastes alone to remedy breath conditions. When odors are present you need a deodorant, and none is better known than Listerine Antiseptic. Use it every morning and every night before both business and social engagements. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis (Bad Breath) use LISTERINE
20th Century Fox gave it everything to give you a great big sngsational show.

You can't have everything.

With Alice Faye, Ritz Brothers, Don Ameche, Louise Hovick, RubinoFF, Tony Martin, Arthur Treacher, Louis Prima and His Band, Tip Tap & Toe, and Phyllis Brooks.


TODAY'S HIT TUNES BY MACK GORDON AND HARRY REVEL

"Afraid To Dream" "Danger, Love At Work" "The Loveliness Of You" "Please Pardon Us, We're In Love" "You Can't Have Everything"

The trademark that is your guarantee of the best in entertainment!
Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

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

**Jeanette MacDonald • Allan Jones**

**Marie Walewska • Charles Boyer**

**William Powell • Myrna Loy**

**Joan Crawford • Franchot Tone**

Plus Warren William and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!

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

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

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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Myrna Loy, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

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Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • While manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, every effort will be made to return those found unsalvageable if accompanied by first-class postage. But we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879, Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. VOL. LII, No. 9, SEPTEMBER, 1937
EDUARDO CIANNELLI (pronounced Chan-nelly) has an M. D. tucked away some place, but he prefers acting to the medical profession. Not since "Public Enemy" and "Little Caesar" have people shuddered so much and liked it as they did watching the consummate performance of this Anglo-Italian in the screen version of "Winterset." His savage, malevolent gangster Track, whose sinister shadow hovered over Burgess Meredith throughout the picture, was a masterpiece of villainy. Except for a small role in "Reunion in Vienna" in 1933, Eduardo has not appeared on the screen before, and it takes exceptional ability to project yourself into an audience's consciousness in one picture.

Ciunneli's background was far from being sinister or forbidding. Born in Naples of an Italian father and an English mother, he was the youngest of four boys. His father owned a health spa, and wanted Eduardo to be a doctor, but after taking his degree the young man discovered he had a good voice, and began a musical career. He sang in grand opera in Italy, Russia and France. At the close of the World War he came to America and though he couldn't speak English married a charming girl who couldn't speak Italian—proving perhaps that love is the universal language. Eduardo then began singing in musical comedy, playing with Mitzi in "Lady Billy." He also sang in "Rose Marie." On the side he dabbled in writing, and Frank Morgan (his fellow actor in the screen version of "Reunion in Vienna") appeared in the leading role in Eduardo's "Puppets and Passion."

His most outstanding stage appearances were in "Broadway," in "The Front Page," and with the Lunts in "Reunion in Vienna." When RKO purchased "Winterset" they signed Cianneli to appear in the original role he had played on the stage. Since then, he has been in "Criminal Lawyer," "The Girl from Scotland Yard," and currently with Bette Davis in "Marked Woman." Cianneli is five feet nine and one-half inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. His birthday is August 30th. He has two young sons, one of whom shows a marked talent for drawing.

MRS. P. E. FIELDS OSAWATOMIE KANSAS.—Jack Haley, whose roaming eyes and general expression of coy futility made such a hit in "Wake Up and Live," is a veteran actor though only thirty-six years old (he was born in Boston on August 10, 1901). He came out of high school planning to be an electrician, got his wires crossed, began his stage training in burlesque, started a vaudeville team, Krafts and Haley, went on to musical comedy with notable success in "Gay Paree," "Good News" and "Follow Thru." He entered pictures in 1927 and has been around Holly.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to THE ANSWER MAN, PHOTOPLAY 1926 Broadway, New York, New York

Slickest menace of the month is Eduardo Cianneli, who's an M.D., but prefers to specialize in screen villainy.
Today
the Curtain Rises
ON THE PEN OF
HIGHEST PEDIGREE...

A New and SUPERLATIVE Model
of the Revolutionary Vacumatic

PARKER'S SPEEDLINE MAJOR and MAXIMA, $8.75 and $10

Attend Original Showing August 10 to September 10—
Start Fall Earning or Learning on a New High Plane

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Parker

HOLDS 102½ MORE INK
THAN OUR FAMOUS DUOFOLD
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Tim Holt, Jack's son, and Anne Shirley in the "Stella Dallas" roles made immortal by Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Lois Moran.

ANGEL'S HOLIDAY—20th Century-Fox—Again Jane Withers proves herself a rare trouper in this rollicking comedy of a kidnapped movie star, and provides her uncle's newspaper with plenty of headlines when she locates the missing actress, helpfully the Times.  (July)

ści

OTHER DAY—Warner—A story of love and death and love in British India with Kay Francis, Errol Flynn and Ian Hunter being too too homactic about it all. There is a lot of public killing of the natives. Go for the stellar cast. (June)

AS GOOD AS MARRIED—Universal—Audacious, sexy and slightly mad is this idea of an architect, John Boles, who marries his secretary in order to save his income tax. But his true love, a young woman, gets tired of his schemings. Oddly and good.  (July)

BANK ALARM—Grand National—This jumps for glory from murders, to kidnaps, to counterfeiters, and murderers. Conrad Nagel is the man who ferrets out the crimes with the assistance of his comedy-learned, Eleanor Hunt. Vince Barnett contributed several laughs as the slow-witted photographer.  (Aug.)

BEHIND THE HEADLINES—RKO—see Tracy is the energetic newsman in this peppy tale. Through his short-wave set he saves the girl (Diana Gibson, a bright newcomer), and beats the heist of a lot of gold bullion. Well paced and expertly acted. (Aug.)

BIG BUSINESS—20th Century-Fox—The Jones family again deliver an excellent piece of entertaining in the tale of how they are almost ruined by J.P.

PITY'S LIFE—Jones—entanglement in a worthless oil deal. Russell Gleason is good as the preening oil man, the daughter, Kenneth Howell does well as the inventive son.  (July)

BILL CRACKS DOWN—Republic—Rough and ready action in a steel mill. Grant Withers neglects his sweetie for work, with the usual tragic outcome. Beatrice Roberts, Judith Allen, Rammy Weeks, Pierre Watkin and Roger Williams try hard. Doll (June)

BORDER CAFE—RKO—John Beal, never does, goes out to the great open spaces, and, aided by cattlemen Harry Carey and café dancer Amidia, makes good after routing gangsters who try to blackmail him out of his ranch. If you like Westerns. (Aug.)

CAFÉ METROPOLE—20th Century-Fox—This offers Tyrone Power and Loretta Young in an unbeatable combination of silky satire, speed, humor and romance. It is a good story of a young man who pays as a Russian duke to start an heiress. Adolph Menjou, Gregory Ratoff, Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, all the cast, are great. Be sure to go.  (July)

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal—John Wayne, Louise Latimer and Robert McWade are above an unbelievable slice of bologna dealing with a Coast-to-Coast race between a freight train and a fleet of trucks for a million-dollar contract. Skip it.  (June)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS—M-G-M—Simplicity, dignity, magnificent photography.

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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED
A Revelation in Entertainment

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

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JOAN BENNETT

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Marjorie GATESON • Dorothy McNULTY • Alma KRUGER
Polly ROWLES • Victor Young and his orchestra

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Original Screenplay by Samuel and Bella Spewack
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

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WALTER WANGER MODELS
WEARING A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF ADVANCED FASHIONS
PHOTOPLAY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1937

From Rudyard Kipling's heroic pen!

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

starring

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

and

VICTOR MCLAGLEN

with C. AUBREY SMITH - JUNE LANG
MICHAEL WHALEN - CESAR ROMERO
CONSTANCE COLLIER - DOUGLAS SCOTT

Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

The glorious adventure of the Scottish Highlanders in the land of the Bengal Lancers, and of the little girl who won the right to wear their plaid!

When the rifles crack and the tribesmen raid... when the bagpipes skirt and the regiment charges... you'll know you're seeing one of the greatest pictures ever made — with a Shirley Temple whose power to stir your emotions will be the wonder of your life!

Hollywood paid $2.20 to see it—and hailed it as one of the biggest hits ever to come from the 20th Century-Fox "Studio of Hits"!
The trouble with writing editorials is that you are supposed to be dignified about them... and this month I have something as dignified as all get out to announce to you... but I am too excited to tell you solemnly... so here it is and instead of writing it to you I wish I could shout it. I'm that pleased... a dream I've had for a long time is coming true... Photoplay beginning with the next issue will be in a new large size, with the most beautiful new appearance and even better writers...

Two years ago when I took over the editorship of Photoplay quite a few of my self-appointed critics told me I couldn't ever get my magazine read by the class of reader who buys the latest books, speaks accurately of current events, and knows the newest distance between a hemline and the floor... but Photoplay has always had a great block of readers who did all of those things and more... the faithful readers who have stayed loyal through its twenty-six years, who were attracted to it originally by the dynamic editing of the late James Quirk... the important thing in the past two years was to add to it the new, intelligent movie-goers of today...

For there is, as we all know, a new and superior movie audience today... due not alone to the improvement in pictures but to the decline of the theater, and the anemia of the average novel... an audience frankly seeking amusement but liking to think a little about it too... the public which goes to see "The Life of Emile Zola" and to listen to Stokowski and to observe the transcendent art of Greta Garbo... Photoplay has been catering quite frankly to that audience knowing you wanted the fun and laughter and news of Hollywood, the most beautiful spot on earth, and also its genuine art development...

Because of this... because I so firmly believe that Hollywood has educated the eyes of the world to beauty... I felt that Photoplay had to be larger and more lovely to look at... since even the purest beauty has to have space in which to be seen... but reversely the moment you set up the pictures of the four most beautiful women on earth (you'll see them in the October issue) you simply have to have better writers in order to attract any attention whatever to the type pages...

So you will find these writers, too, coming to us beginning in October and following on throughout the year... in this very first new large issue you will find Gilbert Seldes who was the first critic to discover "The Seven Lively Arts"... that ace reporter Lowell Thomas... and that great novelist, Faith Baldwin, writing a startling love story which a great star told her... and our own Adela Rogers St. Johns... Dixie Willson, that glamorous short story writer... there will even be new departments by such authorities as Edgar Allan Woolf on cooking... on account of he is Hollywood's best man cook... and a children's page by the girl who writes to the Royal English princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose... there will be all that and much more... but the price will remain right where it is now...

All of which I hope makes you understand my excitement... those big new Photoplay pages will be gloriously laid out by Heyworth Campbell who has done such a distinguished job with other publications... even the very type will be new... I'll be eternally grateful if when you've seen and read the new Photoplay you will write and tell me what you think of it...
THE BIG WIG MYSTERY
--- WITH IRENE DUNNE

BY J. DONALD HEEBNER, ARUBA, N.W.I.

It happened as long ago as 1924 while on the road with Col. Savage’s musical play, the “Clinging Vine” — by Zelda Sears. Peggy Wood had been the very charming star, but in Cleveland we learned that an attack of chronic laryngitis was forcing her to leave the company at the end of the week. Our schedule to play the larger Eastern cities was suddenly changed to a series of one-nighters, where we would remain until Miss Wood’s successor was ready to go into the show. An understudy from New York, a chorus girl with the show while it played Broadway, was coming on to fill in while we did the sticks where names didn’t matter.

The first one-nighter was at Sunbury, Penna., a quaint little place with something more than a quaint theater. We arrived on Sunday, and were called for a special rehearsal with the understudy. At least she was pretty, but our loyalty to clever Peggy Wood, for whom the “Vine” was written prejudiced us against any successor. But by the time the Sunbury performance was over, it was evident the understudy was quite capable of coping with the sticks audiences.

For three weeks we trouped through Pennsylvania and New York State and up into Connecticut, during which period the new leading lady proved herself to be a real trouper. The best actress in the world cannot appear good-natured while playing one-nighters if she is not good-natured. In spite of the big job she had shouldeered, this girl’s disposition remained unruffled. There were many things to try her. It was in Williamsport, I think, where the company all registered at the same hotel. We arrived late, and as I put down my bag to register, an old friend from Williamsport greeted me with a dinner invitation. Pointing to the bag, I instructed the porter to take it to my room, and without waiting I went out to keep the dinner engagement with my friend.

Later, at the theater I heard that our leading lady had lost her bag, in which was a wig which she wore in one scene. I remembered the wig — it had been

Have you ever had an interesting experience with a Hollywood star? If so, PHOTOPLAY would like to know about it. If it’s the most interesting one to reach the editors before Sept. 1, 1937, we will pay you $10.00 for a description of it. It might have been through personal contact by telegram or by letter. But it must have been your OWN experience, authenticated by documents if possible. Think back over the years, and set down in direct, simple style, your most exciting adventure with a movie star. Due to the large number of letters received, it will not be possible for us to return unused material. Send contributions to Ruth Waterbury, Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.
"SURE I LIKE A GOOD TIME!"

STELLA DALLAS

They called her a party wife. They said she "wasn't fit to be a mother." But you'll recognize Stella Dallas as one of the greatest, finest characters on the screen!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRESENTS

STELLA DALLAS

BARBARA STANWYCK

JOHN BOLES - ANNE SHIRLEY

Directed by KING VIDOR
FROM THE NOVEL BY OLIVER HIGGINS PROUTY
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Dramatization by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Gertrude Purcell.
$15.00 PRIZE

THE WINNER!

(The Open Letter to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.)

I READ your article in June Photoplay and was very much amazed that you, the supposed "cream of American society," should write such a thing about people who were kind enough to welcome you into their homes. Was it really Fifth Avenue that lifted a snooty eyebrow at the doings of Hollywood, or was it just Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who came, and looked and got nowhere?

Hollywood is too independent to care what you think, but some of its lesser persons resent the way you condemned it. I, too, was born on your same Fifth Avenue. I, too, can trace the blue bloods of my family back generations. I was one of your debutantes, and like every girl in my set envied the freedom and glamour of Hollywood women. Why shouldn't the stars dye their hair? Why shouldn't they wear false eyelashes and paint their faces?

You go to the movies to see beautiful women. You go to Hollywood every year (according to your own account, you've gone for the past twenty years). Why? Isn't it because, being a man, you crave beauty and excitement, something different? You call Hollywood stars "hillbillies." Isn't your resentment caused from pique because you were not received in the way you expected to be? Hollywood has no class distinctions. Stars boast they weren't born with a silver spoon in their mouths. They weren't playboys with a manufactured bank account to draw on. Can you blame them, now that they have gained wealth and fame, for cutting loose occasionally?

Suppose they did have only one case of iced champagne, and the rest of it iced with cubes in the glass? A well-bred guest takes what is given to him; if he does not like it he need not go back. Suppose a few of the guests did relax in the host's sleeping quarters? They had had a trying day. I agree that Fifth Avenue parties are swell affairs, but Fifth Avenue women have nothing to do but plan parties, while the Hollywood hostess rushes home from the studio and hurriedly throws a party together. You commented that some of the men were unable to hold their drinks. I have seen men in the Four Hundred who couldn't either. You thought
the stars were worried when Walter Winchell joined their group. Oh, me. I've seen New Yorkers take to their heels, too, when he comes around. You think Hollywood men talk in circles trying to imitate Fifth Avenue. The next time, get into a little private conversation with Bob Montgomery or Richard Dix or some of the younger stars and learn something of how English should be used. Their English is fluent and perfect and not cluttered up with slang and retorts such as you set forth in Photoplay.

I spent eight happy years in Hollywood and learned to understand that strange little city and its people. I admire their fortitude in holding up their heads and pushing ahead in spite of all obstructions. Maybe your Four Hundred does look down on them, but, my, how some of them would love to have that wealth and fame. If East is East and West is West, then let the East stay here where it belongs. Hollywood doesn't need any blue-blooded snobs to tell them what is right and wrong. They'll get along, and you'll be dying to visit them again whether or not they've forgotten you.

Patsy MacMillan, San Francisco, Calif

SECOND PRIZE $10.00

MARIE DRESSLER LIVES AGAIN!

Of all the entertaining fiction which has appeared spasmodically in Photoplay over a lengthy period of time, I believe "Molly Bless Her" will instantly climb into first place on Photoplay's Hit Parade of crackajack yarns—eventhough only a portion of the story has appeared to date.

Besides those who knew Miss Dressler intimately (and adored her), we, the fans who were acquainted with her only through the medium of the screen, will love her counterpart, the fictional Molly, and laugh and cry and aspire to theatrical heights with her while we thank Frances Marion, the author for the most delightful and gripping work of her career. Marie Dressler was not only the greatest character actress of our time and a splendid real-life character, but a flesh-and-blood symbol of the present-day Hollywood, where levelheadedness has taken the place of pre-talkie madness. As long as there is a copy of "Molly, Bless Her" left, Marie will live—here on earth. Thanks again Miss Marion.


Sophie Tucker, heretofore noted for her torch singing, is being grounded by M-G-M (who bought Miss Marion's latest best seller) for the role of "Molly" in the screen version of the book. An old trouper of the royal line of Nora Bayes, Lillian Russell and others, with the same warm sentimentality and gusto for life which characterized Miss Dressler, Sophie admits to getting a big bang out of being "discovered" all over again. She said in a recent interview, "I was in the commissary of M-G-M selling tickets for a charity affair when I stopped at a table where Frances Marion and Gloria Swanson were sitting. Frances looked me over and said, 'You're Molly,' Gloria agreed, so I said, 'Who's Molly?' That's when I found out about the..." (please turn to page 100)

Photoplay awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and five $1 prizes. Photoplay reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Regardless of our legal rights in the matter, however, we believe good sportsmanship would prohibit any of our readers from sending a letter submitted to us to another publication. Address: Box 5 & Bonquets Photoplay, 122 East 42nd St., New York City.

Say, Bob, don't you like stockings on a girl better than bare legs?

Stockings flatter you—and they don't cost much this way...

Just everyone agrees—men especially—that even the most gorgeous look lovelier in sleek, sheer stockings. Why try to save money at the use of your looks when it's so easy to save with Lux...Lux preserves the elasticity silk has when new. Then stockings can give under strain instead of breaking into embarrassing runs so often. Many ordinary soaps contain harmful alkali that weakens elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali...makes stockings last longer, look lovelier, fit more sleekly.

Lux saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y.
AM still agape over the revelation of the most daring piece of
deception ever perpetrated in Hollywood.

The author of it is Gene Raymond, the last person in the
world I would have suspected of any such conniving. Yet for
ten months—nearly a year, mind you!—Gene actually lived a
double life as the mysterious "Mr. John Morgan."

In this audacious masquerade he succeeded not only in
duping a town where nobody has ever been able to keep things
under cover, but in hoodwinking his bride-to-be.

It was at eight o'clock one night that Gene first donned his
disguise and so began the amazing series of events which were
to launch him on his precarious Jekyll-Hyde career. That he
got away with it, through elaborate lies and deepest subterfuge,
gives evidence that he is not only a remarkable actor, but a man
of daring and infinite resource.

On this evening, a few hours earlier, Gene had driven his
fiancée to her home in Hollywood. Now, as he appeared before
a deserted house among the winding hills of Bel-Air, no one
would have recognized him. A hat was pulled down over his
telltale blond hair, a mütter swathed his chin, and he carried
a handkerchief ready to press to his face should any strangers
pass. Gene Raymond had become Mr. John Morgan.

He walked briskly across the yard to the dark house. It was
a large and rather rambling place, weeds grew along the walk,
and a cold wind rustled through the gables.

The murky moonlight faintly revealed three people waiting
in the shadows for Mr. Morgan. One of them was a lady who
was, for a time, to be known only as "Mrs. Shux." She was to
become a guiding genius in the conspiracy that was afoot,
through all its astonishing ramifications. The other two were
men intimately known to Gene Raymond.

Flashlights were produced, and after fumbling with the lock,
they entered. The musty odor of an unused dwelling rushed to
meet them.

"I don't see how you can get away with it," the lady said to
Mr. Morgan, alias Mr. Raymond.

"I've started it I'm going to finish it," he said. "I'm going
to buy this house to be our home, decorate and furnish it to the
last detail, and it's got to be a complete surprise to Jeanette."  

There, the cat is out of the bag.

BY BARBARA HAYES
In the rambling English type house, with its steep shingled roof, Gene found the perfect home with which to surprise the new Mrs. Raymond. Jeanette’s dusty pink bedroom with its powder blue accents, center, was a particular triumph. The rose arbor, below, on one of the many terraces, contains every variety of rose known to California.

Thus the ambitious stratagem began. If Gene could have foreseen all the pettifogging and chicanery it would lead to, if he had known he would have to keep his fingers crossed and lie to his beloved—yes, even steal!—he would have quailed at the prospect. But right then he went at it blithely.

First he scouted around for a house, something homey, not too big or showy, something that would be solid, comfortable, a home. He found the makings of such a place at last, an English style country home built partly of stone, with a steep roof of rolling, haphazard shingles. There were two acres, with a dilapidated stable, bridle paths, rose and grape arbors clinging to hillside terraces. Hidden among the pines was a little playhouse that was reached across a bridge of stones.

The entire place had to be remodeled, as Gene outlined the changes: take the driveway out and put in a lawn, tear down the stable and build a new one, enlarge a room here, add another there, put in new plumbing. It would all be a tremendous amount of work. He would have to find an architect willing to take a solemn oath of secrecy. Gene called in Kenneth Albright, whose clever work is well known in the film colony. For a decorator, well, Gene would turn “Mrs. Shux” into one. After all, on the correct decorating depended the success or failure of the scheme.

As the ringleader of his band of confederates, we may now reveal the identity of “Mrs. Shux”—Helen Ferguson Hargreaves, confidante and most trusted friend of Jeanette MacDonald’s. The responsibilities—and the risks—made “Mrs. Shux” blanch, but since it was Gene who asked, she decided she’d do it.

No one else, not even Jeanette’s mother, was to be let in on the scheme.

Yet time and again, the super-colossal secret tottered on the brink of discovery.

NOW that you know what he proposed to do, the enormity of the undertaking may become apparent. It would have dismayed an ordinary mortal. Gene Raymond was not, however, to be discouraged.

This was his dream, and he has a way of making dreams come true.

“I’ve always wanted, when I married, to be able to carry my bride across the threshold of our own home,” he had told this group one night, adding, suddenly: “And why not? Why not buy a house, fix it up, put in everything we’ll like—and keep it all a secret!”
The white and scarlet playroom, right, is just off the guest room. Another room of interest is the music studio, center, with twin baby grand pianos and the plaid of the MacDonald clan to decorate its divan, picture frames and trim the Venetian blinds.

Early in the game, Jeanette nearly caught Gene red-handed.

Gene had bought the property in the name of Mrs. Hargreaves, and then, assuming his disguise as Mr. Morgan, he was spending every spare minute at the new home, supervising the work. Neighbors decided Mr. Morgan must suffer, poor fellow, from a bad cold, for their rare glimpses of him showed only a man with sun glasses on, holding a handkerchief to his nose and peering blankly about.

Well, on this particular day, Gene had told his fiancée that he was going to the polo games, and would come from there to pick her up at the studio when she was through work.

Then and there he learned what every young husband should know—never, never tell a fib.

Jeanette finished shooting early that day, so she decided to surprise Gene at the polo games.

She arrived between chukkers and started looking for him. She wandered back and forth before the grandstand, searching the 

The stable, especially designed by Gene, houses White Lady and Black Knight, Jeanette's and Gene's horses. The dog kennels adjoin it
This renowned author, who aroused such a furor of comment when an article of his appeared a few months ago in \textit{PHOTOPLAY}, turns his biting wit once more on the movie colony as he exposes what he calls—

...deeply about such things!

Hollywood Social Standing depends definitely on Box-Office Rating. If you haven't B.O. in the city of Filmlam you just don't get anywhere!

The greatest scoop guest that anyone could drag out would be Garbo, and also you may be quite sure that the Temples, the Disneys, Clark Gable or young Bob Taylor are welcome anywhere. Amusingly enough, none of these people cares particularly about society.

Yet since no one ever knows what the box office is going to register a year ahead, this creates great Social Caution. You don't quite dare snub the kids that are coming up the ladder. Tomorrow morning's ledger may show them 100%. On the other hand, you have to be chary of getting in too deeply with the people who are now on top, for fear they may be out of the running shortly, and you would be left beached with a lot of swell friends who count for nothing at all. And you must be especially careful not to be seen with people who are passé!

Now, some critics may claim the Social Kingfish of all lands work similarly. They will point out that Cash is Queen anywhere you find her. A mummy from Egypt suddenly reborn in Manhattan can crash any gate, you are told. Why look at the Huttons, the Hartfords, the Henrys and the Wrights. Ten years ago they were unheard of in the Diamond Horseshoe. Whoever thought the Rockefeller had it in them to put footmen in knee breeches! Five years ago when I told my fond parents of visiting a certain woman in Oklahoma City, I was fondly cautioned

LONG before the days of Emily Post, Karl Menninger or Ward McAllister the manners of us human beings instantly placed us in certain very definite categories. In the same way that you can tell types of personalities by their clothes, so can you also tell them by the way they play life's game.

Fifth Avenue has for generations emulated Park Lane; Park Avenue takes its tip from Mayfair and its "Circus Set"; Newport is only hours behind the house party hams who yearly carve out a very definite curve in the aristocratic customs of the British Isles.

But in Hollywood it's different. In fact, Hollywood is the only really natural place left on earth; that is to say, anything you do or say or wear goes. And the more exotic you are in these things, the more popular you are. But go back East and try out some of the Hollywood excitement on your friends and see where you will spend most of your time—that is, if you care

Pictured above are five Hollywood stickers ... Would you know to snub Robert Taylor or Clark Gable or the Charles Rays, who once gave the swankiest parties? ... Where would you seat engaged couples at dinner parties? ... Why is it said of David Niven, who's never been married, "he's a bachelor again"? ... Would you know what to wear and when? Cinemaland has its own ideas! And you'll want to learn what they are
to keep the news to myself. Yet only yesterday, or was it the year before last, to be exact, this woman’s attractive sister rented one of Newport’s most exclusive villas, and gave the smartest dance of the season. And when Frazier Jelke was engaged in business in the Midwest, no one gave him so much as a nod. But after he built himself a sumptuous manor house on Newport’s Ocean Drive he was immediately accepted within the throng.

B.O. may be simply a catch phrase in Hollywood. Its equivalent is I.T. in New York, in this case I.T. not meaning sex appeal, as Madame Glyn had it, but Income Tax; and the larger the figure (you pay Uncle Sam), plus your ability to be a gentle person at all times, stamps you without another symbol as “in” or “out” on Fifth Avenue.

On the other hand, though you may fall downhill faster in Hollywood than in New York, the depth of your abyss is generally not quite so profound. Take, for instance, the Charlie Mitchells. There was a day after the end of the Great War when anything they did or said made them the Oracles of the Fitter-Flutter brigade. And then I.T. went against the President of the National City Bank in a big way; and those nebulous things called “Friends” faded faster than secret ink on an international bloter.

You have the replica in Park Lane itself. When Edward VIII renounced his throne for an unknown American divorcee, the rats left the sinking ship in no end of a hurry. Some wag wrote a brochure called “Rat Week” that should be accepted by the British Museum for posterity, though it won’t be. Dozens of the “best families” in England raised their skirts, tilted their toppers and scurried away. Down at Schloss Enzenfeld in Austria, it took a member of the aristocracy of a non-Aryan race to offer security and actually a place to lay his weary head to “the most popular young man in the world,” when he had been deserted by those closest to him. Thirty days before the catastrophe there wasn’t a golden knob in any of the social headquarters throughout the world that would not have turned for him on one second’s notice.

Think for a moment, as you read this, and tell me of anyone in filmland who has gone into ignominy quite as quickly as the Duke of Windsor has disappeared from his own set. True, Doug Fairbanks became passé after marrying Lady Ashley; but, nevertheless, the two of them

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Please turn to page 96.
Gosh, were we startled to see this kind of a love scene on account of the Hays office isn't supposed to allow sheik stuff now. No sir, only upright love scenes! But in "She Didn't Want a Sheik" Ramon Novarro burns up desert sands again, 13 years after that classic, "The Arab"

THE CENSORS CALL IT SIN

Sex was always horizontal in the days when Ronald Colman and Lili Damita turned on the pash and Garbo tried her temperature-raising artifices on her weak but willing lovers. That was way back B.C. (Before Censorship)—but you can't get away from sex (see page 42)
The business of being godfather to twin stars, Billy and Bobby Mauch, spells—

There was nothing in the sweeping lights before a Hollywood theater to indicate that this was a preview of any special significance. Yet, just one hour and a half later, that entire audience realized an event of far-reaching importance had taken place. By morning the entire town knew it. For Hollywood, you see, had not only given birth to a new star, always an important event, but for the first time in its entire history it had presented a dazed papa World with twins.

Billy and Bobby Mauch were born. "The Prince and the Pauper" had marched off to cinematic history leaving behind, on the doorstep of Hollywood, two thirteen-year-old hellions.

Warner Brothers, after the first thrill of box-office exaltation wore off, sat right down where they were (in the men's lounge) and looked at each other in blank astonishment. Then and only then did it dawn upon them just what this amazing success of the twins meant. They bethought themselves of the feverish activity of Producer Zanuck in behalf of his own baby wonder, Shirley Temple. They visioned the look on Louis B. Mayer's face when his sole juvenile genius, Freddie Bartholomew, uttered his amazing speeches in the name of American boyhood with a clipped British accent. They recalled the frantic, hectic search for material on the part of other producers with baby stars and, frankly bowing their heads, they groaned—

"And we had to get twins, yet."

It was agreed, finally, that until the right plan for appeasing the double demands of twin stars could be worked out and authors on day and night shifts could turn out material suitable for twins, they would ignore the whole double trouble event.

Only it didn't work. The furor over the boys grew instead of subsiding. In less than two weeks after "Bobby Prince and Billy Pauper" had been previewed, national publications had smeared the lads with glory, their buoyant voices had vibrated over the ether waves on three Coast-to-Coast broadcasts, and they had autographed thousands of books for local department stores, meanwhile slaying the press from Hollywood to New York and back again.

Mark Twain's story of "The Prince and the Pauper" originally belonged to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer who had intended it for Freddie Bartholomew. Realizing twins were more suitable to the roles, they let it go to Warners. The day the lads' picture appeared on the cover of Time magazine, Freddie Bartholomew, they say, walked into an
TRouble

by LOIS SINCLAIR

M-G-M producer’s office and placing the magazine on his desk said,

“Well, we certainly started something, didn’t we?”

The producer, looking long and steadily at the cover, turned eventually to the contents and read: “... two miable young actors from Peoria, Illinois, who, among Hollywood’s currently swollen quota of remarkable children, are perhaps the most remarkable.

“Billy and Bobby Manch (pronounced Mock) are more extraordinary than Shirley Temple because there are two of them.”

The producer looked up at Freddie and rubbed his chin. “Yes,” he said, “we’re sure did. We certainly reaped ourselves a double headache.”

The agitation in Warners’ mind as to what to do with two boy wonders was put to rest when the lads themselves saw nothing extraordinary in their overnight acclaim. No demands, no calls for bodyguards, chauffeurs, French teachers, dancing or dramatic teachers, no creams for new dressing rooms.

The boys went to school each morning at nine, made any and all publicity pictures requested by the studio, even to posing on a merry-go-round like a couple of eight-year-olds.

With every indication pointing to normal behavior on the boys’ part, the business of being godfather to twin stars evolved itself into one problem — the question of suitable stories. A problem of considerable magnitude, however, when one realizes that the studio pays each boy the sum of $350 weekly with an additional $150 weekly to their mother for their care and managing.

Originally the studio signed both boys for the sum of $150 weekly, with nothing for Mama. It was its intention to use only Billy for the boy, Anthony Adverse. Bobby was allowed to roam the lot at will, play on the set and watch Billy work.

Never, at any time, will one boy be allowed to act as stand-in for the other. No such inferiority-building business would be permitted around the boys’ mother, an able defender and staunch fighter where her precious cubs are concerned.

“No man alive can crush one boy at the expense of the other one,” declares the boys’ mother in a quiet firm voice, all the deadlier for its calmness. During the filming of “Anthony Adverse,” she said, Bobby, in a spirit of helpfulness, volunteered to act as stand-in for Billy, although he had a contract of his own, with the result that he was publicized as Billy’s stand-in which was actually not the fact.

The twins blacken bullies’ eyes with pleasure, and what’s more, share the blame, for loyalty is their watchword.
Billy went right on from "Adverse" to the drummer boy in "White Angel" and the lead in "Penrod and Sam." It was when Warner decided to use both boys in "The Prince and the Pauper" that Mrs. Mauch quietly stepped up to a judge and said, "Please don't approve those contracts calling for $150 each weekly."

Mrs. Mauch felt, sincerely, that the children were worth more.

The unusualness of twin actors, and the fact that their years of experience rendered an interchanging of talent possible, decided the judge in their favor.

WHAT is or will be the effect of success on two young boys is the current question among certain people in Hollywood. Will the lads become impressed with the importance of winning against an enormous motion-picture studio? Will they think "Oh, yeah, we showed you," and match deeds to words? Fish tush, those people do not know their Mauchs. No two more normal, natural scalewags ever trod the byways of moviedom. Born thirteen years ago in Peoria, Illinois, the boys reek Peoria from their very souls. Albeit a complete naturalness, despite their eight years' professional experience in New York and Hollywood, may well be mistaken for precocious sophistication.

Their naturalness takes this turn, for instance. They freely offer suggestions for changes on their radio scripts. "Wouldn't this be a better line?" they kept asking Errol Flynn and Louella Parsons before a national broadcast. It was agreed as often as not that, by George, it would be better. A lot better. But if a suggestion were spurned, it was quite all right with the boys. Intelligent beyond their years, modest, normal, the boys assume no false modesty or phony timidity. They are, probably, the two most natural human beings in a town polluted with complexy individuals slightly screwball in flavor.

It was when the boys were still lads of seven or eight that their parents had a premonition that all wasn't going to be too cozy for the Mauchs. One day, noticing passers-by gazing up at her house in open-mouthed astonishment and then fairly flying past, Mrs. Mauch stepped out to investigate. She saw nothing until she walked out to the gate and looked back. There, across the house front, the boys had painted this sign, "Enter—but leave all hope behind."

Their father, whose suspicions of troubled years ahead had been aroused when the twins had built a submarine that promptly sank to the bottom of the creek, nearly drowning the two, had his strongest intuitions justified when he marched up to the bathroom one evening and found painted on the door in huge letters, "This Is It."

Their ability to dance, sing and recite decided Mrs. Mauch to take the boys to New York where their talents would have ample room to expand. The boys posed for ads by the drove. If a new bicycle, new toy, anything came out the boys were right there to pose, with an eye to getting free the article they posed for. Radio, with March of Time, Show Boat, Lucky Strike and other programs, opened a new world to Billy and Bobby. The posings and broadcasting questions were always settled by a toss of a coin if only one were needed. But here's the important thing behind their work, a point that's destined to influence their entire future. They secured their own work because they loved it, and nine times out of ten, reported for work alone, with no loving parent to hamper.

Mrs. Mauch simply provided the proper setting for the boys' talents and let them go it themselves. Even today, she remains quietly in the background and only steps forward when there seems to her threatened partiality to one boy. Today, in Hollywood, the boys give their interviews alone, call on friends, go to school, attend church and movies, report for work, play, ride bicycles, visit the dentist, singly or together, just as any other average boy and girl. There is no million-dollar-baby hooey about it.

So it seemed perfectly natural for Billy and Bobby to apply for a role of the boy, Adverse, together. The fact that two identical Adverses of remarkable ability were available, and the fact that no inquisitive mother, among all those hundreds of pestering mothers, was there to distract, must have impressed Warners' talent scout beyond words, for the lads won the role, it falling to Billy's lot to play it.

After the completion of the picture, the Mauchs returned to New York. Suddenly the studio put in an S.O.S. for their return "I'm not going back," Bobby announced.

"But they're calling us," Mrs. Mauch insisted. "We must go."

"Mother," Bobby replied, "Billy and I have radio contracts to fulfill right here in New York. I'll never break a contract or my word for anyone. I'll stay and do mine and Billy's work."

And Bobby stayed. Quite alone except for a cook and his police dog, for thirteen weeks he played his thirteen radio shows. Returning home, weary and tired, to his apartment, eating his solitary dinner and spending all of his salary each night on telephone calls to "Mom," "Pop," and Billy. But it was the principle of the thing, you see.

The fact that Billy was chosen for the movie glory made little, if any, difference to Bobby.

"I'll get my break," he kept assuring his mother.

There never has been even the faintest trace of jealousy between the boys, for deeper than their love for each other, twin brother for twin brother, is their friendship, each for the other one. Their quick clapping of hands over a bit of excellent screen or radio work, their concern when one is moved to emotional tears over a scene, that look of "I'm with you boy," flung across a movie set just before a camera turns, speaks always of the deepest understanding and friendship.

There's a twinkle in the blue eyes of the Mauch boys that reveals an enthusiastic love of life and an oversized capacity for getting into things. Two chemistry sets, gifts of friends, have proven almost too heavy a cross for the community to bear. Weird concoctions are brewed for various purposes such as moving ink spots from bedspreads spilled there by the twins. A mixture of a certain acid and ketchup is supposed to do the trick.

Entertaining guests one day, Mrs. Mauch reached for her glass iced-tea spoons and found, instead, long pieces of glass dulled up in the last stages of cramps. The boys had simply discovered how to torture glass without breaking it.

"Rotten egg," brew is their specialty. Just before a dinner party one evening Mrs. Mauch de-
Michael Whalen, superb pianist, expert swimmer, green vegetarian, is a blue-eyed Celt with a no-hit, no-run marriage score and plenty of girls goofy over him.
She started at three, this Martha Raye, in vaudeville.

Made Hollywood via a night club in the Sunset Strip.

Hit the air waves with Bob Burns. Just married her make-up man. Income big, mouth big, hands beautiful
ong-distance wife, Ann Sothern was once brunette Barret Lake. Rising fast as a comedienne, follows fashion magazines devotedly, goes in for culture deliberately, has too much sense to be high-hat
Virginia Bruce could only happen in Hollywood, a beautiful blonde with a keen mind, a career, a child, wealth, and eyes which drive men to buying diamonds.
EVERY man has his ideal woman.

So have I.

She's slim, tall and graceful. Her figure is divine and she's definitely what you'd call the athletic type. I suppose you'd call her a blonde. She loves speed, but when I'm weary and want to relax, she idles along with me, her head high and proud as they make them in the sunlight. Her name? The “Cheerio”—and the finest fifty-two-foot-yawl-rigged lady in the Santa Monica Yacht Basin. She has a magnificent disposition and is never hard to handle, though occasionally she might toss a few dozen gallons of water at you in a sportive mood. But her most important attribute, in my opinion, is her knowledge of men. She knows, for example, that men have a roving eye and sometimes wander far from the home harbors. Does she mind? Not at all! You haul her hull out of the water, undress her, put her to bed and there she stays without a whimper until you get back.

She's quite a contrast, by and large, to Hollywood women—even women in general—who are prone to be quite annoyed when you dry-dock them, even for their own good. That seems to be especially true out here where the career bug bites them if they don't watch out.

For some strange reason, you seem to run into a number of ladies of an unusual type in California. They are definitely predatory. They don't wait for the men to cluster 'round—they go out openly and, with bow, arrow or the weapon best suited to their personalities, proceed to pick off a male.
The Flynns have celebrated two wedding anniversaries but with a wife making pictures in Europe, it's open season on Errol for the modern Dianas in Hollywood. Does he have an Achilles heel that makes him susceptible to their weapons? Let him tell you.

It's more than a bit startling. One has been more or less brought up to believe that man is the hunter and woman the coy little rabbit who prolongs the chase long enough to ascertain the serious intent of the pursuer. In Hollywood, there is a whole tribe of Dianas who never heard of a closed season. They'll even knock a man off when he's roosting. The male players in this town, who have a reputation of having a way with the ladies, haven't a way at all—they merely like to be caught. You can see them perched on fence rails in every club in town, ruffling their plumage and emitting low calls calculated to attract the attention of the blase huntresses.

You can imagine the huntresses chatting as they glance over the well-marked coups.

"Look," the young featured actress will murmur, "there's a big buck! Shall I drop him?"

"Don't be silly!" will comment the seasoned star. "He's not prime meat yet—only a six-month contract! Now look over there—there's as fine a head as I've seen in many a day plus a long-term contract. I'll kill that one myself!"

"No, please don't kill him—just wound him. He's got a doe and three fauns at home—and anyway they're not going to take up his next option."

And the silly part of it is that that particular buck was dying to be killed. I know. He told me.

One thing that is certain—careers breed a different type of women, even if the career is not their own. In most of the communities in which I have lived, women have had a totally different sort of life. That may account for it to a degree. In an average small town, in the islands or in a great city, most women have certain definite responsibilities attached to their homes. Even if they have something else to do in the nature of a career, that career is mostly spoken of in quotes. Their primary interest is domestic—or am I getting profound? I really have no right to carry on this way, I suppose, but even actors do have their serious moments.

In Hollywood, everything is on a different scale. People make ten times the money—when they have a job—that they'd make on the same job in any other part of the world. It seems to be a corollary of making money that you spend it, and the Hollywood wives are no more of an exception than any others.

The first thing they do is to relieve themselves of most women's normal responsibilities by the employment of superlative servants. I am, of course, speaking of the vast majority of Hollywood women—the wives not the actresses. These poor souls find themselves in the unenviable spot of having days upon days on their hands and nothing to do with them. Nothing, that is, that doesn't soon pall on them and become monotonous.

Their husbands work. They work in a very exacting business, a business that takes well nigh twenty-four hours a day. Frequently, they are away from home on ten minutes' notice for days and weeks at a time. Even in their homes there is no
discussion of anything other than business. Perhaps a fascinating business, but still something foreign to the home circle.

More as a result of sheer boredom than anything else, many of these women start playing the field. They become predatory. Word goes out among the boys that "so-and-so's wife is on the loose," and many of the boys immediately pop up on a convenient fence where they provide suitable targets. These women of whom I speak are not necessarily bad in the accepted sense of the word, but it goes without saying that the woman who has no particular responsibility toward her home, no particular job to do in the outside world of affairs, is either going to go mad with ennui or is going out to find greener pastures.

But Hollywood wives are a subject more suited to the piercing mind of a Dorothy Dix than they are to me. I like many of them—am sorry for most of them.

Fortunately, all the women in Hollywood are not married. If they were, it would be the unattached stag that I'd be sorry for. I'd let the women take care of themselves without sympathy from anyone. It would serve them right!

Strangely enough, the so-called "career-girls" who pop out at you from behind every bush are the worst menace in the town, if it is indeed a menace and not a Moslem's idea of Heaven. Most of these lasses have read in various sensational magazines that there is only one way to get ahead in Hollywood.

Now, I'd hate to take the bread, to say nothing of the butter, out of the mouths of the sob sisters, but that remark is strictly poppycock. The brutal truth of the matter is that the most consistent of the rôles—yes, we have them here, too—are more than a bit bored by this distinctly amateurish approach. They've been braced for a job by experts and feel that the girl who parades her sex in an all too personal manner is merely advertising her inexperience.

Don't misunderstand me. Hollywood is not all sweetness and light any more than is your own home town. The fact that the fundamental business of this town is to parade glamour and beauty and whatever else goes with it on the screen doesn't mean that it is a sexy town. One might parallel that thought with the statement that a town whose primary business was lathering suits and ladies' undergarments was necessarily a sex-mad community because the advertisements for such garments were usually in a distinctly—shall we say, attractive?—key.

So many girls arrive out here with mediocre accomplishments, a driving ambition and no particular brains. Most of them don't really want a career. They want the adulation and the luxuries that go with success, but none of the fighting, tearing, sundering heartaches that are a part of all attainment.

It was once said by a very grand director, Henry Hathaway, that "a person with a real desire for a career is something of a masochist, someone who enjoys the miseries of suffering for a purpose more than he enjoys the completion of the struggle." In other words, these people only want the theater as a means to an end. They want to be celebrities. Having an inferiority complex, they want to be stared at. If their own achievements do not qualify them for attention, then they must shine in the reflected glory of their companions.

There is still another type of woman that inhabits Hollywood. Maybe the Greeks didn't have a word for this type, but we have—They're celebrity-chasers.

In one respect, they are quite closely akin to the predatory Dianas I first mentioned. Anything for a laugh, so to speak. They don't care if the man they snare is a low comic, a broken-down character man, a lead or a star. If his face is familiar, their imaginations will do the rest. Mark you, I don't mean to imply that these girls are just the neophytes of Hollywood, or the tourists, or that the chasing is limited to their sex. In this respect, many men are just as bad. The celebrity-chaser is like any other kind of collector with one important exception. Their collections comprise only human beings and that is hardly cricket. It is not playing the game in human relations because like collectors of inanimate objects, they discard the erstwhile famous as callously as a stamp the day that person becomes passé, or less rare.
A CERTAIN clause in the contracts of both Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard, to the effect that only Travis Banton should design their screen clothes, threw a tidy bombshell into our midst this month.

When Warners borrowed Claudette for "Tonight's Our Night" and Selznick borrowed Carole for "Nothing Sacred," they discovered the little stinger in the business and practically passed out. Especially when Paramount demanded—and got—$10,000 from each producer for Banton's services.

"And me with four designers of my own," Jack Warner moaned.

But here's the catch. Banton didn't get one penny of that money. Paramount, the piggy, ate it all up.

LESLIE HOWARD and Bette Davis were enacting the death scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for their new picture. "It's Love I'm After."

Leslie, as Romeo, lay dying beside the bier of Juliet. "Now, Leslie," instructed director Archie Mayo, "as Bette leans over you to grasp the vial, you say, 'Get your hair out of my face.'"
There's been a rush on the honeymoon suites on the Honolulu line this summer—Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Vic Orcatti (separated, as we go to press). Above right, Mildred Lloyd watching Harold get Mary P. Rogers' kiss

Below, left to right, despite break-up rumors Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie step out together; Eddie Cantor hugs Simone Simon into an M. Raye act; Virginia Bruce, John McCormack, Buddy Adler, Anita Louise, Jean Negulesco and Binnie Barnes at the Wodehouse party

From the uncensored notebook of our Town Crier comes this private collection of data—the choicest chatter and the latest cinema news

They rehearsed the scene as directed, and were ready to shoot when "Romeo" suddenly sat up and, in that clear English voice, said, "I say, don't you think it would be better if I said—'Get your hair out of my puss?'"

And the English blame it on the Americans

The Jack Haleys are adopting a baby boy as a companion to their own three-year-old son, Jack, Jr. In fact, the Haleys were almost driven to it when they discovered Jack, Jr., had invited his daddy's barber to remain all night, bribing him with a promise of an ice cream party. The Haleys felt a little brother would make a more suitable companion than the family barber

Elaine Barrymore has been given a small bit in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" at Paramount and not because that studio is building her for stardom either. Little official birds whisper to us that Paramount doesn't even want
her a little bit. But, you see, she's just made up with John—and John's in the same picture—and, what with Mr. Barrymore's well-known laxity about being on time and everything, somebody's got to see that he arrives on the set every morning.

The rippest, hottest mad-on of the month belonged to one Bob Taylor when gossips announced his newest heart interest was a San Francisco society woman whom Bob actually met but once. Moreover, the gossiper went on to blast Bob's present understanding with Barbara Stanwyck and to tell of many capers cut by Bob with his new love in Honolulu.

The truth of Bob's now famous visit to the Islands must be told. In fact, Bob, between angry mutterings, asked us to print this true story of his adventure, and we're only too happy to oblige.

When Bob stepped off that boat in Honolulu, he stepped right into the arms of a clamoring, mauing, pulling mob of fans. Finally, a large, determined-looking woman elbowed her way through to Bob and said, "I'm a reporter. My paper wants a story, and I'm here to get it."

"Get me out of here," Bob pleaded, "and I'll give you the best story you've ever had." So they fought their way out to a dilapidated ferry and the reporter drove Bob to a private beach. There she motioned him to a near-by shack, where Bob changed to a bathing suit while she scouted for sandwiches and coffee.

On that beach, alone with a woman reporter, Bob Taylor spent his one and only day in Honolulu. At night, he crept off to his hotel and next day was homeward bound on the same boat that bore him over to the Islands. And if that's courting a beautiful society woman, Bob Taylor says he's a Dutchman. But boy, he's a mad one.

Britain meets the Bronx. Freddie Barholomew and Tom Kelly (N. Y. recruit for "Tom Sawyer") have different accents, the same appetites. New romantic item is the Withers-Searl combination. Ray Milland talks to Mrs. Bradley (extreme right) who won the star-guessing contest (and our hearts) because—but let Cal tell you...

This year's crop of Hollywood June brides appeared to be very happy (you saw the photographer's pictures of them) but, if the truth is told, they all had their troubles. Mother trouble, especially.

There was Mrs. Raye's objection to Martha's marriage, with many tears all around; there was the unfortunate estrangement between Gene Raymond and his maw. That last has not been patched up and probably never will be.

Then, to top these reports, comes the news that June Lang and Vic Orsatti, whose May wedding was a social event, are separated. Their hectic romance has had Hollywood holding its breath several times, but a separation, less than nine weeks after their marriage, was the last thing expected.

Hollywood formula: all struggling young actresses have mothers. No one of the mothers wants her daughter to marry and interrupt a career. The daughter marries anyway, having fallen in love—BOOM!

Not a cent was paid, etc. testimonials are always welcome, and you can call this one bragging if you want to but—

A short while ago Paramount had its Silver Jubilee. In connection with the shindig they ran...
contest. They published uncaptioned pictures of stars that had been with their studio—off and on—since 1910. The reader guessing the most names correctly got a free trip to Hollywood and heaven knows what all.

Mrs. A. D. Bradley of Des Moines—she is pictured with Ray Milland on this page—won. When, in the course of events, they asked her how she knew about those old-timers to name them all correctly, guess what she said? "Because I’ve read Photoplay for twenty-five years, without missing a copy!"

I must be love, with orchestra leader Ozzie Nelson. In fact, it’s just gotta be love when a man will leave a New York job that pays handsomely to follow his wife to Hollywood and take a job that pays far from handsomely.

When Ozzie brings his orchestra to Hollywood, to be near Harriet Hilliard, his actress wife, he must comply with the California law that stipulates he hire California musicians only or pay his own orchestra as stand-ins. Ozzie refuses to give up his own lads of melody, so when he finishes paying double, he’ll have left a mere pittance of his former salary. But he feels the sacrifice is worth it, just to be near Harriet and their baby.

M-G-M Studio wins our vote for the best deed of the month. The studio has just placed under contract ninety people who were once important to the motion-picture industry. Flora Finch, Claire McDowell, King Baggott and other old-timers have been made happy by this very grand gesture.

In speaking of the deed a certain M-G-M producer said, "We don’t want our former stars and directors to feel shut out of a business they love and have given their lives to. The death of little Marie Prevost, alone, penniless, and undiscovered in death for several days, has taught us a lesson."

So, at last, Hollywood has decided to take care of its own.

PAGEx Mr. Clemens: when Selznick International decided, a year or two ago, to remake "Tom Sawyer"—and we mean really do it up in style—they thought the business of casting would be a pushover.

They looked about and found a youngster in Alhambra called Ted Limes. He was perfect for the role of Huckleberry Finn, so that was settled.

It was months later before they discovered the correct kid for the Tom Sawyer part. He was unearthed, eventually, in a Bronx school. His name was Tom Kelly, and he looked it—Irish to the hair. It was only when they got him to California that they discovered he had a terrific "Toidy-Toid Street" Brooklyn accent. Now he has to live with a Western family for a few weeks, where he’ll learn not to say "Youse." Well for his father and mother, though; they’d been on relief for a long time.

But to get on with the calamity yarn—later the studio discovered that during the long wait young Limes’ voice had changed . . . and he was dropped.

As a crowning indignity to Selznick officials, another little boy was brought in for a lesser rôle. And they said to him, "What’s your name?"

And he said to them (he was ten or thereabouts): "A. C. Sweat—and no cracks, see?"

THE love bug is biting even the youngsters of Hollywood these fine days. Jackie Searl has fallen hard for Jane Withers, but boylike, is trying desperately hard to conceal it. Mrs. Withers came upon this note from Jackie hidden in Jane’s arithmetic book. It read—

Dear Jane:

Roses are red, violets are blue
Sugar is sweet, and nuts to you.
All my love.

Jackie

SOME years ago George Raft used to pal around with a young fellow in New York. The friend married, moved away; George came to Hollywood
You've heard them—the masterly little tales about Shirley, the midget, the giant, the billionaire curly top. Here we pop off a few of the best!

All around the Shirley Temple home is a fence that will instantly electrocute a stranger who touches it! This alarming discovery was made the other day by Mrs. Temple. She got it firsthand from a tourist who had it from a neighbor in Winnebegosh, by gosh, so it must be true.

But Mrs. Temple didn't, somehow, believe it.

That's only one of the many astounding myths which form the Temple tradition. In her brief years, or rather during her few years in pictures, Shirley has acquired so many legends, all as phony as Anna Held's milk baths, that to explode them all would sound like the firecrackers which woke you up last Fourth of July.

Even if it does make a racket, we're going to pop 'em off right here and now, with a series of loud bangs. It's time the truth was told about Myth Temple.

Take that matter of the electric fence, for a starter. Shirley and her mother were picking flowers in the garden in front of the house when a family of tourists stopped outside the gate. The kids piled out and dashed forward for a glimpse of the most famous star in the movies, the acknowledged box-office darling.

"Don't touch that fence!" screamed the woman in the car. "You'll be killed!"

Shirley, who has become accustomed to curious stares, was startled. Gertrude Temple hurried to the gate to investigate.

"Sure," she was told, "we know that fence is full of live wires. That's to protect Shirley, isn't it?"

Mrs. Temple summoned a reassuring smile—a rather wan smile, for these fantastic tales are annoying—and convinced the woman that she had been misinformed. It's doubtful if her visitors appreciated being disillusioned, since the sensational is rather exciting.

No one apparently stopped to figure that Shirley herself would be most likely to be harmed by live wires festooning the grounds. Electricity hasn't yet learned to discriminate between friend and foe.

The origin of this ridiculous myth about the fence may spring from the fact that the gate is the new type installed in many cinema estates, opening or closing by an electric motor. Push a button and the gates part. The effect is eerie, but convenient.

Driving home at night the Temples...
PERCHED on the hill on which La Brea Avenue abruptly stubs its toe and decides to call it a day, there stands a solitary white house, set in a bramble of surrounding shrubbery tantamount to a miniature wilderness. From its windows may be glimpsed the entire town of Hollywood spread out in panorama.

At night neon lights flash, mock, reveal even as they conceal many things. "Roosevelt Hotel" in flashy red, the Gotham restaurant in blue, the burning beacon of Carthay Circle Theater, nightly proclaim their existence in electric script. Sweeping kleig lights scraping the sky from the Chinese Theater on première nights flash through the south windows of that white house near-by.

At those windows, looking down on that scene, an actor stood, watching, wondering, suffering. His name was Charles Boyer. A language dripping with flashy slang and tricky idioms held him in bondage. He couldn't get it. Couldn't master it, control it, think it. He couldn't think the words, act them and repeat them at the same time.

Strange as it may seem, that's the unhappy truth about this actor who is just now emerging from a situation that all but broke his heart and arrested his career in Hollywood.
All very well for friends to say, "Well, heck, look at your friend Chevalier. His accent didn't stop him."

Boyer had only to turn and look at them, his dark, brooding eyes set in a dark sensitive face. "And you suggest I play the roles I'm fitted for with a musical comedy accent?"

And so he brooded, yearning, wanting to give, to act, to create, and not being able to.

He studied daily with a tutor. For long hours after he married his wife, Pat Paterson, he listened as she spoke to him in English. Single words he selected for practice

"Congratulations" he'd choose, for instance, and murmur over and over to himself, "Kon grat u lá shuns," each syllable separate and distinct. He'd wander from library to swimming pool, down a path through the thickets where La Brea ended so suddenly. "Congratulations. Congratulations," he'd repeat over and over as he walked. Eventually he'd find himself back at those windows staring down on the town below.

Other things happened during this trying period that caused him new anguish. His first big chance in Hollywood came in "Private Worlds" in which he played opposite Claudette Colbert.

After the preview of this picture, two typically American girls emerged from the theater directly ahead of him

"Gee, wasn't that French guy something," one remarked. "Could I go for him!" She paused a moment. "The only thing is I couldn't understand him so well."

Bitterly disappointed, Boyer drew within himself, and naturally, erroneous opinions of this strange Frenchman were formed.

"Snooty" was one of the most common terms used to describe the unhappy Monsieur Boyer. After seeing him, interviewers came away spouting blasphemy. "Never said anything. Couldn't get a word out of him," they grumbled, while alone in his library Boyer, white and sick at heart, would say to his wife, "I just sat there. Afraid to answer for fear I make mistake in English."

CO the misunderstanding between Hollywood and Boyer grew and widened until it reached a climax on the set of "The Garden of Allah."

During the shooting of a scene, Boyer made a slip in English that promptly threw the visitors into gales of laughter. He stood there, never moving, while the red slowly crept up his neck and stained his cheeks. Sensitive at all times, he was cruelly hurt and humiliated.

"Could the visitors please not stand so near?" he finally sked, and by nightfall the rumor that Boyer had gone temperamental and difficult swept the town.

Thus the misunderstanding grew wider—a breach between a man and the work he loved. What with enduring the terrific esert heat, trying to avoid Dietrich's ten-layer homemade akes, and attempting to conquer [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

**BREAKS HIS BONDS**

It was one of the strangest plights that ever faced a foreign star in Hollywood—yet this man solved it.
Today Frances Farmer is talked of as the greatest "find" since Garbo. But, when a scout arranged her tryout at Paramount late in 1935, this hazel-eyed young co-ed had had no acting experience except college theatricals. Her test was a severe one for any actress—scenes from "The Lake" which Hepburn played on the stage, and from Lynn Fontanne's play, "The Second Man" (left and below). The studio took one look, signed Frances to a long-term contract. At the right you see her newest portrait. Hollywood has made her over!
A WISECrack answer is obvious. Who wants to?

Agitation against sex in the movies begins with two classes: the morally sick (those who see evil whether evil is meant or not) and the professional reformers.

Never forget those professional reformers. Prohibition repeal cut them out of a first-class excuse for making a living, so they put their cagey heads together on movies. The screen has always made them sigh a little. It looked like good pickings.

Back in 1927, when the industry set out to film “The King of Kings,” a life of Christ, three great faiths were invited to send representatives to Hollywood, as consultants during production. Two of the men chosen by their respective groups were unselfish, hard-working—real people. But the third (you'd never guess which one) turned in an expense account as long as your arm and wound up by demanding ten per cent of the gross receipts as his cut.

But getting back to sex, as who isn't, here's a red-hot 1937 fact:

Gypsy Rose, as she was when movies signed her. She rivaled Mae West in torrid technique.
But observe the transformation! As Louise Hovick, Gypsy now sets out to court the ladylike audience who doted on "Little Women"

If sex interest constitutes moral hives, the United States is all broken out.

When Mary Smith, the photographer's model, steps into an ad for cosmetics, or bath soap, or what have you, she is more than apt, today, to step in without her step-ins. Look through the advertising pages of your favorite magazine. Evidently the highly paid heads of the commercial agencies believe that the female form still catches the eye.

As for books—whew! One of the current best sellers, a volume much praised by the critics, deals with the sex aberrations of a moron. Publishers must feel that they have exhausted the shock value of just plain sex, as normal people understand it.

Meanwhile, the legitimate stage continues its endless imitation of the sewers of Paris and newspapers have joined the general procession by parading intimate details of sex times and divorce charges. In these two fields it's almost impossible to distinguish the sainted conservative journals from the newer tabloids. They both tell all—and mack their lips.

What will motion pictures do? Will they break loose from their own self-restraint and go bouncing down the stream with the current? How far should they go? Does anybody, with his wits and health, really want sex tabooed on the

When that basic impulse rears its luring head producers keep one eye on the Purity League, one on box office  

by LUPTON A. WILKINSON
"The Children's Hour" was the most dangerous theme Hollywood ever handled but the screen version, "These Three," widened the scope of sex treatment.

Screen? Where is the line? That's the biggest problem in motion pictures. Not even the Production Code—under which American films have gained respect, achieved adult intelligence and busted world box-office records—can say "Finis" to the sex problem. It comes up new with every new script; it always will.

THREE years ago, when the heat was on the picture business and it looked for awhile as if all the producers might be able to film in the future would be Little Rollo and Rollo's Baby Sister, I made a quiet trip to eighty-two American cities and towns. The idea was to find out how the silent vote felt.

Psychologists and their imitators will tell you all about the responsibility of the screen because of its universal audience. They stress the obvious fact that a sequence portrayed by camera and sound is more vivid than any printed account. They used to add tons of guff, now proved false by scientists, about children and movies.

My investigation, not so high-flown as that, was much simpler. It was to find out what the average American man and woman wanted in their movies—and what they didn't want. I talked with newspaper editors and other leaders of opinion. In each newspaper office I asked to read the file of letters damning or praising screen trends. Then I went down to the nearest barber shop and set barbers and customers talking. I even interviewed nursemaids in the park. (Either I look respectable or park policemen are broad-minded; not one gave me a dirty look.) I made myself a nuisance at the exit doors of theaters, large and small. Everywhere I asked, in effect: "How about sex in the movies? How much do you want? How do you want it treated? What is it, if anything, that you don't want?"

Daily reports from that extended trip went to the presidents of the producing companies and to the man who caused the survey to be made, Will Hays. The detail of these reports was confidential; the survey was not for publicity or any other purpose except practical use. But certain general likes and dislikes running almost unanimously among the hundreds of people interviewed, can be discussed. Those opinions are valuable, because they are what you would find on another such trip. They are what a common sense person might expect to find—and they at least indicate the road the industry is trying to follow, probably must follow, in regard to sex in the movies.

Newspaper headlines outside the business were screaming excitement. A casual reader would have thought maybe the screen had invented sex. Will Hays was so quiet it puzzled everybody. Privately he said, "We will not have to give up strong dramatic themes, nobody with good sense wants that. But we will have to develop the level of good taste in handling these strong themes. And we will have to be doubly careful that our stories do not paint evil as profitable or attractive."

Publicly his only comment—it almost ran newspapermen crazy—was, "We'll say it with pictures."

Hays had an ace up his sleeve. Several months before the organization of the Legion of Decency, he had convinced the producers that they were in danger of running into competitive shock tactics—each company trying to be a little more daring than some rival's latest picture. That is what, in the opinion of many, wrecked the New York stage.

Hays had suggested certain definite adventures into new movie fields—for instance, the suggestion to Louis B. Mayer, who was game, that M-G-M take a plunge on "David Copperfield." The industry's head knew that a whole string of classics high-type musicals and homey pictures (such as "Little Women") was in the making. So he kept quiet, like Old Man River. It's said in his Washington days he was a grand poker player.

DESPITE the fashion at that moment for criticism, I found, on the long trip not more than a half-dozen people—good old cranks; you know the kind—who really wanted the screen emasculated. Strong as was the belief that in certain phases the movies had ventured too far, equally strong was the demand that entertainment should not become milk and water. Editors, barbers, clubwomen, nursemaids—the sentiment ran the same. Those who feared the movies, in excitement or panic, might become too pure were as numerous as those who feared the screen was headed straight to moral hell.

What then was all the excitement? It wasn't just the Catholic Bishops, sincere and earnest though they were. In the Protestant city of Houston, Texas, 60,000 persons had signed the Legion of Decency pledge. There was something more involved in this agitation than the old familiar factors of evil-minded cranks and professional reformers.

Look at the main objections that several hundred people stressed, and the "uprising" becomes clear:

1. Injected vulgarities.
2. Plots of young people who play fast and loose with life and come out winners. Ditto about married women.
3. Triangle plots where the two cheaters win.
4. All screen treatment or suggestion of abnormal sex relations.

[ITEM No. 1 needs explanation. A snappy bit of dialogue in a fast-moving comedy offends few. A labored sex-crack or hot scene in a homey type of play, where it is out of place and out of tune, simply enrages a large class of people—the heads of families. The father who takes his family to the show or the mother who, frankly, likes to "park" the children once in a while, feels that some pictures should be made for them. "State Fair" was a fine picture, of the close-to-the-soil type. In it was one hot scene—a camera shooting at ceiling shadows and at eloquent cigarette ends. Father after father commented: "If I can't even take my family to a Will Rogers picture without having intimate sex flung at them, what have the movies for us?"

The plots listed as Item No. 2 | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119 |
Golf is Roz Russell's formula for keeping fit. Working currently in "Live, Love and Learn" with Robert Montgomery, she speaks only script lines to her co-star. Superintelligent Rosalind comes from a family of seven children, all of whom are making good
Rosalind
In the Rough
Stalwart Fred MacMurray, playing in "Exclusive," admits his knees tremble at odd moments, that he has a hard time trying to stay astride a horse, that interviews slay him, that his interests are two, his wife and his work
Confident cowgirl Jane Withers, movie holy terror and number eleven at the box office, admits no fears of any kind, and is at present calmly learning to rope in snorting bulls for "Wild and Woolly," the first child Western
They met in "My Best Girl" in 1927. When Mary divorced Doug in 1934 Buddy became her devoted escort. Their romance culminated in marriage—Mary's third, Buddy's first. Here's a wish for happiness.

Jelson Eddy, the Voice by which Hollywood judges all others, is of the Social Register but scorns society, resents prying reporters and romance rumors but takes his music and his public seriously...
A Royal Purple pose of the perennial Ronald Colman, who'll play the dual rôle of king and commoner in the newest screen version of Anthony Hope's antique hit, "The Prisoner of Zenda"
Why was Martha Raye so pleased when she appeared in this costume for the sailor's hornpipe dance in "Double or Nothing"?

We know a girl in New York who is crazy to come to Hollywood, and see how movies are made, but doesn't want to come in the summertime—"because there isn't anything doing then."

All we hope is that she reads this. Come summertime, movie stars have to work, whether they like it or not. Otherwise, you wouldn't be seeing new pictures, come fall, come winter.

For example, now that the temperature is such that a steak could be broiled on any Hollywood pavement, 20th Century Fox is shooting snow scenes on the back lot, so that, next Christmas, you can see Shirley Temple in "Heidi."

The snow scenes, and "Heidi," are being made in the belief that sixty thousand Temple fans can't be wrong. Sixty thousand said Shirley should picturize the famous story. When the count passed 59,999, Producer Darryl Zanuck looked up the sales of Johannes Spyri's book. He discovered that, Christmas after Christmas, it is the world's best seller, next to the Bible.

Here's Shirley, under wraps on the back lot, playing Heidi. The whole huge set is under wraps, the set being a village piazz in the Swiss Alps. From roof top to roof top the square, black canvas is stretched, shutting out the midsummer sunlight. The time is Christmas Eve.

Inside this huge makeshift tent, the heat is like that of a blast furnace. Yet snow lies deep in the roadway, piled high along the curbs, drifted on window sills, and does not melt. The snow is gypsum, tons of gypsum. And that pungent odor? That's explained by the sparkle on the snow—tons of moth balls.

Puerto Play's private operator goes sleuthing on the midsummer sets, proves there's no summer slump in movies, gives you the highlights on the new crop of pictures.

By James Reid
A few people are walking in the lamp-lighted snow, Christmas packages under their arms. In the background, two horse-drawn sleighs cross the square. In a sleigh with Mady Christians, Shirley, dressed for winter, even to long black stockings, drives up to a house in the foreground, steps out and goes up to the door, which is opened by Arthur Treacher, bustling again.

On the sidelines we see Shirley's curly-headed stand-in and playmate, Mary Lou Islieb. Near-by we see another youngster in similar curls, a youngster who looks mad. We are told:

"Now, there's a story. Mary Lou has a 'bit,' for the first time, in this picture. Jean Hersholt sees a youngster walking along and mistakes her for Heidi. Mary Lou plays the part. So Shirley has to have another stand-in, temporarily. And there's that stand-in over there. If the curls don't look like the real McCoy, and if the dress doesn't hang the way a little girl's dress should, well, there's a reason. The stand-in's name is Joe. Joe O'Brien. He doesn't think much of the idea of being a male Shirley Temple."

ALSO working on the back lot, on Stage A, Shirley's rival, Jane Withers, is making less of an epic. "Wild and Woolly" is its title. "It's a Western for children," Jane's mother tells us. Most Westerns aren't, you know.

Director Alfred Werker is developing jitters, waiting for the electricians to light the set. "Better hurry up boys," he says. "We've got only twenty minutes to get this."

There's a State law about how many hours a day a child star can work. Jane's quota for today is almost up.

The set is the cab of an old railroad engine, with Jane, Jackie Scarfo and Robert Wilcox aboard. It is mounted on a platform which in turn is on rockers, and, at the psychological moment is rocked by a crew of prop men. That moment occurs when Wilcox, testing levers, pulls one and the engine starts. At the same moment, on a background screen, landscape starts moving.

The first "take" satisfies Werker, except for one thing. "Better act as if that lever pulls harder, Bob. We don't want any movie-boner letters from Local 18 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers."

Back on the main lot, on the set of "Danger—Love at Work," we encounter an army of stand-ins. Eight, no less. It's a sure sign that eight "name" players are somewhere in the vicinity. We look around. We find: Jack Haley, Ann Sothern, Mary Boland, Edward Everett Horton, Walter Catlett, John Carradine, Etienne Girardot and Bennie Bartlett.

Except for Haley, all the cast are members of one big balmy family. He is a naive lad who tries to have some business dealings with them. The result, the studio hopes, will top the mad mirth of "Love Is News."

We see the scene in which Ann introduces Jack to her giddy
mother (Mary Boland) for the second time. The first time Mary met him, she thought the young man was crazy, but she has no memory for faces, hence she doesn’t recognize him now. When he innocently reminds her who he is, she mentally swoons. With her vocal gymnastics, she gets laughs from both Jack and Ann, laughs that aren’t in the script. The picture looks promising.

On the sidelines stands a large, old-fashioned rocking chair, the kind that used to rock on a front porch all Sunday afternoon. We suppose it is Miss Boland’s. Instead, it is Ann’s. “Grandma had the right idea,” she says. “It’s relaxing and it’s form-fitting. The answer to an actress’ prayer.” She’s starting a one-woman rebellion against canvas between-scenes chairs.

On a near-by stage, Loretta Young looks young-girlish and sprightly in a billowy, gauzy gown. She is playing a wedding scene with Don Ameche in a small ship interior. Just back from vacation, she feels as she looks—even if she still is making the same picture we last saw her making.

“That’s Hollywood,” she tells us. “I had a vacation between ‘Love Under Fire’ and ‘Love Under Fire.’ While I was away, they decided there was more fire than love in the picture. That would never do. So here we are, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

You’d never guess who uses an old-fashioned rocker on the “Danger—Love at Work” set. The unexpected happened when Katie Hepburn and Ginger Rogers went into “Stage Door”
THE LIFE STORY OF A Problem Child
AND it was spring of 1935—the year all the world wept for the Lindberghs, and Hoover came out of hiding to remark that the Roosevelt Administration must be cleansed from the face of the nation, and a farmboy named Pinky Tomlin wrote “The Object of My Affections,” and prosperity put just the tip of its nose around the corner. It was May of 1935, with Katharine Cornell’s “Flowers of the Forest” closed at last after eight successful, New York weeks.

A minor member of its cast—you know him now as Tyrone Power, Jr., but no one knew him as anything in particular, then—stood, on one of the latter afternoons of that month, in front of the Santa Fe station in Pasadena, signaling for a cab and grinning. This was the prodigal’s glorious home-coming, the utterly satisfying I-told-you-so of a young man who for six determined years had swung at fate with both fists, while the crowd cheered fate.

He couldn’t quite afford it and he hadn’t much time, but the trip was a necessity to his ego. Hollywood, which had scorned him, must see the well-cut clothes he wore and the two unbreakable, signed and sealed contracts he had in his pocket and the well-fed look of contentment he had on his face; and Hollywood must look carefully, for these things were his despite many things, and they were Triumph, incarnate.

Patia Power, his mother, to whom he had said once: “Let me go. I will do great things—” must see, and exclaim, and crow in unison with his crowing...

It was natural that Tyrone and Sonja should be drawn to each other—two youngsters flashing high in success—but today the Power lad has both feet firmly on the ground.

Minor successes, mad haste, new fame, harsh readjustment, romance—in other words, Tyrone Power up to date by Howard Sharpe

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BETWEEN TWO WOMEN—M-G-M

Occasionally a picture, unheralded in the making, steals a march on its audiences and unexpectedly proves smash entertainment. Exactly that happened to this three-way story of two women and a man. Franchot Tone is a staff surgeon in a general hospital. To the hospital as a patient comes Virginia Bruce, society girl, who meets and marries Dr. Tone. There follows for Tone the inevitable struggle between work and play and finally Tone leaves Virginia to devote all his time to work and to Maureen O'Sullivan, a nurse he grows to love. A horrible accident, in which Virginia is critically injured, brings Dr. Tone back to his wife's influence. There are scenes of gripping horror and drama but through it all the characters live as real people facing everyday problems of life. Janet Beecher turns in a topping performance as the head nurse. Tone and Maureen do their very best work to date.

SARATOGA—M-G-M

The enthusiastic reception given the preview of "Saratoga" leaves no doubt that the public wants to see Jean Harlow in this her last scene role, a role in which Jean gave one of her best performances.

Jean is the daughter of the owner of a stable. After her father's death Jean discovers he has lost everything to Clark Gable, a track bookmaker. Before marrying millionaire Walter Pidgeon, the penniless girl tries to win back her home by playing the horses. Gable's attempts to lure Pidgeon into gambling bets and Jean's slow capitulation to the rough and ready courtship of Mr. Gable form the framework of some hilarious comedy. The performances of Gable, Una Merkel, Frank Morgan and Lionel Barrymore are vividly presented, and we believe Jean would have been happy to leave her portrayal in this picture as a memorial to her career.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA—Warners

Warner Brothers prove, once and for all, their aptitude for combing fascinating biography with dramatic entertainment in this superb picture. It is a solemn, carefully synthesized, expensively equipped film in which Paul Muni, as the dynamic Zola, does a better job of interpretation than he did in "Pastur." Admittedly, the ending is anticlimactic, much liberty was taken with historical fact, and several portions of the picture are needlessly dull. But these objections are lost in the final effect, that of grandeur and accomplishment.

Story opens with Zola living in a Paris attic with Paul Cesarine, painter. Both are poor, both hold an enormous brief for justice and the poverty-stricken folk of France; Zola writes "Nana," the true story of a streetwalker, and becomes successful. For years he champions the underdog, fights for truth. Then, on the verge of his retirement, comes the famous Dreyfus affair, in which an innocent army officer is exiled for treason. Once again Zola risks his own freedom, takes up the fight, and climaxes his magnificent career.

Muni plays the famous author with restraint and a peculiar personal understand of the subject's psychology. Joseph Schildkraut, as Dreyfus, is superlative. Gale Sondergaard, Gloria Holden, Donald Crisp, Vladimir Sokoloff and Henry O'Neil all score in their respective roles. See this as one of the year's worthiest pictures.
S A V E S Y O U R P I C T U R E T I M E A N D M O N E Y

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH
THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA EASY LIVING
BETWEEN TWO WOMEN THE TOAST OF NEW YORK
THE EMPEROR’S CANDLESTICKS NEW FACES OF 1937
SARATOGA TOPPER
DEAD END

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH
Paul Muni in "The Life of Emile Zola"
Joseph Schildkraut in "The Life of Emile Zola"
William Powell in "The Emperor’s CANDLESTICKS"
Luis Rainer in "The Emperor’s CANDLESTICKS"
Franchot Tone in "Between Two Women"
Maureen O'Sullivan in "Between Two Women"
Jean Arthur in "Easy Living"
Edward Arnold in "Easy Living"
Donald Meek in "The Toast of New York"
Clark Gable in "Saratoga"
Jean Harlow in "Saratoga"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 122)

☆ THE TOAST OF NEW YORK—RKO-Radio

[NPIRED by events in the spectacular careers of the great "robber barons," this is stirring drama. Edward Arnold gives a memorable portrait of Jim Fisk, member of a colorful crew of greedy financiers who dominated Wall Street after the Civil War. Beginning as a cotton trader during the war, Fisk’s limitless ambition carries him on to Wall Street and his notorious affair with Josie Mansfield. For screen purposes it is Fisk who attempts to corner the gold market, bringing on the dramatic climax.

Donald Meek’s deft characterization of Daniel Drew, boss of the Erie Railroad, is a standout. Cary Grant plays Fisk’s partner with sincerity and authority, and Jack Oakie scores with a fine comedy performance. Josie Mansfield is intelligently conceived by Frances Farmer. This is a lavish, spectacular cinema, full of lusty humor, and stirring entertainment.

☆ EASY LIVING—Paramount

NOW surely this must be the peak of all these mad, mad farces! For nothing could be gayer, faster, funnier than this outlandish bit of silly sophistication. And of all these screen comedienne, surely none could be such a divine little smoothie as Miss Jean Arthur.

Edward Arnold, a Wall Street tornado in constant full bloom, quarrels with his wife over a sable coat and finally tosses it from his penthouse roof. Who should be riding atop a bus to work at that exact instant but Jean Arthur? And, of course, the coat lands squarely on her head, breaking the feather of her hat. When she attempts to return the coat to Arnold, he not only insists she keep it, but buys her a new hat to go with it. Result —scandal tears its ugly head and Miss Arthur loses her job. Luis Alberni, believing Jean is Arnold’s girl friend, insists she move into the royal suite of the hotel he owns, thereby hoping to drum up business.

Well, here’s our heroine with a sable coat, a royal suite and ten cents to her name. So, taking her sole dime to the automat for pie and coffee, she meets Ray Milland, who is really Arnold’s wayward son, working as a bus boy.

Riots break out in all directions from this point to the Cinderella finish. But the performances of Jean Arthur and Edward Arnold are the outstanding happenings of the whole amusing story. See this and forget your hot weather blues.

☆ TOPPER—Hal Roach-M-G-M

GAY, mad nonsense such as only the late Thorne Smith could devise and the antics of his two mischievous ghosts are captured intact by Hal Roach’s brilliant production of the novel “Topper”.

Constance Bennett and Cary Grant are a scapegrace couple who end their earthbound existence in an auto crash, emerging as spirits capable of materializing at will. They determine to jolt Roland Young, playing the whimsical banker Topper, and Billie Burke, his prissy wife, out of an unhappy marital rut. Connie, an amorous spirit, is the ring leader in the hilariously pointed plot and her disembodied week end with Topper at a fashionable resort brings matters to a frenzied climax. Alan Mowbray also contributes some sublimely funny moments.

Huzzahs for Norman McLeod’s direction of a grand cast of comedians.

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SELECT YOUR PICTURES BY PHOTOPLAY STANDARDS

MARRIED BEFORE BREAKFAST — M-G-M

REFRESHING and debonair Robert Young raises this simple second-class picture to fine entertainment. The good story concerns a crackpot inventor who cashes in, does a lot of spending, and gets involved in a night of adventure by trying to help a strange girl. Florence Rice does excellent work as the heroine. We think you'll like it.

SING AND BE HAPPY — 20th Century-Fox

In the wake of "Wake Up and Live" comes this innocuous little musical in which Tony Martin and Leah Ray sing their way to happiness. They belong to rival advertising concerns, bicker for reels, and make up in the end through the efforts of Helen Westley, Pickle Queen. The songs include "Travelin' Light" and "Sing and Be Happy."

COUNSEL FOR CRIME — Columbia

Even Otto Kruger's excellent performance and a fine cast cannot save this dull picture from being obvious hokum. Douglass Montgomery is Kruger's illegitimate son who, not knowing his identity, prosecutes his father, an unscrupulous attorney, on a murder charge. The legal sequences will befuddle you, and even the forced love interest misses fire.

THE SINGING MARINE — Warners

Again Dick Powell makes a picture which is generally amusing, nicely produced, well tuned, and completely unoriginal. He plays a bashful marine who enters an amateur contest, wins it, becomes popular. Newly a stuffed shirt, he goes to China and recovers his modesty. Doris Weston is the girl who waits for him. Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins score.

THE DEVIL IS DRIVING — Columbia

As propaganda against reckless driving, this picture is neatly contrived and proves entertaining. Richard Dix is sincere and purposeful as the lawyer who defends Elisha Cook, Jr., on a murder charge as a result of drunken driving; later, as the district attorney, he is forced to prosecute Cook on the same charge. Reporter Joan Perry is charming; and Cook does well.

WILD MONEY — Paramount

Here is another Edward Everett Horton yarn, in which he plays a stingy newspaper auditor. He goes on vacation, discovers a kidnapping, and goes off on a spending spree. That's about all there is to the picture, except Horton's standard comedy and the slight love interest Louise Campbell injects. Catch this on a double bill somewhere.
AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

A DEEPLY moving psychological study of German soldiers who find themselves strangers in their defeated fatherland. They grope blindly to adjust themselves to the rehabilitation of a world that has moved on. Richard Cromwell, John King, Indy Devine and Slim Summerville offer keen portrayals of youthful soldiers. It will bring smiles and tears.

A CHILD violinist who runs away from his parasitic relations, a gang of racketeers fleeing the law, and a mild romance between an heiress and a forest ranger compose the ingredients of this placid little adventure story. Twelve-year-old Ra Hould, who looks enough like Freddie Bartholomew to be his brother, gives a natural and satisfying performance.

HERE is a timely, homespun and sometimes satirical picture of everyday American life given reality by the forthright acting of Mickey Rooney as a fourteen-year-old devoted to preserving the reputation of a drunken father, a onetime war hero. Anne Nagel as the understanding schoolteacher, Frankie Nagel as a rich man's son, and Mickey himself are splendid.

SHOOTING, a tooting action story in the famous Hopalong Cassidy series with William Boyd as Cassidy. Boyd sets out alone to find the murderer of his brother. Posing as a bad man, he gains the confidence of the murderous gang but almost loses his life in achieving his purpose. The scenery nearly steals the show.

NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE—
Paramount

SMALL TOWN BOY—
Grand National

VER SINCE VE—
Warner

THE ROAD BACK—
Universal

HE HOOSIER SCHOOLBOY—
Monogram

THE FAMOUS STORY OF THE SMALL-TOWN SAP WHO BECOMES A GO-GETTER IS AGAIN BROUGHT OUT OF ITS WRAPPINGS. THIS TIME, STUART ERWIN IS THE SUPPRESSED LAD WHO FINDS A THOUSAND DOLLARS AND IMMEDIATELY STARTS OUT SETTING THE TOWN ON ITS EAR AND WINNING THE VILLAGE BELLE, JOYCE COMPTON. CLARA BLANDICK AND JED PROUTY COMPLETE THE CAST. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
When Adler demanded $500, Molly was forced to go to Graham. His suspicions were aroused, however, and when in despair, Molly blurted out the truth about her former life, disgustedly he gave her the money and then fired her and the other women servants. Ronnie captured Sam Adler as he was leaving the house, got the money back, and then went to Graham and told him everything. The widower, realizing what Molly had tried to do, wanted the staff to stay, but too proud to accept favors, Molly, Lily, Musette and Julia made up their minds to return to the old New York flat, although they had no definite plans for the future.

Now continue with the story.

HOUGH Molly, on that long ride back to New York, tried to keep their spirits up, it was a chilled and dismal procession that marched wearily up the stairs to the Sixth Avenue flat. A cold, dank odor rushed to meet them as Molly turned the key in the lock. When she said, cheerfully enough, "Nothing like being home again," no one answered. Lily switched on the lights and Molly hurried to turn on the steam.

"When I think of that bed I had down there, I could die," Julia groaned as she sank on the hard couch. "I've half a mind to go to a hotel. At least, I deserve one good night's sleep!"

"Why don't you?" Lily glared at her. "You've done nothing but bellyache all the way up here. It's no harder on you than the rest of us."

"Oh, stop it!" Molly was about at the end of her rope. She turned her face, blue and drawn with the cold, toward Ronnie. "Let's see. Have we got all our stuff here?"

"Five suitcases, the harbox, and four paper bags," he counted.

"Yep, Ronnie, everything's here. Where are you going to stay?"

"I'm going to try and run down a Turkish bath. Remember, I've got to start back to Long Island by seven-thirty. A good steam might put me on my feet. Well, Molly, what shall we do about a settlement with Graham? I believe he'll want to do something pretty nice when he gets the lowdown on this affair, and..."
other fascinating adventure in the
of Molly. Follow her story here
before you see it on the screen

...
LANG! Clang! Clang!

One more month like the semester just past and your faithful Hollywood radioperative promises to climb right into a strait jacket and head for the nearest clink. Such hectic happenings along radio row! And all when Summer Quiet was supposed to bury the studios six feet deep. Well, if you think there's been a hull in our life, just look.

Eddie Robinson rages because an audience snickers at his histrionics on Hollywood Hotel... W. C. Fields fights a twelve-grand court rap—and loses while the Chase and Sanborn program holds its breath... Grace Moore leaves her revised Nash script in the trailer and Valentin Parera runs off with the darned thing... Bob Burns gets married... ditto Martha Raye... Bugs keep Benny off the air... Jack's ace gag man dies—all of which goes to prove there's many a slip twixt the show and the script. (That's a pome, Gracie!)

Before we unroll our calamity calendar, though, just a word about the Hollywood air babies that let out their first squalls last month. Heading the list was John (Caliban) Barrymore (calling that guy a "baby"—after the way he's lived!) who slapped them silly with a new NBC streamlined Shakespearean series. Hope you heard it, because when there's a mess of Shakespeare laying around there's only one cinemastro to dish it out and that's John, John, the actor's son.

The Shakespearean idea seems to have hit both chains, National and Columbia, at practically the same time, like the Love Bug, because no sooner did one announce the classic series than the other came forth with similar plans—but not the same Barrymore.

John looked in the pink on his debut show of "Hamlet" before a weddy, weddy select audience (we were there!), quite composed and practically thumbing his nose at mike fright. It's all John's show, he picks the cast, directs and helps streamline the Bard's deathless lines—doing most of this under a cedar of Lebanon tree at his estate beside a 500-year-old sundial, he confesses, just to get him in the mood.

Something, certainly, got him in the right mood—because less than twenty-four hours after his air premiere, Caliban and his Ariel, y-slept Elaine Barrie, were in each other's arms again and all so lovey-dovey. We weren't surprised when Elaine showed up on John Blythe's show; he's always been convinced she can really act. How about "The Tempest" and a real load of Caliban and Ariel? How about it, John?

Alice Faye had enough stuff on the ball to bring Hal Kemp's Chesterfield shadig out to the Coast. The week she started her new air starrer Alice also started her first straight starring movie at Twentieth Century-Fox, "In Old Chicago." Things are looking way up for Faye in a big way—and high time, too. The other new warbler is that torch gal, Gertrude Niesen, who turned on the heat for Richfield Oil last month. There's a swell little story about Gertrude we like. Did you know why she left the neighborhood where she was on top of the world to come cold to California? It was because her mother was almost dying with crippling arthritis and the doctors said the only chance was California and the sun. So Gertrude threw success and security in the ash can and took her West.

What happened? Her mother got completely well and spry enough to redecorate the new mansion Gertie bought in Holmby Hills. We saw the result at her housewarming the other day when we talked to one happy family. That's one reason we're so glad Gertrude is hitting the pockets in both radio and movie-go-round.

Back along the familiar Hollywood air haunts, they were thinking of rechristening it, "The Hard Lux Radio Theater"
last month. Things began hopping haywire when Herbert Marshall got all tangled up with working schedules at Paramount and almost precipitated a mammoth radio-movie battle before “Under Two Flags” got air-conditioned. Right up until the final “dress” there were frantic huddles and struggles of titanic wills—because Bart’s emotings with Marlene Dietrich in “Angel” conflicted with the rehearsals every Lux show requires. They finally ironed it out with a minimum of nervous breakdowns, but Paramount was a little sore, because, when Dietrich did “Desire” a few weeks ago, “Angel” was delayed.

Lupe Velez stole the show with a bright orange number and hat to match sprouting aigrettes like pampas grass. Five ruby and diamond bracelets and three ditto clips ruined the eyesight of beholders and made modest little Olivia de Havilland look practically undressed. Lupe had a friend holding her purse for her, because, you know, she never carries money. She’s always afraid she’ll lose it. But when it comes to jewels—well, you could have hocked Lupe at Uncle Joe’s for fifty grand, at least, that night. Incidentally, you can always bank on Volatile Velez to do something different.

There’s never a quiet moment on Hollywood’s radio row—and here’s the latest news about the hectic happenings of those famous West Coast broadcasters

by JIM NEWTON

The night James Stewart, Ann Harding and Conway Tearle aired “Madame X,” de Mille challenged Helen Wills Moody—but not to tennis.

Right: at the airing of “Under Two Flags” de Mille, Lionel Atwill, Olivia de Havilland and Bart Marshall watch how Lupe Velez steals a show.
THIS month, and I think it's about time, I am going to take up some of the problems of you "thin-sies." Wait a minute, now! You gals with broad hips needn't be so uppity and you can drop that indifferent look on your little faces, too. I know that any advice that even suggests the addition of a few pounds is as welcome to you "fatties" as the plague! But what about those pipe-stem legs on fat bodies? Some of you could still use a few intriguing curves and increased measurements in the vicinity of those lower extremities, if you could manage it without acquiring additional girth elsewhere, couldn't you?

Also, suppose you can't sleep, or have a scrawny neck, you'd like to know what to do about those irritations, wouldn't you? All right, then, sit right in here with your skinny sisters and pay attention. You'll find plenty of information that you can apply to your particular case and from which you can benefit . . . if you'll go after it. And you'd better, or I'll be after you!

First of all, I want you to get this straight. It's quite true, in some cases, that a glandular disturbance is the reason for your inability to increase your weight or measurements. If you're not sure what causes your own thinness, the best procedure to follow is to have a thorough physical examination. Your own family physician will advise you or recommend a reliable gland specialist.

In other cases, the scrawness (general or localized) is due to that understandable condition of "not knowing what to do." You are eager enough to go to work, but you need the tools. That's where I come in. I have some special exercises to develop thin spots which I'll give you in a moment. But right now, before I do that, let me warn you about those pernicious
ittle demons called "alibis" upon which too many women have a great tendency to rely. Although you skinny babies are less guilty in the art of the lab than your fat sisters, one of your favorite ones is directed toward the afore-mentioned glands. When you are tired, fell and wilted, it's so much easier to say, "It's my glands" than it is to go into a routine of snappy exercises to stir those ends up. You can be quite sure you will never develop a flat test by passing the buck. Develop some will power, that's our first job. If you want to enjoy life, you can't sit back and use your poor little glands or anything else as a handy lab to get out of doing all you can to help the situation. To have a smooth, graceful body on the outside, things must run smoothly on the inside. That means work, and plenty of it, on you.

How do you suppose Loretta Young, Constance Bennett and Ann Dvorak are able to keep their figures looking so svely? These three gals are definitely in the thin class. Their figures easily could become scrawny and bony looking if they didn't constantly give them proper care. They are on the job every minute and if they can do it, so can you.

OME time ago I was a little worried about Loretta. She was extremely thin through the neck. It made the cords rich extend from under the ears to the shoulders too prominent to be attractive. I gave her a few tips to eliminate this condition as well as a routine to add a little flesh all over. Look at her today! Isn't she lovely? Certainly an inspiring ample of the transformation you can work on yourself.

And Connie Bennett! You should have seen her when I first took her in hand. She had been all over Europe trying to gain weight. There was no flesh on her face to speak of. You could have played a xylophone solo on her backbone. She was literally down to her last vertebral. Poor Connie was really ill. Furthermore, her career was at stake. She has always played high-society comedies on the stage where about half the scenes are views of the heroine's neck. Well, it's a bit incongruous for an extremely wealthy society gal to look emaciated and as if she didn't have enough fat. Obviously, something had to be done! Enter, little Sylvia!

I went to work on Connie with a vengeance. I mapped out the food for her and made her stick to it. I gave her special treatments and proper exercises. Under my care she not only gained her health but in a month's time, gained fifteen pounds as well. Her figure developed from harsh, sharp angles into soft smooth curves. For weeks I trained her like a dog, and that training has made it possible for Connie, in spite of her tendency toward ex-... [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]
Luxurious white fox, knee length, makes a raglan coat for Irene Dunne, now starring in Columbia’s “The Awful Truth.” Pockets add to the comfort of this wrap.

Kallock designed both this midnight-blue paillette evening dress and the fur coat Irene wears over it. The little bolero of the charming gown is slit down the back and has cleverly designed short sleeves.
Kalloch designed the suits on this page too. Below is a three-piece town suit with a straight black broadcloth skirt and a white broadcloth waist with pouch pockets. The collar stands high in the front and is zipped down the back. A black-and-white plaid swagger coat worn over this, is collared in lynx. Irene’s hat is a black felt affair and her gloves and pumps of black suede add a smart accessory note.

A dove-gray knotty wool suit with exaggerated shoulders is collared in silver fox. Irene carries a matching barrel muff with it. The blouse is of gray organdy patterned in lighter gray and the bow at the neck is held by matching diamond clips. The delightful hats of gray and black velvet and the gloves and shoes are black antelope. It’s a very smart and practical ensemble for those first brisk fall days in town.
In the gala Rayon Ball in "Vogues of 1938," Joan Bennett will wear the Spartan gown, opposite page, designed by Irene. Heavy sheer crepe falls in classic lines to the floor, is bound at the waist by covered cords, has a trained skirt which is split to almost knee height. A white crepe cape edged in fox completes the costume.

Claret-colored wool and white broadtail (below) certainly are something to shout about. Joan's pencil skirt and jacket are of wool and her draped blouse of crepe. Jaeckel designed the fur coat and Trabert Hoeffler and Mauboussin supplied jewel excitement.

For "Vogues," Irene has sheathed Joan's slenderness in crystal beads, allowing the hip-length box jacket to swing free over the simple lines of the gown. Diamonds and rubies add priceless accents.
Fashion news is Omar Kiam’s suit for Helen Vinson, above, in “Voques of 1938.” Gray nubby speckled wool makes a single-breasted jacket and skirt. The blouse is of cobweb-fine brick-colored silk jersey. Omar added a golf cap of the gray material, topped it with a cylinder button of gray suede, added three more to the jacket.

Luscious autumn coloring personified is in Peggy Calvin’s suit, with its deep mulberry skirt and dark-green jacket. Omar Kiam was inspired to add a coral-colored blouse to it and John-Frederics helped by using the same shade for the upper brim of Peggy’s hat. Gauntlet gloves of suede and a most conspicuous bag from the same designer build a smart ensemble.
One of the famous fashion mannequins in Walter Wanger's "Vogues," Martha Heveran, wears a Kiam suit of light-green wool piped with maroon bands. Her blouse is checked crepe in three tones. The ultimate in chic is achieved in her brimmed hat, huge bag and John-Frederics' gauntletts of maroon kidskin.
Anne Shirley, playing in "Missus America," above, wears a short black celanese satin frock with skirt cut on the bias. The bodice, with square-cut neck and shirred side pieces, descends to a point at the belt and is finished off with an exotic jade green flower. The short shirred sleeves are interlined for crispness.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 126.

The bodice of this heavy sheer frock is slightly shirred into the belt with a pointed collar to outline the neck. A band of fine lace across the collarbones ties in a flat bow. Rhinestone hearts mark the belt.

Form fitting by means of shirring is Anne's broadcloth jersey frock, left. The wide skirt is bias. From the pointed V necklin, a bright green zipper fastening ends at the waistline. The short full sleeves have the same fastening down the outside length. The belt buckle is broadcloth jersey.
Ann Dvorak, starring in "She's No Lady," wears Molyneux's high, dented-crown felt, above. Stiff ribbon belting curves round the crown. Wear it straight.

Agnes sponsors this hat, upper left, which has sunburst cording and a sharp cut in the brim. Belting ribbon ties in a perky bow. These hats come in black, brown, navy, zinnia rust, Mayfair gray, hunting green, ruby wine, canyon red.

Descat likes a high oblong crown with a trimming of stitched ribbon. Ann knows how to wear this felt hat with swagger. It's perfect for early fall.
FALL WARDROBE

Stone-blue suede, linen soft, makes a costume for Marsha's private wardrobe. It is laced at the throat, cuffs and belt and is worn over a vest of smart navy blue. The gloves and bag and hat are of the same suede as the costume.

Jaeckel makes a Persian lamb coat for Marsha Hunt, appearing in "Wells Fargo," accompanies it with powder-blue gloves and bengaline hat with black braid designs.

Marsha, parading her prize Bedlington, wears a gray tweed coat, plus square patch pockets, minus belt. A black felt beret, worn well back on the head, black suede gloves, bag and shoes complete this autumn candidate.
HEALTH RULES

1. Everything in moderation.

2. No hard liquors. Wines occasionally with meals are quite all right. Tea and coffee also occasionally. One quart of milk and eight glasses of water daily.

3. Not more than 15% of the day's menu should contain starches. 85% should contain protein, alkaline, calcium and minerals.

4. Candy as an energy producer when not overdone. It is far better and the stimulation healthier and more lasting than a cocktail or highball.

5. Much fruit and many vegetables. At least one egg a day. Milk and eggs are the bone-builders of the body.

6. Keep strength in mind when preparing menus. Never prepare a menu which does not contain a definite strength builder.

7. No pastry. Desserts made with fruit or milk should be eaten once a day. Never break that rule.


9. Control your temper. No matter what you eat, how wisely you govern your diet—a bad temper will destroy its benefits.

10. Relax completely, physically and mentally, for at least ten minutes every day. If possible lie down for that period of time.
All Englishmen spin fine ghost stories but Sir Cedric has reason to take his weird phantom experiences seriously.

Dead Man Tell Tales

Every play has dull lines in it, narrative lines, as they're called, which carry on the action. Bernard Shaw used to put Harry into play after play to speak those dull lines and give them a sparkle nobody else could lend them.

One night Shaw, who is one of Sir Cedric's closest friends, dropped into the theater to see how the play was getting along. He had seen it before some twenty times, but he made a practice of checking up on it every now and then. Everything was the same as usual, this night, except that none of Harry's lines was getting across. He was speaking the same words and making the very same gestures as he always had, so far as could be told, but line after line went dead. Nobody laughed. Shaw and Sir Cedric went to Harry's dressing room after the performance. He was in good spirits and apparently in the best of health. He could not explain any better than they could what had happened to make his speeches fall flat. He had noticed on the stage that the audience was not laughing.

Two hours later Harry fell dead.

"Shaw's notion," says Sir Cedric, "is that Harry was already a dead man when he was on the stage, and a dead man when we talked to him afterward in his dressing room. We know scientifically, nowadays, that people don't die 'all at once.' A man's
“Buxton,” he called to the shadow, “come and join us,” and then they all waited in tense, nervous silence.

by JACK JAMISON

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR MCGRAW

hair and fingernails go on growing after he is buried. Some of our tissue cells die while other cells in us are still living. It’s possible that Harry was still walking and talking, alive to all appearances; but that the essential part of his being, his soul, his personality, call it what you will, had already died when he stepped out on the stage that night! He couldn’t put any life into what he said because there was no life left in him!”

Scratch an Englishman and you’ll always find a good ghost story. Over here on this side of the Atlantic we’re inclined to give ghosts a skeptical Bronx cheer. In England, however, you can’t accept an invitation for a week end without being asked if you mind sleeping in the haunted room. The explanation is simple, say the Britishers. If America hasn’t many ghosts and England has, it’s simply because England is the older country and more people have died there. Be that as it may, Sir Cedric has no doubt in his mind as to the fact that the house in which he was born was haunted.

The house had a cheery, com-
To a pretty little girl named Mary Dees fell the honor of carrying on for the late Jean Harlow when Jean's fans demanded that they be allowed to see their favorite once again in her last and unfinished film "Saratoga."

Mary Dees (and that's her right name) is twenty-two and was born down South in Alabama. She was chosen for this rôle with its sad and tragic associations because of her resemblance to Jean and because she has, at intervals in the past, worked as both Jean's stand-in and double.

It was a difficult rôle for the little Dees person to be plunged into and it is told, on her first appearance on the set for work, that her resemblance to the ill-fated star Jean was so startling that the make-up girls burst into sobs.

M-G-M has signed Mary to a seven-year contract.

PERSONAL DATA: won first place in the McClelland Barclay contest for having perfect legs; doesn't smoke, drink; detests parties—but likes our own Hyman Fink.
It was 1944 and Mr. Hardwicke—a very allow Mr. Hardwicke, who was not a Sir in those days and never expected to be one—was during South Africa with a bedraggled little Shakespearean company. (Now you see why Shakespearean quotations fall so easily from a lips.) They were far out on the empty delta, a full thousand miles from the nearest g town. One night they stopped at a small village which, nevertheless, had a passable pub. The man who owned it was named Afton, and as they sat down to dinner he turned the dining room with a worried expression on his face.

"What's the matter?" they asked him.

He shook his head gravely. "I'm afraid," said Afton. "I'm thinking about my kids. They're at school in England."

They laughed. "What's wrong with that?"

"I've been talking to my native boys," Paterson explained. "Have you ever heard of e tree men? Each of these natives in this part of Africa is given a tree when he's born. Omen then on it's his tree. He sits under it for an hour or two every week, and after ten or fifteen years they say he can get messages on the rustling of the leaves. My natives y their trees are telling them England has declared war."

Not a white man in all South Africa knew, at night, that England had declared war on Germany. Every native knew it twenty-four hours before news arrived by cable and radio.

"How are you going to explain a thing like that?"

Cedric inquires mildly. "It may be, I think, that there's some sort of mental telepathy system which primitive people carry in the brain, but which the rest of us have lost. We've grown civilized. Everyone knows g can scents danger. And my horses during the war would stand quietly beside a gun that was firing, but the slightest noise that a shell was coming in our direction terrified them. So did shell explosions. Not many people can tell the difference between the sound of a big gun firing and a shellburst, but the horses always knew which was which."

The old watchman at the Drury Lane Theatre in London swore that the theater was full of ghosts. They were the spirits of long-dead actors and actresses who had played there in the past, he said. Sir Cedric listened to the old watchman's fanciful tales, but he never saw any visiting shades from beyond the proscenium. When, however, he opened at the Haymarket Theater not far away he was interested and curious enough to perform an experiment. If the Drury Lane had ghosts in it, followed that the Haymarket, the oldest theater in London, should have twice as many. Going on that theory, he asked the employees of the Haymarket if the place was haunted.

"Oh, yes, sir!" they told him positively.

"It's haunted, all right!"

"Whose ghost do you see the oftener?"

"Buxton!" they replied unanimously, pointing an arm of the olden days.

On Christmas Eve the cast gave a punch party on the stage after the show, and Sir Cedric decided it was a good time to put his experiment to the test. The others knew about Buxton's nostalgic visits, and it was agreed to ask him to the party, dead or alive. Buxton was no true actor if his ghost didn't like hot rum punch! At the end of the last act the curtain was rung down. The audience filled out of the theater and the actors, as soon as they had gotten out of their costumes and cold creamed the makeup off their faces, gathered again on the stage. The front of the theater, with the lights out, was shrouded in an eerie gloom, but the stage was illuminated in the full glare of overhead lights and footlights. A table was set up and the huge bowl of steaming rum punch set on it. Everybody filled his glass.

Sir Cedric called for silence and addressed the empty house, peering out into the darkness across the brilliant band of the footlights.

"Buxton!" he called, holding up his glass.

"Buxton, do you hear me? Come and join us, old boy. It's Christmas Eve."

Only the silence answered him.

"Buxton, a pretty girl called, adding her invitation, "come on! If you want to come to the party give us a sign you're here."

And then, while they all watched with the hair bristling at the tips of their collars, the door leading to the stage from the pit opened, stayed open for a moment, and then closed gently, as though someone had passed through it to step up on the stage.

"And now," says Sir Cedric, "here's one I wish you'd explain for me."

It was the night of October 4th, 1940. He remembers the date perfectly, and the day—a Saturday. Coming home late from the theater, he went to bed and had the most horrible dream he has ever had in his life.

He dreamed that from somewhere out in space he was torn by a dirigible struggle with a storm. What country he was in he could not tell; it seemed to be late at night, and all he could make out of the land below him was a blur. On through the dark clouds, with rain streaming off her silvery sides, the Zeppelin pitched and tossed. He could see faces peering out of the lighted windows. The men aboard were trying to get their bearings. Lightning flashed. Then all at once he sensed what was wrong. The men aboard thought they were flying on an even level, when it was really pointed at a slight angle toward the ground.

Only a moment after he realized what the trouble was the ship struck. There was a deafening explosion and a blinding reddish-yellow glare as the hydrogen gas caught fire. Men screamed as they were burnt alive. Those not burnt were trapped in the twisted mass.

The picture was so vivid that when he opened his eyes and saw the morning sunlight streaming into the room he could scarcely believe he was awake. "My God, what a dream!" he exclaimed. He told it in detail to Mrs. Hardwicke as she lay beside him.

"I could see it quite plainly. It had R 101 pointed on it," he said.

"Oh," his wife dismissed it, "of course, that's why you dreamt it! The R 101 left England last night on her test trip to India."

THERE was a knock at the door and the maid brought in the London Times. The Hardwicke, like all other acting families, spend their Sunday mornings in bed reading the newspapers, and there was the usual family argument as to who should have the first section and who should have the second. But this morning it made no difference; for every section was full of the same news.

"The airship R 101," they read.

"The airship R 101, which left Cardington on Saturday evening on her experimental flight to India by way of Ismailia, struck the ground near Beausoignis about two o'clock in the morning and was completely destroyed by fire."

"Of her complement of fifty-four passengers and crew forty-six lost their lives. R 101 was following a course which would have led her over Paris, Toulouse and Narbonne towards the Mediterranean. The weather was bad, with heavy rain and a strong wind. The wireless operator describes the accident as follows:"

"From my post in the ship I could not see much of what was happening outside, and I was asleep just before the crash. The ship was struggling with a stormy wind. I was awakened by the gongs sounding for the engines to go slow. I was in charge of the switchboard which regulated lights and electric power, and I made for my switchboard. What happened then I hardly know. The ship took a steep dive forward and struck the ground. I heard a crash and a series of explosions. There were blinding flashes all round, and the next thing I knew the ship was on fire. She flared up in an instant from stem to stern. The fire was awful—awful. It was just one mass of flame roaring like a furnace I there myself at the fabric cover and tried to blow through. Then I sat down and found myself sitting on wet grass."

Notice that the words of the radio operator describe almost exactly the scene that the man asleep in far-off London saw.

"I haven't any comment to make," says Sir Cedric. "I don't have to. I don't know anything about such things. All I say is that if being an actor has shown me anything about life it is this:"

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

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adding a novel romantic touch. "The hero and heroine get married."

MAXX's star has made one picture twice, but on the set of "Thin Ice," starring Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power, we find an actor working in his second picture in one day. His name is Arthur Treacher. He has rushed up from the Swiss village to open a door for Von Stroheim.

"As a matter of cold technical fact, the two roles in the two pictures are quite different," he tells us. "I'm not a butler in this one. But I don't look any different, do I? And I'm sure we won't have to be any different. Ah, me. That's what comes of having a poker face. I never get a chance to act!"

Wiping a tear from our eye—it's sad that Treacher can't get more than two acting jobs in one day—we hasten on, to the set of "Life of a Lancer Spy." With this picture, Gregory Ratoff is abandoning acting for directing. And he's giving a performance worth watching.

He knows what he wants in a scene, but he gets too excited to express himself in mere English. So he shows what he wants. As an actor, he used to play only one role in a picture.

Now, as a director, he plays every role. And he is amusingly unconscious that his players are finding life difficult.

The setting is a small dressing room. At the dressing table sits George Sanders, once a heavy, now a hero. A gray-bearded, gray-bearded Peter Lorre, talking rapidly all the while, pastes a false mustache on George, rises, slams into his coat, and leaves. It is not natural for Lorre to talk fast. It is a difficult scene for him.

They do it over and over, until Sanders has a stiff upper lip, and Lorre looks semi-berzerk. Is there no pleasing this man Ratoff? Finally, after about the ninth "take," Ratoff says to Lorre, "That was beautiful! Sensational! Colossal!" Lorre relaxes, beams. Ratoff adds: "Now this is what I want you to do in the next "take"!"

Later, someone who hasn't seen all this asks Lorre how Ratoff is doing as a director. Lorre shakes his head sadly. "I'm afraid there's no hope of a breakdown," he says.

We can't wait to see if he is correct. We have ground to cover. The ground, for example, to Universal City, where Deanna Durbin and a hundred musicians are making "100 Men and a Girl." With the help of Adolphe Menjou, Mischa Auer, Alice Brady, Eugene Pallette and Leopold Stokowski, who not only conducts the orchestra, but makes his bow as an actor.

At the moment, Deanna is the only one working. We see a bare hallway outside a theater office. We see Deanna edge out of the door, tiptoe down the corridor, obviously afraid of being discovered. The scene is short, and silent, but it tells us why Deanna, unlike most singers, whether fourteen or forty, is unself-conscious as an actress.

The answer is Director Henry Koster, the young Hungarian who also directed "Three Smart Girls." He does not treat her as an actress. He treats her as a young friend of his who is play-acting for the moment, with him as an audience. Because they're friends, she doesn't have to be nervous in front of him. He never points out any shortcomings; rather, he suggests additional touches to what she has done. There is a subtle difference.

He explains to her the action called for by this scene. She goes through it once in rehearsal. She comes out of the door too fast, tiptoes away too unemotionally. But he does not say that. He says he thinks it might be "even better" if she looks out of the doorway cautiously, then cautiously steps out. And maybe, if she tiptoes away with her eyes very wide—he illustrates what he means—that might be amusing? Deanna agrees. Koster calls, "Camera." They shoot the scene. And they have to shoot it only once.

ON another Universal sound stage is "Too Clever to Live"—the story of a man who plots the "perfect" crime and is its most tragic victim. We don't know who is starred when we step on the set. We know a moment later, however. Seated in the center of the set—a police captain's office—is Lewis Stone. We watch the placing of the lights for the scene. When the electricians finish, and the action is about to begin, Stone gets up and walks off the set. Onto the set walks a second Lewis Stone. This one plays the scene.

Who, then, is the first one? We unearth a strange true story.

For twenty years, a man named Stuart Richards was an executive of the Standard Oil Company in China, stationed in Hangkow, Shanghai and elsewhere. At length he retired, returned to America, settled in Los Angeles. There, weird things started happening to him. Unaccountably people asked him for his autograph, only to stare at him oddly afterwards. Strangers stopped him on the street, to ask him about people he didn't know.

He asked a friend the explanation. The friend said, "Why, they're taking you for Lewis Stone." The friend bet him that he couldn't get a movie job. He won the bet by getting a call as an "extra." He was told to wear a light suit. He wore one light in color, instead of light in weight. He stood out in the crowd. Universal's casting director spotted him and found out who he was, and, for the duration of this picture, Lewis Stone has a retired Standard Oil executive for a stand-in.

Next door, we find a handsome set, designed by John Harrider for "The Lady Fights Back." It is the interior of a mountain lodge for millionaires, managed by a fiery girl whose name is Deana.

The girl is Irene Hervey, escaping namby-pamby roles at last long. She will be watching from here on in. So will her two principal co-players, Kent Taylor and William Lundigan. Comedy is new to Kent. And Lundigan is new to you. A tall, blond and handsome boy who looks, and sounds, as if he has something. Don't say we didn't warn you.

We ask Irene what she thinks of Lundigan's possibilities as the third angle of the triangle. And Irene's viewpoint (feminine) is: "He's too handsome to be the lost one."

At Warners First National, we discover another new white hope, also from radio. His name is Ronald Reagan.

Up to a few months ago, he was a sports announcer in Des Moines, Iowa, with baseball his specialty and the Chicago Cubs his special favorites. He took his vacation in the spring so that he would come out to California to watch them in spring training. A Warner talent scout saw him, tested him, signed him. He gave up radio announcing to play the radio-announcer hero of a little number entitled "Inside Story." And opposite him, oddly enough, was cast the daughter of the vice-president of another Chicago baseball team, the White Sox. Her screen name is June Travis.

There are romance rumors afoot. And plans afoot to give Reagan something besides Grade B films to do. "Pronto."

Next we head for Hollywood and Columbia Studios, where we make two unexpected discoveries about the Hollywood animal kingdom: (1) Movie dogs, like movie stars and unlike extras, have stand-ins. (2) When they want a movie "dog" to register affection for a movie actor in front of the camera, they rub rum on the actor's trousers beforehand.

In "Life Begins with Love," Jerry, a Saint Bernard, has his father for a stand-in. And Comrade, a Peke, also keeps the stand-in work in the family by having his mother to take the brunt of the lights. The actor who gets his pants massaged with beefsteak is Douglas Montgomery, back from a long exile in England, and finally doing, he says, what he wants to do. "Something besides dramatic roles in which I cry and chew the scenery."

He found out who he is.

With him is Joan Parker, about whom Dous says: "There's a sweet kid. She's changed a lot since 'Little Women,' the last thing we did together. She's grown up." He adds, as a devout afterthought, "I hope I have, too."

JOGGING on down Gower Street to RKO-Radio, and onto the set of "Stage Door," we discover that practically everything here is an afterthought. The picture is based upon the stage hit of the same name, but has no
A famous beauty tells how she keeps her complexion lovely

TAKE MIRIAM HOPKINS’ advice to heart—you girls who know the charm of lovely skin! Skin can’t be clear and smooth when pores are continually choked. So use the care 9 out of 10 screen stars use—Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, removes thoroughly dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Use cosmetics all you wish! But use this gentle soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores!
script for the movie. It is being written, scene by scene, right on the set. That’s the way Gregory ("My Man Godfrey") La Cava works. Spontaneously.

With this saga of the distaff side of show business, RKO-Radio is trying a new experiment: the co-starring of two feminine names. None other than Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers—long rumored (and denied) enemies. Katharine is the rich girl who gives one great performance and can never give another; Ginger is the wisecracking, down-to-earth chorus girl who becomes a Hollywood star.

So far, there hasn’t been a whisper of a battle. In the story, Katharine gets the sympathy; Ginger, the laughs. Both of them seem to like the arrangement. They even seem dancing-singing number with the girls.

The setting is Westlake Park, Los Angeles, where the girls are hostesses at a rowboat concession catering to sailors. They do a swingy sailor’s boorpipe on a couple of footbridges over water, which meet at a two-by-four island in the center, where Martha holds forth. They are eyefuls, in pale-blue tights and dark-blue sailors’ jackets.

Martha is aware of the fact. She says to the camera crew, "Could you go for me now?" Then waves reassuringly to her bridegroom, Buddy Westmore, over on the sidelines. He’s the make-up expert on the picture.

We can’t understand Andy Devine, who watches awhile, then says, "Excuse me. I think I’ll go out and hide somewhere. I crave sleep." Has Andy no soul?

A maître d’hôtel bails a master of ceremonies. Ralph of the Troc uses his menu card to get those air-minded Don Ameche & into a gourmet mood to like each other. They go around the lot, arm in arm.

We get on the set when Katharine isn’t looking—the set being the "parlor" of a showgirl’s rooming house in New York. It has an 1898 mustiness about it. Around the room, on the scaly furniture, sprawl a score of girls, most of them new faces to us. They are just killing time, waiting for the newest batch of script to come through.

It finally arrives, and everybody goes to work. The girls read their dialogue from the script sheets, and La Cava tells them the action they want. They rehearse the scene a few times this way; then La Cava calls for a rehearsal without notes. The highlight of the action is Ginger’s finding another girl wearing a pair of her stockings, tussling with her, taking them off. The girls have fun, but they have trouble remembering their hastily learned lines. Finally, Ginger quips to La Cava: "Maybe we should shoot this in slow motion, so that our lines can catch up with us!"

We leave for Paramount around the corner. There, the sound of music draws us to the set of "Trouble or Nothing," starring Bing Crosby. But Bing is nowhere in sight. This is Martha Raye’s day. She’s doing a

By the time we get away from here, we are just in time to see the last shot of "Angel." A close-up of Marlene Dietrich, sitting on a divan, with Herbert Marshall (her husband) beside her, asking Melvyn Douglas (her lover) to describe the woman he loves.

He speaks of a woman, exciting, radiant. She says, "These are generalities." Slowly, he describes—a brunette. The camera, focused on her face, catches a fleeting hint of her reaction. But only a hint.

It takes them a half-hour to get this last scene on film. First, Marlene has difficulties pronouncing "generalities." Then, giving it the nuance of intonation that Director Ernst Lubitsch wants. Then, registering that final reaction. There are countless "takes." After each one, Lubitsch tells what is wrong, but he smiles as he does so. That is the Lubitsch touch in directing—chastising with a smile. It gets results.

With "Souls at Sea" at last finished, Paramount is starting another big sea picture, "Ebb Tide." This one is in Technicolor. It stars Ray Milland, Frances Farmer and Oscar Homolka, famous foreign star, new to Hollywood.

We see a two-shot between Milland and Homolka in the Captain’s cabin. It is near the beginning of the picture. Homolka, as the Captain, has to suggest a man bitter about life, capable of unpredictable rages. He does it in one "take."

Milland comes out of the scene, saying, "What an actor!" We ask him how he likes working with color. His answer is typical of Hollywood today. He says, "I don’t see any difference—except more experts on the set."

A picture that should be in color, if the opening scenes are any criterion, is "The Adventures of Marco Polo," which will cost Samuel (The Great) Goldwyn a million and a half before it is finished. It is starting with one star: Gary Cooper. But by the time it is completed, it may have two. The second one: Sigrid Gurie.

We see her do a scene with Gary. The setting is the garden of the palace of Kublai Khan, in XIV Century Cathay—a setting as chastely beautiful as the garden of Shangri-La, and even simpler. They walk the length of the garden, the camera keeping pace with them—Gary, the swashbuckling adventurer from far-off Venice; Sigrid, the slant-eyed daughter of the Khan.

She tells him that she is to be the Queen of Persia. She has never seen her future husband, but when she was in her cradle, the marriage was arranged. Soon, in the Seventh Moon, she will start the long journey westward. Gary, studying her, says, "If I were the King of Persia, I would be very impatient."

We sympathize. In appearance, Sigrid faintly suggests Merle Oberon, but has more delicate beauty. She has a voice haunting in its caressiveness.

She is twenty-two or twenty-three, but her appeal is ageless.

The meticulous director must feel the same way. He does not ask for a retake.

And so to M-G-M, where we have to get special permission to see Joan Crawford and her new page-boy coiffeur. The set of "The Bride Wore Red" is closed to visitors. The star hasn’t gone temperamental. It’s the director who has put up the bars.

The director is Dorothy Arzner. Hollywood’s only woman practitioner of the directorial trade. Not only is she handling Hollywood’s Feminine Star No. 1, she is working with a romantic fantasy. Her assignment isn’t easy. And she’s no mood for distractions.

We marvel, on the set, that we are there. (It must be the magic of photovox’s name!) We see one of the most difficult scenes of the picture.

The setting is a quaint bedroom in a hotel in the Tyrol. Joan, newly arrived, discovers an old friend there—Mary Phillips, playing the chambermaid. They fall into each other’s arms, both talking at once, volubly, excitedly.

Joan is always nervous, working with strangers. And she has more reason than usual for nerves now—with the perfect timing necessary in the double dialogue.

Miss Arzner, who is somewhere in her early thirties, looks crisply capable in her gray suit and sport Panama. But she is not crisp in her direction. She is soothingly calm, so quiet-voiced that we cannot hear her, thirty feet away. She gets the difficult scene in two takes.

On this set we come upon a short, short human-interest story. Joan’s real name is Le Sueur. Her stand-in’s name is also Le Sueur—Kasha Le Sueur. She was once married to Joan’s brother, Hal. Whenever he comes on the set to see his sister, he can’t help seeing his ex-wife, also. That’s Hollywood!
This way

Freshening Up is more than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults...

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up aulry oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes...lives the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

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

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Begin yourself to use Pond's. See your skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

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At parties and dinners...in her simplest play clothes...or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy"...Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter...invigorated."

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Pond's, Dept. 15CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tub of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $0.60 to cover postage and packing.

Name
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Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
ected an amazing odor through the house that grew in violence every moment. A stink bomb, authored by the twins, was found concealed in the kitchen.

A little girl who lives in the same apartment house confided to the boys that she had to attend a party that afternoon and didn’t want to.

“Well, we’ll fix you up,” the boys sympathized. “You take this stuff along and in two minutes you’ll break up that party.”

Smiling and happy, the little girl was back in fifteen minutes. “Well, it worked,” was her verdict.

The twins are camera fiends of the deepest dye. They shoot everything and everyone in sight. Nights the collective shots are due face preview, the boys place a candela before a tin plate and, in the manner of preview arc lights, flash the homemade arc light from their apartment house windows to the complete bewilderment of those driving by.

They possess that rare quality of laughing at themselves. In speaking of the tutor the studio compels them to have, Bobby nudges Billy and draws, “A couple of snoots, that’s us, eh?” To which Billy replies, “Swanky stuff, hot dog.”

Their sense of humor runs to borrowed witticisms and practical joking. For instance, Bobby’s reply to my inquiry concerning his favorite school subject was “lunch and recess.” In speaking of their fans they adroitly add “if any.” They hope to play certain roles if the public doesn’t find them out.

They adore calling friends on the phone and pretending, by an incredulous change of voice, to be someone else. Many a time they have telephoned their father and pretended to be a Warner Brothers’ employer. The results have been upsetting, to say the least. Their licenses to ride scooter bikes are their greatest treasures—twin flashes accompanied by a put-purring noise are the Mauchs’ touring the studio.

Together they face any dire circumstance. Long ago, Mrs. Mauch discovered it utterly useless to ask which one broke a window. Loyalty to each other is their watchword and their standard.

They refuse to make any statement to friends or interviewers that may have even the faintest tinge of braggarbocio about it. “Did you tell the woman about your past experience?” Mrs. Mauch asked them when they returned from seeking a certain job.

“What?” was the scornful reply. “Have her think we were braggards?”

Let the upstart who thinks the Mauch boys fine targets for ridicule step forth and see what happens. Once when the twins were making still pictures in the open country, two boys stoodbeckling on the sidelines. “Look ’nythin’ now,” they taunted once too often. The boys politely excused themselves to director and crew who obligingly pretended to be busy elsewhere. A few moments later a pair of disheveled twins returned to work, minus the sideline scoffers.

Once on Hollywood Boulevard a young rowdy poked fun at the long hair the boys had to wear for “The Prince and the Pauper.” Reaching out a firm hand Bobby snatched at the rufian and held him by the coat while Billy hissed, “Yes, we know it’s long. Want to make anything of it?” He didn’t.

Just two years ago, for one black sickening week, it appeared the boys were to be forever parted. Bobby was desperately ill. There seemed little hope of recovery. It was necessary for the boys to be kept apart.

“I’ll be outside at that window every night at seven, Bobby,” Billy said. “I’ll see you and be with you.”

“You can’t reach the window,” Bobby whispered.

“I’ll be boosted up, don’t worry,” Billy an-
"W"HEN he went away, we both promised to write.

But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today
At the “Whee Willie Winkie” premiere they announced that the stage introductions had to be made early because little Shirley Temple, the star, had to be taken home and put to bed. But coming out of the theater shortly before midnight we bumped against something small in the mob, and turned, and looked, and it was Shirley, hanging sleepy to her mother’s arm. But she was having a wonderful time. Never could see this thing of taking all the fun out of life just because a child is famous—other normal American kids are allowed to sit up late occasionally, when the event is big enough. And Shirley’s first premiere certainly qualified in that respect...

Funny that June Knight, who got nowhere in Hollywood, should take London so by storm. They like her so much there that she can’t get home even to visit her mother, except for a couple of weeks... Judith Allen planted some flower seeds in her garden, got onions... We’re so glad that Metro at last is recognizing Bob Young as a swell bet. They kept putting him in pictures as second male lead, but, in the end, everyone wanted him, instead of the star, to get the heroine. Even his B pictures, hurriedly done, are better than a lot of the expensive epics. Now he’s working with Joan Crawford, and it’s said they dance so well together the producer is ordering more dance routines put into the picture. June Travis, having busted with Dick Purcell, has a new steady but is coy about it when asked...

There’s a mystery over on the RKO lot and one that has the whole town buzzing. The question is this—who fills Ginger Rogers’ dressing room every day with American Beauty roses, also who places a bowl of bachelor buttons in Katie Hepburn’s dressing room daily? And is there any significance in the choice of flowers? Both girls, playing currently in “Stage Door,” would certainly love to know. Especially Katie!

Among the younger social set of Hollywood’s film group there is an understanding: of parties there will be many, of laughter much, of fun a great deal—but none of this is to be upstage, understood?

They’re an unsentimental lot, these youngsters, and a little scornful of the high-powered glamour gals who lounge in white satin boudoirs and act grand all the time. If one of their own class tries it...

Well, Johnny Downs and Eleanor Whitney, if you believe what you hear, have been trying it lately. Result? The crowd is freezing them, ignoring them at parties, snapping curt farewells when they leave.

It’s too bad, and yes, there is nothing more cruel than youth—but the system always works. When it doesn’t—well, there are several young players, imbued with a sense of their own importance, who are finding it pretty lonely these days.

As an example of brotherly love, 1937 style: when buddy Westmore eloped with Martha Raye he was so excited—and the whole thing was so improper—that he went barging off on his honeymoon without notifying anybody. Without, as a matter of fact, notifying his brother Wally, who employs him.

Wally was somewhat burned. “Is this,” he inquired, “a business or a hamburger stand?” But he fixed it. He went down and had Buddy’s salary suspended.

Bob Young had noticed, with a certain cynicism, the extreme exclusiveness of Joan Crawford’s daily tea parties on the set. Last week his nimble mind conceived a bright idea. “I will call thirty-five of her closest friends,” he said to himself, “and invite them over tomorrow for tea—”

This he did. Only Joan got wind of the situation early that morning and went into action.

At four o’clock Rob stood in the sound-stage corner near Joan’s dressing room, watching gleefully as the crowd of guests trooped in. Then, out of the dressing room, stepped Joan, poised and ready. Behind her came four bearded maids bearing trays of dainties!

Things that stop us this month! Dolores Del Rio’s gold earrings that covered her entire ears... Madge Evans, who put a bell on her pet alligator so she couldn’t lose him... Joe Penner, asking what statue of his scenes he cut so as to help several new corns... Victor Jory’s new room at home, papered with critical fan letters. The $10,970 a certain natty actor put down on his income blank for mustache wax, etc... Roy Milland, playing chess by mail with a Dr. Szkszka, who lives in Vienna... The pop man who got a seal for Producer Leonard Field by going to the end of a pier and yodeling. The seal was a pet, allowed to run free in the Pacific...
Hollywood Says:
"The Vogue in Make-Up is Max Factor's"

The Powder Secret
The perfect color harmony shade for your type...that is the secret of Max Factor's Face Powder. Your skin will appear more beautiful than ever before, and you'll marvel at the clinging, satinsmooth effect that looks lovely for hours...$1.

Magic in Rouge
There's a color in rouge to enhance the beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead...and you'll find your shade in Max Factor's Rouge. Lifelike, it gives your cheeks the charm of natural beauty. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily...50¢.

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Imagine a lipstick so perfect that it will keep your lips an alluring, uniform color for hours...Super-Indelible and moisture-proof, you may be sure it will withstand every lipstick test. It's Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

Helen Vinson
in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938" illustrates how to create beauty with MAX FACTOR'S Color Harmony MAKE-UP

Max Factor * Hollywood

Hollywood's magic wand of beauty is make-up created by Max Factor...and when you see Joan Bennett, Helen Vinson and the galaxy of stars in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938," you'll marvel at the beauty of color harmony make-up as revealed by Technicolor.

Now, the luxury of color harmony make-up created originally for the screen stars by Filmland's make-up genius, is available to you at nominal prices. Whatever your type...blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead...there is an individual color harmony in Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick that will accent your own personality and bring you new loveliness.

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony

Max Factor, Max Factor's Face Powder.

Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, with Lipstick Color Sampler, Post Card. (I enclose my cents for postage and handling.) Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." 1.00

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Fashion Letter for September

[continued from page 68]

buttons on his suits, says Omar, but men's pants fastenings under the jacket edge, and sometimes big simulated buttons of aidee sewn over them as trimming. Look at Helen Vinson's suit on page 74 for this. The golf cap was inspired by Omar's own.

JOHN-FREDERICS has done the maddest, gayest, darnedest hats for this picture, the wearing of which might change a girl's whole life. Go and see them, go again and again, and get a meal of fashion.

Hedda Hopper will parade in a wine-red coat slathered in blue fox. Her hat is merely a crown of red felt with two great roses bobbling over her eyebrows.

I sat on the set as the Fashion Parade began shooting. "Pink!" came the director's call, and two great dusty pink curtains swung aside. "Cellophane!" he roared. And inner curtains of white fringe parted slowly. We saw a mammoth magazine cover of dusty pink with "Forecast. Vogues of 1938" painted on it. It opened and on a ship's deck stood two lovely girls, one in an evening dress of white lamé, printed in soft colored, large flowers; the other in a Lyons velvet green evening coat, made to hang below the shoulders and on the shoulders. A delicious John-Fred cruiser of coarse black net, velvet and red roses topped this girl's fair hair. Superb jewels flashed from fingers and wrists. On and on they shot, these hard-working joy makers; all night, they told me. Cups of coffee and steak sandwiches kept them going. You and they may be sure of a reward in Walter Wanger's "Vogues."

Hollywood on the Air

[continued from page 65]

Just before the zero hour said she, "I must have a glass of wine!" She got one, which she sipped all through the show, hiding it down by her toes. First time we ever saw or heard of wine with a broadcast. What's the proper vintage, Maurice? All in all, it was a screwy show, and that's no idle phrase either, because Lionel Atwill spent the whole hour screwing a monolc in and out of his eye.

"THE PLAINSMAN" was all set to be a set-up for Cecil B. de Mille, being as how he'd made it into a movie himself, but before it was over C. B. had lost some of the few hairs he has left and the roots had turned a shade more gray. Everything happened, but mostly Gary Cooper landed in a horizontal position with the flu twenty-four hours before curtain time Monday night, with nobody prepared to pinch-hit. Sunday afternoon Fredric March took a hike in the hills with his wife. How did he know the telephone was jangling with frantic attempts to reach him? The servants were all away, you know, because Freddie and Florence were celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary and wanted to be alone. Anyway, with the help of the neighbors and almost every device except bloodhounds, they finally got hold of Freddie and asked him to substitute. He sat up all Sunday night with Florence and studied the script. Went on Monday and knocked 'em cold, as you know. But did you know that Fred had never seen "The Plainsman" movie, or even played a Western dialect part in his life? Nice going, we'd say.

Gary had a temp of 104 degrees (we saw the doc's certificate) but 103 wasn't tough enough to keep Jean Arthur away from the mike. She did "Cahavity Jane" with a face as red as Bill Fields' nose and her personal sawbones in the wings. Jean had to sit down, though, and we heard some meanies in the audience say, "That Jean Arthur. Look at her sitting down. Temperamental again!" Just a little troubopemental, dearies. That's all.

It was a distinct relief to find Errol Flynn and Frances Farmer hale and hearty for "British Agent" in the L. R. T although heaven knows Errol did his best to asphyxiate everybody with his pipes. Last time whatman Flynn appeared on Lux he was headed for Spain and a bump on the head; this time he hadn't been back long enough to break six British hats he's picked up in dear old Lunnor. So he took the opportunity to cake them up at rehearsals. Only as cool and formidable a jane as Frances the Farmer could have risen above it. Frances, incidentally, was a cinch for the Russian siren part she played. She got to Hollywood via a trip through Leniland.

Jimmy Stewart made his Radio Theater debut in "Madame X" the next Monday—and that reminds us—there'll be only three more Lux shows to report about next month. Those guys have to have a vacation sometime, you know. Jimmy was a little shaky from his arthritis that miseries him a bit every now and then, but he managed to make the appearance an event with a prize performance. He was pretty bashful sharing honors with Ann Harding (who looked trés chic in black).

"I don't know the ropes the way you do," said James.

"Well, I ought to know them," replied Ann, "I'm something of a pioneer."

"Hey!" chortled C. B. de Mille and Con-way Tarle. "What do you mean—pioneer?"

Both those boys were in the drama dodge when Ann Harding was in pigtails.

The Don Ameche's Chase and Sanborn variety hour continues to be the busiest airollicker in town. They have to hold rehearsals on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings because everybody on the show does something else all week! Dorothy Lamour and Don make pictures. Werner Janssen scores them, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy headline at the Coconut Grove and it seems Bill Fields has been all tied up with the courts of justice lately. If you thought Bill wasn't as funny as usual last month stop and consider how you'd feel after being socked with a judgment of twelve thousand hard silver cart—(please turn to page 94)
"Watch your step, young lady"

**Wobbly Ankles**

are noticed by everyone but you

Even if you do look around, you can't see the backs of your own feet walking. Make sure that you are not guilty of wobbly ankles. *Styl-EEZ* shoes are specially designed to lend grace to every step. Their *FLARE-FIT* innersole cuddles up under your arch... guides your foot truly. You'll adore the fall styles and they $6.95 and up.

*Styl-EEZ* A SELBY SHOE

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY, PORTSMOUTH, OHIO
In Canada, Selby Shoes Ltd., Montreal • In England, Sexton Son & Everard, Norwich • In Australia, Selby Shoes Ltd., Sydney • For Men, Wall-Streeter Shoe Company, North Adams, Massachusetts
It's yes, of course! You know I go for this Beeman's flavor. I mean, it's absolutely fresh-tasting, good for digestion. And of course everybody knows Beeman's is good for digestion.

I always take my Beeman's for flavor. It's nifty and exotic-looking, isn't it? Bing's well-earned Things do, in fact, taste the way they look. The crowd swamped them at the last show, and the story was that they were absolutely stripped of any sense of humor. But as Bing says, 'I got in the way of my own car and marcelled my hair!'

When Floyd and the US Coast patrol got their minute of fame, they took full advantage of it. They went to California; and the Coast patrol got their minute of fame there, too. They were chased by the police right up to the mountains, and they got through in the nick of time.

Bennett fell all over himself with excitement. He was taken to the hospital, where he was readmitted. When he came out of the hospital, he was wheeled away on a gurney. His temperamental problems seemed to have been solved for the moment. But the Coast patrol was still on his trail, and he was not to be caught.

Well, that's the story. I've got to go now. I've got to listen to the Beeman's flavor on the radio. It's absolutely fresh-tasting, good for digestion.
Hollywood Women, Heaven Preserve Them!

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 |

As a result of a series of incidents, coincidences, breaks and a lot of hard work, I have a good job. I have a job that happens to be in the public eye—I hope I'm not a stick in yours—and as a result of that job and my own personal experience, I feel that I can say that I can spot an insincere person a mile away. By that, I mean people whose primary interest in me is simply because I'm on the crest of the wave.

I've been a seaman all my life. I've seen a lot of waves and I've never seen one that didn't break sooner or later. That applies to Hollywood as well as every sea I've ever sailed. Personally, I have no desire to go on exhibition for any Hollywood hostess because I have a job.

The mistake all our charming huntresses make is that they only flatter a man's vanity—the surest way of bagging him—in a most limited way. He'd have to be a complete idiot in so many cases not to realize it was a name and a bank account they were really after.

The most successful women in the gentle art of sniping are the ones who are hard to get, the ones who make a man feel as though he had never really extended himself before. A girl who makes a man feel that he is pretty good, but has a long, long way to go before she would even be interested in aiming at him, is a clever young lady. She puts the man on his mettle and makes him lead to her. If it's marriage he's after, she'll be building for her own happiness if she continues to make the man ake that same initiative long after the padre tells them it's legal.

It seems to me, thinking all this over, that we've at best just brushed the surface on the various question of women in Hollywood daybe it would be a good idea if you and I understood each other right here and now. I'm just as big a sucker for Mr. Kipling's "rag and bone and a bank of hair" as the next man.

I perch myself on a handy fence and I see a gorgeous creation in the air. I say to myself, "Here comes a career hunter—or a celebrity-chaser—or a woman with ideas, and oh, boy she's looking my way!" and lo I love it.

See?"
are still quite some pumpkins with a certain group. The Charlie Rays’ Beverly Hills parties were once the smartest in filmmadin And poor old Fatty Arbuckle had curtains run down on him after an unfortunate episode in a San Francisco hotel. Yet if any of them, as widely segregated as their individual cases may be, were to become B.O again, that fateful dame called Chance would pick them up in a great big hurry again in Hollywood.

Socially speaking, Hollywood’s middle name is gush Like Yellowstone National Park each host and hostess does his best to outspurt others. If your B.O. stamps you as someone with whom to be reckoned you’ll never really know the kind of guy you are by listening to the chant around you. And if you don’t have a pendulum of some sort, you’re liable to have your head turned forever by the hokum-mongers.

You are considered quite a prig if after a second meeting you continue to call people by their surnames and you find yourself frequently invited to dinner at a house where you don’t know your hostess and your hostess doesn’t know you, or half the things you’ve become important for, except by name.

My father often tells a story which in a few words stamps British society for what it’s worth. Forty odd years ago he and my mother were honeymooning in England. For two weeks they had been at the Duchess of Rox borough’s house party in a lovely old English castle. The Duchess was my mother’s niece and the only American lady in waiting at the Court.

A certain British peer, whom it wouldn’t be fair to mention right now, told my mother as they were leaving “Wilton,” that he’d formed a great attachment for my father “He’s the most affable chap I’ve ever met from the States,” said he, brushing his bushy mustache. “I didn’t know his name until a few minutes ago when May Roxborough told me you were leaving. And your husband and I have breakfasted together every morning for twelve days and he’s never spoken a word. He’s decent and refined and polite. I’m sure

WILL ROGERS
DIED AUG. 15, 1935

Remembering ... a famous smile, a ready wit, an appealing artlessness, a lazy drawl — a great man

in spite of his great wealth he has the instincts of a gentleman.”

Once in a while you find some Newport hostess wearing an especially becoming gown You’d like to tell her how lovely she looks; but you stop and count ten. If you hadn’t, she’d snap back at you “How youthful you are; when did you leave college, my dear?” or “You must be a Westerner to talk like that.” And let me say here and now, there is no term more dégrading among the 400, than to be termed a member of that fraternity which runs from the house; and you’ll probably never be invited to that house again.

Once last summer at Lady Clive’s (Clive of India fame) I came in exactly five minutes late and found everyone at table. I apologized profusely to my hostess, who didn’t even look up from her soup as I talked; and all through the Russian Ballet that evening she belabored me on my “uncommon American customs.”

A NOTHER quaint Hollywood custom has to do with so-called “engaged couples.” And never was there such an elastic word as the Hollywood definition for “engaged.” Solemly are they always seated side by side, at every affair they attend. This of course bogs down the conversation about the festive board. And if they’ve been “engaged” for three or four years, it becomes a positive sin if you separate them in your table seating arrangements.

At least I agree with the Fifth Avenue man ner in this circumstance, if no other Married or engaged, you’re seated as far apart as you can get you.

For years throughout my youth I’ve done my best to dodge that business of “table seatings” which turned my lovely mother’s hair white, long decades ago. For hours prior to luncheons or dinners—and believe you me. I was “raised” on these social amenities, for our house has been a sort of free social soup kitchen to more than 500 people per week in the heart of the New York, London or Newport social seasons annually—we have gathered about the card table arranging and rearranging names: Miss So-and-So can’t sit beside Mr. That and This because they’ve just become engaged And so on, ad infinitum.

ET when I first went to Pickfair in 1923, Doug and Mary, the “world’s happiest mar ried couple,” sat alongside each other at luncheon and dinner and openly held hands. It wasn’t a publicity gesture. It was the real stuff.

Time and again I’ve seen Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable inches apart, night after night, until I should wonder at their ever wanting to marry each other after the cream had been so thoroughly skimmed.

Again, in Hollywood the matter of divorces and engagements is handled, of course, with the greatest possible publicity. An editorial friend of mine told me the other day that a writer had suggested to him a story or David Niven, to be called “Now that he is a bachelor again.” Of course, Niven has never been anything but a bachelor, but in the Hollywood sense, this simply meant that Niven’s dating with Merle Oberon was over and that he was back in circulation.

Copies are constantly being announced as “engaged” in Hollywood, while one or the other of them, or maybe both, is still un married.

I was up at my ranch near Reno when the Associated Press from Miami, Florida, came out with a story that Mr. Judge, who was directors of Nevada to divorce him and to marry hansom young Dan Topping. Nevadans shouldn’t! Even though Nevada grants a six weeks’ divorce, it consid ers it highly unethical to talk about this business of changing horses. In fact, if any of the divorce court judges were to read about it,
they would probably throw the case out of court when it came before them, for the reason that the parties involved were merely using the law as a subterfuge.

And personally, I believe they would be within their rights.

The matter of what clothes to wear in Hollywood still amuses me no end. In the best of circles women still dress in dinner or evening clothes while men wear loud sport suits or heavy tweeds. As a matter of fact, from an Eastern woman’s angle you usually have to figure that no matter how you are dressed in Hollywood, you’re never really dressed correctly!

You may call your hostess and ask if she is dressing for dinner. She answers positively “No!” And then you get there and discover her back bare to the waist, while a gentleman wearing a sweater or a polo shirt open at the neck under his tweed coat is seated opposite her.

Then again, you may find her wearing what are called “dress pajamas,” whatever that means, and you have on your white tie and tails!

THERE’S a very famous story about Lilyan Tashman wanting to go to the beach at Malibu. It was a cool evening, so over her bathing suit she proceeded to put her white ermine coat. Then, all covered up in ermine, she sat down on the sand and watched the moon rise.

If such a thing were to happen on Bailey’s Beach at Newport, the whole shanty would heave up and fall into the sea!

Dressing for dinner on Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue or Newport is de rigueur. In London a dinner jacket is a useless bit of baggage for any man.

Except on Sunday evenings when you always wear a dark blue business suit, you must always garb yourself in white tie and tails. You must have a new shirt and a new tie for every night in the week.

There is no exception to this rule. It applies similarly on Fifth Avenue and in Newport. Stiff shirts and winged collars are the only things accepted. The ties must be butterfly and ultra-large.

With the 400 in New York, Newport or London, you can’t get away with a soft evening shirt, or the comfortable double-breasted dinner jacket which the Park Avenue and “Circus Set” relaxes in after sundown.

To this date, I’ve spent a good half of my life in the past twenty years in Hollywood, I’ve only worn tails on a dozen occasions. Yet I keep more sport shirts, sweaters, polo shirts and zipper-trousers in my Hollywood flat than I use all the rest of the year elsewhere throughout the world.

Last winter the fashionable Florida resorts went Hollywood one better. Dark, wine-red, dull-blue, and mouse-gray double-breasted evening jackets were all the rage, with bow ties to match. And many of the smartest men—about-the-beaches wore dark red silk trousers; and some even wore soft-collared dark-blue shirts with their white sharkskin dinner jackets and white bow ties to match.

On one such occasion I saw my mother shudder.

Next morning she gave me a clipping out of a British newspaper which was headed “Advice to Americans in London, on the Way to Dress;” and the subhead read “Don’t Go Hollywood or You’ll Go to Gaol.” I gathered she was giving me a polite hint.

But Hollywood’s manners are different. And so, again I say “East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.”

"You have an enemy—a beautiful blonde

IT’S YOURSELF!

"I see a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"I see merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"I see a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"I see an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. It’s you, yourself, my dear!”

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is herself. For it is her own failings which defeat her — of which she too often is completely unaware.

It’s a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything—beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back—a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. The annoying odor of underarm perspiration on person and clothing.

It is the harder to excuse because it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm—that’s all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it’s harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You’ll like this about Mum, too—you can use it on the most delicate skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and you’re safe for all day long!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn’t interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there’s nothing quite so effective as Mum—and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
usually blow the auto horn when a block away, and someone in the house pushes the gate button, letting them drive in. Otherwise they can lean out the car window, insert a key in the driveway and open the gates open.

Carole Lombard’s electric gate would really inspire fairy tales, since a loudspeaker is installed behind concealing vines, and when you ring, a spooky voice comes from nowhere to ask in sepulchral tones: “Who is it?”

There’s another “midget” myth. It seems utterly impossible that anyone would believe that story, yet in some corners of the world it continues to crop up. I had thought it was just a crude gag, one that aptly illustrated the extraordinary lengths to which rumors will go. I learned otherwise.

We had been spending Sunday afternoon with the Temples, and our nine-year-old son was up in Shirley’s playroom, engaged in a game of Lotto with her. (Of all her toys, this one from the five and dime gives Shirley the most pleasure.)

A secretary came by at the moment with some fan mail.

“We’re getting some of the midget letters from Italy,” she reported.

Mrs. Temple, who must have the disposition of a saint, merely sighed. We would have cursed, and with abandon.

The history of this astounding myth goes back to Shirley’s first success, we learned. The story evidently started in England.

When Shirley’s pictures began to appear in England, that legend, of course, died a rapid death. But now, to judge from the mail, the story is cropping up in Italy. Where it will spring up next remains to be seen. It’s no fun to contemplate the fact that somewhere in the world are people who actually foster such an ignorant and odious misconception, when your own child is involved.

How the midget story started is a complete mystery, but it was probably derived from some ill-considered joke. Those who heard of the child actress couldn’t believe one so young could attain such fame, and so the yarn spread.

In almost any group you’ll find one wiseacre who can tell you exactly what Shirley makes a year. Everybody loves to talk about big sums of money, it seems, and reveal an intimate knowledge of the finances of the stars. These informants are quite safe in naming any figure they fancy.

The truth of the matter is that only Mr. and Mrs. Temple, their attorney, Loyd Wright, and Darryl F. Zanuck know what Shirley is paid. The contracts are kept locked in a vault. If anyone tells you what Shirley makes, just point this fact out.

It’s regrettable that when the gossip turns to pictures, Shirley will be mentioned. It’s the penalty of fame, as well as a commentary on the pettiness of some people, that some of the myths should be as mean and mischievous. Some drip with gooey sentiment. You’ll hear that Shirley is spoiled, or that she’s a perfect angel, that she’s fretting to get this or that, or that she has an IQ of a genius, or that she can’t read or write. To answer all the minor myths would be a tedious affair.

Shirley isn’t spoiled, because you’ve got to obey orders double-quick when you’re making movies and there’s no time for coaxing or folderol. Shirley has thrived on this rigid discipline.

Like all spirited youngsters, she gets a bit cocky now and then, for, thank heaven, she isn’t perfect. Mrs. Temple puts just the right amount of warning in her voice, on such occasions, looks at her daughter and says “Shirley.” If she says “Precious,” Shirley knows she has been behaving correctly.

Shirley writes in the usual large scrawl of fourth graders, but she is well ahead of her class in reading. She is studying French and

her lovely infant. Shirley was such a beautiful child, small, perfectly formed, with natural gold curls and a pair of legs that were a delight to behold, that she went from dancing school to movie pictures.

So Mrs. Temple wasn’t exactly prepared for all that a picture career would lead to. It has its pleasant side, but the rest of it isn’t much fun. Particularly the myths.

Of all these legends, the most distracting and unnecessary of all involve the actors in bizarre feuds, brought about directly or indirectly by studio publicity.

Nothing so delights a publicity writer as a sure-fire feud. Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell made a fortune out of their feud, for it was the basis of the movie they made together on Shirley’s home lot. In the old days, the feud between Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri was always good for a story.

Shirley Temple and Jane Withers are supposed to be born enemies. When Mrs. Temple objected to stories she read about this feud, she was told that there was nothing exciting in two little girls getting along together, but a feud would make copy.

You see, Jane had always worked on the Western Avenue lot of 20th Century-Fox, while Shirley ruled the main studio at Westwood. A few months ago the two lots were consolidated, and Jane moved into Shirley’s domain. It was a natural set-up for stories that the two children were enemies, and that Shirley didn’t like sharing her rule. Actually, they don’t see each other from one month to another. A studio is a vast affair, and when you’re there you are working in one of the big stages and see only your crew. It’s absurd to think of Shirley and Jane’s carrying on a feud. But it makes a good story, and so it’s kept up.

There’s another feud legend, however, that has caused much heartache. The truth about it should be told before it does any more harm.

That’s the yarn about Shirley’s snubbing Freddie Bartholomew, when he asked to have his picture taken with her at the President’s Ball last winter.

Shirley and her mother were the innocent victims of a complete misunderstanding. You’ll remember that the anniversary balls were conducted throughout the country, during the flu epidemic. Jean Harlow and Hob Taylor attended the one in Washington, and both were victims of the flu. Shirley was asked to head the list of celebrities at the Los Angeles affair.

The weather was bad, and Mrs. Temple, who knows what a trying ordeal a public appearance can be, and how risky it is to take a little girl out late at night, was reluctant to go. But it was for charity, and duty called. She bundled Shirley up snugly and with Mr. Temple they set forth.

Shirley enjoyed it all, for she doesn’t have a chance to stay up past her bedtime very often. A number of celebrities were brought up to have their pictures taken with Shirley, and flash bulbs banged away right merrily. The enterprising cameraman asked Freddie Bartholomew to pose with Shirley, and brought him to the Temple table.

Shirley was delighted, for Freddie is one of her screen heroes, and knowing this, Mrs.

Two new “lends” find each other. Wayne Morris, skyrocketed to fame in “Kid Galahad,” Lana Turner, for whom Warners predict fame in “They Won’t Forget.” are sounding love notes piano. She eats what’s good for her, except that she has to be warned away from too much cake. She isn’t on a diet and is neither too fat nor too thin. Leaving the 20th Century-Fox café one noon, a friend said: “Well, Shirley, you seem to be getting thin!” A half block farther, another friend said: “ Haven’t you put on weight?”

These small illusions are, of course, of little consequence. But there are other myths that hurt, and cause a great deal of needless anguish.

Usually picture people are protected by the shell of experiences gained through many a hard campaign on the stage, in vaudeville or in the common struggle for a foothold. George and Gertrude Temple, on the other hand, are average citizens from Santa Monica, accustomed to neighborly courtesies, fair dealing and good manners. There is no story of heart-breaking, sense-numbing struggle in Shirley’s short history.

The Temples had reared two fine sons when Shirley came along, and the boys were practically grown-up. It’s a job, bringing up boys. With Shirley, Mrs. Temple determined to have fun—dress her in cute clothes, fuss over her, teach her dance and singing and really enjoy

Myth Shirley Temple

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Temple was more than pleased. Like the little gentleman he is, Freddie asked if it would be all right to have his picture made with Shirley, as the cameraman requested, and Mrs. Temple promptly gave permission, then, as Freddie left her group to pose, she resumed her chat with a family friend.

What happened in the next few seconds became a cause célèbre of a tragic misunderstanding. Three members of the 20th Century-Fox publicity staff, seeing a press cameraman about to pose Freddie with Shirley, halted the picture. Freddie was from another studio, and they couldn’t take any chances with a picture that might involve publicity policies.

In another moment Freddie, abashed and humiliated, was leaving the scene. The harm was done, and no one could undo it.

A columnist carried the story the next morning that Shirley had refused to pose with Freddie. The studio hurried to explain the true circumstances, and the gossip item was killed in later editions of the paper. But another myth, and an injurious one, had been started.

The three publicity men and the cameraman told me the same story.

"Shirley was smiling and delighted to pose,” the cameraman said. "Mrs. Temple had given her consent and rejoined her friends. But the studio boys stopped me, and Freddie hurried off.”

Shirley was quite unaware of the storm that had broken over her curly head.

Then Freddie gave a birthday party. He invited all the child players in pictures. All—except Shirley.

To grownups, it may not seem important. It's different with a child. Shirley couldn’t understand. She was puzzled and hurt. Mrs. Temple, who thought the matter had been explained to the Bartholomews, was heartstruck. Shirley came to her.

"What is the matter, Mummy—don’t people like me any more?" she asked, trying to keep her lips from trembling.

"That's when a myth turns into a tragedy.

The Temples owe no one an apology for what happened at the Ball, but they deserve one for the consequences. Up to this time Shirley has been shielded from the foolish myths which inevitably spring up about any celebrity. It's becoming increasingly difficult, however, to protect her from the big and little hurts these things inflict. She’s outgrowing her babyhood. She has appeared in the first of a new type of picture for Shirley Temple—"Wee Willie Winkie" has launched her as an actress. From now on she will appear in big productions of the most ambitious nature, surrounded by big casts. She will have co-stars, too, like Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, and other top-notch actresses. She has come into her own.

Not long ago she experienced that thrill of a lifetime, the first première of one of her pictures, with milling thousands of fans, Eddie Cantor as master of ceremonies, with Tyrone Power to introduce her on the stage along with the others in the cast.

True, Shirley still is a child, but she could be wounded deeply by some of these myths. She’s getting to the age when it won’t be easy to keep the unpleasant things in life her.

Fortunately, Shirley’s friendly disposition, sunny temperament and good manners radiate from the screen and reveal the true character of the child. There stands the real Shirley Temple, as millions of fans know.

She, herself, makes those myths too ridiculous to believe.
Boos and Bouquets

[continued from page 13]

look. After I read it, I thought maybe I was 'Molly,' but Louis B. Mayer thought so too, so now I'm 'Molly,' and I hope you will add 'bless her!' Wally Beery will play the millionaire Graham. Fannie Brice is the cook. I'm certainly in good company for a young girl trying to get along in the movies." Before making "Molly," however, Miss Tucker will appear in "Broadway Melody of 1937," singing the type of song that made her famous.

THIRD PRIZE $5.00

HORSE OPERA OR BOB TAYLOR?

I think very often we become so engrossed with the box-office opportunities of romantic profiles and seductive feminine curves that we overlook some of the excellent stuff that appeals to our young generation. I mean, perhaps "horse opera"?

The other day I witnessed a little human interest scene which convinced me that our movie cowboy needs more applause than he gets. I attended the opening parade of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge Fiesta. In that parade was the Los Angeles Sheriff's wonderful posse of horsemen and beautiful horses. Suddenly all the youngsters began to cheer and wave their flags wildly. Not so suddenly I saw the reason for the outbursts. Buck Jones was one of the horsemen. The parade stopped at this point, and the kids all rushed forward to Buck, calling him by name asked to touch him and stood open-mouthed—and adoring. And did Buck follow through? He did. He petted their heads, shook their hands and even lifted one of them on his horse, thereby giving those kids the thrill of a lifetime. After watching these young ones worship their cowboy idol, "horse opera" is something more to me than a picture to sit through while waiting for a Bob Taylor feature to go on.

D. L. HOLLINGER
San Francisco, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE

I'D LIKE TO SEE—

I'd like to see Katherine de Mille as a romantic heroine. She can act and is too beautiful to be a beautiful villainess all the time.

I'd like to see Dorothy Lamour always in glamour parts. Maybe it doesn't rhyme, but 'Lamour' spells 'Glamour' with a big G.

I'd like to see Sonja Henie as the heroine of a Nordic novel, by a Nordic author. She's natural and she never overacts. Why skat- ing pictures only?

I'd like to see Gloria Swanson as queen in the story of an imaginary Balkan country. Gloria has the necessary dignity, poise and romantic appeal and would surely "queen it."

T. WATTMAN
Worcester, N. Y.

In 1928, right after she made "Sadie Thompson," Gloria Swanson made a picture called "Queen Kelly." It has never been released in this country, but it still happens to ardent Swanson fans on the Continent. She is at present considering a comeback in "The Second Mrs. Draper." "Thin Ice" is Sonja Henie's current attraction. Promised and hoped for is the appearance of the little skating warel in "Hans

Brinker and the Silver Skates," not quite Nordic, but getting close. Won't Sonja be a darling in a Dutch costume?

$1.00 PRIZE

RAYE RATES

I'd like to drop a bouquet of very rare orchids (Winchell, please excuse) into the very rare hands of a very rare star—Martha Raye. Her singing is the spiced cedrine that makes a comedian, but it's the way she uses her hands that counts. That's worth the price of admission any day.

She can put more expression into the turn of one finger than most people can put in a five-minute monologue.

I laughed for a week after that brief scene in "College Holiday" wherein Martha looking like Aunt Jemina a la Cotton Club surveyed her manicure appraisingly and suddenly became self-conscious. And in "The Big Broadcast" when she stroked a rose and lamented her futile love-making and the acquisition of rheumatism, that my friends, was neat stroking.

You've got to hand it to Martha. Yeah, ma'am?

MRS. W. R. B. VANCE
Atlanta, Georgia.

$1.00 PRIZE

MAKE WAY FOR A LADY

I can offer definite proof that some of our favorites are not quite so disagreeable and temperamental as some people claim.

Recently I stopped in a drugstore in Holly- wood and discovered I had seated myself next to one of Hollywood's newest sensations. Just as the waitress was about to set her orange juice before the young lady she slipped and the contents were spilled into the lap of the diminutive star. Of course both the waitress and myself tried to assist her in drying the ruined dress, but it was plain to be seen it must be dry-cleaned.

What better proof could I want when I saw that the actress did not indulge in a tempera- mental outburst against the waitress, but in- stead, merely smiled and said kindly "Eat is all right. Accidents. they happen to any- body." The actress was Simone Simon Offhand, I could name a dozen girls of my acquaintance who would have made quite an unpleasant issue of the incident.

HELEN KISSEL
Columbus, Ohio

$1.00 PRIZE

GABLE INEXHAUSTIBLE

I have been a Gable fan for years and have tried more than once to find a reason for his tremendous and almost inexhaustible appeal. I have come to the conclusion it is because he does not put all his goods in his shop window.

Each succeeding picture surprises you with the number of small characterization at which he is adept. You feel that no matter what the part, Gable has always one more shot in his locker. Another valuable asset is the contrast of his features. He isn't confined to cullow romances like Bob Taylor, nor always forced to be a heavy like Spencer Tracy. With the eyes and dimples of a con- ventional hero, and the mouth and forehead of the more virile school, he can be either a Valentino or a Bill Powell according to re- quirements. He also had his personality strengthened by having started his career with an, not good for a favorite to start with "everything." He usually ends by having nothing. Change of taste and fashion prove his foundations unsound, and his personality soft for want of exercise and opposition.

LOUISE MERRILL
Sheffield, England

Reader Merrill will find that Gable gets enough of one kind of "opposition" in "Parnell" It will be interesting to this department to have our English friends tell us what they think of Gable in his latest role.

$1.00 PRIZE

CHAMP COMEDIANS

I have just seen Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Shall We Dance" and enjoyed Eric Blore and Edward Everett Horton very much—these two certainly stole the picture. I haven't laughed so much since seeing Eddie Cantor in "The Kid from Spain" and the laughter around me was loud and plentiful too.

Fred is certainly a marvelous dancer, and the fact that he can step with any of them was shown in his specialty dance with Harriet Hектор. Ginger danced well but was painfully thin, a bad point that was accentuated by the streamline clothes she wore. Fred's best partner was Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady" and I certainly would like to see those two together again. And give us more of Blore and Horton, the best laugh combination in the business.

MARI SELLMAN
Baltimore, Md.

NO LIKEE

I want to protest against the practice of showing men in shorts and shirts tails so often. It isn't funny at all. If the directors are sticklers for realism and insist on members of the cast running around in various stages of undress, it won't be long before they are showing people in the shower! I sincerely hope that our easily offended English cousins don't believe all of us Americans condone such a lack of propriety. But I think it is time for the layman to raise his feeble voice in protest. What is Will Hays for, anyway?

"DISGUSTED."
Pasadena, Calif.

"Love is News" showed handsome, gaung Tyrone Power being pursued into his shower by determined salesmen, and pokin his forins with water. With tennis courts and parks crowded with people in short, it has come to part of the American scene, couldn't possibly be construed by the Hays Office as "indecent exposure."

A LAST TRIBUTE TO JEAN HARLOW

As a sincere admirer of lovely Jean Harlow, I would like to place a wreath, not of laurel, but of rue upon her last resting place Jean
was not a great actress, perhaps, but an arresting personality whose breezy manner and inimitable wisecracking brought laughter and happiness to millions, a noble accomplishment. Her infectious good nature and charming friendliness permeated her screen portrayals, and to many of us her death is a personal loss. So, in the gallery of memory her portrait will remain, its colors untouched by time. Very often I shall pay grateful tribute to one who has given me many happy hours—and whose shield bore the gallant insignia: "Fidelity to work."

CORINNE CHILDELS,
Charlotte, N. C.

MALE OR FEMALE

With the world full of small boys, it's just too bad that the juvenile Lord Nelson in "Lloyd's of London" had to be played by a girl. She looked like a girl, she talked like a girl and, horror of horrors, she ran like a girl.

MRS. T. W. MURPHY,
Janesville, Wis.

We fear that Mrs. Murphy must go back and take another look. The small actor who played "Lord Nelson" is very much of a boy—Douglas Scott, born in Seattle, Washington, Dec. 31, 1925. Young Scott has been in pictures since he was five, is Shirley Temple's first real born in her new "Wee Willie Winkie."

AN OPEN LETTER TO ERROL FLYNN:

Recently you gave an interview concerning how well you know women—well, you may think you know women in some countries where you have traveled, but you certainly don't know American women. In that interview you made a statement saying you realized the inferiority of women to men. After all, you wouldn't be in such a swell spot if it weren't for women. Your fans consist mostly of women; they made you a star by going to see your pictures and afterwards by giving such a hurrah for you.

You should be grateful; but instead you give out defamatory copy. By giving that interview you damaged your sparkling career and lost many admirers.

VIRGINIA STONE,
Albemarle, N. C.

THE ANSWER TO A MAIDEN'S PRAYER

I have just seen Joan Crawford again and a haunting thought is in my mind: I wonder if this woman has even the remotest idea of the vast influence and power she has on the women and girls of this age? The inspiration she is, the ambitions she gives them to be something besides dull, ugly, crudely dressed and awkward female persons...

Her life is a sermon for any woman. She was a clumsy awkward girl, but she wouldn't stay that way. She had no one to help her, but her own perseverance and persistence has made her the lovely, poised, graceful cultured woman that she is. It's marvelous to think of it, that a woman can have such subtle beauty and grace of speech that we pay our good money to sit and find delight in her every word and action. Wretched and ugly conditions of life mean nothing. We don't need to keep them. She is the answer to that—what Joan Crawford can do, I can do. She gives me a definite aim in life to get somewhere and be something better than I am. I only hope she never lets us down.

DIAN MADDEN,
Flint, Mich.

TOSS ME A KOOL

It's soothing to my throat. The mild menthol adds a refreshing flavor, yet none of the full tobacco goodness is lost. Toss me a KOOL...it's a skillful blend of excellent Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. And a coupon comes too—valuable coupons, good in the U. S. A. for handsome, useful premiums. Extra coupons come in every carton. Toss me a KOOL...it's quite a catch! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.
The Life of a Problem Child

[continued from page 57]

In the cab he lit a cigarette and settled back, trying to recapture the personal excitement he had felt all the way across the continent.

He remembered now, without mirth, the three years of tramping from studio to studio in search of a job—any job; the insane fruitless months in Chicago at the World’s Fair; the sudden turning of luck in New York, when Cornwell had decided that perhaps he had a little talent.

He thought suddenly, with a kind of amused detachment: "Was a minute! What is all this, again? Thirty bucks a week as an understudy, a job in summer stock at a clerk’s salary, and then the smallest of small parts in Katharine’s fall play—is that what you’re going to wane in the face of this millionaire industry?

There was that to consider during the rest of the ride. Until finally, when he walked up the porch steps and faced Patia at the door, saw the sharp unmistakable questioning in her eyes, he was ready with the answer.

"Okay," he told her. "I understand. It’s only the beginning. But just watch me from now on—?"

He saw the relief in her face. "It’s merely a storm, clearing the air. In a few weeks, taking his arm, “but what do you say we go in and jump up and down on the new sofa, to celebrate?"

UNDERSTUDYING Burgess Meredith in "Flowers of the Forest" did little enough for Tyrone professionally, except that he got a chance to see the theater at first hand and to study hard. The break restored his optimism in a measure, but not his self-confidence, because he had never lost that; not even at the lowest level of his luck he had ever forgotten, for a moment, the definite certainty of his inalienable ability.

The summer at Falmouth was an interlude primarily of pleasure, partly of hard work, but dedicated to the realization of what had happened—to adjustment. The beautiful little theater was located out-of-town, planted superbly on the edge of Buzzard’s Bay; and it has always been his way, whenever he had the opportunity, to make that overlooked the shining water, and it had a night club for its neighbor, and the tradition of good productions which brought in the critical, sophisticated audience that filled it nightly.

Tyrone, after the first week, gave up the conscious effort of introspection and allowed things to take an inevitable course in his mind. He was given for the first time (because this was an experimental institution and he was promising material) the best parts in most of the plays—and they were good plays. "Private Lives," "Ceiling Zero," "On Stage," in which he found his thespian heights.

There were sensations to feel—not for analysis—during that period. There was waking in the morning to the clear heat of the Massachusetts July and August, and lying at night on the narrow beach learning lines in the sun, and there was coming lastly up dinner time to sit in shorts on the theater deck, in the pale pink glow of the unbelievable sunset.

There was dancing in the near-by cabaret with the several lovely, now forgotten girls who also were members of the colony, and the potent nostalgia that came after the third Collins, when the saxophones went soppy and remembered past summers in melody. "I apologize," said the saxophones, and "Can’t We Talk It Out," "One More Chance," and "Say It Isn’t So!" and "Look What You’ve Done To Me, Baby."

There was not being in love, with anybody, and a clean sense of self-completeness . . .

Picture scouts infest stock groups of this sort and one cornered Tyrone on an evening after the rehearsal, said, "May I?" The scout said, "I might manage to get some sort of a spot for you. You aren’t bad as Jerry."

To his own amazement Tyrone mumbled, "Maybe you could. But I’m not interested," and left the bewildered scout openmouthed in the dressing room.

Later, after a week of self-recriminations during which he labeled himself a list of uncomplimentary things, young Mr. Power understood why he had refused the offer: I had the same chance once, in Hollywood, he thought, and it got me nowhere; except years of waiting in producers’ offices, and doing nothing, disappointment, and being poor. That might happen again—because I’m not really ready yet. Now they’re doing me a favor, possessing a little something my way. The time will come when I’ll be doing them a favor.

He was glad, then, for his first instinctive impulse. And in September he drove contentedly down to New York for the opening reheasal of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he was to have a role of his own to create and to develop before big time audiences.

They opened in Baltimore and toured for a long time, according to the Cornwell policy and in this manner Tyrone completed the memorable sensation-year of 1935. Aside from work, only a few things were outstanding in his memory as indicative of the season.

Being a Shakespearean character on the stage was all right, but when you had to keep your hair at shoulder length and still try to pursue the normal bent of a normal young man’s daily life—in department stores and streets and on trolleys—the possibilities for trouble were endless.

None of the seven male members of the troupe dared venture forth alone in daylight—Tyrone least of all. His lean face and heavy dark eyebrows were positively Machiavellian in a frame of long, flowing locks.

At noon of Christmas Eve, that year, he decided to go out and buy presents for everybody. In a moment of inspiration he rolled up his unrumpled Hair and hid it under his hat. Late that afternoon he stood in a packed street car, laden with parcels, unable to move, sweating freely; and he dropped a small handkerchief.

Bending down was impossible. He had to un Vinci his knees and lower himself slowly to grope for the package—and this he did, leaving his hat balanced on the shoulders of his standing neighbors. When he came up the hat was still there and it settled once more on his head, but to the startled occupants of the car "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was no longer fiction. Tyrone—the pleasing, attractive youth had disappeared. He had emerged as something out of the Sixteenth Century.

There was bespectacled, Women screamed. Men crowded against each other, either in miserable silence or shouting with laughter. The Century motor stopped the car and somehow, from this nightmare, the apparition escaped, leaving a trail of gaily-wrapped packages behind him.

He has that incident to remember until his dying day; and there were others. The party Miss Cornwell gave one Thanksgiving Day evening at a club on the Chicago Shore Road, at which Tyrone and his fellows, apprehensive of the liquor supply, drank everyone’s wine at midnight only to discover a sea of champagne waiting in another room. The actor who always sent his man on ahead to reserve the best dressing room with his name plate, and the night Tyrone beat the servant to it. And watching the actor’s face when he discovered that his dressing room had a strange aroma, and pulled off the name plate from the door, and found the inscription "Women" underneath . . .

On New Year’s Eve, Tyrone Power and the cast of "Romeo and Juliet" finished the performance before midnight and went up to his small apartment to drink a toast to 1936. The host poured wine. The assembled group raised their glasses.

"What do you hope for yourself?" someone asked of him.

"That I can do as much in this next year as I did in the one just past" he answered quietly as a clock began striking the new year in.

He had three months of grace, this young man; three months in which to rehearse solidly for the part of De Ponelageny in "St. Joan," to board as much as he could of his small salary, to make plans with a few of his friends to board a tramp steamer in the spring and burn through a long lazy summer in Europe. Then in April, things and events began to happen with such demented haste that there was no time for thought, no time for logical understanding, no time for anything—except to run as hard as he could in an effort to keep up; except to forget everyone and everything in the halcyon labor of a Star being born.

His agent called him from Detroit to New Orleans to make a film test, and it stank. It was incredibly awful.

"Now are you satisfied?" Tyrone asked the agent afterward as they drank a consolation beer in the studio bar. "Now will you give me time, until I’m older and more experienced—until I’m ready?"

"Until you don’t care any more, you mean," countered the shrewd agent. "Nuts! You never had time or patience for caution before. You wanted big things and you wanted them right away and you know you could get them because you’re good—so now, you fool, this is the time! And you’ll take a second test tomorrow, y’see?"

Looking down into his glass, Tyrone thought: he’s right. If I can’t do it now, I’ll never be able to do it. But I can—I can!

He said, "Okay. And it won’t smell like the first one, either."

"Have another beer," said the agent, contentedly.

In a Hollywood projection room, a few days later, Darryl Zanuck sat and watched the shadow of Tyrone Power, Jr., move across the screen, heard his clear contralto voice read lines with interpretation and feeling.

"Run it again," said Mr. Zanuck, and he said
it five times, and each time he sat straighter in his divan loge. Finally he rang his secretary.

"Take a wire," he commanded; and the words were sheer excitement.

It was incredible, but these were real, these tickets in this envelope that said a reservation had been made on a transcontinental plane for Mr. T. Power. Tyrone walked through the gate and up the steps and through the little door, and he sat down. He closed his eyes, thinking, I will be in Hollywood tomorrow. I will show my seven-year contract with 20th Century to Patia, and I will walk down the same streets, and I will see the same people. And this plane is starting now, and it is going too fast, too fast for me to follow, and I wonder if I will be sick, and can I make that contract good? Can I be as good as I must be?

He looked out the window and down, and far below, the earth was slowing backward like an endless patchwork. The symbolism was too pat; he became one with the plane—the earth was his life, rushing past with a hummimg sound . . .

THE next months were like that, with their blinding pace and unfamiliar pattern and their ceaseless amazing flight. The United States held the most important election in its history and Adolf Hitler rewrote the Bible and Spain blew itself to pieces and an emperor took a twice-divorced American woman for a boat ride to the Adriatic and a group of prison officials had a little party at which they burned the man named Hauptman to a cinder; but these things were secondary to the fact that Mr. Zanuck made "Girls Dormitory." Tyrone Power had a few feet of film in the last reel, which he shared with Simone Simon, and women said: "Do you see what I see?"

Mr. Zanuck made "Ladies in Love" and Tyrone Power had more than a few feet of film which he managed not to share with anyone, and the watching women said to their escorts: "Buy me that! The one with the eyes, and the smile. Named Power, or something."

Mr. Zanuck made "Lloyds of London."

After that people came to Tyrone and said, "What do you think about life and love and women and politics? Where were you born? What do you eat for breakfast? What color socks do you wear? America wants to know."

Publicity boys cornered him and said, "Don't tell them anything. Dole it out in little pieces. And watch this romance situation—if you run around with anybody make it a girl from this lot."

Sales agents grouped at his doorway. They sold him a radio, a set of books, an electric razor and a Cord car.

And Mr. Zanuck made "Love Is News." And the living patchwork began moving so fast that it became a gray blur, the noise of its speed a monotonous cacophonous disjointed jitter.

Hearing it, Tyrone sat over his coffee, waiting for the set to call him back for the afternoon of work.

Out of the confused jumble a voice said, "Are you Mr. Tyrone Power?"

He looked up, saw the trim body and the straight shoulders and the smile and the fresh healthy beauty of the girl who stood there. "I've some tickets to a skating exhibition, if you'd like them," she said. "My name is Sonja Henie."

That began it. He went to the exhibition and took her home afterward. A few nights later he tossed gravel at her window, and she climbed down an ivy lattice, and they went for a drive. You could say they fell in love with each other that evening, but essentially it was that they discovered between them a kinship of circumstance.

They were foils for each other—her stolid, brilliantly poised Norwegian balance against his nervous, erratic alertness. Both were only twenty-two and both were already flashing high in success. The difference was she was used to adulation and he was not. She helped the necessary process of deflation, of dissemination.

Both were beautiful people, and neither was unaware of beauty. It was an indicated thing that they should go dancing together, that they should dine tête-à-tête in smart restaurants, that photographers' flashlights should glare about them and that columnists' typewriters should clatter weekly commentary on their smallest activities. To the newspapers, to the publicity professionalists, and to ergo to America the arrangement was a Romance.

In a way the label was justified, except that Tyrone and Sonja were not (and are not) purely and simply sentimental about each other. Young Mr. Power, at twenty-two, had come too far, had learned too much, had acquired too great a share of the things called sophistication to be purely sentimental about anything or anyone, ever again.

Wherefore the past tense had lost its value in the telling of this story, and we are concerned with the present. Today's portrait of Tyrone Power must be done with care, but hastily, since the subject is changing, and problem children—even when they're grown-up—are unpredictable.

I MET him the day after Hollywood saw "Lloyds of London" at its première and

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Ann's a hit! Any girl does if her skin is smooth and soft, if her make-up looks flawless—stays looking that way.

Popular girls use Pond's Vanishing Cream. As a famous dermatologist says, "A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away harsh, dried-out surface cells when it touches the skin. Instantly the skin becomes fresh and smooth."

Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream and dry, flaky bits melt away. An instant later, powder goes on smooth as silk. You'll be delighted with the way it clings!

For powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a perfect powder base because it smooths your skin. Make-up goes on with an even finish . . . stays.

For overnight—Apply after cleansing. Not greasy. It won't smear. Lovely skin by morning!

---

That was a swell steer about Pond's Vanishing Cream, now my skin's smooth powder stays on

---

Miss Nancy Whitney

"Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths off little roughnesses right away. Make-up looks better."

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Pond's, Dept. 15-V, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder, I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

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crowd. No Gene, but armies of autograph hunters, answered her beseeching glances. She signed and signed till her arms nearly dropped off, and still no Gene. Finally, worked up to a high state of apprehension, she telephoned his home.

Gene had meanwhile hurried back from the honeymoon house and was coming up the walk when he heard his telephone ringing. Even as for you or me, it became a matter of vast urgency to reach it before the party hung up. All out of breath, he jerked off the receiver.

"Gene! What are you doing there? You said you'd be at the polo game!"

"But I was going to pick you up at the studio," he stammered.

"What have you been doing?" demanded his bride-to-be.

Gene took a deep breath, crossed his fingers (a gesture which was to grow on him) and managed to stammer out something about an unexpected conference. Anyone else but this young man with the open, honest face would have been discovered, but Gene emerged safely that time.

Other narrow escapes were to follow.

He had his heart set on obtaining some of the MacDonald plaid to use in decorating a divan in the little playhouse, now painted white and converted into a music studio. Jeanette gets a bolt of the MacDonald clan's plaid from Scotland now and then. There was only one thing to do—steal that bolt.

While Jeanette was out of the house he crept upstairs in the approved manner of larceny, hoisted the plaid out of a closet, and hastened for the front door. It was at this exact moment that Jeanette arrived home.

Hastily, Gene shoved the bolt under a davenport, considering this to hide it along with his nervous confusion. Next day he came again, and this time his bold thievery was detected by Sylvia Grogg, Jeanette's secretary. Gene had to let her in on the secret. Afterwards, she became an invaluable aid as a secret operator in the MacDonald house.

The plaid fitted in beautifully. Gene used it to upholster a divan, made it into frames for the pictures to be hung on the studio walls, and even trimmed the Venetian blinds with strips of it. Then he moved in twin baby grand pianos, in white, with white chairs and rugs. It was the cosiest spot on the whole estate.

As the chief counsel in these goings-on, Helen (Mrs. Shux) had her hands full. Through many ingenious hints, she finally found out all of Jeanette's preferences, her most minute likes and dislikes. Even so, every purchase was made "on approval." Jeanette's bedroom was Helen's particular triumph, decorated in dusty pink with an effect so breathlessly lovely that the new mistress hasn't made a single change.

The problem of getting the furniture was indeed difficult. For instance, when Gene prepared to move his piano from the house he gave to his mother, to the new residence, he faced a grave problem.

Possibly you never thought of this, but all the secrets of Hollywood are known to the moving companies. They are first to learn when a house is to be knocked out to ship them to Reno, and first to learn when a secret bride moves in. They know who is buying a house and who selling, who is rich, who poor. In short, these movers seem to know everything.

Yet somehow, Gene had to get his piano moved secretly. Finally, he hit on a way. First he had the piano moved to the Hargreaves' house in Beverly Hills. Then another moving company was called to tote the piano to the honeymoon manse. A classic example of going all around Robin Hood's barn!

After the piano was moved, Gene was in for another close call.

He had constructed dog kennels for his and Jeanette's pets, building them along the path to the new stable he had erected. He wanted the dogs and the horses there, too. Gene had bought White Lady, riding horse at Kellogg's ranch, the latter straight from the farm for her birthday, which was the day following the wedding. In the stall next to White Lady was Black Knight, the horse given him last August on his birthday, by Jeanette.

But Jeanette was boarding her dogs at Happyland, the de luxe resort for lucky canines. Shortly before the wedding, therefore, Gene sent out for Stormy Weather, the gray Skye terrier; Nick, her Newfoundland pup; and Sunny, the lamblike Beffington. With merry barks the dogs inspected their new homes and made friends with Gene's three dogs, Mike, Trey, and Askim.

Then Jeanette decided to run out and visit her dogs at Happyland, and of all days, she chose her wedding day!

When Gene learned this, his heart turned handsprings, but he rose valiantly to the emergency.

"Hold her for an hour," he said. "I'll fix it."

In that hour the dogs were whisked back to Happyland, where in due course Jeanette arrived for a ten-minute romp with them. As soon as she left, back to town came the dogs. It must have been very confusing, even to the dogs.

The catastrophe averted, Gene went for a final survey of his and his confederate's handiwork, and found it good. The last stick of furniture was in place. In Jeanette's dressing room were her perfumes, her dresses, hats, shoes, everything. Not one minute detail had been overlooked.

The job was done.

But would Jeanette like it? Had they correctly divined all her tastes? Gene was on the verge of the jitters, for fair. This test was far more important than the most critical review of a movie, this was the crux of all his plans. If she didn't like their home, he was sunk.

Gene carried his bride over the threshold, just as he had dreamed. Then he set her down, carefully. His voice, of a sudden, failed him. So did his pretty speech, so hopefully prepared.

"This—is our new home," he faltered.

Jeanette didn't understand, at first. The suspense must have been terrific for the nervous new husband.

Then, suddenly, the full realization burst upon Jeanette.

The excited tour of exploration that followed must have been a memorable experience. From room to room they wandered.

When at last they had seen it all, Jeanette looked at her husband.

"All my life I've dreamed of a home, and looked forward to one of my own," she said.

"I came into it tonight," Gene's secret was a success.
Molly, Bless Her

[continued from page 63]

frightened almost to death until his father made it clear that he had been only the victim of a preying gang. The boy had forgotten his fear in the excitement of the arrest of Sam Adler, who, still weak, had been hustled into the police ambulance.

The police had quizzed Mr. Graham about the report of an actress being seen in his home, and told him that his housekeeper, who undoubtedly had seen Adler, might have to appear in court to testify against the crook.

Ronnie listened apathetically. "So what?"

"Well, isn't that terrible?" Peabody looked disappointed at Ronnie's indolence.

"It could be worse. Where is Mr. Graham now?"

"In his study, I think, but I tell you he is in a vile mood. I wouldn't try to see him today, if I were you. The poor man has had a terrific siege of it."

After a cursory glance at the papers, Ronnie said: "You can't work up my sympathy for Graham. I think he acted like hell last night, when you realize what Molly tried to do for that kid of his!"

EXPECTING to find Graham in an unfriendly mood, Ronnie was quite taken aback when he was warmly greeted by his former employer. "There was no need of your rushing to get here at ten-thirty, Burgess. Any time today would have done. How—how is Mrs. Bunch?"

"As well as can be expected. It wasn't a very comfortable trip last night."

Graham's face was haggard. "I realized later that you might have taken the limousine instead of the station wagon. In the excitement, I didn't think about it."

"Thanks very much, but we managed."

"I suppose you saw the papers this morning?"

"I glanced at them. Peabody told me all that happened. I'll stop and report to the detective—Peabody said they wanted to see me—on the way to the station. I can't give him my address, because I haven't one at present, but I'll keep in touch with him. Undoubtedly he will inquire about Mrs. Bunch, and I will be forced to lie and deny her whereabouts. As Bunch is an assumed name, he may never be able to trace her. Of course the Doyle Agency has her address, but as no one where Mrs. Bunch lives knows her by that name, they naturally will turn inquirers away."

"Ronnie seemed fully aware of the fact that he had Graham at a disadvantage.

"But I wish to see her myself," Graham said decisively. "I owe her some money."

"Yes, she spoke about that and asked me to collect it for her."

A slight shadow of disappointment fell upon Graham's face. "Oh, she did! Very well, then, I have it right here." He picked up a long envelope from his desk and handed it to Ronnie. "Give this to Mrs. Bunch as a token of my appreciation of what she did for my son." He glanced up in surprise as Ronnie tossed the envelope back on the desk.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Graham, I can't accept it. I had strict orders from Mrs. Bunch. She had a week's salary coming to her and the extra week that you promised." He paused and looked intently at Graham. "Here is the itemized list of the wages due the women."

"But I wish to provide for them. especially
Mrs. Bunch, until they find other positions," Graham insisted.

"Sorry, Mr. Graham, but they simply won't take anything but what they've earned."

During the moment of silence, Graham slowly wrote checks to cover the list of the wages that Burgess had handed him.

"What about yourself?" Graham asked.

"You have something due you, too."

"No, I haven't, Mr. Graham, I was paid by Mrs. Bunch up to the first of the month. And, as I resigned last evening, there is no further obligation on your part."

"I insist that you be remunerated for catching that crook last night."

Ronnie looked him coldly in the eyes.

"There are a great many things a man does that do not present themselves being paid for. That was one of them, Mr. Graham." He started for the door, then hesitated, and faced Graham again.

"I almost forgot to mention a debt which I think you should pay. Mrs. Bunch gave Adler a hundred dollars out of her own savings. It's his fake receipt. Although I know she would never ask for it, I shall be very glad to take it to her. We're all out of work now and she may have some difficulty getting back into her own profession. Times have been pretty hard for her, though she was once one of the highest paid actresses in America. If she hadn't had a tough time, I can assure you she never would have left the stage. As he accepted the bill Graham handed him, he added, graciously: "Thank you very much, Mr. Graham. I'm sorry we caused you so much trouble."

"That's ridiculous," Graham called as Ronnie hurried from the library. "I'd like to know Mrs. Bunch's stage name."

Ronnie paused for a minute in the hall. "I'm afraid I haven't the right to tell you," he answered, shortly, as he turned on his heel and walked away.

RONNIE, busy with his thoughts, was rammed that the return trip to New York seemed so short. As the air was cold and brisk, he walked from the station to Molly's flat which the door was opened by Lily.

"Shh!" she warned him. "Molly's just gone to sleep."

Ronnie tiptoed quietly across the room and stood not far from the bed, listening to Molly's rasping breath. "Is she sick?" he asked worriedly.

"She had a terrible chill toward morning and we couldn't get her warm. Not even with two hot-water bags. I went out and got a pint of whisky and made her a hot toddy, but even that didn't seem to help. Half an hour ago she fell asleep."

They bent over Molly anxiously. "There's no doubt she has a fever," Ronnie observed, gravely. "If she isn't any better by tonight, we'll get a doctor. I've got to go now."

When Molly awakened from her heavy sleep that evening and saw the girls forlornly grouped around her bed, she forced a wan smile. "Just tired," she mumbled. "Stop worrying. Get some rest yourselves. A couple of aspirins and I'll be on my feet again."

"But, Molly, we want to send for a doctor," argued Lily, who was frightened by Molly's fever.

"Don't you dare! I'll throw him out on his ear," Molly retorted weakly. "Well, what's happened?" She closed her eyes wearily.

"A lot has happened!" Julia answered.

"The papers are full of the story of the burglary, and Ronnie seems to be the hero. Only a few of them mention an actress and our names aren't even in it. I've cut out all the clippings so you can read them when you feel better."

"Poor Graham," Molly said. She thought she saw some smile, which her smile was warm and friendly.

"I don't see why you feel sorry for Graham!" Lily's voice was like cymbals in Molly's ears. "I think he acted like the devil! Believe me, if I ever run into him I'll give him a good piece of my mind!"

"Ssh, Lily," Musette pleaded "I think he's going to sleep again."

They watched Molly as her eyelids fluttered and twitched as if she were in pain. "My chest hurts," she moaned.

"I'll get a doctor," Musette whispered, when the others had left the room. "I don't like the way she looks."

"Let's wait until Ronnie gets back," Lily decided. "If he can handle Molly if she kicks about. She's only thinking about the expense."

"Where's Ronnie gone?"

"Out to get a job."

"So soon?" Julia slightly elevated her puckered eyebrows. "Why, he's worn out, too."

"We all are," Lily agreed, "but tomorrow at nine A. M. I'll be on the hoof myself."

There had been a traditional custom to the last rays of the sun cast a faint glow upon the city, "Everybody hurrying, and for what?" Lily mused, as her eyes rested for a moment on an eddy of human flotsam that was swept around a corner as if whirled by an angry current toward an unknown destiny. So had she and Molly, and all the others, been rushing pell-mell through life, always with the mirage of success luring them on, and far too often accompanied by the frightening shadows of doubt, and fear, and failure.

She turned her head slowly and her eyes rested long and searchingly on Molly's face. What had Molly really got out of all her hard work? Everything had been so transient—her success, the money she had made, even the one great love of her life had come and gone like a phantom in the spring-scented dusk. It was true, she realized, that Molly and Fred Markham had been themselves, and had used each other for their beauty in their ill-fated love, had known the fulfillment of a deep passion. If Molly were to die tomorrow. Lily came to the instant conclusion, at least she had lived—if life really meant an infinite knowledge of all human relationships.

WHEN Ronnie returned that evening, he found Molly awake. "Did you find a room?" she asked, her eyes bright with fever.

"I sure did. In the Peeper's flat right under this one. They seem very nice, and I can have my breakfasts there if I want to."

"You'll eat up here with us, Ronnie. Musette got her old room back, right across the hall."

"That's a break, isn't it?" He spoke cheerfully, but when he looked at Lily watching him tensely, he noticed his head significantly. Immediately she left the room to telephone to the doctor. "Molly, hold your breath, old gal. I've got far more important news for you." She tried to focus her eyes on his broad face, highly colored by his hurried walk home in the bitter cold. "I've found a good job in a florist's shop."

Molly scarcely heard him. "Your name's in the paper, Ronnie. I should have changed it when you went down there. I think I've got the brain of a rabbit."

He pressed her feverish hand between his cool calloused palms. "It's the best thing that ever happened. Molly. Do you realize that all the papers speak of me as the efficient gardener on a large Long Island estate?"

How weary she looked and how afraid! He rose to take as an elderly doctor walked into the room.

After a brief examination, the physician found that Molly was too ill to be taken, even by ambulance, to the hospital. "Pneumonia," he said, and sent out for once a trained nurse. "Where's the physician?" Lily whispered, her face ashen. "Will she pull out of this?"

"She's dangerously ill," the doctor admitted, reluctantly.

THROUGH the dreadful days and nights that followed, Molly's friends, keeping hurrying and fighting, waited for the crisis. Molly's mind was a jumble of memories. "Ring down the curtain!" she would say in a scarcely audible whisper "Ronnie! Ronnie! They didn't laugh!" Then sometimes she would call, "Yes, Mr. Graham! Here I am. Mr. Graham!" But more often her parched lips would move as if she were trying to sing.

"Girls," Ronnie Burgess said one night, as they all gathered forlornly in Musette's room, "if it's Molly's time to go, no doctors or medicines will save her. There's nothing I can do for you. Now you know how unhappy she'd be if she saw us acting like this. She has more courage than all of us put together. She never cried after Freddie died. She used to tell me, 'I've got to keep my chin up for Freddie's sake. If you ever find me all bent over from self pity, promise to give me good swift kick.' So, girls, if Molly goes we've got to carry on. There must be some real work for us to do in this life, because I believe when there's no more work for you then you're hurried through the main exit. So come on, cheer up! I'll go down to my room and bring up what's left of gin. We'll mix some cocktails and drink to Molly. That's the spirit she'd like to see in us."

"Ronnie's a great guy," Lily remarked as he left the room. "And he's right. We've got to carry on.

"I've bunched that Molly's going to get well, and when she sees what a pretty sorry bunch of dirshags we are, she's going to lose her taste for us. Think of all the good news we have to tell her. That'll buck her up no end!"

"If you call working as a bundle wrapper in Molly's good news, then you're easily satisfied," Julia challenged.

"I'm not a bundle wrapper; I'm a parcel wrapper, and what's more, I like my job. Seventeen bucks a week!"

"Did Sol Kimbel answer your letter, Lily?" Musette asked, hopefully. She had found a job in a tea room but, as yet, was having a bad time remembering orders.

"Not a peep out of him!"

"But you told him about Molly's being so sick, didn't you?"

"Since I did, I wrote reams after I couldn't get in to see him. I flattered the pants off him, telling him what a great guy he was, and how much greater he'd be if he'd only line up a small part for Molly. I said that if she had a part waiting for her, it would buck her up no end. Say, a firing squad couldn't drill a hole into that? She added viciously.

When Ronnie returned, his eyes reflected his excitement. "Lucky I went downstairs. Harry just got me on the phone. Old man Graham's going to take Jimmy to Europe with him. They're leaving Saturday."

"So Mr. Graham's going away?" Julia said
ludicrously. "What a pity, isn’t it? I had hoped to meet him again when I wasn’t employed by him in the capacity of a servant. As it was, I scarcely got a chance to have a personal word with him and I feel that we might be very much in accord."

A derisive "whoop!" went up, which Julia accepted freezing. "Didn’t Harry let Mr. Graham know by some hook or crook about how sick Molly was?" Musette asked Ronnie.

"He did not! That’s the last thing in the world that Molly would want."

"But she needn’t have known anything about it," persisted Musette. "Harry could have let it slip out, and I’m sure Mr. Graham would have wanted to do something nice for her."

"Yes, and if we’d have accepted it, Molly would have never given us?" With a trace of scornful resentment, Ronnie continued: "The day I went down to testify against Adler, Graham was there. He kept plying me with questions about everything under the sun, and I have a hunch that he wanted to talk about Molly and didn’t have the nerve. Queer old duck. Then," he added, apologetically: "I don’t know why I keep calling him ‘old.’ I’m fifty myself, and I don’t imagine he’s more than a year or two my senior. But some men are so ingrown they’re ninety at nineteen. Probably Graham never had a fling in his youth."

ALMOST every night after his work was done and he had paid a visit at the flat to inquire after Molly, Ronnie spent several hours on his play. He was basing this play on the events that had actually happened to them—Molly running into Harry Phipps—Kitty and the judge—Adler recognizing Julia—even the ridiculous Daisy seemed to belong. It was no easy problem to make their story seem plausible. Ronnie argued with himself and yet, darn it all, it had happened! It was real, and somehow or other, he must recreate it in a play. As he roughly blocked out the acts, and then the scenes, the character of Molly as Mrs. Bunch, the housekeeper, became so vital that it gave the entire story a semblance of reality. Writing into it all his deep-rooted affection for Molly, Ronnie believed that if ever he captured her personality, he would win the approval, not of the critics, perhaps, but of warm-hearted audiences.

The Christmas holidays came in gaily, but their gaiety only mocked the heavy hearts in Molly’s flat. It seemed incredible to her friends that Molly’s abounding energy should have been so far spent that she seemed willing to lie there, day after day, without even reaching up to grasp the straws of strength that whirled past in small recurrent eddies.

She almost cried when Peabody brought Daisy to see her. "Look at the fool dog," she pointed out to Julia, who stood looking at Daisy with undisguised contempt. "She knows me!"

"I don’t see how she could ever forget you," Julia answered, caustically. "Why she wasn’t the death of you still remains a mystery to me."

"Aw, don’t talk about Daisy like that!" Molly reproached. "She’s sensitive and she understands every word we say."

"Fiddlesticks!" Julia hastily left the room because she could not bear to see the huge Daisy making herself at home on the end of Molly’s bed.

When Molly and he were alone, Peabody was relieved. He had two matters of grave import on his mind and he was at a loss how to proceed tactfully.

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**SINCE I MADE THE **
**"ARMHOLE ODOR" TEST**

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If you use a deodorant that does not stop perspiration, MOISTURE will collect on the armhole of your dress and the wrth of your body will bring out an offensive, stale "armhole odor" . . .

**C**AN’T you just feel when a wonderful new man is attracted to you! He can’t take his eyes off you. Yet after one or two dance dates he becomes indifferent. You’re left alone again . . .

It’s a tragedy that is bound to happen when a girl neglects that little hollow under her arm. So many hearts would be saved if all women realized that deodorizing alone is not enough!

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Some deodorants aren’t made to stop perspiration. You go right on perspiring. Perspiration collects on your dress. And just when you yearn to be your loveliest, your dress gives off that offensive "armhole odor" which means a sure and ugly end to any woman’s allure!

Isn’t it terribly foolish to take such a chance when Liquid Odorono’s double action will keep the underarm not only sweet, but dry?

Test your dress tonight. When you take it off, smell the fabric under the armhole. You hate to believe it—that shocking stale armhole odor! Nevertheless, this is the way you smell to others. Now you can see why the nice women of two continents never think of neglecting the few minutes’ ritual of applying Liquid Odorono.

**No underarm grease—no stains—**
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Not only does Liquid Odorono keep your feminine appeal always safe, but it saves your frocks from both grease and perspiration stains. And it has no telltale odor to give you away. Start tomorrow. In two strengths, Regular and Instant. At all toilet-goods counters.

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I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

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he loves
ardent color...

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parching!

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

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

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

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

“Molly,” he began hesitantly, “I hate to worry you about a thing like this when you’re so ill, but do you think that Ronnie should go ahead with that play tonight?”

Molly smiled tolerantly; she had listened to this argument before. Julia had ridiculed it from the start, while Musette had been afraid the judge would file a lawsuit against Ronnie.

“Listen, Harry, don’t you worry,” Molly confided. “Nothing’s going to come of it. If it thinks it’s a knockout, but while I’m amused by it, I’m sorry to say the play hasn’t a chance. I wouldn’t tell Ronnie that for anything under the sun. Every night he works like mad, and on Sundays he always reads me what he has written. It’s funny stuff, all right, but you know the trends. Ronnie knows as much as I do.

The public wants sophisticated stuff. Poor Ronnie! He’s such a darling. He thinks he’s going to put us all back on easy street, so how could I throw cold water on him?”

“Thank heavens,” Peabody breathed a sigh of relief. “I didn’t think it was quite fair to Mr. Graham. If the play came out, he might recognize himself. From what Ronnie tells me, he isn’t sparing him, and of course it wouldn’t take the newspapers long to ferret out the truth.”

“Listen, Harry, if Ronnie got a chance to put that play on, you or I or nobody else would have any right to stop him. Not that I think he’ll ever have a hearing, but it’s Ronnie’s idea and a playwright can get his ideas anywhere he wants to. Savvy?”

“I’m afraid so, Molly. Not that I wish Ronnie any bad luck, but if I do hope nothing comes of it. Mr. Graham and Jimmy are having a nice time in England, so Jimmy writes, and you’d have to have anything spoil the real friendship between those two that’s sprung up since—well, since you left there.”

“Nope, I don’t want anything to worry young Jimmy,” Molly agreed. “Some day I’d like to see him again. I’ll bet he’d laugh over the whole mess. He’s got much more of a sense of humor than any of us give him credit for.”

Peabody scarcely heard what Molly was saying, he was tacitly trying to lead up to a very delicate subject. “Molly,” he blurted, suddenly, “I’ve got quite a nice little nest egg in the bank. You know I spoke to you about that once before, and—and—I have a good steady job, so I don’t need any more money than Daisy does and I’m happy as a—”

“Aw, shut up, you darn fool!” Molly laughed softly, though there were tears in her eyes. “You’re trying to lay that nest egg of yours right in my lap. Gee! It’s swell of you, Harry, but I don’t need it, really I don’t. Ronnie and all the girls but Julia are working, and it takes so little to live here.”

As Ronnie came in, Peabody left hurriedly.

“Listen, girls!” Ronnie cried, in an exultant tone. “Bob Churchill’s going to read my play over the week end.”

A slight shadow fell across Molly’s face.

“Why don’t you wait, Ronnie, until you get a better third act?”

Ronnie came over and dropped down on the edge of the bed. “Listen, Molly,” he said seriously. “I’ve thought it all over, but I’m not going to cut out that sentimental stuff you’re afraid of. I know I play it that way...but they’re going to want to see the play end that way. It rounds out the whole central idea.”

OVER the week end they waited eagerly, almost tensely, to hear Churchill’s criticism of the play. Unoubtedly, they figured he would see Ronnie sometime Monday afternoon, and by night they would know his opinion.

“I’m going to stay up today,” Molly determined on Monday, “and we’ll have a sort of a special dinner.” She donned the pink frock that Peabody had sent her for Christmas, “I feel alive again, just as if someone had shot off a giant firecracker under my tail. Who knows, we might all be back in the theater again!”

They decided, unanimously, to have a New England dinner and serve the stew on the stove. Julia lit the incense to warm the pungent aroma of cabbage, Lily set the table with the best tablecloth, while Musette tilted the flat.

The moment they heard Ronnie’s footsteps in the hall outside they knew that Bob Churchill had approved the play. Ronnie opened the door with a veritable war whoop and flung the manuscript across the room onto the couch.

“Girls! He not only thinks it’s good,” he shouted, “but he’s going to boost it to Jerome Matthews, who backed his own play!”

MOLLY tottered over to Ronnie, and threw her arms around him. “You darling!” She laughed and cried.

“Come on, Molly, sit down and rest your hands and face,” Lily urged, as she dragged the old rocker across the room. “Attaboy, Ronnie!”

“Do I smell corned beef and cabbage?”

In his excitement, Ronnie was still shouting.

“Food fit for a king!”

“Or a successful playwright,” Molly reminded him. “Go on, Ronnie, tell us, I’m trembling all over. Who is this Jerome Matthews? And do you think”—she could hardly voice her question—“do you think?”

“If I think any harder, Molly, my head’s going to explode.” Ronnie laughed easily.

This guy Matthew’s is no other than Jerome J. Peabody, that old Siesta, Maine, Arizona. Loussy with money! He dislikes the theater, but as long as people insist upon going to plays, he’s willing to use his money to see that the plays are at least prim-bonneted and wear cotton stockings. Bob says Matthews will be sold on “Higher than High.” He’s arranged a meeting with the old boy next Sunday Right after church!”

“Hurray for crime!” shouted Lily.

On Sunday night Ronnie returned to the little flat not quite so hilarious as he had been after his interview with Churchill, but still well rigged and with a giggle in his leg. “Well, I like the play pretty well,” he admitted. “If you girls are willing to chance it maybe he will kick through with enough money to give you a little something during rehearsal and while we’re on the road. He’s not crazy about it, but I think he’ll stick.”

Though their high hopes were somewhat dampened by this report, they all agreed, even Julia, that they would venture forth on this slightly unsteady craft with Ronnie at the helm.

The first of March Molly was well enough to start rehearsals. They met in the flat, a solemn and somewhat awed group, to hear another reading of the play. Though no one had expected Peabody to accept the role he had played in real life, they had invited him to join them in what was to them their first step toward their return to Broadway. Ronnie read his comedy, occasionally pausing to look at the long serious faces before him, faces as immobile as masks.

“Very, very funny,” said Peabody in a hollow voice, when the first act was finished. At the end of the third act he cried out unequivo-

cally: “Ronnie, you’ve got something! Some-

how I feel it in my bones.” Suddenly he
jumped up, his face flushed with color. “To hell with my job at the Graham house! I’m going to throw my hat into the ring with the rest of you!”

“Harry Phripps!” Molly rushed toward him with her arms outstretched. “I haven’t seen you in a coon’s age! I mean, the real old you! Boy! It does my heart good!” Molly stopped short when she saw a vaguely troubled look come back into Peabody’s eyes. “What’s eating you now, Harry?”

“I was just thinking about Mr. Graham,” Peabody admitted, reluctantly. “I can’t dash right off without giving him warning, and then, if I do, how are we going to get Daisy away?”

“We’ll buy,” Molly suggested, quickly, “now that we’ve got money to burn.”

“But suppose Mr. Graham won’t sell her?” A shadow of Peabody’s old fear came over him. “It wouldn’t be fair to Daisy to leave her down there all alone—especially when we need her in the play—”

“I’ll tell you what we’ll do,” Molly interrupted. “You write to Mr. Graham that you’re going to leave. Ask him if you can’t buy Daisy because you’ve grown so attached to her. Then, if he says no, there’s only one course left. Somebody’ll have to steal Daisy! I’ll write Jimmy, telling him he’ll get Daisy back when he returns.”

That evening they all gathered around the table and fashioned a long earnest letter to Mr. Graham. Peabody copied it carefully and it was mailed the following morning.

Some days later Peabody and Daisy came into Molly’s flat. The letter from Graham had been most reassuring. He had planned to remain in England until the following summer, and, as he intended to sell the Long Island estate, he was glad that Daisy had found a good home.

“I tell you it looks as if nothing is going to stand in our way, Harry,” Molly exclaimed, after she had read and reread the letter.

Ronnie Burgess deliberated long and seriously on which town would be best for their first opening, and decided that the farther they were from Broadway, the better their chances to keep the play a secret.

So, one stormy afternoon, the troupe boarded the steamer to Boston. From there they traveled by train through a country still bleak and locked in the embrace of an unusually severe winter. Their arrival at the small hotel caused little stir. They were not a particularly prosperous-looking theatrical crowd, with the exception of the actor who was to play the role of the master of the Long Island home, and few persons cast a second glance at them.

During the afternoon rehearsal, while the sun struggled through the dense but shifting clouds, they kept the doors of the theater open. Groups of children crowded to the open portals to watch curiously a strangely dressed theatrical group performing stiffly on the draughty stage. Hampered by the cold and burdened by heavy sweaters, mufflers and thick overcoats, the actors and actresses moved slowly and automatically through their roles. There was a fearful creaking every time the scenes were changed and often elaborate curses drifted far from the stage where an inadequate crew struggled valiantly with frayed ropes and rusted pulleys.

“If God’s in His heaven, and the creeks don’t rise,” Ronnie remarked, pensively, “we’ll get through this performance tonight. I’m not quite sure whether or not the curtain is going to rise and fall; it’s acting now like a balky mule.”

“Everything’s going to be O.K.” Molly as-
Don't be a Chrysanthemum!

SAYS

Jane Heath

No girl can look truly super-smooth and glamourous with brows running rampant or a fringe of short hairs sprouting from her hair line. Tweezette is the little beauty implement for removing face hairs automatically and painlessly, and a cap covers the pluckers so you can carry it in your purse wherever you go! $1.

It isn't enough just to de-fringe yourself ... the glamour girls of Europe have that well-groomed look too! ... Sleek, shining brows like wings ... long, silky lashes. ... Kurlene is a scientific formula for grooming — so always stroke your brows and lashes with it before retiring. Use Kurlene for daytime, too, and notice the lovely rainbow lights a touch of it puts in your lashes! 50c and $1.

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LASH-TINT MACARA—in either compact or liquid-waterproof from; and
LASH-PAC— permanent mascara in lipstick case with a brush in brush for instant use.

PHOTOPLAY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1937

Don't Forget

“Gee! it's good to see a lot of old friends out there,” she began. “I've been off the stage for such a long time I thought maybe you'd forgotten me.”

“Consoling on your life!” a voice cried out to her.

And then the gallery kids began to whistle and stamp.

“Hello, kids!” Molly yelled at them, quickly forgetting the years that stood like a deep dark chasm between her and her past successes.

“Come around to the stage door after the show and I'll give you Daisy’s autograph.”

A roar went up at this. Ronnie, standing in the wings, grew pale with excitement. When Molly, after taking her last bow, jumped in as she hurried into her dress room, they looked at each other in silent happiness.

In Connecticut, the troupe decided to stay at a small resort not far from Molly's old farm house. One Sunday morning Molly stole away alone to pay it a little visit.

She peered through the broken panes in the windows and was not in the least disturbed when she saw that the downward drafts had broken the chimneys to bits and knocked the chimneys to bits and knocked the floors shining again, and deep-dish-chairs resting importantly on the wide hooked rug in front of the fireplace. She could hear the piano tinkling in the far corner of the room, and Lily’s booming voice rising above Julia's throaty uncertain contralto. Musette would be there, too, perhaps, and her bent elbows on the table.

Molly, you girls!" Ronnie shouted from the wings.

Strange enough, instead of damping the enthusiasm, the incident of Daisy and the excitement that followed after her leap from the stage warmed the audience. And when the asbestos curtain, after much difficulty, was hoisted up on the next scene, they relaxed at last; not only not laughed, but applauded fervently.

At the end of the second act when Peabody, who had stolen into the rear of the theater and was well hidden behind a post, called "Author! Author!" the audience responded with a cry for "Molly Drexel!" Lili rushed into the crowd, toward her.

"Molly!" she cried, "they’re calling for you out in front! I told you they hadn't forgotten you!"

"I can’t believe it," Molly insisted. "You’re making that up."

Then, with sudden remembrance, the author’s grace, she turned to the author’s grace, this calling me instead of ‘Author’ just to make me feel good.

"You’re wrong, Molly! I was looking through a peephole in the curtain. It comes from a whole bunch of old-timers down in front. Hurry up, throw your dress and cap out and try to get a letter they didn't get a hand!"

The applause that greeted Molly as she stepped before the footlights made the tears smart in her eyes. For a moment she stood there mutely, too moved for empty words.

"Go on, Molly, say something!" somebody yelled.

When she heard them call her by her first name, Molly felt as if warm hands had been extended to her across the footlights and their touch was electrical.
"Come clean, Sol, let's not kid each other. I know why you're here. You've heard through the old grapevine that we've got a good show. That it's playing to capacity and getting plenty of laughs and has a darn good chance on Broadway. Ain't it right, Sol?"

"Sure, Molly. But there's no use getting sore about it. I'm nobody's fool, and if you do get a backer, you need a go-between. I'm willing to sign you any day, even for five per cent, and that's only because we're old friends."

"Seen the play, Sol?" She held his gaze unflinchingly.

"No."

He lied easily, and Molly knew that. "But I hear it's not bad. Not so good either, of course, but then—"

"I thought we were going to lay our cards on the table, Sol! I know you've seen the play or you wouldn't bother to talk to me."

"Well, I saw parts of it," he admitted reluctantly. "Some of it's good, but it's got weak spots. What it needs is a smart guy like me to find a couple of A-1 dialogue-writers to pep it up a bit. Sort of blood transfusion. Get me, Molly? It's a little bit old-fashioned."

"Sure it is," Molly answered with pride, "and that's the way it's going to stay!" She looked at him with stely eyes. "So long, Sol!"

The expression in Sol Rimbel's eyes revealed to Molly that he would leave no stone unturned to make their entrance into New York as unpleasant as possible. For a moment she was afraid she had gone too far. Then she shrugged her shoulders. Let Sol throw his harpoons! Let the critics ridicule the play or damn it with faint praise! What was the difference? Their audiences alone were going to decide their fate!

Will powerful Sol Rimbel ruin Molly's show on Broadway? What will the wealthy Graham's reaction be to a play that openly ridicules him? Read October PHOTOPLAY.
RUSTLER'S VALLEY—Paramount

HERE is another Hopalong Cassidy Western with William Boyd at his best in the title role. It has plenty of action with Boyd turning detective to clear his pal, Russell Hayden, of the accusation of a bank robbery, and incidentally uncovering cattle rustlers, unmasking a crooked lawyer and an unscrupulous banker. He also finds time to fall in love with Muriel Evans. Better than the average Hopalong.

THE CALIFORNIAN—20th Century Fox

A DIFFERENT Western concerning the early days of California history. When Ricardo Cortez returns to California from Spain, he finds his people at the mercy of gringo bandits who have moved in. Becoming another Robin Hood, Cortez organizes a band to right the injustice done the Spanish settlers. Katherine de Mille, wife of the deposed outlaw leader, causes plenty of trouble. Marjorie Weaver is heroine.

LOVE IN A BUNGALOW—Universal

A LIGHTWEIGHT little story, this has Nan Grey, hostess in a model bungalow, and Kent Taylor, breezy salesman, bickering in the modern manner. Unmarried, they enter a happiest married couple contest, win, and are forced to live up to the terms of the contest, which include a couple of kids and pets. It's fairly amusing, but it's the supporting cast that gets most of the laughs.

MARRY THE GIRL—Warner's

FANCY the hysterical "woo hoong" of Hugh Herbert and the fuss-budgetting of Mary Boland, as heads of a newspaper syndicate, and you have some idea of this giddy-gabby comedy. Add to the fun, Mischa Auer as a phony artist, and Frank McHugh as a timid Romeo in love with Carol Hughes, and for good measure throw in Alan Mowbray and Hugh O'Connell. Need we say it's a laugh riot?

KING SOLOMON'S MINES—GB

BASED on the fantastic but not incredible adventure novel of H. Rider Haggard, this depicts the thrilling experiences of five travelers searching for the lost diamond mines of King Solomon. Paul Robeson contributes an excellent characterization and some fine singing as the King of the Zulus; Cedric Hardwicke plays Alan Quatermain with his usual finesse, and Roland Young, Anna Lee and John Loder complete the cast. The native scenes photographed in South Africa are highly interesting, and though the whole picture seems somewhat a la serial, you'll enjoy it.

ON AGAIN—OFF AGAIN—RKO Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey as a pair of quarreling business partners. They decide on a wrestling match as a solution to their troubles. The winner takes over the business, the loser becomes valet to the winner. Woolsey wins and the antics of Wheeler as valet and his troubles with Esther Muir, Woolsey's wife, are very funny. Patricia Wilder, Russell Hicks and Marjorie Lord add pep.

SHE HAD TO EAT—20th Century-Fox

THIS picture has all the old time-tested "comedy" devices, including the ones of mistaken identity, the crankpot millionaire and his valet, the dumb country boy and the clever one, they find out. But this time, Eugene Pallette, Franklin Pangborn, and Rochelle Hudson are excellent, but the complicated story yields only a few moments of genuine hilarity.

NEW FACES OF 1937—RKO Radio

[Variety, laughter, a cast that stretches from here to there, and plenty of music form your requisite for fine cinema—then this is superlative. Certainly it is mad, fast, and pretty to look at. And, despite the colossal task of weaving so many sketches and minor acts into a composite whole, the general effect is smooth. Joe Penner, Milton Berle, Parkyakarkus and Harriet Hilliard form the supporting wedge of established talent on which is built a complicated structure of entertainment.

The story concerns a theatrical producer who deliberately produces flop shows as a racket; finally he is found out, disappears and leaves his group of youngsters to carry on. They do, for reel after interesting reel.

Outstanding is a parody underscoring act by Eddie Rieo, the song "Widow in Lace," Mary Frances Gifford, and the photography.

CORNERED—Warner's

THIS is "The Bad Man" without that story's virtues, done in a Chinese setting. It might just as well have been left undone. Boris Karloff is the rebel general who solves Gordon Oliver's love problems by killing off Ricardo Cortez, Beverly Roberts' husband, and saving Oliver's oil field. There are raids, rebellions and general turmoil, but it all lacks conviction, and the performances are generally mediocre.

THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS—M-G-M

GORGEOUS production, exquisite costume-like work by Luise Rainer and the always superlatively performant of Bill Powell make this a fine picture. From any artistic standpoint the story is involved, melodramatic and antique, like the candlesticks which form its motif.

Luise and Powell are spies for opposite countries. They hide various secret papers in two candlesticks. Then, on the way to St. Petersburg, the things are stolen—and a chase begins, which almost ends in disaster for both. Robert Young is the appealing Grand Duke whose abduction sets off the fireworks; Maureen O'Sullivan plays his seductress, and surprisingly, is believable. You may expect the usual fine performance from Frank Morgan. Coming after "The Good Earth," Luise Rainer's characterization is refreshingly woody; and her beauty is breath-taking.

The Shadow Stage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61
SUPER SLEUTH
—RKO-Radio

JACK OAKIE goes to town. He mugs, slugs, and practically turns cartwheels to create laughs in this comedy satire of all mystery yarns.

Jack plays a dim-wit Hollywood actor who yearns to be a detective off screen as well as on. When a jealous pal who runs a beach concession insists on taking pot shots at the actor, Oakie sets out to discover the would-be murderer.

The chase leads all through the crazy pier concessions and ends up, of all places, in the haunted horror house of Oakie's jealous enemy.

It's screamingly funny hokum with Oakie at his boisterous best. Ann Sothern as his girl friend is cute and perky.

WILD AND WOOLLY
—20th Century-Fox

THIS fast-moving comedy presents Jane Withers in her best picture to date as the tomboy granddaughter of Walter Brennan, ex-bandit, who wants to be sheriff.

With the able assistance of "Alfalfa" Switzer, Jane uncovers a bank holdup plot, and brings romance to Pauline Moore and Robert Wilcox.

Jane has a song and dance number that will captivate you, and you'll love "Alfalfa's" antics.

☆ DEAD END
—United Artists

SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S play, "Dead End," loses none of the realistic beauty of its New York production in the screen version. Slums and smart apartment houses meet at the end of a street running to the East River which forms the background for the action. The story of how society makes its own criminals has been told before, but not by a group of children who, fighting for a place to play, "start out with knives but end up with guns."

There are individual performances in this large cast which are outstanding. Twelve are children, who almost steal the picture. Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea play the starring roles. Sylvia is convincing as Drina who fights to keep the spirit and body of her young brother, Tommy, clean, but Tommy, head of a juvenile gang, is heading toward the reform school. Wendy Barrie is excellent as the luxurious young woman living in the expensive apartment house next to the tenements. Both are in love with the idealistic, lame, young architect, sympathetically portrayed by Joel McCrea, who is brought up like Drina in the slums.

A superb and poignant scene takes place when Baby Face Martin, gangster, who grew up on this street, returns to "Dead End" and meets his mother for the first time in years. Humphrey Bogart has the role of the gangster.

This is a must see unless you don't like realism in the theater.

Mrs. Leona W. Chalmers invents invisible protection... so comfortable you'll never feel it... so secure you'll always be at ease!

IT TOOK A WOMAN
to ease women's most trying ordeal

Bulky devices for sanitary protection have always caused women extreme concern. The natural, periodic function usually is not half so painful to the modern, active women as the fear of uncleanness and odor, and the possible irritation of insecure pads.

Mrs. Leona W. Chalmers, authority on internal hygiene and author of "The Intimate Side of a Woman's Life," decided to do something about it... and she did!

Guided by gynecologists and other physicians who have made a study of the delicate female organs, Mrs. Chalmers created the Tass-ette.

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If your druggist hasn't yet received his stock of Tass-ettes, mail us one dollar and we'll be glad to send you a Tass-ette in a plain package, and a FREE copy of the new booklet, "The Conquest of Feminine Discomfort," which fully illustrates and describes the use of this amazing, new protection. Mail the coupon today.

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Send me a Tass-ette with complete instructions; I enclose $1.00.

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This offer expires September 1, 1937.

How Hollywood found the "Molly" of Frances Marion's serial (page 62) that you have been following in PHOTOLAY, is a story so human you'll love it. Watch for it then, next month.
PHOTOPLAY

**Putting Curves On The Thin Girl**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

Add to the above exercise tap dancing, rope skipping and bicycle riding. All these are positive developers. If you haven’t a bicycle with a handlebar like this lie on the floor using your arms to balance your body as you extend your legs straight up in the air until you are supporting your body on your upper back across the shoulders. Your hips must be off the floor. You may find it easier to keep them in the air by holding them there with the hands, placed by the arms and elbows on the floor. Now start pedaling as if you were riding a bicycle. Push as if you were pumping up a steep hill and put plenty of knee action into it. Do this at least five minutes at a time. Yes, my darlings, every day!

There is nothing so wonderful for all-around development as swimming. Exercise the shoulder and chest muscles by pulling yourself through the water with the full, open breast stroke. Reach way out in front of your body with both arms, then force them to the sides more than once and well. As if you offer fine resistance which is needed to round out and develop the chest muscles. This will also fill out shoulder hollows. Swimming is equally valuable for too-thin legs. Snap the legs against the water for all you are worth. Watch our friend the frog and kick with your legs in the same manner as he does. You still have left a good many summer week ends Take advantage of them!

Also, during the week, take a "waterless" dip in front of your open window every morning. Stand erectly, inhale deeply and do the breast stroke as an exercise. As if you were actually ploughing through the water. Inhale as you raise the arms and complete the stroke. Exhale as you drop the arms to the sides of the body before beginning a new stroke. At least ten times every morning for this one. Incidentally, practice deep and correct breathing as often as possible during the day. Fresh air is a potent tonic for you frail ones.

SUN baths, of course, you must have. Take them often. Begin with a short exposure and increase the time daily until you can stay out in the sun with little danger of blisters. Always keep the head covered and the skin lubricated to prevent dryness. Red chiffon veils or red cellophane parasols are excellent protectors for delicate skins. You still get the benefit from the rays of the sun, but with far less burn.

Rest is vitally important. You’ve heard that a thousand times, I suppose, but you can’t be bothered to do it. Well, let me tell you babies, you’d better, or you’ll be taking a long rest that you didn’t expect to take.

Lie down for half an hour after luncheon. If you work in an office, that’s out, but at least you can do it before dinner. Stretch out, close your eyes and relax. This will smooth out the kinks in your stomach and your nerves; it will aid digestion, too, which is also a part of the program to gain weight.

It is a good idea to have a light, soothing massage at least twice a week. Have it at night after you have prepared for bed. Instruct the person giving you the massage to linger longest over the feet and the lower part of the spine. It must be a gentle, relaxing massage, nothing vigorous or overstimulating.

Make it a rule, three nights a week, at least to be in bed by nine o’clock, and every night,
get at least nine hours of sound, restful sleep. There is nothing like it to repair worn tissues.

If you find you have difficulty in getting to sleep try this: lie on your back in bed. Raise the knees. With both hands, begin to massage the abdomen. Begin low on the right side and with a rotary movement, work upwards. Use only a slight pressure and increase it over the liver. Continue across the abdomen and down on the left side. Do this for about five minutes, always massaging in the same direction. After you have finished this treatment, put a warm pad or tepid water bottle on your stomach. Or, instead, if you like, a small pillow. It is not so heavy, yet produces sufficient warmth to sooth the stomach nerves.

That happy proprietary air on Bing Crosby is because his little frau, Dixie Lee, is beside him to see the huge crowds attending the opening of his race track at Del Mar, California.

SPEAKING of stomachs, I can hear you yelling, “When do we eat?” Okay, children, here is a general building-up diet that contains nourishing and tissue-building foods—both so necessary for good health and good looks. You can adapt this diet to your individual needs and your doctor will advise you of any necessary substitutes.

1. Upon arising: a glass of water with the juice of half a lemon

2. For breakfast: small dish of steamed prunes, steamed figs, a baked apple with cream or sliced bananas. Portion of hominy grits with a small square of butter and a tablespoon of brown sugar. As a substitute, corn-meal mush: cream of wheat or brown rice flakes. A couple of days a week you may have a coddled egg Whole-wheat toast, buttered. Jam or marmalade, if you desire. Coffee or a glass of milk.

3. About eleven o’clock: large glass of orange or tomato juice.

4. Luncheon: a bowl of soup. Cream of tomato, celery, mushroom, lentil, chicken, okra with rice or vegetable. Salads: half an avocado with French dressing, pineapple with cottage cheese, plain lettuce, endive, watercress or mixed greens. Use plenty of parsley in both your salads and other prepared dishes. It is valuable. With your salads you may have a crisp roll or whole-wheat toast, buttered. Once in a while for luncheon you have a good portion of spaghetti or noodles with a piece of butter put on after the dish has been taken from the fire. Or you may have the course with plain crushed tomatoes. A vegetable plate is fine for a change. For dessert, one of the following: rice, custard, chocolate or bread pudding. Fresh fruits, fruit gelatine, cake or ice cream. Large glass of beer or milk with your luncheon.

5. Midafternoon: glass of milk (part cream) or a very ripe banana or big handful of raisins. Twice a week, the yolk only of a raw egg. Stir it in with the milk or take it alone. A little lemon juice and a dash of pepper and salt makes it more palatable if the raw idea makes you a little squeamish.

6. Dinner: crisp celery. Eat plenty, tops included. Choice of any soup or salad mentioned for luncheon. Substitute a clam or oyster stew occasionally. Two of the following vegetables: lima beans, turnips, parsnips, lentils, creamed celery or onions, stewed tomatoes, spinach, carrots or peas. Potatoes baked or boiled in the jacket. Eat the skin. Housewives, steam your beet tops, kale, mustard greens and such. Save the juices and drink a glassful during the day. It’s liquid health. Choose one of the following meats: broiled liver, meat loaf, rare roast beef, sweetbreads (grilled), old-fashioned lamb stew, ground round stew (broiled), or baked veal or lamb hearts stuffed with parsley. Broiled chicken. Avoid fried foods. You can and should have the juices of the meats, but be sure you skin off the indigestible fat. Choice of any dessert from the luncheon list. No coffee or tea, but instead, a glass of milk.


There you are, darlings! I’ve given you plenty of variety, so don’t let me hear any complaints about your diet becoming monotonous. Take time to chew your food well. Eat slowly. Whenever you are taking milk, chew that, too. By mixing it thoroughly with saliva, it will digest more easily.

I’ve given you a sure-fire routine here and I demand your co-operation. Stick to it and before long your thin figure will round out and you’ll acquire the smooth, round curves that every one of you has a right to possess.

“But jeepers,” some of you are probably saying, “What am I going to do when I begin to put on weight and it settles in places where I don’t want it?”

Now, for Pete’s sake, don’t worry about that at a time like this! Get it on those spots where you do want it first. That’s the important thing. We can always keep it controlled or get it off elsewhere by doing my special exercises for those bulgy spots, just as the fat girls have to do. So hop to it and remember whatever you need to help you along to greater beauty is yours for the asking.

Madame Syfia will help you on any beauty problem. Perhaps you would like her special weight control chart to help you decide what your figure really needs. Just write to Madame Syfia, in care of Photoplay, 7751 Sunset Blv., Hollywood, Calif. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for her reply.

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KEEPESAKE TROTH... Diamond Engagement Ring in Platinum, $200.00, Matching Wedding Ring, $50.00.

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She’ll love it! And no wonder for a Keepsake Engagement Ring is that way. • And the Wedding ring, well we weren’t going to mention it, but it certainly is all that a Wedding ring should be and besides it is an absolutely perfect match for the Engagement ring • And, after all, Keepsake is the last word when you are talking about diamond rings.

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KEEPESAKE DIAMOND RINGS OF REMEMBRANCE
**Brief Reviews**

[Continued from page 6]

and superb acting by all the principals combine to make 'Toomey's powerful tale of Port Arthur, Texas, the best picture of the season. Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore, Spencer Tracy, and Mervyn LeRoy surpass their most brilliant efforts. Positively a "must." (June)

**CHARLIE CHAN AT THE OLYMPICS**—20th Century-Fox—Warner Oland again dishes out his Chinese homilies with aplomb in this mystery of stolen airplane inventions located at the Berlin Olympics. Keye Luke is again his eager helper. Fast moving and intriguing. (June)

**DANCE CHARLIE DANCE**—Warners.—Stuart Erwin provides what comedy he can in this old-fashioned picture of a small-town boy who inherits money and puts on an unsuccessful Broadway production. Jean Muir is his sympathetic girl friend. Allen Jenkins, Addison Richards and Glenda Farrell contribute. (July)

**DAY AT THE RACES**—M-G-M.—One of the grandest bits of nonsense in the whole Marx of Time parade. Gags that explode with the man of a firecracker, dialogue that strike with insinuation, tuneful melodies, and pretty girls are sketched in against a background that includes Groucho, a horse doctor, Harpo a jockey, Chico a tippler, Maurice O'Sullivan, owner of a sanitarium, and Allen Jones who sings his love songs. A fun fest. (Aug.)

**DREAMING LIPS**—Trafalgar-United Artists.—A problem play of the triangle school that shows Elisabeth Bergner as the wife, Romney Brent as the wronged husband, and Raymond Massey as the weak lover, full play for their magnificent talents. If you like your psychology tragic, see this. (June)

**ELEPHANT BOY**—Korda-United Artists.—Tropical jungles and Oriental magnificence are the background for this simple tale of a boy's friendship with the biggest elephant in existence. Based on Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants" it is a completely diverting photographic masterpiece. Don't miss it. (June)

**FIFTY ROADS TO TOWN**—20th Century-Fox.—Another cuckoo comedy of the semi-mad type with Ann Sothern running away to stage and do. Ameche escaping from a divorce action. They meet in a deserted cabin. From then on, it's everybody's party. John Qualen and Slim Summerville are around. (June)

**FLY AWAY BABY**—Warners.—Glenda Farrell, romance Sherlock Holmes, again solves a murder mystery, but this time round the world trip to do it. Barton MacLane is the dick in love with her. Good comedy is provided by Tom Kennedy. And the finish is a surprise. (Aug.)

**GIRL LOVES BOY**—Grand National.—Ancient in theme, treatment and direction, this story of a small-town girl who reforms a local sinner is a very entertaining and a surprise performance by Irene Hervey, this picture forces the upper brackets. Jack Armstrong is the down-at-the-heal manager of a singing troupe. You should see it. (Aug.)

**GO GETTER, THE**—Warners.—Peter B. Kyne's famous story of a man, who despite the loss of a leg fights against all odds and finally wins out. Charles Winninger is grand, C. Aubrey Smith is his charming daughter, and George Be超级是 the ambitious young man. (July)

**GOOD EARTH**—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of Pearl Buck's novel. The story of the poor Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. Tilly Losch provocative as the second wife. Set by all means. (Aug.)

**GOOD OLD SOAK, THE**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery as the wayward, hard-living man who happily manages his family's problems involving Mrs. Logan, a daughter, and a son. The two brothers are brought together by the compelling characterization of Ricardo Cortez as a gambler forced to play against his own brother. Gail Patrick is a treat for the eye as usual. (June)

**HER HUSBAND LIES**—Paramount.—Old-fashioned melodrama in a new-fangled way by the compelling characterization of Ricardo Cortez as a gambler forced to play against his own brother. Gail Patrick is a treat for the eye as usual. (June)

**HIT PARADE, THE**—Republic.—Stars of radio contribute to the fun and frolic of this musical built around Phil Regan as a talent scout who, when double-crossed by singer Louise Henry, discovers Frances Langford, Eddie Duchin and Duke Ellington supply the melody. (June)

**Read Jack Benny's Vacation Radio Broadcast**

Do you miss Jack Benny? You don't have to because his latest radio broadcast is ready for you. You can hear it—20 minutes of the same fun he gives you on the air—the best laughs, the best playlets that have made his program the most popular in years.

All based on material furnished by Jack Benny himself, skilfully blended to make a perfect program, Jack's "Vacation Broadcast" will go far to make up to you his absence from the air during the coming months. By all means read this sprightly feature—it's an innovation in the radio fans' own magazine.

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**Critics Rave Over New Book**

(See Inside Back Cover)

"...Pull Yourself Together, Baby! should be popular because of the breezy style in which it is written, its common-sense, and its unusual appeal."—The St. Augustine Record, Fla.

"In the chatty style of a popular woman columnist, seasoned with casual anecdotes, Sylvia turns an experienced eye and a facile pen on common-sense facts about women."—The Montgomery Advertiser, Ala.

"Mixed with the novelties, merry chatter is quite a lot of sound common sense, which, if weighted and acted upon, would help many a woman to improve her physical appearance, the state of her health and her mental attitude."—Journal, Dallas, Texas

"Innumerable suggestions to help her who has not been blessed with this world's goods in looks and figure."—Herald-News, Fall River, Mass.

"Interspersed with her jests, this is unalliterative, well written and its sense and its logic cannot be proved not only interesting but extremely helpful to everybody."—Evening Tribune, Minneapolis, Minn.

"You'll get many a laugh at both, and several helpful ideas from the new book."—Evening Post, New York, N. Y.

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**Why her Hands attract Men**

Smart, successful women now strive for individuality in appearance—in personality. They want to be themselves.

Therein lies real charm.

Thus Revlon Nail Polish is used by attractive women everywhere. For Revlon offers 21 shades from which you may select those suited to your own personality, hands and clothes. And, of course, Revlon wears and wears. Lustre lasts longer.

Try "Newport" and "Nassau", Revlon's newest. You will like them. Men will admire your fine discrimination.

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**FASHION RIGHT** NAIL ENAMELS—"FASHION FIRST"
HOLLYWOOD COWBOY — RKO-Radio. — A movie cowboy proves himself a two-handed outdoor buglet, but material subject in a story in which he is mistaken for a real cowhand. George O'Brien is the hero who outwits ranch racketeers, wins Cecilia Parker. Joe Cates is the riotous stogue. Fast, furious and funny. (July)

HOTEL HAYWIRE — Paramount. — A conglom-eration of good actors lost in a melee of ancient buffalo- herders and modern Western sheepmen. Lenore Aubert is the fake seer whose advice breaks up the family of an old avenger and his wife, Spring Byington. The amateur detective work of Benay Baker and Collette Lyons adds to the marital confusion. (Aug.)

★ I MET HIM IN PARISS — Paramount. — As modern as tomorrow's hat, this sophisticated comedy mystery, in which a boxer has brains when he and two boys meet one girl. Claudette Colbert is the department store designer out for a fling. Myron Douglas and Robert Young see that she gets it. Dialogue is delicious and as catchy as moths. The snappy scenes taken in Sun Valley are breath-taking. Simply swell. (Aug.)

★ INTERNES CAN'T TAKE MONEY — Par- mount. — Tense melodrama of the clinic and barroom with Joel McCrea in the surgical white coat. He falls in love with her, becomes involved with Leroy Mason, heavy. You write the rest. (Aug.)

JIMMYHANEY—DETECTIVE—Republic. — Portly Guy Kibbee telskew in this mildy amusing comedy mystery, interracting his maria for rabble catching to tie a lovers' knot for Lucie Kaye and Tom Brown by solving a murder. Fair. (June)

KID CALAHAD — Warners. — An exciting story of the prize ring with Edward G. Rob- ertson as the self-centered manager of Wayne Morris. Eddie had better try to sell Morris out when he discovers his fighter is in the clink. Bette Davis. Humphrey Bogart. Bette and Eddie himself farse perfect. Morris is the star man with Morris proving a winner. July

KING OF GAMBLERS — Paramount. — The slicer-type melodrama reveals the sinister maneu- vers of Akim Tamiroff, slot machine racketeer, who makes a deal with the feds. In love with Claire Trevor he hires his rival Lloyd Nolan into a trap which catches the wrong flag. Top-notch. (Sept)

★ KNIGHT WITHOUT A MARMOR — London. — The London premiere of Unione Hinton’s story of romance and danger during the Russian Revolution, bolstered by spectacularly photographic scenes and Marlene Dietrich, as the exquisite countess, drops her mask, becomes really human. Robert Donat, as the secret service agent who saves her life, is perfect. Exceptional. (Aug.)

LADY ESCAPES, THE — 20th Century-Fox. — Another Grade Z attempt at whimsical farce that fails utterly. Michael Redgrave is in a bid for stardom, and Claire Trevor and Dale Davis are a pathetic couple of gamblers, he after a year of assault and battery decide on a divorce. What happens? Who cares? (Aug.)

LAST TRAIN FROM MADRID — Paramount. — A nervous American band in search of a subject mate and a good story, but the dialogue is an insult to intelligence. Included in the cast are Lew Ayres, Dorothy Lamour, and Colbert Roland, all of whom overact. (Aug.)

LET THEM LIVE — Universal. — Vivid and fast-moving story of a young doctor's efforts to save a paraplegic child. John Howard is splendid as the medic; Edward Ellis true to type as the noble and devoted Dr. Neil. McCarthy who tells Howard's efforts. The cast is good. (July)

★ LOST HORIZON — Columbia. — After two months of research and expense, James Hilton's tale of a lost paradise in Tibet, directed by Frank Capra, is a screen triumph. Ronald Colman distinguishes himself and leads a parade of capable cast, including B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, Sam Jaffe, Ina Claire and others. It is spellbinding. (May)

MAKE WAY FOR TOMORROW — Paramount. — A tender heart-stirring story of two old people who are uprooted. Brulah Bond and Victor Moore (in a serious role for once) offer a Ricky sympathetic portrait of a devoted couple. Thomas Mitchell, Myrna Loy and Barponsor Hall among the strong cast. It's splendid. (July)

MAN IN BLUE, THE — Universal. — The story of a cop, Edward G. Robinson who adopts the son of a thief he killed in line of duty. The boy, Robert Wilcox, allows his heritage to throw him on a loop in the wrong path, but all ends well with the help of his heart throb, Nan Grey. Take it or leave it. (Aug.)

★ MAYTIME — M-G-M. — Gay, charming and heart-stirring with a superb mosaic — color this picture. Among the main players are Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a beautiful story of love, lost, found and lost. Jeanette is a pure donna; John Harvey is his impresario, and Nelson a student. Rapturous songs, both classical and modern. A "Must." (May)

MEET THE MISSUN — RKO-Radio. — Miss America contest comes in for some fancy razzing in this Victor Moore-Helen Broderick, with Bette Davis. Helen enters a better housewife contest, dragging her Along. She decides to leave town. Anne Shirley is romantic. Loosely and lively. (Aug.)

MICHAEOL O'HALORAN — Republic. — A sentimen- taly,lobby drama of a fievrous wife who betrays two triumphs to win back the custody of her own children. When Wynne Gibson, the wife, grows to love Jack Hoxie and Darrell Wyatt, her husband becomes convinced of her sincerity. The kids are cunning. (Aug.)

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE — Warners. — Based on the famous Edith Maxwell case, this reveals the brutal- ities of a sadistic father (Robert Barrat) who beats his daughter (Josephine Hutchinson). She kills him, goes to prison. George Brent, as her attorney, does his bit. Too repellently cruel. (Aug.)

★ MOUNTAIN MUSIC — Paramount. — This screwball story of a small dog with waffles is an rollicking comedy of the knock-down drag-out tradition. Martha Raye is the homely hon who no man but Bob Burns wants. Things get raucous when the mountain people accuse John Howard of murdering Burns. If you like fun, here it is! (Aug.)

NAVY BLUES — Republic. — Sador Dick Purcell makes a bet he can win unattractive librarian Mary Brian. Besides mesmerizing her into a beauty winning a promotion and fanning lies, he of course wins the bet. The cast is fair. (Aug.)

NIGHT KEY — Universal. — The transformation of a woman from a bogyman character, the actor is important feature of this pleasing picture. Karold is an inventor of electrical guard alarms. There is humor and suspense in his revenge when crooks use his brain child for their own ends. (Aug)

★ NIGHT MUST FALL — M-G-M. — Sheer stark horror marches through this unusual, imagina- tive but superbly produced picture. Bob Montgomery steps out of his boyhood role to appear as an English bellboy with an insatiable blood lust, and a kahunn which is revealed by Royal Dano and Russell and Dame Maye Whitby. Exceptional. (July)

★ NIGHT OF MYSTERY — Paramount. — This tries to follow the tradition of the studio dance series and fails miserably. When a murderer somewhere went on exterminating the whole Grover family, you wish they would get it over, so you could go home. (June)

★ PAREL — M-G-M. — A moving and educa- tional story of the "unloved king of Ireland" and the woman for whom he gave up his crown, directed with restraint and scrupulous atten- tion to historical detail. Gable in the title role is duped, Myrna Loy as Kaye O'Meir is completely charming, and Edna May Oliver, Montagu Love, Neil Fitzgerald and Edmund Gwenn offer able support. Superior entertainment. (Aug.)

PERSONAL PROPERTY — M-G-M. — Paucity of talent and a plot that has Bob Taylor as a playboy bill collector stream through this drab burlesque in fine style. Reginald Owen — Taylor's brotherly rival. Mildly risque and very exasperating. (July)

★ PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, THE — War- ners. — Mickey Rooney's story of uncertain and pathe revolving around two youngsters whose exchange of costume changes the British Empire. Erol Flynn plays his usual role of fortune rife superbly. The Munch twins are intriguingly charmers. Glamorous and gripping. (June)

PUBLIC WEDDING NO. 1 — Warners. — New talent and a plot that has party goers who marry off Jane Wyman to William Hopper in a mock wedding which turns out to be legal. The new- comers are promising; Marie Wilson provides the laughs. (June)

★ RACETEAKERS IN EXILE — Columbia. — A family phenomenon built to high excitement by George Cukor's superb, impersonation of a female evangelist who finally reforms, Evelyn Venable does nicely as the main organism, Wynne Gibson is good as the gang-girl. (June)

★ THE CHOICE — Paramount. — The story of a man, Frank Morgan, who is hunting for a gold mine and meets a woman, Myrna Loy, who gets him into trouble. They are captured by bandits and the man lets the woman go. (Aug.)

★ THE COCONUT GROVE — Night-Life Center of Smart Los Angeles and Hollywood, DANCING NIGHTLY. — Scenes above, on the Ambassador Grounds, are but eight minutes from the financial section of Los Angeles and fourteen miles from the blue Pacific. Write for Rates and Chef's Cookbook of California Recipes.
RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS—Republic. — Better than most independent “quickies” this offers Pat Ellis as an unsuccessful composer of music and Warren Hull as the big-shot musician who offers to take him on if he can get a break. Raymond is hard put to make anything of this film but second-rate entertainment. (Aug.)

SAN QUENTIN — Warners. — Lieutenant Pat O’Brien introduces Armpit Charlie into prison to act as a reformer. Complications include a “sit-down” by prisoners, much shooting. Enjoyable. (June)

SEVENTH HEAVEN—20th Century-Fox. — The revival of the hauntingly beautiful love story of two Parisian wads caught in the vortex of the World War. James Stewart as Chico, the street cleaner, and Simone Simon as Dina are told as an abbreviated effective. Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard and Jean Hersholt round out the splendid cast. (July)

SHALL WE DANCE—RKO-Radio. — The seasonal teaming of Rogers and Astaire full of original ideas, Germans singing sets and completely novel dance routines. The plot revolves around a ball dancer’s attempts to marry without revealing his identity. The cast is diverting, the songs are delightful, the whole thing is deluxe. (June)

SILENT BARRIERS—GB. — The adventures of the lovely, dispersions of the lusty pioneers who built the Canadian Pacific Railway. Richard Arlen is the reforming Daniel, and David Celler, his soul mate, Lili Palmer, the siren. A bit heavy but worthwhile for the magnificent scenery. (June)

SING WHILE YOU’RE A-BLE—Melody. — Hillybilly Pinky Tomlin capers through this tepid idea with a yodel boy makes a go of it. Lured to the radio work he is befriended by Toby Wing, who makes the villains sorry for their dirty work. Songs are fair, production stupid. (June)

SLAVE SHIP—20th Century-Fox. — A rugged and skillfully directed drama dealing with the African slave traffic of 1850 somewhat rose-colored for a cheap opera. With Alan Baxter and Elizabeth Allan, a Virginia belle. Wally Beery, Joseph Schildkraut and George Sanders graphical but anxious. Mickey Rooney steals all the honors. (Aug.)

SONG OF THE COUNTRY—M-G-M. — A complicated story of a young man who gives up an heiress because of her money, and a fisherman’s daughter because of her fish. Margaret Lindsay upssets the pulsation of Pat O’Brien and Henry Fonda, the triangle is squared with a tercet climax. A hammer. (July)

STAR IS BORN, A—20th Century-Fox. — The best Hollywood story to date, and in Technicolor too! It portrays the joys and sorrows of making a stardom. Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor gone glorious comeback as the extra, Freddie March is the most slipping screen king, scrumptious cast. A “must see.” (July)

STUTTERING BISHOP, THE—Warner. — This time Donald Woods plays Perry Mason, a dynamic detective who finds his true heiress with the greatest of ease. He also falls in love with his secretary, Virginia O’Brien, satisfyingly suspenseful. (June)

TALENT SCOUT—Warners. — LivELY entertainment results from this gay story of a talent hunter, Donald Woods, and his singing find, Jeanne Moreau. When she becomes a hit and falls in love with Fred Lawrence minor complications result. The cast has plenty of vim and the songs are catchy. (Aug.)

TALK OF THE DEVIL—GB. — An extremely diverting mystery involving the ability of Ricardo Cortez to imitate anybody’s voice. His aptitude is put to irk but wonderful effect when a safecracker and his angry wife, played by John Carradine, are caught in the act. The voice is cleverly duplicated. (July)

TENTH MAN, THE—GB. — John Lodge blusters his way through an air force story of American and British air marines in a very low way. Antoinette Celentano is a perky long-suffering wife all decked out in every thing but the right dress. A few nice character parts. Stylish. (July)

THAT MAN’S HERE AGAIN—Warners. — A New York story of a jobless wife, Mary Maguire, being encouraged by a very elevating fellow, Frank Cady, to try for a job as a chambermaid. Accused of stealing, she runs away, Tom brings her back. Dull as dishwater. (June)

THERE GOES MY GIRL—RKO-Radio. — The aged setup of two newspaper people who fall in love while covering a murder. There are a few good coquettish episodes. Donald Regan is hard put to make anything of this film but second-rate entertainment. (Aug.)

THEY GAVE HIM A GUN—M-G-M. — Exceptional Thalberg production with a rather cold, Franchot Tone and Gladys George make this artistically good. The sets are rather effective. Gregory Ratoff, Gale Sondergaard and Jean Hersholt round out the splendid cast. (July)

THEY WON’T FORGET—Warners. — Here is emotional dynamite, artistic cinema, and excitement. Richard Arlen is the best military personnel, and in the rôle of “Death in the Deep South” it relates with truth and pathos the story of a murder case which involves the nation in sectional hatred. Newcomer Gloria Dickson shines; Claude Rains is outstanding. Don’t fail to see it. (Aug.)

THINK FAST, MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox. — The first of a series dealing with the clever Japan detective on the Saturday Evening Post stories. Peter Lorre is the man with incredible jiu jitsu trumps a ring of smugglers. Thomas Beck and Virginia Field are the love birds. Plenty of thrills. (June)

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M. — This old thriller has lost none of its terrors by having its face lifted. Dame May Whitty is the medium who solves the murders, saves her daughter Madge Evans from suspicion, and Tom Beck is the Governor’s son who loves Madge. Plenty of suspense and shivers. (July)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—New World—20th Century-Fox. — A realistic, accurate and unemotional account of Elizabethan England, this reveals Annabell, the current toast of the continent, and Conrad Veidt in a story of criminals, duels and diamonds in the days of Cardinal Richelieu. Veidt is miscast, Annabell is pert and pretty. Rooney Brent is excellent. (Aug.)

WAIIKI WEDDING—Paramount. — Coon-Ops at their best. This story of an Hawaiian who marries a white woman, and the romance with Kelly, Walter Catlett and others. It’s keen. (July)

WAKE UP AND LIVE—20th Century-Fox. — A swell-moving, rip-roaring musical rite introducing Walter Pidgeon, a young man who must be revamped as a top musical performer. Romantic interest is provided by Bob Burns and Martha Raye and Lef Ekstrom in juxtaposition. Magnificent fun. (June)

WEE WILKIE WINKIE—20th Century-Fox. — Kipling’s famous tale of British posts revamped to allow Shirley Temple the rôle of little Krishna and full scope for her undoubted powers of capturing the affections of doll offiers as well as American audiences. There is action and plot, but when Shirley delivers a spy message, is kidnapped by an Indian Khan, June Lang and Michael Whalen carry the romance; Victor McLaglen is excellent as usual. A “must see.” (Aug.)

WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS—Universal. — A brand new comedy of true love and the Europe bound. Sally Eilers’s stateroom is used as a motel, all the romantic complications is handled by Kelly, Walter Catlett and others. It’s keen. (July)

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG—Universal. — A gay and rollicking tale beautifully acted by Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor, and Barbara Pepper, and a top musical cast. Virginia is a small-town ugly duckling who becomes a Broadway siren. You’ll like it. (Aug.)

WINGS OVER HONOLULU—Universal. — An effective story dealing with the stresses of the naval air pilot and his wife in the South Pacific. After many marital complications they discover they are in love, and they are happy. Songs are charming and Kent Taylor are splendid. Nice. (July)

WOMAN CHANCES MAN—Sam Goldwyn United Artists. — Brilliant nonstop comedy with Miriam Hopkins as a penniless architect, Charles Laughton as the screwball promoter and Joel McCrea as the young fellow who carries on his famous newspaper feud with Ben Bernie, surrounded by a galaxy of stars including Myrna Loy, Walter Catlett and others. It’s keen. (July)

WOMAN I LOVE, THE—RKO-Radio. — Paul Muni is the wronged husband, Miriam Hopkins, the jilted lover, and Louis Hayward is the guilty man in this war story. The three work out their destiny in a big war setting with the help of two sidekicks — a grim but see it for fine direction and acting. (July)

YOU CAN’T BEAT LOVE—RKO-Radio. — Here is sly comedy which manages to be consistently funny. Silk-shirted Preston Foster is two-faced in politics, aces Joan Fontaine, falls in love with Herbert Mundin, troops nicely as Pat O’Brien and Barbara Pepper is delicious. You’ll laugh. (Aug.)
You Can't Get Away From Sex

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

might be titled Snappy Sex A and Snappy Sex B. In A, a young girl makes two or three "航空公司" with one or more young men. Then a noble spirit comes along--maybe the first boy returns—and understands and forgives all. Snappy Sex B is the same thing, only it's an er "what if they're agreed.

The stories were bad art and bad life—tragedies that only the rich fathers didn't want their daughters exposed to such philosophy. Husband's, especially of young wives, didn't want Honeybunch's head filled with such phony life tips.

Items 3 and 4 explain themselves.

Those four rather simple things caused most of the shooting. The producers, for more than three years now, have been trying to keep such offenses down and to attend to that matter of developing general good taste on the screen. What has happened, and where do we go from here?

The first accomplishment, from the viewpoint of the audience, is seldom realized. Because of extreme care in treatment under the Code, censor boards no longer chop pictures to pieces, taking vital scenes out of two or three reels in a feature. In the old days, what actually touched the screen in many places was Censor Hash. Better to make the picture right at Hollywood.

The second result of three years of script conferences, retakes, prayer and cussing between the Code administration and the studios has been startling. As the writers and directors become more able to handle sex edgily (instead of dumberly) an amazing horizon opened. Because of the new skill, the scope of the screen has widened, not narrowed. Subjects and titles that could not have been handled before now are done strongly and smoothly. Think of a few:

"Valiant is the Word for Carrie"--couldn't have touched it in the old days.

"Camille"--a story with obvious possibilities for trouble.

"Marked Woman"--a theme as daring as could be imagined, but handled with such subtlety that the audience would have been sub-guttered. Result of care: a strong, powerful screen play, good enough for Bette Davis at her best.

"Dodsworth"--triangle drama played to the hilt, but handled in perfect taste.

"Seventh Heaven"--so delicate you hardly realize the heroine's world background, till you think back.

"These Three"--Broadway's "The Children's Hour." This strong drama would have been lost to the screen, except that the cause of disaster was successfully changed to a child's false tale-bearing. Critics said the movie was stronger and finer than the play. There was no dramatic value lost.

The list of such salvaged themes and stories is long.

HERE'S a third advantage of self-discipline on the screen. Dirt, as distinguished from honest and sincere treatment of sex, is often a lame-brain's crutch. Some novel writers smear a little every fifty or sixty pages—an easy substitute for thinking. Movies were getting the same habit. These cruelties merely insulted the audience.

Why have movies improved so swiftly in tightness of plot, in number of plot twists, in excellence of dialogue? Because neither writer nor director can be crude any more. He has to think.

Advantage Number Four is simple: reformers today have discouragingly (to them) little ammunition against the movies.

You can't get away from sex. What about the new season?

Purchase of story properties and pictures already in production indicate that motion-picture companies now feel competent to handle sex with civilized zip. Maybe it's more appealing when done with an artist's brush than daubed on the back-yard fence. Box-office figures look that way.

The new season will have plenty of this zip.

The Great Garbo will add her "Camille," the portrait of Countess Walewska, mistress of Napoleon. From the same studio will come "The Heavenly Sinner," a life of Lola Montez, charmer extraordinary. Such comedies as "The Bride Wore Red," and "The Redheaded Woman of Paris" won't be slow.

JUST a few out of scores of pictures that will test Hollywood's growing power to handle strong themes, are:

"The Second Mrs Draper," which will bring back Gloria Swanson, one of the suavest of the famous sex-appealers.

"Dead End." Its own press notices call this play "the farthest modern advance in realism on the stage."

"Wife, Doctor and Nurse." Warner Baxter, Virginia Bruce and Loretta Young will do a triangle. I ask you!

"Stage Door." Troubles of young girls seeking stage employment. Hepburn and Ginger Rogers.

"Confession." The French version of this, called "Maurazka," even shocked the French. Kay Francis and Basil Rathbone.

"Boy Meets Girl." Not quite so simple a plot as the name implies.

"Hurricane." A battle between the white man's morality, grimly applied, and the different standards of the South Seas.

"The Admiral's Daughter."--Marco Polo." History will be chucklingly kidded and the Oriental oompah will be there.

"Fight for Your Lady." Adventures of the world's No. 1. bachelor.

None of these, or other pictures will be dirty. Dirt on the screen is out.

Joseph I. Breen, executive of the Production Code Administration, has a habit of saying, "We are trying to make reasonable pictures for reasonable people." That means that both the extremists—those who want plain dirt and those who want a sexless screen—will be disappointed.

It's a fast business, requiring thought like a fencer's rapier. Perhaps the year's medal should go to Darryl Zanuck. First he took a young lady whom the world had never thought of except as a fancy skater. In her he uncovered a talented musical comedy actress, as femininely appealing as any on stage or screen. That is Sonja Henie.

Mr. Zanuck then reached for Gypsy Rose Lee, sensational in 10,000 headlines, the worldwide-stripped-tease Queen of Burlesque. Mr. Z. made her resume her real name of Louise Brooks, and then giving her in straight parts—with her clothes on.

One way and another, you can't get away from sex!

"PALE HANDS
PINK TIPPPED"

... Is Fashion's theme song for fall

For your finger-tips choose the subtle new La Cross shades, the prestige polish, looks better and lasts longer.

TOKAY REDWOOD SUNRISE PEACH ACORN

CREME NAIL POLISH

La Cross Glycerinated Nail Polish Remover contains no acetone and is kind to brittle nails and hard cuticles. It is also thin out thick polish. 15c. size, 25c.; 2-oz. economy size, 50c.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays, in the bowels. Gas heats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes these 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. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.
Boyer Breaks His Bonds

[Continued from page 39]

a language, Boyer was a bit unhappy during the shooting of "The Garden of Allah."
"You see," Boyer had explained to his wife evenings, "behind all good acting lies a secret. The secret of thinking the lines as one says them. A sort of union of mind and heart. As for me, I only think how to say words, not what they mean."

He began the practice of the long confession speech in "The Garden of Allah" six weeks before the scene was due to be shot. He'd wander about the location camp, out on the sands at night, saying over and over and over the lines of that confession.

Then one day strange things happened. He came in from the swimming pool and faced his wife.

"What do you think has happened?" he asked. "I am thinking in English!"

A week later he called from his room, "Know what? I dreamed last night in English!"

The transformation was quick and amazing. One day only recently an actress given over to cultivated elegance telephoned the Boyer home.

"Is this 'Sharl? 'Sharl Boy-yay?"

There was a moment's pause and then came the answer.

"No. But this is Charlie Boy-yer."

And Monsieur, from that moment on, was free from the complexes, worries, and chains that had held him for years.

True, there will always be the accent. But at least Charlie Boy-yer will think and speak in unison, and that is something he takes great delight in snapping up colloquialisms and adapting them to his own use.

In "History Is Made at Night," he approached the director all aglow.

"Look, I have invented a line of dialogue I should like to use with Miss Arthur in the next scene. Don't tell her. I want to surprise her."

The director consented, and at the end of the scene Boyer looked up, a twinkle in those dark eyes, and exclaimed to Miss Arthur.

"Well, what do you know about that?"

The success was terrific. Jean Arthur, his leading lady, thought it wonderfully clever of him. In fact, they've left that line in exactly as Boyer said it.

Gone thus far into the depth of spoken American which, even we admit, is slightly different from the English language, he refuses to retreat. He'll grab the slightest excuse to use his newly found mode of expression. He approached a group of men on the set one day with a slip of paper in his hand.

"Look," he said, "I can't make up what this means."

"Make out, make out," the prop boy hissed, and, nothing daunted, Boyer spent the rest of the afternoon wandering about the set repeating over and over, "Make out. Make out. Make out.

Once free from this fear that crowded his true self into a brooding background, the real Charles Boyer emerged and a right pleasing gentleman he proves to be. Friendly, no longer ill at ease, eager to be a part of the town that for three long years had seemed so remote and cold.

He plays a crack game of tennis. But for some reason, he won't run after the balls which is very gratifying to Mrs. Boyer, who will run after the balls.

He goes to parties, has a good time, but inevitably seeks out some member of the group whose enunciation is distinct and perfect. He'll listen attentively, charming beautiful women with his eager attention, and all, well, nearly all, because their sentences are clearly etched gems of perfect diction.

To which Charlie— he prefers to be called Charlie—will occasionally contribute his newly found, "Well, what do you know about that?" in places it no more fits than a rabbit.

From the moment Charles Boyer announced to his mother in that little town of Figeac, in southwestern France, that he had decided to become an actor, he dedicated himself to the work. There was no room for anything outside."

"But, Charles," his mother once said, "why do you not play a little? Are you not interested in play?"

He wasn't. And he said so "Mother, I am married to my work. Nothing, no one must come between me and it."

All Paris came to understand the serious intent of the rapidly rising star—Charles Boyer.

All Hollywood recognized it too, and that was why his sudden marriage soon after his arrival three years ago was a bit of a surprise. A young English actress, Pat Paterson, had also recently arrived and the two met for the first time at a dinner party.

"Only a speaking feeling that it was too soon after our meeting kept us from marrying then," Pat laughs.

But three weeks later they did elope to Yuma.

Three months later Boyer sailed to France—alone—to fulfill a contract.

"It was a good thing," Pat said, "for it gave me time to adjust myself."

"The usual fears were sweeping over me. 'What have I done?' I'd say over and over to myself those first weeks. A Frenchman just arrived and I just arrived in this new country! Had we made a mistake? Was it wrong?"

"But in those six months Charles was away, I found myself. I adjusted myself to a new life and it turned out beautifully."

A LL her life Pat Paterson, a tiny blue-eyed blonde with intelligence aplenty to match her loveliness, had been accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of theatrical people.

"Mad people," she calls them, loving them with her voice.

She had married a man, she soon discovered, who held little in common with such hysteria.

"On days I'd bang-off (English for throwing a fit) Charles would take me by the shoulders and say, quietly, 'Why? Why did you bang-off?'"

"Must I have a reason for banging-off?" I'd say.

"The answer was calm, cool, quiet but determined."

"Yes. What is the reason?"

"For a time it drove me mad," Pat laughed, "trying to find a logical reason for what was to them a natural outbreak."

"But I soon learned it was the wisest thing. Whatever problem arose at the moment was discussed and thrashed out at once. No bad moods were allowed to be carried over."

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very becoming to the wearer, and that night the scene was not nearly so effective when played in the makeshift made necessary by the loss. To top everything Colonel Savage turned up, and was not pleased with the performance.

When I reached the hotel after the show, to my surprise there were two bags, both identical, parked in my room. One contained the missing wig, and as I raced down to the hall to return the bag, I had many visions of temperamental leading ladies, but instead of a disagreeable scene, my apologies and explanations were accepted, and as the "Vince" trailed its way slowly toward Boston during the weeks that followed where Vivienne Segal was to take over the character's responsibilities, we grew to be quite good friends. The show was a bit highbrow for these audiences, and business wasn't so good. "Some day they'll wish they had come out to see me," the understudy used to say. And what an opportunity the theater-goers in those small cities missed, for the lady who tramped unheeded and whose glorious talents went unrecognized on that particular tour was none other than—Miss Irene Dunne.
Ace of Hollywood Commentators!

"BETWEEN TWO WOMEN" — M-G-M. — Original story by Eric Von Stroheim; Screenplay by Robert Carson, Frederic Stephani and Marion Parsonnet. Directed by George S. Hart. The cast: Myrna Loy, Franchot Tone, Claire Du Boscq, Mamour O’Sullivan, Patricia Sloan, Virginia Bruce; Tony Woonton, Leon Pitrus, Janet Beecher, Dr. Webster, Charley Grapewin, Sally Eilers, Vincent Price, June Clayworth, Dr. Baril, Edward Norris; Tom Douglas, Anthony Naiz; Prince, Hugh Marlowe.

"CALIFORNIAN, THE" — Principal-20th Century-Fox. — Directed by Gordon Newell, screenplay by Geo. Lussier. The cast: Raul de Souza, Ricardo Cortez, Roselle Miller, Marjorie Weaver, Katherine de Claur, Anna Pickering, Jack La Rue, Gifford, Ed Prouty, Jean, Lynn Roberts, Tom, William Rice, Newman, Alice, Fritz, Emmett; Anna Anguilla, Virginia Sale, Doffie, Franklin Pangborn, Mr. & Mrs. Saltzman, Mayor, William Newell; Martha, Thomas E. Jackson, Pop, Carol, Ofen, Hytten; Sergeant, Jack Mulhall, Jerry, Corporal, Paddy, William Newell; Mrs. Woolley, a young man.


Cast of Current Pictures.
This is the cover of Photoplay for October — the new and vastly improved Photoplay. Watch for it in full color, on the newsstands September 10th. Also read the detailed announcement on the opposite page.
NEXT MONTH..<!

PHOTOPLAY STEPS OUT

THE NEW PHOTOPLAY

The October issue of Photoplay will come to you as a charming and thrilling surprise.

A LUXURY MAGAZINE

In every way the new Photoplay will be richer and finer than ever before—truly a luxury magazine that will delight the heart of every person who appreciates a really fine motion picture publication.

RICHER, FINER, LARGER

Rich in art, rich in color, rich in content, it will be a pleasure to touch and a greater pleasure to read. Its super sized pages (10½" x 14") lend themselves admirably to exquisite type and art layouts worthy of a much higher priced publication.

EXCITING NEW FEATURES

In addition to bringing you each month all of the features that have endeared Photoplay to you in the past, Photoplay for October will contain many new art and editorial features of an exciting and surprising nature. It is too soon to divulge exactly what these features are except that we can tell you the editors have arranged with many of the world’s most gifted and popular writers who know their Hollywood thoroughly, to contribute regularly to Photoplay—such writers as Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Faith Baldwin, Jerome Beatty, Gilbert Seldes, David Seabury, Dixie Willson, Errol Flynn and Lucius Beebe, several of whom will be represented in the October issue.

BRILLIANT WRITERS

Photoplay for October will appear upon the newsstands September tenth. It will not linger long for, although the value is much greater the price remains the same—25c. So take no chances on missing it. Request your newsdealer today to reserve a copy for you.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE
PHOTOPLAY's RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 76 and 77 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

Wherever you are shopping consider this list of retail stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 87 West 44th St., New York City. Send the name of your leading department store or dress shop. When you shop please mention PHOTOPLAY!

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The Adams Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Davison Paxen, Chicago, Ill.
Gaylord Bros., Peoria, Ill.
Northrup's, Minneapolis, Minn.
Church's, New York City

BOWMAN & COMPANY

Saks-Fifth Avenue, New York City

HARDY STORES

H. H. Prince, Jr., New York City

BRIDAL SHOPS

H. H. Prince, Jr., New York City

RODEO STORE


WESTERN STORE

The Western Store, St. Louis, Mo.

NEW WESTERN

Yester's, Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK CITY

Elaine Shop, New York City

NORWICH

B. & S. Shells, Norwich, N. Y.

PUTNEY'S

Putney's, Rutland, Vt.

VERMONT

Mayfair Hat Shoppe, Rutland, Vt.

NEW ENGLAND

Miyano Brothers, Concord, N. H.

BORDER STATES

Miyano Brothers, Columbia, S. C.

THE SOUTHERN HAT COMPANY

Miyano Brothers, Savannah, Ga.

SOUTHERN STATES

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SOUTHWEST

Miyano Brothers, Dallas, Tex.

GREENBELT

Miyano Brothers, Greenbelt, Md.

WASHINGTON

Miyano Brothers, Washington, D. C.

COLORADO

Miyano Brothers, Denver, Colo.

SOUTHWEST

Miyano Brothers, Phoenix, Ariz.

CALIFORNIA

Miyano Brothers, Los Angeles, Calif.

PHOTOPLAY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1937

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OHIO

Find's (Space's, Inc.), Cleveland, Ohio

Dayton, Ohio

Liaman Wolfe, Columbus, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA

Venter's, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ambridge

Burt's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ambridge

Hunt's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hunt's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PAIIYNSYLVANIA

Burt's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DELAWARE

Bert's, York, Pa.


Furathan's, Philadelphia, Pa.

CHARLOTTE

Furathan's, Charlotte, N. C.

Charlotte, N. C.

FLORIDA

Dowell Hat Co., Jacksonville, Fl.

J. W. & Hinkley Co., Jacksonville, Fl.

G. E. Smith, Jacksonville, Fl.

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Sylvia of Hollywood
says:
Change your looks!

IF YOU are not satisfied with your figure—it your face is not as beautiful as you would like—take Madame Sylvia's advice and change your looks!

Naturally it is impossible to make yourself taller or shorter. But you can have down broad hips, re-shape your legs, acquire a flat abdomen, well-rounded breasts or anything else you desire.

Madame Sylvia, the internationally famous beauty expert, astonished Hollywood with her miraculous beauty treatments. The movie stars came to her studio by the hundreds and left even more beautiful than ever before. In New York, Madame Sylvia's clientele is comprised of the prominent social leaders and smart débutantes from Park Avenue and Fifth Avenue. People who gladly pay one hundred dollars for a single treatment!

What Sylvia does for her patients you can do for yourself in the privacy of your boudoir. For Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book! This book, No More Alibis, contains the very treatments she has given the stars of Hollywood. Treatments that bring out your latent beauty. Treatments that change your looks and transform your body into a dream of loveliness.

Picture if you will how beautiful you would look if your hips were not so broad . . . if your legs were not so heavy . . . if your ankles were not so thick . . . if your skin were not so blotchy . . . if your weight were 20 or 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your looks. Well, you can! For in No More Alibis Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read Sylvia's stimulating book . . . follow her proven methods and you'll experience a new thrill in living.

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In Madame Sylvia's new book, Pull Yourself Together, Baby! the famous adviser to the Hollywood stars describe hundreds of ways to develop charm, glamour.

Glamour, as Sylvia of Hollywood defines it, is that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming . . . a pretty woman fascinating . . . a beautiful girl simply irresistible. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beauty like a magnet. It keeps husbands at her side. And make no mistake about glamour—you can acquire it. You can develop it. Not by "acting up" or by any foolish frills or mannerisms, but by carrying out a few simple secrets of charm.

The tricks and stunts that you can use to send your popularity stock skyrocketing are endless. Such simple things as a proper diet or a stimulating exercise will help tremendously. And Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is packed full of helpful, new exercises—illustrated by beautiful photographic reproductions. Then there are many tricks in makeup that you should know. Also simple ways to acquire self-assurance and poise. Tips on how to act in the company of strangers. New ways to develop a graceful, supple figure.

If you're dissatisfied with your social pulling power—if you're shy, self-conscious and timid—send for a copy of Pull Yourself Together, Baby! at once. The price of this marvelous book is only $1.00 postpaid.
"In Hollywood, I found a much greater rush about things than in English studios. The harder work not only meant added strain on my throat, but also caused me to smoke more cigarettes. At this time, my throat learned what a difference there is in a light smoke. I've found that even though I smoke as many Luckies as I wish, my throat remains in top form."

Madeleine Carroll—star in David O. Selznick's new picture "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"—should be an excellent judge of a cigarette's effect on the throat. Her choice of Luckies will bear even more weight if you consider this fact... the "Toasting" Process takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco. You, too, will enjoy the smoothness and the finer taste of Luckies.

Her Voice Makes 70,000 Feet of Film a Year

MADELEINE CARROLL tells how the throat-strain of all this acting led her to a light smoke—Luckies...

"Madeleine Carroll—A Light Smoke
Easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"