Jul 38 Cut p47-8
Aug 38 No Cuts
Sep 38 No Cuts
Oct 38 No Cuts
Nov 38 No Cuts
Dec 38 No Cuts
WHY WE ROOSEVELTS ARE MOVIE FANS  By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
HOW TO HAVE A STAR’S FUN ON YOUR INCOME  By MARJORIE HILLIS
Madeleine Carroll Leads Photoplay’s Brilliant Summer Fashion Parade—See Page 53
HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS SWITCH TO NEW KIND OF SWIM SUIT FABRIC

Because It Brings Utterly New Skin-Smooth, Molded Beauty to Swim Suit Figures!

There's thrilling style news in Form-a-Lur's textures, too... rich, velvet-soft effects, glowing plain colors, unusual combinations and woven-in patterns in gay color contrasts that only Bradley can create! See the favorite swim suit fashions of movie-stars... in Bradley Form-a-Lur swim suits at style leading stores throughout the country! A glorious collection of fashions that give your figure the glamour and sleekness of an evening gown... on the beach. In this exclusive Bradley fabric creation... Form-a-Lur!

Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin

The New 1938

Bradley Swim Suits
Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson, announce the birth of a daughter, Lilly, at the Harborage Hospital, on May 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson, of 17,000 Park Avenue, New York City, today denied the rumor that the engagement of their daughter, Lilly, to Talcott Talcott II, heir apparent to the soda-water fortune, had been broken.

"There is nothing to it," said Mrs. Jones, on the veranda to her lovely estate, "The Pines." "I am sure that both my daughter and Mr. Talcott would also deny it if they could be reached. Unfortunately my daughter is en route to Europe, and Mr. Talcott I believe, is off on a yachting trip."

Lilly Jones, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, has organized the Junior Guild of Service Knitters. Their entire output will go to needy service men in nearby camps.

Lilly Jones, lovely debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson Jones, of 17,000 Park Avenue, has just returned from abroad, and will be among the flower girls at the League for Service Ball to be held next Thursday.

Town Topics. "Hi de ho and ho de hum - what little debby missed out on a lot of bucks and a walk up the aisle with a brace, just because she wasn't quite fastidious enough."

Lilly Jones entertained for the Friends of Ancient Art at the Fortnight Club last evening.

Exquisite furnishings and objects of art will be on display at auction in the Banderson Galleries on June 1st. Among the objects on display will be the entire interior of the "Interiors Entime" shop of Miss Lilly Jones.

The animal world has no stouter champion and defender than Lilly Jones, well-known New York society woman. Always an animal lover, Miss Jones has transformed part of her Westchester estate into a haven for homeless cats.

"I've planned such a venture ever since the war," said Miss Jones. "It gives me great pleasure to provide comfort and food, at Rest Haven, for any homeless cat no matter how many."

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson, of 17,000 Park Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Lilly, to Ensign Jasper Chubb, U.S.N. Mr. Chubb is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Chubb, of Sandblast, Nebraska.

Esquire published the following letter to Miss Lilly Jones, at 17,000 Park Avenue:

"Dear Lilly:

Mr. and Mrs. T. Johnson, announce the engagement of their daughter, Lilly, to Ensign Jasper Chubb, U.S.N. Mr. Chubb is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Chubb, of Sandblast, Nebraska.

Your friend,

Mr. Chubb"

"I am pleased to hear of your engagement," wrote Mr. Chubb. "I look forward to the wedding with great anticipation."

Lilly Jones will address the Ebell Club Saturday. Her subject will be "Tombstones - Their Charm and Antiquity."
THE TOY WIFE.

who has youth and beauty and all the world to gamble it in...“life slips too hurriedly by, so sip the cup of frivolity and danger while you may”...you will watch with beating heart this sensational drama of New Orleans’ gayest, maddest era in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s glamorous production. In the cast also: MELVYN DOUGLAS, ROBERT YOUNG, Barbara O’Neil, H. B. Warner. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Merian C. Cooper. Screen Play by Zoe Akins.

Luise Rainer as "THE TOY WIFE"

TWO YEARS IN A ROW
THE PRIZE AWARD!

Beautiful Luise Rainer again wins the Academy Award. This time for pathetic Olan in "The Good Earth." Last year for Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her new role is her greatest!
PHOTOLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

On the Cover—Clark Gable, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell
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A pictorial conception of the famous lawsuit
Born for Romance
Beginning Loretta Young's life story of happiness and heartache
Why We Roosevelt Are Movie Fans
Seeing Hollywood with the First Lady
And Then There Were Three
Explaining a three-star friendship—that Baxter—Powell—Colman trio
A Queen Comes Back
A tender story of a valiant woman—Norma Shearer
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Portrait With a French Accent
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A delightful pen sketch of Charles Boyer
Fashions in Fashions
An ordinary gal talks turkey to some movie queens
The Revealing True Story of Myrna Loy
Dixie Willson
Concluding the saga of a beloved redhead
How Much Do You Know About Hollywood?
A new way to rate your movie "I. Q."
Experiences of A Stand-In
Vivian Dewing

The Camera Speaks—
For Adults Only
The history of the social message film
Who's Kissing Whom?
Third in a series of "Guess Who?" games
Stars As Audience
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Museum of Art
Shooting Stars

Boos and Bouquets
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
Close Ups and Long Shots
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood
The Shadow Stage
We Cover the Studios
Fashion Letter
PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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SITTING down to the breakfast table, I open the morning paper, and the first thing to give my day a bad start is the headlines, screeching the possibilities of a foreign war. My wife, spying said headlines, starts wondering how soon I'll be sent over.

While I go out to start my car, she starts bemoaning the presence of the week's wash ahead of her. Getting into the car, I am not astonished to find the battery dead. As usual, I'm late for work.

For the next few hours, I have to listen to the boss harping about the recession and his vain attempt to cut down overhead. At the quitting whistle, I go home to more worries, still wondering how long my job will last.

Home—ah—the wife's washer went on the bum. The foreign situation is worse. The battery is still dead. The recession is still on. Oh, well. We've still got enough left, after fixing washer and buying battery, to go see a doctor, whom we need badly by now.

I get out the latest medical directory (latest issue of PHOTOPLAY) and see what they advise in our case. Dr. Waterbury heartily recommends Drs. Deanna Durbin and Herbert Marshall in "Mad About Music" as a tonic—or for a severe case, recommends that able surgeon for the blues. Dr. Shirley Temple, Doctor Temple treats us with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and what a pleasant prescription that is!

And after taking one of the treatments recommended by Professor Waterbury under the capable hands of or any of our swell Hollywood doctors, we leave our neighborhood "blues sanitarium" (theater) feeling completely rejuvinated. The foreign crises are forgotten. A country with such fine ideals as ours won't send us over unless for our own safety—then we'll be rarin' to go. The wife, thinking over the funny incidents of the previous night's treatment, has the wash done before she knows it. And for me—thanks to Drs. Waterbury, Durbin, Temple, etc., the new battery went right off, I got to work on time, and the boss—well, he took the same treatment, and he's forgotten there ever was a recession.

J. L. Westmont, N. J.

The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture announces that out of every dollar spent by the American public for any type of amusement whatsoever, twenty-nine cents is for motion pictures. Each family spends between ten and sixteen dollars a year in admissions, and here's one PHOTOPLAY reader who seems to think he gets his money's worth!

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY!

I think one of the greatest credits to the screen, and one of the finest gifts to the public, is Sonja Henie. We cannot have too many pictures where there is skating on ice, as long as "Skating Through Life" Sonja is the skater. I will never forget the Friday night I attended the weekly prize fights at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium. My companion was a cabinetmaker, an all-around film studio worker. He had worked on the ice rink, getting it ready for Sonja and the picture "Happy Landings." He was telling me, as we saw her enter with other film celebrities, that she never forgot faces and names; that she was nice and spoke in a friendly way to all the studio workers.

In a jiffy, my friend had left his seat, and to my surprise I saw him confront Sonja inside the main entrance. I saw her smile, and put out her hand. Quickly she came back, and said, "Harry, Sonja is waiting for your escort to pick up the tickets. I told her I had a Danish friend I wanted her to meet." Well, I was a bit surprised, but I hurried back with him. I greeted her in Danish, and she smiled and took my proffered hand, giving me a clever, friendly comeback in her own language. Then her escort turned up, and she returned our farewell wave, as her admirers closed in upon her beam.

To me she is not only a great skater and actress and a fellow Scandinavian, but a deep, intelligent bright light of friendly joy. Those who surround her are very fortunate indeed.

Martin H. Herlick,
Long Beach, Calif.

Returning from a hugely successful skating tour, Miss Henie is now working on her newest picture for 20th Century-Fox, "My Lucky Star." Opposite her will be Richard Greene, a young Englishman, new to American pictures, and rumored to have more than a professional interest in the little skater.

(Continued on page 68)
The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

DANIELLE DARIEUX

The girl whose exquisite beauty...charm of performance...has made her the most beloved stage and screen star in all Europe...The star of the sensational MAYERLING...which all America has taken to its heart!

DANIELLE DARIEUX • FAIRBANKS, Jr.

in

"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

with

MISCHA AUER HELEN LOUIS BRODERICK HAYWARD

Original Story and Screen Play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson

Directed by HENRY KOSTER who made "3 SMART GIRLS" and "100 MEN AND A GIRL"

Produced by B. G. de SYLVA

CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production

Creature of a thousand new moods of femininity!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR

HELEN BRODERICK

MISCHA AUER
ACTION FOR SLANDER—Korda-United Artists

This is Clive Brook's best picture in years. Playing an English army man, he falls in love with a beautiful other's wife, is accused of being a card shark, tries to vindicate himself in court. Fine direction allows sympathetic support and a superb cast assists. John Britgo and co.

ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—The-Goldwyn-U. A.

The travels and marvelous adventures of the Venetian statesman who opened the trade routes from Europe to Asia in the 13th Century. Cary Grant is so lively and suave in a new role that it's hard to believe the film isn't Brazilian. Edward Arnold, Alan Hale, Spig Kelso and others. Humor and excitement in settings of incredible beauty. Distinctive. (Apr.)

ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The original poem of the roguish chivalry and chivalry of the philosopher-king of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again by the same team that made "The 39 Steps." You will happily enjoy Oliver de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Guy John, Eugene Pallette as Friar Tuck, Claude Rains as his bailiff and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment.

ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER, THE—Selznick-U. A.

Two side stories, Tommy Kelly and Ann Gillis, come more powerfully David Selznick (discovery of Freddie Bartholomew) a genius in choosing new stars. Still the best of Irish Classic Missionary village life in 1845 is faithfully and beautifully reproduced in Technicolor, and May Robson, as Aunt Polly, and Roscoe Arbuckle, as Doctor Nast (Walter Connolly), are both terrific. Need we say more? (Apr.)

ARSENE LUPIN RETURNS—M-G-M

The polish of Melvyn Douglas as the renowned French mannequin overpowers the histrionics of the untalented Miss Renaud. With the aid of Warren William, Douglas overthrows the genius of his own creation, chứ, that he is innocent of stealing her bangles. Average. (Apr.)

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—20th-Century-Fox

A confused political naif built around a domestic's attempts to get elected to Parliament. When the magic in it creates in its social relationships is amusingly outlined by Bill Powell, Anabel Shaw, Henry Stephenson and Joseph Schildkraut. The actors are much better than the story material. (May)

BATTLE OF BROADWAY, THE—20th-Century-Fox

A new team of cutty victims: Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where Queen and Finn of yesterday left off. The boys are Lemoines attending the opening day of a new show. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Leonie Rovik adds some spark too. (Apr.)

BELOVED BRAT, THE—Warners

A badly mauled comedy, requiring a skeptical, rebellious child's transformation into a chorus through the kindness of a reform school superintendent. Martha Scott, in part; Pat Buttram, Jack La Rue; Claire Trevor, in part; Natalie Moor- head and Donald Crisp are in the cast, but the picture is a yawner. (May)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1938, THE—Paramount

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two years absence. Karin Booth, the famous Wagners, the famous dancers, the Spanish invaders, Martha Raye and Ben Blue down; Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duets, but the whole show belongs to Fields! (May)

BLACK DOLL, THE—Universal

Mystery and lonesome comedy abound in this, the latest of the Crime Club series. It deals with the attempt of C. Henry Gordon to conceal a man's and his own existence. The cast: Nat Pendleberry, George Meeker, and others. (May)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount

Claudette Colbert and Cary Cooper in a7ek a7e6a6ly amusing comedy of no manners, directed by Ernst Lubitsch with his usual skill. Cooper believe it or not, has had seven wives before he marries Miss Colbert. (May)

BRINGING UP BABY—RKO-Radio

This achieves the status of a young heroines after a sky cook of binges for a museum, and their problem in hiding a baby painter on a Connecticut farm. Kate Haggart and Cary Cooper give their respective roles their best: May Robson as the eccentric aunt, Clifton Hurd as a page, and Miss Colbeck, Mrs. Jones. (May)

BULDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's a diamond that leads to a killing and subsequently to John Hooton's reaching off from his wedding to Louise Campbell to trail Porter Hall. John Hooton is the uncoopcooper assistant; Reginald Owen is Howard's man Friday. The players have the same style so long they're perfect.

Prime screen gangster Edward G. Robinson turns the tables on himself in "A Singing Dr. of the House," he plays a sleuthing medic who runs racketeers ragged
HERE THEY COME ON A MILLION DOLLAR SPREE TO WAKE AND MAKE AND TAKE PAREE!

Those gorgeous "Gold Digger" lovelies have taken America twice! Now see what they do to 50 million Frenchmen!

"GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS"

HEAR . . . for the first time on the screen—
The Schnickelfritz Band & 4 Brilliant Song Hits
"Day Dreaming" • "A Stranger in Paris" • "The Latin Quarter" • "I Wanna Go Back to Bali"

Starring
RUDY VALLETT
ROSEMARY LANE • HUGH HERBERT
ALLEN JENKINS • GLORIA DICKSON
MELVILLE COOPER • MABEL TODD • FRITZ FELD

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT • Screen Play by Earl Baldwin and Warren Duff • Story by Jerry Wald, Richard Maass, and Maurice Lea
From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
FROM GREAT STORIES COME THE GREATEST PICTURES!

...and here is the story the author of "Treasure Island" always considered his best!...now on the screen for the first time!...spectacularly produced by 20th Century-Fox!

Robert Louis Stevenson's

Kidnapped

with

WARNER BAXTER - FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

in the role you always wanted him to play

ARLEEN WHELAN

in his first picture since "Captains Courageous"

the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH - REGINALD OWEN
JOHN CARRADINE - NIGEL BRUCE - MILES MANDER
RALPH FORBES - H. B. WARNER - ARTHUR HOHL
E. E. CLIVE - HALLIWELL HOBBES - MONTAGU LOVE

and a cast of 5,000

Directed by Alfred Werker
director of "The House of Rothschild"
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan - Screen Play by
Sonya Levien, Eleanor Harris, Ernest Pascal and Edwin Blum

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

A NEW TRIUMPH IN BIG-PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT!
BY RUTH WATERBURY

In the month just passed, Hollywood production reached an all-time low... in weeks where in previous years forty-five to fifty pictures would have been shooting, as few as twenty-seven were in the works... in the "home offices," meanwhile, producers were shaking haggard heads over box-office statements... we, the public, were staying home in droves... and why not?... we can get every movie star of any importance whatsoever almost any night on our radios... free... and usually in good skits.

Until the last several months I have always chosen the movies I attended very carefully... like any other bargain in entertainment, I tried only for the best... but recently I have been literally going to every picture shown... and I have been appalled, not so much by the poorness of the pictures shown, but by their total lack of understanding of you and me and what we want to amuse us.

Two things have stood out most... the nutty comedy cycle and the musical comedy in which acts popped up without any more relationship to each other or the plot than so many empty beer bottles... now the "vaudeville" type of musical movie is a good enough sort of entertainment... and so, too, is the nutty comedy... only we want other things by way of contrast... other dramas... some tears... some conflict... not this persistent abandonment of all common sense...

We have many causes for complaint... but we are not complaining... we are indulging in actions that speak louder than any words... we are staying home."

For example... Metro announced that it was making no more "B" pictures... which, in effect, means Metro hates the double bill... and by putting out pictures that run for two hours it would have an effective weapon against the second or "B" picture in the average theater.

All very well and good if Metro will put out pictures in which the drama holds our interest for two hours... "Test Pilot" is a swell, exciting picture but two hours of it, in my opinion, is too long. "The Girl of the Golden West" would have been a fifty percent better production if it had been cut off a reel or so... do away with "B's"... that's fine... but don't do it by making A into B pictures.

Modern life is packed with drama... we have war and conquest in Europe... we have strikes and labor troubles at home... all over the world we see men haggard with unemployment and women wondering if they dare give birth to the babies that are already on the way... we have kids getting out of school not knowing what kind of a job, if any, they can find for all of their fine diplomas that prove they majored in this or that... and Hollywood isn't reflecting one bit of that.

Don't misunderstand... I am neither for films getting highbrow or deadly serious... I still want entertainment and amusement when I go to the theater and I believe you do, too... but I want something that relates to me and my problems... you and yours.

Virginia Bruce in "The First Hundred Years" is a successful businesswoman married to a less successful businessman... a situation that faces many thousands of American women today... that plot could have been made an interesting theme... but, in the movie, they solved it by having her go back to her husband... because—and get this—her lawyer finds out through Virginia's trying to get a new insurance policy that Virginia is going to have a baby... that's her portrait of a 1938 businesswoman for you... having to have her lawyer discover by such an involved route that she was going to be a mother.

Kay Francis in "Women Are Like That" takes over her husband's business when he takes to drink and succeeds at it magnificently... she is about to be married to another man when her husband comes back... so, while the fiancée sleeps off a cold, she succumbs once more to her husband's charms... all of which is supposed to be mighty funny...

Now, all right... maybe all businesswomen are jokes... I don't really believe it, but I'll argue that way for the sake of getting my point over right now... but those two pictures started out seriously... Virginia and Kay were presented to you as heroines... that is, somebody to admire, with tough problems on their hands... and both pictures ended up by showing you what saps both those women were...

Think of the women who are facing the prob-
WOMEN'S LIVES MADE EASIER
—every month

B Y T H I S time, practically all women are curious about Tampax. But those who actually use it are crazy about it... Housewives, office workers, college girls, sports lovers—all are adopting this neat hygienic unbulky method of sanitary protection. Investigate Tampax now!

• Perfectly by a physician for all women's use

Tampax is designed for all classes of women, not for any special class... The principle is INTERNAL ABSORPTION... No belts, pins or pads. And no odor!

• College girls find athletics possible at all times

Old restrictions are out of date... You can golf, ride tennis, swim, a b a h—be free to follow your normal activities.

• A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse

Hygienic, light ly compressed, each in patented applicator. 3c for full month's supply. Smaller introductory size now available at 20 cents.

• In any costume—complete daintiness and protection

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS

No bulk with Tampax... Nothing can show... Odor banished... Sold at drug and notion counters (if not at yours, use coupon below).

TAMPAX Incorporated
New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me introductory size package of Tampax. Enclosed is 20¢ (change or coins)

Name.

Address.

City.

State.

Are all businesswomen jokes? Miss Waterbury takes sides—but definitely—on that question. She uses in her argument M-G-M's "The First Hundred Years," in which Warren William, Virginia Bruce and Alan Dinehart (below) appeared about making a picture "good" it is because it is provable that a good picture makes more money than a bad picture... when they put a fortune in a production it is because they believe that fortune will get a greater fortune back...

LET the creators of Hollywood come back to our way of living a few days of each year, at least... let them put their limousines aside and ride on a crowded subway just to rediscover how amazingly far a nickel, which they wouldn't hand out as a tip, can go toward getting a man to his job... let them try shopping in a bargain basement for a six-dollar dress marked down to forty-five on a hot, busy Saturday afternoon... let them try bargaining for a price on a baby's funeral procession.

I know the average star going about in such a way would be mobbed by autograph fans, but the writers and the producers wouldn't because nobody knows or cares what they look like... the actors will portray what the producers tell them to show... if the producers and writers would sneak around a little, perhaps they would discover that our problems are just what they have always been... life and death and love... we don't have to worry our tomorrows since they touch so few of us... we don't have to puzzle very much about subtlety shades of emotions since we are usually too tired to bother with them... but we still do have to figure how to pay the rent and buy food and clothes... and the great compensating miracle of love is more known to us than it is even to them... since one love is all-important to us while they have a chance at twenty...

Life and death and love and laughter... these are the things we want from Hollywood... put those things in our pictures and there will be no more need to worry in the future over box-office statements...
DAINTY golden-voiced DEANNA DURBIN

is keen about Lux...

Deanna gets a thrill out of clothes—"She's as finicky about their care as I am," says her mother. "I won't trust silks and woolens (nice cottons or linens, either) to anything but Lux," Mrs. Durbin adds.

Lux keeps washable frocks and blouses charmingly feminine—lingerie fresh and sweet—stockings sleekly smart. All dainty things safe in water alone are safe in gentle Lux. It's easy to get a reputation for exquisite daintiness when you stick to Lux. It has no harmful alkali, as harsh soaps have—does away with the cake-soap rubbing that's apt to weaken threads.

This superb care that the screen stars adore costs next to nothing—yet it saves dollars in clothes upkeep!

LIKE ALMOST EVERY GIRL her age, Deanna loves the sleek luster of silk stockings. She is very particular about their looking just so. Naturally, they're always Luxed. "I don't want Deanna to be troubled with annoying runs," explains Mrs. Durbin.

DEANNA'S FAVORITE COLOR is blue and she likes simple lingerie touches. "We prefer dresses that are Luxable," her mother explains. "Then it's easy to have them always spick-and-span."

AT UNIVERSAL, as at other leading Hollywood studios, Lux is specified in the wardrobe department for the care of everything washable. It insures freshness and daintiness... saves thousands of dollars in upkeep and replacements.

IN HER PICTURES, TOO. Deanna wears Luxable. See her in UNIVERSAL'S new picture, "THAT CERTAIN AGE."

Daintiness wins...
"OF COURSE IT'S A LUXURY... BUT it's a luxury I can enjoy ALL Seasons"

You’ll take your FEDERAL scarf on your summer vacation trip; you’ll build your fall wardrobe around its flattering beauty; you’ll throw it over your shoulders and make a gorgeous wrap of your untrimmed winter coat. It’s a joy to have a becoming and luxurious fur that you can wear smartly straight through the year.

FEDERAL Fox is that and more—these thick, soft, stunningly silvered skins have lasting loveliness. Better stores everywhere feature FEDERAL Fox... look for the name clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of the pelt.
"THE LAW IS ON OUR SIDE . . . NONE OF THAT MONEY HE EARNED BELONGS TO HIM."
—From a statement by Arthur L. Bernstein
The Loretta Young of today—the exquisite star of "Three Blind Mice"—with her co-star, Joel McCrea

Age ten—at Ramona Convent. Now a confirmed romanticist, but still the ugly duckling baby sister of the Young family
For Romance

LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

BANNERS sometimes wave invisibly when a child is born. Forecasting, pageants in the sky sweep past, and melodic signals ring. These things tell, as they must have told on that certain afternoon twenty-five years ago when Gretchen Young first howled her way into the living, that here is a special spirit born to glamour. Where this person goes, things will happen. And all the important dreams and fictions, always, will have reality; and tragedy and laughter and heartbreak will follow closely.

Gretchen Young—she calls herself Loretta, now—was dedicated at her birth to romance. This her two beautiful sisters and her charming, tall father and her lovely mother would have denied, laughing, since she was a homely child. She was gangly and when she turned over in her crib she did the bumps, although there was nothing rhythmic in the movement.

Small Gretchen grew with alarming rapidity into a world and home that made a place for her willingly, when there was little room to spare: you must know that Mr. Young followed railroad jobs sporadically about the country, so that his family left the house on Salt Lake City's Hollywood Avenue where Gretchen was born before she had a chance to see it. Railroad men do not make much money, and the houses were always cottages... .

She was the youngest of the tribe until a brother was born, which was later; but she received neither the pettings nor the spoils which fall usually to the lot of baby sisters. Her clothes came to her from the experienced needle of her mother, but via first Polly Ann and then Betty Jane. The dresses were worn and cut down and mended by this time, and were hardly calculated to enhance an awkward little kid with vaguely sandy hair and teeth with braces.

This, however, was minor tragedy, contributing to the oppressive weight of knowing—before she knew anything else—that she was the tail-end duckling, plain if not ugly, whose lot must inevitably be that of watching while the others acted, staying behind while the others proceeded. Visitors came to call, and they lifted Polly Ann with heaving motions to ample bosoms, and they cooed; Betty Jane, just past the toddling stage, they mauld delightedly.

FROM her envious perch near the mantel Gretchen observed, leering. Remarks concerning her were addressed to Mrs. Young, conciliatory always, and Gretchen listened, and slowly out of this there grew in her a furious resentment. It exploded one day, when the two older girls were dressing to go to a party.

Gretchen came to the door of their bedroom and stood on one foot, eyeing the confusion.

"I'm going, too," she said finally.

"No, dear," her mother mumbled faintly through the pins in her mouth. "Later—when you're grown up. . . ."

The child turned and trotted to the hall closet. She got her hat and coat, put them on, and went out. Ten minutes later and six blocks away from the house Mrs. Young heard pattering footsteps behind her; Gretchen, breathless, joined the little group on the sidewalk.

"I'm going," wailed Gretchen shrilly, and did not cower when Discipline came down immediately on the seat of her panty-waist.

"That," said Mrs. Young sternly, "is for crossing five intersections alone, in all this traffic. Now I'll take you home."

Through that afternoon, sitting calmly in the corner of the dining room, with hands folded, Gretchen considered her day. She thought, so that's a spanking. It only hurt a little. And I got six blocks away. If I'd gone ten blocks I'd have got the same spanking.

Logic stirred slowly in her four-year-old mind. Suddenly she sat upright, grinning. She thought, I win. I'll just do what I want, and take the spanking. And some day—some day, when I'm too big for spanking... .

But that was later.

That was later, after Wilson had set up his International Doll's House at Geneva and came home triumphantly to an America newly at peace; after the charming John Young had for the last time handed his meager pay check to his tired twenty-six-year-old wife and, one night, had gone away, carrying his toothbrush and his name and his memories, never to return; long, even, after Mother, looking desperately around her, had gathered her brood together, dumped them aboard the first train West, and descended hopefully upon California, where relatives offered sanctum.

HOLLYWOOD, in 1918, was a bustling little prairie with a rabbling, brand-new center called the Hollywood Hotel and—in Culver City and Burbank—a studio or two. People were interested in the place. They read the stories of incalculable riches pouring into studio coffers, and pouring right out again into the laps of new-made stars, who thereupon built palaces in the hills and threw fifty-thousand-dollar parties and rode in mauve Rolls-Royces, behind mauve livery. People read these things, glanced in the nearest mirror, folded up the clipping and entrained for the promised land by the thousands, fingers outstretched for a place in the pie.

They had to have somewhere to eat and sleep, while awaiting discovery by casting directors. Mrs. Young, born a hostess, was shrewd of necessity; she borrowed money, rented a boarding house, made sure that neither her beds nor dumplings were lumpy, and settled nervously down to supporting her four offspring and their incredible appetites.

Gretchen accepted the Great Change in stride, with immeasurable pleasure. Here, suddenly, was color and movement and excitement after the many drab months. Here were sand piles: here were other little girls with long braids which, when parted, created momentary breathless blurriness which satisfied her bursting vitality; here were adults who exclaimed over the loveliness of the two older sisters, yes—but who tossed lollipops and fine indigestible gumdrops at Gretchen as consolation.

They were a varied company, a storybook come to life, living in the next rooms to hers: the bearded man who recited Shakespeare and grumbled incessantly against the indifference to his talents of someone named Zukor: the dancer, pale and slim, who sometimes danced alone in the garden but who coughed rather dreadfully afterwards, always. She went away suddenly one night in an ambulance. And there was the woman who sang, so loudly, and the boy with the blonde wavy hair, with the soft voice, and the fat man who kept white mice—You must not touch them, Gretches, or-- go up (Continued on page 80)
WHY WE ROOSEVELTS

It is a pleasure and a privilege to see Hollywood—stars, studios, films—through the eyes of the First Lady of our land and her White House family

It is strange how for some of us our interest in people as individuals seems to tinge everything we do! The very best movies in the world might be shown in the White House and, if I have work to do, I would probably leave all my guests and sit at my desk all evening. If someone said to me however, "So and So," whom you met last January at the Birthday Balls, and whom you liked so much, is in that movie," I would probably decide that my work could be done between eleven and one a.m. and sit through the movie and enjoy it. I would have to have that personal interest in an individual before I would be tempted to see the play. That is the secret of the great popularity of movie stars, I suppose.

The rest of the family do not seem to be affected to quite the same degree that I am, however. They are all just natural movie fans. Jimmy and Betsy will come in in the evening during their busy winter months and say, "We are going to the movies; don't you want to come with us?" I raise my hands in horror and say: "Heavens, when I have more than I can do on this desk, I certainly am not going to the movies!" They go gaily off, jeering at me.

When the children come home for holidays or week ends there is always a demand for movies in the White House and, of course, it is practically the one and only relaxation which my husband has and it is a rare thing that a week goes by without at least one movie being shown for him.

Of course, we always have newsreels and, even when I do not stay for the long movie, I...
wait to see those, for they seem to bring the whole world before us. We can see things which happen hundreds of miles away just as though we were on the spot. I contend that seeing things is almost a necessity in this visual-minded period of our development, and the newsreels are probably doing as much as the radio, newspapers, and magazines to make people world-minded today.

Sometime I hope they will go a step further and do an educational job by stepping back into history and bringing the past before us so that we may better understand the happenings of the present. I remember once being given a preview of a film which depicted present conditions in a foreign land. Interesting as it was to me, I realized all the way through that the average theater-goer would need to know what conditions had existed in that country for two or three hundred years before, or he could not really understand the story which the film was trying to tell. Perhaps we are going to find ourselves learning history and becoming better world neighbors someday as a result of new uses to which the movies may lend themselves.

The newsreels, interesting as they are however, are only the appetizer for the real film.

I THINK a little trip to Hollywood would make every movie-goer more appreciative of the films which he sees. I spent one morning seeing three of the big movie studios. My time was so limited that I could only get an impression of each one but it was a breath-taking experience.

From Warner Brothers I carried away the vision of real streets with buildings—in Paris, in Spain, East Side New York City—and of a research department where a whole wall was lined with hardware of different periods and reference books that were so enticing that I would have gladly offered myself as a candidate for a job among them.

From Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I think my impression was one of marked efficiency. A tremendous scene moved before my eyes and then I was shown how certain illusions can be created and I realized more vividly every minute how many skills may be used in the creating of moving pictures. I had thought of it first as largely acting and writing; when, as a matter of fact, it is engineering and painting and a painstaking student's job.

At the Twentieth Century-Fox studio I was so taken up with Shirley Temple that I thought of little else, so I suppose what stayed with me there is the impression of the choice of the right person for the right film. After all, in the movies as in the legitimate theater, half the success is in the casting.

With this visit as background and the very pleasant acquaintanceships made at the time of the Birthday Balls each year when I have a chance to meet and talk with some of the movie stars, my interest is growing greater. I must see whatever films my acquaintances are in and I understand a little better all that goes into giving us this entertainment.

For the youngest members of the family it is never very hard to choose a film. Mickey Mouse always is successful and calls for much applause and squeals of joy, but the grandchildren are not the only ones who enjoy Mickey Mouse. The President never has an evening of his own planning without at least one Mickey Mouse film. Walt Disney's extraordinary film, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," has charmed everyone, old and young alike. Some of the little children are frightened by the witch, to be sure, and they weep, but the older members of the family liked it from beginning to end. Even one hard-boiled columnist who has few enthusiasm wrote of it in glowing terms.

One of the movies which I shall never forget was "The Life of Emile Zola," very well acted by Paul Muni, I thought. "The Buccaneer" with Fredric March, "Tom Sawyer," "Arsene Lupin Returns," "Hurricane" and many others that I cannot recall have been given this winter at the White House and all of them, I think, were a pleasant evening's entertainment and well worth seeing.

Of course, as far as we are concerned, the movies are used purely as a method of relaxation and entertainment, but every one of us realizes that it is not only as an amusement that the movies are important. Here is something which may be used to shape public opinion, to bring before a tremendously wide audience a great variety of facts and thoughts which can be a powerful imaginative stimulus. I do not mean that we are at present using it to the full extent to accomplish these ends, but that it may do all of this in the future is very possible.

There are undoubtedly many movies which have done great harm. I can remember years ago being dragged from my fireside in our cottage on Campbello Island, off the coast of Maine, to attend a movie in the little town of Port Eastport, Maine. I came away from that movie outraged, for society, spelled with a capital "S," was pictured not only as corrupt and immoral, but so unbelievably stupid that I could hardly stand having it looked upon as a true picture of any kind of life by the youth of our country. That old type of picture has practically disappeared, and also there is rapidly disappearing today the type of picture which glorifies the gangster and criminal. They made us more sympathetic with the rascal than with the righteuous man. We do occasionally see this still. I do not feel so strongly about it as I should perhaps, for I have so often found in real life that the rascal was attractive and had charm that I am not so sure but what it is well to make this discovery both in literature and on the stage, in order that we may learn to look beneath the surface and not be taken in too easily by appearances.

However, it is harmful to make small boys want to be the head of a gang, and I am very glad we have begun to show that it is possible to have qualities that evoke admiration, and still be a policeman or a "G" man, or even an everyday good citizen. Every now and then, I also get letters filled with concern from mothers and teachers who feel that certain movies actually put into dull or criminally inclined minds methods of procedure, thus stimulating the imagination which has a criminal bent to practical action.

The answer is, of course, that the public demands excitement and sometimes seems deliberately sadistic, enjoying a cruelty and horror on the stage or in a film which they might not be able to stand in real life. This is a curious trait of human nature; but it is true that producers must, to a certain extent, cater to the demands of the public and that if we wish to change anything in the movies, on the radio, on the stage, in the newspapers, we must change (Continued on page 81)
IN the last decade of the last century, five important male babies were born: two of them in England, three in the United States.

Maybe there was the right kind of star around at that time, and maybe it was in sextile to the ascendent (as they say in horoscope) and feeling pretty good about it. This star must have shed very special rays down on those five babies, because, in due course, they all became stars themselves.

The gay twenties found this quintet not only sitting pretty in Hollywood, but also sitting in each other's pockets, a compact little clique of five, a clique which was very exclusive and very difficult to crash. The password, which must have been suggested by one of the two whose star first rose in England, was, "My dear chap . . ."

Their names, in case you haven't guessed, are Clive Brook, Dick Barthelmess, Ronnie Colman, Bill Powell and Warner Baxter.

For years, these five were leaders, not only in the suburb of Hollywood but also in the even more exclusive Malibu Beach. With the British reserve that three of them had acquired by choice and in the other two just grew, they spent their time huntin', shootin' and fishin'.

They kept their huntin' and fishin' to themselves: the result of the shootin' (in shadow form), they gave to their worshipping public.

These five good fellows became friends in various ways, through work or play. Tennis drew some of them into the same set. Ronnie and Bill worked in a picture together. Warner was the least prominent of them when the clique was in its infancy. He was a fan of Ronnie's. He admired Ronnie so much that he did everything but ask for his signature. He found out who was Ronnie's barber and had his hair cut in the same, well-bred English lines. It took him a long time to discover where Ronnie bought his suits and his shirts—but he did it, and before long you could see Warner in imported tweeds, loose jackets, flannel trousers; and, if his clothes did not immediately acquire the shabby, casual look of an English square, all that was needed was that his valet should wear them around for a year or so to get them to the right degree of shabbiness.

One day Warner actually was introduced to Ronnie. He angled pretty shamelessly for an introduction among all of their mutual friends; finally got it from the Ernest Torrences.

Ronnie was a little amused by Warner at first (he had heard about this fan of his) . . . but Warner has too much personality on his own account to remain anyone's shadow, and soon the two became the fast friends they are to this

BY MOLLY CASTLE


AND THEN THERE WERE...
day—with Ronnie just one jump ahead of Warner, but Warner hopping along merrily just behind.

Years went by and one of them, Clive Brook, went back where he came from. Then there were four. More years, and another, Dick Barthelmess, went back to where Clive Brook came from. And then there were three. There are still three . . . Warner, Ronnie, Bill . . . and so, though life didn’t begin at forty for them, it keeps right on going . . .

The secret of the appeal of these three is quite simple. They are not callow youngsters; they are men who know their world.

They are a little tired, a little disillusioned, wholly understanding of the small weaknesses and frailties of women. Their weariness appeals to the maternal in women (I speak, you understand, of their screen personalities). There’s not a woman in any of their audiences who wouldn’t like to run her fingers through their hair, smooth the creases out of their foreheads, lend a lap in which they might rest their heads.

There isn’t an adult woman in any one of their audiences who doesn’t picture herself as being the one, the only one, who would really understand them, respond to their sophisticated, chivalrous, disillusioned love-making. No woman imagines herself being the first woman in their lives, but every single one imagines herself the last. That’s the secret of this trio’s success.

But men like them, too. They’re stout fellows, decent chaps, even if they do understand women. They’re men who would stand by a pal. Look at the way they’ve stood by each other.

Friendship between men is a fine thing. When Bill Powell was in trouble, he turned instinctively to his two great pals. They’re not fair-weather friends; they’re tried and trusted intimates.

When, brokenhearted, Bill said goodbye to his Jean for the last time, it was Warner who was waiting for him there in the hospital. After the funeral, Bill went off on Ronnie’s yacht to regain his balance, to recover a little from the shock. And as soon as he was able, he set out for London, and was welcomed there by the other two gang members, Clive and Dick. In his great trouble, it was his friends who saved him. "Now," they say jointly, "we’re going to take Bill in hand, pull him together. We must find him fresh interests and maybe get him a nice girl to go around with. Someone who will cheer him up and make him laugh, who’ll be gay and yet sensible and who won’t take him too seriously. Someone like—well, why not?—Sonja Henie. She’s a great little sport."

Ronnie is the yachtsman of the group. More than public acclaim, much more than the worship of fans, almost as much as friendship, he loves his boat. Where do you imagine Ronnie was when the crowds were pressing around the portals at the world premiere of his latest picture? Somewhere off the coast of Mexico.

It is Ronnie’s great ambition to make a yachtman out of Warner. Warner isn’t so enthusiastic. He likes the sea—but there seems an awful

(Continued on page 77)
THE great set was ablaze with lights, brilliant with color. Elegant, wigged and powdered grandes dames and their beaux moved about the huge stage. The air was charged with excited chatter. The bustle of a great event swelled to the eaves.

It was the start of the first day's shooting on "Marie Antoinette," the biggest, most expensive, most incredibly lavish motion picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would make for months, and probably years, to come.

Suddenly the heavy stage door swung open and a woman entered. The crowd sensed drama. Talk melted like snow.

She started alone across the wide floor. Her face was white as chalk. A tall, silvered wig rose above her cameo profile and from its peak aigrettes streamed back in gossamer streaks. Over a cascading gown she wore a pole coat.

When she saw them all looking at her, she smiled. It seemed to take in the whole stage.

A thin man with grizzled hair stepped up and put his arm around her. In a second, people crowded about, shaking her hand—carpenters with hammers, grips with soiled overalls. Hairdressers, make-up men, picture snatchers, extras.

She broke away finally and made her way to a little apple-green dressing table that stood in the corner. The scars and service scratches of a dozen years spoke through its new paint. It was the same dressing table she had used in the first picture she had ever made—and in every one since.

She sat down and patted powder back by the corners of her eyes where it had washed away.

The thin man moved close. "Whenever you're ready, Honey," said Woody Van Dyke.

"Just a minute," she answered.

That's how Norma Shearer came back to work.

"Marie Antoinette" is much more than a comeback picture for Norma Shearer. It's more than a film that cost $500,000 before an actor was cast and is likely to cost upwards of $3,000,000 before it is finished. It's more than the most carefully prepared movie re-creation of a historical era ever attempted. It is more than the fruit of a great Hollywood studio's maximum effort. It is more than any material thing. It is a testimonial to one of the greatest real life loves Hollywood has ever known.

Without the perfect love of Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, there would have been no "Marie Antoinette," for, without Norma Shearer—

(Continued on page 22)
A tender story of a valiant woman and of how, today, she is making a dream come true

BY

KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Gladys George, the Madame Du Barry of M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette," the mistress of the old king, Louis XV. Honored by the heads of Europe, for the way to the king's grace led through her salon, she was, according to history, to suffer her first rebuff at the hands of the fourteen-year-old Dauphine, Marie, who publicly refused to speak even one word to the courtesan, thereby throwing the court—and all of Europe—into turmoil.

Left: Anita Louise as Princesse de Lamballe, the naive young noblewoman who was one of the queen's best friends.
Right: John Barrymore as old King Louis XV, whose morals were a bit questionable but whose heart went out to the childlike Marie whom he had chosen to be his grandson's wife—and the future French queen.

Above: Albert Van Dekker as the Comte de Provence, Louis XVI's envious younger brother, the enemy of the charming gay queen. Left: Tyrone Power as Axel, Comte de Fersen, Swedish nobleman, and the one man whom Marie truly loved. At the age of eighteen, on one of his trips to Paris, he meets the queen at a masked ball—she flirts with him—and thus begins one of the greatest and most moving romances of French history.

PORTRAITS BY
REGINA McANANY
er’s memories of that love, she would not have returned to the screen to star in it.

The other day, in a brief talk on the set, Norma Shearer said, “I could never have attempted this if my enthusiasm for ‘Marie Antoinette’ hadn’t persisted through everything.” Then her eyes filled and she turned away.

There is no eloquence in that statement—only in what lies behind it. And that is a play of personal drama unmatched by any picture in the history of Hollywood.

FIVE years ago, Irving Thalberg came home to Norma Shearer one evening fired with an idea. He wanted to film the bittersweet, comi-tragic life of Marie Antoinette, Queen of the French. They discussed it, as they discussed everything, together. The popular conception of the professional relationship between Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg is that he guided her completely in everything. The truth is she often disagreed with him; she has always had a mind of her own.

“I don’t want to play a queen,” she told him “I don’t want to be a regal marionette out of a history book.”

It might have ended there. But Irving Thalberg handed Norma a book and asked her to read it. “I think you’ll find she wasn’t just a queen,” he said.

When Norma Shearer closed the cover of Stefan Zweig’s biography of Marie Antoinette she told her husband she had changed her mind. She wanted to play Marie Antoinette on the screen above everything else. “You’re right,” she said, “she was more than a queen. She was a woman.”

From then on it became a dream they shared. Irving Thalberg’s health broke sharply right after that. The first enthusiastic preparations were abandoned. Norma sailed with him and their son to Europe for curative baths and stimulating airs. When they returned Norma had been off the screen a dangerously long time. She needed to start a picture at once. But “Marie Antoinette” was hardly half prepared. They decided not to bring their dream to life in a shoddy manner. Norma Shearer went into “Riptide” and “The Barretts of Wimpole Street.” She had barely finished these when her daughter, Katherine, was born.

Again “Marie Antoinette” was put off. Again, when Norma’s career demanded another picture, they decided to keep their dream unhurried. She did “Romeo and Juliet.”

All this time Irving Thalberg went ahead on “Marie Antoinette,” despite his weak heart and the demands of other pictures on his limited strength.

Then, suddenly, Irving Thalberg died. It seemed their dream had died with him. The shock left Norma Shearer confused and incapable of making plans. Her perfect partner was gone; there seemed no reason for her to continue on in an empty career. She had two fatherless children to raise. She had the huge bulk of her four million dollar estate to manage. In her mind was one unquestioned belief—that she would never make another picture.

But at M-G-M preparations for “Marie Antoinette” never ceased. And never with anyone but Norma Shearer in mind. They knew what Norma’s numbed senses could not tell her. That her life had been wrapped up in motion pictures too long to Thalberg. That sooner or later she’d realize her love for Irving Thalberg would pull her back and make their dream come true.

HUNT STROMBERG had been a close friend of Thalberg’s. He knew Thalberg’s determination to make “Marie Antoinette” the finest appointed picture ever produced. He knew that this had meant everything to two people who loved each other very much. He resolved to carry out the Thalberg tradition to the minutest detail.

The result was the greatest campaign for luxurious authenticity ever attempted in the history of the screen. The research and preparation for Norma Shearer’s return in “Marie Antoinette” is a romance in itself.

Stromberg marshalled the tremendous production resources and talent of M-G-M. The research department assembled over one thousand French books on the Louis’ and their lavishly elegant courts. Pouring over those they compiled two bulging volumes crammed with intimate personal details about each of the sixty historical characters who appear on the screen. It was a masterpiece of research. By the time their work was completed, every member of the great historical tableau lived vividly—not as a dim figure of history, but as a person.

They found, for instance, that Louis XV bathed only seventeen times from cradle to grave! That the ambition of Louis XVI’s life was to make twenty clocks strike at the same time. That Marie Antoinette had holes in the toes of her slippers when she knelt before the guillotine. That Madame Dubarry kept perfumed puddle dogs who lived on chocolate bonbons and wore red pants, frock coats, lace collars and tricked-out hats.

They re-created from fact and fable such clear portraits of the fastidious pre-Revolutionary French that as one actor said, “There is no acting problem here. There is nothing left for the imagination!”

While research and script were woven together in Hollywood, Stromberg, himself, headed a squad of M-G-M’s ace production talent to comb Europe for relics of Antoinette’s glamorous reign. Stromberg badgered the French government into letting him photograph the King’s and Queen’s bedroom in the palace at Versailles, a thing hitherto strictly taboo.

Adrian, M-G-M’s famous dress stylist, hiked off to Vienna to ferret out every known Hapsburg portrait of Marie Antoinette’s generation—for she was a Hapsburg before she went to France to be Louis’ bride. The search yielded only one tiny authentic miniature of the youthful archduchess, but a mountain of manuscripts, prints, sketches and yellowed records of a ghastly truth.

In Paris, Adrian spent months roaming the crooked streets of Revolutionary Paris searching for anything from which to reconstruct the Bourbon dandies and their fashions, fancies, and foibles. He visited hairdressers whose ancestors had trimmed the wigs and curled the coiffures of the dainty courtiers of the period. He traced down families of Swiss wig-makers—for five thousand headpieces would have to be made, each in the correct style of six different periods of French court fads. He combed the knitting mills of France for weavers whose grandfathers had told them hazy tales of the rich splendor of court costumes. He found long-forgotten samples of gold cloth and brocades that had graced many a French dandy’s prancing figure at the minuet. He dug up Antoinette’s very jewels and the jewels of her friends. He

(Continued on page 85)
Back to Adventure

By Bernarr Macfadden

Photoplay's publisher sees in "The Adventures of Robin Hood" a challenge to stuffy sophistication and a renewal of the vital spirit that is America's heritage.

"SOPHISTICATION" is a dangerous thing. Take the dictionary meaning of "sophisticated" for proof. To be sophisticated is to be "deprived of native or original simplicity . . . . to be artificial."

Yet the modern world wants to be sophisticated. The word has become a term of praise, not of derogation. And undoubtedly in answer to this mistaken desire, there has recently been a trend in motion pictures toward sophistication —toward artificiality, smartness, cynicism. The more "sophisticated" a picture was, the more it was to be admired.

And that is the reason, it seems to me, that "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is more than simply a new picture — more than just entertainment. It is a breath of fresh air in an over-luxurious room. It is the pendulum starting its swing back toward native and original simplicity, toward honesty, vigor, and unashamed zest for living.

It would be hard to imagine anything less sophisticated than this picture. Its story is an old one—a well-loved legend, part of the heritage of English-speaking people. But the director, Michael Curtiz, has proved that new life and enthusiasm can be brought to the oldest of stories. "The Adventures of Robin Hood" is packed full of intensely dramatic situations. Errol Flynn, playing the title role, is a bold, dashing, lovable villain. He leaps up stairs with the agility of a panther. He scales walls, climbs up to balconies, with the ease, swiftness and grace of a cat. He fights like a demon and makes whirlwind love.

Now, all this is frankly romance, a beautiful legend. But like all the legends which are cradled deep in the hearts of men, it contains truths not found in scientific treatises — nor yet in hothouse dramas or silly comedies.

It glorifies ideals instead of worldly schemes, courage instead of doubt. It takes the glamour away from stuffy drawing rooms and places it where it belongs — in the out-of-doors.

It brings back that love of adventure which has been responsible for all the really worthwhile things man has achieved here on earth. "Robin Hood," and the other pictures to come which it will undoubtedly inspire, will perform an immense service to the people of this nation. It is impossible to see it without wanting to feel the blood coursing through your veins, to feel the sun and wind on your forehead, to experience the thrill of vigorous action, to approach life with the zest which only perfect health can give. It is impossible to see it, even without wanting to revive that fine old sport of archery, which is only now coming back into popularity.

The people of America need a change in their viewpoint — just such a change as pictures like "Robin Hood" embody in themselves. We are forgetting that we are a young nation. We yearn for the sophisticated life, forgetting that sophistication means artificiality and an avid lack of simplicity. We forget, too, that the nations which have approached their problems from a too-intellectual angle have always, as history shows, been on their way to decadence.

Our own glorious growth and progress have been the fruit of an adventurous, high-hearted spirit, the same spirit with which "Robin Hood" abounds. We have our own beautiful legends—only they are not legends. Like "Robin Hood," they actually happened, before we turned our backs on simplicity and vigor. It is up to us to find that simplicity and vigor once more, in order to keep on growing, in order to keep on progressing.

There are but few pictures that one cares to see the second time, but Michael Curtiz' "Robin Hood" belongs in that class.

Errol Flynn is a bold Robin Hood, making whirlwind love to Maid Marian [Olivia de Havilland] — all sheer romance, yet deep in this lovely legend lies truth and inspiration.
Where do they go? What do they do?—those Hollywood sophisticates.

A famous bon vivant reports all

Drawing by Florenty, Jr.

The most glamorous city on earth contains more than a handful of the most sophisticated people. Americans everywhere want to know everything about these people. They are certainly more fabled than anyone alive today elsewhere. Just what do they do? Where do they go? What do they eat and drink? Who clothes them and who decorates their homes? What are their favorite sports? And a hundred and one other riddles.

Like any other major city, the spots a Hollywood sophisticate frequents change as often as his whims; therefore, there must be men of vision thereabouts who can work fast in the doing-over process.

Right at this moment, sophisticated Hollywood is tennis and polo mad. It will spend all of its extra shekels at this time of year (spring and summer) in outdoing the other guy in either sporting event. You'd be surprised at the stars who covet the net, and who wish they could emulate Helen Jacobs, Kay Stammers and von Cramm.

All winter long in their off-set hours they've been whacking a wicked racquet down at Palm
TO HOLLYWOOD

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Springs. All spring they’ve been practicing on the tennis courts of friends and at that very exclusive spot, the West Side Tennis Club. They’ve spent a fortune at the Beverly Hills sporting goods shops in properly equipping themselves for the fray they hope to get into when midsummer’s tournaments come along.

The sophisticated East may eye the Casino at Newport, R. I., with favor, but not so the rest of America, who will want to know the net rating of Wendy Barrie and Paulette Goddard, Charlie Farrell and Errol Flynn, Sally Eilers and Betty Grable, Jack Cummings and Gary Cooper, and Frank Shields and Ralph Bellamy.

The comparatively new Will Rogers Polo Field suffered considerably from the big flood which swept over Los Angeles in March. It put out of commission for many months the Uplifters’ Field at Santa Monica, and did its share of damage to the Riviera Field in Bel-Air, but there are enough polo fans to do up these discrepancies in the best brown imaginable. Since Will’s death, polo has been on the downgrade; but Leo Carrillo and Spencer Tracy decided this spring to bring polo back with a bang. Besides, everyone likes to watch Gary Cooper, Hal Roach, Walt Disney and Walter Wanger bear madly down upon one another. Here is a man’s game in the best sense of gentlemanly manliness. No true red-blooded American can stand aside when Wally Beery, Clarence Brown, Jack Holt and Frank Borzage come roaring down the sod, mallets high. The crowd that squat about the turf in their imported cars yell their lungs out when a good stiff game is in progress.

Latter they’ll all meet at Don the Beachcomber’s unique South Sea Island bar, for one of those famous Dr. Funk or Zombie drinks. Don will wager that anyone, save a Hollywood sophisticate, cannot consume more than two or three without the urge to go quite native.

Don is a wise Beachcomber. In Honolulu, he opens for filmland’s best a duplicate spot together with a series of Tahitian huts, rentable at minimum fee to all his filmland clients. His rum—he has ninety-one different brands from the Caribbean Islands and the South Seas—is the most palatable I’ve ever tasted, and that for me, my fine friends, is really quite an important concession.

Since Don the Beachcomber first opened, forty-five gentlemen have copied his idea in Hollywood. All spots have folded, save eleven. Of these eleven, Sugi’s place in Beverly Hills still manages to get the crowd. It is here that Georgie Jessel and Errol Flynn occasionally go; and sometimes Johnny Weissmuller and Howard Hughes.

But Don has been more discreet. He’s built one complete “shack” for screenland’s elite, with a number of discreet places to “get away from it all.” Such people as Tom Brown, Mischa Auer, Annabella, Charlie Chaplin, Tim Durant and a host of others dive into Don’s hide-out every evening with the assurance that they won’t be photographed, autographed, and besieged by an army of sight-seers.

HOLLYWOOD is the least dressy place in the country today. In fact, you can wear pajamas all day (and night) long and no one will be the wiser.

But on Friday and Saturday evenings, after you’ve cocktailed and “tead” to suit your taste, you have to put on a bit of the dog or the crowd will give you the “Southern Sasparilla”—which isn’t fun!

So out you step for a bite to eat at Lamoza’s, in the Strip (as that section of town is called “twixt Beverly Hills and Hollywood”); or Selznick’s Versailles, overlooking the lights of town; or the Town House’s Zebra Room; the Ambassador’s Coconut Grove; the Beverly Wilshire’s Florentine Room.

To each, goes filmland in a body, clad in dinner jacket and milady’s finest jewels. To each, go as many tourists as have been lucky enough to get in. Sometimes they flock to the Victor Hugo out in Beverly Hills, and a few give large and exclusive dinner parties at home.

Afterwards (not earlier than eleven), the colony proceeds almost in a body to Billy Wilkerson’s beauteous Troucadero, America’s best known chic nitey next to John Perona’s El Morocco in New York; or the Clover Club near by. In fact, Hollywood society is very much divided on the two spots, in their likes and dislikes about the town.

The Hotel Biltmore Bowl is another spot which attracts the movie crowd; and so does the Ambassador’s Coconut Grove on Tuesday—on its special movie night.

Name bands from various sections of the country regale the boys and gals of pictureland at most of these spots. Eddy Duchin, Rudy Vallee, the Cochiniques, Jan Garber and a host of others have come and gone all year long.

The trick dances, such as the Big Apple, Little Pear, Fragrant Peach, the Shag and so forth have practically gone out, the Viennese Waltz and the Guatemalan Rumbas have come back in. No one loves the latter so much as Marlene Dietrich, Lili Damita, June Lang, Carole Lombard, Joan Marsh, Mary Rogers, Paulette Goddard, Martha Raye and Eleanor Powell. But to see Louis B. Mayer, Joe Schenck, Cesar Romero, Edgar Sutherland, Lloyd Pantages, Gene Markey, Josef von Sternberg, George Raft, Gene Towne and Bill Robinson is a treat indeed.

There are some who claim that that beautiful thing “Vieni-Vieni,” said to be Hitler’s favorite piece, is the piece de resistance at all of the chic night spots this year. Of those who dance to it, Anita Louise, Madeleine Carroll, Marian Marsh, Merle Oberon, Loretta Young, Lulu Deste and Marion Davies outshine all others. And as for the men, there are always Winnie Sheehan, Gene Markey, Edmund Lowe, Richard Arlen, Ed Sullivan, Will Hays, Douglas Montgomery, Robert Young and Jack Barrymore.

MOST of the night spots mentioned above close between two and three in the morning, and then the crowd drifts on to La Conga, the Hollywood Brown Derby, Rex Bell and Clara Bow’s popular “It” Café, Burp Hollow and “The Drunkard” (incidentally, this latter is now in its fifth year in Hollywood).

Sometimes the evening is wound up at dawn, down in “Omar’s Dome” in Los Angeles proper or one of the black and tan spots down there, which correspond to Harlem in New York.

Some there are who motor out to Santa Monica’s Grand Hotel for a breakfast out over the languorous Pacific Ocean: others prefer Von Klein’s “The Berries” in Cahuenga Canyon, where the best meats and meat sandwiches in the entire far West are served; still others roam down to Olivaen Street in the Spanish section of

(Continued on page 73)
A good pianist of the stand-a-lot-of-punishment variety (in this case, Smith Ballew) solves the entertainment problem at many a Hollywood party.

Jimmy Stewart is among the flock of stars who have found a camera provides a cheap but altogether fascinating hobby for every day of the year.

Besides economizing in the pursuit of pleasure, the stars also know how to avoid big bills in keeping beautiful. Jeanette MacDonald demonstrates one method everyone can enjoy.

Ginger Rogers' soda bar satisfies everyone's yen to play "soda jerker," and also helps to balance her party budget.

HOW TO HAVE A STAR'S FUN ON YOUR INCOME
As in Podunkville—so in Hollywood
—"the best things in life are free,"
says the author of "Orchids On Your Budget;" "Live Alone and Like It"

LIVE like a star on your budget? Well, I don’t expect to convince you that you can, just by saying so. Because, at first glance, that seems as ridiculous a statement as anybody in her right mind—or wrong mind either, for that matter, ever made.

"The woman," you’ll say, "just doesn’t know my budget!"

But I think I do. It’s just a little bit smaller than the amount you need to do all the things you’d like to do. Most budgets are like that, my own not excepted.

On the other hand, they are pretty glamorous creatures, these movie stars whose lovely faces and perfect figures are flashed before us on the screen. They must lead pretty glamorous lives. They are not only beautiful, but rich and popular, and they live in the fabulous land of Hollywood where everything is gayer and grander than everywhere else. No need for them, surely, to think about anything so crass as a budget.

When they want to have fun, they go ahead and have it, without bothering to count the cost. Or do they?

Let’s peer into a few private lives and see what really goes on there. What we find out is going to surprise you. Moreover, it’s going to prove the very real truth of a saying which you’ve heretofore thought of only as the title of a song: "The best things in life are free." Or, anyway, startlingly inexpensive.

TAKE, to begin with, the Hollywood party. Now, there’s a chance to spend a lot of money if there ever was one. In this period, served out of magnum bottles, peacocks’ tongues and similar delicacies to eat, and international favorites to do the entertaining at so much a head—so very much a head.

But when Ginger Rogers, for instance, has some people in to spend the evening, does she go in for all this? As a matter of fact, she buys some ice cream, some assorted fruit syrups, bananas, maraschino cherries, and lots and lots of bottled soda water. Then she turns her guests loose on the collection and lets them make their own ice-cream sodas and banana splits, thereby solving at one fell swoop the twin problems of food and entertainment. Did you ever meet anyone who didn’t have a sneaking ambition to mess around in back of a soda counter? It goes back to the mud-pie instinct in children. And besides, ice cream is much cheaper than liquor. Try it yourself some time, and see.

Ginger Rogers gives dinners, too—formal affairs. She has a barbecue pit in her back yard, and that’s where she serves the dinner—small steaks, pots of baked beans, and a green salad, handed around on stone platters.

Of course, you may not have a barbecue pit, but if you have a back yard or a garden you can build one, easily and inexpensively. And if you haven’t the back yard, you can achieve the really important thing about these parties—which is their spirit of informality—in other ways. A buffet supper with a chafing dish or electric grill is one way. Giving your guests carte blanche in your kitchen is another.

WHAT is today’s biggest fad in Hollywood? Not buying yachts or foreign motors: not anything that means spending lots of money. It’s knitting, just plain, ordinary knitting. Walk in on one of Kay Francis’ or Bette Davis’ afternoon parties, and you’ll think you’ve stepped into Aunt Hattie’s sewing circle by mistake. There are all those exotic Indies, sitting around and knitting—and loving it.

Everybody’s doing it. One director at Warner Brothers made a big hit with all his stars and players by bringing yarn and needles to the studio and putting them to work between scenes, knitting little squares for an afghan. He not only made a hit, but he got a nice afghan out of it, too.

When Joan Crawford, who is an expert, wants to give a present to a friend, she invariably knits it herself.

Of course, there’s a very human reason for the way the stars enjoy an occupation your grandmother used to call work. A completed sweater is something in which to take a lot of pride. And it doesn’t seem to make any difference if a star has won the Academy award—she still finds herself gloating proudly over that first sweater, despite its occasional dropped stitches or that funny way it fits around the shoulders. Because, you see, it’s something she’s done all by herself.

To get back, temporarily, to those Hollywood parties: when Ann Sothern entertains, she simply sees to it that somewhere in the crowd there is a good pianist, of the rough-and-ready, stand-a-lot-of-punishment variety. Then she forgets her entertainment problem, while her guests spend hours grouped around the piano, playing and singing every old song they can remember.

Or she makes a game out of it. The pianist plays a few bars of some old song, and the guests have a contest to see who can guess the name of it, tell what year it was popular, and relate some personal memory connected with that year. The George Murphys are whizzes at this sort of thing, and so is Franchot Tone.

THIS brings us to the subject of games in general. The person who introduces a brand-new game in Hollywood is made, socially, for life. And the game doesn’t have to be expensive to play, either—the only requirement is that it be ingenious. The Game, or Indications, as it is

(Continued on page 78)
A timeworn joke bit the dust when
Bob Young married a girl with an
understanding and unusual mother

BY IDA ZEITLIN

There's another woman in Bob Young's life. He not only admits it, but sings hosannas about it. His face lights up when her name is mentioned. He talks about her with a fervor most men reserve for their wives or sweethearts or children. He never fails to kiss her on sight—"He wouldn't care if the President were standing there," she informs you, beaming with love and pride. He dances with her in public, and she sometimes cooks for him in private. Her name is Maud Henderson and she's his mother-in-law.

I came upon the fact by accident. He was chewing on a drumstick in his dressing room.

"Part of last night's dinner," he announced.

"Maid's day out. My mother-in-law cooked it. Say, there's a woman I could talk about forever."

The traditional mother-in-law joke, so-called, has long grown stale and tasteless. On the other hand, such feeling as shown in Bob's eyes was a rare sight. I inquired further.

"Why? Because she's rare, I suppose. Because the word humane must have been invented for her. Because I've never met her like in tolerance and understanding and seeing the other fellow's side before she sees her own. You know, many of us struggle to be unselfish because we're taught we should be. She doesn't have to struggle, she was born that way. And don't let that give you the idea that she's one of those meek old ladies who sits with her hands folded and looks saintly. She isn't old, she isn't meek, and if she ever sat for longer than two minutes with her hands folded, you'd be running for the doctor.

"She loves to laugh. She's got more bounce than a rubber ball. She'll come home from the dentist after having had three or four teeth pulled, and, instead of moaning, she'll start remembering the time she swallowed a couple of inlays and have us in hystericis, telling about it. She meets real trouble the same way. She may cry her eyes out in her bedroom, but, when you see her, she's either ready to battle whatever it is or face the inevitable.

"With us, there's never the problem of, 'Isn't it time we had Mother over?' We can't get her over often enough. Nor the problem of how to (Continued on page 82)
ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

Study in reflection: Joan Bennett of "The Texans" caught in a moment of lovely tranquillity

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM WALLING
Twenty-three years ago moving pictures took up the crusade against syphilis in a bold adaptation of the play "Damaged Goods." Fresh from the Broadway stage sensation was leading man Richard Bennett, father of Constance and Joan. The next year illegal operations were daringly attacked in the powerful "Where Are My Children?" Above, Tyrone Power, Sr., as Richard Walton, strongly denounces his wife and her selfish friends for the sin of depriving their husbands of children.

For Adults Only

Although "The Birth of a Baby" aroused nationwide controversy, Photoplay reveals that the social message film is nothing new. Here, in exclusive pictures, is its sensational history.

By 1933 medical groups had so acknowledged moving pictures as powerful weapons in the fight against venereal diseases that "Damaged Lives" was endorsed by the American Social Hygiene Association. The film's cast included Diane Sinclair (below), Lyman Williams, Marceline Day, Cecelia Parker, George Irving and Victor Potel.
When narcotics killed Wallace Reid, Mrs. Reid (Dorothy Davenport) declared war against dope, including in her campaign "Human Wreckage." Above, Mrs. Reid and Bessie Love as the dope addict. James Kirkwood and George Hackathorne also had roles.

The white slave theme was so dangerous in 1916 that the producer of one film dared not print the cast names. In 1924 "Missing Daughters," on the same subject, included such well-known stars as Pauline Starke, Eva Novak, and Robert Edeson.

"Tomorrow's Children," a frank study of sterilization, was released in 1934. Application for a license in N. Y. State was refused. When the case was appealed in 1937, the refusal was upheld on the grounds that the film was "immoral."

Equally spectacular is the recent film, "Assassin of Youth," exposing the evils of the Marijuana weed or the "reefer" cigarette. Whether this film and its predecessors have succeeded in their avowed aim to educate the public on social subjects is still a moot point.

ONLY a producer not a member of the Association of Motion Picture Producers attempts the "For Adults Only" film. An Association member must obtain the Hays Office approval on every picture. This precludes the social message picture, for the Association Code states: (1) "Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not subjects for motion pictures." (2) "White slavery shall not be treated." (3) "Scenes of actual childbirth, in fact or in silhouette, are never to be presented."

An independent producer must, however, submit his film to a state or city censorship board. State boards have been set up in New York, Ohio, Kansas, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. In the remaining states, local boards exist in "key cities." Difference in censorship opinion is shown by the case of "The Birth of a Baby," shown in Minneapolis, but banned in New York; and "Tomorrow's Children," approved by Pennsylvania and Ohio, but turned down by Maryland, Virginia, Kansas and New York.
Prominent among the young beneficts of Hollywood is the versatile Flynn, husband of the volatile Damita. Celtic descendant of Fletcher Christian of "Bounty" fame, Warners' "Robin Hood" is a rover at heart, an author at will, an actor by nature. Having spent the first quarter of his life roaming five continents, he took a hand at the English stage, was spotted by Warners, imported hastily westward. A personable young man with a flair for sailing ships and wearing British tweeds, he admits to one suppressed desire—to be a bartender.

Photograph by Elmer Fryer
In a town that is a dealer in phenomena, she has become a legend—the vivid, vibrant Hepburn. She is fancy's child who works for a living and Hollywood is her workshop. A worthy Thespian with an indomitable will to conquer, she was a prime "play actor" in her native Hartford at seven; an amateur actress at seventeen; the talk of the motion-picture industry at twenty-seven. To her friends, this dynamic Linda of "Holiday" is a shy, earnest, lovable young redhead; to her directors, "one of those rare individuals that we know as genius."

Photograph by A. L. Schafer
1. The male half of this picture is the famous son of a famous actor father. The girl in the case was the subject of a short poem written by a noted woman novelist in the December issue of this magazine.

2. Off screen, these two lovers are old married people. The Southern lady is wed to a noted director; the man, one of the screen's prime butlers, is twice-told papa.

3. This pair makes love to each other frequently. She's a native of Philadelphia; he was born in Providence, is now a popular radio star as well as an M-G-M player, has been in movies since 1937.

4. A fervid technique—and it seems to please the dark-eyed girl who was voted the screen's best-dressed woman. The featured male player was once the rollicking film mate of Victor McLaglen.

5. A more reticent version of the kiss by a tiny blonde noted for brilliant footwork and by the young hero who figured in that first close-up in the top row.

6. "It's All Yours" is this English star's last film, but she seems to be keeping her silent partner in suspense right here. Perhaps it's because she's wary of the popular blonde comedienne who is his wife.

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8. "It's All Yours" is this English star's last film, but she seems to be keeping her silent partner in suspense right here. Perhaps it's because she's wary of the popular blonde comedienne who is his wife.
Rather nosey about his wooing is this swain of Claudette Colbert’s in “I Met Him in Paris.” His subject here is the pretty blonde Mrs. Phil Berg.

5. “B”oy loves “G”irl in this one. “G” (male—and once a lumberjack) has brown hair and gray eyes; “B” owns an enterprising cosmetic business, is one of three sisters in a family that is noted on the stage.

6. The young man on the left was once a crooner, is now a bandleader. His feminine accomplice, Miss M. B., has a soft drawl, thirteen years in films, sixty-eight movie roles and no husbands to her credit.

8. Her initials are M. D., but it was leg art in which she specialized. Her colleague is another M. D.—and married.

11. This brunette will soon be a baroness; the gentleman in profile won fame in films as Philo Vance.

12. Husband and wife, these two, since 1935. Her mother-in-law by a previous marriage is now the wife of the man, who is pictured at the top right.

13. Love—when spit curls were in and censors out. She’s French, with an Irish husband: he’s Don Jose of Monogram’s “Rose of the Rio Grande.”

If these lips betray you and you can’t guess their rightful owners, turn to page 76 for a list of the correct answers.

15. The Grand Finale—by a lady who made “Blondie of the Follies” in 1932 and then retired and by a Spanish lover, film actor these twenty-five years.
Joe E. Brown and daughters answer the call of the side show vendor

A program vendor has a fair customer in the person of Anita Louise

Among the ardent circus fans—Tyrone and Janet

Jane Withers is blissfully unaware of the "Down in front" edict

Unusual celebrity grab shot—front row: the Ronald Burlas (Una Merkel), Curtis Kenyon squiring Madge Evans. Rear row: can you find...
Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant find it all pretty hair-raising

The ticket line-up includes Natalie Draper and husband Tom Brown

In the rush for seats Ken Murray lends a helping hand to Betty Grable and Mary Brian

Serious spectators: Mary Astor and her husband Manuel Martinez Del Campo

The worm turns at last! This time it's the film folk who pass judgment on the annual show of shows, Hollywood's favorite Al G. Barnes Circus
Soldier of fortune seeking fame is Ray Milland, late of the English stage, now favored young son of Paramount. Welsh by birth, British by education, the new male lead of "Tropic Holiday" looks back on a life that has led him from the blue jeans of a ranchman to the regal uniform of the King's Royal Guards. Having first gained entrance to films by reason of his horsemanship, his profile and his spontaneous talent, he spent one year courting the Hollywood that now is courting him.

The call number for stardom is up, too, for Andrea Leeds. An amateur college movie brought her to the attention of West Coast directorial brains; her own intense talent makes her coolly competent to fulfill the "Letter of Introduction" which Universal is now issuing. Used first as a foil in a kiss test, she was delegated to the cutting room floor; cast as the young suicide in "Stage Door," she was lifted promptly and permanently to her own place in lights, notably in "The Goldwyn Follies."
These gems, unearthed by Photoplay, may not rate the Metropolitan, but we hang them here in our cinematic masterpiece department.

Katie's streamlines first showed up to advantage in this love scene with Colin Keith-Johnston in the 1932 stage success, "The Warrior's Husband".

A 1925 tango or a love fade-out? At any rate, in melting into Jack Pickford's arms, La Bennett completely forgets her vaccination.
Oh, for those dear old days when Mrs. Tone had more pep and less poise! Can you imagine the self-contained Crawford today in an abandoned scene like this one? It's from the 1931 "Dance, Fools, Dance" when Joanie was still a dancing daughter. The handsome stalwart in shorts is Lester Vail.

The famous Gable dimple betrays the identity of the black wigged person, who, in those Portland Theater days, used the name of William C. Gable. At Clark's left is Josephine Dillon, later to be his first wife.

Three pictures that prove Lon Chaney didn't corner the make-up market. Top: a decidedly unhandsome John Barrymore in a 1921 rôle in "Clair de Lune" . . . Charlie Chaplin (above) as a perfect Napoleon . . .

... and this was not the laconic president, the late Calvin Coolidge, but veteran actor Lucien Littlefield striking a pose in the famed Coolidge manner.
SHOOTING
STARS

The hobby of many PHOTOPLAY readers

1. The inimitable Powell, astride a burro belonging to a fan in Kennedy Meadows, Cal., is snapped by Mrs. M. Shade. Awarded first prize

2. This success shot of Madeleine Carroll was taken right in the middle of Santa Fe Street in Pasadena by a Californian, Ivan Essayan

3. Willard Calderbank, Canadian on vacation in Hollywood, caught Alice Faye hurrying from her radio rehearsal at the Wilshire Ebell Theater

4. Tennis Tournament time is the heyday of the star-shooters. Jack Pashkovsky had the luck to spot Melvyn Douglas in the midst of the crowd

5. Robert Dunbar, radioman of an Air Corps bomber stationed at March Field, Cal., where "Test Pilot" scenes were shot, "candided" Tracy and Loy

6. A scoop picture of Miss Temple enjoying herself on her Hawaiian vacation, for which honors go to Patricia Feeney of Detroit, Michigan

7. As one fan to another—polo enthusiast Bob Montgomery posed on the field of a Santa Monica Country Club for star devotee Mina Gilbert

8. Mary Alyce Jacobs knows how much Photoplay readers would appreciate this picture of Jean Harlow, taken on the grounds of the star's own home

9. An exciting moment for Cantor and Durbin, recorded by Ivan Essayan's camera. Photo taken at the train when the two stars left on their N. Y. trip

10. That Morris-Lane team had a lot of fun one Sunday at a public beach at Santa Monica. Al Hart talked to them, thinks they're both "very nice"

11. John Kinsley, another lucky airman stationed at March Field who watched the "Test Pilots" at work, got this first-hand view of the smiling Gable

12. Nelson Eddy evidently loves to be caught by the camera—at least, when it was Mrs. Frank Thomas who snapped him at the famous Vendome Cafe

FOR LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS SEE PAGE 80
On screen, the city girl sticks to her city streets in Paramount’s “You and Me”; off screen, she’s turned rural with a farm in New Jersey.
A little o' this; a little o' that; a dash of truth; a flavor of hearsay—
net result: a spicy concoction of news from the stars' own home town

The Truth About the "Ecstasy Girl"

Perhaps nowhere else in the world do people regret so heartily their youthful mistakes. Under the merciless spotlight, their every thought and deed, their every action, past and present, is brought to light, sometimes with heartbreaking results.

We are thinking now of Hedy Lamarr. No more beautiful woman has ever stormed the doors of moviedom than Hedy, grey-eyed, raven-haired Viennese known as the "Ecstasy Girl."

We talked to Hedy on the "Algiers" set the other day, an experience we shan't soon forget.

"I can't get away from it, this 'Ecstasy Girl' name," she said. "I think to myself now I come to Hollywood and begin again. My father's heart is broken and my mother crushed over the whole episode. So, I think I come to America for I love their language so, their words—'dear'—'darling'—'sweetheart' and their way of laughing off troubles that I see and hear in the American films in Vienna.

"The words that I loved to hear from the screen they call me now but their hearts do not mean it. In their papers they speak of me as another foreigner who is not wanted—the 'Ecstasy Girl.'"

"It is not to be stood so heavy is my heart." She sat at her dressing table and stared helplessly at her make-up, ruined now by the tears that had overflowed.

"I was only sixteen, young and so ambitious to get ahead. That must appear unclothed in the picture was not in the synopsis they sent me to read. When I was told, it was too late. I was only one against a whole organization. Besides, in my country they looked at it so differently. They spoke of it as art.

"But now it is done—over—and I am not forgiven in this wonderful land of America. My dear friends here, Ronald Colman and others, assure me in time, when I have proven by sincerity in wanting to be near and with you Americans and have proven my ability as an actress, Hollywood will no longer think of me only as the girl of 'Ecstasy.'"

"Do you think so, please?"

That Hedy's sincerity will bring her what she wants goes without saying, for, at the present time, in her desire to become a real part of America, she is taking out citizenship papers.

Listen, Girls

By this time you are undoubtedly asking more about that handsome young Britisher, Richard Greene, seen in "Four Men and a Prayer" and now acting as Sonja Henie's leading man. Just to be up on Greene you should know: He's a bachelor. He's twenty-four. He's handsome. He's delightful, he's fancy-free and has a dimple in his right cheek.

Handsome even than Ty Power, he can't believe Hollywood isn't a dream from which he may awaken any moment. A few short weeks ago Richard was just another out-of-work actor in London. Suddenly, three Hollywood studios began paging him at once.

His description of the conference at which he signed his contract is riotous—for an Englishman. Like Jack Horner he sat in a corner, unimportant and ignored, while agents and lawyers fought over salary.
"And for what?" he asks. "I was put on a six-week lay-off after my first picture, 'Four Men and a Prayer' and I'm stony broke anyway."

The "Four Men" company had been shooting ten days when Richard arrived in Hollywood one week after signing his contract.

An hour after landing he stood before a camera on a sound stage and said to Loretta Young, whom he'd never met, "I love you, too, dear."

Hot dog, what a life! And how he adores them—hot dogs, we mean.

Studio can't keep him out of drive-in stands where Richard feeds his handsome self hot dogs by the hour.

He chews gum. And got lost in Mexico a month after he arrived. Talked the Mexican official in letting him across the border with no papers, which should give you some idea (oh, very rough, of course) of his charm.

His name is constantly linked with 1: Arleen Whelan. 2: Loretta Young. 3: Sonja Henie.

He thinks they're all nice.

And they all think Richard is nice, too.

He's taking lessons to eliminate his too-thick accent.

He can imitate Bob Burns, but he can't look like him no matter how hard he tries.

Play Cozy—and Get Fooled

One of Hollywood's mysteries is liable to be cleared up before the month is out. We refer to that old chestnut "Are Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard really married?"

Because Paulette starts her picture with Janet Gaynor within a few weeks, and Selznick Studios, we understand, will demand a clear-cut, final answer to that question from Miss Goddard before she begins her work. They are starting a publicity campaign on Miss Goddard, which may land her in the "Scarlett O'Hara" rôle of "Gone with the Wind." And the studio wants to know about Miss Goddard's marriages, if any, before they start their build-up.

Gold Star for Shirley

If you don't believe Shirley Temple is growing up to be a perfect little lady, you should know what the famous "Desert Inn," in Palm Springs, thinks about her. This favorite desert spot is noted for its exclusiveness, quiet restfulness, and complete lack of Palm Springs "whooppee."

During Shirley's last vacation there recently, an elderly banker from Pittsburgh spotted the little star strolling down the lawn. "Isn't that Shirley Temple from Hollywood?" he asked the manager. "Indeed," the manager returned soberly. "Miss Temple is one of our happiest, but quietest clients."

Are You Up On Carole Lombard?

Did you know she—

Giggles that way off the screen, too?

Calls Clark Gable "Puppy" and scolds him for not reporting on his whereabouts so "accident rumors" won't frighten her silly?

Can milk a cow?

Is building a small six-room house in the valley?

Is taking a correspondence course in agriculture from a local university and averages "B's" in her homework?

Can rope a steer?

Is generous to relatives and a small army of people?

Loves to talk of her Mack Sennett "fanny calls" days?

Goes to town on chocolate caramels?

Buys fewer clothes for her own wardrobe than any star in Hollywood?

Is the most outspoken beauty in ten states?

And Bedlam Popped Out

A tailor's delivery boy out in Beverly Hills is still in a daze. Standing one day on Marlene Dietrich's back porch with two cleaned dresses, the boy casually pressed a small button near the back door.

Life for the tailor's boy became a bedlam almost at once. A swarm of motorcycle cops followed by a corps of plain-clothes men surrounded the boy. It was minutes later he discovered he had pushed the burglar alarm by mistake.

Gary Blushes—but Definitely

Of all the embarrassed, bewildered men in Hollywood it's Gary Cooper. It seems Gary, the former cowboy, is now the style setter supreme. The handsome velvet and leather robes worn by Gary in "Marco Polo" have set the fashion designers twitter.

Mrs. Goldwyn herself was first to copy the lovely robes. This, Gary didn't mind so much. But when women began writing to the actor from all over, wanting to know how many yards it took to make such and such a robe, it was just too much.

"I never thought I'd be a style setter," Gary moans and shuffles off for the nearest hide-out.

Hi there, Schiaparelli.

Leave It to Withers

The Withers family, the one that contains a member known as Jane, got a new set of dishes last week.

They had to. The ones they had met a very sad fate indeed.

It seems the Nelson Brothers, who worked in Jane's picture, "Hello Hollywood," taught Jane how to play a trick with a set of dishes without breaking a single dish.

It worked well at the studio. It didn't work at home.

Jane stayed home from the Saturday matinées
In Photoplay's office—the scene of the party—Ruth Waterbury looks down on some physical culture byplay on the part of Mischa Auer and the guest of honor for four Saturdays. Mother's way of punishing the little star for her juggling act.
The moral: keep away from mother's dishes.

Off Color

Mack Grey, the killer friend of George Raft who is known and liked by everyone in Hollywood, is having a heartbreaking but nevertheless amusing time trying to get started in movies.

After months of waiting, Mack finally landed his first big part in George's picture, "You and Me". Two weeks after the picture began, Mack was forced to give up his role and go to Palm Springs for several weeks to recover from a severe sore throat.

When George began "Spawn of the North," he hurriedly sent for Mack to return for a fine part in the picture.

With a song in his heart Mack hurried back. At last he was all set. But George and the director, after one look at Mack, knew that his career had reached another setback.

The locale was set in Northern Alaska and Mack was burned a deep tropical brown.

Saga of Bogart's Ferdinand

Humphrey Bogart and Ferdinand, his Filipino boy, are at it again. As a team these two should really charge for the laughs they give Hollywood.

Their latest escape deals with the doghouse Ferdinand decided to build for Humphrey's dog.

Day after day he hammered and pounded away in the back yard, and then, out of a clear sky, Ferdinand disappeared.

After telephoning here and there Humphrey began to grow alarmed over the missing (Continued on page 74)
between Warner Baxter and C. Aubrey Smith and after adventures of varied nature is kidnapped. Romance mingled with intrigue follows when the fleeing Baxter and Arleen Whelan board the vessel which is carrying Freddie to America. Miss Whelan justifies all the ballyhoo given her sudden stardom. She is beautiful and accomplished.
BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady"
James Stewart in "Vivacious Lady"
Beulah Bondi in "Vivacious Lady"
Charles Coburn in "Vivacious Lady"
Madeleine Carroll in "Blockade"
Henry Fonda in "Blockade"

The "Dead End" Kids in "Crime School"

The Ritz Brothers in "Kentucky Moonshine"
Boa Lillie in "Doctor Rhythm"
Bing Crosby in "Doctor Rhythm"
Don Ameche in "Josette"
Simone Simon in "Josette"
Robert Young in "Josette"

THE SAINT IN NEW YORK—RKO-Radio

THE hero of Leslie Charteris' popular thriller series, The Saint, whose code is justice regardless of the law, is brought to the screen for the first time by Louis Hayward. The result is marvelous. The story models the original with gratifying results in excitement and suspense. New York police, stumped at a hideous crime wave, give the debonair soldier of fortune license to solve things in his own way. He becomes the executioner of surgery undesirable social elements with ruthless skill, given practical and romantic help by Kay Sutton. Hayward must have stayed awake nights to study his role—he just is the Saint. Sig Rumann, Paul Guilfoyle, Jonathan Hale, Beulah Bond and others are fine support. This adventure and melodrama calculated to set your spine tingling.

VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio

If you are having romantic or money troubles don't stagger off to the nearest sanitarium; go instead to see this magnificent comedy. It is a visual nostrum recommended for any mental ill. Romantically it is at once heartbreaking and tender; its story by I. A. L. Wylie is splendidly written; its humor depends on fine characterization and a recognizable human quality rather than on absolute slapstick. Above all, it is the answer to Hollywood of how to replace the outworn screwball cycle of pictures with which we've been deluged.

Ginger Rogers, never so lovely, gives her best performance as a Broadway singer of strangely sophisticated culture who meets Spanish-eyed Jimmy Stewart, loves and marries him. He's a member of a small-town family of university people—a hot- any professor himself—and his task is to tell his stern parents the new blonde student is not his cousin's mistress but his own wife. Meanwhile he must make love to Ginger in strange places, elude his fiancée, and keep the cousin, Jimmy Ellison, from getting too fancy while bibulous. Each sequence tops the one before. Each performance is gemlike. Stewart, playing the inarticulate but lovable husband, allows himself a free hand and puts undeniable sex into his love scenes. As a matter of fact, the whole picture is pretty naughty, if the audience is experienced. Beulah Bondi, the gay mother, who savors her husband's wrath with fake heart trouble, makes the most of her rôle as always.

BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

WILLIAM DIETERLE'S last picture was "Zola" and won the Academy award. This year, working with current history and present-day political problems, he has transferred the Spanish War to celluloid. It cannot be classed as merely another in the present war cycle. There is an intimacy with fact, an originality of idea behind each sequence which force you to believe, as in "Zola," that here is honest, knowing transcription.

Madeleine Carroll plays the friendless girl who is dropped suddenly into the middle of civil war and accused of espionage. Henry Fonda is forced into action, in line of duty kills Madeleine's father, and their incipient love is temporarily lost in disillusion. She is given the choice of serving a spy ring or of death; chooses the former naturally, and discovers that Fonda has been assigned to follow her. The predicament of two lovers whose passion is strengthened by doubt and suspicion is here resolved magnificently by a series of surprising exposés. Each war scene is a photograph of carnage—a certain propaganda against war. Madeleine Carroll, still overly aware of her queenly beauty, occasionally lets down the bars of her much criticized restraint and plays tensely dramatic action with surprising finesse. Fonda wins sympathy for a difficult rôle by virtue of his natural manner and some forceful dialogue. The supporting cast, including Reginald Denby, does impressive work. Werner Jannsen's symphonic score is superb.

CRIME SCHOOL—Warners

THIS is another deliberately shocking, deliberately grim Warners' social-problem picture. It is built on dreary lines and as a story is the most obvious kind of reform appeal. However, it employs the "Dead End" kids, still just as dirty and bratty and incorrigible, and they lift the entire film into most compelling reality. It is absolutely fascinating to watch them in this. They are either the best young actors in Hollywood or they are so scowling of studio and camera that, within certain limitations, they are simply being themselves.

Everything begins, of course, in the slums district where this gang of potential criminals is making the neighborhood miserable. They steal for a shabby pawnbroker. They try toウェル on them and they almost kill him, so the judge sends the lot of them off to the reformatory. Enter Humphrey Bogart at this point, because the school is in dreadful shape under the grafting leadership of a typical Mr. Meaney. This is a little overdone, what with cat-o'-nine-tails and food that all but gets up and walks away. At any rate Bogart, the Commissioner, steps in and changes everything, including the boys' attitude. He also gets one of the kid's sisters, Gale Page, who's a newcomer, and very nice.

See this for Leo Gorcey's work as the worst of the hellions, for young Bobby Jordan's portrayal as the squint of the gang, for Billy Halop's sharp portrait of Frankie, leader of the gang.

(Continued on page 88)
Allah be praised! The West Coast spring-fever slump is over, and our roving reporter finds a lively star-spangled cavalcade of exciting new films on the march

BY JACK WADE

So it's the good old summertime again. Well, the trees have budded, the birds have nested, April showers have brought May flowers and—Allah be praised—the studios have finally snapped out of it! Once again Hollywood is a busy, buzzing, if perennially balmy, beehive.

It's a relief, too, we'll tell you, after a long hard winter and plenty of studio ground-hog stuff this spring. Last month, with picture production barely limping along, half the hired help around the lots were about to reach for WPA shovels. But this month—boom (and we do mean boom)! Covering the early summer bumper picture crop of set-ups makes our eyes pop, our ears wiggle and our arches yell "Uncle!" But it's worth it—for the sights we see!

First of all, there's Danielle Darrieux. She's out at Universal in "The Rage of Paris," and in flowered pajamas the day we squeeze in for an advance look at the fancy-figured French hope. Danielle could wear Mother Hubbards and still stop any show—for our money—although she's not so pretty in the face as we'd imagined. (Always belittlin'.)

They've been keeping Danielle under wraps for so long, we find out, because they wanted just the right story for her Hollywood debut. Director Henry Koster, who did all right break- ing in Deanna Durbin, has the same ticklish job with Danielle, and he wanted to be sure. "The Rage of Paris" concerns a lovely, unsophisticated French girl, stranded in New York, who sets about solving her problems by getting herself a rich husband.

The scene we watch is typically and dar- lingly saucy. Danielle, summoned to model for a nude painting: stumbles into Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s office instead of the artist's studio. When Doug arrives, he finds her dollying her dansites to the danger line.

"Hey!" Doug protests, "What's this for?" "For two dollars and seventy-five cents an hour!" replies Danielle.

Whereupon Doug (the darned fool) kicks her out of the place!

After the relaxing "Cat!", we chat first with Doug, Jr., wrapped up in a snappy British dressing gown, who tells us with that utterly dis-arming grin that he feels "just like Alsace-Lorraine," tossed back and forth between the studios. If you don't think Mister Fairbanks' little boy is the most sought-after leading man in town, then hearken: at RKO he's been doing two pictures at once, "Joy of Living" and "Having Wonderful Time." Even while slaving on "The Rage of Paris," Doug ducks back at night for added scenes on the latter epic. Meanwhile, he's studying up on "The Young In Heart," which ought to be shooting full blast at Selznick-International by the time you read this. The double-duty hasn't taken away Doug's easy grin, though. He tells us he came over on the boat with Danielle and practically taught her the American language—including slang.

We sample said slang the next minute when Danielle plops down wearily in a chair after a hard take and grins at Director Koster.

"I guess I just can't took it," she says.

SINNERS In Paradise," "The Devil's Party" and "Letter of Introduction" make Universal hit on all four in the studio summer production race. The first features John Boles, Midge Evans and Bruce Cabot and is really the old desert island stuff, with China Clipper passen- gers stranded, a new twist. "The Devil's Party" lines up to be a rough-and-tumble New York police picture, with Victor McLagen and Paul Kelly heading the rowdy city stuff. It's "Letter of Introduction" that lures us inside the set right now, because—all's ever hear of a chap named Bergen and an impudent little wooden-headed snipe called McCarthy? Yes, they're our weak- ness, too.

For a minute, when we enter, we think Char-
one runs for his most precious possession. Bergen for his dummy; Andrea for her precious letter of introduction; George for Andrea.

They’ve been doing this scene for two days now. Before every take—and John Stahl once took seventy-five takes of one scene with Clau- dette Colbert—guns run about with burning sulphur bombs, spewing dense yellow clouds. Everyone wheezes. But “Action!” snaps them out of it, like a gong does a slap-happy pugilist.

Bergen and Charlie sit outside in the sunshine, placid and calm. This set is a field day for them both, because Director Stahl is such a dignified, serious man. Just the day before, we learn, Stahl put the pair through numberless takes of a scene. Finally, in despair he cried, “Oh, go ahead. Do it any way you want it!” “Now why n’ell,” crackled Charlie, sotto voce, “didn’t you say that in the first place?” But everybody heard—including the stiff Mr. Stahl. And even he had to chuckle.

They’re back again making extra scenes on “Marie Antoinette” with Norma Shearer at M-G-M, but we’ve seen so much of that grand picture in the make that we pass it by to investigate next the latest Freddie Bartholomew-Mickey Rooney clash, “Lord Jeff.” Here again Freddie is a pretty rum sort of brat, and a kid crook to boot, until he gets regenerated at a British boys’ school. Mickey helps in the re- formation. It’s the type of part both talented kids like best—so watch out in the home stretch!

Melvyn Douglas, Robert Young and Luise Rainer provide the eternal triangle in M-G-M’s “The Toy Wife.”

lie’s sins have caught up with him and he’s being burned at the stake. The whole set is choking with yellow puffs of smoke, and through the acrid haze we can just make out George Murphy and Andrea Leeds racing along the third story hallway up next to the high sound stage catwalks. The way the movies slice right down through a house to build a set is terrifying at times. They’ve done it now so that the cameraman, on a huge, movable crane, can follow the actors up and down three flights of narrow, scary stairs.

You see, “Letter of Introduction” has very much the same setting as “Stage Door” and, we might add, very much the same cast. Adolphe Menjou, for instance, Andrea Leeds and Eve Arden. Like “Stage Door,” it’s laid in a theatrical boardinghouse. The story, too, isn’t far removed, but you’re going to see some wonderful heart scenes in this one—bank on that. First of all, Edgar Bergen plays a touching Pagliacci role—no more specialty act this time—straight dramatics. He tells his forlorn love for Andrea to Charlie, and Charlie tells him what a sap he is. Because, of course, Andrea and George are the real romance. John Stahl, who could make a cigar-store Indian weep in his feathers, directs it. Right now he’s scrambling through the the smoke beside Andrea and George. The smoke? Oh, we forgot—the scene we see is where the boardinghouse catches fire. Every-

Hedy Lamarr, making her Hollywood debut in “Algiers” with Joseph Calleia and Charles Boyer, speaks her mind on filmtown on page 45.
The rivalry between these two is already very keen, and having the taffeta, Mike usually gets most of the moral support around the lot.

The first thing we notice when we tip toe in on the brink of a camera take is the setful of beautiful white uniforms—future Bob Tylors and Brian Aherns. Where do they dig up such wavy-haired, starry-eyed kids? They’re all eating at long board tables—and the noise! At a front table Mike, his hands over his chum's hugging their mops over his goose, gobbles a helping of stew and derisively taunts Freddie by mocking a butter.

“Mickey, you’re mugging,” accuses Director Sam. “I’m just being ready,” says Mickey grins and they do it over. Four times.

“Charge Mickey up with three extra meals,” Sam then instructs the script girl, “He’s eating all the profits out of the picture.”

Our next stop is the “Showpeople Angel” set, with Margaret Sullivan, Jimmy Stewart, Walter Pidgeon and company. Margaret did a quick change for “Three Comrades,” stepping right across the alley from set to set with one day intermission. But, she tells us, she doesn’t care. She can rest up just the same. “So far, all I’ve been doing in this one is lying down,” vouches Maggie, “lolling around in negligees—like this.” Whereupon she raised perky little paws out on a divan, lights a cigarette, and the camera levels down. What looks like a soft part, we’d say.

But it’s not really. In fact, only a super-fine actress like Sullavan stands a chance of putting over with sympathy the show girl with a lurid past who stirs the finer feelings in wartime doughboy Jimmy’s breast, while trilling with rich Broadway producer Walter Pidgeon.

At Twentieth Century-Fox, where we scurry next, the two newest summer movie models are “The Comanche Bluff Mica” and “Hello Hollywood!” Loretta Young is the dainty dish in the first, and the scourge of adolescence, Jane (Whitagai) Withers heads the second. Frankly, we’re nuts and they’re away over the Western Avenue (didn’t you know there were two TC-F lots?) so, humming about the farmer’s wife, we go for the blind mousies.

They turn out to be Loretta, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore—three sisters, says the script) on a Kansas chicken ranch who inherit $5000 among them and decide to gamble the works to snag a rich husband for one who will marry her. That’s right, it’s a girl, and Pauline does a secretary act, while Loretta dances and romances at Del Monte with the upper crust.

That’s what we see, the dancing and romancing of course, so Marjorie plays her maid and Pauline does a secretary act, while Loretta dances and romances at Del Monte with the upper crust.

It’s just that we see, the dancing and romancing of course, so Marjorie plays her maid and Pauline does a secretary act, while Loretta dances and romances at Del Monte with the upper crust.

This is the first honest screen expose of what goes on behind the bowing headwaiters, swinging dance bands and glittering flower show of a top-notch supper club.

We leave the sophisticated glitter of the night club and go—of all places—to a kid party! It’s taking place right down the line at Warners on the set of “My Bill” where Kay Francis and her brood (strictly make-believe) are having fun at the dinner table.

Of course, you know by now that Kay is retiring from pictures (or so she announced—or do you believe it?). This is the first of her last three movies at Warners. Maybe that’s why she consented to play the mother of a sixteen year old and three other stepping stones; to wit, Anita Louise, Virginia Byrd, and Bonita Granville and Dickie Moore. There’s hardly any glamour in the scatteredbrained widow she plays in this story of small-town prides and prejudices. But there’s lots of comedy and dancing to it, and Kay made much better at the box office than Kay’s long and less lucrative line of sophisticated ladies.

There is a dash of real life romance on the set, and before we leave it, true love breaks out in an unmistakable rush.

Bonita Granville and Bobby Jordan, we learn, are in the throes of a fierce romance. Hollywood kids aren’t bashful. After the take Bonita comes over to the still cameraman at our elbow.

“Now I suppose,” she sighs, “you’ll be wanting to take an intimate picture of Bobby and me—for the papers, you know?”

Skipping over to Paramount we run smack into two embryo epics and the start of a new cycle—or so we’re told. Epic number one is “Three Comrades.” We’ve set the stockholders back two million and make the old-time, “Wings,” look like a kite-flying contest.

But it’s certain that if you’re an aviation bug who vibrates to such things as spads, Fokkers, Nieuports, Liberty motors, Byrd Lindbergh and such, then you’re in for a treat when they bring this one in. It weaves a dramatic and very active story involving Fred MacMurray, Ray Mil- land and Louise Campbell (the Bulldog Drummond girl), as it pictures in Technicolor the whole spirited cavalcade of flying—from the day the Wright Brothers took off at Kitty Hawk in 1903 until the very latest whirl of a propeller today.

We slip in on the first day of studio shooting, after six weeks of zooming around in the San Fernando Valley by those two during screen air-doubles, Paul Muni and Frank Clarke.

MacMurray isn’t around, but Ray, out of the jungle at last and resplendent in a prewar skin-tight suit, and Louise have a short but delicate love scene while “Wild Bill” Wellman tells them how. Watching Wild Bill direct is always worth the price of admission. He hops about and crouches like a monkey just out of the scene to catch every flicker of the eye, the inflection of every word. Then he puts his arms around both actors and whispers confidentially just what he thinks is wrong.

When they do it over and it’s right, Bill kisses them both on each cheek like a French general.

Things are a little more quiet and certainly not so hot ‘way up in Alaska, which is where we trek to see about “Spawn of the North” and this new “cykle” business. They’re saying around town that rough and ready he-man movies will rule the roost for a time now. Well, from the looks of things, this one’s rough enough—and it’s finished too. Director Wellman is set ready.

We thumb back two years in our memory and seem to recall Carole Lombard’s refusing to go to Alaska on location to do this very picture. Paramount had a camera crew in Alaska a year before that. It has been scheduled and put off ever since. Now it’s an all-star affair, and every (Continued on page 77)
The Empire influence is stressed in this black Sugara evening gown designed by Orry-Kelly for Kay Francis to wear in "Secrets of an Actress." Diminutive straps of black velvet ribbon tied in a front bow hold the gathered bodice; a dust ruffle encircles the hemline of the glamorously slim skirt.
Marlene Dietrich models a printed blue and white crepe gown from her personal wardrobe. White birds fly against a blue background on the upper part of the gown; the color scheme is interchanged on the lower half. A softly gathered bodice, a snugly fitted waistline and front skirt fullness add distinctive style. Marlene's full-length white fox cape completes this costume photographed exclusively for Photoplay. Left, inset, are Marlene's new evening shoes which were created particularly for her. Distinguished by glittering heels of crystal, the pumps are of black velvet with binding of grosgrain.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK
Sonja Henie, darling of the ice, whom you will next see in "My Lucky Star," dons this feminine costume for an important luncheon and afternoon engagement. The bolero and sleeveless camisole top of the navy sheer skirt are of heavy white cotton lace. Two gardenias trim the underbrim of Sonja's loosely woven hat that ties on with streamers. The costume selected from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.
Joan Crawford's fashion hobby is hats and accessories, for this always-so-smartly-dressed M-G-M star believes that a very simple costume, properly accented, assures chic: First in her fashion parade: a rolled-brim sailor (top, left) of shiny navy straw with a crown of daffodils and black-eyed susans, nestled in a bed of green ostrich plumes. A dotted veil shadows the hat and drops to cover the neckline of the piqué-banded frock with its matching shoulder carnation. To brighten a dressmaker suit of black crepe, she selects the unusual hat of black and white checked silk, pictured top right. A garland of red poppies, bachelor buttons and acacia encircles the novel peaked crown; a bouquet of the same posies ornaments the matching bag. Directly above, a halo sailor of rough black straw, its simplicity accented by a bracelet, choker and clip of gold set with diamonds and sapphires, worn on a simple black gown. Last in Joan's line of stunners is a sage-green straw, right, into whose crown band of rust antelope are tucked sage-green feathers tinged with rust. The rust accent is repeated in bag, handsewn gloves, and in the stripes of her jacket. Joan's hats and bags are created for her by John Frederics.
The cameraman caught Andrea Leeds, who plays the leading feminine rôle in Universal's "Letter of Introduction," stocking up for a joyous Fourth wearing this hooded sport frock of red, white and blue designed by Violet Tatum, Los Angeles. The "so new" detachable hood, like the blouse, is of Royal blue silk jersey with a lining of matching fabric in white to match the skirt. White mossing outlines the hood, the back neckline and the wide sleeves. A red suede belt completes the patriotic theme.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY JONES
The Fourth of July week end calls for several packable, all-purpose costumes. Rosemary Lane, appearing in "Gold diggers in Paris," suggests these three. First, top, a playsuit of tweedy cotton; the front zipper skirt and blouse of turquoise; the shorts of raspberry red, to match the binding of the blouse neckline, slit pockets and cuffs. For the "must have" sheer, choose navy. Rosemary's (middle) is pencil slim, short of sleeve and worn with a wee bolero of corn yellow. Note her rough untrimmed navy sailor hat. Next, left, a casual frock with a stitched-to-the-hipline skirt in beet red and white polka dot print, which also fashions the gay ascot and the back belt of the trimly tailored white linen jacket blouse that tops the costume.
1. "Vive La France" you'll say when you see the Roxford Felt christened "La France." It's a tailored model that is perfect company for your travel tweeds as well as your little sports silk. There's real individuality in the cleverly creased crown and the brim is wide enough to keep the sun at bay. Joan Fontaine of RKO's "The Muddled Deal" wears for you the Roxford "La France."  

2. Vicki Lester, playing in "This Marriage Business," shows you the effective new type Cloche—the Byron "June Rose" blossoming forth in fine felt and tailored grosgrain. It has the new medium-high crown with a "flat top" and a brim that dips forward fetching. For an up-to-the-minute color choice, wear "June Rose" in the new Della Robbia Blue—it comes in light and bold tones and is becoming to all.  

3. Joan Fontaine poses for you in the Roxford "Beauty," a most aptly named Felt. We wish you could see it in color, for "Beauty" features the lovely new Della Robbia Blue, perfect to accent summertime whites and contrast with flowerlike pastels. There's gaiety and youth to the lifting brim and the clever crown of this Roxford model. Many a smart young woman will choose "Beauty."  

4. And now, for another perfect sports and casual-hour hat, we show you the Byron "Rambler Rose," a classic Felt that has the swing of youth in every line. Wear it as Vicki Lester wears it, and go right through summer headed for compliments. "Rambler Rose" is a truly wearable and becoming Felt. You get a hint of flattering brim and crown lines from the picture we show here of Vicki in this Byron model.
Club Styles

1. Olympe Bradna, of Paramount’s “Stolen Heaven,” chooses crisp formals for summer dancing. A seersucker floral print in green and black on a white background fashions this gown that features a fitted bodice, a skirt that is shirred to give fullness below the knees and a tiny jacket that is trimmed with a smart collar of fresh white piqué to match the trim of the gown.

2. Spun-a-lin, a non-crushable rayon with the look and coolness of linen, makes Olympe’s unusual navy and white print with its alternate stripes of eccentric polka dots and floral pattern. The softly shirred bodice is caught with cords of attractive white waffle piqué that also styles the short accessory bolero.

3. This gown of hand-blocked, wide wale piqué has shoulder straps and front bow of grosgrain that picks up the dominant coloring of the print. The high points on the bodice are stitched so that they stand crisply. All these formals, designed to give you that cool “lettuce look,” come in a wide range of colors.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 90.
The latest rage of Hollywood—dresses made of tablecloths for playtime costumes. Priscilla Lane, appearing in "Cowboy from Brooklyn," wears one of these dresses printed in blue and white, styled "peasant fashion" with a full gathered skirt and tight-fitting bodice. Patch pockets are stitched to a narrow belt that ties in a back bow. Here is a chance, girls, to put the picnic tablecloth to most unusual and frivolous use.
He likes to stay up late nights... He abhors neckties and top hats—
that explains him in part; you won't really know him until you
read this delightful pen profile.

He plays golf badly and thinks Garbo's fame
will live long after she leaves the screen. He
sings a horrible basse-protundo—but only in
the bathroom.

His suits are of only two colors—blue and
gray. He does not like ice cream, and his one-
word rule for happiness in marriage is "Compromise."

He has never had a nickname. His wife is
Pat Paterson, English actress. He does not like
baseball or football. His eyes are brown, and
he has to take care not to eat rich foods.

He plays checkers and chess and never wears
an undershirt.

He seldom catches cold. His wife objects to
his singing around the house. He hates to wear
tails and opera hats.

His two best friends are Maurice Chevalier
and Philip Herriot, the French novelist. He
shaves with a safety razor.

He is not gregarious by nature. His favorite
book is a French novel, called "Two Men," a
study of friendship. He does not like ham and
eggs. He is a good driver and employs no
chauffeur. He never wears spats.

He likes to spend money. He thinks there is
something queer about people who like caged
birds in their homes. He is a collector of fine
books and numbers about three thousand in his
library. He is very punctilious, has never owned
a Rolls-Royce, and is not superstitious.

CHARLES BOYER deplores the loss of the late
Irving Thalberg and thinks his successor, who-
ever he may be, is far below him in courage, im-
agination and aspiration.

He speaks with moderate gestures and his
voice has a throaty quality. He dreads the
numerous magazine digests and all short cuts to
culture.

Studying dialogue comes easily to him. He
says he has "an indelible memory in French."

He has been happiest in Paris.

Eventually he would like to be a producer. He
thinks Hollywood has a vicious influence on
matrimony.

He is highly volatile. He likes dogs and cats,
and only wears socks of plain colors. He would
like to do the life of Mohére on the screen.

He does not like personal appearances, ham-
burgers, hotdogs, or long underwear. He pre-
fers American cigarettes and smokes incessantly.

He thinks money important to happiness.

He doesn't like publicity about himself. He
is not very thrifty and is a bad businessman.

Though he dreams of someday leading a quiet,
simple life, he knows that he could never stand
it. He never wears a cap.

He believes a man should accumulate only
enough money to provide him comfort and se-
curity. He likes night clubs, never collects
souvenirs, and often likes to be alone.

He hates posing for still pictures and is always
self-conscious. He is familiar with every book
in his library—which makes him practically
unique among Hollywood's celebrities.

He is a good sailor, and abhors buying a new
hat.

He enjoys staying up late at night.

He plays the violin atrociously.

His name is pronounced boy-ay and has no
special meaning. He doesn't give many parties
and never wears glasses.

He enjoys taking long walks alone.

He has never known hardship.

He is very fond of champagne.

He believes in matrimonial vacations, and has

(Continued on page 72)
After a ducking by MacMurray, Lombard looked just like a leftover Christmas tree in February—but Lombard got her man.

FASHIONS IN PASSIONS

Maybe you movie queens can get away with it, but what about us ordinary gals who must win our men, too?

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Dear Carole:—

Dear Miss Dunne (I don’t know you really well enough to call you Irene):—

Dear Miss Hepburn (I’ll stay formal with you, knowing how you feel about interviewers—remember that time we flew across the continent together, dear?):

Dear Claudette (hi, there, toots!):

Dear Runners-Up:—

I come to you girls for help. You alone can guide me. For years, I have believed in all of you as examples of how to get on in this world. For many seasons I have used you as mentors,
An open letter to Lombard, Dunne, Colbert, Hepburn and all other heroines of the "A kick in the slats is the best way to romance" school.

figuring that by modelling myself after you—a long distance after, I admit, still I was there—I might finally become alluring: learn to wear my clothes with that certain something, get wise as to how to smile through my lonely tears, discover how to be a good sport and to act gallantly though my heart might be breaking.

Not that I wanted to do any of these things just for themselves, you understand. Just like you movie kiddies, all of that was a way to land my man—mine or anyone else’s. But for guidance along such lines, I went to see you girls.

When you were being just straight glamorous, I could have hope.

I could follow your moves. After all, I, too, could order a yard of eyelashes from the drug store. I may have looked a bit like a water spaniel when I got them on, but get them on I could and have them cast shadows on my nose (which is better in a shadow than in a bright light anyway).

It wasn’t such a stunt to imitate Joan Crawford’s exotic lip make-up, even though it made my mouth feel as though it had been doused in cold starch. I could buy sweaters anywhere and learn to keep my shoulders back so that I had those visible points of interest all newcomers on movie lots are photographed revealing.

I could, by shopping like crazy, buy clips that at five hundred yards looked, for two and a half bucks, quite a bit like those all of you wear that cost from seven hundred dollars up. I could let my nails grow dagger-length like those of the glamorous Dietrich.

**EVEN** when Elisabeth Bergner first came over here and went coy in “Escape Me Never” (whatever became of her anyway?), with Luise Rainer following in “Escapade” and they both made love by being just darned cute, I could do that, too. You remember, girls, that Elisabeth went so far as to bend double and peer at the hero from between her outspread legs. I never quite tried that. Men upset me enough as it is without me turning myself inside out deliberately. But I did try Luise’s trick of putting

my head down on my left arm and gazing at my man very much on the slant. All he said, I must confess, was, “S’matter? Did you drop something?” I mean, it wasn’t too effective in making him dizzy with nameless emotions, but at least I could do it and hope it would get him eventually.

But how to be a siren while goof-nuts—that’s what baffles me. In the past couple of seasons everyone of you girls—beautiful, young, enchanting—have suddenly become bird-brained. You have changed your approach. But you end up in the same old way, right smack in the hero’s arms. But for us little women in the audience, what a strain! Our particular objective sits there beside us at the theater, admiring you. He yells with laughter at you. He thanks you’re keen. How can we expect to do anything with the old tricks like eyes shadowed beneath hat brims, mysterious smiles on our lips, or even that muddily old line about their not thinking we are that kind of a girl, do they? Drag those techniques out this spring and it’s about as effective as talking about the Oxford movement at the monkey house. And it’s all your fault.

**REALLY**, Carole, you are the one I put it up to most because you started the shipstick route to romance two years ago in “My Man Godfrey.” That was the one in which you first got your clothes torn and your hair messed up, but Bill Powell loved you just the same. You were a wow—a hit in excess. You followed that up with a lot of others, climaxing with Freddie March kicking you half way across the room.

(Continued on page 76)
Myrna Williams hadn't realized how very much she had counted on the answer to the picture test secured for her by Rudolph Valentino. Her triumphs in dancing, the prophecies of many professional critics and that never-to-be-forgotten chance for Broadway had prepared her only for success, never for failure. She didn't know how to adjust her mind to this new and bitter experience.

Since the day of her father's death she had courageously faced responsibility. At fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, a slim serious child, she had done her best to take her Dad's place as head of the little family, remembering always the November day when he had said to her with quiet confidence, "Your Dad's going to depend on you."

For more than a year she had been dancing four shows a day, her salary the family provider. She had really been sure that, with this test for pictures and the sudden thrilling interest of the great Valentino, success had come. The heights to which her hopes had risen in but three little days made the unhappy answer too blunt a climax. She went home only to be put to bed where she stayed for several weeks; lost her job at the Egyptian; grew thin and so pale that her usually impish freckles were startling and a bit pathetic.

But here, at least, was time to think, time to bolster up her still redheaded disposition and that capacity variously termed "determination" and just plain "stubbornness." And, in the end, Myrna Williams made up her mind that instead of a death blow this was a challenge. Here was something to lick and lick it she would. Though she had heretofore been satisfied to anticipate a career as a dancer, now she knew that no success would ever seem success but to get the best of this thing which had taught her the bitterness of failure. She made up her mind that she would make good in pictures!

Her mother was upset and fearful with this new attitude.

"If you didn't have that dogged determination, Myrna," she said, "you could be so much happier. You would make life so much easier."

And this new ambition was frightening to Mrs. Williams, not only as a Don Quixote battle for her valiant daughter but from the serious

(Continued on page 79)
They're beautiful—adored—they use a simple, inexpensive Complexion Care

Here's LORETTA YOUNG, star of 20th Century-Fox's "Three Blind Mice," ready to protect a million-dollar complexion against choked pores. "Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed—use Lux Toilet Soap," she tells you. "It's a safe, easy care that keeps skin smooth."

Here's IDA LUPINO, charming screen star, caring for her exquisite complexion. "I advise every girl to guard against Cosmetic Skin," she says. "Screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because its ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics thoroughly—guards against choked pores."

Bewitching JOAN BLONDELL, Warner Bros. star. "Foolish to take chances with Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores." She says, "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather prevents choked pores, keeps skin soft and smooth."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
RIGHT—THE FIRST TIME

Bareika—Hollywood has found him, but all America claims him. The ladies love him, but the males don’t malign. I refer to none other than the charming Adonis, amiable Don Ameche. That handsome, virile, all-around good guy.

We find in Photoplay’s recent coverage of Don’s career that he could not brag of a theatrical heritage, but this versatile star rose through purely his own initiative and personality. Already cast opposite four of the cinema’s leading ladies—Sonja Henie, Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye and Lucille Yonge—and with eight conservative box-office successes behind him, we may expect much for his future.

JACK C. RAMER, Raleigh, N. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
THE CIVIL WAR OF 1938

After seeing Bette Davis in “Jezebel” I have decided there is no actress who has proved her talent more conclusively than she. The entire cast deserves enormous credit for their part in one of the best pictures of the year. And to William Wyler, a large bunch of daiseis for a swell job as a cameraperson.

E. M. HASAN, Hamburg, Penn.

After seeing “Jezebel” and hearing Bette Davis and others speaking in what they supposed was a Southern accent, I wondered if I expressed the thought of a greater part of my fellow Southerners. Their movie-goers when I say we definitely didn’t like it. We Southerners do have a definite, distinctive, even amusing accent, but among the expressions we hear only on the screen or on the radio are the conventional “You’all” (addressed to one person); “honey chile” and “shut mah mouth.” Such dialect poisoned “Jezebel.”

JOHN EDWARDS HILLS, Columbus, South Carolina.

$1.00 PRIZE
ANOTHER ROOSEVELT FEELS THE URGE TO WRITE!

Below is my list of the five best movies and five best performances of all time. I am a steady reader of Photoplay, which I consider the only good movie magazine. I hope this choice of a thir-teen-year-old boy meets with your approval.

Five Best Movies: 
Mutiny on the Bounty
David Copperfield
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Cavalcade
Five Best Performances:
Clark Gable in “It Happened One Night”
Bette Davis in “Of Human Bondage”
Norma Shearer in “Roméo and Juliet”
Myrna Loy in “The Thin Man”
Grace Moore in “One Night of Love”

DRICK ROOSEVELT, New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT!

I’ve got to hand it to you! The covers on your magazines are beautiful and I warrant that each star whose picture has adorned your book is honored to have been chosen to pose. But—Is it fair to have only the leading ladies of Hollywood get all the attention? What about the gentlemen? I believe they’d make equally charming covers. Why not let the women see their heroes, just as the men see their heroines?

EVELYN WILLIAMS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the first time since we enlarged Photoplay, we present on the cover a male star. Naturally, it would be that “King of the American Movies”—Clark Gable. Better write and tell us what you think of him—as a cover. We know what you think of him as a man.

$1.00 PRIZE
A CHIP OF THE NOT-So-OLD BLOCK

Yesterday I went to see “Gold Is Where You Find It,” a grand picture in Technicolor. The part of Laurence Powell was superbly played by Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, himself a real he-man and a good actor. I’ll say for him he must have married a beautiful and gifted woman, for the son has great personal charm, as well as his father’s ability. If his character is as fine as his acting, and his disposition as sunny as his appearance, the boy has everything. I predict a great future for him and congratulate Hollywood on his acquisition.

MYRA SIMBAUGA, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE
TEETHING!

Case against the Brothers Warner and Mr. Goldwyn. You have in your employ two of Hollywood’s finest dramatic actresses: Miss Joanne Dru and Mr. Annabella Shirley of Miss A. Leader gave one of the most satisfying performances of the year in the role of the school girl in “Cattle Wagon.” Miss Shirley was excellent in “Stage Door.” Both performances were sensitive, powerful, and highly dramatic.

So—you can’t blame Mr. and Mrs. in “A Slight Case of Murder” in a rôle which screamed for Mary Carlisle and an ice-cream soda. I felt and heard only adverse criticism. She isn’t pretty enough to carry a gag lead. She’s the best in the studio, the most appealing, but watch her casting. You cast Andrea Leeds as a dim-witted grimmer in “Gold- wyn Follies.” I can only quote Mr. McEwan and Mr. Capra comment. “There’s an amazing.” Summary—take a little of your mind from those prevalent insane comedies, and give us drama we can get our teeth into, and in those dramas cast Miss Bryan and Miss Leeds.

JACK EDMONDS, Carlsbad, N. M.

$1.00 PRIZE
WE—THE PEOPLE

Just what is all this nonsense about Joan Crawford’s being “through”? Before smart writers put the word Finis to the career of a spectacular personality, they might consult the general public.

If Joan Crawford’s pictures have not been up to standard films, it’s not her fault. Place the blame where it should be: on poor stories, and on a lot of foolish talk that she is slipping, these girls can do good work when she is continually subjected to the barrage of unkindly criticism. Where is the spirit of fair play in which Americans pride themselves? We, the fans, who were thrilled at the way Joan Crawford always lent a helping hand to those in distress, are disgusted at the attitude of writers who seek to say that “Joan is through.” Give Miss Crawford a fighting chance! ~

AUFKEND EBERHARDT, Dubuque, Iowa.

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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)
"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

Scientific findings in different countries awaken interest of leading hospitals. A certain vitamin is found to heal wounds, burns, infections, when applied directly to the skin.

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show skin smooth, healthy again, when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied daily.

Society beauties tell of greater benefits from Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin"—(reading down) Frederica Vanderbilt Webb, now Mrs. David S. Gamble, Jr.; Wendy Morgan, now Mrs. Thomas Robb, III; Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes, granddaughter of Mrs. James Roosevelt... "Texture finer." "Skin softer." "Color better than ever."

A young wife in Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., writes: "I have never used anything like this cream. It's grand! In two weeks roughness was entirely gone, my skin felt velvety."

Telephone calls and letters greet the first Pond's advertisement offering Pond's Cold Cream with beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" to women (October, 1937, magazine).

Druggists—answering increasing requests for Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin"—explain it is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Announced nine months ago, the "Skin-Vitamin" was quickly accepted by Thousands of Beauty Seekers

Thousands of women have already tried Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," special aid in maintaining skin health and beauty. New thousands are constantly learning of its increased benefits.

Women's satisfaction is recorded in the mounting sales of this widely known beauty aid. Today Pond's Creams, long famous as largest selling creams in the world, now with the beauty-giving "skin-vitamin" have reached the largest sales in their entire history!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., H. T. Time, N.B.C.
Hollywood fashion decrees that the hair must go up! Ginger Rogers, appearing in "Having Wonderful Time," gives you a preview of the sleek and picturesque coiffure that the current styles demand. These photos taken exclusively for *Photoplay*.

**BY GWENN WALTERS**

It seems just yesterday that I was writing to you about fashions for the New Year of 1938—and lo! summer is upon us. I wonder if you readers really realize what a fashionable summer it's going to be!

The season's clothes—are feminine—are perfect foils for mystery and allure. They suggest coquetry, fragility and Old World charm; in fact, they offer the most glamorous fashion opportunity in many a decade. So, if you don't get right in step and "dress up" in clothes that give you a new beauty and charm, there'll be no one to blame but yourself when the other girls claim the attention of your beau (for even your husband).

At least the Bohemian casualness that existed in summer clothes and grooming is passed. We should all be grateful! For in careless grooming and dressing (even if it is the style), there's everything to lose and nothing to gain—in business—in love—in life.

The most amazing fashion story out of Hollywood this month is that it is through "letting down her hair." No more shoulder curls that float in the breeze. No more page-boy bobs. I mention this beauty note because I want to impress upon you the fact that this season's fashions demand that you first "fashion yourself." One just doesn't wear a 1938 Summer bonnet or gown with an age-old coiffure.

One glance at Ginger's new coiffure will convince you that the new mode of curls brushed skyward completely transforms your personality and presents a new and fashionable "you"—plus adding a new note of coolness to summer's crisp clothes.

And now your face! Yes, that must be refashioned, too.

The time has come to discard the rouge, lipstick, and eye shadow that you've grown to love and which you have worn with everything. In its place you now must select several new shades to dramatize the various colorings of each of your separate costumes (not a "too expensive" fashion, when you can purchase any number of the best known brands at the ten-cent store). Be sure to take samples of the colors in your costumes when you go cosmetic shopping so that you can truly match your make-up to them—the subtlety of this season's color palette is a warning not to guess when it comes to matching hues.

Ginger is all for this stricter new "personality fashion," principally because she feels that it makes people pull themselves up by the bootstraps and really present themselves at their best all of the time—and there, girls, Ginger gives you the real secret of glamour!

So heed this new "personality fashion," and, when you select your frocks, hats and accessories, go one step farther, and simultaneously select matching make-ups and harmonizing coiffures if you aim for ultimate chic!

**MISS HEPBURN'S** afternoon frock features a black woolen wrap-around coat dress. The short skirt flares slightly and the shoulders are moderately square. The neckline crosses high at the throat and reveals a black satin cravat clipped in white. A wide black kidskin belt fastened with a gold buckle matches the shoes and bag, the latter being the size of an office portfolio. John-Frederics created a beige felt tam, set on a red grosgrain ribbon band, to top this abrupt daytime costume. For additional warmth Kalloch designed a smock-line coat of mink—practically collarless with broad shoulders and a tuxedo front.

Kalloch has used black silk jersey to fashion Miss Hepburn's evening gown that features fluid front skirt fullness, a dust ruffle of pink organza and semi-dolman sleeves. A pink organza kerchief is knotted and pinned to the right shoulder with a white and yellow diamond brooch—this rare piece was also created by Flato.

Full clothes, even in the summertime, do sound irresistible, don't they? But we must come back to "now" and realize it is time for me to close. I hope, as I do so, you're going to rush right to the mirror and pile your hair high on your head to behold the new "you"—then you'll be in fashion and ready for the first midseason hats I'm going to write about next month.
A doubly lovely You

This healthful Double Mint way

There is a charm secret which everyone knows brings admiration from men—women, too, for that matter. It is that doubly lovely look and invigorating Double Mint gum adds to your smile and style. And more than a pretty promise as you see by reading below—

Loveliness to your smile - The daily enjoyment of healthful, re-freshing, delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies the needed beneficial chewing exercise...In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives you an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whiten your teeth. You appear more awake and responsive. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent. Your friends take more delight in you. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place or time. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions - Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringingly, in the most advanced style. Below left, is the attractive, new bosum dress so femininely lovely. Below right, is the new style, little girl's party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see just how Double Mint gum can add to my smile and style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It beautifies your lips, mouth, teeth. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures a pleasant, inoffensive breath. It satisfies your craving for confection yet is not fattening. Double Mint gum makes you a happier, more vital person whom people want to know. Buy several packages today.

For Travel, Schoolwork, Business, look your charming BEST in this smartly feminine, new DOUBLE MINT dress, specially designed for you in New York and made available to you by Double Mint gum in McCall Pattern 975K, (Sizes 12-20)

You can buy this pattern at your local department store. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.
TO TAN OR NOT TO TAN—Now is the time of the year for all good women to make up their minds what type they'll be for summer.

Anita Louise feels that her fragile beauty is accentuated by a smooth, even, golden tone, but because of her blondeness she is very careful that her skin does not become parched or burned. Her tips for tanning and the care she gives her skin are excellent for you to follow, whether you are planning to acquire just a faint tan or the deeper coppery tone.

For at least a month before exposing her body to the sun, Anita rubs warm olive oil into her skin frequently to be sure that her legs and arms, as well as her back and face, are in perfect condition to tan without burning. Then she begins by exposing herself to the sun for only twenty minutes, gradually increasing the time.

Excessive exposure to the sun's rays is very bad for the hair because it becomes streaked and dry, so Anita gives herself frequent hot oil shampoo, and wears a kerchief over her hair and tied under her chin when she is out in the sun.

Before basking in the sun, she also covers her skin with an oily lotion to insure a smooth tan, and she never makes the mistake of lying on her back for hours before turning over. For an even color, you must turn frequently in the sun, and take care that the sides of your limbs match the color of the rest of your body.

Olivia de Havilland’s smooth creamy skin takes an excellent tan, and she can generally be found at the beach when she has a day off from the studio. Olivia wears one of the smart knee-length beach capes when she feels that her tan is deep enough.

ANN RUTHERFORD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, has extremely fair skin, so she uses a very heavy lotion to protect her skin from burning. To keep her lips moist and unlined during those days on the beach she uses pomade instead of lipstick. She says that the ordinary lipstick is not sufficiently oily to give her mouth enough protection against the sun.

Perhaps you’re the true blonde type like Claire Dodd or Virginia Bruce and find that the sun is extremely unkind to your skin. In that case, you have to be particularly careful to protect your skin against exposure. Claire always wears a large-brimmed hat to shade her face and a scarf around her neck to guard against one of those burned V's that look so unbecoming against white shoulders.

There’s an excellent sun-proof foundation cream on the market that keeps the skin moist and humid. Claire uses it to prevent her from getting the parched look that unprotected thin skins so easily acquire in the summer.

If you’ve been out in the sun during the day or riding in an open car so that your face feels dry or wind-burned, be sure to take off your make-up as soon as you reach home and apply a plentiful quantity of a rich lubricating cream to restore the natural oils to your skin and prevent it from getting those unattractive faint lines.

If YOU'RE Joan Bennett's type—golden blonde with creamy skin that can easily acquire a lovely tan—why not follow her lead and keep your natural coloring? Joan says that this year she’s going to avoid a tan because she wants to wear the pastel colors that are so fashionable. She thinks they’ll be more attractive on her with her natural fair coloring. She matches her skin with liquid powder. This gives her a cool, lovely look on hot sunny days. She uses a foundation cream on her throat and hands and arms.

In spite of all this protection, though, her skin has a faint tendency to freckle, so she uses a mild bleach. If you follow this tip, be sure, however, that you use just a very mild bleach.

After a day in the sun, wash your eyes with a good eye bath to remove any dust or irritation, and to soothe and strengthen your eyes. Since the skin around the eyes is so delicate and sensitive, it is especially easy for little lines to form there and for the lids to become crepe-like. So use an eye cream at night or a rich lubricating cream. Smooth it over your lids and around your eyes and leave it on all night.

Exercise is one of the necessary steps to eye beauty, and the correct application of mascara and shadows does wonders to make the eyes alive, sparkling and clear. If you would like to have these exercises and also the correct method of applying mascara to the various types of eyes, I'll be very glad to send you this information upon request. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
JIM LOVES TO DANCE WITH ME! I ALWAYS BATHE WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! IT'S THE LOVELIEST WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

There's nothing like a dance to rob a girl of daintiness! That's why I always bathe with this lovely perfumed soap that guards daintiness so surely and in such a lovely way!

He thinks the ideal home life in Hollywood is possible but difficult. He dislikes perfume on men, and seldom drinks a cocktail before dinner. He remembers lines almost at a glance.

He is a fatalist.

He has never worn a moustache off the screen. The only jewelry he wears is a sapphire ring given to him many years ago by Philip Heriat.

He is a good judge of stories, hates stiff collars, and has no physiological weaknesses. He was nineteen when he first went on the professional stage. He likes wine with dinner and Scotch and soda after. He is strictly urban in his tastes, and the teachings of his first director, Gemier, still influence his work.

He goes away from Hollywood at every opportunity. He is always ready to deflate himself before anyone else has a chance to do so. He was pampered and indulged as a youngster and made himself very unpopular in the neighborhood.

He was twelve years old when he made love to his teacher who advised him to save his love-making for his stage career. He does not like to wear uniforms.

His new home in Beverly Hills is of old Mexican farmhouse style which he has remodeled. He gets a great kick out of George Bernard Shaw, and doesn't like swing music. At the Sorbonne he majored in philosophy. His eyebrows arch into a triangle.

He is not at ease on horseback. He would like to forget all the pictures he made before "Private Worlds," except the French picture "Fumucht."

He was a child prodigy. He would do nothing differently if he had lived to see over again.

He has a swimming pool and likes to go to the movies. He is five feet, nine inches tall.

As a boy he liked to attend funerals, concerts, weddings, races, clinics and political meetings. His initial efforts in Hollywood were flimsy.

His meeting with Pat Paterson changed his lifelong determination never to marry. He does not like visors on the set while he is working.

He is instinctively gracious and is a great admirer of Charles Laughton. He is adept on skis and at the age of nine could memorize an entire play.

His face, in repose, falters between a cynical smile and an analytical questioning. He prefers traveling between pictures and seeks places where he is not likely to be recognized.

He was advised not to go into pictures because in his original tests he photographed so badly.

He thinks Hollywood should display a little more courage in the themes and subjects it films.

He thinks sparkling Burgundy is a sin.

His one all-consuming passion is gambling at cards—chemin de fer, poker, haccarat. He will gamble on the slightest provocation.

Charles Boyer never wins at cards.

CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

So long as women are women, they'll take down their hair and talk in a beauty parlor. To those sympathetic beauticians have been entrusted many a headline story that has never before reached print. One hairdresser's revelations of the stars' off guard will appear in AUGUST PHOTOPLAY.

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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

Rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor... and then its lovely, lingering perfume clings to your skin! Long after your bath, it keeps you alluringly fragrant!
You’ll find a dash of Magic in CABANA!

Make your summer nails lovely with CABANA. Here is a flattening, tawny red ... fresh, gay and stimulating... a color that throbs with romance!

You'll want CABANA in the city to wear with stylish blacks and beiges. You'll need it in the country for your South Sea prints and whites. At the beach CABANA suits the scene ... it makes moonlight dances forever memorable ... it holds a promise of thrilling things ahead.

Use this striking shade to accent summer highlights in your hair ... the sunny undertone of your complexion ... the glamour of your summer self. Get captivating CABANA today!

Glazo Is Ideal For Summer!

1. LONGER WEAR — new Glazo lasts days longer without peeling or chipping. Slightly heavier — sets to nails.
2. EASY TO APPLY — goes on evenly. Will not streak or run.
3. BRILLIANT LUSTRE — won't fade or become dull in sun or water.

Get Glazo's smart new colors—CONGO, SPICE, TROPIC and CABANA, at all drug counters. Extra large size, only 25¢.

The Summer Nail Shade Men Admire

You'd Never Believe It

1. It's a three-way arrangement between Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and George Raft.
2. Bing promised to teach George to sing for a number in "Swamp of the North" and in turn George promised to teach Bing a few tricky steps for "Coconut Grove."
3. "Hey, wait a minute," Bing said, after it was all settled. "What am I getting out of this?"
4. The boys looked at each other in surprise. "Say, that's right," Raft said, "Bing's on the little end."
5. "Oh well, never mind," Bing said. "I'll call on you boys one day for a favor."

Next week both Fred and George received a note from Bing marked "urgent."
6. "All right, fellows, now's the time to come through," the note read. "Come out this afternoon when the nurse leaves and stay with the twins while I get in a little golf and we'll call it square."
7. Believe it or not — the boys went.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 41)

For Pete's sake—Lombard with Taylor instead of Gable? We thought some- one had slipped, but then we took another look (below) and saw that even a snazzy looker like Carole has to hang on to her man when Fanny Brice's critics fly. They are all at M-G-M's Good News broadcast of "Test Pilot."

For fourteen pictures, from "A Bill of Divorcement" in 1922 to the recent "Bringing Up Baby," Katharine Hepburn had remained true to RKO, which, for Hollywood, is something of a record. Then, this past spring, she was lured over to the Columbia lot to do "Holly- day, Whereupon, Katie proceeded to let down her hair and have a wonderful time. It leaked out that she threw a grand party for the cast, romped all over

the set, and that carry a sign of the usual Hepburn stand-offishness was visible.

All of which may, or may not, account for the fact that La Hepburn and RKO have come to the parting of the ways.

As always, the break was blamed on lack of suitable story material, but it looks as though Katie has had a taste of the grass growing greener on the other side of the fence, and now, as a free lance, is giving up a patry $300,000 (in- come from two pictures she was to make for RKO) to prove it.

Advance reports on "Holiday" are so glowing that it would appear that the redheaded star is doing the right thing in giving herself a change of scenery.

Sonja Has Her Cake and—

What a life trying to keep slim and lovely in Hollywood. There's Sonja Henie, for instance, who had four birthday parties with a cake for each party. Her mother started it by giving a surprise for Sonja at her home. The party, carried over to the Clover Club, called for another cake. The studio party next day and one following at the Coconut Grove meant two more cakes.

But did dimples little Sonja eat four slices of cake, you wonder? Well, may- be four good bites, but Sonja paid for those four bites of forbidden sweets by skating two extra hours next day.

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A "Boo" to an Audience

It occurred at the Hollywood preview of "Test Pilot," an almost unbelievable piece of crudeness. A newcomer, showing a flash of Bob Taylor at a rodeo, brought an unmistakable hiss from a group in the audience. A deadly calm followed as the magnitude of the undeserved insult swept over the theater.

We glanced at Bob, who was sitting near by with Barbara Stanwyck. He was motionless, his face set, eyes straight ahead. He remained thus throughout the picture.

We didn't join in the loud applause at the close of "Test Pilot." Somehow
Rounders' Guide to Hollywood
(Continued from page 25)

the town for tortillas and chilli, enchiladas and avocado-mexicano, and a bottle of unforgettable yellow tequila.

During the week Hollywood sophisticates are by no means dull. There is always a business round of parties, given at one house or another. The picture lovers who want to be alone can motor down to exquisite La Venta, a cottage on a hillside in Palos Verde with a view of Santa Monica Bay and its series of mountain ranges that surpasses anything in the world, save the Bay of Naples, from, let us say, Capri.

They can tea at Thistle Cottage in Santa Monica, which resembles a cottage in England’s New Forest, and whose scones, Devonshire cream, strawberry jam and gingerbread are like nothing on earth.

They can brunch out at Mrs. Fry’s Cottage on Ventura Boulevard, where the best chicken potpie and frosted cakes in town are obtainable. Or they can loll at Pierpoint Inn, on the ocean’s edge at Half Moon Bay, sign to their content, some of Ceylon’s finest, imported Persian tea.

Laterly, it is becoming fashionable to have your house entirely done over. This is 1938, we are reminded. Why not live as Hollywood does?

And, with that in mind, certain supersophisticates have gracefully introduced to Hollywood a few competent decorators.

Midsummer heralds a new and stunning fashion ensemble from Hollywood worn by BARBARA STANWYCK

Look for the full-page fashion picture of the lovely star presented in natural color in AUGUST PHOTOPLAY

Goddard, Louise Rainer, Miriam Hopkins and a lot of others never miss a treat at Louise Long’s in a bungalow court in Beverly Hills. Irene Dunne and Clairette Colbert are sure of their salads when lunching at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby; and even Lola Lane, Sonja Henie and Olivia de Havilland are careful of the salad dressing itself at the Vendome. Fred Stone, Joe E. Brown, Sy Bartlett and Mae West, though, swear by the pastry which the Vendome lunch wagon passes. The Marx Brothers, all of them, and Gene Markey, with a sprinkling of pretty Wampas Babies and Panny Briar, keep the Bublitchki alive. And Edmund Goulding, W. C. Fields, the Jimmy Fidlers, Mary Boland, Sophie Tucker and Mae West dote on Travaglini’s Italian food.

A headwaiter in one of the best known establishments in town tells me, however, that most “mildays” in the neighborhood are gourmets at heart. They have a passion for eating, he declares, and once a picture is through they will consume tons of delicacies, and suffer the consequences later. Which the fashionable doctors and hospitals soon find out.

But very few of them, men included, know anything about the stuff they drink. For some fool reason or other, they believe they must consume champagne. Perhaps this is because they are not educated to Rhine wines, Sauternes, and Burgundy. The best connoisseurs

No woman who offends with underarm odor can ever expect to win out with men

She meets nice men—plenty of them. And she still dreams that some day one of them will fall in love with her. For she’s a charming girl—Carol.

She does worry, though. It seems odd that men so seldom ask her for a second date. Certainly she is pretty enough! And she thinks she’s careful about her person. After all, doesn’t she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol! Like so many girls, she trusts a bath alone to keep her sweet. She should realize that underarms must have special care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

MUM IS QUICK! It takes just half a minute to smooth a touch of Mum into each underarm. How easy that is!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is soothing to the skin—you can use it right after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl men ask for dates, a girl who wins and holds romance, always use Mum!

A TIP TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

It's Mum for me! How can any girl think a bath is enough?

TO HERSELF:

Mum never lets a girl down! Bills been giving me a rush all evening long!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Avoid embarrassment...

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary underarm kiss because they know it's safe, sure. No worry when you use Mum this way, too!
in "Nothing Sacred" and with Fred MacMurray ducking you to the drown-\n
thing point in "True Confessions." From beards to false beards, you seemed looking like a leftover Christmas tree on Fe-

uary first. Honest, you did, Carol, for all the beauty God and Wally Westmore gave you.

But your men kept right on loving you, just the same which is, of course, all any female cares about.

Of course, I know if Freddie and Fred hadn't responded, you could al-

ways, after all, you were called up invent your day's work and call up Clark Gable, which is cer-

tainly my idea of the perfect end of an affair as ends. (If following the same, I let my boy friend duck me in a lake or use me as a flying tackle, as an expres-

sion of his deep passion for pretending to be his sister, invaded his fancee's house, and made a general fool of yourself. You were funny, too, but
don't miss Miss Dundie, don't you understand that if the rest of us went around in-\nnouncing houses like that our boy friend would not only think it wasn't funny but would call us out of town for dis-

playing such awful manners.

And another thing I'd like to ask you is this. Why have cold, wet toes sud-
ddenly come into the fascinating game? Rosemary Lane gave out with ten of them in "Hollywood Hotel" when she wanted a calf deep in a fountain with Dick Powell. She looked about as

a bill collector to me in that scene, but Dick Powell ate it up. Is this a trend? Must a girl risk pneumonia these days to prove her sex appeal?

With you, Miss Hepburn, I'll be brief. I never shall forget that flight from Los An-
geles all the way to Newark with you shouting above the noise of the motors just what you thought of the press, only you never looked at me and I never looked at you. You came to me like family we all were, a family of boa con-

strictors.) Your pictures ran thick and thin after your first success in "A Bill of Divorce-

ment"; your delightful Jo in "Little Women" and that perfect "Alice Adams" balanced against trash like "Spirite" and your perfectly ghastly performance as "Mary of Scotland." Still, and for that, you continued to be one of the most original, most in-

teresting figures in the whole movie industry. And then you did "Bring-\n
Up Baby" and down you clunked. You acted so demented that Cary Grant couldn't have really had enough brains even to take a look at you. The photog-

onologist the plot called him, to fall for you. You fell plain in a stream of water, and then just sort of there, with your hair hanging and your knees at the most grotesque angle. You walked across a ballroom with the look of your eye and your white dress showing and what I'd like to know is, where on earth did you get drawers like that? Who makes such that any more? Who wears such things in this day of horseless carriages?

Now we come to you, Claudette, it isn't as common as you think, but if you had done as our friend "Buck Street" suggests, we'd like to have seen you, the way we know we'd never have to copy those. We couldn't, unless we invaded a theatrical costume-

ner's or an antique warehouse.

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little of Ronnie's yacht and an awful lot of sea. Still, he can't get over his admiration for Ronnie, his wish to do what Ronnie does; so, one fine, gusty week end, Ronnie and Bill and Warner, with a crew of two, set off down the coast from California to Ensenada. It was an uncomfortable trip. Most of it was spent at an angle of forty-five degrees, so getting glad he had good thick eyebrows because he had to cling on with them most of the way. And how the other two made him work! He was a pale green shadow of his former self when they arrived in the harbor at Ensenada. Fortunately for him, they decided to spend the night at the hotel. Leaving the other two upstairs in their tubs, Warner sneaked downstairs and sent an SOS telegram to his studio.

A few hours later a telegram arrived for him. He frowned as he read it. He muttered a few curses. Not too many. Warner is, after all, an actor. His resignation at the decision of the studio to do insignificant parts on his latest picture, their desire to have him back on the set at once, was a masterpiece in understatement. His two pals, themselves masters in the art of miming, never even suspected they'd been framed.

They are adult men; they've never quarreled in the childish sense. They've disagreed, argued, battled—but never over women. Never over money. Not even when they've disagreed with each other's choice of a playmate. Their live-and-let-live philosophy takes care of that.

Occasionally Warner's exuberance, the exuberance which gives him that Latin quality on the screen, will lead him off on a tangent disapproved of by the more sober-minded Ronnie, the more practical Bill. He buys things. Sometimes he'll buy a $10,000 cabin in the mountains, sometimes he'll buy a new tennis court; now and again he has a fancy car. His voice-recording machine, an amusing if useless toy, cost him a pretty penny. Ronnie doesn't always approve of these extravagances.

Warner once fainted on an island in Puget Sound. Knowing that Ronnie and Bill were scheduled to go sailing up the coast to Vancouver, he asked Ronnie to buy him the island.

"No," said Ronnie.

"Seriously—I mean it."

"So do I," said Ronnie, "What do you want an island for?"

"I'd like to build a summer home. You see . . . " and he went on to explain just how nice it would be to have a summer home on an island. But he couldn't sell the idea to Ronnie.

"Then I shall ask Bill to get it for me," threatened Warner huffily.

"He wouldn't do anything so silly. Now what you need is a yacht. You'd better buy that first. How do you think you're going to get to the island . . . swim there?"

So Warner bought a boat. Not a yacht. He got himself a comfortable motor cruiser. Now he plans to get a summer home on an island which even Ronnie approves. His idea is to form a yachtsman's colony, with the island owner, Mr. Wrigley's, kind permission, on Catalina in a bay inaccessible from land. He dreams of a new and even more exclusive Malibu Beach (as it was in the old days).

Bill and Ronnie and himself will each have a bungalow there and there'll be room for Clive and Dick whenever they happen along. Far into the night they'll sit around a log fire, chew on the stems of their pipes and talk, not about the past—the present and future are too bright for that—but about the respective merits of fishing and sailing.

"If you've ever fished from your yacht, Ronnie," says Warner with a little smile of superiority, "I've never heard of you catching anything. Why, only today, I landed six swordfish. Big fellows. You don't understand the thrill of bringing a big game fish to the gaff."

"You don't understand the thrill of heading a sailing boat into the wind," replies Ronnie.

"Can you see anything to it," counters Warner.

"My dear chap," and Ronnie closes the subject, "you'll come to it in the end."

And knowing Ronnie, Warner's very much afraid that he'll prove to be right.

**We Cover the Studios**

(Continued from page 32)

twinkler is in the scene we watch—inside the rough torn—pulled salon.

There's George Raft, John Barrymore, Henry Fonda, Dorothy Lamour, Lynne Overman, Akin Tamiroff and Louise Platt—all in one take. Looks like bargains! Dorothy hangs over the bar dining out drinking liquor, while Hank and George play catch with Louise, in the center of the scene. Lynne and Akin stand by the bar and klitch bawdily. John Barrymore, in a beaver hat, sits alone at a table.

It is surprising indeed to see Dorothy Lamour with clothes on. When we were younger—no expense, she explains, she shakes her pretty head. "Too cold," she explains, "they've changed it to a parka. What was that parka? Dorothy explains it's something like an Eskimo's overcoat with a convertible top.

Director Henry Hathaway, who is seen at viste screen stuff, takes a minute off from camera squinting to tell us the drama revolves about early salmon fishing days thirty years ago when men were men and salmon pirates were all over the place. George Raft strolls over next, every black hair in place, and dearies vigorously that he's anything like an Alaskan lover.

"Fonda gets the girl," says George, "I'm getting killed." Then he adds, "As usual."

We step out of camera range when rehearsal for the next scene gets underway. George and Harry tackle each other in the middle of the salon. Dorothy screams, Louise runs, Lynne Overman tumbles off his stool. The place is a melee of flying flats, scuffling feet and flying furniture. We can hardly keep still. Our pulse mounts, our eyes glazen, our breath quicken. Exciting stuff—this making he-man movies! Red-blooded, death-defying, pulse pounding. Inviting it.

Well—we look across the room—and there is John Barrymore, planked down in his chair. His feet are up in the air and his beaver hat is tipped over his eyes. From his lips comes a gentle whoo. His shirt rises and falls rhythmically.

He's sound asleep.

**Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?**

Many drivers tell us—and many laboratory tests explain why—chewing gum helps ease nervous tension under pressure, aids in reducing your feeling of fatigue. Just as gum helps an athlete keep "on his game," so it helps a driver keep on the job, alert and yet relaxed. On long trips chewing gum helps to relieve driving drowsiness. Keep a package of Beech-Nut Gum or a box of candy-coated Breeches always handy in the pocket of your car. You will enjoy their fresh, rich flavor—and the aid they lend to better driving.

**BEECH-NUT GUM**

is always refreshing

P.S. Have you tried RUMMIES, the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?
ELAINE SHEPARD in GOLDWIN FOLLIES

How To Have a Star's Fun on Your Income

(Continued from page 27)

BANISH YOUR FEAR OF SUNBURN

Have your fun in the summer sun but don’t let your skin get that tattered, scaly, weather-beaten look—there’s no need to!

For here is an amazing new type of creme that contains oils taken from pure dairy milk. Delicate creamy oils that seem to work miracles in preventing sunburn, or in bringing cool, soothing relief from the pain of a skin already sunburned.

Millions of women now use Duart Creme of Milk for complete skin-beauty care. Ask for it by name at any cosmetic counter, or use coupon for trial size jar.

DUART CREME OF MILK CREME

Contains Milk-Oils processed with other oils
MAIL FOR LARGE JAR DUART CREME OF MILK CREME
DUART, 788 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.
Excedosc is 25¢. Please send large trial size jar to:

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Address: 

City: 

State: 

Date: 

DELLA LIND, M.N.

DUART CREME OF MILK CREME

A DUART PERMANENT WAVE

guards each curl with a separate thermostatic—automatically prevents limp or frizzy hair—insures soft uniform waves.

Demand a Duart.

sometimes called, is still a favorite, and so is the old-fashioned Charade, from which adaptations was developed in the first place.

Anne Shirley, who belongs to the younger set which really does budget in the kitchen, is very carefully, spends most of her spare time thinking up new word games to play, and collection of her daffies play them with.

Another favorite pastime when half a dozen or more stars get together is a roller-skating-party—particularly suitable in the summer. Just like the kids on your block, they bowl along the sidewalks or quiet streets in the residential section. And they get plenty of fun out of it.

Do you begin to see what has happened to these fortunate people who can, if they like, spend amounts of money that seem like fortunes to you and me? They’ve discovered a truth that most of us are too lazy to practice: economy never learn; that the spending of money, simply for spending’s sake, soon fails as a method of entertainment. That they can have a far better time by exercising their wits than they can by exercising their purses. That they play games.

So we find people like the Warren Williams, the Andy Devines and the John Boy McKays making a hobby out of gardening, raising their own flowers and vegetables. Drop around to see any of these people on an early summer’s morning, and odds are that you’ll find them all where they spend most of their spare time, digging away, choosing, arranging their garden flowers or gladioli or beaming over the way the string beans are coming along.

Then there is Tyrone Power, that dash- ing young man about town, who gets his greatest fun out of playing with toy trains (Errol Flynn is another toy-train devotee) and in bicycling. There’s nothing Tyrone Power likes better than a bicycle ride to Palm Springs or to Hansen Ort, national cycling champion, as his opponent.

For evenings, he has another pet pastime that will suggest to you. With Tony Martin, Alice Faye and another girl, he loves to make up a foursome and go bowling—enjoying the excitement which costs, on the average, about twenty-five cents an hour per person.

A group which consists of Barbara Stanwyck, Bob Taylor, the Ray Millands, the Fred MacMurrays and the Franchot Tones has banded together in a way which any eight friends anywhere in the country, would do well to copy. Each couple has bought the equipment for some kind of game—a tennis court at the MacMurrays’, a badminton court at the Millands’, a stable at Barbara Stanwyck’s, a shooting outfit at the Tones’—and it’s understood that everyone in the group is entitled to use any one of the games. Thus, all have a variety of entertainment for the cost of one.

Perhaps your budget is too small to cover the expenses of a tennis court or a stable. But you can do the same thing by buying less expensive games—Ping-pong sets, backgammon sets, the newest variety of badminton equipment.

Or you and your friends can band together by buying the equipment for still another Hollywood hobby which, while not extravagant, does entail an initial outlay greater than the average budget can afford. The hobby? Writing, direct-
angle that without Myrna's salary as a dancer the family would have no income.

Nevertheless, for Myrna there was no return to dancing and, in the spring of 1925, an ambitious little redhead, scarcely steady in the knees after several weeks of sickness, stepped into the ranks of Hollywood's army of extras.

She had decided that, first of all, she must have a new last name, one shorter and easier to remember than Williams. From interested acquaintances she had many suggestions, among them one from a gentleman she scarcely knew and never saw again.

"How about Loy?" he had said. So, on the May morning when, at a studio casting window, she made herself brave enough to ask for an application blank, found herself a corner in the room crowded with other extras, she gave hasty last minute consideration to "Maggie," "Carr," "Miss," "Carr," "Field," . . . and then wrote, for the first time, and handed in at the window, the name "Myrna Loy.

The studio was . . . M-G-M.

And so, for Miss Myrna Loy, began interminable days of sitting on benches in casting offices waiting the high moment when the little window would open and, as a wave could be called, somebody's hopeful eyes rewarded, some lucky dog admitted for work. Every day at every studio the little crowd waited, Myrna trying, as did the rest, first one studio then another.

But it was again M-G-M where one day the window opened, called for Miss Myrna Loy, and, a little dizzy with the sudden surprise, she heard someone asking if she "Loy" or "Loyd" or "Loyd" working a little while. And so the studio opened its gates for the first time to the girl who, today, is one of its best financial assets, part of its destiny, one of its really important stars.

That first job, however, was unbelievably insignificant. Miss Loy was required only as a figure upon which to try out a costume to be worn by the ragged street lepers of "Ben Hur.

But the conductor saw her and asked her to report next day for another test and this time not a test of clothes, but of Miss Loy herself . . . for the role of the Madonna.

Though she had learned the lesson of not believing in possibilities, suddenly her hopes were soaring again. She was dreaming dreams again! But they were dreams which collapsed like a pricked bubble next day, when she found Madonnas blond, brunette, redheaded, Madonnas winsome, solemn, short and tall, Madonnas of every type and style—all waiting hopefully. Notwithstanding which, it was our redhead who carried off the honors and was on her breathing-loss way out of the studio gates to tell her mother when a limousine arrived bringing Betty Bronson whom they had been trying unsuccessfully to locate for the rôle.

So decision promptly reversed and "success" abruptly ended, though not entirely in disappointment, for the casting director took pity on the deposed Madonna who so gamely heard the answer.

"You look hungry," he laughed. "I think we better put you to work anyway. Go and tell them you're to be one of Ben Hur's mistresses watching the big race."

So, in black wig and a costume of Cleopatra's, Miss Loy became merely one of a thousand in the great amphitheater. Nevertheless, she was playing in pictures, was earning a momentary check . . . and, most of all, now there was proof that she was not climbing to ambition which was only illusion, for, though the Valentin test had counted as failure, the test for M-G-M had not, so her chance to make good was at least fifty-fifty.

But, with the comparatively small effort and little wait for work in "Ben Hur," she was totally unprepared for the long weeks which now went by, her answer the same at every casting office . . . "Nothing today" . . . "No work this week" . . . "the family's small amount of surplus money dwindling.

But at last came hope, and from the one completely unexpected direction. For Rudolph Valentino, in spite of the disappointing test, believed her the type for a particular part in the newest picture to be produced by his wife, Natacha Rambova.

But how startling the rôle he had in mind for this quiet girl from a middle-sized Montana town! With a blonde wig, a fabulous headdress, exotic eyes, tight-fitting black velvet trousers and a train, he transformed her completely! And so well did she play the creature of wicked glamour in "What Price Beauty," that when, shortly afterward, Warners' Studio sent out a call for all the exotic women in town, they particularly requested Myrna Loy. It was she who was given the part they were casting, and, as the spirited and jealous sweetheart of "Satan in Sables," she broke chins, dug her heels into the floor and generally played the wildcat with such spirit that a long-term contract as a professional enchantress seemed certain. And, in the story of Myrna Loy's career in pictures, is the close of Book One.

A CONTRACT! Of course this seemed key to everything. But indeed trouble had only begun! Here was a whole new world of difficulties, difficulties against which she found herself having to battle every foot of the way. For weeks she struggled through the

**JANTZEN Lastex Wisp-o-weights**

Never before a swim suit fabric like Wisp-o-weight! Lastex yarn has been knitted into pure wool by an exclusive Jantzen process. Here are suits that are featherly light, luxuriously soft, remarkably rapid-drying. Suits that smug to the figure, achieving smooth girdle fit. Just the ideal ratio of two-way stretch brings you permanent perfect fit, in the water and out. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

The Brewer Twins appearing in the 20th Century-Fox picture "Little Miss Broadway" wearing the "Pannelle"...

(left) GLORIA BREWSTER 20th Century-Fox Player $6.95

(right) BARBARA BREWSTER 20th Century-Fox Player wearing the "Fleecock"...

$5.95

Other Jantzen creations $1.95 to $12.95

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**HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HOLLYWOOD?**

Check your answers to the statements on page 68 with these correct ones.

7. Roger Pryor 14. Professional fighter

**JANTZEN LASTEX WISP-O-WEIGHT SWIM SUITS**

Jantzen knitting mills, dept. 102, Portland, Oregon Send style folder in color featuring new 1938 styles.

**Name**

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79
distressing confusion of wrong parts, wrong lines, wrong costumes, knowing only a touch that what she was going backward rather than ahead.

And then something terrifying happened—she went mad. The talkative, Tartarian actors and actresses from the stage who were used to speaking lines were suddenly elected to take over this profession created for one whose art was only pantomime. And Myrna Loy, with the others, was suddenly fighting for her life.

Warner's first musical song was "The Desert Song," the entire cast engaged from the New York stage. But, in the role of a native of the desert and treachery, the girl from the stage didn't come through the test. She wasn't a screen subject. Myrna Loy asked for a chance to try the part. The thought of doing lines before the camera fairly paralyzed her and to make it worse, if possible, the lines must be done with a French accent. But now it was sink or swim for everybody. She might as well know worst.

For her trial they gave her the most difficult scene in the play, the dancing scene in a frenzy of broken French, throwing coins at her faithless lover. Myra's hands were cold when the moment came, her voice shaking. The place of the strange new bulky sound equipment, swam before her eyes. Mr. Darryl Zanuck took a look at her. "Just forget it, Myrna," he said. "It will be worse for you to fail than not to try at all. You're scared."

"Yes, I'm scared," she told him. "But I was scared the first time I did a silent scene, too. I'll be just as scared if I wait to try it some other time. I'd rather know now."

And so the scene was made. And Myrna Loy went over the top. And, in the finished picture (the first musical "talking," the air), she but stole the show. Sound pictures were here to stay. And so was Myrna Loy.

And now she had come through with a new type of work. It appeared that she was herself as much as anything but in naives. And so began still another new "career" in Chinese, Malay, Hindu, Egyptian. Assuming a voice which was Myra's own, a personality with her own, accents, which wasn't her own (which in fact she made up as much as one can be made up), she followed after—roles such as Nabi in "The Squall."

There were wicked women roles, too, such as "the Poisoner" in John Barrymore's "Don Juan." But the one thing no one ever thought of was to cast her just as she was, just a charming, quiet, well-bred American girl. And when her contract expired, it was renewed. There were too few parts of her type, she was told. Too few calls for Asiatic, native, Oriental and siren. She had been more unhappy than anyone in swapping parts of this type. Nevertheless, the loss of her contract was distinctly a shock. She didn't know which way to turn. Her mother and young David were now entirely dependent on her salary. What would become of them if she couldn't get work.

Through sleepless nights she tried to think things out. Alone, awake, hour after hour in that silent little house, she tried to make a plan. For it was more than merely tomorrow's groceries now. She was certain that her whole future was going away. "Those roles had already closed the doors of one studio to her. She was sure that conditions to play them was a losing game. Yet, taking a stand to play "parody," she would make her just one of a million, would mean starting all over again and from far and away the most difficult angle and with the family depending on her.

She tried to think what her father would have told her to do, how he would have decided this. Never again has she seen that pale stage of mauve, quiet light peculiar to dawn but that those nights have come back to her, those interminable hours of which her mother and David never knew. At last she made a decision. She didn't dare change her type altogether, but at least she would decline to be Asiatic or Oriental.

So, for the next year, she was "white," though little more could be said for her progress. For any time of day or temper a "quickie," completed pictures in thirteen days, learned endless bad lines in endless second-rate stories, had, in fact, plenty of experience in heartbreak of every sort. Then a contract was offered by Fox, she became grateful.

But though still demanding to be "white," her first new contract role was that of a spy.

And again a quiet charming girl, the complete antithesis of intrigue and design, proved so convincingly desirable on the screen, that immediately all Theda Bara's famed successes were renovated to be rebuilt for this stunning vampire. Here was work. And money.

But farther and farther from the future she had dreamed, a situation in which she would really have taken the scene in unhappiness, but that she was in love! A youthful kind of romance it was, then, at the moment, a very, very odd kind of romance, in the case, a young actor, sophisticated and fascinating.

There were trysts, secrets, confidences, red roses, and almost marriage. But, like Kipling's East and West, the practical ambitions and moonlight dreams never quite met. And, perhaps, was still really fancy-free when she was sent for by the gentleman in charge of production at United Artists, a gentleman named Mr. Arthur Hornblow who had asked her if she could have a very small part, he said, but suddenly here was the most thrilling and important film of her life. For here at last, was the chance she had dreamed of through seven years of Orientals and Borgias. The chance to play an American girl with simple, straightforward motives and impulses!

LISTENING to the story, I could scarcely imagine or remember another Myrna Loy than of "The Thin Man," of "The Lady With Love," of "Test Pilot," but it is not so. This day for pictures as well as for Miss Loy when producer Arthur Hornblow took the "long chance" which first gave her a straight rôle.

Curling in an armchair exacts the blessing of her eyes, she told me, with a particular smile; of that call at United Artists. It was and it was really a thrilling appointment," she said, and laced her fingers through those of the tall, good-looking chap in flannels who stood beside her. "Yes, Mr. Hornblow, I was very, very pleased!"

Amused affection played across his gray eyes.

"Decidedly thrilling, Mrs. Hornblow," he said. "Since, of course," remarked Mr. Hornblow to me, "she was so much more charming than anyone could possibly have expected!"

"And aside from business, how did you feel about it?" I asked Myrna Williams Loy Hornblow. "Did you like him immediately?"

"I admit to an unqualified, that," she said, with that breathless, oddly pune.

"Only, a little number of laughter peculiarly her own."

And it was without doubt Mr. Arthur Hornblow's "unique" idea that she play the lovely, odd character, at last, turned the tide and, in the end, writes the finish . . . or rather the beginning . . . of our
Within the room, the window curtains are glazed chintz in tones of green and yellow, on the wide window sill a careless lot of small gay china things, a tiny house, a laughing polka-dot pig, a gold-trimmed goat. Against this window sill, the length of the window, is built a davenport of handwoven, cream-colored linen and wool, with matching pillow. And it was here...her own room...that Myrna Loy told me the story I have told you, the day rainy and gray, the fire crackling cozily.

She still wears her little girl crop of freckles, reminds you of an impish boy, the dignity, the saucy fair of the lady you see on the screen, confined, it would seem, to the world of the camera.

We had been out in the garden. Over sandy red hair brushed straight back from her forehead, she wore a peasant handkerchief, tied under her chin. A cream-colored sweater, specked with tiny embroidered flowers, hung from her shoulders, tied around her neck. She wore no make-up, was lovelier than I had ever seen her, and I could only think it a pity that so young, so completely without artifice, she should be so clever an actress that in roles of fashion and sophistication we suffer a loss of the enchanting Peter Pan Miss Loy actually is.

I asked what day, in these changing years, she recalls as the happiest one. "The day this house was finished," she smiled. "The day we came here to stay. The first twilight when we stood out on the terrace looking at this place we had planned and waited for."

"And what do you plan and wait for now?" I wondered.

"Coming to join us for tea, Mr. Hornblow appeared in the doorway, stood pecking down his pipe with an expert thumb. Mrs. Hornblow reached for a case of matches, crossed the room to hold a light against his pipe bowl."

"But where do we have," she said, "is to buy the Crow Creek Valley ranch where I was born. Another is to travel a year and more in Europe. We especially want to visit Peru and the East, the old and places things. But we've discovered something better," she said, "to plan and wait for things. We've discovered that the secret of being happy is learning honestly to make the most of every minute just as you have it."

"And so we had finished the story, the story of the granddaughter of pretty Ann Williams who ploughed Montana's virgin wheat fields, the granddaughter of stolid Johnny Johnson who, in a one-room cabinet shop, supplied, for a brave frontier town, everything from cradles to coffins. We had finished the story of the girl who, in 1937, in the most extensive poll of the kind ever taken in America, was elected the favorite among reigning actresses of the screen.

To each of you whose opinion, admiration and affection swelling that vote to twenty million, this, the story of your favorite, is dedicated. But to one genu- 

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fit her in with our friends. She just naturally fits. As for the children, I don't have to tell you how I feel about them. You haven't had the patience to carry on long conversations with Carol Ann, at the age of five. She and Nana talk to each other for hours on end, don't ask me what about. She never interferes, yet just her way of handling the youngsters shows us where we make our mistakes. We have all sorts of theories about bringing up children. She has no theories and does a better job of it. In a way, that sums her up. She has no theories about living either, but she makes a better job of it than anyone I've ever met.

ABOUT thirty years ago the woman who draws this tribute was a bride, her husband a son of wealth. Disapproving of her marriage to a girl who had no money, his family turned its collective back on the couple. They didn't mind, they'd married for love. He found work where he could, and, if there was little money in the house, there was plenty of good cheer. When he brought her a pair of silk stockings instead of the bag of potatoes he'd gone out for, she didn't scold his impracticality but rejoiced in his thoughtfulness and managed somehow without the potatoes. They were drawn closer by the birth of a baby, and closer still by her death at the age of six months. Then another baby was born, whom they called Betty Lou. Two years later the young husband caught cold, developed pneumonia and died.

It was a ghastly blow, but there was a child to be fed and cared for. The girl picked herself together, got hold of some money and started a tiny delicatessen shop. Her homemade sauerkraut brought the place a reputation, and, by the time she decided to move to Pasadena, she'd built it into a flourishing business which she sold for a handsome sum.

At the Los Angeles high school she attended, Betty Lou met a boy named Bob Young. He was going through the gloomy phase of adolescence—a phase Betty never knew, thanks to her heritage. "What's she forever laughing at?" he'd grumble to himself. "Little fibber—right?" Yet he couldn't keep his eyes off her. She paid no attention to him till they were cast in a play together. After that they were always together.

"But I was just part of the entourage," explains Bob. "Betty always had a string of swains trailing her, with one eye on her mother. They'd drop inno-cently by on Sunday afternoon to see if Betty was in. If she wasn't they'd stick around anyway. They knew there'd be no roast and dumpings for the crowd, whether Betty came home to eat with them or not."

One school days ended, Betty and Bob saw less and less of each other. She went to college. He got a job and spent his evenings at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He'd made up his mind he was going to be an actor. They became engaged, but not to each other. Betty to a boy at college. Bob to a girl in Pasadena. Bob and his girl discovered their engagement was a mistake and broke it. Then one night they met and asked Bob to come over. He hadn't seen her in months.

"I've got to talk this out with somebody," she said. "I can't with Mom. She's too close to it. And next to her, I trust you most."

She wasn't sure she loved the man she'd promised to marry. She was afraid of making a mistake. She felt this way about him. What did Bob think?

"If you're not sure," said Bob, "then you don't love him."

He was answering honestly. He wasn't paying the way family was. It was only a little later that he eloped his hand to his head in the realization that Betty was the one girl he'd ever really wanted as his wife.

When the matter had been settled between them, they broke the news to Mom—or those of them they were doing. "You're telling me," she commented. "I could have told you years ago, and saved a lot of trouble."

Bob wasn't earning much money in those days. Once or twice during their brief engagement, he was sent out of school. Before, at the first of these trips, Mom took him aside. "If you want to call Betty long distance, just reverse the charges—never mind that. If it was Betty, there'd be no talk about it. Well, you're my boy and you've got the same rights she's got."

They were married in a neighboring town. For various reasons, Bob's family couldn't be present. "If your mother can't be here," Henderson decided, "it wouldn't be fair for me to go either."

She helped her daughter dress. She placed her hands on Bob's shoulders. She sent him off with a last smile, unmisted by tears.

THE sense of self-pity so many mothers develop when their children marry was absent from her make-up. She had no intention of living the rest of her life as an appendage to theirs. Her job as hostess in a tearoom, her numerous friends, kept her time pleasantly occupied. She didn't take to the hard work in the kitchen for meals, but waited like anyone else for an invitation.

"It's because you're the mother," she observes, with her deep chuckle, "doesn't give you any special rights to make a nuisance of yourself."

When she did see the young people, she'd entertain them with lovely accounts of her dates and her doings, not in a gallant effort to convince them that she was having a good time, but because she was having a good time. For one thing, she loved to dance. Bob would never have enough time they went to a party together. He knew that Betty's mother danced, but he'd never danced with her.

"As a dutiful son-in-law," he told himself. "I'll have to face this sooner or later. So it might as well be now."

He started off with her in a kind of half walk, with the idea of saving Mom's face as well as her feet. After a minute, the rhythm, she looked up at him. "What's the matter, son? Tired? Well then, dance."

He started tentatively on a more intricate step. Betty followed him no more easily than his mother-in-law. He raised his brows in amazement and ad- mitted, "As for me, I'm just too much of a dummy to make an acknowledgment of the dance. He led her through his entire repertoire. "Don't you know any fancy steps?"

When the dance was over, he wined, she was fresh as a daisy. "Why didn't you tell me, Mom?"

"Why didn't you ask me?"

SHE proffers no advice unless she is asked for it. Or as she herself puts it, "I try to mind my own business. I tried to bring Betty up not to be green and dainty. Then I let her run her own. I'm always glad to tell them what I think is right, if they come to me for it. If not, I keep my mouth shut. With the babies, for instance—I idolize them, but..."
It isn't their father and mother. When things go wrong and Carol Ann's being corrected, if it hurts me too much, I just go out where I can't see or hear it. I figure Bob and Betty are old enough to know what they're doing.

Like all young people, Betty and Bob had their tiffs. On one such occasion Betty ran home to her mother to pour out her woes. She had barely begun the recital when Mom stopped her. "I'll let you start." It's blank incredulity dried Betty's tears.

"What kind of a mother are you, anyway?" she said to you for consolation, and you stick up for Bob.

"Listen, honey," her mother said, "spilling her words so as to give them their full value. "Any girl that's married to Bob doesn't need consolation. If she thinks she does, that makes her all wrong to begin with." Which piece of sanity promptly reduced Betty's mountain to the molehill it was.

Meantime, Bob was making good in the movies. Financial problems grew less pressing. "I'd like to take care of Mom," he told Betty one evening. "I think we can afford it now."

Betty looked startled. "I'm sure she doesn't expect it."

"So am I. But I'd get a kick out of it, if she'd let me."

Mom wasn't so keen about the idea at first. Yes, she thought a little rest would be nice, but what in heaven's name would she do with herself all day? She couldn't sit idle. The problem solved itself. She found it was pleasant to be able to see more of her friends, to visit the sick, to help with the babies, to turn her hand to the thousand and one things willing hands can find for themselves to do.

To Bob and Betty she was a tower of strength, when Barbara, their second daughter, arrived. Betty had had a comparative ease of it with Carol Ann. They had no reason to suppose that the new baby would cause more trouble. They drove blithely down to the hospital together, Betty and Bob and Mrs. Henderson. A friend in a passing car hailed them, "Have lunch with me."

"We can't," they laughed. "Our baby's coming."

Two hours later Bob emerged, chalk-faced, from his wife's room. He didn't know how they managed to do it with Carol Ann. They had no need to suppose that the new baby would cause more trouble. They drove blithely down to the hospital together, Betty and Bob and Mrs. Henderson. A friend in a passing car hailed them, "Have lunch with me."

"We can't," they laughed. "Our baby's coming."

Two hours later Bob emerged, chalk-faced, from his wife's room. He didn't have to tell them that something had gone wrong. The doctor's grave face, the nurses hurrying in and out, had told her that already.

Together they waited, with Bob disappearing into the room at intervals. Only one member of the family was allowed to go in. "You go," Bob urged her. "No, son, you'll feel better after you've seen her."

He didn't feel better. There was nothing to feel better about. Each time he left the room, he had to steal himself to meet Mrs. Henderson's eyes, draw his face into some semblance of composure, lest he look like one who had seen a ghastly affair. Each time he was the only one who asked the terror in her heart to comfort him.

"It's all right, Bob. I've been through the same kind of bad time myself, and look at me. Betty takes after her mom. She'll fight through all right."

The hours crawled on. Now he stood at the bedside where his wife lay battling for her life. Now he crept out to the warmth and strength of the woman who loved them both. Once the doctor followed him out. "I'm doing my best, Mrs. Henderson."

Her voice was steady. "I know you are."

There came the moment when, nerves stretched by intolerable suspense, Bob went to pieces in her arms. Even then she stood like a rock. "We've got to grin and bear it, Bob. It's a thing all fathers and mothers have to go through. It's started, it's got to be finished."

Something of her own indomitable spirit entered him and gave him new courage. At the end of nine hours Betty was pronounced out of danger. The baby would live.

After the first moments of wordless thanksgiving, Bob wanted to yell and turn handsprings. He wanted Mom to yell and turn handsprings with him. But Mom couldn't. She was sobbing her heart out in a corner.

Later he tried to thank her, to try to put something of his feeling for her into words. She patted his cheek. "Rubbish! You'll do the same for your own children when the time comes."

As to her feeling about Bob: "I'll tell you. I always said, when Betty grew up and married, regardless of whom she married, I'd love him the same as she did. I had that kind of mother, so I guess I come honestly by it."

"Daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, she wanted them to love her and that's all she wanted, and they did. I'd have loved anyone Betty married. Just the same, I'm glad it was Bob. They don't come any easier to love. He's—well, he can't be beat, that's all. And if he loves me back, that's fine. I'm a lucky woman."

Lucky woman. Lucky man. Lucky family.

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PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

TEXTURE CREAM—CLEANSING CREAM

Who says honesty isn't the best policy? Here's one California theater owner who obviously thinks it is. Perhaps this marquee announcement is also a warning that a needed hypodermic of "fewer and better pictures" would help!
why we roosevelts are movie fans

(continued from page 1)

the public demand.

I think, however, that movies themselves are doing an educational job along these lines better than most of us realize and that we are gradually going to see a change in the taste of the people, brought about by higher standards lived up to by the producers themselves.

In the classroom the possibilities for the educational use of films are, I think, very great and have not as yet been used to the fullest extent. In fact, it is only the wealthier, better equipped schools that are able to use the movies at all. It seems a great pity not to use a form of teaching which, for both children and adults, is so easy to understand and remember afterwards. Adult education is carried on all over the country today and should be greatly aided by the use of the right kind of movie.

I remember hearing a learned gentleman who was much interested in education advance the theory that with the development of television, the small country school would be able to bring great teachers and famous foreign visitors into their classrooms as easily as if they were actually there in person.

If properly used, it seems to me that the movies may accomplish much the same thing as this gentleman had in mind. A course given by some brilliant professor might be given through the medium of the movies in every little school throughout the country. Any great foreign teacher or speaker coming to this country might, through this medium, become a familiar figure to children everywhere.

There is a great opportunity also to teach our children English and voice culture through the movies; for they can have the best teachers in the country teaching diction, recitation and expression through the medium of the talking film. This can be done in the smaller rural schools as well as in the bigger schools of the cities, for, once the school is equipped with the proper apparatus, the cost is small. The individual teacher who is qualified for this work is few, and they command high salaries. Adult education classes, in which foreign men and women are learning our language and its correct pronunciation, would find this method very helpful.

The reading of good books will be increased greatly by having the masterpieces of literature dramatized and given in the movies. It is never possible to film an entire book, but if you awaken a real interest it often happens that young and old will read the book to know the whole story, whereas, in all probability, many people would never have known that the story was interesting had they not seen it on a movie screen. "The Sun Parlor," for example, is one of our favorites, is an excellent example of this.

Of course, if you know a book very well and are very fond of it, you may not agree with the way it has been dramatized, and it may give you an unhappy evening. I have carefully avoided seeing "Peter Ibbetson" because I happen to be very fond of it as a novel and I was told that in the movie it is essentially changed in a way that I feel sure would spoil it for me.

Perhaps it is necessary to do this all the more if we are to see that the real question if this amount of latitude should be permitted to the dramatist. If you are writing an original play, you have every right to make your characters do what you wish or what you feel they must do, but, if certain characters have been created by an author I doubt if you have a right to change them into different people.

finally, we come to the possibility of using the motion picture as a character-building instrument. We must make information about films which are being shown in every theater available to parents so that they may know what is suitable and what is unsuitable for their children. While this information is at present available to anyone interested enough to obtain it, through the Women's Clubs' services, it may require a statement on the part of the producers and the theater managers in the local newspapers as well. This is just a step towards making pictures a help in building character, but it does not mean that children will not often be taken to see pictures which are not suitable for them. It puts the burden of responsibility on the parents, however, for all that the producers can do will have been done to protect the children from seeing films not suited to their age.

plays could be written for very little children with the object of teaching ethics and morals. I remember well the type of book which was given to my generation to improve our understanding of the proper "guiding principles," but I doubt very much if the children of today would read these books and take them seriously.

It is possible, however, without actually teaching a sermon, to glorify some of the fundamental good traits of human nature. Kindness, gentleness, honesty, generosity and love may be shown in plays about animals so that little children can understand these vir-
packed chests full of samples, styles, delicate originals, and reproductions and sent them off to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, Ed Willis, M-G-M's property chief, scoured France and Aus-

tria, raising $100,000 on art and antiques of that decorative day. Au-

tusan carpets, Beauvais tapestries, Sevres porcelains, and etched clocks. Copies of the noted portraits and rococo furn-

ishings of the Louis-XV and XVI. In a tiny cabinetmaker's show he un-
earthed a delicate little chair with the initials "M.A." carved on the back. All these went across the sea to Hollywood and from Hollywood back to London, where the artistic relique a comprehensive restoration grew, as cabinetmakers fashioned furnishings for a whole palace and Cedric Gibbons designed sets.

In all this Norma Shearer had no part. She made no demands and no sug-
gestions about her part, the script, the cast—anything. Much of the extensive work took place, of course, while she was devoting herself to a year with her children, before she even contemplated returning to the screen. But even when she had decided to go back she re-

frained from interfering with any pro-
duction plans, even though she, more than anyone, knew in London, knew the intimate plans Irving Thalberg car-

ried in his head when he died.

It was almost a piece of fact. Be-

cause when Thalberg died he left Norma Shearer the largest single stock-

holder in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She was literally the queen of the lot. A
great many people expected her to run the show as she wanted it. But no one ever said it. From the first, no one saw her. Except the gateman.

Long before anyone at the studio knew she was there or guessed she was there, Norma Shearer started slipping in quietly in her car. Only late workers noticed the light that burned of evenings in the studio quarters. But no one guessed she was there in the
gown that weighed fifty-two pounds with its steel hoops, walking, turning,
bowing, sitting down—to make her movements perfectly natural and graceful in the cumbersome hold.

Only those who had worked with Norma Shearer before could have sus-
ppected the enthusiasm with which she attacked every problem of her part as Marie Antoinette. It was as if she

were hungry for the hardest work. As if she wanted to make up for someone who couldn't be there.

She stood for three months, long hours every day, fitting and refiguring the forty or so gowns Adrian had de-

signed for the picture. She hurried from there toAlbertina Rasch for the beaded trims and taping in all the in-

tricate court dances of the Bourbons. Then she practiced them by herself. A special white make-up which would give her the delicate alabaster beauty of the French aristocrats meant long

hours with Jack Dawn and the testing camera. She read and reread Zweig's biography until the pages frayed. She

sought out every technical advisor available in Hollywood on the manners and customs of the period. She tutored herself in a hundred diverse things.

All of this was behind Norma Shearer the day she entered the great stage and smiled through the tears of a hundred mixed emotions. Yet there was a tense, strained air for a long time about the set of "Marie An-
toinette." Norma was nervous. The cast walked around on tiptoes. The atmosphere was electric—charged with something about to happen.

There were several reasons. One was that Norma's confidence in herself was by now strained to the breaking point. (Luckily the first rushes were excep-
tionally fine and reassured her.) Another was that Tyrone Power, who was to play the main love interest with Norma, had never been loaned out from his studio before. With no other dressing rooms available, they had put Ty in Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford and flanked by Jeanette MacDonald—and it bothered him. Too, Tyrone and Norma had

never met until now. But they had

ied, also, in the dramatization of some of the old fairy tales and in stories of everyday life the world over.

Our children should not be allowed to believe, however, that there are not other dangerous manifestations: hate, greed, fear, dishonesty, malice and cru-

elty, these should all walk across the stage with the consequences which they may bring in daily life. Facing the re-

ali ties is good even for the very young.

Love of country may be inculcated through history as well as in many other ways. Children actually seeing fine episodes in their history and in con-
temporary events, which illustrate the qualities of character which we wish them to acquire will get a point of view without listening to a sermon.

Children should realize what a gov-

ernment in any country may do that is wrong and that patriotism consists in holding to the highest standards in pub-

lic questions as one would in private

life. Countries, like people, deteriorate under indifference and lack of attention from their citizens; and this can be well

shown in the movies.

If THE movies undertake to be a factor along the above lines, they will become a strong educational and character-

building force, but primarily they will always remain, I hope, a form of enter-
tainment, and, as such, they fill an im-

portant place.

I hope the will not take the place of the real theater, for anyone who appre-
ciates and understands what the dra-

matic art really means will always feel

the greater power and force of a per-

sonality as projected by a great actor on the footlights. The movies, however, will bring knowledge and pleasure daily into the lives of many hundreds of thousands who can rarely see a finished professional dra-

matic production.

As a purveyor of entertainment alone, the responsibility of the movie producer is heavy because his audience is vast, and so I want to say my last word on the question of creating good taste. The highly cultured people of the world are those who have good taste.

There is, of course, a certain kind of robust fun, even vulgarity, which is not

contrary to good taste, but some things in literature and the arts have always proaged decadence. Those things must be kept from the drama if we are to promote good taste. Here is the great challenge to the movie producer of the future—will movies be an instrument in the development of good taste and are we growing up to be a nation with artistic knowledge and apprecia-

tion?

A Queen Comes Back

(Continued from page 22)

The Sea Horse is the sign of aquatic beauty, of sculptured lines and ex-

clusive features created for your com-

fort and good looks. Look for this

emblem on the smartest swim suit fashions for 1938!

Figure problems disappear, fondest hopes come true, as you slip into a B. V. D. swim suit designed to bring out your own best lines. To B. V. D. go the honors for such torso magic—for such sparkling colors and beautiful pat-

terns. And to you going the admiration of every eye on the beach!

(Back view) For sustaining siluetas, and a lovely, even coat of tan, you simply unite the waistline bow of these clever "dual control" straps and arrange them in halter fashion.

(Front view) Beneath the gay floral print of this B. V. D. maillot, there's a tailored lining cut for lasting fit and comfort. All B. V. D. maillots are fully lined—skirted suits lined through the bust. Maillot, $7.95.

The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City
to plunge immediately into the most delicate and tender love scenes of the whole picture because Tyrone had been allowed just three weeks away from his own studio. The first day they met they kissed each other all day!

But the main difficulty was this: just before shooting started, Norma's favorite director, Sidney Franklin, took sick. To realize the blow this was to Norma, consider that her finest, most successful pictures were made under Franklin's direction. Someone had to take over at once. And the only man in Hollywood who could do a thing like that - with twenty-four hours' notice - was W. S. Van Dyke.

Now the relationship between a star of Shearer's importance and her director is that of an intimate understanding. Stars and directors have made much of Hollywood's fiery history. Van Dyke, too, is notorious for romancing his shows. He has walked out on people like Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald. But Norma Shearer was something else; she was a power in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

What would happen?

Some Hollywood prophets gave the situation the same importance as a meteorologist predicts; every cloud that passed had to be interpreted. Either Van Dyke or Norma Shearer would blow up and walk out on the picture.

At once, to make matters worse, a silly story got out. It went like this: Van Dyke shot four takes of one of Shearer's scenes, then said, "That's all." Norma Shearer objected, "No— one more."

Van Dyke replied stubbornly, "I said that was all." And Shearer strode off the set in a huff.

It was pure fiction. It never happened at all. But it was in the newspapers and a lot of people believed it. The "Shearer and Van Dyke faction" were unsuspicuous. So was Van Dyke. That said the wisest, was to keep the terrific battles that were going on inside out of the press!

A tension like that cannot show in a finished picture. It can seriously damage it. It could ruin Shearer's comeback.

Norma Shearer may have realized that it was up to her. Or again maybe it was a series of accidents. No one ever knows yourself.

But a day or two later, she tripped on the hoop of her gown, although she had practiced wearing it for months, and up she went and the whole image of the film fell right in the midst of an emotional scene.

The whole stage roared. Script girl, colored maid, juicer, Barrymore, Van Dyke and Shearer—screamed with laughter. All the pent-up nervousness of the past forty-eight hours from the first dressing balloon, and sudden things were as funny as a spring day. Woody started calling Norma "Kid" and "Baby" and she glowed with delight. Everybody eased up. The threat was gone.

From then on other happy accidents helped the good feeling along. Norma blew up on her lines with John Barrymore. She mixed her French and English up in such a way that the ostrich feathers on her dress played tricks. She acted some scenes on the floor. She became so warmly human that instead of fearing her, the whole company fell in love with Norma Shearer all over again—and her well-known wack was back.

Woody Van Dyke phrased the feeling characteristically when he said, "She's the prettiest dam woman in Hollywood!"

Norma Shearer will never lose her career again, unless some unforeseen event in her life forces an absence. Not only by what she has told her fellow human beings, but by her little companions forget the accepted beauty of Polly and Betty, made the dollars a day, and after that was impossible, and there was no holding her. Glamor sat astride her skinny legs, and the glamour of her clothes was the envy of all. She was, indeed, the last of the glamour queens..."

There was a year of glory, then. A year in which the heaven suddenly rose to a height of sixty feet. To one who has used to fighting the early wound of inferiority, there came a serenity that lifted her, a place in life that she had never known before. She was no longer the smallest, the plainest; she was one of many, and there were smaller girls than she. And there were less attractive girls.

As the years went by with their measured organ tread, Gretna learned the trick of dignity. Her exuberance, her restlessness, disregarded at first, became in essence a joyful spirit held in a reserve. Her reputation was well above the edge-level with clear water which, though some physical law would not overcome the slightest sound—the slightest vibration—should set it loose.

There was danger, here. There were the minor escapades, of course: forbidden chocolate bars kept under pillows until they proclaimed themselves to the watchful sisters by melting; the insignificant lies, the careful whispering, the lying in decorum—all duly punished.

There was, as a matter of fact, little said, and no more written, of Gretna's exuberant growing personality sought desperately for some kind of release and how she grew to realize that dreams you can conjure from books... You must see this. It is so important to your understanding of what followed—of what must always follow in...
There were books she read: the pages turning and, in turning, releasing a bright pageantry of color. She heard and recaptured things like infidelities of republics; like garments, like hearts—always the tender galant stood, looking upward to his lady on her balcony, adorn'd by a kind of unembroidered fashion—and their love was consummated in a fully clothed embrace, under the watchful benevolent eyes of Church and State. Gretchen followed them no further. She picked up another book instead, and started all over again.

She had one short escape into the world, but even that was cloaked in the shelter of things that great money buys, and it did little to help. At a religious benefit the child met Mae Murray, then a top-flight star; and Mae was attracted to the wit and winsome appeal of the narrow little face, and she inquired Gretchen to stay with her for a time, and brought her to dancing lessons at the Belcher school, and, after three months, offered to adopt her.

Then Gretchen went back to the convent, a little shocked by the task of refusing what her innate loyalty to her mother had made her refuse; a fraction more worldly.

She emerged, barely adolescent, from her shelter wearing a muddy blouse and an untrimmed gown with ungathered glasses disquieting eyes that might have been pretty, with cotton stockings covering well-shaped legs—she emerged thus, homelier than ever, into 1926. Into a social state gone berserk, into a rolling-circle, mad, screeching world, into the Jazz Age, Gretchen Young, walking slowly as not to tip the balance of her acquired dignity, keeping her eyes half closed so as to see, even in daylight, her trimming dreams. It had to happen, of course.

She was thirteen, then. Tyrone Power had not yet achieved long trousers. Hoover had not yet supplanted Coolidge and Fos; had not yet guessed with Twentieth Century and Japan had not yet done more than glow at China and Joan Crawford had not slurred her figure by her legs. Patsy Banks, Jr. The world was static, like dynamite waiting for a spark. It was that sense of Oldest Sweet-Heart Now, of California's Floridalike building boom, of De Mille bathubs. She was too strong for you would get on your crystal set in Hollywood was Aimee Semple McPherson, who drowned out all others. At the Los Angeles Biltmore was the Beatles' farewell. At the Coconut Grove Harry Bauris featured for Paul Whiteman, then masters at a ball, a beautiful, young, and tender galant already known as "Bing" Crosby lent his voice to biblical moonlight swimming parties. Polly Ann and Betty Jane, Gretchen discovered, was a part of this world. They were so remotely loving, and they had been getting more so. 

When she was four, she had already changed her name to Sally Blake (and men of Hollywood called them regularly every half-hour, saying, "Will you have dinner me? Will you go dancing? May I buy you orchids?"

Here was romance, given reality. Gretchen said to her sisters, "When you go to the Grove Tea dances to do the Charleston, take me, too."

They answered: "Never, dear—when you're grown up. . . ."

A reminiscent thing in that phrase harkened back in Gretchen's mind to an earlier day, an earlier circumstance; until at last she remembered. She thought, I'm too old for spankings.

Wherefore one afternoon Polly looked over her partner's jiggling shoulder, past the artificial coconut trees, to see an angular youngster clad in one of mother's dresses standing triumphantly at the edge of the floor, her eyes gleaming. And that was the beginning. You knew the next year you knew, because you've read it so often, about the afternoon when Mervyn LeRoy sent out a call for Polly to appear for a screen test when Polly was out; and you remember that Gretchen answered the telephone and, after she had raised her sisters' closets, the studio call itself.

She got past the doorman by introducing herself as Miss Young. She got past Mervyn LeRoy's objections by sheer overwhelming determination. By these things she got the second lead in "Laugh Clown Laugh," opposite Lon Chaney, a little later; but by then she had changed her first name to Loretta, and had signed a long-term contract.

She had not yet fallen in love with Grant Wither, though.

Fate was merciful, and granted her another year of happiness before that happened.

It was a dull party. The host's bootlegger was late and so were many of the guests; Loretta sat in a lacquered chair near a window, watching the car lights lay their white paths up the long drive, stop at the entire, shift to tiny red eyes as the chauffeurs drove away. I should feel tired, she thought, after this day. But I'm not, I'm never tired. She thought. Something's going to happen tonight. I know it, I'm beautiful tonight, and something's going to happen.

"I can't find the hostess and I can't wait to meet you," said the pleasant voice at her side. "So I thought, if I just came up and told you my name was Grant Wither, and asked yours . . ."

She let her long lashes move up slowly, she opened her eyes wide, and good and that he was watching the lashes.

Phrases and enchantments from a hundred books slid through her mind as she saw him; and her mind said, This he. This is the one.

She was ready, that night. He was ready for anything. And he did the right things: he said, "You're beautiful... you're beautiful... where did you learn to dance like that?" He said, "Now I know why I've been drunk all day, without a single drink."

He said, "I love you."

She was sixteen, and she married him in Yuma a few weeks later, although he was not of her church and she knew nothing about him and there was not one single reason for their marriage except a beautiful and the mood of that year. But she had said once, when she was four: Some day, some day—when I'm too old for spankings. . . .

The many loves of Loretta Young have been told often—sometimes with partial truth—sometimes with malignant variations. The authorized story of her romantic life and of her rise to fame will appear in August Photoplay.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME, PEG? NOBODY TAKES ME OUT TWICE

Perhaps you ought to make the "armhole odor" test. Betty

To Be Sure of Popularity—

Happiness-you must keep your underarm DRY

The slightest moisture will give your dress an offensive odor

How often it happens! You have one date with an attractive man. You seem to have so much in common. You picture all the good times you will have together. And then—you never see him again.

Hurt, disappointed once more, you look at yourself and wonder why you should be so unpopular. Ten to one, it's something your mirror can't tell you. Something you'll never understand till you make one simple test.

Make this test tonight

When you take off the dress you are wearing, simply smell the fabric under the armhole. If its stink "armhole odor" appalls you, think of the effect it has been making on others! No matter how fastidious you think you have been, you can't afford to ignore this warning.

To safeguard your happiness, to be sure you can pass the "armhole odor" test, just keep that little hollow under your arm always dry. No matter how sweet you are yourself, if perspiration collects on your dress, it will destroy your glamour every time you wear that dress. People will smell your dress and think it is you.

Women of refinement never trust to luck. They avoid embarrassment by insisting on a deodorant that checks perspiration and keeps the underarm dry as well as sweet.

Just a few minutes for peace of mind

Liquid Odoronos protects both you and your dress. It simply closes the pores in that one tiny closed-in area. Perspiration is safely diverted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. In the few minutes Liquid Odoronos takes to dry, you are safe. You can't be guilty of offensive armpit odor or embarrassing perspiration stains.

Graceless and odorless, Liquid Odoronos comes in two strengths. Regular Odoronos (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odoronos (colorless) is especially sensitive skin and for quick use—daily or every other day.

Protect your natural feminine appeal—guard your friendships—by never being guilty of offensive "armhole odor." Get a bottle of Liquid Odoronos today! At all toilet-goods counters.

*Safe—cures dull clothing damage, when used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odoronos Preparations.
NEW SOUVENIR from HOLLYWOOD!

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All Hollywood is wearing kerchiefs this summer! And you'll kerchief too! Hollywood is the hit. If you're a fan you'll want one. Now you can have the real thing—on reproductions of 50 favorite stars. Make it a souvenir gift . . . give it to someone. Makes a great gift! 12 colors,街上—choose any color of blue, brown or wine, candlewax with your hunter or black on top. Do not order direct on the coupon below.

![Cosmetic Corporation of Hollywood](image)

**FOR WONDERFUL IRONINGS**

Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elastic it is and fresh a look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. Beware.

**THANK YOU**

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 551, Keene, In...

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please. That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch.

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The Shadow Stage

*(Continued from page 23)*

JOHN FORD'S pictures were always worth watching, but his latest, *Wine*. Brown with bullying the *Tropic*. QUICK good; dered how elasticity and THE City Street. WALTER'S Cosmetic GARMENTS and Cash. Send 389 inch Special trim, swelling, every- in Hollywood the other (laced REASON, and Frank McHugh, two gamblers, as her own. When Frank discovers Janet brings them luck, the boys keep her near them, only to discover, when the test comes, that they love her for herself. Ann Sheridan is the girl.

UNDER WESTERN STARS— Republic

A SMASH-UP Western, introducing a new star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully and acts with an enchanting naturalness. As the son of a Western cowboy, Rogers is in Washington to fight for Federal Water Project in his dust-ridden country. There are barrels of fun throughout the story, and this Rogers—well, here's a lad for you.

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

IT'S Joe Penner again, sans duck, getting himself in dreadful trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. The real bandits kidnap him and there's a cross-country chase, culminating in the most outra-

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

LOVE, adventure and thrills in the far north, with dogs and human shares equally in the dramatic ventures. Richard Arlen, a rough and ready trapper, falls in love with Beverly Roberts, a novelist in search of Arctic color. Smooth Lyle Talbot almost succeeds in winning Beverly away from Arlen but brave dogs "Swift Lighting" and "Firefly" teach her the lesson of loyalty and true-blue character.

RASCALS—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S another Jane Withers picnic with Jane riding roughshod over the weak material to triumph with her singing, dancing and clowning. Rochelle Hudson loses her memory and is befriended by a band of gypsies led by tomboy Jane. Robert Wilcoxon is the young man smitten with the fair Rochelle. Borrah Minevitch and his harmonica band furnish the music.

OVER THE WALL—Warner

CONTRAST in character-drawing sets this movie—based on a story by War-

den Lowes—apart from the usual fare. Dick Foran is a bullying roughneck who lands in prison. John Litel, firm but patient prison chaplain, finally suc-

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal

THIS is a mildly diverting variation of the old theme of virtue triumphant. Bad boy Larry Blake and good boy (New York police officer) Paul Kelly are rivals for the heart of Sally Eders, a pretty nurse. It takes some figuring on Kelly's part to convince Sally that Blake is the boogeyman who framed and finally killed her young brother. Need we say that Kelly, the cop, wins the heart of Sally?
PHOTOPLAY’S RETAIL STORE DIRECTORY

PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 60 and 61 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

WASHINGTON
— Ben Marke, Washington
— Graye Shop, Charlestown

WEST VIRGINIA
— Medora, Clarksburg
— C. F. duly, Clarksburg

CALIFORNIA
— The White Horse, San Francisco
— Lockport, Los Angeles
— W. A. Bunker Co., San Francisco

FLORIDA
— Delray, West Palm Beach
— S. A. Barker Co., Spring Lake

GEORGIA
— A. C. Cobb Co., Augusta
— C. C. Venable & Co., Valdosta

INDIANA
— Fort Wayne, Fort Wayne
— S. A. Barker Co., Fort Wayne

KANSAS
— El Dorado, El Dorado
— The Tilden Store, Kansas City

ILLINOIS
— Louisau, Illinois
— Uranus, Illinois

MICHIGAN
— Detroit, Detroit
— The Fisher Co., Detroit

MISSOURI
— Kansas City, Kansas City
— The Fisher Co., Kansas City

NEBRASKA
— Omaha, Omaha
— The Fisher Co., Omaha

NEW YORK
— New York, New York
— The Fisher Co., New York

OHIO
— Columbus, Columbus
— The Fisher Co., Columbus

OKLAHOMA
— Oklahoma City, Oklahoma City
— The Fisher Co., Oklahoma City

OREGON
— Portland, Portland
— The Fisher Co., Portland

PENNSYLVANIA
— Philadelphia, Philadelphia
— The Fisher Co., Philadelphia

RHODE ISLAND
— Providence, Providence
— The Fisher Co., Providence

SOUTH CAROLINA
— Columbia, Columbia
— The Fisher Co., Columbia

SOUTH DAKOTA
— Sioux Falls, Sioux Falls
— The Fisher Co., Sioux Falls

TENNESSEE
— Memphis, Memphis
— The Fisher Co., Memphis

TEXAS
— Dallas, Dallas
— The Fisher Co., Dallas

UTAH
— Salt Lake City, Salt Lake City
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— Burlington, Burlington
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WASHINGTON
— Seattle, Seattle
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SANDERS HAT FASHIONS

BYRON HOLLYWOOD MODS—1938

Arizona
— Scottsdale, Scottsdale

California
— Los Angeles, Los Angeles
— Oakland, Oakland
— New York, New York
— San Diego, San Diego
— San Francisco, San Francisco

Florida
— Miami, Miami
— Jacksonville, Jacksonville

Kansas
— Kansas City, Kansas City
— Wichita, Wichita

Louisiana
— Shreveport, Shreveport
— Monroe, Monroe

New York
— New York, New York
— Rochester, Rochester

Ohio
— Columbus, Columbus

Oregon
— Portland, Portland

Pennsylvania
— Philadelphia, Philadelphia

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— Providence, Providence

Texas
— Dallas, Dallas

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Here’s a full-strength deodorant that keeps underarms dry and inamissable. 2 to 3 days — yet is non-irritating. Medical authority has pronounced NONSPI entirely safe when properly applied.

Now NONSPI goes on more easily ... dries more quickly ... leaves a gentle, fresh and soilingly clean. Sold at all drug and department stores—35c and 60c. Slightly higher in Canada.

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Now NONSPI goes on more easily ... dries more quickly ... leaves a gentle, fresh and soilingly clean. Sold at all drug and department stores—35c and 60c. Slightly higher in Canada.

EVIDENCE

If you’re going to...
An everyday business girl tells, in her own words, about six glamorous weeks on the Joan Bennett set.

**EXPERIENCES OF A STAND-IN**

**BY VIVIAN DEWING**

On Saturday morning the telephone rang and a very charming voice informed me that Mrs. Webster of the Asilomar Agency was speaking. She told me that I had been recommended to her for a position as stand-in to Miss Joan Bennett whose regular stand-in had been suddenly taken ill. She explained that she had made an appointment for me at the Paramount Studio at 10:30 that morning and had arranged for a pass at the main office.

I thanked her and hung up the receiver, hardly able to believe that I actually had an appointment with a star in her own dressing room in less than an hour—I who had never set foot on a studio lot before.

At exactly 10:30, I entered the studio office to find my pass—and Miss Bennett’s secretary—waiting for me. The secretary took me to Miss Bennett’s dressing room and I had a chance to see a large photograph of Miss Bennett’s two lovely little girls and to put the head of a beautiful spaniel, when Miss Bennett and her hairdresser, Helen, entered the room.

I was introduced and Miss Bennett asked me if I should mind bleaching my hair the way it was—a request her I should really like having a good excuse to do just that. She laughed and we stood back to back to measure the width of our shoulders. She commented on the fact I, too, had small features and asked me again about my hair.

After explaining about the salary and the long hours sometimes necessary in that work, she inquired where I lived and asked me if I had a car. Miss Bennett then turned to her secretary and said, “I think she will do.”

I could not believe that I had heard rightly. She seemed to be amused at my incredible expression and asked her hairdresser if she would take charge of me to see that my hair was taken care of, my wardrobe assembled, my makeup applied and that I was properly registered with the casting office.

Helen first took me to a sound stage and introduced me to the assistant director, Eddie Anderson, and the second assistant director, Percy Morris, who recorded my name, address and telephone number. I was to work in “13 Hours by Air,” a film co-starring Fred MacMurray and Joan Bennett, with Fred Kasting, ZaZa Pitts, John Howard, Brian Donley, Bennie Bartlett and many others in the cast. Mitchell Leisen was the director and the picture had already been in production about four weeks.

My hair is naturally blonde and it did not take the operator long to brighten it up and arrange it as Miss Bennett was wearing hers. Helen then took me to the wardrobe department where I was given a wig which I wore with a shaggy brown fur jacket and an unbecoming brown felt hat, miles too large for me. The dress was a fair fit but it didn’t do much for me and I was extremely glad when it was necessary for me to keep on the fur jacket over it. I hated to appear in the hat but there was nothing to be done about it. I had already visualized myself wearing sawds of beautiful clothes but soon discovered that Miss Bennett was wearing only the one costume during the entire picture as the locale was a New York-Los Angeles plane.

After registering in the Casting Office and being shown to a studio powder dressing room of my own, I was taken to the make-up department where I was made up to look like Miss Bennett. It was fun and the make-up man certainly did a marvelous job. I had to keep looking at myself to be sure that I was really there.

On the sound stage Percy Morris, not realizing that I was inexperienced, pushed me out on a set in front of a camera and bright lights where men were rushing around and yelling at each other. Noise and pounding came from everywhere and the lights were blinding.

I was terribly bewildered by all this activity. A young man suddenly grabbed my arm and rushed me across the set to a designated spot and back again, while a huge camera on wheels with two men sitting up high on little seats followed us everywhere that we went.

To add to this confusion I realized that I couldn’t hear a word that the director or cameramen were saying. Thoroughly frightened, I explained what had happened to the young man who seemed to be dragging me around. He told me that this was happening to everyone when they first came on a sound stage. He advised that I tell the second assistant director and have him take me to the studio hospital and have my ears pumped out. This young man was Fred MacMurray’s stand-in, Henry Wise.

After the lights, camera and sound system were adjusted to suit the cameramen and the director, I had a chance to relax and watch the actual shooting of the scene. Miss Bennett, Mr. MacMurray and Mr. Keating had to go through the actions many times before the director would call “Cut” for the final time. Each scene had to be shot from three different angles. After each scene was completed, close-ups were made of those who took part in the scene.

Over Sunday I had time to adjust myself to the fact that I had a job as a stand-in for one of the leading stars. On Monday morning I was set ready for work at 8:45 A.M., which meant that I had to leave home at 7:15 A.M. and be in the make-up department by 8 o’clock. I soon learned to apply my own make-up and wear my wardrobe clothes back and forth to the studio. Mr. Westmore, who has charge of the make-up department at Paramount Studio, gave me a complete set of make-up to take home, and taught me to sleep an extra hour of a morning.

Lunch time never came too early to suit me. I usually ate mine in the studio commissary. Many famous people, actors, writers, directors and others important to the picture industry came into the school for luncheon. I would be watching them while I ate my salad and roll.

After learning my way about the studio lot I felt perfectly at home, and each day became more interesting. People were constantly coming and going, some of them very famous, who was as other wise busy with their work. The prominent members of the cast were being interviewed and photographed, and I was very glad to be able to watch them while they were around.

To one who has but had to do, and who had very little to do, as they shot around here.

A very nice box lunch was furnished us when we were on location by the studio commissary. When we were required to work after 7 P.M., delicious sandwiches, cake, pie, coffee and chocolate were served on the set. We did work many nights until 9 and 10 o’clock, for which we were paid over-time.

Fred MacMurray seemed to be liked as well anywhere, and as well as anyone on the stage. He is the most pleasant with the least important person on the set as he was with those of more fame and fortune. He, like Miss Bennett, is free from nervous chatter, and makes one feel at ease, even when he is on the screen.

He is always the center of a group of people but he never seemed to do most of the listening instead of the talking.

I worked as Miss Bennett’s stand-in until the “shooting” was completed, a period of about six weeks. Many times I have wished that her regular stand-in would take a long vacation and that I might be called again to work on an important picture. It would have been my pleasure to think of the scenes of clothes I probably could have worn if I had been her stand-in for her picture, “Walter Wagner’s Vagabond”.

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Stop being an object of shame and scorn among your friends. Find out what often causes those troublesome pimple-making poisons... and get rid of them.

Between the ages of 13 and 25 your body is changing rapidly. Important changes develop in the blood vessels and nervous systems from the intestines are often thrown into a restless and tumultuous condition and are turned to your skin, where they may bubble out in ugly, shameful blemishes. You must keep your blood free of these skin-defiling poisons. Thousands have done so, and you can do it, too, if you follow the steps here.

These blemishes increase in size and number, and keep appearing no matter how long they are kept clean. So, get every single one of those ugly pimple-making poisons at their source—In the intestines, before they can get into the blood. Many get amazing results in 20 days or even faster! Get Flaxseed’s Yeast now. Eat 3 every day—once before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

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Keep Their Figures and Velvety Complexions

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There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one 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 or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions.

And remember that this book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this book is only $1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—today.

*No More Alibis* is full book size. It contains over 153 pages and is illustrated with more than 60 photographic plates. It is beautifully covered in a rich coral Dyneloid binding. Send for your copy of this amazing book—today.

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Name......................................................

Address..................................................

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[The coupon is for the book *No More Alibis* by Sylvia of Hollywood]
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For Your Taste . . . think over the cigarette preference of America’s independent tobacco experts. These experts—like Ray Oglesby—are not connected with any cigarette maker. They are skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehouse operators. Sworn records show that with these men—with men who know tobacco best—it’s Luckies 2 to 1.

For Your Throat . . . keep in mind that only Luckies give you the throat protection of the “Toasting” process. This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. So next time try Luckies . . . try them for a week, and see.

Sworn Records Show That—With Men Who Know Tobacco Best—It’s Luckies 2 to 1

An “Eye For Tobacco”—trained for 20 years
OTHER GREAT FORBIDDEN LOVE STORY  By Adela Rogers St. Johns
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Try the NEW different

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

the dental discovery of the century!

At last a dentifrice energized by saliva! Cleans, brightens, and polishes teeth as never before! Because it reaches decay-ridden "blind spots" that ordinary pastes, powders, and even water seldom enter.

Your tooth paste is undoubtedly a good one, but after you use the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste, super-charged with Luster-Foam, you will understand why it is superseding older types in the favor of thousands, every day.

Lister-Foam (C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na), works a miracle in your mouth and on your teeth . . . you can actually feel it work. Not a soap, yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap.

The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

AREAS NEVER REACHED BEFORE

Next, Luster-Foam surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucus, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And now is the time to try it while the Big 1 cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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50¢ VALUE
2 TUBES FOR
26¢
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WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—

You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

She's doomed to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the after girl that they'll take out. Why should they want to be near a girl who isn't really sweet?

Of course, no girl would knowingly let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only past perspiration, it can't prevent odor from coming. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending—Mum makes odor impossible.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one—who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

MUM IS QUICK! Even when you're in a hurry there's always time for Mum.

Half a minute is all you need, to be free from any danger of underarm odor.

MUM IS HARMLESS TO FABRIC! Even your most delicate dress is safe with Mum! If you ever forget Mum, apply it even after you're dressed. The textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, held by Mum, means that Mum is completely harmless to any kind of fabric.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum's dependable protection lasts for a full day or evening. Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of underarm odor. With Mum you're sure you're sweet—the kind of girl men like to be near!

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM. Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, sure!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
BOB TAYLOR gets a telegram from his fans...

BOB TAYLOR
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios
Culver City Cal

YOU WERE SWELL IN YANK AT OXFORD
GIVE US SOME MORE OF THAT SAME
KIND OF ACTION, ROMANCE, AND FUN!
YOUR FANS

...and his fans get their kind of picture!

The CROWD ROARS

Edward with Frank
ARNOLD · MORGAN
Maureen William
O'SULLIVAN · GARGAN
LIONEL STANDER · JANE WYMAN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Richard Thorpe
Produced by Sam Zimbalist
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

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Frontispiece—Russell Patterson

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Conussions of a Hollywood Hairdresser
The revelations of a beautician to the stars—who listened and told

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A story of the newest star in Hollywood—by a famous columnist

Love Life of a Villain
Basil Rathbone exposes the secret in his life

Love Story
Directed by Ginger Rogers

Romance meets up with a boy, a girl—and a movie star

The Three Careers of Adolphe Menjou
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Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood
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Continue Loretta Young's dramatic life story of happiness and heartaches

Woo, Woo—and I Mean Woo
Sara Hamilton

A dozen good laughs, perhaps a tear, in this story of Hugh Herbert

What's Another Scarlett O'Hara?
Adolheid Kaufmann

An amazing disclosure of Hepburn's secret fight for the role

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?
A new way to rate your movie I.Q.

The Camera Speaks—

Hurrell Presents
Unpublished photographs from the private files of this noted artist

Hollywood's Greatest Estate
An inside view of the house that Harold Lloyd built

"Look-Alikes"
Pictorial proof of those "Hollywood twin" rumors

Hair Raisers
A hysterical history of some "crowning glory" brainstorms

Whose?
A guessing game to end all guessing games

White Hopes
The "chosen few"—who may lead the box-office parade of the future

Close Ups and Long Shots

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The Shadow Stage

We Cover the Studios

PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop

Boos and Bouquets

Fashion Letter

Complete Cuts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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Films like "Crime School," "Parnell" and "Robin Hood" prove the cart's still before the production horse in Hollywood

BY RUTH WATERBURY

As I came out of the preview of "Crime School" one of the executives of Warner Brothers fell into step with me.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Like it?" I replied. "I think it's terrific. I like it much better than 'Robin Hood.'"

"You and me both," said the executive.

A little later I happened to be talking to one of the studio's office boys. "Robin Hood" is a swell show, isn't it?" he said. "But did you see 'Crime School'? That's the killer."

"I liked it better than 'Robin Hood,'" I repeated.

"Oh sure," the boy said. "'Robin Hood' is a durn but this—well, this is about us, you know, just folks."

"Robin Hood" really is swell. It has excitement and color and movement and action. It is played with amusement and flourish. You will have a wonderful time at it. I promise you. But it cost two million dollars to produce. I don't know what "Crime School" cost, but I'll wager not over $300,000 and if it isn't quite "about all of us," as the office boy said, it is about today and today's problems. The acting of the six boys in the leading roles is so electrifying in its uncompromising realism as to be almost unbearable.

These two pictures, utterly different in cost, treatment and theme, yet coming from the same studio, represent the extremes of today's pictures—and the chief factor, I believe, that is upsetting the movie business and keeping a lot of people like you and me from getting as much pleasure from movies as we used to.

For I tell you they've still got the cart before the horse in Hollywood, and "Robin Hood" and "Crime School" are two perfect examples to prove it.

I'm sure that almost all of Photoplay's readers, being interested as you are in the things that go on in the movie business, must have read about the recent advertisement in a Hollywood trade paper. It was paid for by Independent Motion Picture Theater Owners protesting against certain stars. Specifically the stars named were Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Katharine Hepburn, Garbo, Mae West, Edward Arnold, Joan Crawford.

The theater men said that these stars were getting too much money, that they didn't bring us into the box office. They wanted more of Myrna Loy, Gary Cooper and Sonja Henie and less of the others.

Now, generally, I feel stars earn every dollar of their terrific salaries and it is seldom that a studio gets stuck with a bad contract. Paramount recently bought off Dietrich on whom they had taken a terrific loss. Currently RKO and Miss Hepburn parted company. They weren't worth to their companies what they were being paid. For myself, I can get along without either of those two. Yet Dietrich is a great personality and Hepburn is—or most certainly was—a great actress. But in all the storm and strife that blew up after that ad appeared I did not once see anyone point out that each of the stars mentioned, as varied as they are in type, had yet had one thing in common about their roles. They all play people whom the average movie-goer could never imagine himself being.

It is a known fact that poor people are almost always moregenerous than rich. The reason undoubtedly is because poor people know what it is to be cold and hungry and friendless and how much a little thing like a five-cent cup of coffee helps when you're down on your luck. Most of us face daily a dozen problems made up of things that may, nonetheless, mean the difference between life and death, between happiness or misery.

How can we put ourselves into the place of Dietrich, who, swathed in fur from neck to ankle, suffers over whether she shall deceive her husband or her lover? Mae West amused us at first, but we couldn't keep on indefinitely imagining ourselves back in the '30s flirting with crooked politicians. A lot of us didn't know whether those '30s meant 1880 or 1780 and we cared less. And Miss Frances is really somehow too removed from us in her eternal velvet evening gowns. Garbo took up playing long-dead, unknown queens and courtiers. Edward Arnold has played few modern roles since his stardom, nor Hepburn either, and Miss Crawford's excursion back into American History in "The Gorgeous Hussy" was anything but exciting. What I mean when I say they (Continued on page 85)
"LUX was my stand-by at college"

says Andrea Leeds—"still is, now that I'm in pictures. It's so important for daintiness"

A COLLEGE moving picture won this dainty star a long-term contract with Samuel Goldwyn! Not very long ago, Andrea had to stretch pennies. "I Luxed all my own things at college—even sweaters," she says. "It saved a lot on upkeep. And when I used to visit my family in Mexico, I'd take Lux along with me. It saved my stockings and lingerie from ruin!"

Smart young girls have discovered how easy it is to keep personal things dainty the way famous movie stars do—with Lux. Gentle Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor, yet keeps colors and fabrics new looking longer. Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

Andrea feels it's part of her job always to "look like a million dollars" any time of day. "So I stick to Lux," she says. "It's wonderful for colors! Everything of mine safe in water alone gets Luxed!"

Leading Hollywood Studios specify Lux in their wardrobe departments, to keep costumes and all washable properties fresh and sparkling. It insures daintiness—saves dollars on upkeep, their wardrobe directors tell you.
**PICTURES REVIEWED IN**

## SHADOW STAGE

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**BRIEF REVIEWS**

### COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

These combustible comedians, Burns and Allen, Martian Rays, E. E. Hackett and Boy Blue get together in this rich farce which has some matches of humor and some good loud hummable tunes but doesn’t quite jell into a top-notch picture. (May)

### CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Though grim and pretty droll, there’s much interest and eructation in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Sally Eilers is the outstanding prisoner; Louis Hayward the forward-looking psychiatrist in love with her. A new dish for both. (May)

### CRIME SCHOOL—Warner Bros

These “Dead End” boys are here again, and you’d better go see them, as they left a somewhat grim social problem picture to fascinating entertainment. From chums to reformatories is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (July)

### DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Baby Face (better than ever), Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Ray Bolger, and Franklin Pangborn in this delightful presentation of O. Henry’s “The Rhythm of Policeman O’Roon,” and its all-starry cast a year ago. Bing, a slick floor leader, has this picture for a cop, thereupon turns guardian to a goofy heinous. A success. (July)

### FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This frothy domestic comedy revolves around a quarrel between newlyweds Bob Maley, anxious and Virginia Brown, as they work out some of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluff each other are confounded by Bing Crosby, who makes it for Bob, and Warner Williams, who tries to pull the wool over Virginia’s eyes. Very gay. (May)

### FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warner Bros

Only the bright presence of Carole Lombard saves this rather cloyingly comic disaster. The action is a staid, sugary story about a young man’s sudden and unexpected shift from an affluent background to a penniless job. ‘There’s a truth to this notion, and the performance is based on it. Warner Williams and the newcomers Richard Greene, David Niven, George Sanders, Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (July)

### GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In the wake of that Dora out West, the other half of the old-time bandit couple, Nelson Eddy emerges as a West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the carrier of a saloon (as indeed). Willard Peckham is the sheriff out after Nelson for hate, Jeanette for love. The lanky days of pardi and Indians are beautifully photographed at Technicolor and the news to the branches should at least offer you a prior package. (June)

### GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It’s Joe Penner again—nas duck, getting himself into tremendous difficulty by being a duck and being mistaken for a hungry bulldog. Lucille Ball, a Joe wife, does nicely. (May)

### GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is very nice and performs excellently, but this is a trite, slow story of a half-bright young writer, who has fallen in love with a singer, and who has to go wherewithal and make a fortune for a bank robber. Lucille Bre_seen, a Joe wife, does nicely. (May)

### HAWAII CALLS—RKO-Radio

The rosy, sweet voice of small Bobby Breen dominates this picturesque romance to the Islands. A San Francisco wharf and Bobbie stows away, outwits his police pursuers and aids Warren Hull in pulling a mighty caper. Sonora Henley and Morey Amsterdam are the bêtes noires. (May)

### HER JUNGLE LOVE—Paramount

Alligators, zebras and automobile adventure around in this latest musing of Dorothy Arzner into the comic scene field. The automobile is Ray Milland and Laurence Olivier, the zebras belong to Dorothy, whose aim is to destroy the motor car. All the alligators have fun trying to eat everything in sight. (June)

### ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A night club skit, a skyscraper is the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, prosecuting attorney, and Greta Martys, his fiancée, are the snipers with委托书 and charm. Robert Porterfield is the ace reporter, Paul Kelly, his convict father. (June)

### JEEVES—Warner Bros

Bette Davis’ best performance—in one of the best pictures of the year. Reading the gams and Anaf- out this man. With the Wind. Director William Wyler has polished a brilliant, shocking story of a Louisiana plantation; Robert Young is the Southern gent, and Robert Mitchum is the Southern gent. The yellow fever epidemic of 1932 is shattering background. Miss Davis, Mitchell Lichtenstein and Richard Cromwell contribute glitering performances. (May)

### JOSETTE—20th Century-Fox

Don Ayme and Robert Young attempt to free their pages from the usual romance of a going-night-dress singer. They think it’s Simon Simon. When Simon turns out to be all sweetness and light, both hope falls on their heads. Nifty but very nice, (June)

(Related on page 86)
Cagney meets O’Brien for the first time since “Ceiling Zero.”... And the stage hit that tickled the nation slap-happy for over two years, now floods the screen in a deluge of joyous laughter!
"...AND THINK HOW SMART IT WILL BE WITH MY FALL STREET FROCKS!"

You invest in the future, as well as the present, when you buy FEDERAL Silver Fox. Charming over your summer evening dresses, it is superb over wool frocks and suits when cold weather arrives. FEDERAL Fox is beautifully silvered; the skins are large and supple, with a luxuriously thick mane. Clever women buy this lovely fur for its supreme flattery, as well as for its smartness. Be sure that the FEDERAL name is clipped to an ear and stamped on the leather side of each pelt—it insures lasting beauty. FEDERAL Silver Fox is featured at better stores throughout the country.
Director: "Not now! You'll have to wait! Why didn't you think of that before we started?"
THE "GOLDEN"

Cast: Bette Davis, who brings home the bacon. Setting: Boudoir. Plot: How to have birthdays—and like them.

Reported to you—

BY RUTH RANKIN

You would think, to hear her, nobody had ever been thirty before. For that matter, very few Hollywood actresses have been. They seem to remain static at twenty-eight.

"I'll be thirty on Tuesday!" Bette Davis yelled before I was halfway through the patio.

"Well, shut up about it," said sister Bobbie.

"Do you want to tell the whole world?"

"Sure. Why not? I'm proud of it!"

Bette was in bed getting over her latest sunstroke (the girl can't learn to stay in the shade when even one touch of sun turns her a deep magenta), but no bed can cancel her charm or cramp her infinite variety.

Under the impression of visiting a sick friend, I went to call. As it turned out, the caller was also the audience for five thousand dollars' worth of performance by a lady who was having the time of her life dramatizing the idea of being thirty years old. If it hadn't been that, it would have been something else, with Bette having the time of her life. She always does have. Each time one sees her, it seems impossible that she will top herself again, but she manages it—in life, as well as on the screen.

Bobbie was there to see to it she stayed in bed, and to take falls out of her. Any successful actress who hasn't a Bobbie in her family should move heaven and earth to find one. Bobbie is the official Davis ego-deflator. She is younger than Bette, but treats her with the patient tolerance of an aged aunt who thinks this nonsense has gone far enough.

Such an attitude from the family of a star toward their personal luminaries is so startling, so contrary to rule, that you almost can't believe it; it looks like a gag, at first. Screen stars, everyone knows, are deified to by their kowtowing relatives to whom every wish is law. So this Davis setup doesn't make sense in Hollywood, but it does make an extraordinarily nice family in which everyone is distinctly an individual with equal rights: mama Ruthie Davis, sister Bobbie Pelgram, husband Ham Nelson.

They have assisted the Davis to keep a firm grip on herself and to dispense with any delusions of grandeur, if ever she was in danger of contracting them—which is doubtful.

In their midst, Bette is affectionately known as the "Golden Goose."

The colossal all-star extravaganza, "I'll Be Thirty on Tuesday," was presented in a Colonial four-poster of tulipwood, spiral carved, under patchwork quilt ("Star of Wilderness" design). The cast wore the popular wrenched-back bed-room coiffure, shell-rimmed reading glasses, and looked sixteen. The Greek chorus, consisting of Bobbie, frequently remarked, "That's what you think!" "Any time!" and "Keep those covers over you—my goodness, you're worse than a child."

The first act was an elaboration on the theme that nobody takes you seriously until after you are thirty. (Greek chorus: "What makes you think they will then?") Actresses do their best work from thirty on: witness Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Lynn Fontanne. Their experimental work takes place in the twenties. (Chorus: "Thank God, that's over.")

Since she was twenty, all Bette has had time for was her work. "You could do lots of things if you didn't read all the time," the chorus remarks, helpfully. Bette goes to bed surrounded by all the latest books (she has three or four going at once) and a Sealyham terrier named Sir Cedric Wogg, M.P. She reads with an atlas spread out beside her in order to visualize the exact locale of the story.

All of a sudden, she is developing a burning thirst for learning about things—thinks perhaps that is part of being almost thirty. "During the twenties, you develop a lot of theories, but there comes a time when you wonder if they will work." She has discovered "great gaps in her information." She has missed languages, golf, tennis and good music, and now wants to learn all about them all at once. It drives her crazy to think she can do only one thing at a time.

Age holds no terror for her, not being a glamorous girl or caring how she looks. It is convenient, however, for an actress to look younger than she is, because plays are written about girls, although, occasionally, they are permitted to grow up.

A slant on Bette's success that deserves consideration is the fact that it has been built solely on ability. She has no past—no celebrated love
affairs, multiple husbands, nothing in her life
to titillate that portion of the gossip-loving pub-
lic with juicy speculation. She is not given to
romantic attitudes or postures. She does not
seek to evade the press or the photographers,
neither does she court them; she takes it all in
stride. She wasn’t born in Algeria or on a ship
in the high seas during a typhoon. Nobody has
tried to kidnap her or steal her jewels. She has
had no extra-curricular adventures, and the hot
breath of scandal has never even fanned the
back of her neck.
People suspect her of having brains.
The “Golden Goose” has a perfectly vile dis-
position until she gets her coffee in the morning.
She wakes up looking like a peeled egg, in her
own words; gradually, features begin to dawn,
especially eyes, and within an hour she has a
face.
Everybody leaves her strictly alone before
coffee, and, if she is going to the studio, it is safer
to attempt no airy persiflage whatever, before
or after.
She thinks a lot about what she is going to do
in various scenes—and not at all about make-
up, hair or costume. She lets somebody else
worry about the decorations. It is her mind she
takes in hand, figuring the best way to reveal to
the audience every pronoun and preposition that
will go through it, and every scheme and device
of the character.
Bette not only thinks all this out, but she
transposes so she is thinking her character’s
thoughts as her character would think them.
This business of “being” the rôle, “living the
part,” it is called, is not taken, by her, very seri-
ously. She remarked once that the idea is com-
parable with saying a good painter has to be a
bouquet of marigolds before he can paint it.
She can make lightning transitions on the set,
from side-line joking with the crew, straight
into an emotional scene.
Above all things, she detests a “fuzzy” per-
formance. A good deal of unknown quantity
called feeling, or emotion, or inspiration, goes
into her scenes, but it is governed by consider-
able impersonal calculation to make every move
of her body and every one of her crystalline
clear features cut a mark on the film as sharp as
an etching.
She does not hold with those who consider her
Mildred (“Of Human Bondage”) or her Julie
(“Jezebel”) to be isolated case histories. She
contends they have in them a universal quality;
that they are not women invented, they are
women recognized.
She says every man has known some woman,
at some time, who was quite a bit like Mildred
or Julie, whether he wants to admit it or not.
They probably gave him some pretty bad mo-
ments—even, perhaps, some pretty good ones;
anyway, he isn’t liable to forget them. And most
women have shared traits with Julie and Mil-
dred whether or not they will admit it. If they
saw their own lives mirrored on a screen they
might be somewhat shocked in places, particu-
larly if their impulses were clearly pictured.
Bette has no inhibitions about revealing
women to themselves; thinks they like it. An
astonishing number of them write to her for ad-
vise concerning their most intimate problems,
tossing discretion to the winds.
Bette’s driving mania for perfection will let
her off from nothing.
She says some of her work could slide and no-
body would know it. But she would. She
(Continued on page 84)
CONFESSIONS
OF A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER

So long as women are women, into
the ears of their beauty operators will
go their most intimate secrets. These
are the revelations of one Hollywood
beautician who listened—and told

WOMEN confide in hairdressers. It is true all over the world and more so in Hollywood. Everything is more so in Hollywood. They tell you things they wouldn't tell their doctor.

By "all over the world" I mean so far as I have been able to observe during twenty-five years as hairdresser and manicurist in shops and hotels in New York, Paris, Berlin, Cairo, Shanghai, Rio, London—and Hollywood; as well as on two ocean liners, and in private service to an opera tenor's wife and to several motion-picture stars.

My eighteen years in Hollywood have been as illuminating, instructive and entertaining as anybody's eighteen years. I wouldn't have missed a minute of it, not even the intermission.

Beauty is a paying business here. All women are repaid for being beautiful—by the admira-

Illustrated by C. D. Mitchell

One of my customers fell in love... maybe I made a terrible mistake advising her the way I did

All women are repaid for being beautiful, but in Hollywood the reward is a bit different.

practically every actress with a box-office (the ones who know how to act and whom you enjoy going to see) is thirty or more: Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Greer Garbo, Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sidney, Miriam Hopkins, Gale Sondergaard and Joan Crawford, to name some.

Hollywood is a woman's town. In a way, it is patterned after that South African colony where the women keep their husbands for pets. A number of impecunious men have wealthy star wives, and it has often occurred to me that a man who lives on his wife's income can be the
most unreasonable creature alive, with the little woman striving earnestly to please him. His wife’s success generally goes to his head. There is still another faction contending that men who marry women with money earn every cent of it—so take your choice.

There is the average percentage of girls who are desperate at losing their man, or who want to lose him, or who want some other girl’s man. It is the same in London, Shanghai and Baltimore, only you hear more about it in Hollywood. The happy marriages here do not particularly engage the attention of the press.

Local and national columnists and gossip purveyors, alert to the fact that women confide in their beauty operators, regard us as one of their most reliable sources. Various advances have been made to me, attractive “propositions” which I have resisted—with a reservation. If the approacher is also a good customer, I try to keep her (or even him!) interested with harm-

The glamour girls of today dig in their gardens and bake cakes, but the old divorce-marriage-romance cycle still spins, and the beauty parlor is its center.

less and well-known chatter delivered in a hush-hush tone. You can say, confidentially, “I understand Marlene Dietrich sleeps with all her windows open,” and some of these gossips will actually think they are getting the low-down.

Of course, like many other operators here, I do know when a lot of divorces, marriages, scandals, romances and options are going to break, before Winchell does, and frequently I have been the only outsider who did know. But I have known more that never break.

Always I have felt that a woman should not be held responsible for what she says while she is having her scalp massaged and her nails manicured. She is off guard, and her revelations should be regarded as ease histories. The beauty parlor compares with the doctor’s office in this respect: in one, the woman has her hair down literally; in the other, figuratively. She is her true age in both places, probably the only time she ever is, after twenty-five. It defeats her purpose to lie about her age to the doctor; and in the beauty parlor she needn’t say a word. She looks every minute of it. There is a saying that when a woman tells her right age, she will tell anything. It is the same when she looks it.

All women are lonely, and picture stars are the loneliest women in the world. Thousands of persons in Duluth, Pittsburgh, Simla and Peiping adore them, but there never seems to be anyone at home they can talk to.

Women cannot afford the luxury of a comradeship possible between two men in the same social stratum. Women do not trust each other, and perhaps with good reason.

The most reserved women are often the first to tell all over a manicure, and no woman, bent on confiding, is discouraged, even when she’s met with silence or a mild “Well, well.” Not that I am unsympathetic or do not like people—quite the contrary—but after having been cried on at least once a day for a good many years, I have to take time occasionally to wring out my shoulder.

My first two years in Hollywood were with Janthe Lallier (fictitious name, of course) who had seven thousand dollars a week and almost as many impulses in the same length of time. She had paused in New York, headed for a whirlwind vacation in Europe, and I met her in a smart beauty shop where she was getting the “works.” An hour later, she asked me to go along. I went; it was my seventh trip. We found a world mad with wartime hysteria and tragedy. Then we came to Hollywood where it doesn’t take a war to get exactly the same

(Continued on page 78)
Famous for his daily newspaper column, the author is prouder of the fact that it was he who first noticed this seventeen-year-old—now the newest and most exciting star in Hollywood's heavens

"Still the hit of the show is the tiny Olympe Bradna, a tightly packed bundle of personality who, I understand, has finally been signed by Paramount for an important picture assignment."—May 6, 1935.

"You may remember the little French flash—Olympe Bradna, who drew raves from the boys when she opened in the first French Casino show. She was signed by Paramount and has been here in Hollywood for many long, weary months. She draws her salary weekly but not once has she been called to work—the chances are nobody knows she's even under contract."—March 20, 1936.

"Olympe Bradna finally gets her break. She's to go into 'Three Cheers for Love' at Paramount."—March 25, 1936.

WELL, even a columnist, like income tax returns, may be in error and it seems the precious French import had appeared in something previous to "Three Cheers." At George Raft's personal behest, Olympe was given a role in "Souls at Sea" and we shall come to that at the proper point in this piece.

At any rate, from the columnar excerpts, you have some vague idea of the enthusiasm a little Gallic cutie inspired in a blase', and not too susceptible, gentleman of Broadway. This being written fifteen minutes after the same little cutie had taken the trouble to come down to the Broadway gentleman's office on the waterfront of Manhattan—and what he learned in direct conversation with her, without benefit of publicity guidance, he passes on to you.

Well then, on August 12th, 1921, not more than eight blocks from where the wildly hallowed Eiffel Tower in Paris thrusts its spout to the sky, the vaudeville couple known as Jean and Joseph Bradna clapped hands for a chubby little newcomer—and worried about their act, then running at the Olympic Theater. It was a routine with trained dogs and the young mother fretted about what the puppies might think of her desertion of them. Papa Joe went on himself that night and the act must have gone along smoothly for it wasn't cancelled.

The little girl was christened Antoinette but because she was born while the act was at the Olympic, Papa and Mama Bradna added the name of Olympia in honor of the theater and a few months later euphemized it to Olympe, pronounced O-Lamp—and it has been that ever since.

Now, because Mama and Papa Bradna still play such important roles in the activities of the energetic young Olympe, it is only fair to say a few words about them. Joseph Bradna belonged to a distinguished family of circus folk and until he wed Jean Thesra, a comely actress, was an able equestrian. Why his marriage inspired him to give up his riding is something that Olympe was unable to tell me—but it is a fact that the equestrian, Joseph Bradna, and the emotional actress, Jean Thesra, having decided to try to live as cheaply as one, collected a few trained hounds and thenceout traveled the provinces with a fine dog act.

I HAVE referred to Olympe as "precocious." She must have been, for she walked at the age of six months and at the age of eighteen months, which is scarcely voting age, became a full-fledged member of the circus again. Why this agreement being to carry the French flag at the conclusion of the routine. It brought down the house. "Eet was so funny," chirped Olympe. "Honest, you believe?—I remember I wanted to run out again and again and again—I like the hand-clapping so much then. I can remember like yesterday."

By the time she was half-past seven, the child had developed into an enticing dancer with her hand-twists and agile tumbling, borne on lines of praise from the critics, who were also impressed with her healthy beauty of face and lithe body. Olympe was beginning to go places.

Shortly after, when two of their prize dogs died, the Bradnas decided to give up their own act and concentrate on developing the career of their young precocious. They have not regretted it.

Life started to pick up for the young Olympe, especially when she began to read the press notices. At nine she was a seasoned trouper. In Berlin, Vienna, Stockholm, Petrograd, Madrid, "Little Dynamite" was continuing to have the time of her life, for now no one stopped her when she ran out for those extra bows—certainly not the audiences which kept pounding palms for more and more.

In Biarritz, the young vaudevillian met a
Basil Rathbone, by the star's own admission, has a secret—it's about a woman—a redhead named Ouida

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

"My secret," said Basil Rathbone, "is a woman. She is small. She is vital. She has red hair. Her name is Ouida. She is my wife. Without her I would be nothing; with her I can be everything. Without her I would be miserable. With her I am the happiest man in the world.

"Of course," he added, "behind the success of every man there is some woman. But it isn't often we give them any credit. That's why my confession may be a little startling. Everything I have achieved—everything I may be today or hope for tomorrow—I owe my wife, Ouida."

For an hour I listened to the most amazing earnest tribute to a Hollywood wife I had ever heard.

It came from a man who is viewed throughout the world as the very incarnation of conceit and masculine arrogance.

The epitome of self-confidence on the screen, he revealed himself as emancipated from a blighting inferiority complex only by the patient love of his wife. Celebrated as a charming conversationalist, he confessed to a tongue-tied ineptitude until she brought him out of it. Respected as a shrewd career man, he revealed how a woman had launched that career, steered it, and secured it—at the sacrifice of her own.

He did all this eagerly, humbly, happily.

We talked of a perfect marriage, oddly enough, in the house where a prize fighter, Jack Dempsey, had once lived in stormy domesticity with his former wife, Estelle Taylor. It was in the calm of a lovely evening. The Los Feliz Hills above Hollywood were blue and the air soft. Everything in the setting suggested a prelude to a pleasant story. Basil Rathbone, just in from a romp with his six dogs, brimmed with good nature. Somehow, Basil always reminds me of a race horse, lean, long, nervous, trim. He lit a cigarette and blew the smoke to the ceiling. He talks fast and with an electric charm.

"I haven't told this before," he said, "but right now it seems particularly timely. Because, rightly or wrongly, Ouida considers her job with me done now. She thinks I am established at last and capable of looking after myself. She feels she can relax now and return to writing, the career she abandoned to see me through. And it was she who saw me through—because, if I hadn't met my wife, I honestly don't know what would have happened to me, for until then my life had had no direction. Certainly, I could never have caught on to Hollywood without her.

"I wonder how many of us here in Hollywood would be where we are without the help of some woman who loves us. Think of the tremendous influence Dixie Lee Crosby has had on Bing. Of the vast importance of Bella Muni to her extremely talented and sensitive husband, Paul. There are dozens of cases—and you don't have to stop in Hollywood, of course. "It's even intriguing to wonder just how great some historic figures would have been without their wives. Dianna, Napoleon, Washington. Can you imagine Robert Browning without Elizabeth Barrett?"

"But speaking of the Rathbones . . . " I interrupted.

Basil smiled. "Right?" he said. "I'm getting out of my district.

"Well—Ouida came into my life two years (Continued on page 67)"
Dear Ginger:

May I call you that? Most people do, don't they? First of all, please don't get the idea I am just another stage-struck imbecile, wanting to get into pictures. The thing is, I have talent. I am a sort of combined Marlene Dietrich and Martha Raye. You know—long on glamour but also right there with comedy when comedy fits in. I wouldn't say this so sort of conceitedly and all, except I realize I have to sell myself if you are going to help me with a screen career. And yes, that is what I am asking you to do!

I am going on nineteen. I just graduated from this school with the midyear class of '38. It is a finishing school and I think I am quite finished. I can sing. I can dance, although not so well as you. I can ride. I can wear clothes like nobody's business. (Also I seem to have a special talent for cooking, but of course that doesn't figure in here. I just mentioned it.)

I am five feet, four inches; weight 115 pounds. My hair is reddish like yours; my eyes brown. I have a few freckles and my eyelashes are not so dark as I could wish, but what are eyelashes to a career when you can buy them by the yard? I have not got piano legs. I am not beautiful, but there are those who say I am a pretty nifty number.

Now, I know a girl can't even get inside a studio, cold. But I feel sure if Ginger Rogers would say the word, I would have a chance. So—will you do this? Will you call up your casting office and tell them: "Here is a little girl that has something. Will you give her a screen test?"

I'll do the rest.

From everything I can hear about you, you are the regularest girl in Hollywood. I have been one of your special fans ever since "The Gay Divorcee." I haven't mentioned my private affairs, but I have a personal, important reason for wanting to get into the movies. I have to show someone I can. I simply have to! I am enclosing a stamped envelope addressed to my aunt's in New York, where I shall be soon. Although very impatient to get started, I won't leave for Hollywood until I hear from you. Here's hoping that will be soon! Yours confidentially,

Sally Hunt.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.
February 5, 1938.

Miss Ginger Rogers,
RKO Studios,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Ginger:

Miss Sally Hunt,
— Park Avenue,
New York City.

My dear Miss Hunt:

Speaking for Miss Rogers in answer to your letter of February first, I hasten to advise you that, unfortunately, she can do nothing to aid the film career you desire. She begs to say that she has no influence with the casting office, nor any authority whatsoever in the selection of material for screen tests.

Thousands of persons try to get into pictures
every year, and fail. The small percentage who do get in seldom get beyond the small salary allotted to a stock player. Often a foolish young girl causes her parents great worry and suffering by running away to Hollywood in search of a screen career. Almost without exception these girls ultimately must go home and eat humble pie, as failures.

In lieu of the help you ask, but which Miss Rogers is unable to give you, I am enclosing an autographed photograph of her, accompanied by her thanks for your appreciation of her work in pictures.

Very sincerely yours,
William Brown,
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

P. S. Are you dazzled by the "glamour of Hollywood"? Don't be. There isn't any. W. B.

New York City,
February 10, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

I thought I wouldn't bother you with my personal affairs, but I guess it will take a little explaining of them to puncture your secretary's arguments against my coming to Hollywood. So here goes:

In the first place, there is no need to worry about my parents not wanting me to try for a screen career. My mother died when I was born and Dad married again about five years ago and he and my stepmother spend most of their time in Europe. When I'm not in school, I live with my aunt here in New York and she'll be glad to have me off her hands.

As for the small salaries mentioned, I don't need to worry about money. I have a trust fund allowance and then, there is the $1,000 my father gave me to buy a trousseau with and which I won't need on account of I am not going to get married. Not ever!

And as for the thousands that try and make the grade in pictures... well, all I've got to say is that the stars Hollywood has now won't last forever. So, why can't I be waiting to jump into the breach?

Honesty, I'm so fed up with my life as it is! Parties and dancing and buying new clothes and going around in a social circle bore me stiff! I think I will come to Hollywood in spite of what your secretary says.

Yours,
Sally Hunt.

P. S. Thanks for your picture!

Date: February 14, 1938.
Subject: Sally Hunt letter (attached).
To: Gingers Rogers.
From: Bill Brown.

Think maybe this needs personal answer. Do you agree?

Dear Sally:

I want to thank you for being, as you say, one of my "special fans." I am well aware it is fans like you who are responsible for whatever success a girl like me may have in pictures.

But, Sally, I cannot help you get a screen test, much less actually get you into pictures. I simply cannot. Such a thing is not within my province and to ask it of the casting office would be to enter into affairs which are not at all my business. Moreover, can't you see that if I should try to arrange such a thing for you, I should be in duty bound to do the same thing for hundreds of others who also are asking it of me? Believe me, the only fair thing to do is to advise all that write me how difficult it is for me to comply with such requests.

One screen test, alone, sometimes costs thousands of dollars. A candidate must be trained and groomed for it for months, sometimes, before he or she is even considered by the

(Continued on page 72)
Over a span of twenty-four years—from an important bit player opposite such stars as Lillian Walker (above); to a suave sophisticate with Edna Purviance in "A Woman of Paris" (right); to his role in "The Front Page" (below), which again set him on a new tack—Adolphe Menjou has guided each prosperous career with unique methods.
He’s living proof, this Hollywood so- phisticate, that it’s a wise man who knows when to take his own advice

BY JESSIE HENDERSON

B REAK the rules!” Adolphe Menjou said with emphasis. He waved those rules aside with a sweep of his perfectly tailored gray sleeve. “That’s the way to get ahead, in the movies or anywhere.” Quickly he added with a Menjou lift of the brows, “Not the laws of the land, for heaven’s sake, but the rules people are always laying down for other people’s success.”

Now, Menjou has had three careers since he entered the picture (literally, and figuratively!) in 1914; first, as an important bit player in the silents—a career that war interrupted; second, as a suave sophisticate in the late silents and early talkies (this was followed by near-oblivion); and today, as a deft comedian and character actor (for example, the film producer in “The Goldwyn Follies”), earning an unbel-

lievable salary. Each of the careers has been highly prosperous, the third promising to be-
come the biggest success of the lot, and each he dragged up from failure through methods useful to any job, theatrical or otherwise.

Today, past his youth, Menjou lives in one of the handsomest of English brick houses on one of the handsomest of the Hollywood hills; at his right elbow, a view to the Pacific some twenty-eight miles away; at his left, a telephone on which producers call up and ask him please, please to accept a rôle in their newest films. Shattered rules built the house, as well as the house next door, which he also owns; and shattered rules maintain it. Menjou’s the living proof of the wisdom of taking his own advice.

For instance, down Hollywood Boulevard, in the days when orange groves lined that thorn-
hedgerow, there would wobble a funny car which rattled in every joint, with a man all dressed up at the wheel. Many people recall that familiar and eye-arresting sight. Striped trousers, frock coat, correct tie, exactly the right "topper"—at exactly the right slant—this was Menjou’s stuff! This was breaking the rules with a vengeance. But his motives spring not alone from art; they’re rooted in business sense. He no more intends to offer an inferior brand of entertainment, such as a poor rôle might entice, than a reputable merchant intends to offer inferior merchandise. And for the same shrewd reasons. Reputation has a money value.

"Success," Menjou said, his enthusiasm con-
centrated in a glint of diagonal eye. "Success it’s just around the corner for practically all of us, practically all the time. It’s not so much that we don’t have luck as that we don’t have the training or the gumption to grab success when it comes."

For instance, Menjou didn’t beat his brow when, as happened several times, his hopes went boom. Instead, he broke another rule; he tried another line. Before he achieved any true success he had tried many lines, for he didn’t set out to be an actor.

To begin with, he toiled as a farm hand. Ac-
tually, he’d gone from his home in Pittsburgh to Cornell University for a course in agri-
culture, and was headed for a future among the kale and kine.

One summer vacation he got work on a violet farm at Rhinebeck, N. Y. You needn’t laugh; they did raise violets. But they raised cows also, and wanted Menjou to milk them. Men-

jou, milking a cow... .

Well, he was teachable but inexpert, so very soon thereafter he moved along to the next farm, that of Vincent Astor, for the August haying season. Hot! He stuck to it doggedly till the hay was all in, and so was he. It shows that his lot wasn’t exclusively cream and violets. Agri-
culture, so far as Menjou was concerned, proved a flop.

Broke, discouraged, he tried the hotel busi-
ness, which also flopped, and the steamship busi-
ness, which flopped even faster, before he landed as an extra with the old Vitagraph Pictures in New York. And he climbed into promi-

nence, America entered the War and thus was ended his first career. Three days later he en-
listed with the Cornell unit of the Red Cross, and served till the Armistice. "I know what it

(Continued on page 82)
FORBIDDEN GREAT

“ALWAYS LEAVE THEM LAUGHING”
I WAS there at the beginning and saw it all happen right up to what I thought was its gay and glittering finale. That "always leave them laughing when you say goodbye" which was her well-known creed.

I came upon the real end of the story only long afterwards, and then by accident. And it is that unsuspected ending which makes the story important.

I do not think anyone in Hollywood knows it, the two who played at their delightful romance, and it is an amazing thing that neither of them realizes even to this day that the end was the same for both of them.

I cannot help but wonder what might happen if they ever found out.

The beginning, I suppose, was midnight salling time on a velvet spring night some years ago. The great luxury liner lay at its New York dock ablaze with lights. A sailing is always exciting, it has always some aroma of adventure, but I remember that particular one as the gayest I ever saw. So many pretty ladies in evening gowns, orchids against soft fur, music floating upon the surface of spangled waters, champagne and laughter, and ever-mountain gaiety and excitement.

Small boys in bright uniforms running along the gleaming corridors and through the packed salons. Elegant luggage being carried hither and yon. Long white cardboard boxes filled with flowers. Last minute wires being delivered. Decks and staircases jammed with those going away and those who had come to say goodbye and the dock a mass of people and cameramen.

Perhaps it was the spring night which promised delicious days at sea in that floating palace. Perhaps it was because everybody knew that they were sailing. Cursing, eager eyes were alert to catch a glimpse of her sleek and shining head, her tall exquisite figure, her enchanting smile. Glamour girl hadn't become so common a term then, and she was No. 1. Glamour Girl, all right. Or they peerred to see her famous, slightly graying head and distinguished profile and what the screen's best dressed man might be wearing for a midnight salling.

At midnight the "All Ashore" call sounded and I said my own good-willies and went down to my cabin to sort out the books kind friends had sent me. (I remember I was a little annoyed to find seven copies of a popular "high-brow" best seller.) Then I went peacefully to bed and awoke the next morning to a new world, without land, but with great expanses of shining sapphire water and clear blue sky and radiant sunshine. I never remember so beautiful a day at sea.

I didn't know then that they had never met. It seemed strange, in a way. But such things can very well happen in Hollywood.

SHE spent very little time in the film capital when she wasn't actually working. It was her theory that you needed to get away between pictures, to see what the rest of the world was doing and saying and thinking. So, as you know, you always heard of her at the Riviera, at Palm Beach in the season, or in New York to see the latest plays. Sometimes she took a house in Honolulu for a month or two or went cruising on some friend's yacht. She was enormously popular with the Society crowd and her name appeared as often as Cholly Knickerbocker as it did in Louella Parsons or Winchell. And, of course, when she was in Hollywood working she went out very little—on the set early, home late at night, following a Spartan routine of diet and exercise and rest to keep fit for the camera.

As for him—well, sports were always his hobby. He was an expert in spite of his great popularity with women. Shot golf in the low seventies, owned a couple of race horses, and sailed his own boat up and down the California coast. His wife—that gentle and lovely lady—understood him perfectly. She made a business of being a screen star's wife. She did it with a gentle humor, her sweet mouth curved, her eyebrows lifted as though he were a small bad boy she had to take care of. Even when rumor and gossip connected his name with that of some other woman, she always seemed to be amused and a little worried for his sake, never angry or jealous on her own.

So they had never met until I introduced them that day on the upper deck.

I had come up just before lunch, rested and relaxed, grinning in the fact that there wasn't a telephone aboard, taking this little span of uninterrupted days as a heaven-sent gift between the hard work I had just finished in New York and the job I had to do in England. I could let down with a clear conscience and enjoy the bright days and the deck chairs.

I met her on deck as I was doing my first mile.

Even in that first moment I realized why she wanted to get away from Hollywood. I don't think anyone, seeing her then, would have taken her for a movie star. She had on a short blue skirt, flat shoes, a woolly white sweater and her hair was blowing in a lot of rippling, natural curls. No make-up. It changed the shape of her eyes so that they were no longer slanted and cozening, no longer shadowed with unbelievable lashes, but delicately round and gay and friendly. It made her look younger and prettier, even if she wasn't so glamorous.

I WENT into step together and went around two or three times in silence. There was a splendid breeze that whipped the wind into your cheeks and the sun was hot and the sea like glass. Finally, we went up on the top deck and there he was, playing deck tennis with a young Hollywood writer and a couple of college boys, around twenty, who almost fell overboard at sight of her.

When they stood looking at each other—he was hot and sweating and very pleased with the day and himself and the game—I introduced them and said, "But it isn't possible you don't know each other."

But so it was. They laughed about it a good deal. He went back to his game and we sat down and watched them. She said, "He's not at all like I expected. One usually expects men with his reputation to be—well, rather dreadful. He's—nice."

As for that, I thought you've a reputation of your own, my girl. You've had three or four headline romances, what with one thing and another. If you come right down to it, you're a pair.

THAT night they danced together. We had dined, four or five of us, in the smart upper deck restaurant. The music was enticing. She wore something made of wine-red velvet, very simple, and a ruby bracelet around her left wrist and a ruby clasp between her breasts. When they danced, I wondered why they had never been cast opposite each other in a picture. They were so perfectly matched in tempo, in character, in poise. Like two fencers, equally matched, laughing a little at each other, well aware of each other, her head sleek and shining against his shoulder.

Oh, I thought, these are grown-up intelligent people, who are too well-bred to be openly cynical, but who understand the art of living, of enjoying, of having a good time. Love is a game to them, and they know all the moves, all the gambits, and they are champions at it. It must be great fun to play at love like that, for it is a game that has so many angles.

We were six days crossing. Two days out we unexpectedly ran into a storm that delayed our elegant and serene passage. I remember running into them during that storm. I like storms myself and had gone outside to see it. I came around a wind-swept corner and saw them—her lovely face lifted to his, lost in his glance. I knew that he was going to kiss her. I knew that they had forgotten the storm, the wind, everything but each other.

Of course, everyone on the boat knew. You couldn't help but know, seeing those two

(Continued on page 89)
I was suddenly quiet in the Raymond-MacDonald living room as we all stopped to catch our breaths from laughing. That was what gave me the hunch.

"You two have been married almost a year now, haven't you?" I asked.

"Lacking exactly twenty-seven days, four hours and nine minutes," said Gene.

"And you are still laughing all the time?" They obliged by laughing again and nodded their heads in assent.

"What about laughter as a basis for a perfect marriage?" I persisted.

"Would you be making a noise like an interviewer?" Gene demanded.

"Well, why not? I might as well admit that I was pretty suspicious of all that sweetness and light published about you two a little over a year ago, just because you were married. You sounded simply too happy to be true: but, after all, no people in your position stay married unless they really have a good time of it.

"So far you have solved the problem that has broken up almost every Hollywood romance—two stars, two careers, all that handicapping stuff, and getting through the first year, that supposedly awful first year of marriage, and you both still looking so beamingly content and . . . ."

Miss MacDonald spoke from behind those lovely teeth of hers in the sinister voice of the villainess in the old melodramas.

"And me laughing all the time," she muttered darkly. "And at what things?" She swung an enormous orb in the direction of her lord and master.

Mr. Raymond set his teeth. "You laughing?" he hissed, sounding just like Basil Rathbone on a clear day.

"What about me, my fair beauty? Would you like me to tell about the time we went searching for sunshine, searching it in Arizona, the state which you selected to find it in? Shall I tell that to let our friends know how we laughed and laughed that time?"

The loveliest voice on the screen suddenly honied over like the voices of all the obedient wives in the world.

"Yes, dear," purred Mrs. Raymond.

"And you won't interrupt?"

"Yes, dear," she purred again.

"You mean you will interrupt?"

"Oh, yes, dear."

Gene turned his back on her with what was intended to represent sternness. "Ignore her," he said to me. "That search for Arizona sunshine happened this way . . . . and it will give you a fair idea of what I have suffered for this marriage.

"My wife, that redheaded woman over there, desired sunshine. We have it in Los Angeles, you know. In fact, the place is famous for it. But that brand wasn't good enough for her. She had to go away and get sun. I suggested a place called Palm Springs. Thousands from all parts of the country migrate there seasonally just for the sun. But no. That sunshine wouldn't do for her, either. We had, by chance, been in Palm Springs once before when it rained down there. It does rain there, very, very occasionally. But she had to act as though it always poured in Palm Springs. And she had heard somewhere that the sun absolutely positively always shone in Arizona."

Gene turned back toward Mrs. Gene.

"You had heard that, hadn't you, darling?"

"Yes, dear," answered Miss MacDonald.

"And you really planned the whole trip?"

"Yes, dear."

"And I consented to go because . . . ."

"Yes, dear."

"Hey, what is this?" demanded Gene.

"A sound track," announced Jeanette's voice in deep tones.

She was stretched out on the couch by now and her eyes were closed so that you couldn't be positive but what she might be talking in her sleep.

'Ignore her," said Gene, turning back to me.

"This is the way it happened. We packed up and left Los Angeles on a beautiful balmy afternoon but as we were coming into Flagstaff I heard a low gus from my bride. It seemed it was morning. Of course I wouldn't know that for you know where I was, wasn't you? Yes—in the upper. My bride, being down in the lower where the windows are, had pulled up the shade and was looking out. 'Oh, Gene,' she was asking. 'What do you think I see?'"

"Well, what do you see?" I asked. 'From my vantage point I can't see a thing. I'll bet you're seeing beautiful sunshine.'"

"No,' she said, 'I'm seeing snow.'"

"Now that made everything dodgy because, since Los Angeles is in the semi-tropics and Palm Springs the desert and we were supposed to be coming into even brighter and warmer sun than either of them offered (at least according to what my bride said), I had packed neither overcoat nor woolens.

"But there we were, and since my wife had planned for us to go to some near-by ranch, and since that was as far as our train went anyhow, we got out.

"And it was indeed snowing and the temperature was somewhere within friendly distance of about nine below zero. There was the man to drive us to the ranch, too, but, after a little chat with him, my wife found out that the real place for sunshine wasn't Flagstaff, anyhow, but Prescott, a mere drop of 3,500 feet in altitude from where we were.

'Did you ever drop 3,500 feet in altitude in a matter of just a few hours?' And did you ever make the drop in a rickety old car, with the driver taking his hands off the wheel every little while to point out the scenery? No? Well, I assure you it is a thrill, but a honey you could get along without very nicely.

"I must say for my bride, though, that she never said a word. Of course, perhaps she was merely trying to keep her teeth from chattering."

"We just rode along mile after mile and both of us tried to appear absolutely fascinated by the scenery. All I could think of was that I hoped we could get to Prescott alive and find a nice, hot meal somewhere.

"Finally, however, we did get to Prescott and I trust I never hit a place that is damper and chillier than it was there that noon. But by this time Mrs. Raymond had learned, somehow or other, that the place for sunshine wasn't Prescott, after all. The place was Phoenix. So we kept our teeth clenched and said we must laugh, we must laugh, over and over to ourselves and discovered that we could get a bus to Phoenix. It was leaving almost immediately but we had time for a bite, they said, at the restaurant across the square.

"We rushed over there, with visions in mind of sizzling chicken, great piles of vegetables, steaming coffee and discovered that today's dish was cold roast beef. They did have the coffee, though. So we climbed up on twin stools and ate that roast beef washed down with weak coffee. Then we made a run for the bus.

"Another joy I'll bet you've never had, you lucky girl, is to go down a mountain road in a bus. Do they rock you? We sat back in our seats with that cold roast beef sliding from side to side and made up our minds we wouldn't be sick and pretended that we were going to sleep. But the man in back of us had asthma, so that was that.
Eventually, after what seemed a month, we did get to Phoenix. I had only one idea. To get into the hotel and go to bed.

"Upon arrival in our rooms, however, my bride decided that the bed wasn't wide enough for her. I never looked at my bed, but no, she had to have a double bed. So finally we got that put up in the other room and I crawled into my single cot and off to slumber I went.

"But not for long. I had been asleep for what seemed two weeks to me when I became conscious of a flashlight being flased right over my eyes. I sat up, expecting to see at least a burglar, but you know who it was, don't you?"

"Me, the heavy," supplied Jeanette.

"Ignore her," ordered Gene. "But that is who it was.

"What on earth?" I demanded of her.

"I can't sleep," she said.

"Well, what am I supposed to do about it?" I asked.

"You are supposed to wake up and tell me a story that will put me to sleep," she said.

"I just gazed at her for a moment and then I remembered that we were the wonderful Raymonds. We always laughed. So I said then I would tell her about the history of Arizona.

"You see, knowing we were coming to Arizona to seek sunshine, I had looked up a book on the place.

"Well, the history of Arizona ought to put me to sleep," said Jeanette. So I launched forth . . . ."

Gene got up and began strutting around the room in a magnificent burlesque of himself telling the story.

"Well, I began talking that history big," he said. "I told her about the winning of the old West. I told her about the Indian wars and our brave boys fighting to make it free for us." He waved his arms around in mock bravado. "Was I terrific? I'll say I was. I put Mrs. Raymond to sleep almost at once. She slumbered like a babe, lying on the bed that had been too narrow for her.

"But me! Ah, there you have something. I'd got myself so excited over those Indians that I couldn't go to sleep for hours."

"He did, though," murmured Jeanette from the couch. "He got to sleep around six but I woke up around eight, not knowing that, and I wanted to go horseback riding and I woke him up to tell him, didn't I, dear?"

Gene gave her a look. "You did, indeed, dear," he said.

He sat down, shaking his head in mock sor-

(Continued on page 82)
When dictator turns leading man—pity the poor producer! Presenting the headaches and high lights in filming the private life of Italy's Public Hero No. 1

By Edwin Ware Hullinger

Along with Clark Gable and William Powell, he is an "attraction" among the flickering marquee lights above the box office.

I have just returned from Italy and from producing this picture, the first screen biography, I believe, ever made of a living world statesman.

For years he has been an ardent picture fan (Mussolini's enthusiasm for movies is common talk in Europe: he personally censors all the newreels produced in Italy) but not until now has II Duce consented to step before the klieg lights and submit himself to one of the most exacting of all tests, the test of the screen.

How, I have been asked, did he handle himself during the "shootings"? In comparison with his professional screen colleagues, how did he "do his stuff"?

I never have produced a film of William Powell, but, as a writer in Hollywood, I often watched America's leading screen stars at work on the sets.

In some ways, making a picture of a dictator is just like making any other picture. You use cameras and microphones and artificial lights. You have your leading man. That's where the difference begins.

Dictators—or at least this dictator—do not care to be dictated to. That meant, for one thing, that direction from behind the cameras was taboo. You could not shout "Cut!" and bully Mussolini into "doing his lines over." Once the shooting of a scene began, it plunged forward to its finale without control. All the control you had was your arrangements in advance and, of course, your scissors when you saw the "rushes." You had to gamble on what took place between times. You got the scene set in

(Continued on page 87)
The cinema's champion sinner, baddest "bad lady" in the movies—jumpin' Jane Withers, competent cutup in 20th Century-Fox's "Hello Hollywood"
... Through Photoplay, these pages of noteworthy unpublished portraits, direct from his personal private files

The ideal Saturday night date of all gallant Romes in America—Olivia de Havilland. A demure young miss with ingenuous brown eyes and an air faintly reminiscent of hearts and flowers, she is a descendant of English aristocracy, though, paradoxically, she was born in Tokio, Japan. Possessor of a curious penchant for writing poetry in bed, "Livvie" is, otherwise, a normal young person of twenty-two, who likes to sleep fourteen hours a day and dance all night—when she gets the chance. Amateur high-school plays intimated her value to motion-picture scouts; her Technicolor beauty in "Robin Hood" proved it to producers.
WHEN a lucky guest enters the Harold Lloyd estate for the first time, he probably pinches himself to see if he’ll wake up from the beautiful dream. Before him stretches a fairyland of eighteen acres—grounds which require the services of six gardeners. First, there is the nine-hole golf course—all part of the landscaping. Through it meanders an eight-hundred-foot stream, with three canoes ready for anyone wishing to explore its length. Feeding the stream is a waterfall with a hundred-foot drop, which on special occasion is lit up at night. There are miles of trails, and the main walk before the house is lined by imported Italian cypress trees. Also, there is a huge water lily pond, a barbecue pit where large parties can be held, hothouses, an apiary and several gardens. For sport lovers there is a walled-in tennis court, the blue-tiled swimming pool, an indoor handball and squash court with a gallery which accommodates one hundred and thirty people. The children delight in a miniature Normandy playhouse complete with living room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom and even boasting an electric stove, running water and a telephone. Harold Lloyd will soon again be seen in "Professor Beware," released by Paramount.
Views of "Greenacres," in Beverly Hills, the house that Harold built. Opposite page: the court and mill; this page: above, the breakfast room; left, pool; below, the library and "Poplar Garden," with its fountain.
An irresistible smile—the common property of two charming blondes. French American bulla first flashed hers in a Paris school. Later won with it actor Jean Murat . . . whereas Claire Trevor's smile broke the heart of many a college man, gave her the title of all-American coed. At present, it's a career instead of a husband for the single "double" here

"LOOK-ALIKES"

A fifteen-year-old girl with the voice of a mature woman—phenomenal Deanna Durbin, whose twinkling eyes and oval face are almost counterparts of the features . . .

... and expression of the First Lady of Hollywood, Norma Shearer. Two fitting "look-alikes" by reason of their Canadian birth, their poised charm, their buoyant spirit

English to the core is June Richard Greene, late of the at the, now of Hollywood, with —and tie—resembling those of

Sisters under the Fox flag Sonja Henie, brilliant blonde from Norway, whose dimples, smile a sturdy little figure remind one.
Taylor, straight from a small town, all-around American profile has made millions of hearts flutter.

Of Andrea Leeds and Janet Gaynor: "Saw both girls at a party comparing the almost identical color of their hair and eyes and the way they wrinkle their noses when they laugh..."

...so commented columnist Louella Parsons on the similarity which links these two: Andrea, a Hollywood newcomer, and Janet, who has thirteen years in films to her credit.

We heard these stars resembled each other but, like the Man from Missouri, we had to have positive proof. These amazing unposed informals from Photoplay's files convince us beyond a doubt.

Two golden-haired girls—whose verve and vitality belie the lazy tradition of the Deep South. While one party lass's nimble feet were bringing her closer to fame and fortune... another Southern gal was using her head to conquer Broadway. Hollywood brought them together; Photoplay finds them twins: Ginger Rogers and her "spittin' image," Miriam Hopkins.

Of another tiny blonde, noted for sparkling footwork. And Zanuck says, "... Sonja Henie, grown-up Shirley Temple."
Hair Raisers

1914—Beverly Bayne
Psyche on her mind

1919—Mary Pickford
Sweet, simple and curlish

1920—Lois Lee
The wrap-around

1921—Blanche Sweet
A bad case of shingles

1922—Lila Lee
Oh rats!

1926—Lois Wilson
Marcel—that washboard look

1927—Billie Dove
... and she had a little curl

1928—Alice White
Gone with the wind

1934—Joan Bennett
Going up!

1935—Constance Bennett
The lunatic fringe

1936—Ginger Rogers
Pee! Gingham!

1929—Norma Shearer
The better to hear you, my
5—Marjorie Rambeau
heavy hangs on thy head

1916—Blanche Sweet
Wild and woolly wistfulness

1918—Doris Lee
Wartime bigwig

1917—Irene Castle
First bob—revolution!

1924—Gloria Swanson
Patent leather finish

1925—Norma Talmadge
Hothouse flower—made by hand

1926—Clara Bow
The flapper’s bounding mane

1923—Barbara La Marr
Strike up the band

1929—Dolores Del Rio
...the pug came tumbling after

1931—Kay Francis
Male order for charm

1932—Laura La Plante
"Dipped"—in more ways than one

1930—Greta Garbo
Slick, sleek and slinky

1938—Loretta Young and Barbara Read
An salute to the present

Herewith Photoplay’s hysterical history of three decades of "crowning glory" brainstorms on the distaff side
Latest International Alliance—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Danielle Darrieux in Universal’s Comedy, “The Rage of Paris”
Scotch-Irish product of Indiana and Princeton—James Stewart, first of his kind on the screen and "tickled pink" about it. Long, lean and likeable, he ambled his ingenuous way from stock, to Broadway, to Hollywood, where his drawl, his cowlick and his brilliance made him box-office. Veteran of a few "very light" loves, he now concentrates his affections on "Son," his police dog, his talents on "Shopworn Angel." His impression of himself on the screen? "All arms and legs!"
Each object on these pages is associated with some famous star. If you know your movies and movie gossip, filling in the owners' names in the blanks below should be child's play. If the going's hard, see page 79.

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W H O S E ?
As the bearer of a future pot of gold, Zanuck has chosen photogenic Arleen Whelan, ex-Hollywood manicurist. Leading lady in her first role: the "Jeanne" in 20th Century-Fox's "Kidnapped" V

Veteran of films is sixteen-year-old Helen Parrish, who appeared in movies at the age of two. A comeback staged in "Mad About Music" won her a contract—and high praise at Universal.

Night-club protégée of Benny Rubin, Ar. Miller has proved the value of her nimble feet to RKO by four successful roles has now been loaned to an eager Columbia for "You Can't Take It With You"

Four years ago, a fourteen-year-old blonde came to Hollywood on a two weeks' vacation—and remained to become a movie star: Universal's child of genius—Nan Grey of "Danger on the Air"

WHITE HOPES

On the dark eyes, bright smile and intrinsic talent of Southern Marjorie Weaver, 20th Century-Fox pins its faith. Good winner of a beauty contest, she was spotted by a scout, coaxed to Hollywood, where, today, she wins uncontested laurels in "Three Blind Mice"
ita—slender, olive-skinned Mexican, studios' "perfect Polynesian type." out of a vaudeville act, she clicked Mutiny on the Bounty," was appointed program's future box-office prop

Graduate of Broadway's white lights is Louise Campbell, prime starlet at Paramount. Emigrating West, she passed her preliminary film quiz in six pictures, graduates now to "Men With Wings"

Baby of the Lane sisters—peppery Priscilla. A twenty-one-year-old blonde with theatrical training, she has an eye to the future and (in "Cowboy from Brooklyn") her feet solidly on the Warners' ground

Imported delicacy who made Mickey Rooney's heart flutter (with box-office results) in "Judge Hardy's Children" is Jacqueline Laurent, late of French films, now of M-G-M's promising roster

rinkled with stardust are these meteoric young-ors on whom Hollywood producers have pinned their hopes for creating stars with box-office magic

In a schoolgirl outfit she flashed across the screen as the young victim in "They Won't Forget"—and people came away talking. Personal find of Mervyn Le Roy is "The Sweater Girl"—Lana Turner, now the choice of M-G-M for "Love Finds Andy Hardy"
Box office's King and Queen hold court again on the M-G-M lot, and here is the first picture on the first day, with newcomer admitted to charmed circle. This time it's Walter Pidgeon in "Hot to Handle" who completes the trio instead of Spence Tracy of "Test Pilot" fame.
Janet Gaynor, minus Tyrone Power, plus a wisp of a hat, an orchid corsage and handsome Richard Carlson (latest Broadway import) makes a new equation—answer yet unsolved. Right: George Raft plus Virginia Pine totals one long-standing romance.

Presenting the low-down on the high jinks of filmtown—as jotted down by our wily Coast G-Man York

They Do Say:—

Tyrone Power is casting longing eyes in Sonja Henie's direction once again—and little Sonja admits she's never lost her fondness for "Ty".

Katharine Hepburn is slated for Scarlett—if the public will accept her. How do you feel about it, by the way?...

It's love and probably marriage between Mary Maguire and Joseph Schenck, 20th Century-Fox producer...

Despite all studio attempts to make Richard Greene another young man-about-town with the ladies he remains loyal to his very first American sweetheart—Arleen Whelan...

Guilty, Wayne?

Persistent rumors are making the rounds that Wayne Morris is taking his screen luck just a mite too importantly for any good.

A very prominent actor who was recently co-starred in a picture in which young Morris played, tells of meeting the blond actor at a recent gathering. Rushing up to the star, Wayne is said to have shouted, "Boy, I've just seen the preview of my new picture. Wait 'til you see it."

The silence that followed was deep as a sea.

Let's hope Wayne, who is really a most likeable kid, gets help to himself, in time.

Is It Love—Or Is It?

Who would ever think Photoplay, at its age, would turn out to be a Danny Cupid de luzé?

Yet it happened. At our Hollywood party in honor of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, one Michael Whalen came over breathing questions in our ear.

"Who is she? She's marvelous. She's wonderful. I must meet her."

We looked over and discovered Michael's object of adoration was none other than the lovely Ilona Massey.

So, leading over an excited Michael to a calm Ilona, we spoke their names.

That was as far as we got. They just sat there absorbed in each other.

And now Hollywood's greatest romance is Michael and Ilona. The two are seen constantly together.

Recently, in the corner section of a local department store, we ran head on into Michael, waiting patiently for his mother.

"I can't thank you enough," he enthused. "It's the romance of my life."

So Photoplay takes a bow for furnishing its own "Who's going with whom" material.

French Accent on a Practical Joke

The French wife of Fernand Gravet is wading through the intricate and weighty business of learning English.

A wag, meeting her at the studio, offered to help. "If you want to please and surprise Fernand with your progress, say to him when he arrives home this evening, "You are a ham.""

Delighted Mrs. Gravet memorized the line and waited for her handsome husband's return.

"Fernand," she cried, "you are a—" and then stopped. "I have mislaid the word," she cried. "Oh, I am sorry."

"What does it sound like?" Fernand urged.

"Oh, it was lovely, I am sure. Something so nice. Oh I am so sorry."

The Gravets are still wondering about the lost and so-beautiful word.

Rudy, How Could You?

Hollywood is still in a well-maybe-we're wrong daze.

It seems the first day Rudy Vallee reported on the Gold Diggers in Paris set, he carried a book under his arm. Between each scene Rudy would hurry back to his book, feverishly turning the pages.

"What's he reading?" Allen Jenkins kept asking everyone.

"I think it's a mystery story," Rosamary Lane replied. "No other kind of book could be so absorbing."

However, no member of the cast could ever
The Ice Follies of 1938 brought out the town. Myrna Loy and husband Arthur Hornblow made an informal evening of it ... 
... while J. Walter Ruben kept a formal date with a lovely blonde—Virginia Bruce Ruben.

get close enough to the book to find out, until one day Rudy carried the book from his set dressing room and carelessly laid it down on a chair.

With one fall swoop the cast was on the book. It was called "How to Act." Rudy was then on the chapter dealing with repression and its value.

Hollywood on Trial
A THIN whip of a woman, still girlish in spite of more than thirty years before the footlights, tells an amused reporter: "I am definitely through with films," in commenting on an offer of $85,000 for one picture. Helen Hayes, who reached cinematic heights in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "A Farewell to Arms," ignores Hollywood to do one-night stands on the road in her sensational stage success, "Victoria Regina." In her devotion to the theater as opposed to the more lucrative field of motion-picture acting she is like such other stage favorites as Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, Gertrude Lawrence and Ruth Gordon, all deserving of the term: "Great."

Some years ago, Miss Fontanne made one picture for M.G.M., "The Guardsman," which was a great artistic success but made no money. In the early talkie days, Gertrude Lawrence made several pictures, but the results were so unfortunate that the very sight of a motion-picture studio makes her ill.

Neither Katharine Cornell nor Ruth Gordon has ever faced the camera. True, neither is beautiful in a conventional sense, yet each is far from unattractive. There is no reason why, with the aid of expert make-up and skilled photography, they should not emerge as extremely personable on the screen.

What is there about motion pictures which makes them refuse to make so much as a motion-picture test?

Is it because they have seen other fine actresses, such as Julie Haydon, Helen Chandler and Zita Johann, all of whom have youth as well as great acting talent, ignored and mishandled simply because Hollywood producers seemed unable to bring out the fullest their rare and unique talents?

Is it because of the impersonal methods necessary in the studios geared to turn out a great many pictures each year?

Whatever the reason, fans are being deprived of an opportunity to enjoy the greatest acting talent of our age.

Hollywood owes this debt to the legions of motion-picture devotees who have helped to make it the rich, powerful industry it now is. The question now is what are we, the film-going public, going to do about it?

In the spotlight were Jimmy Stewart, Doug. Jr., and those two inseparables, Norma Shearer and Merle Oberon, who agree on the glamour of white for after-dark.

Preview Peep of a Newcomer—
His name is John Litel. Already fans are beginning to write in about the smoothness of his work and to ask questions about Warner Brothers' newest contribution to films. So, just so you can be ahead of the parade, we tell you:

He's direct from the New York stage. His father, a Wisconsin banker, insisted his son follow the family profession. He became an actor—only to play the banker friend of Kay Francis in "My Bill." He's so tickled to exchange the uncertainty of the stage for the security of movies and his orange ranch, he can't see straight. Thinks actors who keep yelling for the stage are blockheads.

Joined up with the French during the early stage of the World War and can tell stories 'til the cows come home. Pours coffee over his vanilla ice cream, has gone wild over petunias planting in his garden, knows how to meet all kids on a man-to-man basis and has stirred the fancy of all theater-goers in "Little Miss Thoroughbred," "Alcatraz Island" and others.

What's more, he's a hony. Take our word!

Farewell to Fans and Fame

"I'll occasionally make a picture if they want me—providing I'm in California and providing it fits in with my husband's plans," Kay Francis told us recently over the telephone, "but otherwise the day I marry I'm finished with pictures as a career. I always said marriage and movies wouldn't mix, remember?"

"Well, I meant that."

And so, with the pealing of wedding bells, a beautiful actress says farewell to fans and fame. "A good sort," Hollywood agrees. "Kay took the hard luck with chin up, no alibis and no tears of regret."

They refer to the recent series of "B" pictures handed Kay by her studio. Without a word, Kay accepted her lot and gave them her best.
“A good 'A' picture would have meant new life and a new beginning to Kay,” Hollywood says. “Instead she took what they gave her and made a graceful exit.”

Cheerio and good luck to Kay Francis, then, a beautiful lady who played the game.

The "Four Men" Go Wrong

reunion in Vienna, the glamorous plot of yesterday's theater, has its rival in a recent Reunion in Hollywood. Only the latter is no playwright's pipe dream but is actually a real-life happening.

It seems Loretta Young decided to invite her four leading men of "Four Men And A Prayer" to a reunion luncheon. The boys, David Niven, George Sanders, Richard Greene and Bill Henry all accepted gladly, but, in a little pre-luncheon huddle, decided that a movie star's idea of luncheon couldn't possibly appease Four Hungry Men and an Appetite.

"You know how they eat," Niven said, "like a butterfly. I think it a jolly idea for each of us to stoke up on a round or two of hamburgers first. What say?"

So they stoked.

"Sorry, boys," Loretta greeted them, "but we've gone to no extra fuss. You'll eat just what I eat every day for lunch."

Niven passed out a see-what-did-I-tell-you look to the other boys and proceeded to the table.

They had soup first. Then a vegetable salad, large portion. Then baked sausages and sauerkraut with vegetables. Hot biscuits with jam followed with rich custard and a generous slice of chocolate cake.

Along about the sausage stopover, young Greene began wilting. At the hot biscuit stage, Niven and Henry turned a fascinating old ivory. Sanders held out to the custard round.

All four boys politely but unsteadily lurched from the table and excused themselves while Loretta looked on in astonishment.

"What's got into them?" she asked herself politely, finishing up all the extra pieces of cake.

The boys were later found on the studio gym floor—moaning softly.

"Four Men and a Stomach Ache" the gym instructor explained to the janitor. "Just let them alone."

It's Rare in Hollywood!

George Brent, who has a delectable sense of humor, tells this story on himself.

During the making of "Mountain Justice," Director Michael Curtiz wandered onto the set one day for a visit and, approaching the assistant director, said, "Who plays the girl in this picture?" He was told Josephine Hutchinson.

"Oh, yes, and who plays the father?" The answer was Robert Barrat.

"Oh," said Curtiz, "and who plays the hero?"

"George Brent," came the answer, whereupon, Curtiz threw one hand up in the air, crying, "Stop, I have enough," and went goose-stepping off the set.

(Continued on page 70)
Stern and stuffed with preachments, this sad story has a few things in its favor. One is manly Jackie Cooper's nice acting as a sixteen-year-old who needs regeneration. Out of the storm to a poor inventor's family comes Fay Bainter, whose salutary qualities get sticky at times; she takes over the household, eggs the professor-inventor, Claude Raines, on to devising the first electric refrigerator, nurses Bonita Granville through pneumonia and gets a glint in her eye periodically when she sees Jackie. This is because, in reality, he's her illegitimate son. Out of all this comes a series of lectures on the "turn the other cheek" philosophy: Jackie's conversion into a young scientist; and a fine renunciation scene when the boy's father returns.

Producers Arthur Hornblow, Jr., deserves a hand-embroidered sombrero for this comedy musical. It is swell summer fare. It is also timely, with the headlines screaming Mexico. And Mexico it is—not a gun-toting revolutionary in sight, but a sleepy coastal town, where Roy Milland, a grey Hollywood writer, goes to get an idea for a screen romance. He finds love with Dorothy Lamour, a native in a skirt this time—with ruffles! Fireworks pop when Roy's screen star lady friend learns she's been jilted.

The tropical settings, the Ensenada Singers, the Dominguez Brothers' Marimba Band, Tito Guizar's songs—all are elegant. Bob Burns and Martha Raye, both toned down, are consequently really funny.
**GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS**—Warner

The Frères Warner have made another musical. Our impulse is to repeat that sentence until all the space is used up, but this one deserves special comment because it has an amusing story twist, Rudy Vallee and the Schnickelfritz Band in it. Mistaken identity is used to the hilt, with Hugh Herbert, as a French representative (ugh), thinking Vallee's Club Ball swingsters are the American Ballet group and inviting them to the Paris Exposition. They go, get into trouble, save everything by presenting their own show.

Rosemary Lane makes eyes at Rudy. The best numbers are "I Wanna Go Back to Bali" and "A Stranger in Paree." Production is lavish, of course, with plenty of Berkeley girls.

**THE RAGE OF PARIS**—Universal

It was probably inevitable that Universal would introduce new star Danielle Darrieux in a comedy. The surprising thing is that Darrieux took the tired script and made it successful entertainment. As a French girl out of work, she sets out to get a rich husband—and, by golly, gets one. Louis Hayward, who apparently drops with the necessary, is snapping at her bait when Doug Fairbanks, Jr., comes along, kidnaps the gal, takes her to his mountain lodge. At this point there is much cute business which Darrieux carries off hilariously.

Both Hayward and Doug, Jr., live up to Miss Darrieux's pace. Helen Broderick and Mischka Auer are very chipper—but watch the stars shine for the newcomer. Enfin—Heigh Ho the Darrieux!

**THREE BLIND MICE**—20th Century-Fox

Three sisters, living on a chicken farm, get a legacy, decide to spend the money to secure a rich husband for one sister. Lots are drawn. Loretta Young wins. In Santa Barbara, chosen as the base of the trio's man hunt, there are two men. One, Joel McCrea, looks rich but isn't; the other, David Niven, both looks it and is. Loretta chooses Joel; finds he's broke; takes David. Then Joel comes back, says "But we love each other!"—and she goes back to him. The other sisters, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore, are then constrained to find a solution that will reconcile wealth and love. This is the prize package of all recent stories about predatory girls, but you will find it amusing. Wise-cracking Binnie Barnes takes top honors.

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**SAVE YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY**

**THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH**
Alexander's Ragtime Band  Tropic Holiday
Holiday                  White Banners
Lord Jeff               The Rage of Paris
Hold That Kiss          Yellow Jack
Three Blind Mice

**BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH**
Tyrone Power in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
Don Ameche in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"

Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris"
Fay Bainter in "White Banners"
Jackie Cooper in "White Banners"

Mickey Rooney in "Lord Jeff"
Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff"

Binnie Barnes in "Three Blind Mice"
Dick Powell in "Cowboy from Brooklyn"
Robert Montgomery in "Yellow Jack"

Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday"
Gary Grant in "Holiday"

Mickey Rooney in "Hold That Kiss"
Maureen O'Sullivan in "Hold That Kiss"

**BLIND ALIBI**—RKO-Radio

Into this emaciated yarn, transparently thin in spots, Richard Dix manages to inject a neat and wholesome bit of entertainment. Dix poses as a blind sculptor in order to retrieve stolen letters from a museum piece of statuary. Ace, the Wonder Dog, comes in for plenty of honors when the thieves gang up on Dix. Whitney Bourne, Frances Mercer and Eduardo Ciannelli feature in the cast.

**PRISON NURSE**—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor, Henry Wilcoxon, who wins a pardon for his aid in stemming a typhoid fever epidemic in prison. However, just as Wilcoxon is about to be freed, he becomes innocently involved in a prison break and loses his freedom. Marian Marsh and Johnny Arledge complete the cast principals. Dull and pointless throughout, so just skip it.

**SWISS MISS**—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy return to the screen in a picture far below their usual high brand of comedy. The boys, monstrap salesmen, journey to Switzerland, where they meet Della Lind, who is in love with her composer, Walter Woolf King. Each routine seems stale and reminiscent of Mack Sennett. King and Miss Lind sing pleasingly.

(Continued on page 88)
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Take

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With You"; the

the actors,

Lionel

director, Frank Capra;
Barrymore and Jean Arthur

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making "You Can't Take

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With You"

at

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because Frank
Capra is Hollywood's Medicine Man. He has a
genius for giving the movies a "shot in the arm"
when they most need it. Remember "It Haplumbia.

That's our

first

stop,

pened One Night," and "Mister Deeds Goes

to

Town"?
list

of surprise packages for the fall

Well, after watching one big scene of "You
Can't Take It With You," we'll risk our roll on
another Capra hit. This hilarious but homey
Broadway play, by Kaufman and Hart, looks
like what the doctor ordered for sagging boxoffice lines.

—

IT'S delightful and delirious all about a family
who believe in having their
fun out of life while they're on earth to enjoy it.
We look in on one of the swellest of scenes
the night Jimmy Stewart, a rich boy in love with

BY JACK WADE
Hollywood

IFthing

is

of relaxed people

—

on the spot these days one
certain. It's as busy as a bird dog
is

working its way off.
We heard that the stars weren't clicking and
a lot of pictures weren't sticking out in the wide,
wide world. So we decided to run right out and
see what the studios are doing about it.
And that, take it from us, is plenty!
If
this summer's line-up of big pictures
doesn't ring the welkin in the fall, then you
better get out your old stereoptican slide and
view again the wonders of Niagara Falls and
Paris After Dark.
But we don't think that will be at all necessary.

For one

46

thing,

Frank Capra

is

back at work,

Jean Arthur, arrives to meet Jean's family.
Everything goes wrong for Jean, and the bewildered Jimmy thinks he's in a madhouse.
Lionel Barrymore as Grandpa, Spring Byington as the fluttery Penny, Jimmy, Jean, Sam
Hinds, Halliwell Hobbes, Mischa Auer practically the whole cast joins in the full house of
family boners that makes Capra grin from ear
to ear, and keeps the assistant director scream-

—

ing "Quiet!" to down the lusty chuckles of all
present including us.
When a scene is long, fast and furious, with
lines overlapping and all the uptakes quick,
you'd be surprised how a studio set onlooker
loses himself in the action. Three times Capra
has to "cut" because of squealing bystanders;
only once because an actor muffs a line!

—

dUCH a set we've never seen. It's strewn with
household gimcracks and gewgaws that seem to
have been assembled from all the swap-shops
in the land. It's a prop man's nightmare, too, we
learn, because Capra's been shooting the same
scene on two stages; one on location ten miles
away. Every day they've been hauling the doodads back and forth and putting them in place,
like a jigsaw puzzle.

After the "cut" Jean Arthur sweeps by,
snooty and unsmiling. Jean does not win our
popularity contest in Hollywood, but maybe she
doesn't want to be the life of the party. She
looks very much the same after her year's holdout. Columbia used this grand part to lure her
back again after her sulk about bad assignments.
Still, she doesn't look a bit happy
about it.
Jimmy Stewart is more congenial. While he
takes an experimental workout on the xylophone, he tells us he's the luckiest guy in the
world to get a part in this picture but someone
else tells us that Capra considers himself the
lucky one to get Jim. He held up the picture a
week, until Jimmy finished "Shopworn Angel"
just couldn't see anyone but that Stewart boy

—

—

in the part.

We
acle

get in a word with Capra, while the Mirleans back in his canvas chair under

Man

the camera. We're after his directing secret and
we tell him so. "If I had a secret," he smiles
genially, "I certainly wouldn't tell it but I
haven't! I just get the right actors and the right

—

script.

Then

there's nothing to it!"

Well, maybe not. But that "nothing" is quoted
at a cool million dollars on the open market in


Hollywood. That “nothing” is the little item that makes every Capra picture the “white hope” of Hollywood. That “nothing,” ladies and gentlemen, is one of the greatest assets in the movie business—and “You Can’t Take It With You.” But oh, how many studios wish they could!

Prospect number two for a greater fall movie men is steaming up at Selznick International. No—not “Gone with the Wind.” In fact, a little sparrow chirped to us that “Jezebel” put a serious crimp in production plans for that too-long delayed picture. As we stalk up the walk to the white colonial Selznick piazza, however, a sign tells us it’s “Scarlett Way”—so they’re still thinking about it over there, anyway.

“The Young in Heart” brings S-I to life again. It also brings Janet Gaynor back to the screen after too, too many months. And how it brings her back! The first thing we notice when we step on the set is Gaynor, or rather Gaynor’s graceful gams—or just plain legs, if you prefer. Didn’t know she had ‘em, did you? Well—you’ll see.

For this is the first time in history Janet has ventured the movie world a peep at her pretty supports. She’s strolling around in a pirate outfit, as we come up. Big, floppy, skull-and-crossbones hat, shirtwaist and such short panties! It’s a shame they’re not making this one in Technicolor like Janet’s last, “A Star Is Born,” because there is no red hair in Holly-

wood with just that heavenly sheen that Janet’s has. And no brown eyes, either.

“The Young In Heart” stems from I. A. R. Wylie’s saga of a delightfully irresponsible clan, “The Gay Banditti.” It promises to start a new cycle of insane pictures—but this time intelligently insane ones, if that makes sense. Slipstick vulgarity is out—witty dialogue and adully amusing situations are on the way in. Sophisticated screwballs, as it were. The cast of this ties in with that idea—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Paulette Goddard, Roland Young, Billie Burke—and a new, smooth lover, Richard Carlson, who’ll fling woo with Janet while Doug gets Paulette to pet.

Only Janet and Richard are on hand to thrill us with amou-r today, but Billie Burke, Roland Young and a crowd of brilliantly costumed guests cluster around a gaming table in a Riviera villa set, clinking silver recklessly. (In the movies you don’t have to go broke at that pastime.) The camera shoots through this group and out on the balcony where Richard Carlson, in a gorgeous Scotch tartan get-up, is to stroll arm in arm with Janet. When they tested him for this part they made sure Richard had a shapely brace of calves, so Janet’s streamliners wouldn’t put him out on a limb, so to speak. Now, in kilts, he looks beautiful but a little unhappy.

“What’s the matter?” we ask him.

“No pockets in this darn’ thing,” he grumbles.

“And what,” inquires Miss Gaynor, “would a Scotchman want with pockets?”

Just when Director Richard Wallace is ready to roll, Janet, to our amazement, slips into a
polo coat and trips nonchalantly over to her dressing room. A second later the camera whirrs and there goes Janet strolling across the scene! It isn’t black magic at all—just Eleanor, her new starlet. She’s so much like Gaynor in every department that they can use her in the long shots!

“My Lucky Star,” the Sonja Henie film at 20th Century-Fox, offers one of the most spectacular sets of the month—a complete college campus, white with gymspow snow. Sonja’s a little coed in this one, sent to school by a big department store, to get the college cuties clothes-minded. She changes sensational habits every few feet of film, and loves it.

We find her done up in white dress and hat with candy-stripe trimmings, sitting in a college sweet shop set, tearing into a strawberry sundae. In this scene, Richard Greene, TCF’s new Boy Beautiful, keeps her company because Richard’s the love interest.

The minute the Director cries, “Print it!” Sonja skips across the set where a soda fountain is set up. It’s a real one, too, with honest-to-goodness ice cream, phosphates and fizz. “Strawberry sundae,” she orders!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE’S having a little trouble on the “Lucky Penny” set, so we have to pass it by for a peek at Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver in the circus film, “I’ll Give a Million,” with Peter Lorre and Jean Hersholt.

We’re amazed that everything Director Walter Lang shoots today is in one take. After two or three scenes, even Warner gets suspicious. “Say,” he asks Lang, “have you got a date, or something?” “Don’t kid me,” interrupts Marjorie. “You two are going fishing and you want to get through!”

We have to drive over the hills to fashionable Bel-Air where the richer movie moguls live, to visit Barbara Stanwyck and her new husband, “Always Goodbye.” The company has taken over a magnificent private mansion with a big garden.

In back of the house mammoth gold-leaved reflectors burn the sunshine in. Barbara cries for help after a few minutes. While she cools off, Director Sidney Lanfield explains the plot of “Always Goodbye” to us. As we suspected, it’s another self-sacrifice part for Barbara, in spite of the wardrobe finery. Once you show a talent for something in Hollywood, you’ll get more of it—you can bet on that. Barbara is the infatuated woman whose love for her baby makes her give up real romance, and choose the man who’ll give her boy the best future. That, in this case, is Ian Hunter. Herbert Marshall’s the beloved loser.

Seeing Ian getting the girl is almost too much for us, and him, too. “I can’t understand it,” he grins. “I always suffer and suffer, in a welter of unrequited love!”

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer we find that the only two new films actually before the camera are “Woman Against Woman,” with the ubiquitous Herbert Marshall, Mary Astor and Virginia Bruce, and Battling Bob Taylor’s second human drama, “The Crowd Roars.”

“Woman Against Woman” for us, is a closed issue, because only technical shots are on the card, so, skipping this adult divorce triangle, we size up Bob, Taylor, the leather pusher.

“The Crowd Roars” looks very much like a cross between “Golden Boy” and “Kid Galahad,” with a little bit of every past prize-fight picture thrown in. Bob’s an East Side kid whose pop, Frank Morgan, wants him to be an opera singer. But he gets mixed up with the fight world and the racketeers, and then it’s too late. Maureen O’Sullivan is the good influence again, and Edward Arnold, Nai Pendleton and Isabel Jewell handle the character parts.

A large prize ring looms in the center of the stage, where Bob will square off with professional punchers in a few days. Bob has another ring at his Northridge estate. He’s taking this fighting stuff seriously. Maybe he has a few reporters in mind!

We find Warner Brothers, our next studio hop, pretty firmly in the grip of the Lane-Morris combine. The Lanes, Fricella, Rosemary and Lolo, have made Fannie Hurst’s “Sister Act” a strictly familiar matter.

“Sister Act” is small-town, human-hearted stuff—a family of girls who all long for one man, but pretend to one another they don’t care a bean for him. The young man so delicately desired is a new Warner hope, one Jefferson Lynn, who stepped right from nowhere into this grand part because Errol Flynn decided to cruise around Cat Cay in the Caribbean, rather than come back to work. The part was meant for Errol.

Jeffrey’s on the side lines today, though. This scene’s all feminine and seventy-five percent female. The fourth sister is Gale Page.

We watch a nice “Sister Eight” scene, after which the Lanes’ small niece, “Missy,” comestoddling up and asks us, “Where’s Weenie?”

We look blank. “Weenie,” Lolo explains, “is Wayne—Wayne Morris.”

“Oh,” we say and promise “Missy” we’ll go find “Weenie” right now.

So we do. He’s out on the back lot where that old favorite, “Valley of the Giants,” is under way at last.

It suits Wayne perfectly. He’s a big, rugged guy with a natural outdoor look, anyway. And in “Valley of the Giants” there’ll be plenty of magnificent scenery and virile action to match his husky personality. The scene is laid in the mountain country of California, in the early days of the lumber industry, when men were men and women a good excuse for a fight. Wayne plays the manly, good influence of the camp, versus that perpeltual movie troublemaker, Charles Bledford. The girl, Claire Trevor, Alan Hale, Jack LaRue and El Brendel kick the rolled plot along with Western character.

Warriners are busy on “Garden of the Moon,” their night-club musical, which we covered last month, and “Racket Busters” with George Brent, Walter Abel, Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Dickson and Penny Singleton. “Racket Busters” is the sort of thing Warners can do better than any other studio, in our opinion. As you can guess, it’s an expose of a racket—this time the trucking racket—and we don’t mean the dance. They’ll be rehashing on the “Racket Busters” set for an hour or two. We watch Lloyd Bacon direct a fast-talking rehearsal with Penny Singleton, Allen Jenkins, George and the roughest looking bunch of truckin’ mugs ever collected in Hollywood. One line gives us a chuckle. Penny Singleton, hands on hips, is giving George a piece of her mind. “Women!” she cries. “What do you know about women?” Offhand, Penny, your next scene is a bit too tender for “his pal,” Ralph Blyth. There is no place to bring in personalities. So we tiptoe away from temptation and head for Paramount where the ultra-violent Martha Raye is wreaking the Navy in “Give Me A Sailor.”

RKO is shooting A Sailor,” inspired by Charlotte Greenwood’s old hit, “Linger Longer, Letty,” Martha’s an ugly duckling who blunders into a national leg contest, wins it and then goes glam—our girl in a big way, running against Bob Hope right away from lascivious Betty Grable. Along the way there’s plenty of opportunity for a parade of funny gags, some cute and hot Robin and Rainger songs and a chance for musical-comedy star, Jack Whiting, to join in.

Up the street at RKO, we find something we’ve been waiting a long time to see, namely; our favorite two-some—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, back together again in “Carefree.”

Fred is a psychiatrist in “Carefree,” one of those trick doctors who can tell you all about your complexes, inhibitions and suppressed desires. He goes to work on Ginger to make her overcome her fear of flying, but Ginger has a better idea. She finds him by breaking down and falling for Fred instead! The dances and the songs—all by Irving Berlin—fit into a fast and funny hypnotic routine.

RKO is shooting capacity with “Northern Flights,” a commercial aviation picture with Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Joan Fontaine, and “Cheating the Stars,” a film expose of the astrology racket with two newcomers, Frances Mercer and Allan Lane. But we’ve been waiting a long time to see Ruby Keeler in the turning point of her career, so we make quick tracks in the direction of “Mother Carey’s Chickens.”

“Mother Carey’s Chickens” was originally booked for Ginger Rogers, but Ginger was too busy. Ruby was under contract at RKO and agreed to do it. She’s staking a lot on it how it turns out, but nobody ever called a Keeler a scared-cat, although Ruby confessed to us she was pretty nervous the first day of shooting after an absence of a year and a half. Director Rowland Lee cured her by calling off a dramatic scene and moving the script up to a pillow fight.

“After that,” Ruby smiles, “I was relaxed all right—and so were the pillows.”

It’s odd after watching a particularly tear-jerking scene, somehow, to see Ruby Keeler light a cigarette, Anne Shirley rouge. Those things seem out of place. We shrug our shoulders—actors are just actors after all.

Then we notice a little rim of flesh tape around one of Ruby Keeler’s fingers. Did she hurt her hand?

“No,” she tells us, “that’s my wedding ring under there. I’ve never had it off since I married Al. I wouldn’t take it off for the best part in Hollywood!”

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS BY GWENN WALTERS

Royer created this perfect two-piece summer frock of Blanchini’s Toile Croisicere white linen for Barbara Stanwyck, RKO star, to wear in 20th Century-Fox’s “Always Goodbye.” Royer embroiders the blouse with orange and green yarn, and stresses the green contrast by a Knox sailor of rough straw. The white cashmere vest is finished smartly at the neckline with a choker of pearls.
On this page, Gail Patrick wears the grey wool jersey travel suit that will be a highlight of Universal's "Wives Under Suspicion." The fabric of the jacket and cape banding is striped in white; the cape is hip-length with graceful flare, and the trim skirt is pencil slim. Gail's grey felt beret is tied on with black voiling.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAY JONES

Norma Shearer, whose return to the screen is heralded in the M-G-M film, "Marie Antoinette," poses in her first fashion photograph. It is exclusive to Photoplay. Her white silk jersey gown, designed for formal evening wear, has a softly draped skirt held by a wrapped belt, and a fitted bodice trimmed and closed with self-covered buttons.
Hip-length jackets are Hollywood favorites for topping prints. Ann Miller, RKO player to appear in Columbia's Frank Capra production, "You Can't Take It with You," selects hers in black Shantung linen, contrasting her beige background Berliner print flowered in orange, yellow, green and black. The collarless jacket has waistline buttons and inverted pockets. Ann's hat has a high flatiron crown, her toeless white suede pumps have vamp motifs, lacing and heels of black.
Renie, designer for RKO, features the marine influence in this grand tropic suit of white tricotine that she created for Lucille Ball. The jacket outline band, pockets, buttons, bound buttonholes and high-neck blouse are of navy, and this contrast color is repeated most effectively in the trim of the white felt hat Lucille wears. The gloves are hand-stitched in navy and the white kid bag matches the slip-on, heel-less, toeless shoes. Lucille’s last film was RKO’s “Go Chase Yourself.”
The wise girl, planning her campus clothes, thinks first of a casual coat and hat ensemble. Phyllis Brooks (below), of 20th Century-Fox's "Straight," Place and Show," selects this Voris ensemble: hat and coat of brown suede with silk lining striped in red, green, blue and brown. Her bag is of rawhide.

Our prospective coed then considers another important point: the woolen suit that will go to school, to week ends, to football games and "to town." Anita Louise, Warner star borrowed for M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette," suggests a contrast suit of black and white (above). A white slub yarn stripes the black woolen of the single-breasted, fitted, collarless jacket that is outlined with black silk braid and belted with kidskin. The stripes on the banding of the slit pockets run contrariwise to effect a novel detail. The skirt is a four-gored black woolen; the hat, black felt with tiny crown veil and chin ties.

Maureen O'Sullivan, who is to be seen next in M-G-M's "The Crowd Roars," also suggests a contrast suit for this all-purpose "must" campus costume. The skirt of cocoa brown tweed is topped by a box jacket of periwinkle blue and brown check. Maureen wisely intensifies the lighter hue by wearing a cashmere sweater of the same delicate shade. The deeply notched, collarless neckline of the jacket is a trick and compelling style note. The narrow felt band that gathers the crown of Maureen's brown felt hat slips through the brim to form a chin strap that ties in an amusing large bow.
Rita Hayworth (top, left), Columbia contract player, models the tricky Byron sport hat, "Bar Harbor." It is individualized by a pleated crown and a contrast grosgrain band that is finished with a double knot as front trim.

Jacqueline Wells (top, center), who is now appearing in Columbia's "Highway Patrol," suggests "Paget," a new Roxford felt beret for campus wear. It boasts a creased sectional crown, a saucy dip in front and a perky bow.

Hats go skyward as Rita's "Tahoe," off-the-face Byron (top, right), becomes the sensation of the month! The gathered front fullness is caught by a contrast tailor's tack. This hat is a grand investment for campus, town, sports.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood hats shown on this page are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on page 88.

For those who prefer an off-the-face hat, Jacqueline suggests "Hampshire," a youthful Roxford model (left), also styled of felt. It has a high irregular crown and a gay contrast band ending in back tabs and streamers.
To dramatize delightful summer evenings, Doris Nolan, currently appearing in Columbia's "Holiday," suggests three of the season's loveliest gowns. The black silky lace model (it also comes in white) at the right is frankly borrowed from the ball gown of a 19th Century Southern belle. Grosgrain ribbon bands and bows accent the décolletage and waistline. Her second gown (below), created in the same period mood, has a bodice fitted over stays to assure support to the low décolletage which is softly trimmed with footing to match the edging of the hemline. It comes in this luscious white with contrast flowers or in pastels. Pouf sleeves that broaden the shoulders and exaggerate the tiny waistline and a softly gathered heart-shape bodice outlined with pleating and caught with bouquets lend picturesque charm to this youthful pink satin formal in Empire style. Comes in white and other pastels.
Are you seeking that "Midseason Miracle" costume that combines the summer gaiety of color and the autumn chic of black? Adrienne Ames, who returns to the screen via Progressive's "Slander House," shows you just such a find—the trick lies in the dusty-pink crepe knife-pleated panel, the matching pearls and gloves! Adrienne's halo hat is of black stitched taffeta. Her shoes and bag are of patent to match the leather in the belt of her frock.
The upward trend in hair-do's sponsored by Hollywood offers anyone a new personality—even a dual one!

Hair must rise to the occasion—Hollywood, rather bored with the regulation page-boy hair style and its long bob with the curled-up ends, is very heartily supporting the new trend toward a high coiffure. And when Hollywood goes in for a new style, the rest of the country dashes pell-mell to be in on it, too.

There are so many lovely variations of this upward hair trend that I'm sure you can adapt it to your own advantage. You can look more exciting, more charming—you can even change your whole type by merely giving yourself a new hair-do. Besides, a new coiffure does wonders for your morale as well as your appearance. It gives you a bright new outlook on life. A nice thing about a higher coiffure, too, is that it's so grand and cool for the summer.

Summer hair styles should be simple because you're wearing light simple dresses. However, every now and then we're faced with a very festive occasion and we want a coiffure that's a little more elaborate. And experimenting with a new style just before a great occasion is often a boomerang, because if you don't like it, you don't have the time to change it. So the trick is to have your hair done in a way that's perfect for daytime and yet can be adapted to a more formal style.

I saw Marie Wilson on the set of "Boy Meets Girl," and she helped me solve the problem of a double-duty hairdress. She posed for the pictures on this page, illustrating how you can have your hair set so that it can be combed out in a daytime style and then also be arranged for evening.

You can have your hairdresser set your hair in these little pin curls around your head. Here's how it's done: the hair on the crown of the head is parted in the center from the top of the crown to a point about two inches from the forehead. Then the hair is swept up from the temples to meet the band of pin curls which completely circles the head. The body of the hair is brushed to follow the lines of the head, and rather loose pin curls follow over the ears and meet at the center back.

For general daytime wear, the hair is combed out loosely. From the center part, the hair at either side of the face is swept up and back, meeting the rest of the hair over the ears. The top of the head and the back are brushed smoothly down, and the ends curled softly up so that you have a crown of curls circling your head. A narrow ribbon holds the hair up off the face and ties in a neat bow at the top. It's a very charming, youthful style, and one of the smartest to be seen around town. Don't forget, though, that the ends must be combed out very loosely and allowed to curl up as they please.

Now, for that dance at the country club that you've been looking forward to all summer (and you have firmly made up your mind that you're going to look sensational that night!), you simply concret yourself a brand new hairdress by combing out your hair in a different way.

Marie shows you how you can achieve this formal hairdress by brushing out the pin curls and sweeping all of the front hair upward across the front to either temple. Comb out the ends into large loose curls across the front of the head. Notice the soft wave at the temple that softens the face and avoids the harsh look that strained-back hair tends to give. Get yourself one of the rat-tail combs that taper to a point. You wind the curly hair over your finger with the tapered end of the comb to make these soft curls. Your hairdresser always uses it and you can rearrange the curls at home much more easily with it.

For the back of this formal hairdress, the hair is brushed down flat to the head from the center part and the ends combed out loosely in soft curls. Marie wears a band of small gardenias pinned in place to hold the hair close to the head. It gives a clean-cut modeling to the back of the head as well as being extremely smart and attractive. This hair-do is becoming to almost any type of face and you can see how it heightens the youthful charm and dignity of Marie's pretty face.

If you're a blonde like Marie, and want to accent the loveliness of gleaming blonde hair, you may find Marie's method of caring for her hair helpful. She shampoo her hair twice a week, alternating between soap and dry sham-

(Continued on page 83)
The most sought-after girl in Hollywood has married only once. That marriage was a failure. Yet her one year as Grant Withers' wife affected Loretta more than anyone has ever known.

THERE was a gentle, warm night gathering outside and Loretta Young Withers knew it, sensed it while she stood and passionately kissed the dark young man with the glossy hair. She said aloud, "I adore you. There's no need to tell you that. But this must not be," and she said it well. But she was thinking: I've got to get out of here, I'm tired and I can't be tired tonight, he will be there, he won't like it if I'm tired.

"Okay," a voice said, and a whistle blew, and lights went up. "Print that. No more now."

She walked slowly over to her dressing room without even glancing again at the man who had held her so closely a moment before. She opened the door and went in and saw Grant lounging against the piled cushions of the little built-in sofa. As it always did, a clear shock started suddenly under Loretta's chin and ran downward in the instant before he kissed her. She thought: It stopped at my knees tonight, though. I must really be tired.
Outside, in the motor court, she said, "Take the big car home, Smith. We'll use the roadster." As they drove down Sunset Boulevard, a little later, she let the wind blow the careful curls of her hair into frantic clutter and inched herself to the left until her shoulders touched his comfortably.

"I didn't know such happiness could exist," she murmured. "Or such love as ours. There was nothing like this in the books I read . . . Her mind remembered suddenly that the words she had just spoken were out of a romantic novel, and she recognized the circumstances: a roadster, a tropical night, two lovers.

"I needn't have said that. It would have been just as well if I hadn't. He didn't answer—"

"Let's go back to the apartment and have dinner together alone," she said out loud. "I'm sick of dining out."

Grant turned the car around at the next intersection. "That'll be fun," he agreed listlessly.

At home—at the storybook apartment they had furnished as soon as they had come back from Yuma—Loretta rang for the cook and then went over to the huge radio, touched a button, watched the top open into a bar. "I'll fix you a martini," she told Grant with a deliberate gay note in her voice. "Ring for Anna again, will you?"

Four seconds later she remembered. "Oh how silly! Never mind—I told her this morning she could go to the beach this evening. I thought . . ." She saw the quick annoyance in his eyes. "Well," she cried, "I'll just run you up a little something with my own little white hands. Come on. We'll see what's in the refrigerator."

A little later, after she had tied a baby's cambric handkerchief that was an apron around her waist, she stood uncertainly holding the refrigerator door open, eying the mysteries within.

"Are you terribly hungry, darling? I could do an egg—I think. And some tea. And apparently that's ice cream in that tray, there."

"Anything," Grant said. He took her shoulders suddenly and kissed the back of her neck.

"I'll be ambrosia, if you fix it. I'll set the table." He was making an effort, too.

"YOU'RE not eating," she accused him, as they sat at supper.

His fork made little, unemnast dabs at his plate. "I can't figure out how you did this egg, is all."

A note of irritation colored her voice. "It was going to be boiled, but the shell broke so now it's poached."

The fork clattered against china. Grant smiled weakly. "We—maybe we should just go on down to the Derby and eat. It's not late—"

Loretta pushed her chair back with a scraping noise and stood up. "There's something wrong," she said.

"I don't mean the dinner—that just went haywire—but beyond that there's something wrong. With us. I've felt it all evening. Tell me."

"Don't be silly, sweet, " He lit a cigarette. "There's nothing at all."

"I know there is. Tell me."

"Well—" He considered each word carefully—"you're not very practical, darling. You live in a dream world. You expect this place to run itself and life to flow smoothly and everything to be perfect, all the time. Marriage isn't like that."

"Just as an example, Anna should have been here tonight. She's never here. You let her off so often I forget what she looks like."

"Oh please, don't complain!" Loretta's eyes were wide with tears despite herself.

He shrugged.

She stared at him in silence. After a moment he turned, picked up his hat, and went out.

As the door closed behind him she grabbed a heavy crystal ash-tray and threw it with all her strength at the nearest window. There was suddenly a ragged hole in the glass and then, seconds later, came a faint tinkling far below. She stood still, quivering, for one full, tense moment, and then ran into her room and made a running dive for the bed.

The cream of the Hollywood male crop has vied, year after year, for dates with Loretta. Here are some of the chosen few:

1 In 1931, it was Mervyn Le Roy, now married to Doris Warner, who was seen here, there and everywhere with her.

2 For a while after the film, "Man's Castle," coworkers Spencer Tracy and Loretta saw the town together.

3 Then Lydell Pock, Janet Gaynor's "ex," went to the top of the list. But this was due only to a brief prelude to . . .

4 . . . her two-year romance with Director Eddie Sutherland. Filmtown, speculating on wedding bells, was disappointed . . .

5 . . . for David Niven, whose name had often been coupled with Merle Oberon, began to buy Loretta's gardenias.

6 On these nights, however, it's writer Joe Mankiewicz who rings the Young doberman with the best results.

At about one o'clock she heard the bedroom door open softly. Grant came in and a moment later she felt his hand touch her shoulder. She sat up.

"I thought—you might like this," he said, holding out a package.

It was a bottle of perfume, a hundred dollar bottle, and he could not have paid cash for it. She thought: But I don't care. He's so dear, I love him so much—

She opened her arms and held him fiercely to her. "I'll never happen again," she said; "I promise you it will never happen again. Everything will be all right from now on."

But she lied, and she knew she lied. She divorced Grant Withers eleven months after their marriage, but she had been living at

BY HOWARD SHARPE

WORN FOR ROMANCE

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Coming:
The Hollywood influence on modern youth has been told from many angles, but never so hilariously as in this autobiography of an autograph fan which begins in Photoplay next month.

If you’re a Problem Parent, you’ll learn plenty; if you’re a Problem Child, you’ll grin and hear it but you’re all in for a marvelous time.

The hospital for an emergency operation. "And he wants you," Dr. Edwards added. "His condition is critical, I’m afraid, and if you could come here to the hospital it might help a little."

I’ll catch the first plane down," she shouted, and hung up. After an hour of agitation she settled in the leather-air cushion of the plane chair and waited impatiently for the take-off, thinking, Only an hour or so. Poor Bill. Poor Bill—She half dozed and in her mind worked involuntarily for a time. Suddenly she sat up, realizing that for half an hour she had been thinking of how unpleasant it would have been if this thing had happened while she was with him. I mustn’t, she thought, angering herself with anxiety. Poor Bill. Poor Bill.

When she got out of the plane, early in the morning, at Burbank, her car was waiting for her. "It’s all right, Mom," she said. "I’ll feel better after a bath. That long trip—"

"You don’t understand," said her mother. "He’s dead."

She stood alone in the garden, watching the mouth of a copper spout spout clear water into the pool, seeing the moon again, only slightly altered from the shape it had been the night Bill had said he had a wife in New York. She had decided to face it. Looking upward, she waited: now the multiple hurt, the dramatic sorrow of her personal liebestod could flow unchecked through her mind, washed in tears, if it would.

For a long time she knew nothing, but what was happening, that nothing would happen. She felt pity for Bill and a sense that she had been cheated of something—or perhaps had mislaid it—as a result of his death. But there was nothing else.

She felt suddenly frightened, wondering if ever in her life an emotion had been genuine, real. She tried to recapture sensations, the reactions of the dreams, the cause for joy in the years past in order to analyze them—but they were misty and mercurial. She had lived too long in a world of printed pages in which everything was prescribed for her, coated with glamorous polish, which enabled her to calculate to respond to a certain formula of writing.

Once she had cried, she remembered now, because the combination of a certain scent and a certain bar of music and a certain time of evening had made her sad; and this sorrow had been more real to her than a more genuine grief in the stark light of day, without the assistance of perfume or melody. And that time she held one breath, hating to let the mood pass because it was luxurious and satisfying. Perhaps she could feel nothing as long as she could remember she had used her emotions at will; perhaps she would learn to make the quiet drab life more exciting, and now for further years she would use the camera to record them. I’ve come to the studio and angry, she thought, and I have had to be brilliantly gay for eight hours. It’s impossible to submerge that in crying scenes because a script called for it.

She walked slowly along a garden path, thinking of the first time she was in love. She had been fourteen, the boy had given her a ring. Then, one afternoon as they sat together, a perverse thing in her had said, “Give him the ring and tell him you want to call it quits, just to see what he’ll do.” He’ll plead with you, and when you’ll relent, and then the afternoon will have been a little more exciting.”

So she did. He took the ring, looked at it, said, “Do you really mean this, Gretchen?”

“Yes,” she nodded positively.

He didn’t protest. He just reached for his coat, stood up, said, “Well, good-by then. It’s been fun,” and walked quietly down to his car.

She had sat-waited—herself after going to the curb after he had driven away, refusing to believe it. She has never seen him again.

Later she had said, “I’ll never have a chance like that again.”

Next time—

Next time had been Grant.

Could she really have been in love with Grant if the collapse of her marriage to him had hurt her so little? Could she really have been in love with Grant if now that he was gone, she could not even weep for him?

Then suddenly she was crying in earnest for the first time, not for Bill, not even for Grant, but for something else, something she could not lose her heritage of romance—that she might have given up the capacity for love, for emotion. Finally she found a marble bench and sat on it, and in the ensuing minutes made herself a solemn promise:

“When I love again I will forget caution, I will forget consequences. I will take everything, and if there will be great happiness I will have that desire of which we spoke, and perhaps that, too. I will have these things, next time.”

But it was three years before she loved that much, or kept her promise.

Climax in romance, stark tragedy and eventual happiness in her own personal life marked the astonishing career rise of Loretta Young during the years that followed. Her life story will be concluded in September Photoplay.
WOO, WOO... AND I DO MEAN WOO

BY SARA HAMILTON

I KNOW now, heaven help me, how it feels to be a lollipop-snatcher-away-er from helpless babies. Or even a penny-grabber from beggars on cold wintry corners. Fagan should have known me—Hamilton, the artful dodger—who reaches out, without a word of warning, and snatches away from his devoted public—Hugh Herbert.

Awful, isn't it? And don't think I haven't spent hours on my knees (dimples, and at my age) in solid meditation over the problem of whether to leave Hughie as he seems to be or reveal him as he really is. Always, in my delibration, comes this thought—if I can replace in the hearts of Herbert fans a man twice as lovable and just as amusing as the woo-wooing catastrophe of the screen, then maybe I may be forgiven. And, thank heavens, there's enough of the cyclonic screen Herbert carried over to the off-screen Hughie to make the whole upsetting business very upsiding.

There is something about Hugh Herbert behind a desk on the screen (a place he migrates to as birds do to oak trees) that defies description. There are no words to picture the monkey business that goes on between Hugh, his desk, the things on it, and people who come within five miles of him. Inanimate objects leap and fly into stenographers' faces. And places. Telephones answer Hughie, rugs spill over the inkwells, hysterics have people, the Dipsy-Doodle has kittens, and everything goes plumb to pot and hell.

Silly for Hugh, amidst the bedlam, to flutter about asking, "Woo, woo, what's happening to me?"

Woo, woo, what's happening to everybody and everything on God's green earth is more like it! There is something about Hughie behind a desk off screen (a place he migrates to as naturally as ducks take to Joe Penner) that again defies description. The bedlam gives way to a certain calm as disturbing in its serenity as the film convulsions are in their intensity.

Yes, things are quieter but never, never can you convince me they aren't so funny.

As Mayor of Studio City, a small flat section of North Hollywood, just a good egg's throw from Warners Studio, Mr. Herbert has business to attend to. Big business.

As President of the Studio City Chamber of Commerce, again Mr. Herbert has business to take care of.

As Chief Columnist of the Studio City News, Mr. Herbert has more business to take care of.

For instance, in a recent issue of his weekly column headed, "The Mayor—Hugh Herbert Says"—he vehemently attacks a local group who has the impertinence to suggest that the city's name be changed from Studio City to Laurelwood Village, of all forsworn things.

"Why?" columnist Herbert demands. (boy, that's putting it to them). "Why? Who are these people?" (Hear! Hear!). "Why isn't Studio City a good name? Haven't we three studios in our midst? Well, two anyway and one pretty near in our midst. Laurelwood Village, he goes on, "sounds to me like a cemetery and there are no dead ones in Studio City." (Sounds of chickens ranchers screeching "amen" for miles around.)

"If you are with me as Mayor," goes on Mr. Herbert, "send in your name on a postcard and mention your pet peeve and I will try to get it (Continued on page 74)
WHAM’S happened to Katharine Hepburn? is the question all Hollywood is asking. “When a leopard changes its spots, what can it mean?”

During the last week or two of the shooting of “Holiday” everyone noticed that Hepburn—the hellion of Hollywood—had become a tame little lamb.

No longer did she object when a few chosen visitors were allowed to visit her set. This was, of course, an unheard-of thing!

Apparently welcoming such opportunity as a great personal pleasure, she consented to pose for dozens of tiresome fashion photographs.

When the “Holiday” company went on location in the North, Hepburn got up at dawn every morning, sneaked off by herself and came back with mountain trout for the crew’s breakfast.

Needless to say the crew became momentarily speechless from admiration and a new wonder.

After this picture was finished, there was a big party given at the fashionable Victor Hugo in Hollywood for the entire company.

To everyone’s surprise the unsociable Hepburn stayed until the last gun was fired. She stayed to applause, in hilarious amusement, Cary Grant doing the Big Apple.

Hepburn was completely charming and natural. Gone was all trace of the infant terrible of former days.

It has been said that Hepburn invariably gets what she wants. She wants to play Scarlett—and she has already started a strange campaign to that end.

—perhaps. In any event, here is an amazing disclosure of Hepburn’s secret fight for this coveted rôle

BY ADELHEID KAUFMANN

In spite of Katie’s boyish, brusque attitude, she has proved more than once that she is a poignantly feminine creature. She proved it as the beloved Jo in Louisa M. Alcott’s “Little Women”; again, in her exquisite portrayal of Phoebe Throsel in “Quality Street.”

It is the spirit, the soul of a character, which must be portrayed, and Hepburn has the rare gift of thinking, breathing, living the part she plays.

When Katie first read “Gone with the Wind” she was wildly enthusiastic. She tore into Pan Berman’s office at RKO and begged him to buy the book for her. But, before producer Berman could say “Jack Robinson,” David Selznick had beaten him to the finish by reading this successful best-seller in galley-proof form at the publisher’s; thus triumphantly scooping Hollywood on the distinguished novel of the year.

Naturally, this was a bitter disappointment to Katie but, characteristically, she didn’t give up hope. From that day to this she has never relinquished her dream to play the part of Scarlett.

It has been said many times that the indomitable Hepburn invariably gets the thing she wants. As I checked back into her colorful young life, I realized this was no fallacy.

Hepburn always manages to hang on to the right side of the wishbone. It isn’t luck or fate; it’s a power greater than these two things. It is Hepburn’s determination plus faith in her own
CARLETT O’HARA?

capabilities as a superior dramatic actress. She studies and works day and night to achieve her ultimate goal. Innumerable obstacles, which seem undefeatable to Hollywood, disappear like thistledown before her tumultuous attack. If she does play Scarlett O’Hara, which at this writing seems inevitable, it will be a triumphant tour de force. For it is amazing to watch the Hepburn strategy. With the dexterity of a polished diplomatist, Hepburn has achieved an ab-
urupt right-about-face in the Hollywood acting world. Katie can whip up an unholy scare in a new leading man if the impulse comes over her to do so. She’s proud and haughty and gets a kick out of putting people in an uncomfortable spot. As far as she’s concerned, everybody is a sissy if he doesn’t pay back her way. In other words, the gal may be a “debit” but she’s dynamite enough to get away with it all.

In view of all this, her capricious about-face caused people to grow suspicious, for Hepburn is not the sort of person to turn into a temporary angel for nothing. Your guess is as good as mine as to why all this is happening. I can only report on her behavior and draw my own conclusions. Ever since the rumor started that Hepburn had signed a new contract with David Selznick, she has been constantly with her favorite director, George Cukor, who directed her in “Holiday” and who will direct “Gone with the Wind” in the autumn.

The two have had one conference after an-
other in the exclusion of Cukor’s famously beau-
tiful house, hidden behind ivy-covered walls. If she isn’t in a verbal huddle with him she is in his marble swimming pool. It was Cukor, if you remember, who was re-
ponsible for bringing Hepburn to Hollywood in the first place. She was his discovery and when she made a hit in “A Bill of Divorcement,” he behaved like a man who had just won the Kentucky Derby.

She followed this first triumph with “Morn-
ing Glory” and with a later triumph directed by Cukor, “Little Women.”

So, it would seem like a born natural for Cu-
kor again to direct Hepburn’s destiny, should she get the lead rôle, Scarlett, in “Gone with the Wind.”

MEANWHILE, Constance Collier goes right on coaching Paulette Goddard for the Scarlett rôle.

There are rumors whispered around that Paulette’s tests were not so hot. That’s one ru-
mor. There are many others, such as the report that Charlie Chaplin doesn’t want Paulette to make the picture.

Paulette told me with tears in her eyes, “My real story is a crazy one. I want to work more than anything else in the world but I never allowed to—”

She twisted a new two-inch cabochon dia-
mond and ruby bracelet around her slim brown wrist, while she looked wistful about no job.

Those who think Hepburn too boyish for the rôle of Scarlett must remember “Little Women” and “Quality Street.” If they think she is too thin, perhaps not voluptuous enough for the off-
the-shoulder dresses, they must remember that the world’s greatest designers can create almost any illusion of perfection. But don’t forget that Hepburn is a great actress! She can throw her-
self so completely into a characterization, she is the person she portrays.

Hepburn is Scarlett O’Hara at heart. George Cukor said in a recent interview: “Scarlett is typically Southern. That kind of woman couldn’t have happened anywhere else. She is very female and like the average woman has no abstract sense of proportion. She hasn’t much of a mind and she has no nobility. Yet she has a lot of character.”

“I know at least five women in Hollywood and on the stage not as stupid as Scarlett, but who have her kind of temperament. They all came from the South and they have cut a wide swath,” Cukor laughed.

Much later, we talked about the dress prob-
lem in “Gone with the Wind.” An amusing per-
son on the left of George Cukor at the luncheon table said, “Scarlett’s clothes reflected the bad taste she displayed in picking her friends—she chose them because she thought they were funny.”

Hepburn used to work on commission and got a percentage of box-office receipts when she in-
sisted on doing any costume productions. She made a great many unnecessary financial sacri-
fices for her art. Now that there is a possibility that she is to do the biggest rôle of her entire career, this becomes a vindication of Cukor’s faith, and, in a way, it becomes a vindication of all those years in which Hepburn sacrificed her salary for her art.

Doesn’t a modern quote like this from Hep-
burn’s own lips sound a little as though Scarlett O’Hara might have spoken had she been a young star in Hollywood?

“I have moods,” said Miss Hepburn. “Well, they’re mine. Why should I change? If I don’t feel like having my picture taken at a tennis match, why should I? If I feel like putting my

hands over my face, why shouldn’t I? Posing

for pictures takes time. You know that I will not be anything but myself for anybody. Why
don’t you leave me alone?”

Don’t forget Hepburn is a great actress. The difficult rôle of the Southern vixen needs one

George Cukor, below, who is set to direct “Gone with the Wind,” first brought Hepburn to Hollywood. It was he who directed her most successful films. Now, today, Cukor and Hepburn are constantly in conference. One more proof?
nice-looking, sad-eyed young gentleman who solemnly shook hands with her, inquired politely would she mind being his girl when she grew up and just as politely said goodbye. The young gentleman was Charlie Chaplin and the nine-year-old startling never forgot the time he shook hands with her, for even since, although now they live within nothing like distance of each other.

Six years later, too, when she met King Gustaf of Sweden, who leaned over from his towering height to pat her on the head, and later there was a hand- some wooden dummy beside her who also shook hands with her and even proposed that perhaps the next time they met they might walk around the balcony if they were in a balcony at the time. He was Prince of Wales then, and later he became King of all England and Olympic met him again—but they did not dance.

So Olympic went trooping over the Continent, gaining in beauty, and poise, and charm and whatnot, and meeting people of vast importance under the international scheme of things but none impressed her more—and I have her word for it—but a bold face, aauve young fellow—fellow exactly who was meeting with fair success in Stockholm. He had a wooden dummy and the dummy had a wooden dummy and everything was the same as the other things were Swedish. Edgar Bergen was his name—but Olympic doesn't recall the name of the dummy, except that she positively it was not Charlie McCarthy.

Bergen was great fun—and Bergen it was who kept insisting that some day Olympic would be a great, great star. Would she please honor him with her autograph? Yes, please, for she is so famous he had no opportunity to even approach her.

"So then I met him several times later," says Olympic. "And always he says, 'Hello, star. How about an autograph?' Well now he is such a beast and star and must be so used to them that maybe he will not remember me. So there is a party and we all go to Santa Anita and Edgar Bergen's been there and he says: 'Hello, star, how about an autograph?' It is such fun!"

Little Olympic, to get back to Sweden or America or London (you take your choice), was coming on—or have I said that before? There was her long term in the original Folies Bergère in Paris. There were three cinematic experiences in rapid succession—"Flo-Roche," "Roger-la-Hont" and "Une Petite Fille."

And then Clifford Fischer, with his dream of bringing a new type of cabaret entertainment to America, brought her over along with other members of the Parisian Folies Bergère. That was in 1935 and Chicago was the first American city that they played. It wasn't until some months later, when she opened at the French Casino in the city that is first in everything, that if you'll go back to the beginning of the article, you will know precisely how she interested me.

I shall never forget the rumble of enthusiasm that swept through the mixed audience of society fashionables and Broadway sophisticates that opening night. Tall, handsome young ladies had strutted out in furs and in silks, in pill-box hats and all except a necklace. And then, "Little Dynamite" came tumbling out—in trim sailboat suit—tumbled and turned and twisted the end of the bunch in flips, shouted "Voilà!" The smart audience thundered for her return and when she came tumbling back again, one distinguished gentleman arose from his table down front, held up his glass of champagne, gulped down the contents, smushed the glass on the table and yelled: "Okay, Kid. Okay." And Olympic, round, pinkish, baby face beaming, yelled back, "Voilà—okay. Keel, "O.K."

They tell me this was the first English ever spoken by the young lady. The management hired her on the spot.

And so Paramount beckoned and, as I have already said, she was permitted to wander around the lot, was paying any attention to her until one day George Raft spotted her on a set, having seen her previously in New York, and suggested to Director Henry Hathaway that she be given the role of "him" in "Souls at Sea."

Back "home with her famous folks on the Brooklyn circus grounds. Olympic's mother is far left, second row; her uncle beside her.

I learned from Olympic, as she sat in the office here looking out of the window at a passing freighter, that the time of idleness had not been wasted. She was mastering the difficult English syntax—and that young lady had done it with in the brief period between the time she left New York and now, is something that makes a writer want to go and hide his head in a barrel of dishwater and onions.

Rosamond Barringer, her instructor, goes the credit, and, if in citing Olympic's conversation I play a few tricks in spelling to convey the accent, you mustn't think for a second that it is a thick accent or that her speech is not beautiful—it's far more so than that of our average young finishing school in general. There wasn't too much to sink your teeth in—that first role they gave to Olympic—but she made a great deal of it—and the Paramount must-a-mucks and the critics were highly impressed. So much so that each succeeding role was just a little warmer and fuller as she went from "Three Cheers for Love" to "College Holiday," then to "The Last Train from Madrid"—and then the Big Day. Stardom. Stardom at the top of the Stock-Heaven," opposite the blond Gene Raymond.

When the little French girl tumbled out on that French Casino stage she was five feet, one inch in height and weighed 100 pounds. Also she was born with five feet, three inches in height, weighs 115 pounds and earns close to three times her French Casino salary.

Lovely, brown-eyed, chestnut-haired, round-faced queen is she today, soft of voice and sparkle-eyed. The slyness is gone and there is much of warm humor in her speech. She has read people and wines although Dickens and Thackeray and much of Edgar Allan Poe have been neglected.

Olympic and Mama Bradna have persuaded her she is too young for beaux and whatever to believe her or not, I don't know, although, as I say, she is much too young and wide-eyed to fib successfully and so I can only quote her. "I am so, so busy I don't find time for not think she would remain in pictures for more than five years.

"After that—you are finish, I think," Mr. Edgar Bruce said. And when I pointed to Joan Crawford and Garbo and a few others, Olympic shook her head and pleaded: "Well, maybe one exception—Garbo. Garbo. But five years—and that's enough."

And I am almost inclined to believe she is right. If not from this day—now. Five years from now, it may—probably will be—a different story.

OLYMPIC lives in Van Nuys with her papa and mamma in an unpretentious little home with no swimming pool, but a nice garden and not too far from the ocean where, when she isn't riding a horse, she likes to go swimming, and when she isn't singing, she likes to go long hikes. Her day is a full one—even when the studio isn't making its demands—so she has her schooling from home, her singing lessons, her hour of limbering up and aerobatics and her dancing lessons.

And when she's tired, she has a nice voice and is sensible enough not to want to be an operative star— but ambitious enough to want to use it in her next picture.

Her complexion is olive and she rarely uses make-up off screen—save lipstick and eye-liner. She says she doesn't want to change that, too—when August comes and I am eighteen—and go out with boys. Except that what he will look like—the first boy, I mean."

I am no stickler for statistics when sitting in a seat—a big seat—with a beautiful young girl but somehow it did look out that Olympic wears size 6 B shoes, pres- ents 5 feet, about 100 pounds in her height, that her fingers are the tapering artistic type—but what I can't remember is how much of her mind having and urging her to pay another visit the next time she was in Washington.

"I think," glowed Olympic, "she is the most charming lady I have ever seen. She just—now shall I say—floats into a room—and when she smiles, you know —this is a real lady. Ever since, I am trying to learn to float into a room. Nice to breathe.

Twinkle-eyed, soft-voiced, sharply little Olympic has left the office now—and I am in the hallway who fuses with the proofs and who has been finding a dozen excuses for coming into the office. And my secretary tells me she is certain that queer noise was a big sigh coming from them. They tell me, and I believe everything about the land there are young men who sigh just like that during a picture in which Olympic Bradna is featured—and if that is so, I am really happy to agree with the enthusiastic gentle- men in power at Paramount—and with Edgar Bruce that young wide-eyed French princess will be a star for a long time."

I hope so—because just before she left—the poor girl gave me her autograph.
before I met her . . .” And thus began this inspirational love story in which the screen’s prime villain plays a major role.

It was in the winter of 1921. Basil Rathbone was playing in “The Castrina” on Broadway. In one mature audience sat two women. As the tall, dark, attractive English actor strode on the stage, one of the women turned to the other and said, “There is the man I’d like to be my husband.” Two years later they met at a party. They fell in love at once and were married.

“What Ouida saw in me, I don’t know,” confessed Basil. “But looking back, I can tell you what I see in myself. I was a man living from day to day and perfectly content in doing it. I had no plans, few ambitions. I had come back from the war, where life had been like a long, terrible dream. At the front I had never thought about what would happen when things were past and no future. Nights were either wet nights or dry nights. The important things to me then were whether my billet was warm or cold, the food good or rotten.

“I suppose when you meet death daily for a long time you give up trying to order things. I came out of the war comparatively untouched. That is, I wasn’t shell-shocked or scarred up. But I had lost all sense of life’s realities.

“I found I was still a good enough actor. I got some good parts in London. Whatever they offered me, I took. Money meant nothing to me. I never thought of getting ahead. I never cared about anything.

“Somehow I expected to be taken care of—as I had been in the army. I shrank from any responsibility. It was the only thing I hated. I hated any sort of battle or argument. I just wanted to be let alone—to vegetate. I was completely negative.”

It was hard to believe the words I heard. Basil Rathbone, one of the most positive personalities in Hollywood, branding himself as a negative, shrinking soul.

“I remember how shocked I was,” he continued, “at something that happened in London. Perhaps it prepared me a little for Ouida’s influence, later to bear fruit. I had had a bit of London success in a series of plays that John Barrymore did in New York, notably ‘Peter Ibbetson.’ When Barrymore’s latest Broadway hit, ‘The Jest,’ came to London, I naturally expected to play it. In fact, I counted on it heavily. But I made no effort to get the part. It never occurred to me they wouldn’t offer it to me. Such a thing seemed out of the question. Well— it wasn’t. Someone else did it, and I was stunned. But still the lesson didn’t sink in.

“I was still in this semi-helpless, negative state when I married Ouida. She made me positive.

“T’ll never forget her as I first saw her. Everything about her was definite. The way she looked, the way she talked. She was completely opposite to me. I was indefinite. I fell in love with her on the spot. I have never fallen out of love.

“Ouida taught me some very important things at once: that you are as important as you make yourself; that you must have respect for yourself or no one will respect you; that an actor, particularly, must be aggressive; that it’s all very well to expect and accept breaks and good fortune, but it’s not enough. You must back yourself up.

“My wife was Ouida Bergere before we were married. She was a successful screen writer. Paramount was paying her a thousand dollars a week, so I think you might say she was well along on her career. The day she married me she quit writing, abandoned her career. Or rather changed it. For twelve years, Ouida’s career has been—me.

“She was a practical woman then, as she is now. She knew first that there should be only one pay check in a family. Two pay checks mean two separate lives. If she continued her work she would have to be in Hollywood, while my interests were still on the stage in New York. She said, ‘If you are very much in love with something, you must be with it.’ So I came to Hollywood when you are in New York. So I won’t write!”

“But I think she knew, too, that the job of making me over would take all of her time and energy. I was a pretty hopeless case.”

Basil Rathbone laughed. “Frankly, I suffered from the worst inferiority complex Dr. Freud ever imagined. I had no assurance whatever. Conversations with people terrified me. I was a social flop par excellence—you know, the kind of chip who sits by himself at parties and says ‘Yes’ and ‘No’ or perhaps ‘Really!’ when he’s spoken to. I didn’t let myself express my thoughts. I was too afraid. In spite of my years and all I had gone through, I was actually timid with people.

“It must have been bad, because it was so obvious. Every fortunate I ever went to spotted it at once. They invariably told me I was dangerously lacking in the ‘civic side,’ as they sometimes called it, or the ‘social side.’ They always said my social outlets were dammed up by fear. That was before ‘complexes’ were popular.

‘Developing that social side of me has been one of the hardest jobs my wife or anyone ever faced, I’m sure. I am naturally a shy person, but she forced me to go out and see people. She brought me in contact with interesting people. She drew me out and turned the conversation to me. I have a little confidence now saying, ‘What do you think about it, Basil?’ I’d have to speak up then, and, with a little encouragement, I soon found myself talking and liking it.”

“It’s a smile. In Hollywood today the Rathbones are celebrated as hosts. They move mostly in the circle of picture people interested in the arts. The Reinhardts, the Edward G. Robinsons, the Henry Blakes, the Charles Boyers are among their intimates. Basil and his wife entertain, it’s very much of an event, too. Hollywood has seldom seen a party to match the costume affair they gave celebrating their eleventh wedding anniversary last year. It was a brilliant event, and I said so.

“While I didn’t mention that,” said Basil. “I think it was a grand party, too, and I can say so because I come to my own parties as a guest. Ouida does it all and when Ouida does anything she does it right.

“But she never overrides it. It is only to point the quite different effects she brings—so well so that it’s remembered. She still demands little of me in the way of social activities, because I feel an hundred nights in the year, easily. That is because the home that Ouida has worn about me is so attractive to us both that after a number of wishes to be anywhere else.

“I do not like to play the often quoted role of actor, because I feel that I have not done anything that others have not done. I have been an actor, true, for nearly forty years, but I am small but colorful, dainty but strong. She always reminds me of a Goya painting. I draw new life from her.”

It was getting dark. Basil Rathbone reached up and snapped on the light.

“Harold,” he said, “Let me tell you of Ouida’s latest gift to me. I think it is the finest thing I have ever known. My wife has her eyes on my son, Rodion. He is the son of my first wife. We have been separated since 1919. He is here now, living with us, working in Hollywood. He is the janitor for Warner Brothers, and loving it. Ouida did it alone. Unknown to me, she made friends with Martin, my former wife. She wrote my boy in England and made friends with him, too. She brought us together again, and now my happiness is complete. And I owe this, as I owe everything, to her.”

We were shaking hands. The glow of the lamp revealed the sitting, good features in Basil Rathbone’s sensitive face.

“You can see,” he said, “that for a thousand reasons I owe my wife a debt of gratitude I can never repay. The least I can do is give her the credit. Because of Ouida, life to me is intensely enjoyable. She has helped me live in an age of super-realities and at the same time hold onto my dreams— which seems to me almost as dearly as I do—and as I love her.”

He looked away into the dusk. “I think,” he said, “a great many Hollywood husbands might say the same thing—if they would.”

Or if they could,” I suggested. Then I knew that, what a really bitter travesty on Hollywood it is that a man of Basil Rathbone’s warm and sentimental soul should be known all over as a cruel, black-hearted villain.
First Prize $25.00

The Winner!

I NASMUCH as theater owners have made accusations against certain stars and stars are accusing producers and producers are accusing practically everybody, I take this is a free fight, so count me in. The bone I have to pick is with no other than the very indignant theater owners.

Going to the movies has been a family institution in this household, and probably in several million other households, for a good many years. In the old days Dad used to crank up the Model T while Mom rounded up the family and off we would go for a couple of hours' entertainment. There was always a cartoon for the children, a newsread for the adults and a good feature picture for the whole family. Well-balanced entertainment and back home in good time to get our sleep before the alarm went off.

But what is the situation now? The theater just down the block runs triple features five days a week. Three bad pictures for the price of one good one and a piece of pottery thrown in. On Tuesday two pictures, possibly one 'bad' and the same on Monday with a can of soup.

The newsread is a rarity, comedy shorts are extinct and you can't have a cartoon for Junior because it takes all evening for the three "quickies." Whenever a good picture is playing we have to sit through two or three hours of sheer tripe to see it and by that time our box could anything seem good? No wonder people aren't going to the movies. Nowadays, it's too much of a strain for everyone concerned.

It is hardly logical that the stars are responsible for the box-office slump. The cry for new faces is just a way of passing the buck. In the only pictures worth seeing you will find the same stars that have been satisfying the public since long before theater managers started holding endurance contests.

Of course, it isn't the fault of the independent owners that Edward Arnold, Dietrich, Hepburn and the others labeled (or should I say libeled?) not "box-office" have been recently cast in consistently poor pictures, but that very fact makes their charges baseless.

And it is the theater owners' fault that in order to see Joan Crawford in that refreshing picture, "Mammylin" I'll have to sit through at least one mediocre melodrama, probably one I had struggled through before, and try balancing a surrealist sugar bowl at the same time.

H. Benota Nielsen,
Chicago, Illinois.

Second Prize $10.00

Long May He Wave!

In that supposedly "artificial" town called Hollywood, the one big star who is really one of us common folk is Bing Crosby.

Bing doesn't pretend to be a great actor; his business is singing. He sings swell, and as long as films are full of his songs, we, the public, will continue to pay and pay to see them. We like his naturalness, his simplicity, his friendliness, as seen in these simple but very entertaining movies. Then, there's also Bing in real life—his so much one of us in his desire to dress in comfortable clothes regardless of their age, their wrinkles, and their changing colors; in his heart-warming pride in his four baby boys (God bless 'em!); in his hobbies, horses, horse racing, and more horses; in his love of his pipe, his fireside and his family.

Too, there's Bing's graciousness with us, his fans. He'll pose for pictures anytime, for any one of us whenever he asks and he doesn't care whether these candid snaps flatter him or not. When one of us writes to him, either praising or criticizing his radio or picture work, he goes to all the bother of answering to thank us for our interest. Very few of the Hollywood stars show this kind of courtesy to their admirers.

Again I say, Bing Crosby is one of us, and I think we ought to give him a special award for being just Bing—typical American and a grand guy!

Mary Jane O'Brien,
Akron, Ohio.

Third Prize $5.00

Counterpane

Time: Early evening
Place: A tuberculosis sanatorium
Players: Fifty patients
Scene 1: A young girl leans from the window of a cottage. Her eyes are dazing—"It's Romeo and Juliet tonight!" she calls excitedly. "Pass the word along!"
In no time at all the glad tidings have been duly passed and the privileged patients are happily donning robes and troping down the walk to the "show."

In two hours they will return, tired, sleepy but happy. For in those two short hours they have lived an exciting episode of the world "outside"—a world away from the sanatorium, a world they seldom, if ever, see. They will go back to their beds to sleep, dreaming of the time when they too will live and laugh like the people in the picture, far away from this land of counterpanes.

The motion-picture companies donate the pictures to our sanatorium. I wonder how much we appreciate their generosity and how much a weekly glimpse into that coveted "outside" world means to us.

Noelle Firth,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$1.00 Prize

All Critics Agree on "Test Pilot"

One of the finest pictures I have ever had the pleasure of seeing is the thrilling saga of the life of a test pilot, and believe me in "Test Pilot" M-G-M has produced one of the most thrilling and realistic air pictures to reach the screen since the immortal "Wings." It seemed to me that I actually rode the bravest with Gable and Tracy when they attempted to climb to 30,000 feet to attain an altitude record while testing a new plane and as they climbed up, up, the peak of the sky, my breath came in gasps as did those of the people around me; my heart's tremor of the ever-faithful friend will rank with the best the screen has ever brought forth. Gable in the title role gives a matchless performance and Myrna Loy as Gable's wife pulls your heartstrings. Bundles of praise to the expert pilots, superb photographers and splendiferous direction, and to all who had any part in making "Test Pilot"—it sure is a bummer.

Benjamin Paul Sheppard,
Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 81)
Here's the way to be sure of DAINTINESS

says Barbara Stanwyck

THE ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN SWEET DELICATELY FRAGRANT, you'll LOVE a LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH

NO SMART GIRL NEGLECTS DAINTINESS. IT'S THE CHARM THAT ALWAYS WINS!

YOU CAN PROTECT IT THE DELIGHTFUL WAY SCREEN STARS DO... USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS A BATH SOAP, TOO

THE LOVELY BARBARA STANWYCK gives you a tip that clever girls everywhere are following. Hollywood's favorite complexion soap makes a wonderful bath soap, too, because it insures daintiness. Its ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Try this luxurious beauty bath. You'll love the fresh smoothness it gives your skin—the delicate perfume that clings about you.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Bright Saying—Crawford Style

I have been noticed of the ridiculous that makes Joan Crawford good fun, was again displayed at a recent preview.

One after another, the feminine audience filed in wearing silver fox capes of various shapes and sizes. Joan stood for a moment and surveyed the furred group.

"My word!" she said, "this audience looks as if it had been trapped."

Pass This One On to Rooney

The car crept slowly along the palm-lined boulevard, stopped suddenly, began again with a violent jerk, and repeated the performance all over again.

A motor cop, lurking around a corner to trap speeding motorists, stared at the golluping caterpillar in dazed wonder.

Finally, his curiosity got the better of him, and with sirens screaming, he caught up to the car.

"Hey," he began, when the driver interrupted.

"Officer, really I was not exceeding the speed limit. Really, Officer,—"

"Wait a minute," the officer grinnned.

"What I want to know is why only ten miles an hour? I suppose you have your license, young man?"

"Oh, yes, sir. So I just got it," and a grubby finger pointed to the name Freddie Bartholomew.

"Well, Freddie, you're doing all right for a beginner," the cop grinned, "but take it just a little faster, eh?" Liable to block traffic you know. And take it easier, too.

"Oh, thank you, I shall. And sir," said Freddie, "when I tell Mickey Rooney I've already been stopped by a traffic cop, he'll think I'm some pumpkin."

And the Leaping Lena went on its jerky way while the cop stood and roared.

A Day in the Life of a Sullivan

We trotted vaguely out to Maggie Sullivan's new house the other day. Down the unfinished driveway, past a baby girl sleeping in a netted-covered arrangement—on her chest, with little funny pointed skyward—and into a house loud with the clatter of carpenters we went, perking diligently. Margaret had bought this house with husband Leland Hayward, and was reconstructing it to live in always. Dressing rooms had already given way to bathrooms, closets to sun porches, dreamy small windows to great sunny bays. Servants whisked about, tripping over hammers and sawhorses. Very busy. There was no sign of Sullivan.

She appeared in a few minutes, dragging after her a huge and very beautiful collie she had just brought from a training school. On her birthday, two days before, Leland had given her a great Dane—which was all right except it wouldn't believe it wasn't a big dog and it frightened poor little Brooke, the baby, out of her diapers.

This was another Firefly and knew tricks; Margaret had it lie down, retrieve, stand up, take things from one spot to another. Brooke awakened, looking like an advertisement for baby food, screamed in ecstasy with Firefly's excited barking. The carpenters hanged, a drowsy blossom at the new swimming pool, John Swope drove in blowing his horn, Maggie began shouting for Brooke's nurse. We held our ears.

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It is that kind of a household, and always will be. It is the kind of home Margaret eventually would settle into.

Her contract for seven years at Metro secure, her love for Leland deep-rooted, her child growing healthily, the Sullivan finds a haven at last, after two bad marriages. But not peace.

Fortunately for her, she doesn't want it.

It's a Boy

Did you know that that jolly outlaw, Robin Hood, is now a godfather? And that the lucky infant is none other than the young son of his swashbuckling henchman, Will Scarlett? In real life, of course, the baby's father is the ex-British, Patric Knowles, and the sponsor Pat's closest friend, Errol Flynn.

The child, Michael Patrick, who was born on May 11, is the Knowles' first. He has everything in his favor, too: a happy home, a loving mother and a swell dad. If he grows up to be a star, he will come very nearly by it because Mrs. Knowles, too, loves acting. She was Enid Perceval of the London stage before she married Pat.

Brief Note from Cupid

When Hedy Lamarr wins that divorce from her wealthy munitions husband, Reginald Gardner will be the lucky man.

Jimmy Stewart has fallen hard for the exotic loveliness of Merle Oberon.

Leland and Owen Davis, Junior, former boy friend of Ann Shirley, are knee-deep in romance.

Life's Minor Tragedies—

The famous inch-long carmine fingernails of Paulette Goddard are no more.

After having potted them along these many years she had to offer them as a sacrifice to Artie David Selznick ordered them chopped off when he cast her as a stenographer in "The Young in Heart."

"Any stenographer wearing nails so long as long as that would be fired" was his edict.

While on the subject of Paulette's friends inform me that she's traded in her yacht on a plane, and, although she can't pilot it as yet, she's hired herself a sky chauffeur and spends most of her time zooming about over Hollywood.

Donley And The Indian

Brian Donley and Chick McGill, his cameraman, are now joint owners in what may be a very rich gold mine. The only difficulty is that the vein is 8,000 feet above Death Valley, and, even though the ore assays very high, it would be a tremendous undertaking to build the necessary equipment to take it out.

Not long ago, Brian secured the services of an old Indian to guide him up to his stake. "You white men funny people," that worthy told him. "You climb high mountains to look for gold, dig deep holes to get it out—and then give it to the government in Washington to keep it safe. Why don't you take it over and dig deep hole and bury it. Very funny people." Seems that one of the government gold storage vaults is located near there and the old Indian didn't see the point in the transfer.
Now—Apply Vitamin A the "Skin-Vitamin" Right on Your Skin

For years we have been learning about the importance of the various vitamins to our health. A-B-C-D-E-G—hasn’t heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin!

Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scales. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That’s all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that ‘skin-vitamin’ to put on my skin?"

Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin.

It’s the same grand cleanser. It softens and smoothes for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond’s Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond’s Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond’s, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond’s Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond’s contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most People don’t know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin...

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Tests with Pond’s Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

1. Dietary—The skin may lose "skin-vitamin" from deficiency of it in the diet. In our tests, skin faults were produced by a diet deficient in "skin-vitamin." Without any change in the diet, these faults were then treated by applying "skin-vitamin" to the skin. They were corrected promptly.

2. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the stores of this vitamin in the skin may be reduced by exposure to sun, and also by exposure to warm, dry air together with frequent washing. In further tests, marked irritation resulted from repeated use of harsh soap and water. This irritation was then treated by applying the "skin-vitamin." The skin became smooth and healthy again. It improved more rapidly than in cases treated with the plain cold cream or with no cream at all. The experiments furnished evidence that the local treatment with "skin-vitamin" usually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin.

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals following the accepted laboratory methods of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin does absorb and make use of certain substances applied to it. Our experiments indicated not only that the skin absorbs "skin-vitamin" when applied to it, but that when "skin-vitamin" is applied to skin which already has enough of it, the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scales resulting in a dull appearance.

Copyright, 1938. Pond’s Extract Company

Mrs. Alexander C. Forbes, young New York society woman, granddaughter of Mrs. James Roosevelt: "With Pond’s Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond’s Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, young New York society woman, granddaughter of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT: "With Pond’s Cold Cream, my skin looks soft—not rough or dry."

MRS. WILLIAM RHIENELANDER STEWART, beautiful as when she came out: "The use of Pond’s Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."

1938. Pond’s Extract Company
Sally

Dear Ginger:

This is what happened to my engagement: my boy friend—his name is John Carey—and I were all set to be married this month, right after I graduated. And then John came down to Washington one night and took another girl out instead of me and spoiled everything. Of course, I was rehearsing for our class play and kind of forgot our date for a while, but he could have made allowances for a thing like that.

Anyway, it was about 9:30 when I remembered our date. I rushed to the phone and called his hotel but he was out. And then, the next day, I heard he had dated another girl.

I can tell you I was furious. I called him up and reminded him that he knew I had to rehearse. He said he had come all the way to Washington to see me and that was more important than a silly school play. I asked him what did he mean silly and he said all acting was silly. Well, one thing led to another and I told him I’d show him!

Then I hung up and sent his fraternity pin back and we’re not speaking. Thank you for your nice letter—but I’m coming to Hollywood, anyway!

Yours,

Sally

Sally Hunt

— Park Avenue,
New York City

Urgently advise remain away from Hollywood unless making social visit with friends stop repeat impossible for me to further screen career in any way stop take it from you I am foolish to cancel marriage with nice young man stop why don’t you kiss and make up

Ginger Rogers

Date: February 23, 1938
Subject: Rogers telegram.

To: Bill Brown.
From: Phone operator 9.

Western Union says message from Ginger Rogers to Sally Hunt, NYC, dated Feb. 24 cannot be delivered. Party has left city.

Date: February 25, 1938
Subject: Rogers.

To: Bill Brown.
From: Phone operator 9.

Miss Sally Hunt, Roosevelt Hotel, called you or Ginger R. at 9:55 a.m.; 3:30 p.m.; 4:00 p.m.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.

Date: February 27, 1938.

Miss Sally Hunt, Roosevelt Hotel, Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Miss Hunt:

This is to advise you Miss Rogers is away on location for her new picture, "Having Wonderful Time." I trust you have a pleasant vacation in Hollywood.

Sincerely,
William Brown,
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood, Calif.
March 7, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

Well, I read in a gossip column you are back from location so I hasten to take pen in hand and tell you your RKO gatemen are heartless. It was like trying to see the Queen of England or something, to attempt to see you! Couldn’t be done. So I’ll have to think up another way of getting in. I bet I can!

Sally

Date: March 9, 1938.
Subject: Studio walk.

To: Studio manager.
From: Patrolman No. 3.

Think well adjoining cemetery near Santa Monica Blvd. should be higher. Caught girl climbing over, using tombstone for ladder. Not a prowler; just a fan. Name: Sally Hunt.

Date: March 11, 1938.
Subject: Efficiency.

To: Publicity dept.
From: Superintendent’s office.

For the chauvinist, you may your gate a little better! Realize bona fide press should be able to get in and out of studio at will but not the G. P. Officer 3 reports twice caught girl sneaking down publicity back stairs into grounds. Only way she could have gotten in was through your front doors. Girl’s name: Sally Hunt. Says Rogers knows her.

University Club
Boston, Mass.
March 12, 1938.

Miss Ginger Rogers, RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Miss Rogers:

I am sorry to ask such a favor of you, but I have reason to believe Miss Sally Hunt, a friend of mine, is in Hollywood and in touch with you. If so, will you please forward her the enclosed note? I might say in closing that I reserve you on the screen, Miss Rogers, but I wish to heaven Miss Hunt did not!

Then perhaps she would come to her senses and forget this screen career she is so set on. I think a lot of her, Miss Rogers, but I have seen her in amateur theatricals and she’s no great shakes. Also, she does not photograph well.

Sincerely yours,
John Carey

To: Ginger Rogers.
From: Casting office.

How in thunder did you happen to think this girl would be good screen bet? She’s okay to the eye, maybe, but murder to the camera. If she’s a protégé of yours—and she says she is—better put her wise right now to the truth, i.e., she’s lousy.

Date: March 16, 1938.
Subject: Sally Hunt.

To: Casting office.
From: Ginger Rogers.

For goodness’ sake, I didn’t send her to you! You should know me better than that. Whatever she told you was strictly her own idea. Me—I know what a headache being in the movies can be. I should help another girl into the same kettle of fish! How did she get into the studio?

Date: March 16, 1938.
Subject: Casting office memo on Sally Hunt (attached).

To: Bill Brown.
From: Ginger Rogers.

Bill, please tone this down so it won’t hurt her feelings and send a copied version to Sally Hunt.

Date: March 17, 1938.
Subject: Sally Hunt.

To: Ginger Rogers.
From: Casting office.

We don’t know how she got in but we suspect the wall by the cemetery. It is being raised.

RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.

Miss Sally Hunt, RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

My dear Miss Hunt:

I am sorry to ask such a favor of you, but I have reason to believe Miss Sally Hunt, a friend of mine, is in Hollywood and in touch with you. If so, will you please forward her the enclosed note? I might say in closing that I reserve you on the screen, Miss Rogers, but I wish to heaven Miss Hunt did not!

Miss Hunt is an attractive girl, she is not good camera material and could never succeed on the screen. This is final.

Hoping you may nevertheless have an enjoyable vacation in Hollywood, I am Cordially yours,

William Brown,
Secretary to Miss Rogers.

March 18, 1938.

John Carey,
University Club,
Washington, D. C.

Sally hunt at roosevelt hotel here stop why don’t you join her stop she has had bad jolt our casting office turned her down flat saying Sally hunt is not pretty in camera face despite apparent prettiness stop suggest you don’t reveal you know truth but come on out here and take over stop have feeling you will be welcome stop good luck

Ginger Rogers.

Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood, Calif.
March 20, 1938.

Dear Ginger:

Well, I was wrong, wasn’t I, and I am sorry if I caused you any trouble. I guess I was a bit mistaken in Hollywood, but I can’t say you didn’t warn me.

But one thing kind of nice has happened: John Carey and my ex-fiancee—just phoned me, and I guess I have you to thank for telling him how to find me. He is coming right out to the hotel and—we’ll, if he wants to make up, maybe I’ll be willing.

Anyway, thank you for everything, including your efforts to keep me from making a fool of myself. I guess, though, when you are bound to do that, heaven itself can’t stop you.

Yours, saddler, but wiser.

Sally

P. S. I am not going to tell John I flipped. If he decides to marry him, I’ll kind of let him think I gave up a career for him.

Date: March 21, 1938.

Miss Ginger Rogers, RKO Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Sally and I married fifteen minutes ago and blissfully happy stop she thinks I think she gave up career for which she is, I care now stop stop leaving night plane for Boston where expect to live happily ever after thanks to you

John Carey.

Date: March 23.
Subject: Present.

To: Bill Brown.
From: Ginger Rogers.

Will you please ask Brock and Company to send out some silver sandwich plates and some small wedding gift for the little Hunt girl? Would like to make selection myself.

Brock and Company, Jewelers
Los Angeles
California
March 30, 1938.

In account with Ginger Rogers.

1 sandwich platter
$39.50
1.20 tx

Total
$40.70

PAID Apr. 8, 1938.
I'd get snapshots of every boy I really liked—
says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

I CAN'T see why girls don't use more system in their search for the one-and-only man. Every big business uses system, and love-and-marriage is the biggest, most important of all.

"When you meet a boy you like, get some snapshots of him. Keep these. Save the snapshots of all the boys you like. Then, when a newcomer appears, and tries to rush you off your feet, look at the snapshots of the others...

"Nothing awakens memories like a snapshot. As you see the faces of good old Tom and good old Dick, you may find that one of them really means more to you than your new friend. If so—you're saved from making the wrong choice in the most important decision of your life!"

Play safe. Use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.
straightened out for you.” (Why isn’t this man in Congress, tell me that?)

The column then concludes with the veiled denunciation that Wayne Morris is giving himself away in his new film, and a startling revelation that a Mr. Hull has a screw spray gun for rent.

So, you can plainly see, Hugh Herbert’s off-screen days and evenings are given over to the fulfillment of his Civic Duties. Crossroad shops within the Studio City limits are visited and boosted in his column. Committees on why the Aescia tree on Lanwood Street should not be cut down meet daily in the Office of President Herbert in the local meeting room. No one puts anything over on the President. Or the Mayor, if the President is not available.

There is a seriousness of purpose in the Rotarian Babbittity of Hugh Herbert that reveals something touching and very tender about the man. He is not just another actor riding high in a community. He is a man, small-town heart, big-time in soul, doing his best for his home town.

AND there it is. And, if I may say so, the secret that lies behind the tremendous and even enthusiastic support of the man Herbert. He is an everlasting man, woeing and pitching around the hysteria, there lives, not an eccentric or a clown or a fool, but a kindly man attuned to every other ordinary man’s way of thinking and living.

And what’s more, it’s cute. And, in a despairing way, so crude.

He takes a secret (and even gloating) pride in the fact that something is un-beautifully wrong with the world. Why would he have written of an incident that happened recently near Warner’s Studio? A woman, passing by, glanced at Hugh as he stood waiting for his car. Walking on, she finally hesitated and came back.

“Are you Hugh Herbert?” she asked. Hughie replied he was.

The woman took one more good look, “Oh, my God,” she gasped—and hurried away.

And there’s the time he discovered an old script over at Universal Studio on which was written, “Need actor with a face of a boxer and a hot water bottle. Suggest Hugh Herbert.”

The whimsy pool quality that radiates from Herbert’s screen personality is carried over into his private life in a genial manner. It is noticed, in his conversations particularly, when he is deep in relating an amusing incident. A trip to Catalina, in company with his dearest friend, William Demarest (Shirley Temple’s step-papa in “Rebeccas”), coming from Mr. Herbert, goes something like this.

“Bill and I were on the boat going over. She had another girl with her, we saw them by the rail, wasn’t you who and it Bill, no I said, ever hear of Robert Taylor—they must have come down from the hills—and she said no the boat lady told me. Like as not it was you said Bill about did you hear of Hugh Herbert and then her friend came over and asked .”

“Is it possible,” said Hugh Herbert either—we were just out for a good time, and were they dumb, and then the fans started crowding around and Mr. Herbert said and I’m Hugh Herbert. She got seasick.

Everything is there in this story as told by Mr. Herbert—idea, substance and climax, but what sets it apart from ordinary storytelling is the fact that, over the whole, Mr. Herbert has poured a tantalizing mixture of confusion, meekness and nervous hysteria.

Again it takes another turn, this whimsey of his, when carried over to his every day life. For example, it was during last spring’s flood. As a community loving citizen, Mr. Herbert got himself a lantern, from heaven’s knows what cow shed, and ret out amidst the destruction to be of service. Through the drenching rain of night, Mr. Herbert and his lantern bobbed along, missing puddles by inches.

Suddenly the figure of a man approached out of the dark. “I’m looking for the Mayor,” the man said. “My chickens have been washed away.”

“Well, come along,” Mr. Herbert said. “I have a lantern here. Lights are out everywhere. Terrible disaster, isn’t it? Watch that puddle there. We’ll find the Mayor over near the town. He should be there.” And on and on through the night they trudged.

Suddenly Herbert stopped as though seized with an idea.

What did you say you were looking for?” he said.

“The Mayor.”

“Why, that’s funny,” Herbert said. “We must be mixed up. I’m the Mayor.”

And Mr. Herbert was just as surprised at the turn of events as the man himself.

He’s been in Hollywood for years and years and has done everything there is to be done in pictures except sew lace on Kay Francis’ screen night.

It was way back in silent days that he directed the late Lionel Sherman in “He Knew Women.” But it wasn’t until Joan Blondell opened the door for a scene in “Goodbye Again” and a funny little multiple-faced individual walked in and right into the hearts of the audi-

A guest at the Zanuck party—happy homecomer Claudette Colbert, looking more chic than ever after her European holiday

ence that Hughie (for it was none other than he) came into his own.

New York born, Hugh Herbert began his theatrical career writing vaudeville skits for his brother and sister. They were two of those-two-a-day troopers, begging him to create for them a funny fifteen minutes, a half-hour, an hour skit. He made money hand over fist in those days, for vaudeville was at its delightful heights. When he tried the stage on his own it was to portray serious, long-haired Jewish characters which he played sensitively and to perfection.

ACTORS like Herbert but (I must be honest, Hughie) they don’t like working with him for some reasons. For one thing he absolves his script the first day of shooting and no one, from Jack Warner down, can find it. He loves the script total side, and frequently ditches up during the shooting.

With his script gone (and on purpose, if you know me), he merely manufactures his own lines, much fitter than the prepared ones but lines that leave members of the cast ten feet up in the air, but thoroughly in no way to get down. What to answer to Hughie’s impromptu dialogue has thrown more actors into sectors than any other hatmaker.

And, finally, he always steals the scenes anyway. Weep, storm, complian, go to pieces in corners as actors may and must. He steals the scene just the same. Hughie is a bad boy. He’s an Elk, too. And goes to lodge meetings like most.

He has a hog named Minnie and a swell yogi in a turban. The yogi is put into service when Hugh entertains. His duties are to throw everyone including Hughie into a trance or something.

There was the day that Mr. Herbert, in a moment of weakness, reluctantly told Minnie with his other livestock. Mr. Herbert did so love that livestock; but, being on the script total side (which is an outrageous underestimate), he couldn’t bear to eat or in any way profit by his darling cows, hens, turkeys, hogs, and boges. Each had a name of its own given it by Mr. Herbert and, even though several hundred things had happened to Hughie, never, never missed Bessee for Alice. How he knew them apart no one knows, but know them he did.

Of course there’s nothing to do but finally sell most of his pets and take the balance out to his hidden ranch far back in the hills. Big Boy Williams, who lives near Hugh, bought Minnie the hog. But one evening as Hugh and Demarest sat talking they got to thinking about Minnie. It seems life had become a desolate waste without Minnie. So the two cronies trotted over to Big Boy’s place and bought back “Old Minnie, now say that she was.

That was two nights before the floods came, a flood that washed Minnie from her mountains down the highway where she finally came to rest, squelching and drenching, on a native’s front porch. The fellow and his wife, his dog and cat, Gerti and Peschee, “I stay home a lot,” says he, “because Mrs. Herbert likes to go out and play bridge and I don’t. In fact, the first thing every morning when she wakes up she looks over at me and says, ‘I bid four spades’.”

When Hugh wanted to enlarge his house, he thought and thought about the pond directly in his way. “A nut,” finally said, and built the room around the pond.

He loves, this mild manner of the screen, to sit alone at home for hours at a time—with Gerti his dog and Peschee his cat and their bowl of raisins by his side. Even if it should rain he is alone throughout the entire afternoon until, outside, shadows through the pepper tree tell him that he has gone all to pieces and he’s as white as a sheet.

And sometimes on the porch even the pigeons will begin their plaintive “Woo, woo, Woo, woo!”. But Mr. Herbert will turn a bit in his chair to the fire by the fireplace and with a smile at his own whimsy, softly call back, “Woo, woo!”

Continued from page 62
Are you Blonde, Brunette or Redhead?

You can look lovelier with Color Harmony Make-Up for Your Type

Do you realize that the secret of beauty's attraction is color? To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created Color Harmony Make-Up... powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades... to intensify the charm of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types.

Share this Hollywood secret... choose your color harmony shades in Max Factor's powder, rouge and lipstick and see how much lovelier you will look. Note coupon below for special make-up test.

Satin-Smooth Powder

Choose your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream. Then note how perfectly flattering the color is to your skin. Soft and smooth, too... hours later your make-up will still look lovely... one dollar.

Lifelike Rouge

Harmonize rouge with powder. Max Factor's Rouge will give your cheeks the charm of natural beauty, and also blend perfectly with your Max Factor powder. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily... fifty cents.

Super-Indelible Lipstick

For lasting lip color, apply lipstick to inner, as well as outer surface of lips. You can do this with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick because it's moisture-proof. Color harmony shades... one dollar.

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony

Max Factor * Hollywood

Ruby Keeler and Anne Shirley
IN RKO-RADIO PRODUCTION
"MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"

★ NEW! Max Factor's Normalizing Cleansing Cream

Here's a sensational new kind of cleansing cream originated by Hollywood's make-up genius that will "agree" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal. 55¢

Max Factor * Hollywood

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Your Color Harmony
RIGHT in the middle of summer play (and I do hope you had a grand and glorious Fourth) it seems rather dreadful of me to intrude with chatter and worry of clothes, but as your fashion advisor I'm right on the spot to warn you that this is the time to think of them, and what's more do something about them—that is, if you plan to take a fashionable bow as the curtain swings down on the finale of summer! You see, it's time to remind you that clothes get tired, even as you and I, after weeks of rushing about.

And to add that there's nothing so disastrous to glamour and charm as "weary white"—shoes and bags that refuse even one more dose of polish—lumpy frocks—tired hats!

To remedy these weary wardrobes Royer, designer for Twentieth Century-Fox, suggests a grand revival plan that they may finish summer's fashion race in first place!

The keynote of it is to make several well planned purchases at the end-of-the-season sales—for this is sale month, one in which you can double your dollars in a real clothes investment (and who among womankind can resist something for nothing?)

At these sales Royer suggests that you search for smart, too-expensive shoes that are now marked to half their price; a couple of bags at a figure you can't resist; frocks that have been sacrificed to your pocketbook; play togs, swim suits, hats and any number of odds and ends that are frankly a steal—in other words, a few buys that will completely renew your summer wardrobe.

Royer, however, gives a word of warning that it would be well to heed before you start on your tour of sales.

Be sure to make a list of your "must haves," and then promise yourself to complete the purchases on it before you succumb to other bargains. This procedure will assure wise buying and will prevent a sad argument with your budget.

Of course, you'll not come home from shopping without at least one brand new midseason hat which, if you follow Royer's advice, will be one of the wonderful new models in velvet, for he fancies this fabric for sport, street or cocktail models. Its possession will add the final fillip to your wardrobe, as well as stir your interest to plan for full clothes which will soon be in the shops.

By the way, I've gathered some grand advance fashion hints for these coming full clothes; but, before I write of them, I want to give you a few general style notes on midseason hats that may help you with your selections.

HOLLYWOOD sponsors no one particular trend—the beret, the halo, the toque, the turban and off-the-face creations all share equal honors—therefore, the style that most becomes you is truly the season's smartest hat. Crowns are reaching skyward again (likewise the brims of the halo hats and the irregular drappings and shapings of the other models); and the fanciful trims of the past two seasons have surrendered momentarily to allow exquisite fabrics and styling details just recognition (although veilings still persist).

Felt vies with velvet for fabric distinction, and you'll find delightful combinations of both. The perennial favorite—taffeta (in dark colors) —gets top scoring in the hat that transforms your summer print into a charming midseason costume.

Now for those notes on full clothes so you'll be in the know as you begin to plan for them.

Ginger Rogers wears a "Sweetheart" dress created by Howard Greer, in "Carefree," that your heart will yearn to own. The dress is of sheen black woolen and features a short-sleeved, and untrimmed, high circle neckline blouse, and a full circle skirt held in slim line with all round imported pleats. One silver arrow on the right sleeve points to several that dart the blouse across the front until they reach a four-inch, blood-red heart of solid beading on the left. It is a gloriously simple dress, full of glamour and appeal.

As brides are always in fashion and as their gowns are of first importance, I must tell you of the wedding gown Greer has created for Ginger to wear in the same picture. It is styled with a full circle skirt, a fitted bodice and poofy sleeves. The fabric is white net almost solidly covered with rows and rows of narrow ivory Val lace. The tulle wedding veil, also in ivory hue, releases from a coronet of tiny shevalesque flowers that have been brushed with gilt. There are two commanding fashion notes to be gleaned from this costume—the first is that there will be a young, romantic feeling in full wedding gowns with net and lace replacing exquisitely satins and velvets; the second is that there will be a picturesque gayety of coloring with muted pastel hues winning out over traditional white. (The ivory tone of Ginger's gown is so deep that it gives the illusion of soft yellow.)

The circle skirts mentioned in the description of the two dresses above deserve a few added notes. Greer has used these circle skirts exclusively in the clothes Ginger will wear in "Carefree," and they are sure to become a fashion in all. In daytime frocks he slims them with inverted pleat treatments so that their fullness is not observed except in motion. This circle skirt trend is definitely youthful, and it strikes me as a grand new campus fashion.

Greer has selected the same style of hat (executed in varying fabrics) for Ginger to wear with all of her frocks. The reason—well, Greer has a grand one. Specifically—because the style particularly becomes Ginger.

This explodes the theory that one should wear crazy hats that are not becoming because the style, so you are one who has refused to wear them, is quite in fashion prefer-ring a particular style in various colorings and fabrics that does become you, Greer's one style hat selection for Ginger should cheer you.

Among the clothes Howard Shoup has designed for Margaret Lindsay to wear in "Garden of the Moon," the gayest is a street or spectator sports ensemble of plaid and plain. The frock of green sheer woolen is simply tailored with short sleeves, slim skirt and conseted waistline. The collarless, circle neckline is accentuated by a multiple-strand choker necklace of lightweight wooden beads painted barbieric colors. Atop this frock Shoup places a dashing woolen short box jacket plaided in green, blue, coral and brown to match the neckline hues. Margaret's hat is of green felt.

A midnight blue velvet and gold lame evening gown is designed by Vera West for Danielle Darrieux to wear in "The Rage of Paris." The velvet fashions a princess skirt—the lamé a backless, peplum bodice that has a widely squared front décolletage.

As we're chatting about full clothes let me ask you a question. Do you plan to purchase a sleek, new foundation garment before you select your clothes—to wear it when you have them fitted—and to wear it religiously?

If you don't, you should, in the opinion of Orry-Kelly, Warners' famous designer currently creating costumes for Bette Davis to wear in her newest starring production "The Sisters," as foundation forms her most essential "wardrobe."

Next month I'll write you highlights from Orry-Kelly's fall forecast, which is truly one of Hollywood's most cherished fashion offerings!
These lovely hands

**ARE THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED IN AMERICA . . .**

“My hands have got to be lovely . . . perfectly groomed at all times . . . ready at a moment’s notice to be photographed with jewelry, silverware, cosmetics,” says Helen Ressler, noted hand model.

“I like Revlon’s smart shades, of course, but the fact that it wears so well and looks lustrous and lovely for so long is most important. Even the smallest flaw in my nail enamel might ruin a picture completely.

“And there’s still another very good reason for preferring Revlon. Longer nails—*streamlined* nails—are best for photography. They make hands look slimmer and more aristocratic. So a broken nail, which may be an annoyance to you, is a *tragedy* to me! . . . But when I use Revlon, even though my nails may get plenty of hard knocks, they always look perfect. I find that I can depend on Revlon’s quality—and that means a lot to me.”

*Try TARTAR and LANCER—Revlon’s newest high-style shades.*

**NAIL “TIPS”:**

Do not have your nails filed deep into the corners if you want longer, stronger nails. Allow them to grow out at the sides to give support to the tips.
effect. Ianthe must have been the original girl in Irvine Cobbi's story—they had to burn down the schoolhouse to get her to remarry. At Midtown, Ianthe knew but one word of two syllables: Slum. Ianthe started things in the middle when Ianthe hit the skids.

These days, Ianthe often comes to my house evenings to have her hair and nails done. Sometimes she gets a rare day of extra work. I send her board money straight to the landlord; Ianthe wouldn't have a cent of it by the time she got home. A few old friends slip her a five-spot now and then, and she buys a dress or a hat.

**Hollywood** people are kind and generous, more quickly touched by a sob story dramatically presented than by personal facts on the screen. They are increasingly interested in social problems. Many of their charities and generosity never reach the press. One of the most beautiful gestures of altruism I have ever seen occurred here a few years ago. A girl we will call Maybelline, with no qualifications in the outer world, fell madly in love with rather a casual actor, who was soon bored with the affair. She became afraid, and starved herself into T.B. There is no blame attached to the actor—he knew nothing of it, hadn't noticed it. After some months, he happened to tell one of our usual leading men about Mary.

It was the beginning of a new life for both, and, before the transformation was completed, he went to San Francisco and stayed there six months. He had reached rather an impasse in his marriage, anyway.

A friend left for England, a colorful young swashbuckling actor comes in for a permanent wave. He is about to play a character who must have curly hair, and has not had a permanent wave for weeks so it will be long enough to play a scene. His marriage with an actress has been found unsatisfactory, both are very much displeased, and he just has to have it. He is in the livery stable where he remains for three hours, while Madame de la Mangue gives him lozenges and water and massage, and keeps him a few magazines, and he emerges serene and unruffled.

For another, her husband, a colorful young swashbuckling actor, is being a very permanent wave. He is about to play a character who must have curly hair, and has not had a permanent wave for weeks so it will be long enough to play a scene. His marriage with an actress has been found unsatisfactory, both are very much displeased, and he just has to have it. He is in the livery stable where he remains for three hours, while Madame de la Mangue gives him lozenges and water and massage, and keeps him a few magazines, and he emerges serene and unruffled.

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dey husband and world to have him now. But she never reveals to him by so much as a look that she is his mother. I would give him back to her if she asked me to, and possibly go on living. But she knows he is happier this way, his mind and emotions unconfused. She is a very great woman, Emily. Most of the very busy women in Hollywood have worked in their homes when it is more convenient and the work does not require elaborate equipment. Home is where the fun begins.

One hot night in August I went to the home of Mrs. Jasper, wife of a highly temperamental director. When the work was finished, she suggested we drive down to the corner for some ice cream. A man in a tuxedo, was seated at the wheel of her car. She introduced him as "Mr. Burns," which did not seem too extraordinary, this being Hollywood. Half an hour later when we stopped in front of an ornate apartment house and Mrs. and Mr. Burns led me gently but firmly inside things began to feel decidedly extraordinary.

We surprised Mr. Jasper in the midst of a conference with Rea Matthews, leading lady for his current picture. We even, let us say, annoyed Mr. Jasper. Especially when Mrs. Jasper, who could never have been once an emotional actress, brandished a revolver carelessly—and my, how I wished I wasn't so fond of ice cream! Rea and Mr. Burns also stared apprehensively at the weapon, and you could see they did not highly regard guns as an ideological corrective. Mr. Jasper apparently thought it was all going to be in the usual line of duty—evidence, with me as witness.

The Jaspers launched into a vigorous resumé of their married life, most illuminating, Mrs. Jasper having the edge as she smoked the gum. And Mr. Burns suffered a temporary paralysis, and I floated, by easy stages, into the kitchen. First one thing, I was hungry; but mainly, I was interested in locating a rear exit. Entered Rea, burst into wild sobs and flung herself on my shoulder—good old reliable shoulder. I didn't see any back doors, and it wouldn't have been nice if Mrs. Jasper had caught me consulting the enemy, so I went on back to the party.

Mr. J. was signing a paper in an unsteady but legible hand. I signed as one witness. Mr. Burns as the other, although I had no idea what we were signing and haven't to this day.

Then, called the moment of triumph exactly as if thescript called for it, Mrs. Jasper thrust the paper in her bosom, and tossed the gun on a chair. Mr. Jasper picked it up—and discovered it wasn't loaded.

Well, then the show really began. No performance you or I have ever witnessed. A stage or screen can compare with Mr. Jasper's roaring melodrama of a deceived and outraged husband! He turned on everything he had, and his reputation as the best off-stage actor in the directing business was more than upheld; it was immortalized.

His grievances, stripped of inventive, hyperbolic and odious comparison, was that Mrs. J. had made a sap of him before witnesses by scaring him half to death with an unloosed gum. He would never be able to live it down in Hollywood. That was what worried him.

Whereupon Mrs. Jasper turned like lightning and sternly informed the three of us if we ever breathed a word against her husband, we would answer to her for it. Then she rushed into Mr. J.'s arms.

From then on, the evening went completely out of Mr. Coward. Mr. Burns poured a round of high-balls, sadly ahoek hands with all of us as if we had failed him but he would be brave, and called a taxi. It would have been sacrilege to disturb the Jaspers, enthroned on the davenport like a loving prelate. Rea tiptoed into her bedroom and laid out a nightgown, which I have always regarded as one of the most exquisite of all possible garments.

Then we took the car key and drove Mrs. Jasper's car back to the Jasper palace. Rea's grief subdued at the discovery of the cold cream in the ice box, some Bar-le-Duc and roquefort and a bottle of excellent Liebfraumilch. After I telephoned my husband, we played some Sibelius records and then went to bed about dawn.

This singularly diverting evening reconstructs itself in memory like a surrealistic drawing expressed in action, a sort of montage such as Mr. Jasper is so fond of using in his pictures. Perhaps a psychiatrist could tell me why I invariably recall it along with the first bite into a green olive, a ride on a zoro, the Quatre Arts Ball in Paris, Ben Turpin, the champion polo player who fell off his camel in Egypt and the rubber "doughnut" air cushion a distinguished French beauty always placed in a chair before she sat down.

This might well have been a scandal, but it never was. Hollywood is just about out of scandals. It is a much more sane and healthy place in recent years than it used to be. Home are so many more delightful and leisurely.

Pity the poor press agent! The world still insists that Hollywood be a glamorous decadent place—and what are you going to do about glamour girls who bake cakes, dig in their gardens and have babies? Items hit headlines now that wouldn't have been given space on page ten in the notorious Clara Bow-Gloria Swanson days.

But so long as human beings are human, plots that never reach the screen will continue to evolve in Hollywood; and the hairdressers in filmtown's beauty parlors will hear most of them.

WHOSE?

Here are the correct answers to the picture spread found on pages 36-37:

1. Tyrone Power's eyelashes
2. Deanna Durbin's hairbow
3. Sonja Henie's skating shoe
4. Robert Taylor's widow's peak
5. Fred Astaire's top hat
6. Carol McCarthy's monocle
7. Bob Burns' buzzoaks
8. Bing Crosby's pipe
9. Carole Lombard's star sapphire
10. W. C. Fields' cigar
11. Clark Gable's chain ring
12. Dorothy Lamour's sarong
13. Marlene Dietrich's eyebrows
14. Joan Crawford's gardenia
15. Robert Taylor's cravat
16. Barbara Stanwyck's gold cross
17. Martha Raye's mouth
18. Mae West's curves

TONIGHT'S THE BIG NIGHT!

THAT'S WHY I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

WHEN YOU WANT TO BE YOUR MOST ALLURING, JUST TRY BATHING WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP THAT LEAVES YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTRY... SO SWEET AND CLEAN!

CASHMERE BOUQUET'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOUR AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... MAKES YOU SO MUCH MORE DESIRABLE!

HERE CASHMERE BOUQUET'S HIGH, ENDLESS SPARKS OF CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP KEEP YOUR GENDER DAINTRY IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP CASHMERE BOUQUET: YOU DO GUARD A GIRL'S DAINTRY IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO: You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.

CASHMERE BOUQUET's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin cleaner, softer... more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, drug and con stores.

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTRY—Bathe with PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
Incredible!... Yet this scene of rest and play was sketched on part of the Ambassador’s Twenty-two Acre playground... at the hub from which radiates the greatest social and quality merchandising area on the Pacific Coast, Two minutes from one of the world’s busiest traffic corners... Wilshire and Western... Eight easy minutes from Los Angeles’ financial center... and fourteen miles from the blue Pacific.

The Los Angeles AMBASSADOR

With its great, new flower-lined forecourt and curtailed polished and highly modernized hotel and bungalow... with grounds that provide Tennis... Golf... Crystal Pool... and Cabana-studded Sun-tan Beach.

And the WORLD-FAMOUS "COCONUT GROVE"

Presenting more famous orchestras and entertainers... and catering to more celebrities... than any other center for dining and dancing on earth.

This year Hollywood pays tribute to this rendezvous for leaders of stage, screen and society with the great productions "Coconut Grove" and "Garden of the Moon"... but two of a sequence of motion pictures in which "The Grove" and its atmosphere are emphasized.

Come This Summer for an Ideal Vacation

3400 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Write for rates and Chef’s book of Calif. Recipes

Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

had ever seen two people so gay. They were always laughing—always together—but always laughing on different things each other as they dined and danced.

They were laughing, too, when they said good-by.

From London, she was going on South, to visit friends in a villa at Cannes. He was making a picture or scenes for a picture—in Scotland. They were both staying at the Savoy. I happened to be in the lobby that morning when she came down. Very smart, very light blue tweeds and a soft fur stole over her shoulders, and little pale green-yellow orchids pinned at her throat.

He came down just after she did and put her in a taxi, bound for the airport.

"I’d like to come and see you off," he said.

But she laughed. "No," she said. "I loathe being seen off. Let’s say good-by here. It’s been fun, hasn’t it? Thank you for the orchids and—"

She looked down at her hand and I saw that she was wearing only one ring—she never wore rings, I had noticed. She was wearing no bracelets and the clips, but now she wore big, blue, smiling ring on her right hand.

He said, "Good-by, sweet. It’s all been too beautiful. Have a good time and be careful about breaking hearts, won’t you? Mine feels at least slightly cracked.

They went out and he put her in the taxi and just as he shut the door she said something, her delightful face framed in the window, and her eyes both laughed and he came back in, still laughing, and went on upstairs without even a word to me.

"Always leave them laughing when you say good-by.

That, I thought, is that. Why can’t other people be like that? Such a delightful romance. Parting with gaiety. Not making a tragedy of it all. Wear-

snatched it, and held it against her cheek and said, "Don’t you ever touch that now or wear it—you understand?"

Her eyes were a very bright blue, so bright she remembered that I had been on the ship, she began to weep. I never saw a woman cry like that before or since. I took her in my arms and she seemed to be in such despair that I pressed into her a little girl, helpless and torn.

"I can’t bear it," she said, "sometimes I can’t bear it. Life is nothing—nothing—and she went on weeping. "It’s hard to see such a thing happen to you and it was the very voice of despair.

"There is, I suppose, always one man—only one man who means something and if you can’t have him—"

"But he doesn’t know me," I said.

"No," she said. "No. Why should he and be in other women—"

And then she stopped weeping, and dried her eyes, and smiled at me—somehow. The smile was worse than her tears. And we went down to dinner.

It was when they wanted to lend him to his studio to opposite her that I found out how he felt.

"Never," he said, and was very rude and we went on weeping. "It’s all happened and looked haggard and drawn and furious. I won’t—I hate being co-starred with women to begin with. No—definitely no."

We walked out of the office side by side—I was going to do the story and so had been in one or more— and I said, "Why do you feel that way, my friend?"

I think he had completely forgotten that I had been on the ship. I was sure he had. He didn’t say anything for a long moment, and he was very far from laughter. Pain was in his eyes. Way down.

He said, slowly, "A man can be expected to stand just so much—pain. You wouldn’t know what I’m talking about but—there is always just one woman—I suppose—and she had said something very fascinating and he had asked me why I was laughing. Always left them laughing

They had laughed when they said good-by. It had been—oh, so gay. They had thought they could get away with it. That charming, sophisticated interlude

on shipboard. These charming people.

But now I wondered if they had ever really laughed since.

Tears and pain. They had followed that something good—Always. I put together then the things I had been hearing.

That was no longer so sure of her pattern and designed two the fact that his temper was uncertain. That neither of them seemed to enjoy life as once he— and she had asked me. I was trying to find more chances."

He tried to smile, but it wasn’t very successful and my own heart was so I watched him.

Always leave them laughing.

They had laughed when they said good-by. It had been—oh, so gay. They had thought they could get away with it. That charming, sophisticated interlude

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on shipboard. These charming people.
Boos And Bouquets

(Continued from page 68)

$1.00 PRIZE

PICKET OF THE MONTH—
ROBERT R. TAYLOR
I noticed in a recent issue of PHOTO-
LAM on a Walter Winchell page, a rup-ig
of the Robert Taylors out of the
phone directory. There are ten of
ems, but how many of them are work-
ing in pictures? Only two of us, I think,
Robert Taylor and myself. In pass-
ing, I wish to thank you for covering my
zone number; it got into the Los An-
ges directory by accident, and I have it
changed.
My home town of Memphis, Ten-
ssee, has Los Angeles outnumbered with
abort Taylors, by several.
I have had the opportunity of meet-
ing star, and working on a picture with
him, and I go on record to say that
I-G-M does not have to build him into
ke-man as far as I am concerned,
because that is all he is, and has been—
at one swell fellow.
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,
Culver City, Calif.

Sr.: I would like to change my name,
work purposes only, and can't find
suitable one that is not in use.

$1.00 PRIZE

OWNER—THE TEACHER'S PET

Just for my private knowledge, I told
my wife that we would stop in the
small awkward towns of our Northwest
when I took my vacation from teach-
ing and find out (1) What do Indians think
movies, and who are their favorite
tars? (2) Do loggers, the real swear-
ing, fighting, splitting kind, like the
logging pictures? (3) Do the women of
these outposts towns (communities that
range from a hundred to four hundred
miles from such cities as Portland) like
the sophisticated drama or comedy or
Westerns or what?

Don't get too startled when you find
out that Nelson Eddy rates tops for sing-
ing as well as acting for the Indian
maids on the reservations. Clark
Gable has been one of the dark-skinned
lads, but so are Gary Cooper and
Adolphe Menjou and Leo Carrillo.

The tough loggers definitely go in for
the eight, sophisticated dramas and
stay sober on Saturday night when
change from the tall for camps, providing
Bonja Henie is in town.

As for the women in these small com-
nunities, they like such shows as "Theo-
dora Goes Wild." And rate Irene Dunne
high. As one woman said, she "likes shows
that could happen to me." And
that is the secret of our far western
movie-goers: they like to see things
they can't do, but if a miracle should
happen, they might do.

Did your teachers read your magazine?
A lot of them think Tyrone
Power outshines the whole galaxy of
Hollywood stars because he has a sin-
cerity that might make him a pretty
swell teacher.
RALPH P. STOLLER,
Portland, Oregon.

$1.00 PRIZE

DEAR MR. SELZNICK.

What about Scarlett, Melanie and Rhett?
A faithful public awaits them yet.
But a public is fickle, and interest ceases
Waiting too long for picture releases.
Oh, Mr. Selznick, if it's your goal
To find a star for that feature rôle,
Then listen to me. What can you lose?
Here is a list from which to choose:
First I offer K. Hepburn's name,
Then Andrea Leeds of "Stage Door"
Ginger Rogers, a versatile gal,
Or Myrna Loy, The Thin Man's pal;
What about Davis, Crawford, or Dunne,
Hopkins, de Havilland, most anyone?
Or perhaps, Mr. Selznick, you'd better
wait
Til nineteen hundred and forty-eight,
When you can say to the press in a
statement simple,
"Scarlett was given to Shirley Temple."
'Til then, Mr. Selznick, do the best you
can.
I remain sincerely, a movie fan.
NORMA KNOYSTADT,
Savannah, Georgia.

$1.00 PRIZE

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER

After this picture I am sure there will
be more than four men sending up a
prayer that Hollywood refrain from
distorting good books on the screen. When
I read David Garth's fine novel I
thought it had the best movie material
of any story I had read in years—fine
character studies, mystery, thrilling ad-
venture and under all a satisfying
romance.

The block comes right at the start,
and, believe me, "it is only the begin-
ing." General Leigh, who, in the
book, is under the spell with a veil of
mystery surrounding his death, walks in
very much alive. The director forgets
entirely Geoffrey's English sweetness,
and concentrates on casting lovely Lor-
etta Young in the rôle of a flip
man-chasing American girl, failing entirely
to portray the heroine Mr. Garth cre-
ated. Captain Loveland skips through
the picture in the person of Reginald
Denny without making you even dis-
like him. One wonders how anybody
could so completely muf a good story,
particularly with such an outstanding
cast. I think everyone who attends the
picture should, in all fairness to David
Garth, be presented with a copy of the
book so he may go home and read what
"Four Men And A Prayer" is really all about.

MRS. E. EUGENE JACOBS, JR.
Guilford, Conn.

$1.00 PRIZE

THUMBS UP FOR KATIE

My hat's off to you, Katharine Hep-
burn—even in the rain. Today I saw
you for the very first time in my forty-
odd years of existence and you are one
finished product of the silver screen.
In this picture, "Bringing Up Baby," you
caused me to fling aside all the ideas,
wrong ones I'll confess, I had about your
acting. Pardon me, Lady! Why, you
are a gay, lovable, charming personality.
One who can "take it." Here's hoping
you'll be seen' you soon in another side-
splitting comedy.

F. M. PIPES,
Tisketara, Texas.
Not comedy, but tragedy may be
Katie's next picture rôle. Would you
like to see her as Scarlett in "Gone
With the Wind?" Don't miss the story about
it on page 64.

LOVELY PATRICIA ELLIS protects the
freshness that first won her a successful
screen test. An understudy on the stage,
she graduated to stock company leads,
in which a casting director "discovered"
her. She's 5 feet 5; weighs 115; loves to
swim and ride horseback. (See her in
"Republic's "Romance On The Run."

Freshness wins Fans
for young star...and
Old Gold

Stars have risen...gained brilliantly for a time...and faded out of popular sight. Why?
Their talent was no less. Their looks were not lost. Yet something was
lacking...something that makes the difference between greatness and
mediocrity. Freshness.

Freshness, in a star or a cigarette, gives you an extra thrill...a thrill
no other quality can provide!

No expense is too great to protect that priceless quality: Old Gold
spends a fortune to bring you the flavor thrill of prize crop tobaccos,
at the peak of appealing freshness.
Each pack is protected against damp-
ness, dryness and dust by a second
jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane
...double assurance of the utmost
pleasure and satisfaction a cigarette
can give.

TRY a pack of Double-Mellow Old Golds! Discover what the charm
of freshness means—in richer flavor and
smoother throat-ease!

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

To work a magic transformation in the appearance of your hands—go to your beauty salon and ask for the new La Cross Glycero* Manicure. A wonder pick-up to soften the summer dryness of nails and cuticles—make your finger-tips as exquisite as petals.

Then, as a bewitching accent, ask for Twilight, the new La Cross romance shade in nail polish. delicately pink and sparkling. The fine polishes of La Cross Creme Nail Polish

BE SMART TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS

Darling:

I have already written a book called No More Alibis. It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of over-sensitivity, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll but read what Mama has to tell you.

That Magic Touch

My new book Pull Yourself Together, Baby! contains hundreds of simple ways to develop glamour—that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming...a pretty woman fascinating...a beautiful girl simply irresistible. Glamour 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, helps beauty like a magnet, keeps husbands in love with you.

You Can Develop Glamour

And, darling, make no mistake about glamour...you can acquire it...you can develop it. But for heaven’s sake don’t think you can radicate personality by acting giddily, or by acquiring any foolish frills or superficialities. And if you are laboring under the false notion that you must be as beautiful as the Hollywood stars or you can’t catch the admiration of others—forget it!

If you are one of those gals in a blundering, self-conscious manner shrivelled up into knots when in the company of strangers, Mama’s got plenty of tips for you. Your trouble is that you never give yourself a chance to express your true personality. Yes, it’s there, baby—you’ve got all the makings for a magnetic personality if you will only use them. If you wish to acquire self-assurance, poise and charm, get my new book—read it from cover to cover and you’ll have all the secrets I’ve gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Madame Sylvia

The price of Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is only $1.00 postpaid. At all bookstores or mail coupon below TODAY.

P.S. 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.

Marriage Is A Laughing Matter

(Continued from page 22)

row, his expression woebegone. “You see what my life is,” he murmured.

“You can’t tell me your days go on like that,” I said. “You can’t have had many more experiences like that.”

They both sat forward with a jerk. “Not have more?” they said in unison.

“Have you got all evening free to listen?”

GENE consulted Jeanette. “I could tell about the time you wanted to take the ride around New York’s Central Park in one of those open buggies and we did and had fans follow us for miles, yelling at us, because they could walk faster than the poor old horse could.

“And I could tell about the same time in New York when you had to have chicken croquettes with white sauce and green peas at Childs,” said Jeanette.

She turned to me. “Ignore him,” she said, “but up until the time we had to go to Childs’ it had been a lovely evening. We were vacationing in New York at the same time that Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin were there and we had made up a foursome for the evening.

“We had consumed a divine dinner and seen a fine play and had gone afterward to the Plaza and seen that wonderful Paul Draper dance. It was about one o’clock in the morning and all the rest of us wanted to do then was go home and to bed. But my husband had been brought up in New York, as you know, and he remembered with great joy the chicken croquettes with white sauce and green peas that they served at Childs’.

“It seemed he just had to have some and we had to have some with him. Well, we couldn’t get into the first few Childs’ restaurants we tried to make because of the autograph fans following us, but we eventually outdistanced them and found a Childs’ which was open and where we were safe. Only it seemed that it was too late in the evening for white sauce.

“I don’t know why white sauce should have a bedtime but that’s how it worked out. And the waiter said they never had peas at that season of the year so Gene ended up with plain croquettes and green beans. Dr. Griffin and I had scrambled eggs and I don’t remember what Irene had but it gave her indigestion, too.”

“And I could tell about the time we were going to the wedding of General Pershing’s son in New York, at a church just two blocks away from our hotel,” said Gene, “but you had to hire a limousine so we wouldn’t get caught in any crowds but you forgot that our hotel was on a one-way street, the wrong way, so the car had to park on Fifth Avenue and by the time we got to it we were caught in the crowd anyhow so that the chauffeur never did find us.

“And I could tell,” started Jeanette, but at that moment she began really to laugh and she rushed across the room and sat on Gene’s lap and he started to laugh, too, and turned to kiss her. So I thought it was high time that I went away from there.

But I could tell these things: about the very rare moments when I have talked to both of them and they have been serious and have told me about the little town house they hope to have some day in New York. Not that they ever have any intention of deserting Hollywood and their home there, but just so that they can get the feel of living in both cities. And I could tell, also, of how they hope some day to make their careers a combination of music-radio-pictures because they ree no reason why those three arts should be antagonistic and because they love all three of them. I could tell you, too, and quite truly how they have never had, since the day of their marriage, the slightest thing resembling a quarrel and how, under all their height mockery and merry teasing, their eyes constantly seek out each other’s and how their fingers entwine always about each other’s hands.

From all of which things, if you add them together, I hope you can tell that they are terrifically, sincerely, and permanently in love. Because, you see, no couple could kid itself and each other so constantly, could laugh so genuinely, unless they deeply adored and understood one another’s foibles. If you haven’t received that impression from all of this, then I’ve failed, because, I assure you, they are two of the most truly-in-love people I have ever seen.

If any marriage underlines Hollywood’s blaring sun has a chance to last till death-do-them-part, this MacDonald-Raymond marriage, now one year old, is then.

And despite all the odds against it, I’ll give you any odds that you wish that it will last forever and ever, amen.
The Three Careers of Adolphe Menjou

(Continued from page 19)

is to call the Mediterranean with submarines lying in wait." He commented recently, when he read the war reports from that region.

The courtesan initiative which showed themselves later when he was haunting the casting offices of Hollywood stood him in good stead in the later war zone, and perhaps ripened there amid the horror and mud, the endless rains and suffering.

His moment of greatest danger came at a little town in the Meuse-Argonne when his unit, with a group of wounded to evacuate by ambulance, set up quarters in a shed; a miserable shack, twenty-two hours in the other end of it, but the only shelter available. Frankly the Red Cross workers were making their patients as comfortable as possible when, with a hideous scream and crash, a shell hit the corner of the building. It killed all the horses, but when the splinters and stones ceased flying the wounded were found to be untouched. Partly because of his record in this crisis, Menjou won the rank of Captain.

Self-possession under bitter circumstances was therefore no new acquirement. When war over, Menjou reached Hollywood to find that films had forgotten the promising Vitagraph bit player whose climb to fame the war had snuffed out. He began over again. And self-possession helped him later when, at the peak of his painfully achieved second career (which elegant Marlene Dietrich had their share), the public abruptly tired of well-dressed men-of-the-world, wouldn't do another comedy character for—oh, maybe a year or more; he wanted to concentrate on straight dramatic parts. In films, they call it better typed, in business they call it getting into a rut, but whatever you call it, Menjou said, a spark in his brown eyes, "It's fatal."

A NATURAL filled with lesser enthusiasts couldn't have survived. Menjou is electric with enthusiasm; you get it from his voice, his swift motions, still more from the wide-awake quality of his dark eyes.

He appreciates life enough to do everything well. Even the dinner parties given in this English house are perfect in montage, so to speak, no less than in food. Naturally, Mrs. Menjou is largely responsible for this perfection, but her care for the many things of life is a reason why she is Mrs. Menjou.

She came through the room now, blonde and sweet and poised, not at all the shriveling "wife of the Judge" in "First Lady."

"Look what's waiting for Daddy," she laughed, pointing toward the hall.

Menjou jumped from behind the desk and hurried to the stairway. There on the lowest step sat the nurse with Peter Adolph in her lap, the plump, fair-haired infant adopted by the Menjous some months ago and recently made their legal son.

With glee Daddy took the baby in his arms, proudly pointing out how the little fellow'sround gaze discovered the visitor and would not be diverted from its fascinated stare. "He knows there's no sound, no—nothing," he said over his shoulder.

Sounding the first fashion note of autumn—Dolores Del Rio, best-dressed woman of the screen, wearing that all-important first choice for fall, a "must" for your own wardrobe. Look for the full-page fashion inset reproduced in the season's new colors In September PHOTOPLAY

H A V E N E Y M U S I C! A dozen thrilling partners to dance with. Yet most of the evening you sit alone—unnoticed, miserable, wishing you were a thousand miles away.

Embarrassing experiences like this may seem cruel. But it's the kind of treatment you've got to expect if that little hollow under your arm is neglected. If the slightest perspiration collects on your dress, your dress will smell. A man's illusion of glamor will be shattered the moment he leads you on to the floor. To be sure of not offending, you must keep your underarm not only sweet, but DRY.

MAKE THIS TEST! One simple test will tell you if "armhole odor" is standing between you and popularity. When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the armhole. Horrified, you will instinctively draw away from its stale "armhole odor." And you will never again wonder why other people draw away from you.

O D O R O N O S I S S U R E ! Odonoro simply closes the pores in that one small hot-spot area—and you can't offend! It insures you and your dress against unpardonable "armhole odor" by keeping your underarm always dry. No more embarrassing perspiration stains...no possibility of offensive "armhole odor!"

T A K E S L O N G E R , B U T W O R T H I T ! Odonoro takes a few minutes to dry, but it makes you safe from embarrassment for 1 to 3 days!

G R E E S L E S S A N D O D O R L E S S ! Odonoro is really pleasant to use—greaseless and entirely odorless. It comes in two strengths. Regular Odonoro (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odonoro (colorless) is for more frequent use. Use Liquid Odonoro according to directions on the label of the bottle.

Protect your share of popularity and happiness by keeping your underarm dry with Liquid Odonoro. Start today! Use at sale on all toilet-goods counters.

S A F E ! "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when carefully used according to directions," says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odonoro Preparations.
worked harder than you imagine to get that Louisiana accent for "Jeze- bel." Not just any old Southern sound you would do: there are about nine different ways of pronouncing "girl" below the Mason and Dixon Line.

Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

If you haven't done anything with your life, her nearest friends are quite a bit older than she is. They were her friends last year and the years before, and will continue to be her friends.

As for her plans—"Well," says Bette, "you can classify all persons in two general divisions: those who have definite plans, and the impulsive kind to whom things happen. I belong in the latter classification. Things have always happened to me: unpremeditated, unpredictable things. For me to make plans far in advance would be disastrous, and would lead to an ultimate letdown. It would be eternally faced with that line: But I thought you said you were going to . . . for which there is no answer, and which breeds a sense of futility."

"Then I am just superstitious enough to think dismissing plans, if you have any, automatically puts a jinx on them —like the type of writer who insists upon telling everyone the story he is going to write. He never writes it better to talk about things after they are accomplished."

"Near reflection, however, I want to do, during my thirties—which is different than making plans to do them. One is to build Mother a house. Another is to do a play in London. And then want to take a company on tour through small towns in the United States, for one year. Not to do new plays—but revivals of the tragedies and serio-comedies, done really well. Not with the idea of making a fortune, but to present something to those who seldom get a chance at it."

She returns borrowed books promptly. She does not like cats and has no feline characteristics, no matter what you think. A man told me the first time he heard Bette laugh, off screen, he thought a mouse had run up her leg. She laughs easily and softly, and the atmosphere of vitality, enough to send the skinny little thing to bed for a week. Where the vi-

Guy T. Gibson, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Pam."

"And at thirty," says Bette, "a woman's personal life is full if she has other persons—husband's, children's, her pet's if she has not; is the most tragic crea-
ture alive."
Close Ups and Long Shots
(Continued from page 4)

ave got the cart before the production horse in this instance is the way a producer does decide to do a picture that delves into the past (which mostly we either don’t understand or are bored with anyhow if we do) he sinks a million dollars into it, trying to sell us something we never wanted in the first place. The fact is, if he makes pictures about today and problems in which we really are interested, is to make them quick and cheap.

WELL, I follow his reasoning in the latter instance. He says we will go to the theater, anyway, so there’s his chance to save his money, reap a reward on a bargain, that is. But it’s like walking over my head on how he does it. He tops the expenditure of millions when he begins shooting a picture of the past, on which, at best, our interest is doubtful.

Metro sank a fortune in “Romeo and Juliet.” It is supposed to have cost them about $50,000 alone to have sent a man around the country telling people how artistic the “Romeo and Juliet” sets were. And that was only one item. “Romeo and Juliet” was very beautiful and very fine. But, despite all the high-brow ballyhoo, it didn’t earn its cost. Miss Leslie Dunn, on the other hand, is twirling her way currently through as modern and delightful a love story as “Vivacious Lady” has dreamed of. If she is a lonely Saturday night when she got stood up on a date. Gingers go through all girls’ situations in this, writing the little-girl-in-the-town-girl story. She got the inside track, having to rush to the ladies’ room to stop a run in her stocking—such things.

As a result, we love Ginger and pay money to see her. She’s us. We understand her. We want to be like her; our men wish they could date her.

and you’ll find that it really makes your hair grow faster as well as removing all dust and oil from your hair and scalp. Brush hard and firmly in a rotary motion on your scalp.

Be sure, too, to give your hair a very thorough brushing with your regular brush just before your shampoo, and remember to brush it again a few hours after it has thoroughly dried. You needn’t be afraid of disturbing your wave by brushing the way the hair grows you won’t harm it at all—it will really increase the permanence of your wave as well as keep your hair in good condition and restore the gloss that may disappear under hot dryers.

To keep your hair in place, wear a net cap over your head at night, but never sleep with a towel or bandana over your head because your hair needs to breathe, too; and do remember that frequent combing increases circulation and stimulates your scalp to give you bright and shining hair.

If your hair becomes dry and fluffy during the summer months, I have some excellent tips on how to restore it to good condition. I’'ll be very glad to send these hints to you upon request. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE, 731 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood, California, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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JOY OF LIVING—RKo Radio Program

Brought, well written, with Jerome Kern's playing a major role. Two of the three actresses in the series are those of Helen Hayes and Susan Hayward. Miss Hayes is the house mother, and a family of lechers, who have their hands on the housekeeper's money. They are aided by Miss Hayward, who has her hands on the housekeeper's money, beer and a hot in the South Seas. Doug Ventre (July)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—MG M

Here is Judy Hardy again, this time in Wadsworth, taking her cases in the title. Cecilia Parker plays the daughter, Lou. Such a splendid series. But Judy Elton is the housekeeper's money. They are aided by Miss Hayward, who has her hands on the housekeeper's money, beer and a hot in the South Seas. Doug Ventre (July)

JURY'S SECRET—The Universal

As you've probably gathered, a courtroom background for the last effort. When Judge Pearson refuses to dismiss the case, you're sure enough. In the future, we'll have to depend completely on the cast. Don't break any blood wounds getting to this. (July)

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox

These three-pint Biff Buckleheads riding the crest of their recent loud wave pretending to be, should one be. They have that effect. No doubt they will be. In the future, we'll have to depend completely on the cast. Don't break any blood wounds getting to this. (July)

KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox

Babe, a cub, a bit of suspense are the in- putting of a new, true story of the kidnap kid. Little Janet Chapman and Helen Hayes are the victims, and Frank McHugh, who brings them love again to a widower in her sentimental search for the lost love of his life. See it if you can possibly manage. (June)

LITTLE MISS THOROUGHBRED—Warner

A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the im- putting of a new, true story of the kidnap kid. Little Janet Chapman and Helen Hayes are the victims, and Frank McHugh, who brings them love again to a widower in her sentimental search for the lost love of his life. See it if you can possibly manage. (June)

LIFE ON THE ROAD (UN CARNET DE BAL)—Tex

Here is fascinating adult entertainment—a French picture with English subtitles. The episode cast headed by Henry Bemis here in "Singing in the Rain." Tex is the guy. He's a wife who wants to be home at time, and at times a wife. See it if you can possibly manage. (June)

LIFE, LOVE, and BEHAVE—Warner

With the exception of Priscilla Lane's lachium- ing nonportrayal of a modern wife's attempt to make a man of her husband and make the usual motherly picture is unimpeaching. Wayne Morris is the mystic young sponsor, Mona Barrie gives a superior performance. (May)

ABOUT MUSIC—Universal

Don't credit this as a change in your opinion when we say that Dupla has done it again... She is the mama of the show. She looks wonderful. It is the old show. It has to be. The music is the music. (June)

MAID'S NIGHT OUT—RKo Radio

Superbly good but you'll enjoy Allan Lane as the millionaire's son who drives a milk truck. Joan Fontaine as the society duchess he thinks she's a common. Complications to their romance are brought about by Joan's wily mother, Hilda. Cooper. There's a fight and a police chase to liven things up. (June)

MERRILY WE LIVE—Hal Roach-M-G M

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Mussolini—Movie Star

(Continued from page 24)

your script in a way that should work out naturally, set your script in believable handwriting for Mussolini to read and held your breath when the cards were turned over. Flanery covered most of the scenes, lectured your cameramen on camera angles and held your breath when the crowd complained.

From the viewpoint of the leading man, it was a grand arrangement. From the viewpoint of the producer, it sometimes had its drawbacks.

There was, for my office, one of my feet— you know— feet of a door that never opened. The moment he became discouraged and stopped turning was, of course, the moment Mussolini chose to march through the portal. By the time the frantic operator could get his machine to clicking again, the Duce was nearly on down the corridor and it was too late. If it had been Bill Powell, he could have called back. But Mussolini, all we had as a souvenir of this particular scene was a thousand feet of a door that never opened.

There was the time Mussolini got a twinge of mike fright and the camera operators in their turn got scared. But I'm ahead of my story.

I y crew of five cameras and sound equipment was at the Villa Torlonia, II Duce's residence, shortly after daybreak. The morning's first sequence was shot. Mussolini, who gets up at six, was riding his horse every day, often before breakfast.

When, at 8:10, he was ready to go to his office, he came out of the cool in a clod in an overcoat, a gray business suit and slouch hat, and went through a scene with little Romana, ten, and Anna Maria, six. Romana incidentally, stole every scene in which they appeared, with ease and confidence. He caught the atmosphere of the situation and went through the routine in complete disregard of the battery of operators clicking away in the office. With two cameras on the man, the actor usually held, during getting hold of one of the children when he undertook to kiss the youngsters good-by, but that provided an addition.

With one operator feverishly cranking on the roof of the camera car, in front, and another one to the extreme left of the frame, the camera got underway, enroute for the Duce's office in the Palazzo Venezia.

The normal street traffic was astir. Mussolini's chauffeur made the usual roadblock stops. Only our camera operator, balancing on his insecure perch, aroused any attention. Mussolini's car—a custom-made Lancia—is equipped with "one-way glass," which permits the occupant to see out but prevents people on the outside from seeing into the car. So no one could have seen him anyway.

There was an instant of tenseness when II Duce arrived at the Palazzo Venezia and found himself faced by a formidable battery of interior lighting apparatus, microphones and cameras. (Our crew had labored until two that morning perfecting the scene.)

An expression of stage fright crept into his eyes, but he set his jaw and strode forward, a bit defiantly. I am told Mussolini never had liked a microphone. II Duce's nervousness quickly communicated itself to the cameramen—whose nerves were already on edge— one zoom nearly upset some of the apparatus.

The porter at the door missed his aim in handing her a document to his chief, and Mussolini had to make a second grab for the paper. Things got under control, however, once he was inside his office, where he found Dino Alfieri, Minister of Popular Culture, already waiting for a conference.

He had to hammer at the desk telephone to get his connection (called for by the script) but that, too, should, added a touch of naturalness to the completed picture—at least to all who know the Roman telephone system.

One of the picture's three reels was devoted to a round-the-clock of an average day in Mussolini's life, from early morning to a scene at home with his family after dinner.

Mussolini was rather tired by evening, but he carried on. Other than his movie role, he had had a trying day.

His daughter Edda, a great favorite of II Duce, had been taken to the hospital in the morning. Her baby arrived that day to overflow its banks, for the first time in twenty years, rendering many, homeless. Mussolini had seen the scene and greatly affected by the disaster. His daughter-in-law, the wife of his son, Vittorio, his only surviving child, was in the hospital. Their baby actually came several days afterward.

Mussolini screens well. His face shows to advantage at a variety of camera angles and his physiognomy is sufficiently marked to suit the needs— even if he could have been induced to daub it on.

He showed up better in the visual angles of the film than on the sound track. His voice does not record badly but is a trifle too highly pitched to be reso-

The shooting of Mussolini's present-day life was a simple matter, however, both as regards production, and consumed, in comparison with the pic-
torialization of his past. Naturally, II Duce of today could not be the part of II Duce of yesterday. It was not practical to get other actors. In Italy, impersonation of II Duce, either on or off the screen, verges on the sacrilegious. The alternative was to make the past live again by searching out bits of newspaper scenes which had been stored away for years in dusty archives.

To complicate affairs further, the High Command of the Italian company, the studio facilities of which I was using, apparently decided, after viewing the first reel, that they might be letting something slip through the cracks. From that point on, it was a continual battle to prevent control of the produc-

Exasperating, at times, but never dull was the four months' task of making Mussolini a movie star...

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GREAT GREATEST

September PHOTOPAY

WHO ARE HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST HOSTESSES?

Cornelius Vandervelt, Jr., takes courage in hand and actu-

all those women whom he considers most adept in the art of entertaining. Just for fun, why not rate yourself against these famous Hollywood hostesses...
Most of this month's pictures represent a reaction to the cycle of gay, non-traditional comedies. There is no compromise, however. This, along with the others, is determinedly Important In Theme, carrying a great social message and reeking with hearty heroics. It's good, heaven knows, and it's exciting; but it's hardly dessert for a troubled, tired audience.

Robert Montgomery, apparently having had fun with his characterization in "Night Must Fall," plays here an Irish soldier in post-Spanish-War Cuba. Yellow fever is decimating the army and the native population, slowing work on the Panama Canal. A group of medical men, headed by Lewis Stone, is sent down to find an answer to the epidemic and as a last resort considers a certain medic's theory that mosquitoes are the troublemakers. Montgomery, egged on by his love for nurse Virginia Bruce—who is an idealist—volunteers with his buddies to test the theory. Andy Devine, Buddy Ebsen, Alan Curtis, Bill Henry and Sam Levene are the friends who go with him. Infected mosquitoes bite Curtis and Montgomery, but they catch something else and the point is proved. Miss Bruce watches adoringly through a window.

Certainly intelligent direction and production—besides Montgomery's excellent performance—make this some sort of a document. There's a certain reserve throughout, however, to the kind of movie that illustrates a university lecture on biology: this is a com- pliment to the piece's great realism and restraint of Hollywood melodramatics. If you catch this and "Jezebel" on the same bill, though, take some quinine with you.

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

THIS story of a racketeer who finds regeneration through the influence of a kindly family contains much heart-warming interest. Lloyd Nolan is the killer who is befriended by Lynne Overman, his wife Dorothy Peterson, daughter Mary Carlisle and son Delmar Watson. When the time comes for Nolan to prove his friendship for the family, he comes through nobly.

WHEN WERE YOU BORN?—Warner

If you can take this one seriously, de- tectives will soon be among the unemployed. Inspector Charles Wilson is completely baffled by the murder ofmade famous by Stephen X, until Anna May Wong steps in, and, with the aid of the stars and the signs of the Zodiac, solves the crime. A novel idea, while an astrologist Wong analyses the horoscopes of suspects Margaret Lindsay, Anthony Averill, Leonid Maidie and Dr. David Stro- key to determine the murderer, the ac- tion lies down and dies. Go see it if you want to check up on your astrological character, and since most people do, you'll be amused.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSsolini—Holl-inger Productions

ALTHOUGH no bias either for or against Fascism is demonstrated in this pictorial summary of Benito Mussolini's life, the final effect is to impress the onlooker with the "glory that is Rome." Edwin and Hullinger productions also provide intimacy into the farmhouse where Musso- lin's was born, and by a series of cut- backs shows the early life of the dictator. He has succeeded in taking some unusual shots of Mussolini today: with his family, cooking for his children at school, in the privacy of his summer home, in one most unusual scene, where he is seen dancing with a peasant girl.

Of great interest to everyone, especially students of current history.

The musical accompaniment has been excellently prepared by Vergilio Chiti.

YOU AND ME—Paramount

The psychological reactions of two ex- convicts on parole do not in this case make for knockabout cinema, though the idea itself should hold interesting implications to any social mind. You have seen Sylvia Sidney and George Raft too many times before in these same situations, so, though Raft in particular does a swell job, the picture lacks hurtre. Fritz ("Four") Lane's direction is dis- appointing, but the photography is highly effective. Sylvia, still on parole, marries George who has worked his sentence out. When he discovers she has been a naughty girl, he angrily flounces out to rob the department store where they both worked. There Sylvia meets him, literally gives a blackboard lecture on crime and everything works out fine—except that the audience doesn't believe one word of it!

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

RIB-TICKLING take-off on movie cowboys from Brooklyn, the lads who croon a mean hillbilly, but can't ride a horse. Dick Powell, hobo musician hitch-hiking to Hollywood, stops off at a Wyoming dude ranch where he is signed up for a New York show by theatrical producer Pat O'Brien. A sen- sation in New York, Dick is then signed for pictures when Dick Foran exposes him as a fake. From then on the laughs roll in like tumbleweed in a windstorm. The climax is crammed full of highspots with Dick and Pat corralling the laughs. Friscella Lane, as the girl, is mighty cute and aids Dick in putting over several swell songs.

Due to an inadvertent credit for the color photograph of Madeleine Carroll appearing in July PhotoPlay was given to James Doolittle instead of George Hurrell.
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Rough Guides has also been given to the money-saving meals and the thousands of recipes, and hundreds of specific healthful dish combinations. This book is not only scientifically sound but also delicious as well. For a food to be really beneficial must be appetizing: to prove the point, the pages are filled with pictures and illustrations.

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Perhaps the greatest feature of this book is the untold numbers of menus for the well-defined groups. For instance, there are separate chapters on menus for diabetics, menus for the young, menus for the manual laborers—oh, those are just a few. Or if you're in the mood of losing weight, this book is full of healthful diet combinations for this purpose. If you want to gain weight, you'll find it. It's the perfect effective food suggestions for this purpose, and is designed to prevent constipation. In short, here is one book that deals with the problem—and in a most pleasing and delightful way.

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FIRST PRIZE—$25.00
THE WINNER!

If you'd walk down a certain street in Seattle you'd see a legless man seated on a corner selling his pencils and needles. He's always there, no matter how fierce the sun blazes down, no matter how cold the wind blows. People don't always buy the pencils, but they stop to chat and to leave a coin in the cup, with the comment: "It's a pleasure to talk with you. I don't see how you keep so cheerful, just sitting there hour after hour. . . ."

And I laugh: "It's the movies!" and then tell them about the neighbor who sees that I go to the movies twice a week.

Which is the truth. You see, I go to the movies for something real, not just make-believe. And I get it. I'm admitted into a land of youth and romantic adventure, a land where the memory of happier days is jogged. Days when I was young and whole and dashing like Fredric March, when I had a wife like Norma Shearer and a son like Freddie Bartholomew. And there, in the darkness of the theater, I feel a human warmth and sympathy, the world is brimming over with kindness and sparkle and interest. Perhaps today wasn't a good day; tomorrow will be better. Perhaps I want to drench about my troubles. Well, there's Donald Duck and Charlie McCarthy who come right out and air their grievances to the world for me—with no comeback! Perhaps I'm tired of "just sitting!" I want to move, to feel free. But there in a Western I see myself making a mad scramble for my broad-brimmed hat and my favorite mustang, and I'm off to the far green hills and wide plains.

The movies have given me not only consolation, laughter, romance and knowledge, but they have taught me to be brave, to have faith and courage, that with courage all things are possible. "Seventh Heaven" brought me my favorite philosophy: "Never look down, always look up.

And so, when I leave the theater, it's with a stirring of ambition, a yearning to do something yet, and a feeling that I can if I will. The movies—God bless 'em!

M. Matthews, Seattle, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00
WHAT? MONEY DOESN'T TALK?

I ran, not walked, to see "Holiday" as soon as ever it came out, just to see what Hollywood had done to my favorite play, and my friends, I'm glad to report it's a wow!

I'm again convinced that it uncovers one of the evils of American living, the insane desire for more and more money. Johnny Case is more than a part an actor can get his teeth into. Feet firmly planted on the ground (except when he's doing somersaults to dispose his woe) he views jobs and the pulling of strings as a means to an end, not the essence of living. Then, there is Mr. Seton, the other side of the picture, a middle-aged businessman who started to make money and never knew when to stop and enjoy it. The Mr. Setons of this world seem to be legion. I'm afraid it's only the Lindas and Johnnys who are scarce, for intelligence, honesty and a yen to live every moment, instead of doing a life term behind a desk, are not given in excess to many.

Hepburn was never more magnificent, and that overworked adjective has suited her talents before. And Cary Grant brought Johnny Case to life again, making blood tingle with his gayety and his final dash to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. It's great to see that a highly gifted cast, given fine story material and direction, can do to make a hauntingly beautiful motion picture.

MISS PAT SLOAN, Chicago, Illinois.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
DEANNA—YOU DARLING!

Maybe Deanna Durbin is growing up. We're told that she wore her very first pair of long silk stockings the other day and felt quite the young lady. Well, we can take it. Growing up is something that simply can't be avoided. But the sympathetic and understanding way in which Deanna's sponsors have handled her to date is a matter for which we are all infinitely grateful, because it would have been only too easy to allow her to be exposed to the current epidemic of "torch" tonality and to make of her a sophisticated little brat who rolled her eyes, wiggled her hips and moaned blues songs.

Keeping Deanna demure is worth money in anybody's language. Blues singers come a dime a dozen, but a Deanna Durbin occurs only once
in a lifetime, and it is well that Hollywood realizes this fact. If and when the sad day ever comes that Deanna is allowed to go Hollywood and turn into a hard-eyed, wisecracking blonde doll with a sexy voice, her charm for the great mass of the public dies. We feel sure that she won't have to suffer this perversion of her talents because time has brought wisdom to Hollywood's hierarchy. So go right on growing up, Deanna! We're not afraid!

E. A. LOUCKS, Vancouver, Canada.

$1.00 PRIZE
808 CAN TAKE A "WIGGING"

Who in the heck is responsible for the chest wig that was stuck on MY BIG MOMENT in "Three Comrades"? It certainly is causing lots of noise! I suppose it was stuck there at Mr. Borzage's direction! And I would like to stick it on the aforementioned person's pan (if he's the guilty party).

Every time I turn on the radio someone who thinks he's cute must mention Robert Taylor's hairless chest! It's disgusting, that's what it is! I'll bet a Nant against a gum-chewing director that all those smarties don't have nary a hair on their slasy chests.

(But don't you care a hang, Robert Taylor, because you know these atom-brained people must have their topic of conversation changed about every six months and maybe it will be something about the originator of the chest wig next time. Goody, Goody!)

Some folks are debating whether it will harm R. T.'s career, but personally I say it will not. Hair or no hair, we're stickin' to you, Robert Taylor, as tight as the wig did to your manly chest. So!

JUSTINE CASE, Sciotoville, Ohio.

$1.00 PRIZE
SIMONE SIMON SINGS SINGS

I have been on the verge of writing a "Boo" letter for a long time, but when I recently endured another Hollywood attempt to make a "prima donna" out of an otherwise good actress, I took up my pen. I refer to the current musical, "Josette." Who ever told Simone Simon she could sing? And as for Eleanor Powell's vocal catastrophe in "Broadway Melody of 1938," she has about as much charm in that semimascillean voice of hers as a bullfrog.

How long has the law stated that every actress must be able to sing, anyway? I am a music lover myself, but too much is too much. I fail to see the sense of killing an expert actress with her own singing. (Or is it her own?) I refer here to those two tantalizing ear "tortureuses," Barbara Stanwyck (in "This Is My Affair") and Kay Francis (in "Confession"). There are plenty of good singers in movieland, including Alice Faye, Dorothy Lamour, Frances Langford, Martha Raye and countless others — so why not let an actress act, and a dancer dance, and a singer sing, instead of trying to make a canary out of a crow?

H. RUPP, JR.,
North Collins, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
SERVICE — THAT'S OUR MOTTO

Hurrah for Joseph Henry Steele! At last we have an author who gives us fans the kind of an article we really want. His "Portrait With a French Accent" on Charles Boyer in the July issue is one of the most interesting I've ever read. He's written it very simply, but, what is more important, he has told us everything about the man.

I feel as if I had met Boyer personally because I now know his likes and dislikes, though I knew nothing about this distinguished French star until I read Mr. Steele's article.

I would like to make a suggestion to you, PHOTOPLAY. Why not have a different star in each issue and make this a monthly feature such as "Close Ups and Long Shots," "We Cover the Studios," etc. Personally I think it's a great idea.

MARJORIE BEARD,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

We don't guarantee to make this a monthly affair, but Author Steele's first article made such a hit, we are pleased to present another opus from the same pen, "Portrait in Bordeaux Red" — introducing that lovely new French star, Desielle Darrier, to PHOTOPLAY's readers. Catch it on page 22.

$1.00 PRIZE
THE VERITABLE CAT'S MEOW

A little fellow with a turned-up nose, a head of unruly hair, the face of an elf, a boisterous gait — and there you have Mickey Rooney.

This Rooney lad, with his growing pains and his keen eye for the younger belles, is fast throwing America into hysterics. Did you see him in "You're Only Young Ones"? Did you see him in "Judge Hardy's Children"? Wasn't he the veritable cat's meow with his arrogance and his way with the lassies? It seems Mickey is destined to cut himself a niche in the Hall of Movie Fame a yard wide. He's been entertaining us for years with his funny face and vivid expressions and the older he grows the more he endears himself to his public. Many another child star has passed and then disappeared on the movie horizon, but the longer Mickey shines, the brighter he becomes.

THELMA LOUISE SMITH,
Memphis, Tenn.

Don't let the best years for marriage slip by!

Here are some suggestions ...

No matter what your age, remember: romance comes to girls with charm. If it seems to pass you by, you may be neglecting charm's first essential — the daintiness that wins.

AVOID OFFENDING

Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Whisk undies through gentle Lux suds after each wearing.

Lux takes away perspiration odor — protects your daintiness. Leaves colors charming, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast.

Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

protect daintiness — Lux lingerie daily
ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warners

The universal appeal of the reckless courage and chivalry of the Robin Hood legend of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again in Technicolor this time by Errol (soon to be a man) Flynn. You will happily envy Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Jerome Patricio as Friar Tuck, Claude Rains as Prince John and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (June 25)

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox

A new team of great names, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, take over where Omar and Flagg of yesterday left off. The boys are Louisiana-planing for conventions. New York City. Anything can happen, and does. Raymond Walburn aids in the comedy and Louise Hovick adds some spice, too. (Aug. 20)

BIG EARDOWAY, THE—20th Century-Fox

Offering a diversity of entertainment, this elaborate vaudeville brings back W. C. Fields to the screen after a two-year absence. Kirsten Flagstad, the famous Wagnerian, plays Hamlin's "Battle City." The music widget Stanley Paul, Martha Raye and Ben Blue clown, Bob Hope and Shirley Ross duet, but the whole show belies Fields. (Aug. 18)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio

Into this entwined turrd, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Posing as a blind sculptor, he ousts a gang of museum thieves with the help of Ava the Wonder Dog, and Whitney Bourne. Edmund Gordon grimmer than grim. (Aug. 6)

BLOCKADE—Wanger-United Artists

One of the most forceful pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a novel mixture of romance and lust adventure superbly photographed, superbly directed by William Dieterle ("Zola"). Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda are the lovers. (Aug. 18)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PERIL—Paramount

This time it's diamonds that lead to a killing and in turn to John Howard's rushing off to his wedding to Louise Campbell to tell Porter Hall. John Barrymore is the unco-operative imposter. Reginald Denly is Howard's fay Friday. The players have had the same roles but here they're perfect. (Aug. 20)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic

Love and adventure in the far North with dogs and humans sharing in the drama. Richard Arlen is the rough and ready trapper; Beverly Roberts, the leading lady in search of local Arctic color. Walter, pass the esquilin. (July 25)

COCONUT GROVE—Paramount

This is a sort of musical comedy depicting the rivals of a band leader (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Harry Owlsey's Royal Hawaiian Orchestra see it, too, Harvard Hilliard. (July 29)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount

Those bewildering comedians, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, E. E. Clive, and a big-time film topdor in this film this goodwill which has some catchers of humor and some good laughable tunes but doesn't quite hit the spot. Topnotch picture. (July 29)

CONDEMNED WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Thoughts of murder, plenty density, there's much interest and excitement in this picture which tells of the plight of women convicts who need help rather than punishment. Kelly Eldred is the outstanding prisoner. Louis Hayward gives forthwith-looking performance in love with her. New slant on a social problem. (July 21)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warners

A raffish fiddler from the boys from Brooklyn who wins a mean lassie, but can't ride a horse. Peter Lawford is the hobo musician who slips off to a Wyoming dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the help of Pat O'Brien, a theatrical producer. The hooch is in the tumbleweed in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Lawford's heart's delight. (July 30)

CRIME STORY—Warners

Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better go to see them, as they bring a slight glimpse social problem picture to boisterous entertainment. From clams to revolution in the home, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Police Commissioner. Very important. (July 12)

DOCTOR RHYTHM—Paramount

Bing Crosby, Ben Luf (funnier than ever), Mary Carlyle, Andy Devine, Rosemary DeCamp and Fred MacMurray give you your best in this picturization of O. Henry's "The Judge of Penitentiary O'Room," and it's all mirth and a wide-awake. Bing, a surgeon mistaken for a cop, then turns guardian to a lovely heroine. A success. (Aug. 7)

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—M-G-M

This latest domestic comedy revives around a quarrel between two women. Bob Montgomery and Virginia Bruce over the question of their respective careers. Their attempts to bluster each other are confined by Binnie Barnes, who makes a run for Bob, and Warren William, who tries to catch with Virginia. Very gay. (July 21)

FOOLS FOR SCANDAL—Warners

Only the brilliant presence of Carol Lombard saves this witless comedy from disaster. The action strikes a cinema scene into a situation with a penurious Frenchman (Fredric March), who then becomes a thief in his household. Ralph Bellamy is her wooden headed lover, Allen Jenkins and Marie Wilson swoon. Just charge it up to the California flood! (Aug. 4)

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox

A striking drama directed with skill by John ("The Hurricane") Ford, this tells of four brothers who set out to clear the name of their father, an Indian chief in India. They uncover plenty of chauvinism among the maharajahs. Loretta Yount is the heroine, and newcomer Richard Greene, David Niven, George Sanders, Bill Henry and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (July 25)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—M-G-M

In a rare version of the Mark Twain's old-time lovelie, Nelson Eddy emerges as a Wild West Robin Hood, Jeanette MacDonald as the owner of a saloon (yes indeed!). Walter Pidgeon is the sheriff cut out for Nelson for Nellie, Jeanette for love. The last three days of inroads and Indian attacks are well-staged, and the duels of the two principals offer you a prize package. (July 25)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio

It's Joe Ionescu name—same freak, putting himself into tremendous trouble by winning a trailer and being mistaken for a bank robber. Lucille Ball as Joe's wife, doesn't mean it. (Aug. 20)

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Universal

Everybody is nice and performs excellently, but this is a tired show, story of a pair of odious clowns who buy a movie theater. Robert Paige and Charles Winninger are bright spots in a dull cast. (Aug. 7)

HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M

Marne O'Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, dr in a travel agency meet, at a wedding. Both pretend to be something else, but do until one awful day—but no see this charming picture for company. Robert Montgomery, as Marne's brother, wins every scene he's in. (Aug. 12)

HOLIDAY—Columbia

Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry's play. Cary is the idealistic businessman in love with Doris (in the 1939 version of which Grant did), but the rebellious older sister who helps him escape too much money. (Imagine?) Lew Ayres is in a supporting role as the Columbia young brother. (Aug. 12)

HUNTED MEN—Paramount

The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolpe) who finds regeneration and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Missy O'Connor (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlyle (sister), and Delmar Watson (uncle). Pleasing and entertaining. (July 15)

ISLAND IN THE SKY—20th Century-Fox

A mighty club of a story about the locale for this murder mystery. Michael Whalen, associate attorney, and Gloria Stuart, his future, do the numbing with curtailing and charm. Robert Ricardo is the accused youth; Paul Kelly, his convict. (July 25)

BRIEF REVIEWS

CONSULT THIS MORIC SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

**PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE**

ALIGERS—Wanger-United Artists

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox

AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warner

BROADWAY STORIES—Columbia

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio

KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal

MERIDIAN T—1220—20th Century-Fox

MY BILL—Warner

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox

PROFESSOR BEWARE—Harold Lloyd-Paramount

ROMANCE OF THE LUMBERJACK—Monogram

SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE—M-G-M

SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M
IT ROCKED BROADWAY FOR 82 WEEKS!
NOW IT'S THE LOUDEST LAUGH ON THE SCREEN!

Boy meets girl! . . . Cagney meets O'Brien! . . . And the great stage triumph that panicked New York and swept the whole nation from coast to coast, becomes the love-and-laughter picture of a decade!

BOY MEETS GIRL

FROM THE STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

Starring

JAMES CAGNEY
PAT O'BRIEN

MARIE WILSON • RALPH BELLAMY

FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

Directed by LLOYD BACON
SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK

SEPTEMBER, 1938
CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to find its way out of its picture slump and, like many people who have been in low, it seems to have learned a lesson thereby ... the great and glittering "Marie Antoinette" is the exception to the rule for small, good pictures ... never before have I seen in such succession so many "little" pictures that have been so entertaining ... "Woman Against Woman" in my opinion contains some of the truest, most accurate dialogue I have ever heard, with Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor giving superb performances as the two women battling over one man... "Josette" is a lighthearted frolic with Robert Young being enchantingly funny in it ... "Three Blind Mice" is a very cute affair ... "Showgirl Angel" is as tender and compelling a film as you'll find in a month of movie shopping ...

What interests me most is that no one of these films boasts high-powered stars ... nor big expenditures ... but their stories have authentic structure to them ... they are neither too goofy nor too serious ... in other words, they are dedicated purely to amusement and there's hope for us ticket-buyers ...

SPEAKING of which, the accuracy with which the cash customers at the box-office office to understand stars better than any critic or producer was further proven to me one day this month ... it all came about through my talking to Warner Baxter ... for some reason, despite all my wandering around Hollywood, I have never met Mr. Baxter except most casually ... never talked to him more than a social "hello" until a week or so ago when I wandered on the set of "I'll Give a Million" where they were doing retakes ...

It was by no means the ideal day in which to visit the star of this picture for only that morning he had read the worst notices he had ever sustained in some nineteen years of an acting career ... those adverse, unflattering notices on "Kidnapped" ... Baxter it was, though, who told me about them ...

He never felt that "Kidnapped" was right for him ... in his own phrase, "... every time Arleen Whelan came into the scene it seemed only sensible, in view of her age, for her to make love to Freddie Bartholomew rather than to me" ... he also knows that the man he was playing was at once too young and too brash for an actor of his character ... on the other hand, he had turned down the last few scripts that his studio had sent him ... he was getting into the position of seeming quarrelsome and difficult and he didn't feel that way at all ... so he let himself be talked into playing Alan Breck even though he was sure that it was all wrong for him to do so ... the subsequent violently bad notices merely confirmed his original opinion ...

But there, that day he talked with me he had taken a lambasting in the press, but he was still being courteous to me, a member of it ... I had merely wandered in and he might very well have refused to talk to me at all ... it certainly would have been forgivable if he had ... instead, he went out of his way to make me comfortable ... he wandered over between takes to light my cigarettes ... he talked, absolutely without regard for niceties, about "Kidnapped" ... expressed his hope that "I'll Give a Million" would be a success ... only grinned when a bit player caused the scene they were shooting to be reshot several times, though he as the star had to go through it again and again because of the other player's failure ... chatted casually about why he loved Hollywood and hadn't the faintest wish to get away from it ever ... he was, in sum, a charming and contented gentleman, at peace with himself and the world ... and because such gentlemen are so rare I realized, for the first time, why we have stayed loyal to Warner Baxter for so many years ... he represents in his own person an ideal toward which many of us aspire ... or, to be more exact, instinctively we have all recognized him as a superior, admirable man ...

LATER, that same day, walking about the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, it occurred to me how rare a phenomenon professional jealousy, such as used to exist in the theater and which still exists in the opera, is in movies ... the stellar gang at Twentieth Century is, quite literally, ... (Continued on page 10)
Artistry in ALASKA SEALSKIN

Alaska Seal Skin—honored fur among the great designers of Paris, New York and Hollywood for its supple “flow”—favored fur among their smartest clientele for its serviceability and intrinsic value—appears this year in styles inexpressibly flattering, young, chic. In raven Black or deep-toned Safari Brown... Wherever better furs are sold.

SKINS DRESSED AND DYED BY FOUKE FUR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.... AGENTS OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FOR THE PREPARATION AND SALE OF ALASKA SEALSKINS.
(Continued from page 8)

like one big family... Tyrone Power is the closest pal of Don Ameche... Sonja Henie, lucing with Cesar Romero, waves gaily at Ty, who admires them both...

Recently I stood talking to Clark Gable before the building in which all the male M-G-M stars have their dressing rooms... it was late afternoon and most of the companies had quit working... as we stood there chattering, Spencer Tracy came out...

"Good-night, sweetheart," he said to Mr. Gable.

Mr. Gable looked at him. "Oh, good-night, honey," he murmured.

"See you soon, dear?" asked Mr. Tracy, twisting around like all the sexy maidens in the world.

"Sugar, you know I couldn't let the day pass without seeing your lovely face," replied the great god Gable.

And with that burlesque, two of the finest actors in all Hollywood separated, and let the world know that the kidding feud of theirs is still on... but it is just another evidence on another lot of the lack of jealousy... only people who like each other enormously can kid one another like that.

I think it is just as wise that stars are standing together, particularly the older crowd, since for the first time in movie history there is a definite, organized younger generation... not girls of fourteen playing... as Loretta Young once did... at being leading women just talented, attractive kids acting their own age... but also learning the art of acting thereby...

The more mature stars, like Bill Powell, often, officially legitimate to be a lack of stock companies in the country today or of road companies in which youngsters can learn the art of acting... because that way was the school in which Bill and Gable and Edward Arnold and Walter Connolly and others too numerous to list learned their lessons they want it to be available to the newcomers.

What I believe they have overlooked is that movies, purely by accident, may have solved their own problem... with the rise of the adolescent generation in pictures... the Deanna Durbins, the Freddie Bartholomews, the Mickey Rooney's, the Judy Garland's, the Maris Mae Jones, the Ann Rutherfords, the Lana Turners, and all the other talented young crowd, acting and being between the ages of twelve and eighteen... a natural school of acting has arisen... through smart production these kids are being carried past the awkward age without losing employment... but when they reach the twenties they will know the tricks of their profession... as witness, the orchidaceous Miss Young today and the return of that very fine actor, Jackie Cooper, aged fifteen.

From all of which you may gather that I think almost everything in Hollywood is all right this month and that whatever happens the most beautiful sight the movie village has to offer is Norma Shearer's profile.

Mary Astor

G

RADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you got sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is ninety or over, you're doing quite well-if, in fact, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 84.

1. When he went to school in Milwaukee, this actor was known as "Dimbles," and is still trying to live it down.

Fred MacMurray

Spencer Tracy

Pete O'Brien

Tyrone Power

2. The highest salaried film star during the 1937 tax year was:

Mae West

Gary Cooper

Joan Crawford

Ronald Colman

3. One of the biggest boxers ever played on Hollywood was pulled by this star who was born in the Middle West, came to Hollywood and landed one of the best parts in a big picture that called for English players by the basis of her phonetic English accent:

Margaret Lindsay

Doris Nolan

Claire Trevor

Gail Patrick

4. This actor used to be a life guard and has the record of saving twenty-eight lives before he turned to motion pictures:

Robert Young

Ronald Reagan

Jack Oakie

Randolph Scott

5. He's famous now, but this actor once solicited ads for a hair restorer:

Fredric March

H. B. Warner

Valda Varden

John Barrymore

6. Fanny Zilvetrich is the real name of this glamorous actress:

Francisca Gaal

Andrea Leeds

Anabello

Ilena Massey

7. According to Sandi, the famous restaurateur, there are only two people in Hollywood who know how to order a perfect dinner. One of them is:

James Gleason

Don Ameche

Arthur Treacher

Leo Carillo

8. You'd better go to see his pictures now, because this actor is going to leave the screen this fall to devote all his time to the stage:

Walter Huston

Warren William

Franctoe Tone

Herbert Marshall

9. One of the following stars does not come from a theatrical family:

Tyrone Power

Bing Crosby

Ida Lupino

Dolores Costello

10. This famous comedian was co-author of the first 100%, talking picture to be filmed. The title of it was "Lights of New York."

Hugh Herbert

Bert Lahr

Edward Kennedy

Groucho Marx

11. When she went to high school, her claim to fame was that she won seven medals as a track sprinter:

Kay Francis

Norma Shearer

Betty Grable

Carole Lombard

12. The Speech Arts Association of California gave this actor an annual medal for perfect diction and enunciation:

Spencer Tracy

C. Ansbury Smith

Lionel Barrymore

Cary Grant

13. Dorothy Gil and Maude Adams were sought for this part in "The Young in Heart," but this actress finally got it:

May Robson

Helen Westley

Arle Dupee

14. He was on the stage for twelve years, but now he says he'll never again return to the theater:

Clark Gable

William Powell

Walter Baxter

Edward Arnold

15. She once waited on tables in a girl's boarding school in order to get her education:

Loretta Young

Maureen O'Sullivan

Mary Astor

Bette Davis

16. As well as being a well-known comedian, this actor is a playwright and had one of his plays, "Dinner is Served," produced on the New York stage:

Eric Blore

Ed. Everett Horton

Alman Mowbray

Stuart Erwin

17. The joke of Jesse James in the forthcoming production of the life of this famous bandit will be played by:

Humphrey Bogart

Errol Flynn

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Tyrone Power

18. He's one of the greatest living authorities on Hans Christian Andersen and has just unearthed eight unpublished fairy tales of this author:

Paul Mani

Melvyn Douglas

Jean Hersholt

Henry Fonda

19. One of these stars has the unique distinction of not being the Mayor of a Hollywood suburb:

Joel McCrea

Andy Devine

Al Jolson

Hugh Herbert

20. These three of these four players were once chorus boys together in a Broadway musical:

James Cagney

Pat O'Brien

Allan Jenkins

Bruce Cabot

PHOTOPLAY
**JOSETT—20th Century-Fox**
Don Amiche and Robert Young attempt to free their daughter, the daughter of a gold-digging TV crook, by using their influence to get a job for her. They succeed, and she becomes a success herself. They are the stars, and they are the only ones who are really good. *(July)*

**JOY OF LIVING, The—RKO-Radio**
Well-dressed, well-written, with Jerome Kern’s pleasing score, which is quite popular even with the small-town gossip. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**JUDGE HARDY’S CHILDREN—M-G-M**
Here is Judge Hardy again, this time in Washington- ton, where he is trying to get a son-in-law for his daughter, Louisa Stone who is a judge, Mickey Rooney is a law professor, and a whole lot of other things happen. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th Century-Fox**
Those crochety Rita Hayworth riding the crest of their huge new fad would probably be shocked, but there’s no use in telling them. They win a lot of praise from critics and fans alike. They’re the stars, and they are the only ones who are really good. *(July)*

**KIDNAPPED—20th Century-Fox**
Robert Louis Stevenson’s classic story with Fredric March, is a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**LADY IN THE MORGUE, The—Universal**
Despite the gruesome title, this is a, in fact, a small-scale mystery with Preston Foster playing himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the un- known mystery of an unusual case. Robert Stack is the star, and he is the only one who is really good. *(July)*

**LITTLE MISS THROATBURNED—Warner**
A laugh, a tear, a bit of suspense are the in- gredients of this true story of the rock-and-roll star. Little Jane Chapman (Warner’s wonder child) does a great job, and John Lund is a fine supporting actor. They have been brought together, and they are the stars, and they are the only ones who are really good. *(July)*

**MAID’S NIGHT OUT—RKO-Fox**
Deanna Durbin is the star, and she plays a part which is similar to her previous roles. She also wins a lot of praise from critics and fans alike. They win a lot of praise from critics and fans alike. They are the stars, and they are the only ones who are really good. *(July)*

**MISTER ROY’S GAMBLE—20th Century-Fox**
Our usual tip is to watch the stars move into the movies, and this is no exception. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**MISTRIOUS MR. MOTO—20th Century-Fox**
Beginning with an escape from Devil’s Island and continuing with an adventure story, this is a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—Universal**
A weekly diverting variation of the old theme of a nurse with a heart of gold, this is a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**ONE WILD NIGHT—20th Century-Fox**
This is a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**OVER THE WALL—Warner**
Based on a story by Words Mother of Song, this is a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**PENROD’S DOUBLE TROUBLE—Warner**
Give Junior his dime and send him off to the Sat- urday morning this is around. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—M-G-M**
An appealing and honest picture beautifully directed by James Whale of "The Beast with Five Fingers" and "The Black Cat." It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**ROMANCE ON THE RUN—Republic**
Here’s another of those $100,000 diamond neck- laces that float around in the movies. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Monogram**
A charming little picture directed by Edward Dmytryk, it’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**SAILING ALONG—GB**
A charming little picture directed by Edward Dmytryk, it’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**C’est la vie** *(This is the Life)* sings Charles Boyer in one of his gay moments in "Aligiers," when he’s thinking of Hedy Lamarr.

**PRISON NURSE—Republic**
Another fine story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon for stemming an epidemic, only to become involved in a prison break and get popped back in the hole. Marjorie Main and John Aherle are around Pointless. *(July)*

**PRIVATE LIFE OF MUSULMOON, The—Hal- linder Prod.**
A very interesting pictorial summary of the picture of Musulmoom. Whether you are for or against Fascism, you will like Edward Williams and Helen Broderick’s roles. They are the stars, and they are the only ones who are really good. *(July)*

**RAGE OF PARIS, The—Universal**
To introduce Danielle Darrieux, her first new French star. Universal has chosen a gay modern comedy of manners directed by Don Taylor, Franchot Tone, and Louis Hayward are the protagonists for Danielle, and she is seen to be a good one. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**STAIN IN NEW YORK, The—RKO-Radio**
The tale of Leila Chark’s popular character comes to life in the person of Louis Howe, and he is fine. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal**
Now John Rolfe is a fugitive living on a tropical island. A diabolical of passengers decide on him— Helen Foster, Allen Greer, and John Larkin. *A Grand Hotel* type of mystery climaxed with a murder, murder and death. *(July)*

**STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount**
A very enjoyable musical comic drama. Olymba Hope, Leila Caraccio, and June Haver are the stars. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M**
Lamul and Hurdy return to the screen in a picture very reminiscent of his old Mac Smith days. The boys are young and pretty ones who smartly play the stock parts, and the whole picture is a firm favorite. *(July)*

**TEST PILOT—M-G-M**
Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Dorothy Lamour are the stars, and it’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox**
Loretta Young, Joel McCrea, David Niven, and that dull little dog, who can’t run any more. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**THREE COMRADES—M-G-M**
Robert Taylor, Frank Capra, Robert Young and Maggie Sullivan have plenty of dramas and Hunter and Johnson can’t salvage it. *(July)*

**TOY WIFE, The—M-G-M**
Another picture in the "Gene With the Wind" trend. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount**
Marvelous picture in the English-German revolu- tionary in sight. Ray Milland is the screw-hol- low, and the whole picture is a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic**
A small-scale Western introducing a new cowboy star, Roy Rogers, who sings delightfully. As the stars of a Congressional party to Washington, stages a Federal Water project for ranches in the West, and a large-scale political party—*(July)*

**VIVACIOUS LADY—RKO-Radio**
Sensationally written, well directed, romantic and hilarious, it’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**WHEN YOU WERE BORN—Warner**
Anna May Wong manages to solve the murder of her former mistress, and it’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**WHITE BANNERS—Warner**
Lloyd Douglas’ story of remembrance, stuffed with preconceptions, but the acting of Fay Bainter and Joby Crocher will enthral you. Fay Bainter is a real favorite, and the film is a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Warner**
Poor Kay Francis certainly got a dirty deal in this picture. Unusually cleverly directed by Greta Garbo, who does her job, but Kay Francis is the star, and she is the only one who is really good. *(July)*

**YELLOW JACK—M-G-M**
A really important picture, unusually directed and acted by Frank Capra. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**YOU AND ME—Paramount**
John Farrow, Erroll Flynn, and George Raft by the bow too many times to find a notable performance. It’s a hit, and it’s a fine one. *(July)*

**ZOI**
GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT

Irving Berlin

ALEXAND RAGTIM

An American

TYRONE POWER • ALIC

PHOTOPLA
GREATER THAN YOUR GREATEST EXPECTATIONS!

Against the background of our turbulent times...the story of headstrong young sweethearts who find love, lose it, find it again—through the music that is their life! Rich with the Irving Berlin melodies that have kept hearts singing...glamorous with the dramatic panorama from ragtime to swing...here is entertainment triumphant from 20th Century-Fox, makers of "In Old Chicago"!

ER'S BAND

Ethel Merman • Haley Faye • Don Ameche

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Tratti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman
Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
**GLAMOUR FOR EVENING—**

There's something about a warm summer evening that lends to romance. And the greatest help to romance is glamour. And the best way to learn the little tricks that give glamour is to go to those expert purveyors of glamour—the movie stars—and learn what they do. Which we did; and here they are: tricks that can be adapted to your own personality to bring out your own loveliness.

If you're dressing décolleté as Isa Miranda so often does, a very important thing is to avoid while "bathing-suit" straps. If you have a smooth tan with the exception of those bathing-suit straps, use a creamy powder base that matches your tan and make up your shoulders so that you're just one color.

Ginger Rogers takes a creamy golden tan during the summer and to accent it she doesn't use any powder at all, just a smooth foundation that leaves a faint shine to her skin and is most attractive.

Another nice trick is to use a bit of cream on your cheeks at night to give them a youthful highlight. You know that it's only a young skin that has a sheen to it. As you get older, your skin becomes dryer and you lose that glowing look, so a bit of shine on your cheekbones accents your youth.

Eye shadow does more to give personality and glamour to your face than any other one thing, and night-time is the time to experiment with it. There is an eye shadow that comes in gold and silver—lovely soft shades that make you look very exotic. Lucille Ball uses it when she wants a very special effect for a big party.

Anne Shirley, however, doesn't use any eye shadow at all. She smooths a bit of cream on her eyelids all the way up to her brows instead. If you're very young and feel that eye shadow is too sophisticated for you, try this instead and you'll look very ingenious.

There's even gold and silver mascara. You can touch it lightly to the tips of your lashes after you've applied your regular mascara and you'll be surprised how deep your eyes become. And you already know that there's nothing like deep-blue mascara to make blue eyes look even bluer. Ruby Keeler uses it regularly at night.

Anita Louise's brows follow their natural line. If your brows are the unruly kind that won't follow the line you want, use brilliantine to make them stay in place. Brush them up first with a little brush and then smooth them down in the line you want. If the brilliantine won't keep them in place, you can always resort to soaking them and each little hair will lie just where you want it to.

You're wearing your hair up high off your face these nights, as Claire Trevor does; you'll probably find that you can't do a thing with the short fine hairs on the nape of your neck. They're not long enough to smooth in with the rest, but they make the back of your neck look blunted. Vicki Lester solves the problem by using a lotion that is very similar to that used by beauty shops to set your wave. She smooths it on the short hairs in back and they flow right into the up-wave of hair to the curls on top. Try it.

Another nice feminine thing to do when you're wearing your hair off your ears is to rouge the earlobes.

If you get a flushed warm look on a hot summer's night, try having green-toned powder mixed with your usual shade, to give your face a cool look. Mauve serves the same purpose, but don't use too much of it and use it only at night. It tones down a sunburn and gives your skin a clear pallor.

Your perfume must be light for summer evenings. Heavy, exotic fragrances should be worn with rich gowns and furs—they're out of place with a light dress on a warm evening. Kay Sutton uses a spicy perfume that is ideal for summer, and flower fragrances are lovely, too. Apply your perfume at least half an hour before you are going out, because it takes that length of time for the true color to come out.

Ruby Keeler has a nice little trick of patting her cheeks with perfume before putting on her make-up. Then when she turns her head you get a delightful whiff of it, and she moves in a faint aura of scent. Barbara Stanwyck sets her lipstick with her favorite perfume. After she has used cleansing tissues to remove the surplus lipstick (which you do, too) she dabs on the perfume and lets it dry. And don't forget to put some on your wrists so that the scent comes forth when you move your hands.

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**HAVE you always longed for a fondle left in your chin? Well, we have too, and finally worked it out. You use a blue powdered eye shadow to get the effect. Fold a thin puff in half—use the small size that comes in rouge compacts—rub it in the smooth and smooth a line of it on your chin. Blend it carefully so there's no sharp line, and the faint shadow looks like a slight dimple. Do it only at night, though, because it does look artificial in the daytime.

Lucille Ball powders her lips before applying lipstick, because she says it stays on longer and goes on smoother. She has a lipstick pencil that's the same shade as her regular lipstick and she uses the pencil at home to give her lips a smooth definite outline, then uses her lipstick to replenish it the rest of the evening.

If your mouth is large, use a light dull lipstick and carry it out to the
very edges instead of using a bright stick and not covering up your entire mouth, because the light stick minimizes the fullness of your lips.

If your mouth is too small, though, use a light lipstick out to the very edges, and then take a second one of a brighter or deeper color and carry it out a little beyond the natural line. To make your lipstick stay longer, use an indelible one first in a light color, and then apply your regular lipstick on top of that, and you’re set for hours.

Two mascara brushes are better than one, too. Lucille dampens the first one and brushes her lashes with it to separate them. Then she puts the mascara on with the other one, and it goes on much more evenly. The less water you use in putting on your mascara, the better effect you get, so just use a damp brush instead of a soggy one. And always wash both brushes every day. A fine line of black pencil just above the lashes adds to the effect, but be sure the pencil has a very sharp point so you get just a faint line, and draw it on before you apply the mascara.

Don’t forget, too, that your elbows must be as smooth as your face, because there’s nothing less glamorous than rough, horny elbows. Rubbing them with pumice stone is excellent to soften the skin as well as remove the dead rough scales. Another good way is to soak them in half lemons which will bleach your elbows as well as soften them.

Do you remember the barrettes that you wore as a little girl? Well, there’s nothing smarter for evening wear now than these old-fashioned barrettes that come in different shapes. They can be shaped like a little bird or a flower or just in a bow knot. You can wear the plain bone barrettes for daytime and then get some set with brilliants for evening. Ann Sheridan wears one on either side of her forehead. If you’re brushing up your hair in the back, they’re ornamental as well as useful to keep the curls in place.

There’s a splendid new make-up that is just being put on the market by a famous cosmetician. It’s an adaptation of Technicolor make-up that is grand for street or evening wear, and it can be used with or without powder. It covers up small blemishes and gives a setting finish to your skin. I’ll be very glad to give you the name of this product if you’ll write me and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Hark ye, who would a glamour girl be! From these expert purveyors of that intricate art, (reading clockwise) Claire Trevor, Anita Louise, Lsa Miranda and Lucille Ball, you will learn tricks to emphasize your own loveliness.

SWEET LIPS must be free from LIPSTICK PARCHING

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Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft... as well as warmly bright.

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Another thrilling new Coty make-up discovery! Rushing torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and warmth, in shades that match “Sub-Deb” Lipstick, 50¢.
Fine furs, like precious jewels, are not easily judged. But there is a way to tell choice silver fox—look for "FEDERAL," stamped on the leather side of the pelt. Only skins of outstanding luxuriousness... bountiful silvering... and lasting loveliness are sold under this name. The jacket above, with its glamorous sheen... its new "spiral" sleeves... and smart casual-formal length... is only one of many smart models developed in FEDERAL Fox, this fall, and shown at better stores throughout the country.
The noise was coming from a closet... I turned the knob...
Murder is different in Hollywood
—especially when a famous movie
hero is involved in the mystery

THERE were five of us crowded into the small interviewing room at the employment agency. As the last to arrive, my chair was in the least advantageous position. I looked the other applicants over, and they looked me over.

I figured that if it was a job where the secretary was expected to go out with the boss, the blonde seated directly opposite the door had the inside track. I could see that she thought so, too. On a question of ability, the tall girl was going to give me competition; the redhead was nervous; the bony-featured one probably had plenty of ability, but she wouldn't be much of an office ornament, and she'd been trudging the dreary rounds of employment agencies until it had got her down. This was just one more try-out. She was already figuring where she'd go after it was over.

My wrist watch showed exactly ten o'clock. Miss Benson, who ran the agency, opened the door and said, simply, "Mr. Foley."

He was a tall man in the thirties, not too heavy, with a smile that I liked. He was holding the cards we'd filled out in his left hand, a pair of dark glasses in his right.

"There are five of you," he said crisply. "I have studied your cards. I'll try to make the interview as brief as possible. Miss Blair, please."

The blonde said, "I'm Miss Blair," and her voice was a cooing intimacy.

Mr. Foley put the dark glasses over his eyes. From where I was sitting I could see behind the lenses. I saw a peculiar tightening of the muscles across the forehead, and suddenly it occurred to me the man's eyes were closed.

He said, "I dictate very rapidly. Do you think you can take it?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I never have any trouble with dictation. I'm quite certain you'd be satisfied, Mr. Foley."

"Miss Ransome," Mr. Foley said.

That got the dejected girl who was sitting across from me. Miss Crane was the redhead and Miss Sharpe looked like the one who had what it takes. He asked each of them a quick question, listened to their answers, then said, "Miss Bell," and when I answered him, turned his head quickly as though he'd overlooked me sitting there in the corner; but he didn't open his eyes.

"Do you," he asked, "think you can fill the position of secretary to a lawyer, Miss Bell?"

"I think so," I told him.

"Can you go to work right away?"

"Yes."

He took off his glasses. "Very well, you start at once."

It was just like that, no typing test, no talk about references.

The other girls filed out, the blonde leading the procession with a dazed expression, Miss Sharpe with wooden features, the redhead ignominious, the Ransome girl mechanically glancing at her watch, and lengthening her stride before she was out of the door. Evidently, she had another interview waiting.

Foley turned to me and took off his dark glasses. "My secretary," he said, "was injured in an automobile accident. I need another one right away."

I saw that his eyes were a light, clear blue. The pupils seemed very small and very black.

And then my curiosity got the better of my judgment. I blurted, "Do you always pick your secretaries with your eyes shut?"

His pin-point pupils held my eyes. "You noticed that?"

"Yes."

"Observant," he said. "Yes, I always judge people by their voices."

"How in the world can you judge people entirely by their voices?" I asked. "What can you possibly tell of a secretary's qualifications by listening to her talk?"

"You forget," he said, "that I had the cards of the applicants. Naturally, they had all listed their qualifications as being adequate, otherwise Miss Benson wouldn't have selected them for an interview. It only remained for me to check their ability to judge their own qualifications."

"And you feel you did that out of your voices?"

"Yes," he said, holding up his hand and checking us off on his fingers. "Blair, a cooling, seductive voice; her sex is her chief asset; no dice. Ransome, dispirited; has quit fighting after only two months of unemployment. That's too short a time. She's too easily discouraged. Crane, afraid to face a competitive test, yet forced to offer herself; Sharpe, confident, well-trained, a little too sure of herself; accustomed to being just a bit superior to the boss. She'd do fine for a man who needed his correspondence revised."

"And Bell?" I asked, smiling.

"Bell," he said, with the suggestion of a twinkle softening those blue eyes, "is a little too inclined to be a spectator of life, but calmly competent, and sure of her competency. Abruptly the personal, friendly note left his voice. He said, incisively, 'I've left my office without a secretary. Are you ready?' I matched his manner, said, "Yes, Mr. Foley," and started for the door.

Mr. Foley used dictating machines. There were three records in the rack under the transcriber when I reached the office, and, by the time he went out to lunch, there were three more.

It's difficult working on a strange typewriter, so I ate rather a sketchy lunch and returned to the office. I was busily clacking away at about five minutes past one when the door opened, and a broad-shouldered man with arrogant eyes pushed his way toward the private office.
For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights swooping down on me ... I screamed, tried to jump back and escape ... I let my silence soak in.

"What's your name?"

"Miss Bell."

"How long have you known Mr. Foley?"

"If you wish to wait," I said acidly, "there are chairs in the waiting room. This is Mr. Foley's private office."

The man casually pulled back the lapel of his coat, showing me a badge. "How long have you known Mr. Foley?"

"Since ten o'clock this morning."

"What do you know about Mildred Parker?"

"Nothing."

"You know who she is, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"She's the secretary who was working here."

"Mr. Foley said she had been injured in an automobile accident," I told him.

He perched himself on the edge of Mr. Foley's desk. "I'm investigating."

"If you don't mind, we'll step into the other office," I said. "I have to answer the telephone as well as do my typing. This is Mr. Foley's private office."

He didn't move. "What enemies did Mildred Parker have?"

I'm sure I couldn't tell you anything about Miss Parker. I've never seen her in my life. I didn't know her name until you mentioned it."

"He lit a cigarette. "It's funny. Somebody went out of his way to sock her with a car. It was a hit-and-run job. According to witnesses, the guy who did it followed her for a couple of blocks. He cracked her just as she crossed an intersection, broke her leg ... phony license plates.

"Will you please wait in Mr. Foley's reception room?" I asked.

He didn't move. I heard the click of a latch key, and Mr. Foley opened the exit door to stand staring at us. "What's this?" he asked sharply.

"Evidently," I said, "this gentleman is an officer. He has ignored my requests to wait in the other room."

"You're Foley?" the man asked. Mr. Foley nodded.

"Okay. I'm getting some dope on Mildred Parker. What do you know about her?"

"Nothing."

"Who were her enemies?"

"She had none as far as I know."

"How far did you know?"

(Continued on page 80)
HOW I SAVED MY

A promise faithfully kept won
against tremendous odds—while

Hollywood tried to stack the cards

I WALKED into the Derby for dinner last night with the director of my latest picture. He was in a dinner coat and I was dressed to the hilt and I suppose you had only to look at us to know that we were preview-bound.

We got a corner booth, sat talking for a moment, until someone across the room waved to my companion and he excused himself to go over. "Sorry—my agent," he said. Then, while I sat waiting, I caught the sound of my name from the booth in back of me. Sometimes, if you concentrate very hard, you can detach words and their meaning from what is usually unintelligible café murmur. I strained both ears.

"That's Lamour with So-and-So," a man's voice said. "Mark it for your column, why don't you? Looks like romance."

The answer was female, both in sound and significance. "She's supposed to be married."

"Don't let it worry you. She doesn't."

"Hmmm?"

"Well, she gets around. Kay—it's Herb Kay she's married to, isn't it?—has his band in a good New York spot. Lamour's a sultry gal. She should sit at home, knitting, when so many men want to take her out."

"Who've you seen her with?" the woman asked. "In the last two months I mean."

Names, all of which I recognized as friends of Herb's and of mine drifted over the back of the booth. "And there are more, only I can't remember. The thing's on the verge. Why don't you break it before someone else does?"

"No," said the woman, her voice suddenly very shrewd, "because if she goes out with that many men the marriage has a little time yet..."
I'll crack the item when she begins sticking to any one man.

I stopped listening. Sitting there, I wondered why I didn't climb over onto the next table and snatch that woman bald. For that matter, I wondered why I didn't even feel sure about the conversation I'd heard. The Hollywood part of my mind, unaccountably, was saying: That's their job. They're good at it. Besides, why should anyone assume my marriage will last when from any usual standard it doesn't have a chance?

WHEN I eloped with Herb three years ago, neither of us had any idea there would be special matrimonial problems for us to work out. To me the whole thing had a fictional quality. I'd always had my glamour secondhand because my childhood had been a poor one, and now the thought of being a singer, traveling around the country with my famous husband ... the whole thing was like one of those magazine stories with illustrations by Jon Whitcomb. I could see the poses. The first one, with little Dorothy Lamour in her simple, cheap dress singing shyly at an amateur night in Chicago. The tall, handsome band leader at a table, applauding, a look of discovery in his eyes.

Then a picture in full color, with Dorothy transformed, sitting in a spangled dress before her dressing-room mirror, with the hero, tuxedoed, bending to kiss her shoulder. Caption: "It's silly to wait. Let's drive to Waukegan tonight and find a minister."

After that the whole story, in my mind, went on through a haze of romance to a dim—but inevitably happy—conclusion. There would be a few minor quarrels, easily patched up, and there would be a baby, finally, and a little house in the country to vie with a glittering apartment in the city.

I was naive, I suppose. I forgot that in any good year there must be conflict to give it interest, and my story got beyond any control of mine on the evening a National Broadcasting Company official called me in New York and said I was to go to Hollywood for a program there.

"Let me call you back in a few minutes. I'll give you my answer then," I said confusedly, and hung up.

Sitting by the phone, I tried to work out the idea in my mind. It would be a terrific break for me, of course. A network spot in Hollywood meant country-wide recognition and, if I went over, more money. And Hollywood meant motion pictures. . . . It also meant saying good-bye to Herb, at least for a long time. He was stuck with an eastern engagement; Chicago and New York were his stamping grounds, where he was known and liked.

I called NBC and refused the offer. Herb was agast when I told him about it later that evening. "But it means everything to you!" he said.

"You mean everything to me."

"But that shouldn't force you to turn down a chance at fame and the big dough," he said determinedly. "If you call the radio people back right now they may still have the spot open."

"Our marriage . . ." I protested.

"Do you really think it's weak enough to collapse under a thing like this? Do we love each other so little that we couldn't bother to work out a system that will take care of everything for us?"

There was no answer to that point of view. I rang NBC—and took the job.

We both felt very secure when I left for Hollywood. We'd talked endlessly in the days past and had decided several essential things. If I managed to get in pictures it would mean several years, perhaps, on the Coast. Several years of separation. Several years of knowing each other by mail, of short visits at vacation time, of loneliness and danger.

Therefore we must put the emphasis of our imaginations on the future rather than on the immediate present. It was too hard to lose the years when our love was new and excitingly fresh; yet we knew that love would survive and that the later years would be better for the work we would do. We would make ourselves secure financially and be able to have a greater part of our lives to spend having fun, making a home.

No matter how far I might go in pictures or radio, it was understood Herb would not give up his band just to live in Hollywood. His career came first. In our hearts we both understood that he must never be known as Mr. Lamour. If any professional sacrifices were going to be made for our marriage, I determined I would make them, because, in the final analysis, I was content to be merely Mrs. Herb Kay anyway.

In the matter of money, I insisted he discontinue the allowance he had always given me in addition to my salary.

"I want to see if I can do it on my own," I told him. He agreed, finally. That was to be up to me.

The first months in Hollywood were particularly miserable. I called Chicago nightly and then had to go without new clothes because of the telephone bills. I got on planes at the slightest opportunity and flew East to see Herb. Then pictures took me up. I was poured into a strange and dark make-up and stuck in a jungle, and there was no opportunity to do or think of (Continued on page 88)
B E H A V I O R

BY BOGART

Once you get to know Hollywood's most ornery cuss
you're a friend for life—just ask his ex-wives!

BY RUTH RANKIN

MAMA, that Bogey-man is here again.

There is some talk that Humphrey Bogart, or Bogey—Bo, if you want to get tough about it—was born in the hottest part of Hell's Kitchen with a very dirty sneer on his face, and grew up to be the leading liquidator for Lefty Louie's gang . . .

Bogey has not put himself out in the least to dispel this illusion. He kind of keeps it for a pet, the way snake charmers coddle their boa constrictors, and for much the same reason: both of them use their pets in their work.

The fact that Bogey actually was born (1900) in an unimpeachable section of New York; that he looked like any other baby except to his mother (an illustrator of distinction for fashion magazines) and to his father (a well-known surgeon); and that he prepped at Andover, are all things he will admit, under pressure.

What he will admit without any pressure at all is that he has been getting into trouble all his life, and still is. It was just a short step further to put this talent to work and become the leading screen heavy.

Every friendship Bogey ever made started out with a hell-roaring fight. Even up to and including his marriages. He says once he and his acquaintances go through the initial baptism of fire, they are friends for life and stick faster than adhesive to a blister.

"Nobody," he claims, matter-of-factly, "nobody likes me on sight. I suppose that's why I'm a heavy, or vice versa. There must be something about the tone of my voice, or this arrogant face—something that antagonizes everybody. I can't even get in a mild discussion that doesn't turn into an argument." And from the pleased way he looks when he says it, you get the impression that Bogey is awfully happy about the whole thing.

The thing is, I can't understand why people get mad. You can't live in a vacuum, and you can't have a discussion without two sides. If you don't agree with the other fellow, that's what makes it a discussion. I'd feel like a sap, starting things by throwing in with my opponent and saying, Well, of course you may be right,' and 'You know more about it than I do,' and all the other half-baked compromises the tact-and-diplomacy boys use.

"My idea of honest discussion (maybe the word is argument) is to begin by declaring my opinion. Then, when the other fellow says, 'Why, you're nothing but a - - - - fool,' things begin to move and we can get somewhere. Or, all right then, I'm the one who generally pulls that line on him. So they tell me. Anyway, it's a line that gets lots of action.

All over Hollywood, they are continually advising me, 'Oh, you mustn't say that. That'll get you in a lot of trouble,' when I remark that

(Continued on page 84)
"So this," I said to Pat O'Brien, after the first few days of shooting on the picture, "Garden of the Moon," "so this," I said, "is the life of a movie actor!"

"And how do you like it?" Pat grinned.

"Like it?" I retorted. "I love it! It's the champion racket of the world!"

I meant it. Acting for the screen is the lazy man's paradise—the easiest, silliest means I know to make a lot of money quickly. It is more effortless than taking candy from little babies, more pleasant than being willed a fortune by some far-distant, unknown relative. A director—thank heaven for directors—tells you what to do and shows you how to do it. You try to imitate him. Perhaps your effort falls short of his ideal, but no need to worry about that. You try again. And again. And then some more. Eventually, by the law of averages, you are almost sure to score a bull's eye.

If you bungle a gesture, forget a line, mispronounce or mis-say a word, why—shoot another take! Film is cheap, directors are patient and time means practically nothing—just a few thousand dollars an hour—in Hollywood.

I am proud of the sympathy I have showered on stars who habitually complain that they are overworked. It proves that I have (or had) a tender heart, and I have always wanted to be known as a kindly soul. Even now I'm willing to concede that principal actors should not be employed in too many pictures within a given period, for there is an element of nerve strain connected with "work" before the cameras.

Actors have too much time between scenes in which to worry about precedence in billing and about their income taxes. Furthermore, the hot lights sap their energy—almost as rapidly as the hard floor of a department store saps the strength of a clerk. But, excepting these two major drawbacks, acting for the screen is more picnic than job.

Don't misunderstand me. By saying that acting is the world's easiest way of earning a living, I do not mean to insinuate that I am a good actor. Far from it. I will never come closer to an Academy Award than the North Pole will come to the South. But, if an inexperienced, self-conscious wight like J. Fidler finds acting a dolce far niente profession, it seems to me that those who have talent and training should find it an absolute cinch.

To begin with, the actual minutes of work assessed from an actor each day are pitifully few. As a rule, he reports at the studio at eight-thirty (his press agent insists on seven, but even publicity men must earn a living) and lolls in a comfortable chair while a make-up artist coats his face with grease paint and powder.

During that process, he can sleep . . . or read . . . or chat . . . or listen to the voice of that singing star a few dressing rooms away. Being made up is much less grueling than submitting to a shave and a haircut.

He arrives on the set at approximately nine o'clock—and then commences the day's "toil." Actually, he works before the clock about one-fifth of the time. If he is a gregarious soul, he spends the rest of the day on the side lines, swapping jokes and stories with the rest of the cast. And I'm now of the opinion that it is that continual storytelling which makes actors complain of being overworked. Trying to top the other fellow's gag every day is a terrible strain—especially if the other fellow happens to be Pat O'Brien.

During the filming of "Garden of the Moon," he must have told a thousand jokes and I went home each night with an inferiority complex and a "stitch." Great storyteller, that O'Brien! And a great business, this acting!

If an actor isn't gregarious, and doesn't want to sit on the side lines, he may go to his dressing room. And sleep. Or read. Or play solitaire. Or chart the next day's races. Or just sit and tell himself he's got an awful crust, taking so much money for the amount of energy he's expending.

Of course, it is trying to be paid to sit around and talk to such eye-fuls as Margaret Lindsay, or Olivia de Havilland, or Rosemary Lane, or whom—would-you-prefer? Perhaps it's worth an extra thousand a week, too, to have to make love to such a swell gal as that Lindsay person. To be honest, my one objection to my first movie (Continued on page 87)
The Berlins, the Goetzs and the LeRois. Doris Warner LeRoy, with high score in the author's perfect hostess rating, wins by a length! There's a dark horse here—want to place a bet?

Carmen Considine, rated as "sprightliest" hostess, comes in second and replaces a once world-famous Hollywood party giver.

Mrs. Harry Lachman could well be titled the Elsa Maxwell of Hollywood. Above: Director Harry Lachman, the Ralph Bellamys and the beautiful No. 3 hostess.

WHO'S HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST HOSTESS?

With more courage than tact, but superbly fitted for the job, Photoplay's famed reporter throws caution to the wind and ranks the women he thinks are Hollywood's best at entertaining.

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.
A party with jolly Lucile Gleason
as hostess (center, in print dress)
is the all-American party supreme

DORIS WARNER LEROY is Hollywood's
outstanding hostess, it seems to me, for,
search moviedom's blue book high and
wide, you'll not find a more perfect person to fit
the bill. Doris has the charm, the grace, the
personality, the savoir-faire and the intelligence
without any pettiness. She is the daughter of
one of filmland's foremost leaders. She is mar-
rried to Mervyn LeRoy, one of its ace producers,
who has vitally pulled himself up by his shoe-
strings. She may lack experience, but her meager
years have given her the background which others
with more time on their hands could never obtain.

Her salon is the boast of the Coast. Her din-
ers are like a command performance at Buck-
ingham Palace. Her cuisine is such that friend
or foe invariably comments upon its excellence.
Whether she is entertaining at her Spanish
hacienda in Bel Air, or at her rambling beach
house at Santa Monica, one has the feeling that
here is no mere upset with a pretty face but a
charming woman with all the ease which good breeding and quick wit have been able to
achieve. Besides this, Doris is as chic as any
of stardom's best, and can hold her own where-
ever discussion leads.

Of course, I am judging from an entirely mas-
culine point of view and there are probably
many good ladies in Hollywood and elsewhere
who will violently disagree with me. I have
been going to Hollywood since 1919, and I think
I have met most of the feminine stars who have
flickered across the horizon since that time, yet
there are many of them whom I might have met
casually, whose thresholds I have never crossed.
So perhaps, in this story, I am being a bit unfair
in not discussing the entertainment ability of
some of the latter. I mention this because I do
not wish to make enemies of people I don't know,
neither do I wish to whitewash them.

It is fun sometimes, when you think about
how people go about gathering people around
the festive board, to draw up a little diagram of
their worth. For instance, supposing we give
each candidate of Hollywood's most-successful
hostess count a percentage, based on a schedule
along the following lines:

A—Ability to bring the right people together
and avoid including those who are incongenial.
B—Talent for catering and other details in-
volving the serving of foods and beverages.
C—Grace and originality in planning the com-
fort and enjoyment of guests.
D—Personal social qualities such as wit,
charm, chic, tact and beauty, plus the ability to
prevent these qualities from becoming a source
of envy to her feminine guests.
E—That indefinable, rare and invaluable
something which removes embarrassment and
nervousness from any home in which a woman
possessing this quality resides and which in-
sures a sense of well-being to all guests in her
home, at all times.

These five classifications have been chosen
very arbitrarily, and I daresay readers can bet-
ter them, adding subtleties which escape me for
the moment. To this list then, let's give 20% to
each classification.

I would therefore rate Doris LeRoy as fol-
lows: A—15%; B—20%; C—17%; D—18%;
E—20%. Total: 90%.

I well remember a hastily gotten together
party at her Bel Air mansion one evening. There
had been servant trouble just before the event
took place. Although guests who entered the
labyrinth of rooms realized that the servants
looked like "movie servants," Doris carried on
just as my mother would have done had some-
thing gone wrong below stairs on the night of a
Fifth Avenue ball.

Actually what did go wrong, none of us knew!
Doris was too much a young woman of the world
to explain! Nor did we know that at least one
or two of the guests present had turned up on
the wrong night.

Men have a way of committing that faux pas,
but women seldom do it unless there is a mo-
ture for it. Once I saw this happen at the White
House in Washington during Warren G. Har-
ding's tenure of office. Mrs. Warren Harding sim-
ply snubbed the guests who had mistaken the
evening. Doris was a bit distraught, but quickly
ordered a couple of extra seats added, and no
mention of the incident was made by anyone
during the entire evening.

(Continued on page 86)
She blushes easily.

**By Dorothy Spensley**

She's Victorian—with variations. Victorian-ism implies fastidiousness. Her mind has that. Toward dress she is indifferent, preferring simple practical garments, buying a dinner dress for "line," spurning corsages because they destroy that line. She blushes easily. Flames red as a peony if her name is linked with that of a male: John Howard, Brian Aherne, David Niven, Billie Bakewell. Her name, of course, is Olivia de Havilland.

Her most recent histrionic offering: Maid Marian in Warner Brothers' super-colossal Technicolor $1,600,000 film, "The Adventures of Robin Hood." She is now, after six weeks spent in the English countryside with her mother and not Lord Michelham (as romantically rumored), fast at work on a musicomedy with Mr. Richard Ewing Powell. It will be called "For Lovers Only."

Now Maid Olivia is perhaps as complex a piece of acting mechanism as the Brothers Warner have under contract. And they probably don't know it. They regard her as a commendable actress, worthy of stardom, who surprised them with her comedy talent in "Call It a Day." Before that, starting with Dr. Max Reinhardt's "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Miss de Havilland, now twenty-two, well curved, more than pleasing to the eye, had performed as a traditional ingenue. What they have, too, in Maid Olivia, is a tragedienne whose Medea-like (see the painting by Sichel) expressions can be almost frightening.

It's not an indictment of Hollywood or of a great industry. It's an error of birth. Olivia was born too late. Or maybe too early. The pendulum of good manners and decorous conduct swings back and forth.

"I'm not Victorian," she pooh-poohs. "I say 'heck' five times more a day than I ever did before."

But her fastidiousness, the exquisite quality that registers on the screen, goes deeper than her speech. Olivia, despite her frankness, is a lady. She'll never be able to live it down.

Besides this, discussion of the facts of life was omitted in the childhood of Olivia Mary. She grew up in blissful ignorance; patched together a picture of Life from books. Then, as today, Olivia read all the books she could lay
WITH VARIATIONS

She's had a head-on collision with life. Her illusions are shattered.

She's known love. She's Olivia de Havilland—Warners' new star.

hands on. She pushed through "Ivanhoe," wondering why a "Bartender" (her interpretation of the title of Sir Walter Scott, Bard) could write so ably. Misinterpreting other phenomena, she created a pretty distorted version of existence on this spinning globe. No wonder a head-on collision with life in Hollywood shattered her pretty illusions.

OLIVIA is a product of Tokio; undoubtedly one of the few Japanese products upon which there will never be a boycott. Her father, a patent attorney in the Orient, is an Englishman from Guernsey. Her mother, Mrs. Lillian Fontaine, is a native of Berkshire, England. When she (Olivia) was two and one-half, she sailed, with her mother and sister, through the Golden Gate and called San Francisco her home until the fogs made further residence there impractical for her.

The three womenfolk—father remained in the Orient—moved South down the Monterey Peninsula. The town Mrs. Fontaine chose to live in was Saratoga—population eight hundred. It had climate and scenery. No race horses.

Sensitive and introspective, Olivia was finally sent to Notre Dame Convent at Belmont on the Bay. There the good Sisters instilled piety into an already pious mind; made her write, one hundred times: I will in the future be modest, and I will not again display my bloomers while playing basketball.

"Another time I hid a salt cellar from the table in those same bloomers and carried it to the Grotto of Our Mary," said Olivia Mary. "I had some vague idea of expiating a sin by ridding the Grotto of its snails, and there were plenty of snails! Salt is supposed to do the trick, and I sprinkled salt vigorously, feeling very virtuous."

The sequel to this episode remains lost; the grain of Olivia's sensitive character is revealed.

FOUR short years ago saw the beginning of Olivia's theatrical career. Saratoga decided to give its version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," under the hand of Dorothy Johnston. The eldest daughter of Mrs. Fontaine was chosen to play Puck. It was the first sign of theatrical talent in the family, unless you can count Mrs. Fontaine's excursion into amateur performances in Tokio's English colony. Olivia did not know what her spirited performance was to do for her. You see, one of Dr. Reinhardt's assistants "caught" the show.

Drunk with art, Olivia asked to be allowed to watch Dr. Reinhardt direct his Hollywood Bowl version of the same play. Assent was given; in fact, a part in the production was offered to her. She played Hermia. She played Hermia again in the film version—and found herself with a Warner contract.

Half the time she is doubtful whether she really welcomes the sudden fame; whether she has the necessary ego that an actress needs. In sudden passion she exclaims:

"I get so bored with myself. It's always myself that I have to think about. Whether I will photograph well with this make-up, or look right in this dress, or whether my eyes will show up like holes in a blanket because I could not sleep the night before. That's the trouble with having deep-set eyes with high cheekbones, like these. You have to be so careful with make-up. It isn't worth to concentrate so much on yourself. And yet you can't help yourself. It's your business."

"Before long you find yourself dramatizing the breaking of your breakfast egg shell. Manufacturing dialogue where none needs to be manufactured. Creating situations that don't exist. You are a mess! You hate yourself and all the silly stupid make-believe. Sometimes I get so tired of it that I'd like to toss everything up and go away. I have blue moods that turn into black morasses. You can see that I take myself far too seriously. Schoolding would have helped me there, taught me the easy way to meet these situations. As it is, I must learn by hard experience."

MAYBE Olivia thinks she's a problem to herself, but you should see the way others worry about her—especially those males who have worked opposite her. Two of them, Basil Rathbone and Brian Aherne, began (in jest) a Club-for-the-Protection-of-Olivia de Havilland—it being their contention that until Olivia meets exactly the right man (you can submit your qualifications but there's not the fraction of a chance you'll be accepted) it's their job to prevent any romantic attachments which might end in unhappiness for their ward.

Several others, in complete sympathy with the Rathbone-Aherne principle of "no-mistakes-for-Olivia" are yet hoping for a big, re-verberating romance. They worry because Olivia has yet to elope to Yuma; marry; divorce; or become involved in an alienation action. For a girl who was twenty-two July first, and with all of Olivia's charms, it is more than high time.

(Continued on page 96)
Youth—1938 version—goes steppin’ high, wide and hilariously in this first chapter in the autobiography of an autograph hound who feels like Gail Patrick, looks like Deanna Durbin and carries the torch for all Hollywood.
Bio, so I write her letters too, being more literary. It takes a lot of time and my school work sometimes interferes.

When we lived in Dorchester I had to conduct all my affairs by correspondence, but since we moved to New York I have become a fan in person. If I could only get Pops to give up his law practice and move to Hollywood for his health, life would simplify itself.

At any rate, it is thrilling to live in N. Y. and adventures are always happening to me that I never would have dreamed of in Dorchester, like the time I walked down Fifth Avenue from 32nd to 49th with Greta Garbo, only a step behind her. Sometimes I say to myself, "Is this really me?" And it is.

Last Sat. was my birthday. It was a significant day, on acct. of 1 left adolescence behind. Wangled this typewriter from Pops as a surprise. Also got charm for bracelet from Henry, bath salts from Nancy (so she can use them herself, we sharing one bathroom which I hope won't be for long), three boxes of chocolates and some practically invisible stockings; also "Gone with the Wind" and a new autograph album from Barb because mine will be used up in a few weeks if my luck holds out. I hinted like anything for rhinestone hair clips, but it didn't take.

The pater has been asking questions about Sat. night. I don't impose my morals on him, although he could stand a few. I told him that Barb's older cousin is chaperoning us with her fiancé. It wasn't a lie because Marjorie is going on eighteen and practically engaged to a man who actually is eighteen. Marjorie is a freshman at Barnard and studying to be a dramatic critic. She has met Frances Farmer and Peggy Wood and spoken to Leslie Howard, although he didn't answer. She goes in for the Drama and turns up her nose at the Cinema, but Barb and I think that art is in a transitional stage and who knows whither we are drifting?

Marj has a wonderful collection, including forty photos of Leslie Howard, a button from Nelson Eddy's vest, and one of Ilka Chase's facial tissues with her very lipstick on it, which she got out of the ash can in the alley next to the theater. She promised to let me view her collection. She belongs to all the important clubs like the Twentieth Century and the Stage Door and she knows the doormen at Sardi's and the Algonquin in person and they give her a break whenever she shows up.

All Barb has to do is express a wish and her parents anticipate it. She has her own radio, her father understanding that a person can concentrate better on her lessons with one ear on whacky. She also has her own phone in her room.

Mother has been monopolizing the phone for an hour and heaven knows who has been trying to get me. Also it is very humiliating for a young lady in her middle teens to have to punch a time clock when conversing.

My parents are Problem Parents. They need handling.

Hope to heaven it doesn't rain Saturday. I'm going to have my nails done red no matter who says what. I smell chocolate.

It is 2 a.m. but I simply have to write down everything at once because it was terrific and I'm too excited to sleep. I can see myself in the mirror as I write and it reminds myself of Carole Lombard in "True Confession" except that I have kicked off my slippers because they hurt.

Well, to begin at the beginning: While I was in the tub Nancy kept annoying

(Continued on page 72)
One of Photoplay's top-notch writers tracks down and exposes the Hollywood kiddies who often break into the limelight but rarely into print

Children of the movies! What are they like? Well, let's take them one by one (and you'll find them, I feel sure, a group of normal boys and girls). Each as individual and each as different as the stars in heaven. And so--

Billy Lee: Age Seven

There's a red button on the top of his skull cap. "It's my taillight," Billy Lee explains. "I don't want anything to run into me."

His hair, too long for comfort, hangs over one brown eye with a most alarming droop. His brown eyes live and speak and radiate the spark of something rare within. Like Shirley Temple, Billy is one of those "beyond me" children.

Of plain but honest people, Billy oozes that rare quality of to-the-manner-born, leaping to retrieve one's fallen glove, while little Papa, not much bigger than Billy, stands in the doorway and wonders and wonders and wonders.

He should!

Under contract to Paramount, Billy attends school on the lot. "I call myself a 3 A-er," he says. "He's probably a good 2 B-er if the truth were told. But in his heart Billy knows he's a 3 A-er and then some in intelligence.

So what the heck, we both agree.

A year ago his dancing teacher recognized the unusualness of her pupil and took him over to Sol Lesser's studio. Billy was the last the audiences cheered in Bobby Breen's picture, "Make a Wish." His present film is "Cocanut Grove"—he astonished Fats Waller into a dark-brown coma by beating a perfect set of drums after three short lessons.

Fred MacMurray can't get over him. He's that kind of child. Billy I mean, not Freddie. He wears short pants (again B, not F) and likes to fish with a bent pin.

His brothers and sisters are all grown and all married but one. He'll get up and do a time stop at the drop of anyone's hat. And fair, too.

Billy is exactly (or "pretty near exactly") forty-eight inches tall and weighs fifty-nine pounds. He has big ears and some of his second teeth. Is an actor born and is rather indefinite about his future plans.

Paramount plans bigger and better things for Billy. So watch out if you want to miss him. It may prove difficult.

He goes to Sunday School over at Angelus...
Temple and, doggone it, always means to say his prayers at night and usually does get as far as the "If I should die" part when he pops off to sleep.

In the doorway some writer paused a moment to call out some nonsense in which Billy joined in. It went:

"Sitting on a dog looking for a flea One jumped to the left One jumped to the right But the one that was best flew on Billy's back." The writer guffawed and passed on.

"What's all this?" we asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Billy shrugged. "He always says it when he sees me. I think he thinks I'm having fun."

And now you know.

**VIRGINIA WEIDLER: "MAKE IT TEN"**

To those of you who have wondered about Hepburn or Maggie Sullavan or any other minds-of-their-own young ladies as children, ponder over it no longer. Step up, instead, and meet Virginia Weidler—hazel-eyed, honest-souled, straight-from-the-shoulder child of movies.

"How old are you, Virginia?" we asked in beginning.


A new Photoplay, grabbed on her way into my office, lay spread out before her. "Sorry," we chided. "Fascinating as we admit the magazine to be, you'll have to lay it aside for the interview."

"Hmm," came the answer, "soon as I read this." Virginia was deep in the "Who's Going with Whom" column.

With all the prissiness left over from old school-teacher days, we reached over and laid Photoplay to one side.

"Now pay attention."

She rose and leaned over the desk and looked at us. Just looked. A round-eyed well-go-on look that left us wondering how to get Virginia back into the "Who's Going with Whom" business as fast as possible.

"Like to read?" we hurriedly asked to hide our confusion.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Make it books." Virginia's small brown hand was already creeping slowly along the desk to the forbidden Photoplay. We knew when we were licked and said nothing. Except—"What are you studying in school?"

"Oh, history."

"What kind?"

"Oh, American."

"What part of American history?"

"Oh, make it Queen Victoria. Just plain old American history." The magazine, which had been gathered to her inch by inch, now lay before her unopened, and well we knew any minute Virginia would be lost in the wonders of Ty Power's romance with Janet Gaynor. So, with breathless haste, we asked and received this information. Virginia will tolerate no curls, no ruffles, no furbelows. She selects her own straight, plain little frocks. Her mother and clerks merely stand in a huddle and wait while Virginia prowls among the goods, finally returning with something in blue print with a plain linen collar.

She says "Yeah" for yes and never smiles just to smile. Virginia began her movie career at four in a picture called "After Tonight" because she could speak French. She's forgotten how now. Her latest climatic work is in "Men with Wings."

She has two chicken-pox marks above her right eyebrow, sixty-two freighted across her perfect little nose and six owls in her attic. She doesn't give a hang about any of them, the owls included. Except, she explains, they make a racket "Woo-wooing" around. She doesn't know how the birds got there.

She'd rather take roping lessons any day in the week than music (Continued on page 70)
PORTRAIT...

in Bordeaux Red

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Her hair will be red when she returns to Hollywood in the fall.
She likes hot dogs.
She hates French cigarettes.
She believes the most important rule for happiness in marriage is that husband and wife always stay together. She has never dieted.
Her name is Danielle Darrieux.
She weighs one hundred and twelve pounds and thinks the newest hat styles are ridiculous.
She plans to retire from the screen in five years and have a baby. Her eyes are green.
Her pet nickname for her husband is "Ma Bougie," which is French for "My Candle."
She would have changed nothing if she had life to live over again. She likes highly seasoned foods and enjoys being a celebrity.

She thinks the most interesting streets in the world are the Rue de la Paix in Paris, New York's Broadway and Berlin's Frederickstrasse. She learned to play the cello as a little girl. Her mother was born in Algiers.

She refuses to go up in a plane and her happiest memory is her wedding day.
She eats "like a horse," and often gets moody and depressed. She cannot eat acid fruits.
Her cameraman, Joe Valentine, considers her photogenically perfect. She is allergic to cats. They give her hay fever.

She thinks American pictures have had a decided influence on the life of French youth. She scrubs her teeth three times a day.

Her name is pronounced Dan-yell Dar-ee-yeah. She is married.

Introducing French Danielle ("I can took it") Darrieux, who can't

make crépes Suzette, but who can

make marriage rhyme with success

She is extremely fond of red Bordeaux wine, and she prefers wearing mannish suits. She has an abiding trust in human nature which makes her easily deceived by people.

She studies dialogue with an uncanny photographic rapidity. She possesses fifty-eight pairs of shoes, and periodically gets headaches.

She seldom drinks milk, and she never keeps her husband waiting. She thinks the modern emancipation of women has definitely made them happier. She is very fond of oysters.

Off the screen she wears only powder and lipstick on her face. She is utterly lacking in pretensions.

She hates being alone.
She is too nervous to drive.
She loves to eat chocolate, and she thinks American pictures are too lacking in courage and substance.

She does not like avocados, and she thinks marriage is complete. She adores soda, and left for Paris with trunkfuls of American-made clothes.

She has never ridden a horse, and she thinks surrealism is not art.

She likes to have breakfast in bed. Her love of life is her dominant characteristic. She never (Continued on page 31)
The Camera Speaks

Hollywood at its pictorial best...

On this and the following pages, Photoplay brings you Hollywood at its pictorial best.

Small-town girl with a sense of humor and the knack of being herself—Myrna Loy of "Too Hot to Handle." As M-G-M's competent actress, she has the homage of great Gable; as Mrs. Arthur J. Finkle Jr., a happiness envied maid—and men—everywhere.

Photograph by Carpenese
"Use a full light on a rather thin face," says Hymie. Thus he snapped Ilona Massey at the Troc, highlighted her smile; let Vic Orsatti take care of himself: "Men are secondary problems."

"Do not shoot a woman talking. Wait until she is listening to someone... A moving mouth is pretty bad." This was the rule Fink followed in this candid of Loretta Young at the Troc.

"If your prospective victim has a pretty hat, a new hairdress or nice gown, show up those features; the rest of the picture will take care of itself. "Victim" here is Jane Hamilton.

This idea worked, too, in the case of Sigrid Gurie, snapped in a trick new bonnet. Her nose is inclined to be long; so Hyman shot his flash a little low, straight on, to shorten it.

"If a woman has a beautiful profile, why lose it?" Thus reasoned Mr. Fink when he caught Anita Louise in the prosaic act of buttering bread—and proceeded to snap this poetic candid.

The exception that proves the rule about the moving mouth—this picture of Deanna Durbin singing on the radio, one of the best Fink candids. But then, it's Deanna's business to sing.

The Fink technique of highlighting the best feature showed up to excellent advantage in this snap of Lana Turner with hair piled high. Now, who dares to say candids can't be beautiful?

The "watch the birdie" school of snapshots is out, and, with these exclusive off-guard pictures, Photoplay's Hyman Fink proves that the candid trend is in—with a flash! Knowing that to most people a "candid" is a picture of a subject at his "darnawfullest," he offers these two pages as proof that any candid can be as attractive as a posed photograph. "Impossible!" you say—well, wait until you read Fink's secrets (above).
FAMOUS FIRSTS...

From sneezes to mice, Photoplay traces the fascinating history of the movies in a brand-new pictorial feature based on the writings of a noted columnist

First screen star, Fred Ott, employed by Edison in 1888 to make pictures, who popularized the "Ott Sneeze"... It was hot stuff, in those days...

First moving picture made in Los Angeles, "The Count of Monte Cristo," made in 1907 by Person, Boggs and Selig in 1,000 feet...

First screen actors to gain national attention, Bronco Billy Anderson and J. Barney Sherry
First moving pictures projected on screen, at Lyons, France, in 1895... Auguste and Louis Lumière, with their cinematographs, threw on the screen a film of Auguste's family lunching...

First foreign star hired for pictures, Sarah Bernhardt by Adolph Zukor... Her "Queen Elizabeth" was released July 12, 1912, and ou Tellegen played opposite her, but was killed in Reel 3...

First screen dancer, the Spanish torso-twister, Carmencita, who worked for Edison in 1895...

First screen star to get heavy dough, Mary Pickford in 1914... $104,000 a year; in 1916... a contract for $10,000 a week for two years, plus 50 percent of net profits and bonus of $300,000...

First animated cartoon, Peter Mark Roget's Phenakistoscope in 1826...

First animated cartoon with sound, Walt Disney's "Steamboat Willie," shown at the Colony Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1928...

Museum of Modern Art Film Library

**Feature-length talking picture, Warners' "Jazz Singer," opening at New York Oct. 23, 1927 (It cost $450,000 and grossed $6,500,000)...

Museum of Modern Art Film Library...

Museum of Modern Art Film Library
Graduate with honors from stock and Broadway is Henry Fonda, now exploiting further his stage experience in Paramount's "Spawn of the North." Born in Omaha, he wanted to be, successively, a cop, a cowboy, a streetcar conductor; went to town instead as a young Thespian. Pal of Jimmy Stewart, husband of socialite Frances Brokaw, father of a six-months-old "apple of his eye" daughter, he shines privately as a poker player par excellence.
of the nicer persons to know in the movie sector," says Winchell home Simon, 20th Century-Fox's fed paradox with a smile that been a definite male cardiac her. A million-dollar person- she is a Marseillaise war baby inch-Italian ancestry, who, having won film favor on the Con- , pouted her way to American in her first picture: is sing- er way straight into American is in the current "Josette"
This is the way the party starts: Anita (left) goes to the phone—fine, the whole gang can come. Top: Jane Bryan, Phil Kellogg and Anita huddle over the slogans which their team will work out.

Jimmy Ellison is the first martyr—in more ways than one. He has to lie down and “die” for this slogan. Left: Phil has just guessed “died” instead of the necessary “death,” so Jimmy motions him forward with his hands, indicating that Phil is “getting warm.” If the guess had been a far-away one, Jimmy would have hinted to Phil by a backward hand motion. “Where” oh where—this one takes a frantic expression (left, bottom) plus a frantic effort (right, bottom) to enact “sting”—which leaves Dan Terry, Anita, Gertrude Durkin, Jane and Phil in a state of suppressed emotion.
Come one! Come all! To a nit-wit party at Anita Louise's—

ELIGHT

Most popular in the current rage of Hollywood parlor games is "Indications," illustrated here by Anita Louise's gang who invited Photoplay's Hyman Fink to referee. Read the rules below, and then try this game on your own living-room rug.

The game may be played by any number. Two Captains choose sides; then write familiar quotations, slogans or sayings on uniform slips of paper. The Captains exchange the slips and pass one to each member of their teams. The first player takes the floor, indicates the number of words in the slogan that he is about to enact by holding up that many fingers.

Then he starts to enact the saying, word by word, in pantomime. As he goes through the different motions, he holds up one, two, three, etc., fingers, thus indicating whether it is the first, second, third word, etc., which he is then enacting. The object is to enact the saying clearly enough to expedite the solution by his own team. As soon as a teammate guesses a word, the player places his finger on his nose. Players on either side alternate in taking the floor and a timekeeper scores them. Enactments are limited to exactly three minutes. Winners are determined by comparing the total amount of time consumed.

Now it's Jane Bryan's turn, and she does her slogan up brown. To put over the first word, she does a "merry" jig (top); and then (this was the best yet), she bleats like a "lamb." And everywhere that Mary went: so Jane "goes" (at the left) in this one—with a vengeance.

(Continued on next page)
Here's Gertrude Durkin's cute little act. She has a tough one. But leave it to Gertie. First she has a "bird in the hand." The "bush" stumped her—but then, by a coy finger motion, she has "two in the bush." Voilà!

The hostess takes the floor. Top: she's pointing at a tiny watch—h-m-m, must mean "time." Now she's "march"ing—and what's this? Anita is sitting "on" Jimmy's lap. Ah, now we have it! But Anita's just too clever—Don Terry, Gertie and Jimmy don't get it at all!

And now the evening is ended in style (Well, it all depends on your point of view!) by the hostess. Get it? Just Anita doing a most effective rasp "berry" for the Grand Finale.
—otherwise known as "Powie." Possessed of a voice that led to Warners' stardom; a wife by the noted name of Joan Blondell; a grin that in "For Lovers Only" will
WHOSE SHOES?
IF THE SHOE FITS, WHO WEARS IT...

It takes headwork to figure out this footwork, but all the owners of the shoes below can be found above. Try matching them; then see page 88.
Above: a study of Valentino that explains in itself his romantic appeal to all women. Insert: at the time of his arrival in America: Rudolph Guglielmi, destined to be a failure as a gardener, a favorite as a professional dancer, and, with the new name of Valentino, a film lover extraordinaire. Bottom, left to right: the house in Castellenata, Italy, where he was born of an Italian father and a French mother; a scene from "The Sheik," starring a caveman conquest of Agnes Ayres; with Nazimova on the "Camille" set, where he was to meet his wife, dancer Natacha Rambova
Today, in American motion-picture theaters, an unprecedented phenomenon is occurring: a star, whose death in 1926 was a major tragedy to film fans, is returning to the screen as a rival of the Gables and Taylors of 1938. He is Rudolph Valentino, and people are standing in line at the box office to see him in "The Son of the Sheik." After two lean "O. Henry" years as a Hollywood nobody, he was cast as Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," displayed the "gypsy charm," the "subtle grace" and the profile that made him headman among the matinee idols. The dream lover of women all over the world, he wrung sighs of envy from female hearts by "The Sheik" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." Marking the exhibitors' modern revival, Photoplay offers, from its secret files, these exclusive pictures of Rudolph Valentino
Second in the new era of bigger and better pictures for Taylor is M-G-M's "The Crowd Roars," in which Bob turns prize fighter and Maureen O'Sullivan serves as a charming fistic mentor. The campaign, started with the number three box-office star as a crack runner in "A Yank at Oxford," continues, after this pugilistic stop-over, with a hockey-player rôle in "Hands Across the Border," will reach a stalwart climax in "Northwest Passage," with Bob as an Indian fighter. "Killer McCoy," of "The Crowd Roars," is most certainly on his way to town!
A Worried Rhett and Scarlett

With the announcement of Clark Gable as Rhett Butler and Norma Shearer as Scarlett in “Gone With The Wind,” Clark and Norma, far from happy, are wearing two worried frowns on their personable faces.

Gable is anxious to know these things:

“Will I be the Rhett Butler of the fans’ dreams? If I please the North, will the South be happy over the choice? Will I interpret each scene, each move, as the millions of readers have pictured it in their minds and hearts?”

“Will I fail in this, my heaviest assignment to date? Frankly, I don’t see how any actor can win with this rôle and I’m uneasy.”

Shearer asks this of her close friends:

“Will I be hated by fans if I put all the shallowness of Scarlett into the rôle? Can they forgive me if I don’t? Will this rôle have a lasting influence on my career? Will the public realize it’s only play-acting, or has Scarlett become a living, breathing human to them—one I’m now about to become?”

So, on the eve of one of their greatest cinematic ventures, we find these two fine artists worried, anxious, concerned. Who says Hollywood takes its movies lightly?

Those Two Eligible Bachelors

Leave it to Tyrone Power to think up the perfect vacation. He gets two months, after “Jesse James” is finished, and will fly to South America—alone—just to lazy around in the tropics, hemisphere of his favorite Daiquiri and of good-looking babes. This, if you have an ear to romantic happenings, may remind you that the gossip of a break between him and Janet Gaynor is still hot; and that for one of a couple to take a long trip is a good way to end a love story.

Anyway, his romance with Sonja Henie died when she went to Norway, and the Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane thing busted up temporarilly in the same manner. So, who can say what will happen?

Speaking of “Jesse James”—we’ve also heard Arleen Whelan will probably be cast opposite Tyrone in it.

That would be a terrific break for her, after the badly constructed part she had in her first picture. Besides, she’s a perfect subject for the Technicolor camera.

Mention of Arleen reminds us of her true love, Richard Greene, who says out loud that the reason he seems to have his feet so firmly on the ground, despite his sudden Hollywood success, is because he had an earache. The studio said it was tonsillitis, but it was earache and bad enough to keep him under for a long time. During the inactivity he did a lot of thinking, high-powered philosophizing and what rot, and emerged from the cotton-and-hot-oil stage with a pretty good perspective on things in general, his own life in particular.

Hollywood Speaks Its Mind

Barbara Stanwyck:
Stories just aren’t written for women in Hollywood. Great men’s stories—“Suey,” “Test Pilot,” “Zola”—are constantly being produced. But, outside of “Madame Curie,” show me a great woman’s story.

Cesar Romero:
I sincerely hope there is something to this cycle of threes. Maybe my next step in pictures will land me the kind of part I want—that of a dancer. I was a professional dancer before I came to Hollywood, so what do movies make me? First a villain, then a comedian—and, who knows—the third jump may be it.
Love me, love my dachshund seems to be Sonja Henie's policy with her beaux; but, like all true Englishmen, Michael Brooke shares her ardent for canines.

Phyllis Brooks:
The only way two people can be happy in Hollywood is to rise above its petty gossip and ignore the barbs.

Cary Grant:
I don't care how ugly they make me in pictures if they just let me play a part with some character and substance.

George Brent:
The only way to lick this inferior rôle bugaboo is to keep plugging along hoping for at least one good picture out of three.

Leo Carrillo:
My fondest memory is Will Rogers' last remark to me. Bill said, "Well, Leo, we're kinda' odd birds in Hollywood. We both have the same girl we started out with thirty-five years ago."

Fay Bainter:
I'm excited about Hollywood and all the people in it. But I'll be more excited when my son gets away from school to visit me.

Conversation Between Mother and Son

Barbara Stanwyck sat in the front row of the first-grade schoolroom and beamed at her son. He stood on the platform, sturdy, tow-headed six-year-old, reciting his little piece in French.

"What was it about, Dion?" Barbara asked later.

"Oh, it's a little silly. If you can't understand French, I can't tell you."

"But I always tell you the meaning of words when you ask me."

Dion considered this a moment. "Well, all right, I'll tell you, but, Mummy, I do think if I'm learning French, you should keep up with me."

"Yes, yes, that's true, dear," said one of Hollywood's greatest stars. "Quite true, and Mummy will always try to keep up. To keep up to her son Dion."

Only once did Barbara take Dion to see one of her pictures. It was "Banjo on My Knee." Dion was very quiet when he got home.

"Did you like it, son?" Barbara questioned.

"Well, Mummy, I didn't like you when those two men were fighting and you just stood there. Don't you think you were a sissy not to help out?"

Barbara agreed that she was.
Memories

Much has been written concerning the fickleness of the public's fancy—how stars are soon forgotten by their fans. And yet, twelve years after the death of Valentino, fans from all over the world still write in to Hollywood, wanting to talk of him, to hear again and again the little stories about him that they must know long since by heart.

Each year, on the anniversary of his death, August 26th, a mystery woman, clad in black and wearing a black veil concealing her face, appears at the tomb of the Italian star to weep silently a while and then steal away.

Recently, Valentino's picture, "The Sheik," was brought back to the screen in Los Angeles, and at the first matinee the manager waited patiently for the arrival of the mysterious unknown who has become a Hollywood legend.

"She'll come," he said. "Let's hold the picture till the last possible moment. I just know she'll come."

The minutes dragged on and finally the manager gave up. "We'll have to go on," he said reluctantly and then stopped—at the box office stood the woman in black. With a very white hand she reached for her ticket and quietly went in, her veil lowered.

The manager nodded assent and the unfolding of "The Sheik" began. At its conclusion she quietly stole out a side exit and was gone.

The voice of the former screen idol may also be revived. It has been disclosed that Valentino had, at one time, a "private sitting" for a voice rendition, and efforts are now being made to reissue the record publicly.

Jean Harlow is another star destined to live on in the hearts of thousands. At the first anniversary of her death in June hundreds of fans gathered before her former home (now occupied by the William Gargans) to stand and gaze silently at the house. Many others passed through the mausoleum where she rests.

"With Jean, as was the case with Valentino," a writer explained, "there existed a nature so simple, so close to nature's own pattern, that it simply cannot die. For all the swashbuckling of the handsome Italian, for all the outer voluptuousness of Jean, that something which was real and honest burned high."

(Continued on page 76)
THIS is an "almost" picture. It is almost true to the original play—almost daring enough to call a spade a spade. Ginger Rogers is almost a Bronx gal by being hoy-tay Park Avenue, but Hollywood 1938 culture keeps coming through. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. gives one of his best performances, but at the darkest times sounds suddenly like Ronald Colman. On the whole, however, many of the incidents are original and refreshingly human.

It's the story of a stenographer who goes to a summer camp meets a poor lawyer-to-be, who makes school expenses by waiting on table. They fall in love, quarrel when he makes disappointing overtures, make up after she worries him to death by spending the night in the cabin of a rival Romeo.

**HAVING WONDEROUS TIME—RKO-Radio**

**THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE—Warner**

Edward G. Robinson convincingly sheds his mustache to become the suave Dr. Clitterhouse of Park Avenue in this way-above-average crime melodrama. In spite of his change of character and address, however, the "last gangster" doesn't entirely lose touch with his pals of the underworld. The doctor, anxious to obtain accurate data on criminal reactions for a medical treatise he is writing, joins ineptly a gang of jewel thieves that includes Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom and Claire Trevor. They accept the newspaperman, along with his curious interest in their crime habits, and before long he is showing them several new tricks of the trade. Leader Bogart presents this usurpation of authority and his success in winning the favor of Claire Trevor. So, doing a bit of extracurricular sleuthing, he discovers the doctor's identity and threatens to expose him as a bonus fide crook. Robinson's method of getting out of this tight spot is the high point of a film crammed with tense moments.

The story, taken from the stage play of the same name, has been skillfully translated to screen terms. It is swiftly paced, and effectively balanced with drama and humor. Although it is definitely Robinson's picture from start to finish, Director Anatole Litvak has also made the most of a splendid supporting cast. Claire Trevor, as usual, turns in a good performance and Humphrey Bogart is a first-rate menace. You'll laugh at Allen Jenkins and Maxie Rosenbloom.

**KEEP SMILING—20th Century-Fox**

**LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal**

They've done it again, those "Dead End" kids. Of course, if you examine the rather fabricated story too closely, you will find both this idea and that of "Crime School" had the same origin. Still, there is the quality here of simple humanity which must necessarily be recognizable to any audience.

The piece opens in a lower middle-class home in which live the father, a laborer, the mother, a nagging, selfish, complaining woman, the daughter, lovely and intelligent, and the son, adolescent and pliable. Billy Halop has this latter role. The father gets into trouble during a strike riot, is accused of murder, is sent to prison. His family, impoverished, moves to the slums where they live on the daughter's income from a chorus job. Billy sells papers, joins a tough gang composed of the "Dead End" bunch. Then follows a succession of crimes where Billy's point of view warped to fit that of his companions. He burns warehouses, steals, helps people up. Eventually he is captured and sent with the others to reform school where the kindly influence and discipline make a fine citizen of him.

Despite all these months in Hollywood, there is no indication that the "Deadly" brats have gone "rah-rahed" as yet. They are still ineffably desirable in characterization. Helen Parrish, the daughter, is good. Robert Wilcox plays her boy friend and Marjorie Main is very believable as the mother. Yet, again, it is those kids who must fascinate you. One of their scenes, in which they break up a mission, is little short of a cataclysm.

**ALGIERS—Wanger-United Artists**

For once a Hollywood producer has religiously reconstructed his American version of a foreign movie (in this case, "Pepe Le Moko") after the pattern of the original. In addition, "Algi" has expensive production and John Cromwell as director. The story is not much, but it goes on for a long time, and carries a brooding quality which warns you to get out your handkerchiefs for the tragic ending. Hardly a single scene is shot from directly in front. Camera man James Wong Howe must have stood on his head the entire while to get the angles he did. And the score is right in there helping out, too, trembling, wailing reed sounds, exultant crescendos, beating drums.

The only fault—besides the slight sagging quality in the middle—we can find with "Algi" is that it's oppressivelyarty. You're so busy watching shadow patterns you forget to die emotionally with the principals, as you should. Charles Boyer plays the exiled French thief, Pepe, who hides out in Algiers underworld. He's living with Sigrid Gurie, a rather melodramatic street waif, but he fails to love with Heddy Lamar ("Rastasy") when she visits the Arab quarter. She intends to marry a fat playboy, and in the end she has to, because Boyer is caught by an Egyptian detective Joseph Calleia.

Boyer is superb. Gene Lockhart, as an informer, does the finest characterization of his career. But it's delicious, dark-eyed Heddy Lamar, making her American debut, who steals every scene by the sheer lovely sex she exudes.

**THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES**
AFTER all this time, Harold Lloyd brings forth another of his comedies and, amazingly, its humor somehow seems a little dated. This complaint is basic in the gaps, some of which are bewhiskered, not in Lloyd's interpretation of them. He plays a professor who inquires Egyptian tablets and decides at last that he is the reincarnation of the ill-fated Neferis.

There develops a police chase, because Harold gives his clothes to a tramp, and there's a girl involved. She's Phyllis Welsh and nice to look at. Raymond Walburn, Lionel Stander, Sterling Holloway and Mary Lou Lender do good work in their respective parts, and, of course, production is satisfactory. Still—there's Donald Duck.

DON'T miss this picture, boys and girls, if you want to see some of the finest acting that ever flooted down the Thames. English as tea and crumpets, Winifred Holtby's novel has been beautifully directed by Victor Saville with very little of the original flavor lacking.

The story has to do with several members of a county council and the reactions of their personal lives on their public acts. Ralph Richardson (Hollywood should grab him—hut quick) is the Lord of the Manor; Edna Best, the schoolteacher who teaches him that a ruined life can be rebuilt. John Clements is the young idealist whose housing scheme for the poor precipitates a battle between a greedy contractor and the community.

HERBERT MARSHALL, Virginia Bruce and Mary Astor form a sophisticated trio in this modern comedy drama. Its war cry is directed at divorce; its setting is a small town. In it Marshall, a lawyer, brings his second wife, Virginia, back to the little town where his first wife (Mary Astor) still lives. Bitterly, using her child as a weapon, Mary turns the town women against Virginia and poses as a wronged wife.

It leaves the new wife with a problem on her hands, but the ending is a happy one. The whole idea is mildly dreary until the fade-out, which is somewhat saccharine, but all this is over-balanced by the restraint of Marshall, the beauty of Virginia and the fine performance of Miss Astor.

AVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

South Riding

The Shopworn Angel

Algiers

Having Wonderful Time

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse

Little Tough Guy

Woman Against Woman

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time"

Charles Boyer in "Algiers"

Gene Lockhart in "Algiers"

Edward G. Robinson in "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"

Marjorie Main in "Romance of the Lumberlost"

Jane Withers in "Keep Smiling"

Virginia Bruce in "Woman Against Woman"

Jimmy Stewart in "The Shopworn Angel"

Margaret Sullivan in "The Shopworn Angel"

RALPH Richardson in "South Riding"

The "Dead End" Kids in "Little Tough Guy"

Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Broadway"

THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—M-G-M

METRO likes Margaret Sullivan and soldiers during war as a combination. "Three Comrades" gave her a swell chance, which she took with both hands; and now comes "The Shopworn Angel," a nut which she cracks with perfect ease. In this she plays a shallow, hard, gold-digging chorus girl who somewhere within herself finds a grain of greatness which will not let a boy's ideal die. The scene is laid at the beginning of America's participation in the World War. From all stations of life and all parts of the nation come draftees, among them a shy and imaginative cowboy. He is Jimmy Stewart—perfectly cast, of course—and he meets Margaret in New York.

Walter Pidgeon, her manager, discovers he loves her through his jealousy of Jimmy, Walter proposes marriage and she accepts. Then Jimmy is called overseas, and he also begs Margaret to marry him. She knows she represents a dream to him, and that should he be killed he would die with that dream unbroken. So she compiles, forcing the angry Pidgeon to wait until the cowboy's identification tag arrives. One is forced to speculate on what would have happened if Jimmy had survived—but that's not very important. Miss Sullivan does a splendid job, being vivacious, and Stewart is often brilliant. You may have a little trouble deciding whether this is a sermon against war or a glamorization (if that's a word) of war. The picture is fine drama, and definitely worth seeing.

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox

EVIDENTLY, it is with pictures of this sort that Shirley Temple's studio plans to keep its valuable little star on the screen until she's eighty or thereabouts. For Shirley fans, it is a very satisfactory affair. The film provides ample scope for her talents and presents her as a true little angel. Those who have not altogether succumbed to the child, however, will have fault to find with the story in which the very minor conflict content is based on the fear that Shirley, an orphan, might have to return to the most ideal and cheery orphanage imaginable.

In the beginning, Miss Temple is taken from this place where all the little girls sing and carry on, and where Jane Darwell sits clutching happily over her brood, by Edward Ellis, who runs a hotel for down-and-out vaudeville artists. Ogre Edna Mae Oliver, who owns the hotel, steps in at this point. She doesn't like the noise the artists make and threatens to evict everybody; also, as a kind of vicious afterthought, she gets a court order to send Shirley back to Miss Darwell's ample lap. George Murphy, Miss Oliver's nephew, comes to the rescue and provides romantic interest by falling for Phyllis Brooks. That's all there is.

Of course, Murphy is given a couple of dance numbers to do and does them magnificently with Shirley keeping step. She sings several numbers in a manner that is not extraordinary for a girl of her age, but otherwise does her usual smooth job.

(Continued on page 85)
WE COVER THE

History—past, present and future events—that’s what we learn this month in our Cook’s tour of the lots.

BY JACK WADE

Better get out your history books, if you want to be up on the new Hollywood movies. Past, current, and even coming events are casting their shadows before them—on the screen.

That’s the timely lesson we learn on this month’s Cook’s tour of the studios. Truth is stranger than fiction—but even stranger than that is the way truth and history are gang ing up on Hollywood today. Directly and indirectly, stars, studios and stories are under the influence of real facts and real figures.

The sets are dotted with them or their counterparts—Johann Strauss, Visecount de Lesseps, Dariad, Louis Napoleon, Louis XI, Paul Revere, Father Flanagan, Francois Villon, Amelia Earhart, Metternich, Empress Eugenie—even those dashing modern figures, Prince Mike Romanoff and Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Everywhere we turn something real inspires something romantic. Why, even Mussolini’s Ethiopian adventure has handed Clark Gable a new thrill-packed adventure role! “Too Hot to Handle,” our first set invasion at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, really has nothing to do with Ul Duce or his Fascisti friends. It’s an adventurous saga of a dashing newswoman cameraman.

But if Laurence Stalling, the war correspondent, and Leonard Hammond, the ace newsreeler, hadn’t sat idly for weeks sopping up the Ethiopian rain fall and waiting for Mussolini to get going, Clark might very well have missed out on a dashing scenario to follow in the wake of “Test Pilot.”

As it was, Stalling and John Lee Mahin cooked up a yarn based on Hammond’s adventures behind a tripod—and, bingo, Clark has just what he needs for his new adventure-personality peg on the screen!

The way “Too Hot to Handle” finally worked out makes Clark a lone-wolf picture-shooting ace and Myrna Loy an Earhart-ish ocean flyer.

Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo and Walter Connolly mix up in the excitement which hops from here to Manilla to Shanghai to the South American jungles and back again. Along the way, Clark films everything spectacular in sight at the risk of life and limb, you can be sure, rescues Myrna’s jungle-lost aviation brother (Paul Redfern idea) and manages some very personal close-ups with Myrna to the disgust of rival Walter Pidgeon.

Now, don’t get worried—Clark gets her in the end.

When we intrude on these doings on Stage 29, Clark has just passed from burning lips to burning ships. The film he has taken of a flaming liner makes Walter croft half the profits, so there’s quite a long and scrappy scene. Aviation pictures always seem to require a setful of fake oil-spray fog. We could do without that, because, in this case, it partially hides lovely Myrna Loy. “Minnie,” pert and sassy in a flying suit and goggles, climbs down out of her plane to put her two-cents worth in the argument. “Action!” says Director Conway. “No—wait a minute. Clark, you’re too neat.”

Clark looks slightly bewildered as a couple of prop men leap to his side, muss his hair and squirt grease all over a snappy sport coat. Then he grins wickedly. “You boys all through?” “Yep,” replied the grease-squirters. “What’s the joke?”

“Nothing,” says Clark, “except M-G-M just spent one hundred and ten bucks. That’s what this jacket cost me. It’s mine—not the studio’s!”

The prop men stagger.

We watch the scene, but somebody—maybe—we—is a jinx. Clark repeatedly blows his lines like an amateur. What’s the matter? The assistant director tells us.

Clark is overanxious because he’s been invited by Donald Douglas, the plane-builder, to be a guest at the take-off of the DC-4, the mammoth plane that’s being launched this afternoon. Director Conway has promised to get him through in time, but now it looks like they’ll never make it. And is Clark worried? He likes planes.

Then, as we watch, we see something that has never before met our eyes on a Hollywood set.
In the middle of a take a roaring noise seeps through the thick walls of the stage. In the middle of his lines, Clark yells, "There she is!" Then Clark, Myrna and the whole company scream madly right through the red light and outdoors. So do we.

It's the DC-4, the biggest land plane in the world. She soars over the studio like a great prehistoric bird, while a guy and a gal stand below and wave like excited kids. Clark and Myrna. And right beside them is—us. The red light still burns, but nobody sees it. Pictures can wait. This is the real thing.

No use going back on the set after that, so we hustle over to where our two favorite actors, Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney, are dramatizing an amazing contemporary social experiment, "Boys' Town." The great boys' farm run by Father Flanagan near Omaha, Nebraska, inspired this picture. In case you aren't up on that capable priest's work with homeless boys, it's a model community operated and governed by young boys who might be in corrupting reform schools or orphanages. Instead, "Boys' Town" has a 100 per cent record of fine worthwhile young alumni.

Father Flanagan himself came out to M-G-M to see this one through. He thought Spencer Tracy ideal to play himself on the screen. Spencer's priest in "San Francisco" won him the respect of the cloth. As for Mickey, of course, he's a tough little troublemaker who tries to wreck the place but winds up catching the spirit. His chain of uppity escapades serves to show how the unusual community works on young character. Not a single skirt swishes in this picture. It's all boys and men.

We're lucky to catch two scenes of "Boys' Town." In one Mickey gets fresh with the community barber and has his face smeared with black shoe polish. A shining ebony countenance might hand the average kid actor an inferiority complex on the set, but, for Mickey, it's just a chance for more fun. Between takes he runs around smearing everybody, including Director Norman Taurog, with the messy stuff. Mickey has as much fun making movies as he does doin' the shag—and that's plenty.

When he's through that and the blacking is all wiped off, marvelous Mickey steps right into a dramatic scene with Spencer Tracy. Spencer, we notice, is much trimmer; he lost fifteen pounds during his sick spell. It makes him look younger, though, and he says he feels grand. In his black robes he looks truly spiritual. His voice, too, is soft and sincere as he points out the right path to Mickey. When the scene is over,
the whole company is hushed. It was that good. Then Henry Hull, who has been sitting on the side lines, tiptoes over to Spencer's dressing room on the set. He comes back with his hand behind him. Shortly he walks up and brings out Spencer's own gold Academy Award statuette, which he has taken from Spencer's table. He bows—to Spencer Tracy.

Then he turns and hands the statuette to Mickey.

The whole set roars. Mickey grins from ear to ear and so does Spence. But Spencer's eyes are serious. "If anybody deserves one of those," he says, "it's you, kid."

We like people like that.

M-G-M is making up for lost time now with six pictures shooting, "Honolulu" is one we have down on our must list because Eleanor Powell does the hula and that ought to be something. Eleanor says the hula is one of the toughest dances she's ever had to master. It took three professional highshippers to teach her how. They were the hulaides with Harry Owens' famous Island band. One stood in front of her, one on back and one on the side. Then they all went to town and Eleanor just gradually caught the exotic undulations, like you catch a cold. But it isn't really cold—not really.

Our studio morale wears us solemnly against braving "The Great Waltz" set because for two days now they've been shooting rain scenes and everyone, cast and crew, is soaked.

Gravet ("Gravy," the grips call him) plays Johann Strauss in this tuneful, dramatic story of the great composer's life and loves. Luise Rainer is the little baker's daughter who marries the genius and then tries to sacrifice her happiness to further his career. Miliza Korjus, a new Continental prima donna importation, Hugh Herbert and George Houston head the support with the Alberita Rasch ballet and a ninety-piece symphony orchestra.

We leave M-G-M and hitch on to some more history right away in Zanuckland. In fact, "Suez" has only five or six characters who aren't recreations of people who really lived. The rest step right out of our history book of the Second Empire. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Empress Eugenie, Louis Napoleon, Disraeli—it's a long list.

For "Suez" will bring to the screen the dramatic history-making struggles to build the Suez Canal and link Asia with Europe. Against an exciting European political background of the 1850's, Tyrone Power, as de Lesseps, fights for his dream of building the canal and for the love of Loretta Young. He has the canal, at long last, but Loretta, as Eugenie, becomes Mrs. Napoleon.

It's an important scene in the picture that we watch—where Loretta comes to Tyrone's Paris apartment. "Erone sits at his desk as Annabella tiptoes in and strokes his hair. He chews gum viciously, but not when the camera turns. This is our first in-person look at Anna- bella. Without a doubt she is beautiful but so bright and cute that we fall right away. The hair-stroking scene is brief and when it's over Annabella gets herself a handful of Power tresses and yanks for all she's worth. "O-w-w-w-w-w-w!" yips Ty. "That's you,'" says Annabella, "'ere a suppressed de- sire!'"

It's all Paris at Paramount this month. They have all the hired help saying "Oui" instead of "Yes."

First, there's "Paris Honeyymoon." This is Bing Crosby's very latest frothy film effort. Mostly, of course, it's an excuse to introduce Bing and his latest parcel of Robin and Ranger melodities. But this time Bing unloads part of the vocal burden on Shirley Ross, a girl who is going places now at Paramount in a big way.

Franciska Gaal, De Mille's "Buccaneer" pro- tégé, makes sweet love to Bing, very much to the dismay of Shirley, says the script.

The plot concerns American big-shot Bing's European jaunt to get a divorce and marry fiancee Shirley. But when he rents a castle in the Balkans to let the Paris divorce court situa- tion clear up, he runs into Franciska, a Bal- kan cutie who won a week's stay at that very castle in a rose tournament. Wicked plotter haunts the place and scare Franciska into Bing's arms, which makes it tough for Shirley but very nice for everybody else.

When we arrive we find Bing smoking a pipe and contemplating with a jaundiced eye a con- traption the props are rigging up to tumble him down the long—and hard—stairs.

Edward Everett Horton comes over to tell us he plays "one of those butlers no one would ever consider keeping around." Eddie says he has already made three scenes today. He's all through. Why, then, is he sticking around? "I miss something exciting," says Ed- die, looking seditiously at Bing. Bing winces. The stair-tumbling scene is ready. So, with a last comforting pipe drag, Bingo faces the music.

But it's a disappointment when the camera rolls. Sound men make terrifying bump sounds, but really Bing comes down stairs like an eleva- tor. No broken bones, nobody killed—noth- ing. We're disgusted. "Just like apple pie," smiles Bing, much re- lieved. "Not a mark on me, and I bruise so easily!"

"If I Were King" catches our eye next. It's the old and familiar but always good story of the beloved vagabond—Francois Villon. Ron- ald Colman stars as the bold ragamuffin who goes from rags to riches for a week. Frank Lloyd is running things when we make our ap- pearance.

Frances Dee and Heather Thatcher are in the Queen's ante-chamber, a Gothic room with a huge fire, when Lloyd speaks the cue. Swiftly the camera slides up on a fast dolley. Heather embroilers as she talks—no mean feat—while Frances pleads for Villon. She's lovelier than ever in a lemon chiffon mantle. Frances seems to give her best performances under Frank Lloyd—remember "Wells Fargo"—though why we can't imagine. Not once while we're there does he correct her.

Neither Ronald Colman nor Basil Rathbone— he plays the whimsical king—is due to show up today, so we tiptoe out.

We can't dig up anything new or startling at Columbia this trip nor at RKO or Universal. Although "Gunga Din" will soon be before the lens at RKO, and Universal plans some interest- ing pictures we hope to cover next month— Deanna Durbin's "That Certain Age," Hope Hampton's return in "The Road to Rio" and "Youth Takes a Fling" with Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds, for instance.

But Warners, as usual, are making hay while the summer sun shines. So over Chuauna pass to Burbank we go.

Right now, three Warner prodigals, Errol Flynn, Dick Powell and Bette Davis are back in the fold and Olivia de Havilland is punching the clock again after that slip-away jaunt to England.

We find Olivia on the "For Lovers Only" set, where she's back emoting with Dick Powell, for the first time since "Midsummer Night's Dream." Dick gets a crooning vacation in this one, play- ing a young gas-station attendant who has the intriguing job of taming a spoiled rich girl in an up-to-date "Shrew" theme.

But everybody's lazing around on those sets now, so we skip to "The Sisters" and those other three little Gibson Girls—Bette Davis, Anita Louise and Jane Bryan.

They're sitting in a row, wasp-waisted, pom-podoured and rated. Pretty as a picture out of a 1905 fashion book. "The Sisters," from the best seller by Myron Brinig, is really the story we're told, of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's family. It starts in a little town in Montana where three sisters marry—one for money, one for love and one for a home. From there it proceeds to San Francisco, through the domestic lives of the trio. Bette vindicates her choice of a love match with poor newspaperman Errol Flynn.

The major production headache in "The Sis- ters," the cameraman confesses to us, is the earthquake. Naturally the great quaker that wrecked San Francisco in that period figures prominently in the drama. Earthquakes aren't so tough to bring to the screen, but earthquakes better than the epic twister in "San Francisco" are plenty tough to stage.

"Maybe," he decides at last, "well just bor- row our earthquake from M-G-M!

We are just in time to see white-haired Ana- tole Litvak, one of Hollywood's handsomest di- rectors, put Anita and Bette through a primping scene before a mirror. They're dressing for a dance. It's a cinch scene for Litvak. Who needs to tell a girl how to primp? The first take is per- fect.

After that we find ourselves surrounded by 1905 femininity as Bette claims her new initialed set chair—white canvas with a big flat arm on it—like a one-arm lunch chair. She had it espe- cially made so she could lay her script on the board and take the weight off her elbows. We have to sit dumbly in the conversation that follows. It's about—their corsets!

"I like them," says Bette.

"So do I," says Anita.

"I don't," wails Jane. "I'm about to die!"

The reason for this difference in tastes is plain to see. Bette and Anita have tiny midriffs, while Jane is a chubby little rascal. When she sits down the stiff old-fashioned stays and tight laces bite.

In Hollywood, as everywhere else, your view- point often depends on the shape you're in.

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS BY GWENN WALTERS

Clown buttons lend a mood of frivolity to this tailored striped crepe two-piece frock worn by Dolores Del Rio, who gets top rank- ing among Hollywood's ten best-dressed stars. Dolores selects con- trast gloves, draped turban and sable cape to complete this outfit.
Terra cotta stripes on a dull green woolen give color and fabric distinction to this afternoon frock designed by Orry-Kelly for Rosalind Russell to wear in Warners' "Four's A Crowd." The flowing sleeves are gathered into tiny wrist bands and the front bolo reveals a terra cotta crepe Roma blouse ornamented by a gold Javanese necklace. The reverse side of the dress fabric is used for the turban—green stripes on terra cotta. Brown accessories and a sable scarf complete the costume. Rosalind is now in England filming "The Citadel," for her home studio, M-G-M

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELMER FRYER
Tilly Tree designed this black velour bolero suit for Virginia Bruce to wear in her most recent M-G-M film, "Woman Against Woman," and Virginia liked it so much she purchased it for her personal wardrobe. The white crepe blouse, the notched overlay collar of bengaline, and the brilliant scarlet cummerbund set defines the waistline give color contrast to fall's chic "black." The lapel carnation of silk pompon on Virginia's velvet pillbox hat is also of gay scarlet hue.

Photography by Willinger
Contrast costumes are headline news in Hollywood's fall fashion picture! Barbara Stanwyck wears one of olive green and brown created by Royer in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Always Goodbye." The jacket covers a short-sleeved, collarless frock that closes to the waist with large self-covered buttons. A gold tassel chain loops through buttonholes in the narrow belt—a matching clip closes the neckline. This golden trim was designed by Joseff of Hollywood. A shaded green feather on the brown felt hat repeats Royer's contrast color theme. Barbara is at present filming "The Mad Miss Manton" for RKO, her home studio.
Madge Evans (left) wears a Vera West model of cinnamon brown crepe which features a novel pleated blouse detail and concealed front zipper closing. At the banded neckline is a Zuni head pin with golden eardrops and spiral curls set with rubies—a Joseff of Hollywood creation. Contrast beige and brown gloves and hat, a sable scarf and a cinnamon brown suede bag lend chic accessory importance. Madge, recently seen in Universal's "Sinners in Paradise," will next appear in Republic's "Army Girl."

For her return trip to Paris, Danielle Darrieux purchased, for her personal wardrobe, the gowns designed by Vera West for her to wear in Universal's "The Rage of Paris." This suit is of crushed mulberry Rodier jersey with sable collar and muff. Style interest is found in the flared peplum, softly draped sleeves and the crush girdle that ends in a front loop. Danielle's hat is draped of the suit fabric and trimmed with a matching veil that ties at the back.
It's time to dress up for the rôle of scholar! Ellen Drew, Paramount's new find soon to be seen with Bing Crosby in "The Unholy Beebes," models a velvet trimmed topcoat of navy blue woolen plaid, checked with green and yellow. Beneath is a double-breasted navy blue flecked woolen suit, also velvet trimmed—notice the underlay collar and narrow scarf binding. Ellen's navy fur felt hat snatched the topcoat colors for its perky quill. Right, a classroom dressmaker bolero suit of pin-striped navy blue serge. Ellen's navy suède shoes have novel vamp insets made of grey snakeskin.
Purl two, knit two—if you crave a little sweater like this one designed by Royer for Sonja Henie to wear in 20th Century-Fox's "My Lucky Star." The flower motif on the yoke and sleeves is embroidered in three shades of red yarn with, of course, bright green leaves. The little round collar of the crepe blouse comes over the sweater to finish the neckline. The skirt of red wool crepe closes from waist to knee with white bone buttons to match those on the sweater. Below Ginger Rogers in a fluffy yellow-beige angora sweater knitted by Irma, her maid. RKO will soon present Ginger in "Carefree".
PHOTOPLAY'S

Fashion Club

STYLES

You'll have no trouble selecting hats this season, as the new collections present a wide diversity of styles. Betty Grable (upper left), appearing in Paramount's "Give Me a Sailor," models "Buccanier"—a Byron off-the-face felt featuring a front band, a bow of grosgrain ribbon and soft folds in the halo brim.

"Terrace Club," her Byron felt Breton, with brim band in contrast shade, has smart tucks that individualize either side of the crown. Ann Doran (lower left), who will soon be seen in Columbia's Capra production, "You Can't Take It with You," wears "Beauty-Patch"—a Roxford revival of the tricorn interpreted in felt with dotted matching veil trim. Below, "Maid Marian"—a contrast feather pierces Ann's Roxford sport felt that is styled with a peaked crown, upturned back brim and a chin strap. All hats on this page come in a wide variety of colors.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York
Louise Platt, soon to be seen in Paramount's "Spawn of the North," models three fall frocks. Chic black (top) in a tailored frock, with a four-inch panel of embroidery reaching from pocket to hem. The dress closes in back from neck to waist with bone buttons. Center, a Jack Rose colored model; the skirt is a novel combination of knife and box pleats (stitched at the edges from waist to hem); the blouse (note insert) has long reversed darts used as dressmaker detail and self-corded pocket edgings. This and the black frock described above are of Stroock's Ankara cloth—a new wool with a soft finish like angora. Right, a dress of "bronze lustre" green—a lovely shade of Stroock's Ankara cloth. The blouse has smartly tucked motif, a circle neckline; the skirt, knife-pleated, has sharp stitching at the pleat edges. Fall's important tricolor combination is achieved by adding a two-color suède belt of brown and deep green.
Dated for a glamorous campus festivity, let "him" spy "her" in a gown like this one of palest pink chiffon designed by Howard Shoup for Marie Wilson, of Warners' "Boy Meets Girl." The tucked, sleeved bodice, belted with self-fabric, extends to a low waistline where it meets a floating skirt fashioned of several layers of chiffon. For an informal date let "him" find "her" in this contrast woolen bolero suit of black, beige and white, a black halo hat and matching accessories.
IN HOLLYWOOD

Born with a spirit of adventure and a zest for living, Ray Milland has met his match at last and finds the game worth more than the goal.

BY MARIAN RHEA

SOME twenty odd years ago, near the little village of Neath, in Wales, a handsome, alert little boy struggled toward the top of a hill. It was a steep hill, the beginning of those craggy Welsh ranges so different from the gentle contours of Old England. The rocks were sharp; the yellow gorse prickly; the wind pervasive and chill.

Doggedly, though, he scrambled on, ignoring difficulty and discomfort as well as the anxious maneuvers of his dog, Roderick, to head him back home. Ever since he could remember, he had wanted to know what lay on the other side of that hill; had imagined there a world peopled with strange beings—fairies, maybe, and maybe dragons. At this thought, the small lad brandished his trusty sword. It was a wooden sword, but its blade was sharp, as sharp...yes, he'd show those ol' dragons!

Then he came to the crest of the hill and fearfully, at first, looked below him...saw only a green valley threaded by a stream as placid as the Avon and dotted by farmhouses with thatched roofs and smoke curling from their chimneys. There were no fairies here, and no dragons; only quail scuttling to shelter; only squirrels chattering in the oak tree yonder.

Almost angrily he told Roderick to "come on," and turned his steps homeward. He had braved a switching for this. He had scuffed his shoes and torn his clothes. He had exerted himself as you wouldn't believe a seven-year-old youngster could. And then, at last, having achieved the new vistas he sought, he found himself not interested at all; just bored.

Someday, though, he would go a long way away, to some place that nobody ever heard of, into strange dangers that nobody ever heard of, either! He would take his sword and—

WELL, the little boy has kept that vow. He is a long way now, from Neath, in Wales. He has climbed a good many tough hills, just to see what was on the other side. He has conquered a good many dragons of one kind or another. But, until he came across a place called Hollywood, he had never touched adventure that didn't bore him once he had proved himself able to see it through.

And thereby hangs this tale. It is a story about a chap who has met his match at last and who, with the stubborn zest of one to whom the game is worth more than the goal, likes this fine.

It is a story about Ray Milland... For a long time after he climbed the hill at Neath, young Raymond Mullane (that was) content to stay around home riding his bicycle through the country lanes or playing cricket in the meadows with the other boys. But never was he quite like them. When they dreamed of growing up and going into business "like Father," he would aye and sometimes shock them with the accounts of what his future was going to hold.

"Me—I'm going to Egypt and America and all kinds of places," he would boast. "Me—I'm going to be a soldier of fortune!"

It was when he was eleven and a boarding-school student at Radyr, not far from Neath, that he had his first chance to try out these plans. Then, abetted by a bosom friend, Donald Hope, he cooked up an ingenious scheme whereby the two of them, unknown to both school authorities and parents, could embark upon a five-day fishing excursion to the far-distant (well, at least forty miles distant) and therefore fabulous Lake Talyllyn.

The thing looked easy. The boys had been told by the foreman of the ship-building plant owned by Don's father that he would take them on this trip whenever they could get permission to stay out of school. All they had to do, then, despite the fact they knew they could never get this permission, was to tell their schoolmasters they were going to spend a week at home and allow their parents to believe they were in school as usual.

But, for all their neat plans, the Lake Talyllyn adventure more or less flapped, Ray says. There were mosquitoes. It was too cold for comfort at night. The food they took with them turned out to be pretty bad. And they caught scarcely any fish. Besides, Lake Talyllyn, although as beautiful a spot as one could wish, was, after all, just a lake and Ray had seen lakes before.

Therefore, when he came home on Friday evening to a good licking (with a toothing fork, he remembers), his father having found him out, and returned to school on Monday morning to get another licking for truancy, he made a new resolve. He wouldn't waste time adventuring near home. There wasn't adventure around there, anyway. He would wait until he could go (Continued on page 89)
Born For Romance

LORETTA YOUNG'S DRAMATIC LIFE STORY OF HAPPINESS AND HEARTACHE
In this final installment of her life story, Loretta remembers her promise, "If there will be great happiness I will take that and if there will be deep sorrow I will take that, too."

BY HOWARD SHARPE

LORETTA stood beside the yellow roadster, laughing and saying a temporary good-by to the man in it. "At eight, then," she said, and trotted up the steps, pulling off her gloves. It was a clear spring afternoon, almost warm enough for a dress. She stood waiting for the butler to open the door, Loretta hummed stanzas of a song; looked admiringly at her exquisite, newly done nails; thought pleasant small thoughts anent the way she would spend the rest of her day. A long bath to try out those new crystals, first; and a couple of chapters of "Tortilla Flat," the one about the beans and possibly the one where the house burned down; and then an hour for her hair, and fifteen minutes playing with the new Swiss clock that surprisingly tinkled a barracks ditty.

The door opened and she almost danced through. "I'll suggest the Grove tonight, she decided suddenly. "I want to dance, and he's significant when a tango comes on. He's magnificent anyway, she added mentally, smiling.

Then she saw the stacked luggage near the staircase.

"Georgianne's huggs?" she asked, pausing. "Oh—she goes back to school today, I forgot. Where is she now?"

"In her room, Miss Young," the butler said.

Loretta ran up the stairs, frowning. Georgianne's last day at home for the Easter holidays and now quietly alone in her room, instead of dashing around the house. That didn't sound healthy. Headache, maybe, Loretta concluded.

She pushed open Georgianne's door without knocking.

The child had been crying. She stood listlessly in front of the bookcases, keeping her head turned so Loretta would not see the tears streaks on her face. The older girl came forward and put both hands on Georgianne's shoulders, which turned reluctantly.

"What's the matter, honey?" Loretta said softly.

"Said because you've got to go back."

Georgianne nodded. "Do I have to?" she asked.

"It's so nice here, and I could go to school in Beverly Hills."

"But you like your school! You—"

"I hate it!" the child wailed suddenly, bursting into tears again. "It's horrid there—it's a terrible place. Please, Gretch—let me stay here. Please.

"Now listen, baby," Loretta said, pulling the child over to the bed and sitting down. "Something's happened and I want to know what it is. Stop crying and tell me."

There was no response.

"Georgianne."

The little shoulders stiffened then. The quivering chin came up. "All right," Georgianne said, "it's those girls. All of them. They say bad things about you and no matter how much I argue they keep right on saying them."

She stopped as she saw her sister's face drain suddenly white.

There was a long silence. Then, in a very low voice, Loretta asked, "What is it they say?"

"That you fall in love all the time and then go on someone else and fall in love with him. That just because you're a movie star you—"

"Why do they say these things?" Loretta interrupted. "Where do they find out about them?"

"In the papers. In the magazines."

"I see." Loretta pressed her fingers to her eyes, trying to think. "Georgianne. You know these things aren't true, don't you?"

"That's what I'm always trying to tell them!" the child said eagerly. "They yell at me that I'm just sticking up for you because you're my sister. I—it's terrible for me.

"I know. Poor baby—you won't have to go back. We'll find another school. Call Nana and start unpacking now. I—have to go and dress."

In her own rooms Loretta dialed a number, waited, said, "I can't come tonight. I'm suddenly too sick to hold my head up." She paused.

"Yes, isn't it silly? It may have been the lobster Tomorrow, maybe? Or next week."

"Not ever again, she thought as she hung up.

At the window she stood looking down into the garden. Two years ago on that little marble bench by the fountain, she had sat waiting for tears to come because a man she had loved was dead. She remembered the evening clearly now: the way the moon had looked, the way her persistent intelligence had thrown back wave after wave of approaching emotion, scoffing at its sincerity. She remembered, too, the promise she had made herself—that next time she would not run away when great love came; that when again anything as big and all-consuming as the thing she had felt for Bill happened to her, she would take it with both hands, ignoring consequences.

Standing there, she watched the procession of months pass swiftly in her memory. Two years: nineteen thirty-three, and the summer ending in a quiet haze, with more work to do and more fan mail and a new contract for more money despite the growing depression, and the first man after Bill to say, "Loretta, I love you." Dark, handsome lad, with an hereditary endowment of great charm and two million dollars: "Yes, lunch tomorrow, yes, Santa Barbara for cocktails, yes, I adore you and Catalina Island. Yes—I mean no! No!"—and he was not the one winter, and two new hits to emblazon her name even brighter on even more marquees, and those three months of amusing dimorphism for the famous star until the papers said, "Will Loretta Young be the next Mrs. ?"—she might have known then, so Georgianne would have been spared—and I am sorry about this, Loretta, it's still ridiculous and Nellie of rat. Had finally spring. There was a man in New York then, he of the urbane Chesterfield and the knowledge of wines. She remembered him dimly, because after the first week he was definitely the only one. And the other, and the agent who played the piano: and there was winter and the co-star who liked badminton and there was the beginning of 1935 and the co-star who didn't like anything, because of gout. And none of these had been the one.

She could see the gossip column squibs, the sly inserted double entendres, the grab shots, unretouched, on pulp paper. She remembered them through the time, any of them, but we've never even held hands. Still—why bother to deny it? Why give it that much importance? I'm copy. Let them go, let them make their tyrannies.

But she hadn't thought it would go that far. Not so far that even Georgianne—I can't even live, Loretta thought furiously. I can't even live. It was because her mind was fighting this confronting so fiercely, because her heart was hurt and frightened, that when the thing happened—almost immediately—she did not recognize it for weeks.

It would be unfair to remember this man's name, since it happened, so far as the circumstances are concerned, three centuries in the past; but we can call him Stephan. Stephan was working opposite Loretta in an important picture, when he was working; when emissaries of the studio, sent forth by anxious officials, could find him and give him a cold shower and get him on the set in time for a scene or two. He was a great actor, and is, but there was head-shaking about him in that year. He who had never had time for liquor now used it for a purpose, which he achieved magnificently: to forget the wife from whom he had separated.

Loretta observed him with compassion, knowing his story. It was a dirty shame, she thought, a nice guy like that. "If only there were something someone can do.

On an afternoon when the picture was only a third finished she did it herself. The company was breaking up and from her dressing room she saw him heading, alone, for the sound-stage door. She knew he was going to his hotel room, and she knew that no one would come to see him during that evening, and she knew what he would have for company. And on an impromptu impulse she called to him.

"Would—would you drive me home?" she asked, when he had come up to her dressing room. "My car's not here and it's such a nuisance getting a studio car. I hate to ask—"

"I'd like to very much," he said gratefully. "I haven't anything at all to do."

In his car, as they drove out of the studio grounds and headed toward Bel Air, Loretta said, "I can't wait for the rushes anec-

It's George Brent, secret sorrow of half Hollywood's glamour girls, who's beau-

Loretta these days

(Continued on page 78)
Edith is A-9 and quite perturbed over her looks. Everything has to be right if she's going to pose for a picture as she was the day we saw her. Two carefully tied pink bows adorned her hair. Her hat sat just beyond the ribbons. Rouge tinged her cheeks and lips. Polish gleamed from her nails. Smocking set off her frock.

"Think it's all right?" she asked anxiously and one could visualize a rather lovely little girl selecting for herself because she had no one in all the world but an old lady called "Mama."

BOBBY JORDAN: FIFTEEN

A "DEAD END" kid who has so far fooled the public into believing him a regular old toughie. Bobby is as tough as skimmed milk. But much outer.

From out the line-up of those unforgetable young East-siders, Bobby has been selected for bigger and better roles all by himself. He slayed the customes as the locked-in-the-cellar young thing in "A Slight Case of Murder," and as Kay Francis' son in "My Bill."

BONITA GRANVILLE: AGE FIFTEEN

"BUNNY" is the pet name and "Bro" the movie one. Although I've played other roles than old maidiness, I'm also remembered as the brat of 'The Three,' Bonita sighs.

Like her other children in pictures, Bonita is a veteran at the game having played as a wee mite in A. Harding's picture, "Westward Passage." Usually she brushes it like the "dickens" two hundred times every night.

In her third year in high school, Bonita grasps her education on the run for one studio lot to another. Once pass an IQ test that sent a local college professor dithering all over the place.

She has laughing blue eyes and perfect white teeth. She brushes her brows every night and rolls on the flo. The rolling is to keep that schoolgirl figure.

Clothes—lots and lots of new ones she must for. She likes too many shoes too.

"Kissing games at fifteen are plainly silly," she says. "At twelve or thirteen, I thought they were swell, but no me, I'm too old for that nonsense."

She drinks three glasses of milk daily, "so my husband, if you please, is collecting perfume; her favorite school subject is algebra; her novv interests, right now, are centered in "For Lovers Only."

She's a whiz at French. And always makes a wish when she sees a hawker. Now she has them all at the table. She'll pretend she doesn't hear. It's sure to break up home hearts, nations, careers and what not.

GEORGE ERNEST: SIXTEEN

Pride and Joy of the screen's Jones Family.

A family, well brought up, normal active boy, with a wave in his forelock, and a couple of adolescent pinnacles in his friendly pan, George typifies the boys who work in movies with little or the actor or exhibitionist about them.

To coin a pun, life is real and life is earnest. Young George whose name isn't Ernest at all but Hjorth. As this very small son of a Danish restaurateur in Toluca, George grew up to the adulation of the customers who kept exclaiming over his blond cuteness.

Showman Sid Grauman persuades George's parents to register the boy for Central Casting and so began his movie career that eventually landed him as a permanent member of the now renowned Jones, whose latest exploits will be relayed in "Safety in Numbers."

Home photography is his passion. He has a dark room all of his own for developing his pictures. Uses his three-year-old niece and his collie dog as models. When George gets on the set, he's either going to be a cameraman, an aeronautical engineer or have his own photography store. One thing he's sure of—he will be great.

He aquaplanes like a South Sea Islander.

His best friend is Marvin Stephens, the villain of the Jones family. "Well, good night, Marvin," he'll say at the end of day. "See you tomorrow," and for a moment the two friends will stand in the center of a huge movie lot, hands raised in salute, and then go.

Two American lads off for home.
OUT IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

where a Complexion Care
has to work—

Irene Dunne

No risk of choked
pores when you use
Lux Toilet Soap
its active lather
removes cosmetics
thoroughly.
That's why screen
stars use it

Lupe Velez

Use all the
cosmetics you like
but guard against
cosmetic skin with
Lux Toilet Soap
It's a safe easy care

—and in your own home town—

Screen stars
ought to
know about
complexion
care

AND BELIEVE ME
THEY DO

It's my nice, smooth skin
that's made a hit with Bill.
I use cosmetics, but I'll never
risk cosmetic skin

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

TEMBER, 1938
me by trying on all my things and I couldn't do a thing to her because I was afraid she'd rumple my couture. I wore my gown very self-consciously because I was very sophisticated on account of it hadn't an unnecessary inch, and Barb wore her isinglass and pearls and we started off for the Peacock Bar, having a wonderful time all the while singing "Thanks for the Memory."

While they went to a place to park we went inside and sat right at the bar, acting older. Neither of us likes hard liquor, but we ordered sherry cocktails. Next to me was a very nice elderly stranger. We started a conversation but he didn't take much interest. One thing led to another and I told him all about myself, not a word of which was true. I informed him he was the identify of Alabamian.

"Do you know Alabamian?" he asked.

"Not in person," I said. "Do you?"

"I think so," he said, "but let that constitute an introduction, our but not knowing the same person."

I agreed heartily. Then I told him he's the only son of a famous author, and he said he hated standing so his father had bought him an aisle seat on the stock exchange. He said if I asked him he'd give it to a lady and he thought that was a clever. We went on to discuss various problems of Life like double features and postcards and what is love really.

By that time the boys arrived and we had to be civil to them, they being our escorts. I just hoped Henry's voice wouldn't crack because there is nothing more mortifying to a girl than to be out with a gentleman whose voice suddenly goes back on him.

Henry said we would have to be some place beside the theatre. We promised to meet Marjorie at the restaurant at seven and it was half past five.

One of our Stronger and I hobe each other farewell and I shall never see him again unless fate twists the strands of our lives so they cross each other. We talked for the rest of the Peacock some Thursday at 6 o'clock because that is when he is sure to be there.

The boys wanted to go to a jam session, but Marjorie said the true gourmet doesn't dance and dine at the same time. So she had reserved a table at Chez Maurice's where the atmosphere is very Continental and the food is really fine, besides it being the rendezvous for lots of celebs.

Marjorie looked very chic in black satin with orchids. She told me an evening on the Theatre, as she reads Variety. Mary's fiancé is at Columbia studying to be an eminent surgeon and everybody calls him "Doc." He kept up into the ideology and The Five Star Plan so I guess he's a communist. Nowadays lots of people are very people. Of course Henry and Frank had no idea they were being William and Clark, so that made the conversation rather peculiar. I never thought Marjorie said went right over their heads. The dinner was elegant, all kinds of French dishes. Dick Powell and Ginger Rogers are suddenly grabbed my arm.

"Myrna," she said, "look. Are my eyes deceiving me?"

I followed the direction of her gaze and lo! who was sitting there but Fredric March! It was unmistakably himself.

He looked exactly the same off as on, only more so. Naturally we couldn't take our eyes off his back which was facing us. We lost interest in the food (except the asparagus) and the boys kept kissing us but we didn't pay any attention to them but held a conference as to how to proceed. We agreed that it would be undisguised for all three to go to him, so we decided to draw lots as to who should have the honor of contacting him for the signatures.

Well! Lady Luck smiled on Ye Scribe! I pulled the short match!

Marjorie suggested that I say I was writing an article for my college paper because if just said I was the press he might think it exaggerated.

We went to the ladies' room to retouch my face. The girls were wild with envy, but I didn't envy myself. Frankly, I was petrified although I had carried on correspondence for years with important stars or their secretaries, I had never really talked to one.

I put Don's fountain pen and a menu in my purse and a big hulp of Chianti to fortify myself. Then I approached the boy. I took extra care not to meet the eyes of the man I didn't want him to think I was in a hurry. I assumed an air of sang froid.

"Good evening, Mr. March," I said in a pleasant but not gussy voice. He rose from his chair. He has perfect manners. He was wearing a blue suit and a dark brown tie.

"Good evening." His voice was div-ine. Just like in "A Star Is Born."

"How is Mrs. March and the children?" I asked kindly. I should have said "are" but I don't think he noticed. "Very well, thank you," he said and then there was a pregnant silence. He looked at me and I looked at him. Finally he said: "Won't you sit down?" I said, "I'm on a reporter for my college paper and if you wouldn't mind we might have a private interview I would be glad to do the same for you sometime."

"That's awfully kind of you," he said.

I've enjoyed your pictures so much." "Thank you," he said, looking right at me. "Which one did you like most?"

I said I loved "A Star Is Born" and I adored "The Barretts." I said I thought I liked him most of all as Mark Antony. He looked at me strangely. "I never played Mark Antony, he said.

I could have died of mortification. Of course I want Anthony Adverse. I told him I always got the names mixed up.

"Quite natural," he said, "they are very similar. I sometimes do myself.

I ASKED him what his hobbies were (I knew because I had read about it only that afternoon under the dryer but I thought I'd better ask that one) and about his home in Beverly Hills and if he had felt badly when his play flopped.

He said yes, he had thought it committing suicide, but had decided against it. "If at first you don't succeed," I said. "Exactly," he agreed.

Then he said he would have to be running along. I took out the menu and pen and asked him if he would mind signing three times, far apart. He said he wouldn't mind, but why far apart? I didn't want to tell him I had two friends waiting outside and I thought myself that I was going to trade in the other two for Leslie Howard. I don't know why he laughed, but he has beautiful teeth.

I saw he wanted to go when he rose, so I rose too and held out my hand because I knew the girls were watching and he shook it.

When I got back to our table, Barb and Marj were laughing, but I wouldn't say a word until after he had left. As he walked out he looked over and bowed, just slightly, about thirty degrees, but very friendly. After he had gone I nearly passed out. Barb made me drink black coffee which I hate.

After that we went to see "Snow White" which is adorable but I must confess I was in a dream all the way through and didn't even notice Henry hold my hand. And, at the Rainbow Grill when we saw Loretta Young I wasn't even excited. Doc said I had become jaded and I guess he's right. FREDERIC MARCH—Friendship JANIE LYONS —Friendship

Thank heaven it's a mutual friendship and nothing more I wouldn't care for the world to want to start any trouble.

I'm going to phone Barb right now. I just must talk to someone.

HENRY sent my class pin back with a note to wit:

My dear Miss Lyons:

Seeing that your interests lie in other directions than mine, I've decided to return your class pin and would ask you kindly to do the same with my class ring and to remove any paper with your name on it unless it leaves a mark on the paper in which case you can leave it as is.

I shall be very busy henceforth for I'm devoting myself to my career instead of wasting time with women who fall for every actor they meet. I have not had the opportunity of a picture which shall not trouble you with as you no doubt uninterested.

Wishing you every happiness, I am,
Your Friend

Henry Warren.

P. S.—No doubt Mr. March will be glad to do your geometry for you.

P. P. S.—Perhaps he will also escort you to the Jr. prom. I am taking Miss Bailey.

H. W.

I nearly passed out because while Henry is not my genre he has his points. I called up Barb and she dropped everything and came right over to console me in my bereavement. To my great satisfaction I found out from reading Miss Lyons' magazine that FREDERIC is not FREDERIC but Fredric. That doesn't work out either!

Well, anyway, Barb and I had no chocolate, crackers and a conference. She thought the best thing to do about the class pin was to be stand-offish and he would come up because he feels no personal cares. I wonder! But I'm not taking any chances, because if Vera Bailey once gets her hands on a man he's finished. She is absolutely unscrupulous and Henry is a push-over for flattery. Any woman can pull the wool over his eyes. So I thought I'd better write him a letter as it is no more politeness to answer a person's letter, so I did.

Dear Mr. Warren:

I regret that you should have misunderstood my actions and put the worst construction on them. I wish only that you would write to Mr. March and myself but a purely platonic friendship.

When returning your ring which you will have to hand over before conveying it to Miss Bailey. All the other men did. I have three invitations for the Jr. Prom and also a previous engagement.

If you don't mind would you please have the kindness to return my Caesar poney and that pink chiffon handkerchief which you said you wanted to keep for ever that night in the cane when the moonlight was so divine and you said that Life was lurching with a certain something and she was with you.

Yrs. truly,
Jane Lyons.

Henry called up last night and everything is hokey-pokey. We are going to see "Happy Landings" tonight because he likes it and he's been going to books in a man's finish. I guess he's right.

The pert chatter of this little dyed-in-the-wool movie worshipper and her very nice friend will be continued in another chapter of her autobiography to appear soon in Photoplay.
"Don't tear up the snapshots of that boy you're mad at"

says DOROTHY DIX, famous adviser on life and marriage

"YOUTH and love are both impulsive. How many times I have heard the story of a sudden lovers' quarrel, marriage to someone else—and then regret ...

"It needn't happen to you. Suppose you do have a quarrel. Instead of rushing home and destroying the mementos of your association together, save all the little reminders. Be sure to save the snapshots you have made of your young man. This is most important, for nothing else will so rekindle your lost feeling...

"You may start going with someone else. But before you decide to marry, take out the snapshots of the one from whom you parted in anger, and look at them earnestly. They may save you from a decision that would bring sorrow all through life."

* * *

Whether you're expert or inexperienced—for day-in and day-out picture making—use Kodak Verichrome Film for sure results. Double-coated by a special process—it takes care of reasonable exposure errors—increases your ability to get clear, satisfying pictures. Nothing else is "just as good." And certainly there is nothing better. Play safe. Use it always ...Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.
Orry-Kelly, famous designer for Warner Brothers, and Kay Francis photographed during a wardrobe conference for Kay's newest film "Unlawful"

BY GWENN WALTERS

"THE time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—"

—of and farewell to summer—of glamorous approach to fall!

Gee, that's fun to start a letter with the first thing that comes to mind instead of struggling to come upon a supposedly "right" beginning!

The decided contrast between this warm summery day and my wistful fashion thoughts has, undoubtedly, thrust me into this character-like mood of work and play. However, you'll have to agree that work seasoned with play gives sure salve to living. Now to work!

This month I bring you, as promised, Orry-Kelly's fall fashion forecast to guide you in planning your new wardrobe.

"Will skirts be shorter for fall, Orry?" I chimed as I stuck my head into his workshop and discovered him designing costumes for Bette Davis to wear in "The Sisters."

"You think you're only kidding, Gwenn, but I'm glad you asked that question, for I should like to voice my views on skirt lengths," he replied, extending a welcoming hand.

And so our interview began.

IN Orry-Kelly's opinion there can be no set standard for skirt lengths (such as fourteen, fifteen or sixteen inches from the floor) for the reason that the smartest skirt length varies with the varying physical attributes of each particular person. The season's fashionable skirt length will be, therefore, the length that most becomes one's physical attributes.

Next we come to the all-important silhouette trends for fall.

For daytime, skirts will be slim, waistlines neatly defined, shoulders moderately squared, bustlines accentuated and necklines high.

Black, of course, will lead the color selection. However, browns and greens in many varying tones, wine red and deep plum will be chic high style alternates. Wool jersey will be a very outstanding fabric.

The decoration of frocks will be second only to their styling, color and fabric selection, for every frock must boast its own individualization of trim. Braid, fur and embroidery motifs will share honors with costume jewelry accent.

Tri-color combinations will be evidenced in costumes for active and spectator sports. Smart combinations will be found in green, yellow and brown; red, green and wine; brown, lacquered red and blue green. Orry-Kelly has designed a grand three-piece suit of the first combination. The background of the boxy, three-quarter length topecoat is brown with alabaster shadow plaid of green and yellow. The skirt of the suit is matching brown, and the contrast jacket of yellow.

SPORTS frocks, one or two piece, will also boast decorative trim, suèdes and soft leathers being favorites for inset or appliqué motifs. Leather closings and belts likewise will be smart accessories.

Slim coats, exquisitely tailored, furless and collarless, will become perfect foil for separate fur scarfs. These coats, on occasion, will have contrast yokes and sleeves like the one Orry-Kelly designed for Kay Francis to wear in "Unlawful." The foundation of Kay's coat is of smooth brown woolen; the yoke and sleeves are of rust. The sleeves are seven-eighth length, straight and open.

There will be a drastic change in fur fashions. The bulky coats of last year will be replaced by slim coats of sleek furs.

For evening we will find the return of the "little" jacket made of the gown fabric. This fitted, waist-length jacket will most probably have a tiny peplum. It will most surely have neatly squared shoulders, three-quarter, open sleeves, and no collar.

The Nautch influence will make its appearance in dressy afternoon, dinner and evening gowns. The graceful folds that swath the hip of this style will be caught up in front and thence released into fluid fulness which falls to the hemline. This dropping will be modified in the dressy afternoon frocks.

LATER in the afternoon I visited Edith Head, designer for Paramount, currently creating clothes for Joan Bennett to wear in "Artists And Models Abroad."

Two costumes nearing completion will interest you, I know.

One is a dinner gown of ice blue. The slim, slit skirt is topped by a jumper of bugle beads fashioned like a little sweater.

The other outfit is of deep green velvet. The frock, two-piece with self-fabric dressmaker detail, has a matching hat created by Dache. Miss Head contrasts this costume with bag and gloves of abalone green.

There will be an extravagant Paris Exposition fashion show in this picture. The "Exposition" gowns have been brought to Hollywood by Lillian Fisher from eight of the leading French couturiers. These gowns, however, are strictly show pieces and are in no way intended to represent smart Paris fashion.

A fashion angle also invades the Twentieth Century-Fox production "A Lucky Star," which gives Sonja Henie the role of a college shop model.

Royer, who designed Sonja's chic wardrobe, offers many helpful suggestions for school clothes.

"Before purchasing a single garment for a school wardrobe," says he, "consider these generalities. Select fabrics most importantly for their non-crushable, non-crinkley utilities—this will save untold pennies on the cleaning and pressing bill . . . Be sure and keep your budget to include several odd sweaters and blouses, smart costume jewelry, novel belts, and a couple of sets of decorative accessories—you'll find they will happily and smartly reassemble your basic costumes."

Sonja Henie wears one of Royer's sweater and skirt outfits on page 63. Don't miss it—or her—in "My Lucky Star."
Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and doubly lovely

The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both—style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed—whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is smile plus style that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie acclaimed world famous, artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, left—adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. SO, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion.

Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress.
Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2849. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Department, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
In a race-mad town, the new Hollywood Turf Club offers the last word in track luxury

Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood

Galbe’s Private Club

“WHERE did you get that hat?”

The old cry is ringing around the M-G-M lot these days louder than ever since an assistant director, a wardrobe lad, a sound man, an electrician who bit player all appeared one morning in bright straw hats with flaming handkerchiefs.

“Gable’s cupboard,” explains a simultaneous answer from the five. There was an immediate stampede from all directions to the famous Gable clothes closet.

You see, Clark is a collector of hats. Can’t resist buying a half-dozen every time he hits a shop. One look in his studio mirror, however, convinces Clark the hats were never made for him and up on the shelf they go.

Twice each year, when the shelf can hold no more, Clark simply sticks his head out the window and yells: “Come and get them while the rick is on. The lucky lads who wear his size haven’t bought a hat since Gable became a star. Oh, about the initial C. G. inside—They merely explain that by calling themselves the Chapeau Grabbers. What a club to belong to, eh?”

Behind the Rainer-Odets Divorce

Hollywood was born pro and con when the Rainer-Odets divorce made front-page news. Cal gives you a thumbnail sketch of both principals and you can draw your own conclusions.

Louise: A girl, talented, nervous, unhappy over her career. A stay-at-home who likes to eat only when and if she’s hungry. She seldom is. Shy, entertaining notions of genius at bay. A minor Garbo, hiding her face from her fellow workers in public—“No, no, don’t speak to me off the set, please. Know me only as an artist.”

Odets: A Leftist politically, working at it feverishly. A man impatient with failure, with pictures, with people who don’t visit sickbeds. A force—a voice crying out—a cause in spectacles. How could marriage win?

Why Janet Suikered

The thing that brings on that awkward pause in the romance of a Hollywood star is no different from your own little love spots.

For instance, Hollywood wondered when Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor were no longer seen in each other’s company. It couldn’t understand the sudden termination of a romance that had all the earmarks of being a true one—a lasting combination.

But now, since the two have obviously made up their quarrel, the reason for the spat can be told. Janet was miffed at Tyrone’s constant praise of the beauty and charm of the star of “Marie Antoinette,” Norma Shearer. It seems even after the picture was finished Tyrone continued to sing the praises of the beautiful woman in whose picture he had played.

Joan Bennett Facts—

HERE are four puppies in Joan’s new dog kennels which she started because of her love for blond cocker spaniels.

By a series of elimination she has finally his son “Benedict,” a son, in one brief moment, over a long span of years to other times and other places.

A Different View of Flintown

Hollywood is a condition existing in mind. One’s opinion of the town all depends on whose thoughts, ideas, and interests one contacts.

Take Ruby Keeler and you take Hollywood at its beautiful best. Ruby is one of those rare little bands of people who would just as soon not set before a camera. Fate pushed her there and circumstances kept her there.

Circumstances labeled love. Love of a girl for a family. In order that mother, brother, sister may have all the things Ruby, as Al Jolson’s wife, has, she continues to act on, though acting makes her nervous and sometimes even frightens her.

Oh, yes, Al Jolson would take all those responsibilities willingly, gladly, but you see Ruby loves Al, too, and feels it’s her job, her problem, her privilege.

And there, friends, is a glimpse of Hollywood through the right end of the telescope for a change. Do you like it?

Glamour Is As Glamour Does—Maybe!

Gene RAYMOND is stumped—but definitely. Crestfallen at his sudden comedown off the glamour bench, it came about this way.

“Dear Mr. Raymond,” writes the blond star to ask Gene to contribute a bit of money to fatten up a plug for a Lady Aid raffle.

“Dear Mr. Raymond,” she writes “I’d just love to be able to get up in meeting and say, Mr. Gene Raymond helped fatten my pig.”

To the hysterical amusement of his wife, Jeanette MacDonald, Gene is fit to be tied.

Garbo Checks Up On Herself

The cable was delivered to the publicity department at M-G-M Studio by a fresh young studio messenger, epaulet and a smile on his face.

“Don’t tell me we’re hearing from Garbo,” he joked as he trotted off.

“Boy, if he knew it really was from Garbo wouldn’t he grin out of the other side of his face?” one publicist later asked another.

For the cable was from Garbo, asking for a copy of the local trade paper that carried the story that Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford, and a few others were poison at the box office.

“Yes, send me a copy of the cable read, “I would see it for myself.”

Hollywood is beginning to believe the lady is not quite so indifferent as she seems.

“Who knows?” a little stenographer grinned. “Maybe she’ll even act human when she gets back. They usually do when they’re jolted a good one.”

Good for a Chuckle

Here’s one “fish story” Charles Ruggles is soft pedaling. Seems that, while on location with the “Breaking The Ice” company, Ruggles decided to do a bit of fishing with some fish two worth of Izak Walton odds and ends. He went back to the lovely lake where his boat had been working and started to fish. Hours passed (in fact, the entire morning went by)—and suddenly Ruggles was filled with a terrible suspicion. So, taking off his shoes and socks, he started wading—and he kept on wading, all the way across the lake. Sad, but true—it was just another “prop” and Ruggles had been fishing all morning in about eight inches of water!
Awaken Romance in YOUR Life
with the
CHARM of BEAUTY

Like Hollywood’s Screen Stars
Discover How Color Harmony Make-Up
Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal

BEAUTY’s secret of attraction is color...for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal. This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius. It is called color harmony make-up, and consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized shades to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

Now you can accent the attraction of your beauty this Hollywood way...for the luxury of the personal make-up of Hollywood stars is available to you at nominal prices. Note coupon for special make-up test.

FACE POWDER is Satin-Smooth
Screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a face powder that adheres perfectly...so you may be sure Max Factor’s Face Powder will create a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. In lifelike color harmony shades to enliven the beauty of your skin...one dollar.

ROUGE Beautifies Naturally
Actual lifelike colors...that is the secret of Max Factor’s color harmony rouge...and you will discover the difference in the natural beauty it brings to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture, it blends easily...fifty cents.

LIP MAKE-UP Lasts for Hours
Because it’s super-ndelible...because it’s moisture-proof, Max Factor’s Lipstick will keep your lips the same lovely, alluring color for hours and hours. Yes, it’s Hollywood’s favorite lipstick because it will withstand every test...one dollar.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

Max Factor * Hollywood

SEPTEMBER, 1938
Born for Romance

(Continued from page 69)

He snapped a dashboard switch on and off, and on and off. "That's all I know at the moment."

"There's nothing we can do about it," she said, and she was surprised to hear the steady tone of the caller when she had expected it to break. "You can't get a divorce. We couldn't ever be married. You've got to love her."

Stephan looked at her steadily. "Were we fools?"

She saw his eyes again. "No. No, not ever!" She forced herself to smile. "Drive me home now."

At the door of her house he touched her hand. "Goodnight, beautiful." She said, "Good-by," and went inside, lamentingly.

The studio gave her a few months off, because she looked even more tired than she said she was, and she went to Europe with her mother. In England, she read that Stephan had gone back to his wife, and after that she read more papers since there was nothing further in them that could possibly interest her. She went to Rome and looked at the crumbling arena. She went to Paris and looked at the Mona Lisa. She went to Venice and rode in a gondola. Then she came home.

She was ill, the doctors said, and they sent her to bed. She went, unprotestingly. The weeks slipped into one another, and the gossip columns hinted that she would never work again and that she was broke; she read the columns, tossed them on her bed, picked up a magazine—time stood still.

Until one morning she woke to hear rain whispering softly through her windows, and she sat up in bed, thinking, I'd like to go for a long walk in the fields, and then come back, for a hot bath and breakfast. I haven't done that in years. The smell of percolating coffee drifted up to her.

"Bacon and waffles," she said aloud.

Then, suddenly, she began to laugh delightedly. A sense of sheer well-being tingled through her, so that she crossed her arms and bent her shoulders, and I am well, she thought. Amd I am happy again.

Loretta Young's story is not finished, because it is a love story; and so long as she is beautiful, so long as her heart beets to its romantic rhythm, she will live for the glamour that moons bring and melodies sustain and low intimated laughter completes. With her house in order, with her assured professional rating and an unassailable control of the little girl, one charming Judith, whom she eventually adopted, with her faith to guide her, Loretta faces her glowing future. She has only begun to live, and to love.
YOUR window curtaining problems are the same as those of Hollywood stars—style and distinction are decorative "musts".

Notice how perfectly the Quaker Sheercord curtains in Richard Arlen's living room (shown above) veil the window and yet preserve the lovely view.

Cost? Quaker Net curtains are priced from $2.00 to $20.00 a pair.

Wear? Combed yarn and three-thread construction make them look like new after each washing.

*Booklet of Homes of Hollywood Stars

Glimpses of the exteriors, close-ups of the interiors of six Hollywood stars' homes. Also our "Correct Curtaining" booklet with over 50 window photographs, sent for 10c to cover mailing. Address Dept. H98.

Quaker Lace Company, 330 Fifth Avenue, New York

Also makers of Quaker Silk Stockings
The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 19)

...and so I said, "Thanks, I'll try on my own. By the meantime I'll get back to my work."

Mr. Padgham arrived about fifteen minutes later. I placed him at about forty-eight, or nine, inclined to flesh and dignity. He carried a cane, and wore an expensive suit. His iron-grey hair had been carefully trimmed, his face had emerged pink and smooth from a barber shop. From the way he looked at me, I knew that he still made passes at women. "I have an appointment with Mr. Foley," he said. "My name is Padgham. It is 2:45." Mr. Foley is expecting you, Mr. Padgham. I'll tell him you're here."

I plugged in on Mr. Foley's line, said, "Frank G. Padgham is here for his appointment," and heard Mr. Foley say, "Send him right in." I finish dictating. You will transcribe your notes and bring the finished agreement to an address I will give you, where you will meet Mr. Padgham and hand these notes to him. The agreement promptly at eight-thirty tonight... Do you have a brief case?"

"No, I have an office, Mr. Foley."

He took out his billfold, extracted a twenty-dollar bill, and handed it to me. "This is for yourself a brief case, for paying your dinning and boarding. I won't be near tonight."

Mr. Foley then went on to explain the agreement.

"One more thing.

"If you make any error in the agreement, I'll take care of it."

"But if you make any error in the agreement, I'll take care of it."

"I'm afraid I have to ask you to work to-night. I'm going to dictate an agreement in shorthand. In typing it, you will take the greatest precautions to prevent anyone's seeing any part of it."

"I ordered cleaning, or... whatever is important, of being done?" Padgham asked.

Mr. Foley then returned to the room with his notes and began to write. "I'm quite certain I do," I told him, and, turning to Mr. Foley, asked, "What is this address, a private residence, a hospital, or an exact address?"

"Private residence," Mr. Foley said. "You will walk up the stairs to the porch and ring the bell. It won't be long before you're there."

"You will be expected. I will meet you there."

---

The detective moved his chair, apparently trying to get better light. Didn't pay any particular attention to his book, but he was reading a magazine, and showed an interest. The detective decided he'd wait, this time in the outdoor office. He picked up a magazine and started to read. I propped my notebook on the stand in front of me and began to type.

The detective moved his chair, apparently trying to get better light. Didn't pay any particular attention to his book, but he was reading a magazine, and showed an interest. The detective decided he'd wait, this time in the outdoor office. He picked up a magazine and started to read. I propped my notebook on the stand in front of me and began to type.

A girl who has to live on her salary and make that salary cover rent, food, clothes, and an occasional beauty treatment simply isn't geared to spending money recklessly. Despite the fact that I was on an expense account. The detective decided he'd wait, this time in the outdoor office. He picked up a magazine and started to read. I propped my notebook on the stand in front of me and began to type.

---

"What! In the Heart of A Great City?"

Incredible!... Yet this scene of rest and play was sketched on part of the Ambassador's Twenty-two Acre playground... at the hub from which radiates the greatest social and quality merchandising area on the Pacific Coast.

Two minutes from one of the world's busiest traffic centers... Wilshire and Western... Eight easy minutes from Los Angeles' financial center... and fourteen miles from the blue Pacific.

The Los Angeles AMBASSADOR

With its great, new flower-lined forecourt and auto patio and highly modernized hotel and bungalow... with grounds that provide Tennis... Golf... Crystal Pool... and Cabana-studded Sun-Tan Beach.

And the WORLD-FAMOUS "COCONUT GROVE"

Presenting more famous orchestras and entertainers... and catering to more celebrities... than any other center for dining and dancing on earth.

This year Hollywood pays tribute to this rendezvous for leaders of stage, screen and society with the great productions of "Coconut Grove" and "Garden of the Moon"... but two of a sequence of motion pictures in which "The Grove" and its atmosphere are emphasized.

Come This Summer for an Ideal Vacation

3400 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Write for rates and Chef's book of Calif. Recipes

PHOTOPLA
A shoe wardrobe that keeps your dates up-to-date

It's the season for your smartest accessories and Queen Quality shoes meet your wardrobe requirements with the last word in style, color and materials. You'll find glamour-fashions galore—styled to dress you according to your individual type—to meet the events that make up your life and to idealize your foot with daintiness, slenderness and grace. These shoes make fashion practical with the economy of long satisfaction. They fit comfortingly and lastingly hold their shape.

QUEEN QUALITY SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS
Division of International Shoe Co.
count. I saw no reason why I should squander money on a taxicab, so I took a streetcar, and started early enough so I'd be there in plenty of time.

It was a warm night and I sat in the open section, watching the traffic stream by, with the half-listless preoccupation of a city dweller who is forced to spend a portion of each day grinding and jolt-

ing back and forth to work.

I noticed headlights behind me, which seemed to remain uniformly placed. The streetcar slowed. The automobile slowed. From behind came the raucous blast of horns impatiently demanding that the car move on ahead.

I heard a sound of bumper crashing bumper, and the automobile, struck from behind, shot ahead a few feet so that it was almost under my window.

The driver immediately slammed in the gear and stepped on the throttle. As the car shot past, I had a glimpse of a blonde woman seated next to the driver, but it wasn't until the car had whizzed across the intersection that recognition dawned on me. It was Miss Blair, the blonde applicant for the position which I had landed.

It isn't often the paths of people cross casually in a large city. I found myself wondering if perhaps she was telling her boy friend about the unappreciative employer who had picked a secretary without even giving a typist test

The streetcar lurched ahead. Over at the curb the automobile was parked. Miss Blair was sitting with her head turned away from me. I could see the tip of her shoulder and the rim of her hat. Somehow, her pose seemed strangely right.

The streetcar swayed on past. I had a three-block walk from the place where I left the car, and took it rather briskly. Two of the blocks slipped past unevenly. I was half-way across the last intersection when an automobile, running rapidly, and without warning, screamed to a stop. For an agonized split second I saw the twin headlights swooping down on me, the vague outline of the big car. I screamed, tried to jump back and escape.

It was hopeless. The car was coming directly toward me, sliding in a tire-squeaking skid. Then, miraculously, I got back out of the way. The glare of the headlights was abruptly eliminated. My light-dazzled eyes saw only the vague shape of a car hurtling past.

Fear gripped me as I started to run. I remembered what the detective had said. Mr. Foley's secretary had been run down, deliberately. Surely this, too, had been deliberate.

My mouth was dry with shock and apprehension as I sprinted down the sidewalk, counting house numbers. I picked my house, and cut across a well-kept lawn toward the porch, my pulse hammering in my throat.

It was a big, Spanish-type house. Save for a light in the hallway, it was dark. I dashed up the porch, rang the bell, knocked on the door, and all but screamed.

I looked back over my shoulder. A car, without lights, was crawling along over the curb. In a panic, I tried the door. It opened. I ran across the threshold and banged the door shut behind me.

There were lights down at the end of the hallway. I hardly knew what to do. The menace of the street was behind me; ahead was a strange house. The documents which I carried in my brief case were vital to the people in the house.

I raised my voice and called, "Hello, is anyone home?"

No answer.

I didn't want to stand there in the hallway where anyone could look through the diamond-shaped pane of glass in the door and see me. On the other hand, I didn't exactly feel that I should make myself at home in a strange house, but, in the long run, my sense of loyalty to my job, the desire to safeguard the papers which I held in my brief case, outweighed the polite conventions, and I ran down the hall to a living room.

It was a perfectly huge room. Heavy, black drapes over the windows kept any light from filtering through to the outside. There was a massive table in the center of the room, and the chairs were so deep and heavy that one lost temporarily the feeling of insignificance which would have otherwise been the case. I was having trouble getting my breath. My heart was pounding as though it would tear my chest to pieces. And the silence of that huge house settled down on me like some ominous pall. Then I became conscious of a peculiar thump... thump... thump... At first I thought it was my heart, then the sound grew louder and I knew it was coming from somewhere in the house. It was a sinister sound, frantic and desperate, like the beating of clenched hands against the lid of a coffin.

Thump... thump... thump... I could almost feel the jar along the timbers... it was somewhere above me, probably a room on the second floor, I felt goose-pimplies of cold terror, then I shook off the feeling and decided to investigate. Slowly, I walked back down the corridor to the staircases... climbed to the second floor. For a moment, I lost the ominous sound which had guided me up the stairs. Then I heard it again, thump... thump... thump... I tiptoed down an upstairs corridor, the general direction of the sound, was correct. The bedroom. Open the door, I stood on the threshold, listening. The noise was coming from the closet.

I CROSSED to the closet door, it turned the knob... jumped back a screech at the thing which fell out—an human bundle, wound around with cloth strips that had evidently been torn from a sheet. There was a gag the mouth, above which wide eyes stared at me, eloquent in helplessness.

The man made gurgling noises far behind the gag. I remember saying, "Just a minute," and splitting a fingernail on the knot, conscious all the time of his eyes. No man should ever have eyes like that—not that they were at effeminate, but they were so expressive they seemed to be mirrors, reflecting I emotions. When I first saw them they were registering helplessness. Then, I untied the gag, there was gratitude and then a faint twinkle of humor. Those eyes seemed strangely familiar. I somehow had the impression that I had seen them before, registering love.

It's hard to tell much about a man when the entire lower half of his face is covered, and when his checks: a pulled back out of shape by a which has been tied around the back his head... and I'll say that cloth was tied. I noticed my first finger early in the game, and I broke after the rag came out.
He puffed out his cheeks and blew at a great wad of cloth which had been pinned to his mouth. A man hadn't suffocated. He made little spitting noises, and then managed a smile.

I wasn't much of a smile, what with dry lips, and his swollen cheeks, but I was enough to tell me all I needed to know. No wonder I'd thought I'd seen him somewhere before. No wonder I'd have a vague recollection of having seen his face somewhere. My heavens, I certainly spent enough time watching him on the screen. He was my favorite heart-throb—and here he was by the floor! I was almost into tears. He turned his face as it was half toward me. I recognized his face. I recognized his face, and I didn't know or care.

He tried to say something, but his voice was too swollen and dry to make words come. He tried it again the second time, and said in a dry, husky voice, "Kid, I'm going to the ladies' room." "Which one?" I asked.

"His," he said.

I found the knife. Thank heavens, it was one of the kind which snaps open a slide when you press a button with the index finger of your thumb—I'd satisfied enough general to Bruce Eaton. I cut the cloth bonds which circled his hands. He set up, pushing out stray hairs of lint with his tongue. He assented. He was an amiable, amiable man, and then suddenly right the middle of the grin it stopped, as though someone had abruptly changed the record. He lowered his head and it his hands up in front of his face. "I've been in a lot of hurts," he said. I tried to think of something to say, and couldn't, for the life of me. I don't, a general rule, get slap fright, and, while I'm sometimes at a loss for words, usually know what I'd say if I could only say the right words with which to follow the theme. But this time, I just didn't seem to have any ideas, or words either. My mind was stalled.

I was the door a young woman day to her favorite picture star when she's just finished getting a gag out of a mouth. . . . Hanged if I knew, and didn't think Emily Post did either. With his face in his hands, he said, "I yard come in and heard you call, asking if anyone was home. I found I could pound my knees against the closet door by doubling up my body . . . I'll eat my knees are sore for a week.

I started watching him. Bruce Eaton didn't impress me as being a man who'd sit with his face in his hands beginning to think of what his chin was going to be. I felt that peculiar sensation which ones when you've always admired turns out to be a heel . . . And upon the explanation suddenly occurred to me—the man didn't want me to recog- nize him. As soon as I realized that, I lost all chance of making any sensible contribution to the conversation. I stood there feeling as animate as a fence post. He turned his face as it was half toward me. I pretended eyes stared upward and over the tips of his fingers. I laughed, and the laugh sounded peculiarly muffled behind his hands. Good Lord," he said, "you're white as a sheet. You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"'You'd be white, too," I told him, "if you'd been through what I have."

He twisted his dry, cracked lips into a grin, and when I think I'd recognized, he said drily. "How about a drink?"

"A drink," I told him, with heart-felt misgiving, "would be simply swell!" "Okay," he said, "I'll get you one. You wait here." He jumped nimbly to his feet, then almost fell. He twisted his face into a grimace and said, "All the circulation's out of my legs," and started for the door, walking with a peculiar wooden-legged gait.

**After** he had gone, the silence of the house descended on me like a blanket. Once I thought I heard a door closing somewhere on the lower floor. Like a sunny, I sat there, waiting. It must have been fully five minutes before I realized that Bruce Eaton had no intention of coming back. That business about giving me a drink had been simply a stall to enable him to slip away.

I was sick with disappointment. Surely he'd . . .

And then it suddenly occurred to me that probably Bruce Eaton didn't own the house at all. It was hard enough and well enough equipped to belong to a picture star, but, if Bruce Eaton had owned it, he wouldn't have thought he could avoid recognition simply by running out and leaving me alone in the place. After all, I was bound to find out who owned the place—sooner or later. Obviously, my best move was to go back to the living room and wait. I didn't want to be found upstairs when Mr. Foley had, and the menace of that dark street was enough to make me shiver—just thinking about it. My brief ease was where I'd dropped it. I picked it up and started for the door. I was three or four steps away from the -

**TOM IS TAKING ME OUT!**

**SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!**

I'm keen about Tom! That's why I bathe with this lovely perfumed soap that guards my daintiness so surely...Keeps me alluringly fragrant!

HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS—ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOUR, AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS UNDERRING PERFUME CLINGS... SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY WITH ITS FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE!

**HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAI NTY!**

Good night, sweetie! And that's just what you are... the sweetest girl I ever knew!

Thank goodness for CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! So easy, so efficient... removes every trace of body odour, and then, long after your bath, its lingering perfume clings... surrounds you lightly with its flower-like fragrance!

**MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!**

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaves your skin clean, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

**NOW ONLY $0.10 AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT, 5-CENT STORES**

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAIN TY—BATH WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

SEPTEMBER, 1938

83

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**HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAIN TY!**

Good night, sweetie! And that's just what you are...the sweetest girl I ever knew!

Thank goodness for CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP! So easy, so efficient...removes every trace of body odour, and then, long after your bath, its lingering perfume clings...surrounds you lightly with its flower-like fragrance!

**MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!**

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaves your skin clean, softer...more radiant and alluring!

**NOW ONLY 10¢ AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT, 5-CENT STORES**

**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAIN TY—BATH WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

SEPTEMBER, 1938

83

**TOM IS TAKING ME OUT!**

**SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!**

I'm keen about Tom! That's why I bathe with this lovely perfumed soap that guards my daintiness so surely...Keeps me alluringly fragrant!

HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS—ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOUR, AND THEN, LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS UNDERRING PERFUME CLINGS... SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY WITH ITS FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE!

**HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAIN TY!**

Good night, sweetie! And that's just what you are...the sweetest girl I ever knew!

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**TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAIN TY—BATH WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

SEPTEMBER, 1938

83
Behavior by Bogart

(Continued from page 22)

How well do you know your Hollywood?

Check your answers to the statements on page 10 with these correct ones:

1. Pat O'Brien
2. Gary Cooper
3. Margaret Lindsay
4. Ronald Reagan
5. John Barrymore
6. Francesca Fyfield
7. Ayn Rand
8. Frenchy Toe
9. Bing Crosby
10. Hugh Herbert
11. Carole Lombard
12. Lillian Bromberg
13. Minnie Dupree
14. Clark Gable
15. Bette Davis
16. Alan Mowbray
17. Tyrone Power
18. Jean Hersholt
19. Joel McCrea
20. James Cagney
21. Pat O'Brien
22. Allen Jenkins
23. Mary Phillips
24. Kenneth MacKenna
25. Mary Travis
26. Andy Devine
27. John Gielgud
28. Greta Garbo
29. The Three Stooges
30. Mae West
31. Bob Hope
32. Judy Garland
33. Fred Astaire
34. Fred MacMurray
35. Humphrey Bogart
36. Clark Gable
37. Jack Benny
38. Katharine Hepburn
39. John Wayne
40. Shirley Temple
41. John Garfield
42. Marlene Dietrich
43. Bette Davis
44. Errol Flynn
45. Carole Lombard
46. Ginger Rogers
47. Mae West
48. Myrna Loy
49. Carole Lombard
50. John Barrymore

Every Bogey's romances begin that way—Mae West, who will be Mrs. Bogey in August, used to have wonderful sessions with Helen Menken, putting Bogey on the pan. The two of them fried him to a crisp, fluted the edges, gar- risoning it all with a decoration of spiced invertebrate, and decided unanimously that the result wasn't his dish.

At that time, Helen had just ceased being the first Mrs. Bogey, and was divorcing Kay- nish MacKenna, who was a good friend of Bogey's in the New York days, and still is. Mary Travis.

You see her life is one has to learn to love him, and he makes it as difficult as possible. But once you're over the hurdle, he's rather a gentle egg who wears well, and people can't hold things against him, not even his ex-wives.

Bogey tries to tell me some sort of fancy fiction about how there is an "old Bogey" and a "new Bogey." This new one, he says, is the well-read, thoroughly seasoned and full of sweet- ets and light. A householder (he just bought a house and dog and birds and flowers all over the place), who just loves humanity and would fight for anything.

But don't give it a thought, children. He happens to be in love, and isn't interested himself. He'll revert to type, in time.

In fact, when I saw him, we got in a political argument before the afternoon was over, and were quarreling at each other, just like old times. Bogey says he would rather be hard than looking around Hollywood and seeing the gang of sycophants and hangers-on surrounding the boys who are too easy to like. Thinks what he has is the best and most effective coloration every actor could cultivate to his bet- ter advantage.

Says he's a little worse now than he was used to, but he says, because picture success makes you mistrust people. They all want something from you.

"It puts you on the defensive, times when you needn't be. But how do you know that? So you develop a certain manner of approach, and everybody im- mediately says you are conceited or a first-class heel.

"Well, okay. I have confidence in my- self, if that's conceit. Too few people have in this business. They think front and bluff make confidence.

"However, I need to get my ears beaten down every so often. And anyone who tells me I am a damn fool in a louder voice than I tell him, I be- lieve him!"

So you see, Bogey's behavior makes everybody awe- ful; but he isn't entirely hopeless. He can still be told —if you can out- shout him.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 53)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th Century-Fox
OST women will go for this sentiment- filled picture which accents heavily Mother
love and sacrifice—a remake of one in
which Clive Brook and Ann Harding appeared, titled "Giant Lady," this time it's Barbara Stanwyck who's illant in the rôle of a girl whose fiancé
killed on the eve of her wedding. She
at his baby, gives the child up for
loption, goes to work in a gown shop
model. When her work takes her
Paris, she finds her child again in the
arms of a rich foster parent. Her mother
wakens. In the end she must
between Herbert Marshall, the
ctor who saved her from despair, and
Hunter, the man who adopted her
little
Barbara Stanwyck manages to make
mental sufferings quite believable; ear Romero is swell as the French
of amorous count; Binnie Barnes is
a fresh breeze in a small rôle. John
assell, the child, steals the show
entirely.

MY BILL—Warners
HERE is little enough story here. Kay
arne, widowed mother of four chil-
ren, finds she has let her love for them
use her to spend all her money. Then
comes the husband's sister to take all
children except the youngest, Dickie
foore. He befriends a rich old lady, 
's dies, leaves him a fortune, and back
ime the rest of the children. That
tactor John Parrow and his cast, 
orking together, have made sympa-
hetic entertainment from this is a small
ema miracle.
Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Bobby
ordan and Helena Phillips Evans (who
'timinating in her rôle)—all form
ood background for the nice perform-
ance of Miss Francis.

ROMANCE OF THE LIMBERLOST—
Monogram
INCERTITY and simplicity give fresh
harm to this unpretentious little Gene

tation—Porter story of "poor white
nash" in 1905. Jean Parker stars—de-
erved—as the i

dial young
mamp-girl whose aunt forces her into
arush marriage, although she loves
Eric Linden. There's particularly fine
work from Marjorie Main as the aunt,
锦标赛 plain farm slave, and
etty Blythe, the silent picture
queen.

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic
IMAGINE Alison Skipworth as Mayor
of a racketeer-ridden city! Imagine
Polly Moran as her sister-secretary.
And then, finally, imagine what hap-
ens to the racketeers. There's much
hair-pulling, with plenty of credit going
to Robert Livingston, as the town's for-
er bad boy who aids the two lady
politicians in their round-up of social
enemies. Virginia Grey is very pretty
as the girl in this runday of good fun.

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox
If you're up to another race-track pic-
ture, definitely in the C class and not
outstanding in any particular, catch this
in a screening night. Marv Stephens
plays the jockey whose pet animal is
sold to the mounted police; Mike Whalen
is a cop and Lynn Bari struggles along
as the innocent foil of a bunch of
broads, chieftained by Sidney Blackmer.
Oh, yes, surprise. The horse wins.

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal
HEN hardhearted District Attorney
Warren William discovers in his own
home an exact parallel of a situation
that has driven Ralph Morgan to mur-
der, he softens considerably and even
begins to understand human nature.
Gail Patrick is splendid as William's
wife. Constance Moore and William
Lundigan add some slight freshness to
the play and Cecil Cunningham, as Wi-
lliam's secretary, can always be counted
on for a chuckle. But it's pretty stodgy
material for a movie.

MERIDIAN 7—1212—20th Century-Fox
WITH the catchy title taken from the
New York telephone number of the in-
formation office that gives the correct
time, this first in a series dealing with a
New York reporter, and featuring
Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart, gets
off to a flying start. Whalen, with the
aid of Miss Stuart and Cameraman
Chick Chandler, succeeds in proving
innocent a young man accused of mur-
der by the police. It's average but in-
teresting entertainment; and, after all,
Mr. Zanuck's Jones Family series is
keeping the studio coffers filled.

PASSPORT HUSBAND—20th Century-Fox
STUART ERWIN plays his usual be-
wildered self as the husband of Joan
Woodbury, temperamental Latin dancer,
who marries him to escape deportation
and imprisonment. Harold Huber is the
gang leader who engineers the mar-
rriage, then attempts, with the help of
Edward S. Brophy, to annihilate Erwin
and win Miss Woodbury for himself.
If you enjoy comedy and suspense, well
seasoned with slapstick, you'll find this
one to your liking.

FAST COMPANY—M-G-M
HEREWITH a week imitation of a Thin-
Manish murder mystery, with Melvyn
Douglas, an authority on rare books,
and his fun-loving wife, Florence Rice,
tacing down the murderer of a fence
for stolen first editions. Claire Dodd looks
very lovely to be roaming among
usty volumes. Do you join Hollywood
fans in their protest against the utter waste
of Douglas in such trivial nonsense?

CITY STREETS—Columbia
A LITTLE laugh, a little tear, are the
ingredients of this holsum-laden story
of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellow) who
is befriended by the local grocer,
Leo Carrillo impoversihes himself to help
Edith get an operation to regain use
of her legs, is rewarded when Edith rises
from her wheel chair and totters to his
sickbed—the picture's a little sick, too.

THE most priceless, and the most
perishable charm a star—or a
-cigarette—can have, is freshness. No
effort, no expense, is too great to guard
it . . . for if it fades, down goes "box
office appeal"!

Hollywood spends fabulous sums to
prolong the freshness of its stars,
Old Gold spends a fortune to protect
— foryou—the freshness of its prigs
crop tobaccos.

Just as much exposure coarsens beauty,
do dryness, dampness and
dust rob fine tobaccos of smoothness
and flavor. To give you Old Golds at
the very peak of appealing freshness,
every Old Gold package is double-
sealed, in two jackets of the finest
moisture-proof Cellophone.

Have you ever experienced the
flavor thrill of a cigarette fresh off
the factory line? Open a pack of
Double-Mellow Old Golds anywhere,
and discover exactly how much that
factory-freshness, in prize crop tobac-
cos, adds to your smoking pleasure!

TUNE In for Old Gold! Hollywood Screenplays, Tues.
and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

FRESHNESS is the special charm
of Old Golds, too!

Your Hope of Hollywood
By Marjorie Hills

Do you have What it Takes?
The author of "Live Alone but Like It" gives you some
fancy facts and figures of your chances in the movies
October Photoplay

SEPTEMBER, 1938

85
So Soothing
FOR SUNBURN

"As welcome as snow would be on a hot, blistering day in summer." That's how MENTHOLATUM feels when you spread its cooling, soothing film over your hot, flaming, sunburned skin. And you'll be delighted with the quick healing of the injured skin. Easily effective for chilling and prickly heat.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily
KEEP YOUR BABY HEALTHY

Now at Baby's BATH TUB!" — By Bernice Holzman.

In the warm, well-lit, cozy atmosphere, turn on the heat, pour in the water, and exercise your little one.

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FAMOUS HOTEL
Known all over the world for its Continental manner... delicious food, diplomatic service, democratic prices.
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RESTAURANT and CAFE, de la PAIX
Around the World Buffet
RUMPELMAYER'S
SINGLE from 3:50... DOUBLE from 5:00
SUITES from 8:00

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD THEM!
Quality • Many Uses
STILLWATER LISSE MILLS
STILLWATER, N.Y.

BETTY LOU
PAPER TOWELS
5¢

(Continued from page 25)

Who's Hollywood's Smartest Hostess?

Sandra Cooper, Gary's wife, though she doesn't look it, is somewhat temperamental, and her man is her man. In that she, she found something in common with Fanny Brice.

Sandra's social tastes ran more to the Center City; Gibbs didn't give it much. Thus Dolores Del Rio and her handsome husband (who, incidentally, is related to Sandra), and the party, where they still remain. To be invited to the Cooper's house is an honor of the highest order. Any member of the movie colony yet get beyond the Great Dane at the gates.

Lee gave Mrs. Cooper: A—15%; B—15%; C—15%; D—17%; E—18%. Total: 81%.

Mrs. Jesse Lasky is one of the few wives of producers who does any entertaining. Mrs. Lasky points and John, Jr., is a poet. Jesse, Sr., is a sensitive person. Occasionally, all three of them get together and invite their friends.

Most of their guests come from the Los Angeles social cliques in the West Adams and the Hollywoodland. At their house you meet all sorts of people who seem to have been rolled out of moth balls for the occasion. For Mrs. Lasky's sake we can: A—18%; B—23%; C—14%; D—15%; E—16%. Total: 77%.

ADMITTEDLY, this next item is beside the point since I am dealing with the social ratings of the fair ladies of Hollywood (and their husbands, incidentally) neither the writers, nor the articles, nor the giving in Hollywood can possibly be complete without mention of Charlie Chaplin. He is known to many exclusive parties for the really bigwigs in the visiting contingents. Six or eight is the limit of his guests, and he hand-picks them all. It is considered a great honor to be invited to Charlie's Italian hilltop manor in Beverly. All of the important scientists, bankers, raconteurs and painters pay him homage.

There is no showing off, no ostentation, no formal entertaining, no big parties. Chaplin, whatever he has been in his employ more than a decade, know by instinct, seems, just within his own circle, to pass over. If Freud comes to California you can bet your last cartwheel it will be Charlie who will entertain him. H. G. Wells, Aldous Huxley, Francis Ford and Paul Lukas, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Chief Justice Hughes, Frank Shields, or even Franklin D. Roosevelt would be Chaplin guests... but never, never, never would you find him putting himself out for the glamour girls and girls who congeat café society and make it the sappy society it is in America today. Paste Charlie with A—29%; B—20%; C—16%; D—16%; E—20%.

I regret to say that I do not know Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone well enough to make an accurate report on their party inclinations, though I have some authority that they enjoy entertaining people as much as Katharine Hepburn. Claire Boothe and Ethel Rogers and a half-dozen other couples do. I hope their parties are half as good as they look. In any case, I am rather sure that Jimmie Fidler and a lot of other women from whom I hear it said good jamborees get away with them as they ought.

Life for the well-to-do is a short one. May their party lives be a lot longer! That is the wish of an old cynic and one who, with his mind seeing people have a good time, especially in that famous city of Hollywood.
It's Easy to Act

(Continued from page 22)

As I was running this morning, I began to think that my brain was failing me. I often do that when I have been working too long. I realized that I was just about as crazy as a flea, and I knew that I had to do something to save my sanity. I decided to take a walk in the park and try to clear my head.

I walked around for a while, but nothing seemed to help. Then I remembered that I had a letter to write, and I decided to go home and do that. I knew that I would feel better after I had finished the letter.

I sat down at the desk and started to write, but my mind was still not clear. I tried to think of something to write, but I couldn't think of anything. I decided to go for a walk again.

I walked around the park for a while, but still nothing helped. Finally, I decided to go home and have a cup of coffee. I knew that I would feel better after I had had the coffee.

I sat down at the table and had my coffee. I felt better right away. I knew that I had made the right decision. I decided to go back to the desk and finish the letter.

I wrote the letter, and then I felt much better. I knew that I had made the right decision.

Jane Levy --

It is still going on, and things are getting worse. I don't know what to do. I feel like I am losing my mind.

I decided to go for a walk again.

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anything but work. The studio had decided to make me a glamour girl, and they went about it with a grim intensity that floored me at first. Herb and I had agreed to keep our marriage a secret because it was understood the public preferred its heroines to be single. I didn't like the idea but everyone insisted.

The dangers my marriage must face started with that. However, part of the glamour build-up was romance, and when the press could find nothing definite they made it up. I was externally on the phone to Chicago apologizing to Herb for things that had never happened. He was sweet and understanding about the whole thing, but I realized I couldn't ask him to keep that attitude forever. Here was the first test of my ability to save my marriage.

Was I strong enough to take a chance with my career, just as it was starting? Did I dare oppose the studio and everybody—myself? I remembered my decision: If any sacrifices were to be made, I would make them.

I announced my marriage. Now, I thought, that will stop them. They'll lay off now.

Of course, the attack was merely shifted. Whereas before it was "Lamour was seen with Thus-and-Who. Will this romance lead to marriage?" the theme now was: "Lamour and What's-His-Name are going around town. Reports are that she will soon seek a divorce from husband Herb."

He and I talked it over one night at Catalina when he had an engagement there last summer. "I don't know that it's worth it," I said then. "Just these few days together have made me realize I'd rather be with you now than be the biggest star in the industry. And I'd rather live in a shanty than let my career be the cause of a crack-up between us."

"Maybe you'd better give it up," Herb told me. "We'd be happier together."

That was a mad mood. In a moment it was over and we were discussing ways and means intelligently. "I can't stay home every night," I said, "and you don't want me to. There are things I have to do, previews to go to, parties I should attend for political reasons. But every time I go out with a friend, you read in the next morning's paper at that implication that I've been unfaithful to you. I'll tell you what—each night, when I'm getting ready to go out, I'll dress half an hour early and then I'll sit down and write you an outline of what I plan to do that evening. Where I'm going, with whom, what I'm wearing, how late I expect to stay out. Sometimes I'll just be going to a party or a night club for fun, and sometimes it'll be business. But, anyway, when some busybody or the papers repeat you later you can always stam all saying that you know all about it."

"Good idea," Herb said. "I'll do it same."

We sat for a while in silence, then:

"Somehow I couldn't get back to my cheerful mood about the situation; seemed bleak and a little hopeless."

"It's that the future we plan is so intangible," I said suddenly. "We know it's going to be swell, but we can't dream of it any terms of reality. It's a hazy."

"Then we'd better start making it re- as an everyday one. Where do you want to live? Personally, I think this Cali- fornia is the land of the gods."

"I've fallen in love with it myself.""And we'll build our house here, I'm im- mediately. We'll start it as soon as we can get the plans together—up in the hills somewhere, with a view and crickets at night."

"I'll spend every free minute on it! I yelled excitedly. "I'll take a vaca- tion."

"Hey," Herb interrupted, looking sol- emn. "You be careful. I'll not have you blushing that career just because of a moment of enthusiasm. We've plenty of time."

"We've no time."

"He didn't protest any more. He knew I was right.

THAT was a year ago. Our house is finished now, completely, and already it represents home to me.

Thus, in the coming years while I continue to work in Hollywood and Herb continues to play in Eastern ho- tels, both of us will have at least the foundation for our future. I can keep my house and that which will content me. Herb will always have the consciousness of a home and family that belong to him, even though they may be living far across a continent.

He will be able to spend more time in California. Carefully he is building a reputation here so that, in season, he can make engagements to appear in shows and live at home.

We have kept faithfully our promise to write details of our evenings to each other before gathered stories can appear.

We have, I think, saved our marriage by intelligent and honest thinking, in the face of pretty big odds.

The course I've taken must be right, because my career is still sound when everyone predicted my actions would ruin it, and because Herb and I are as happy as it's possible to be under the circumstances.

It's still true that if anything—any- thing at all—turns up that looks dan- gerous to the thing Herb and I have, I'll leave the screen before I'll let it destroy my marriage.

How I Saved My Marriage
(Continued from page 21)
As pretty as any movie star—Mrs. Ray Milland. But it isn't often that you see her or her husband at the Hollywood night spots, so Cesar Romero welcomes them to the fold of the British clientele—successfully, he admits. Of course, being Ray Milland, he promptly and thoroughly hated it all and endured it only until he had gathered together some money. Then he took himself out of there double-quick, heading homeward.

Back in England, with his father pretty well "heated" at him, to borrow his own adjective, Ray went to work on his uncle's stock farm where for a while he found contentment for the reason that, also, he found Luke.

Luke was a horse sometimes nicknamed "Fractious" because he was that kind of a horse. A five-blooded animal, he gave promise of being excellent steeplechase material, only he couldn't be handled, which was an immediate challenge to Ray.

"Let me take him over," he said.

Whereupon ensued a three-months' duel of wills between young, headstrong Ray and the young and equally headstrong piece of horseflesh known as Luke.

At last, though, came the day when Ray and Luke actually won an important steeplechase. Which meant that Ray had made a success of his job and that immediately and characteristically he again became bored.

"I was a restless cuss, all right," he says, "insufferably restless. It was a great relief to my uncle when I left him and joined the Cheshire Yeomanry."

Yes, the army was his next venture and, talented young devil that he is, he soldiered so efficiently that he was finally appointed to the British Household Cavalry, His Majesty's personal bodyguard.

He found army life pretty interesting for a while, too. Then, like someone out of a story-book, he inherited thirty-five hundred pounds.

You can guess what a young chap, scarcely in his twenties, would do about that. He resigned from the army and set himself to having what he describes as a "good time de luxe," which lasted for away—until we could go to sea, maybe. Ah, there was the life.

Well, he found out just what kind of a life when, fifteen years old and a student at King's College, he ran away and got a job on an English potato boat called the Emily May, which usually voyaged only among the channel islands but that sailing summer was to venture into the Mediterranean as far east as Port Said.

No, he wasn't exactly a sailor. He was a scullery boy and quite appropriately on this potato boat spent most of his time peeling potatoes. Still, it was fun, at first, to dock at Guernsey and Jersey and Islay, places he had never seen before, and it was fun, too, to hear a surly: "A bit of all right, lad," from the cook when he had made an especially good potato-peeling record.

Ultimately, however, he realized that this sort of seasfaring was turning out to be as commonplace as the other side of the hill at Neath—that it offered no "new" to sail" at all.

So, he headed around Gibraltar and southeast through the Mediterranean on the promised voyage to the Suez Canal, he made his plans. He would jump ship at Port Said, the "port of missing men," the "crossroads of the world." Here, surely, he would meet adventure face to face!

Instead he found that, apart from the strange languages, costumes and smells, this place was much like "kick town" at home.

"Port of missing men?" he asked himself, disgustedly. "Crossroads of the world? Sure—so what?"

The next day, he began looking for a job. "Figured I might as well have something to do," he told me, recounting the situation.

And although he'd have liked it better otherwise, such was British perspicacity of his, that he found himself snapped up right away as clerk in a dry-goods store, the main emporium of the Port.

So for five solid, boring weeks he sold yard goods and topcoats and shirts and soap and shaving lotion and tuck-hummers to the British clientele—successfully, he admits.

Whence—fifteen years later, after he had come up in the world and won a king's ransom, he finally made his way to the States—then to Hollywood.
We was like while, Dissolve._pairs murdered, "scholarship, J. frank Huaraches.

To order send an outline of the foot and mention color preferred, natural beige or white.

Don Gaspar, Santa Fe, N. M.

Please send one pair—Huaraches.

Outline of foot enclosed, size—

Name—

Address—

$3.75 per pair

Delivered Immediately

The MEXANDAL is woven in Mexico of soft leather thongs and has the comfort of a real huarache.

We were Lake Como in warm weather; Biarritz in cold weather; Venice in April; Capri in May; Salzburg for the music festival; Monte Carlo for the opera season; Oberammergau for the Passion Play. There were the famous sights of the world, on the Riviera, in Montmartre. There was—

"One hell of a swell time," he says. "I never regretted a day of it, even when the money ran low. It was a real adventure for me in a kind of glad when that happened because I was beginning to be—"

She was right. He was beginning to be bored. And then, back in London with only ten pounds left to name, he was introduced to Estelle Brody, the famous English actress; she took him to dinner with these last ten pounds, and she said to him, "Why don't you try the movies? You look just the type. I'll introduce you to the right people."

Thus casually, but nonetheless successfully, Ray Milland was launched upon a screen career and ultimately came to Hollywood.

At first, being a screen actor looked like a dull job, but he stuck to it. After several minor roles, he got good parts in pictures such as "Bought," "Man Who Played Too Safe," and "Not Dressing" and finally was given a long-term contract by Paramount. He has a starring role in Paramount's "Men with Wings.

FEET HURT, TIRE, ACHE OR BURN?

After a hard day, when your feet are almost "killing" you, Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm will put an end to such suffering. You'll be amazed how easy it refreshes tired, aching, burning, sensitive feet caused by exertion and fatigue; soothes minor skin irritations; relieves muscular soreness. Sold everywhere. Family size 100c. For Dr. Scholl's free foot book, write Dr. Scholl's, Chicago, Ill.

MERCERIZED WAX CREAM KEEPS YOUR SKIN Young-Looking

Mercerized Wax Cream makes your skin soft and beautiful. It gives you a new and restful freshness, makes your complexion look as though you are only 15, if you are 50. Your skin has more suppleness, less tendency to be wrinkled and has greater "spring" in it. Used every day, it will keep your skin looking fresh and youthful. Only 15c per pint, 30c per quart, 60c per pound, 90c per gallon, which is sold in stores everywhere.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

This makes your skin cleaner and softer, fully refreshing and helpful. Promote Saxolite in self-help which has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the golden beauty of your skin with Mercerized Wax Cream. Use Saxolite Astringent Daily.

Try Phaelatica Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hairs from face, Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Within fifty feet of me lay the body of a murdered man...

One of a dozen scenes, thrilling packed moments in the next instalment of "THE CLASSIC OF THE "HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL.""

LEY GARDNER'S amazing mystery, "The Case of the Hollywood Scandal," to page 17 and begin this serial today!

Victorian with Variations

(Continued from page 27)

industry, but at least they prepare you to make adjustments. Miss Murray continued, still bent on self-revelation. She came into films absolutely without any preparation for life. It doesn't seem that anyone could be as incredibly childlike and naive as I was. I couldn't believe that people could live the worldly sort of lives that I had read about in books. I thought they existed only in the author's imagination. To meet such people in real life—friends and discover that they were "normal" according to my strict provincial standards—you can imagine the adjustments to be made.

"The first year in Hollywood was perfect. We had fun. Mother, my sister and I. We made our adventures. Olivia's eyes filled with thoughts. "On Sundays we took long motor trips and explored little canyons and back roads. We went to movies and read books together. Someday we'll save up and see a good play. Our life was changed from the life we lived up North on the Peninsula."

"Next year it was different. It has been hardening every year since," she continued. "The next year we made many new acquaintances, and we didn't realize at first that they were the kind of people and uncomplicated, that we knew up North. They thought differently. More than ever we needed our state."

"My sister decided to become an actress, too. That ruined the close-knit feeling of our family life. It was bad enough, at that time, to have one actress, with hours upset and schedules changed. Now, it seems I will have a movie to shoot in her studio, and the sweet closeness of our relationship has slipped away. Today it doesn't seem so foolish enough to ignore the compensations money and success—but something is lacking."
and her director, Henry Koster, calls her "Frenchy." She has temperament but no temper. She has fantastic dreams most nights, and has only bed in a black Scottie. She admires her husband's frankness. She never liked water until she came here. She knows practically nothing about politics, and likes to wear small earrings. She shuns artificial flowers. Her radio tune is music.
She was startled by the bigness of Hollywood, expecting to be one main street lined on either side by studios. She does not think costume parties are very funny, and she is fond of picnicking.
She is a coffee addict. She never likes herself on the screen. She thinks a woman playing a cello is silly.
She thinks the Big Apple is "not very beautiful."
Her gos are troubled with itching. She has a keen sense of humor and a ready wit.
She dislikes wearing ribbons or jewelry in her hair, and she likes gangster films. She takes only sugar in her coffee.
She acts on the impulse rather than on conviction, often humming for fourteen hours. She is a poor businesswoman, likes to spend money, and is only a fair swimmer. Her father was a famous French eye specialist.
Her hair is naturally ash blonde. Her favorite city is Paris, and she does not think there will be another world war. She likes to knit but never finishes what she starts.
She is partial to naps and wears a coverlet of short socks for street wear. She has been on the screen for seven years. She thinks it is possible for two professionals to be happily married provided they are equally successful. She likes gambling.
She has been married three years, and she has never seen a cowboy picture. She thinks there is really no essential difference at all between Frenchmen and Americans.
She is very fond of dancing the rhumba and the tango.
Her attitude towards interviewers is one of toleration. Her mother was a singing teacher. Danielle Darrieux's last name has no special meaning. She does not like hamburgers, and she never gets restless. She likes to wear slacks. Her favorite poets are Verlaine and Rimbaud.
She is strongly intuitive and "feels" the rightness or wrongness of things. She has no hobbies, and is a good judge of her own screen stories.
She is very disorderly with her personal things, and her skin is highly susceptible to heat rashes. She is marked with a definite lack of assurance and poise. She prefers making herself up,
and he's an excellent impression of... a cross between Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor... his pre-Hollywood career in films consisted of an almost microscopic role in a Gracie Fields picture... he's headed for stardom. She's Hollywood's brightest Cinderella... less than a year ago she was an unknown, a manicurist... you saw her opposite Warren Baxter in "Kidnapped." They're movieland's most exciting romance item — Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan
She likes most the extremes in weather, hot or cold. She is fond of skiing and likes to change the color of her hair every month.
She has a seven-room house near the French architecture near Bordeaux. She does not care much for night clubs, and her singing voice is mezzo-soprano.
She shatted all traditions created by foreign stars by never complaining. She likes living in apartments, and she was educated in a convent.
She thinks American cities should adopt the French type of boulevard rest station.
She prefers wild flowers to the floral varieties, and she is a devoted reader of Francois Mauriac and Colette. She is a ribald movie fan.
She is extremely shy among people, and prefers traveling by boat or motorcar.
She has never known stage fright. She enjoys reading publicity about herself. She is very punctual.
Her favorite cheese is Camembert, which she prefers with white French bread and red Bordeaux wine.
She was not disappointed in America, and her favorite jewels are emeralds. She is a curious mixture of the realistic and the sentimental.
She changes her perfume every month.
She enjoys the opera and concerts. She never drinks tea, and is stimulated by the American love of speed which she says is "gay and optimistic."
She was considered her most remarkable pupil by Mrs. Mary Lait Salles, famous English comedian.
She has a matter-of-fact attitude toward life minus any illusions or delusions.
She disapproves of women's wearing slacks when shopping or dining. She and her husband spend many hours playing belote, a French card game.
She likes modernistic design in architecture and interiors.
She has appeared in only one legitimate play, her husband's, and was an immediate success.
DO you still let pain take precedence to pleasure certain days each month? Do you still let the calendar regulate your life — giving up enjoyment and giving in to suffering which you think is unavoidable?
If you do, you should know that doctors have discovered severe or prolonged functional periodic pain is not natural to most women. And that thousands of women have discovered it is not necessary.
For unless there is some organic disorder demanding a physician's or surgeon's attention, Midol helps most women who try it.
Why not give Midol a chance to help you — to render those dreaded days of menstruation carefree? Midol is offered for this special purpose. It acts quickly; in all but unusual instances brings welcome relief. Your druggist has Midol in tiny aluminum cases, easily tucked in purse or pocket. Get Midol. Have it ready. A few tablets should see you comfortably through your worst day.

The calendar said: "stay in"

1938

SEPTEMBER, 1938

Portrait in Bordeux Red

(Continued from page 32)

MIDOL
said:
"STEP OUT"

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN
Men Love Peppy Girls

If you’d like to help change your dull, drab life into a more happy, thriving existence — If you’d like to be more sought after and admired by men, consider this: It’s the girl babbling over with vivacious pep and jewelry who attracts men. Men can’t stand cranky, dull girls.

So in case you need a good general system tonic remember this: For over 60 years famous Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound, made especially for women whose wholesome herbal roots and herbs, has helped Nature tone up delicate female systems, build up physical resistance, and help calm jittery nerves and give more pep and zip to really enjoy life.

Twice in O. C. E. E. — Medical Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed. and Fri. Sixty your newspaper for time. WLLW Mondays through Saturdays.

Lydia E. Pinkham’s

Vegetable Compound

High School Course at Home

Many finishes in 2 years

First 60 lessons...


costs of Current

Pictures

WAKE UP

Without Colonel —And You’ll Jump

Out of Bed in the Morning

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 lodges in the bowels. Gas blocks up your stomach. You get that tired, lazy feeling. Your system is poisoned and you feel sour, sick and the world looks puny.

Let your liver work. Eat the right food, get plenty of rest and exercise. Enough water, eat those good old Carter’s Liver Pill Caps to get those two pounds of fluid flowing freely and make your liver work and you’ll jump. Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter’s Little Liver Pill Caps by name. Se at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse any cheap imitation.

FACE MARRIED BY UGLY SCHOOL-AGE PIMPLES?

Help keep your blood free of waste poisons that may irritate your skin

Don’t let ugly pimples make you look ridiculous. Stop being shamed and laughed at. Find out what may cause your pimples and take steps to get rid of them.

Between 13 and 23, your body is growing rapidly. Important gland changes may upset your system. Intestinal poisons are often thrown into the blood stream and carried to the skin — where they may boil out in pimples.

Let Polaine’s Yan help you as it has helped so many others. Miller’s Yan helps keep your body free of intestinal poisons. When this is done, skin becomes clearer, smoother, more attractive. Marketed by Polaine’s Yan and Fleischman’s Yeast today. Take 3 capsules daily. One capsule will do the work.
I'll Show You How to—

Reduce By Inches

Says Sylvia of Hollywood

If you are overweight and wish to reduce by inches during the next month—you can do it. Yes, it's as simple as that if you but follow the instructions of Sylvia of Hollywood as given in her best seller No More Alibis.

In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose those unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely. You won't have a drawn, flabby face. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve. You will have an alert mind and your eyes will be clear and sparkling. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure.

As perhaps you know, Sylvia of Hollywood is the personal beauty adviser to many of the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves 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 her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find the very treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs, and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets.

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 or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions—how you can glamorize your figure!

Only 1.00

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet, the price of this book is only $1.00 at book dealers and mail coupon TODAY.

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"29 YEARS  'IN TOBACCO'  
Sold Me on Luckies for Life"

says Lee Moore, Warehouse Owner. Other Independent Tobacco Experts Agree With His Choice—2 to 1

Lee Moore is independent...not connected with any cigarette manufacturer. He says: "The better the tobacco, the better the cigarette it makes. I'm set on Luckies because they always buy the finest leaf."

Most other independent experts agree with Mr. Moore about Luckies. Sworn records show that, among these skilled warehouse operators, auctioneers and buyers, Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. You get the finest center-leaf tobacco in Luckies. And you also get throat protection: The exclusive "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco, and enriches the natural mellowness of the leaf.

Give Luckies a critical try-out for one week...let your own throat and taste"okay" the verdict of the experts.

Sworn Records Show That—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1
BEAUTIFUL BRAT  Beginning  the Story of Margaret Sullavan’s Rebellious Life

Start Now—THE CASE OF THE HOLLYWOOD SCANDAL  By Erle Stanley Gardner

DIXIE WILLSON • LOWELL THOMAS • GILBERT SELDES • MARJORIE HILLIS
In Autumn’s Train

A rich harvest of lovely shoes

... glowing with the new beauty of a new season... bred by loving hands, in luxurious materials... deep rich colors — shoes that bespeak all the elegance of autumn fashion... that will grace the costumes of the smartest women the country over! A versatile collection of fall Jacqueline shoes awaits you at your dealer’s! Write Jacqueline Shoes for the name of your nearest Jacqueline dealer.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY :: ST. LOUIS

Jacqueline

designed by WOHL

650 and 750
"What a blow I got when I blew...

1 For years I never gave romance a thought. I was too busy making a success of my little shop. But now, late each evening as I closed its doors a pang of loneliness smote me. I realized the truth: I missed the companionship of men. Why were they so indifferent to me? Nearing 30, why was I 'manless'?


"Mother had invited several eligible men—among them George Gray, whom I thought the most attractive man I’d ever seen. He had asked me to dinner once or twice, but it was all. Of course I had to blow the candles out. There were 25 instead of 29 (thanks to Mother’s tact). But hard as I tried, one candle yielded—you’d have thought they were wired to the electric light circuit. Everybody laughed. "Poor Mabel," someone said, "an old maid to the bitter end!" But I thought there was a little venom in the remark.

I thought, also, that George Gray and the others drew away as I blew upon the candles. Was I mistaken? Or just sensitive?

"Later, I had to run upstairs for a wrap. In the adjoining room Jay Jones and George Gray were talking. I couldn’t help but overhear. 'Mabel didn’t have any luck with the candles,' Jay was saying. 'Guess her breath wasn’t strong enough.' "Not strong enough?" George chortled. 'You don’t know Mabel well or you wouldn’t say that. It’s too strong. That’s Mabel’s trouble. She doesn’t use Listerine. That’s why I can’t call on her. Too bad, too...she’s such a peach otherwise.' I never forgot the humiliating lesson I learned that night.

"From that day on I used Listerine morning and night, and twice times before social engagements. Instead of dodging a woman, people now began to seek me out. I gave less time to business and ‘went gay’ indeed—and made up my mind that somehow I’d make George Gray want to see me again.

5 "My chance came several weeks later at the country club dance.

"George cut in out of sheer politeness the first time. But the second and third time—and the seventh, it wasn’t politeness. It was interest. The following Sunday he came to call—and he’s been calling three times a week ever since.

6 "He’s the most romantic man ever, and we’re going to be married in June. And for that I have Listerine to thank. What a fool a girl is to be without it when halitosis is such a constant threat."

HOW IS YOUR BREATH RIGHT NOW?

For all you know, your breath may be offending at this very moment. Halitosis (bad breath) spares no one! Everybody suffers, at one time or another, without realizing it. Don’t take a chance.

Rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It cleanses and invigorates the entire oral cavity, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, cleaner.

For HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

LISTERINE
THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!

The world has read and remembered the story of Marie Antoinette...

glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues, her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but more than anything else, we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirtations... her escapades with the noblemen of her court... her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us... "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman we see her, as tho' through a keyhole... not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir... in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles... on the moonlit nights in her garden... A rendezvous with her lover... we follow her through triumphs and glory... midst the pageantry of that shameless court... we see the tottering of her throne... the uprising of her people... her arrest and imprisonment... and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine... NEVER... not since the screen found a drama so mighty in emotional conflict... so sublime in romance... so brilliant in spectacle... so magnificent in performance... truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!

NORMA SHEARER - POWER

in Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer's Finest Motion Picture

The Private Life of

MARIE ANTOINETTE

JOHN BARRYMORE - ROBERT MORLEY

ANITA LOUISE - JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Directed by W.S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"

ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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Photeyl's Executive Editor takes a "vacation"
Ernest V. Heyn

Beautiful Brain
Beginning the story of Margaret Sullivan's rebellious life
Howard Shore

Portrait of a Young Man Looking at Life
A sharp etching of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Joseph Henry Sears

Hedy Wine
Meet the intoxicating Miss Lamarr
Sara Hamilton

Father's Office Wife
A new chapter of Jane Lyon's autobiography
Kay Proctor

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Erle Stanley Gardner

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Doll of Fortune—Soldier of Fortune—Two war and human stories of a gallant woman

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Gilbert Seldes

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Chic parade of fall costumes, led by Anita Louise

Mickey, the MccoY
Rough, tough and hard to bluff—that's Rooney
Kirtley Baskette

The Camera Speaks:

Easy on the Ice
Sonja Henie of the Silver Skates

Hollywood Dress Parade
Mrs. Astor's horse is put to shame

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A fashion history—three dashing decades—of women's hats

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A new marquee team—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon

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Here's the toughest game of all. How good are you?

Boos and Bouquets

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

PHOTOPLAY'S Own Beauty Shop

Close Ups and Long Shots

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

We Cover the Studios

Fashion Letter

Complete Cuts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

BIRTHDAY BOW:

With this issue the NEW PHOTOPLAY celebrates its first birthday. The October 1937 number gave up the usual film magazine format for the style and format of the great women's magazines of America.

Success of PHOTOPLAY in the "luxury" format was instantaneous—despite the late "recession" an average of about forty thousand new subscriptions were bought the magazine on newstands each month and seventy-seven new advertisers have expressed their approval in terms of contracts.

Last year's October issue introduced Gilbert Seldes, Dixie Wilson and Lowell Thomas—and these three are to be found again in this October issue. Other nationally known writers introduced were Eleanor Roosevelt, Erle Stanley Gardner, Temple Bailey, Marjorie Hillis, Jimmie Fidler, Louella Parsons, Louis Sobol and Irving Hoffman. Adela Rogers St. John was represented by her widely discussed series "Forbidden Great Loves of Hollywood," as was the vastly popular Faith Baldwin with several impressive movie articles.

Art Editor Heyworth Campbell enlisted the services of America's greatest illustrators—Wallace Morgan, Russell Patterson, C. D. Mitchell, McClelland Barclay, Frederick Gruger, John La Gatta, Gobrath, Carl Mueller, Mario Cooper and Vincentini.

Thus PHOTOPLAY, although concerned primarily with things cinematic, has left the film field behind to explore, from a more widely general viewpoint, what interests men and women who love the movies without being hypnotized by them. —E.V.H.

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OUT here in California, we look on movie people as our neighbors and friends.

A few weeks ago, I woke up one morning to find a Paramount truck almost in our front yard. Just around the corner, on a quiet little side street, Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray were hard at work on "Sing You Sinners." Every kid in town... and a massive crowd of grown-ups followed that truck just as they would a circus parade. They couldn't lose us!

Now, I'm almost sixteen years old. I've been a movie fan for half my life. But I learned more about movie stars in that week or so than I ever learned from the many pictures I've seen on the screen. To tell the truth, I'd always had the sort of feeling that working in the movies was something like falling into a feather bed. Pretty soft! Just playing around a while in front of a camera... and then playing around some more with the dough you made.

Now I know. I know that movie people must get just as hot standing around in the sun as other people do. Their feet must get tired. They must be just as bored with going over a silly little scene a hundred times... and then going over it all over again. I got tired. But Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray kept right on smiling and writing autographs. I saw Bing do one scene in which he had to prime a pump all day... and, when I saw the preview, the scene had been cut out entirely. Just so much waste motion.

I'm beginning to believe that working in the movies is... working. It means earning your money. Other folks can work in peace, without the assistance of the dear public peeking through hedges at them, leaning from roofs over their head, but I saw how men had to push back slightly crazy movie fans in order to prevent wasting many feet of film and hours of time.

I'm not so sure but what I may change my movie ambitions from now on and become a plumber. Right now it seems kind of simple and easy.

FERNANDO LOPEZ, Pomona, Calif.

P.S. The Clark Cable cover was swell. Just the same old smile and everything. You'll get plenty of letters on him.

SECOND PRIZE $10.00

SHIRLEY—AMERICA'S SWEETIE PIE

A couple of weeks ago, I left my office one Saturday afternoon to meet my wife and go to the movies. Immediately after the feature they announced they would show a preview of Shirley Temple's latest picture, "Little Miss Broadway." Just then the lights flashed on. The theater was packed to capacity and the crowd went wild as they spotted our prodigious little star being escorted to her seat. The applause continued to ring throughout the entire picture—let me tell you that little girl is loved... .

We were very fortunate in having seats a couple of rows from Shirley. I wish I could tell the world that Shirley is a charming and unspoiled child. She left immediately after the preview—only to run into thousands of admirers who had gathered outside the theater, struggling to get a glimpse of her.

"Little Miss Broadway" was marvelous entertainment. You may cry a little, but you will get many laughs for every tear you shed.

The following morning, I passed the Mayflower Hotel. Just as I got to the side entrance I met Shirley with her father and mother, who certainly were gracious to the people who had gathered there to see their daughter. The lovely little star passed out several autographed cards which read, "Love, Shirley Temple" and had a photograph of her in the corner. When she handed me a card, I lost my heart. As the big black limousine roared away, I said, "There's the grandest little girl in all the world!"

JOSPEH F. SANCTY, Washington, D.C.

THIRD PRIZE $5.00

HOW TO STAY HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

I wonder if you have any idea what movies mean to the Young-Marrieds? Before you were married you took movies in your stride—several a week, probably—and it didn't matter too much whether they were good or not, for at least it gave you the chance to be alone.

After you're married, though, you shop around for movies and choose them for yourselves. When there is coal to be paid for, house rent, and, after a time, probably orange juice and cod liver oil, you don't feel like throwing away a dollar on a pay show. Therefore, a movie becomes something to look forward to, and one item of your courting days still holds good—a picture theater is practically the only place of amusement where you can recapture that intimate sense of there being only two persons in the world who matter—and those two are your husband and yourself.

And if, for some reason, your feelings have been a bit ruffled before you go, there's a good chance that, as the romance unfolds on the screen, you'll begin to wonder why you were so impatient. For, after all, the man beside you still spells romance, and it's easier to make up in the dimness of the theater than to say you're sorry when the lights are brighter.

The picture over, perhaps you hurry home so as not to keep the girl who stayed with The Young Man too late. Then you'll raid the icebox, bring your cocoa and sandwiches into the living room, feeling relaxed and gay, to talk the picture over. All in all, I think movies should have some award for achievement in the promotion of Married Happiness.

LINDA DOUGLASS, Terre Haute, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
FOR ADULTS ONLY

We have noted with interest your feature, "For Adults Only," in a recent issue—especially the two pictures on venereal diseases, "Damaged Goods" and "Damaged Lives." May I congratulate you on your interesting presentation of films relating to social subjects.

Our staff is particularly interested in your comments as to whether films of this kind succeed in their avowed aim to educate the public. For the record, I would like to say that in the case of the film, "Damaged Lives," at least, social hygiene agencies in communities where it was shown were able to make quite definite measurements of its educational effect on the public through increased attendance at clinics for venereal disease.

Both in this country and abroad, communities making such measurements noted an increase of 25% or more in the number of infected persons seeking treatment from physicians and clinics.

JEAN B. PINNEY, Associate Director, The American Social Hygiene Association, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

(Continued on page 84)
Now the year's most outstanding picture!

Frank Capra's
You Can't Take It With You

Jean Arthur • Lionel Barrymore • James Stewart • Edward Arnold
Mischa Auer • Ann Miller • Spring Byington • Samuel S. Hinds • Donald Meek • H. B. Warner

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart

A Columbia Picture

Memorable Stage Characters America Will Never Forget! Now... At Last... Brought To New Life On The Screen By This Great All Star Cast!
ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, THE—Warner's
The novel sweep of the reckless courage and chivalry of the philosopher-bandit of Sherwood Forest brought to the screen again in Technicolor this stirring story of the nameless (but memorable) Robin. You will probably enjoy Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marion, Alan Hale as Friar John and a host of others. Magnificent entertainment. (July)

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—20th Century-Fox
Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalier tale in music. To what an extent it is—perfectly worth while! The story back-tracks thirty years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich remnants to ragtime. Alice Faye, as hostess singer, and Don Ameche, a wop with love, war and success. Irving Berlin's old and new songs will delight you. (July)

ALIENS—Wanger-United Artists
Directed by John Cromwell, this is magnificently photographed, and you wouldn't get more of a good time in the underworld of Algers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splended, but it is the three lovely jazz-appeal of Helen Lomary which will get you going. (Sept.)

 ALWAYS GOODY—20th Century-Fox
Though overly sentimental in spots, Borrwn Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Lee J. Cobb manage to make this modern story of a fumbling, self-important and a human. Johnny Russell, the little boy who wants his mother's love after years of separation, steals the scene. It's a world star who will be watching. Women will go for it. (Sept.)

AMAZING DR. CLUTTERHOUSE, THE—Warner's
Though Eddie Robinson ostensively is a Park Avenue physician, he doesn't lose touch with the underworld. To obtain data for a medical text, he joins a gang of crooks headed by Humphrey Bogart, Simon as ever, Director Lark, Robinson, Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (Sept.)

BLIND ALIBI—RKO-Radio
Into this emaciated merely, Richard Dix manages to inject a wholesome atmosphere. Thinking of his life and love of a good time, he is the underworld of Algers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it is the three lovely jazz-appeal of Helen Lomary which will get you going. (Sept.)

BLOODE—Wanger-United Artists
One of the most fortuitous pictures in the present Spanish Civil War cycle, this is a wholesome mixture of romance and high adventure, superbly produced, superbly directed by William A. Wellman. Many Spanish cities, Henry Fonda are the lovers. (July)

CALL OF THE YUKON—Republic
Love and adventure in the far North with dogs and human flesh, the people. Richard Arlen in a rough and ready trapper, Beverly Roberts, the novelist in search of local Arctic order. Waite, take the whole cast. (July)

CITY STREETS—Columbia
There are a few chuckles in this thinskinned crock of a crippled orphan (Edith Fellows), befriended by the local grocer (Leo Carillo). She remains the use of her life so bone to bitter his sickbed, the picture's 5-bit side, too. (Sept.)

COCONUT LOVE—Paramount
This is a sort of meat on the bone depicting the trials of a head feller (Fred MacMurray) who is down and thinks he's out. Of course he isn't—the members of Homer Dury's Own Royal Orchestra see to that, also Harriet Hilliard. (July)

COLLEGE SWING—Paramount
This is a college comedy, Burns and Allen, Martha Raye, who may come at last of humor and some good local tunes, but doesn't quite jingle into a top-notch picture. (July)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warner's
A cock-sure tyke, a pair in the hands from Brooklyn, who croon a mean bullfight, but can't ride a horse, Dick Powell in the honky-wood with the look of Pett O'Brien, a Destituted Protagonist. The picture's 14-bit in tatters, but doesn't quite jingle into a top-notch picture. (July)

CRIME SCHOOL—Warner's
Those "Dead End" boys are here again, and you'd better to see the new girls eat a sentence. From slums to reformatory is the theme, with Humphrey Bogart as the understanding Polite Commissioner an important role. (July)

DOCTOR RHUTHER—Paramount
Bing Crosby, Ben Hecht, and Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine, Ree Dole and Fred Keating give you their best in this production of G. O. Herenny's "The Bridge of Phantoms of Ireland", and it's all mirth and a yarn side. Bing, a superman magician for a boy, cleverly combines his wit and his gandy lead. A success. (Aug.)

FAST FAMILY—M-G-M
A satisfying imitation of the stink-buster-Thin Man-madness of mystery with Myrna Loy, Ronald Colman and his wife, Frank McHugh, tracking the murder of a genius who parisons their first place for removing you. (Sept.)

FOUR MEN AND A PRAYER—20th Century-Fox
A striking drama directed with skill by John "The Hurricane"
Huston. The action is fast, the atmosphere is tense, but clear the name of their order, an Indian general in India. They are a society of a dozen in the bazaar, and newspaper Richard Greene, David Niven, George Sanders, Hlwell Hiuent and Alan Hale contribute to your enjoyment. (Aug.)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—RKO-Radio
Joe Penner is a rugged and sly duck, pecking himself into sentimental trouble by winning a horse which he married off for a handsome bride. Carlotta Monti is Joe's wife, does nicely. (July)

GOLD Diggers in the GRAPHIC—Warner's
The latest of the "Gold Digger" series successfully your attention by having Ruby Rudi and the Sexercise Band in it. The story is entirely a story of the girl, and the mistake in thinking the club is a man's world is the American Ballet Guild, but all works out in any Fates. Robert Taylor takes his eyes at Ruby. (July)

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio
Redroof considerably from the play of the same name, this continues a highly amusing human story. De-stressing the dance business gig for summer romance, it takes Ginger Rogers from the Beef to a mountain camp where the men Doo. Mary Healy, a lawyer-rose waiting on tables for her tuition. Cudl take a hand them. (Sept.)

HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M
Mauree's Sullivan, dress model, and Dennis O'Keefe, clerk in a travel agency, a couple of good-size. Both pretends to be a girl, but only things they're not until one awful day—but go see this charming picture for your information. As a matter of fact, it's the latest. (Sept.)

HUNTED-PEOPLE—M-G-M
The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds regeneration and a new life in the art of the outdoors. His family existing of Louisves Champion, Donald Peterson, Mary Carlisle (daughters) and Delmar Watson (son). Pleasant and entertaining. (Aug.)

JOSette—20th-Century-Fox
Don Ameche and Paulette Goddard attempt to free their pacts from the clutches of a clashing-eyed claque who simply to be insane. When someone makes a offering to all sweet and light, both boys fall flat on their faces. Natty but very nice. (Aug.)

KEEP SMILING—20th-Century-Fox
June Williams, from her mob-tastic girls, school teacher, West, discovers her favorite pupils are in trouble. With the aid of Secretary Gloria Stuart, June forms union, enters the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (Sept.)

KENTUCKY MOONSHINE—20th-Century-Fox
Those crock of Side Boys riding the creek of their nearest woman. Herein, one of the stars a pleasant one. (Sept.)

KIDNAPPED—20th-Century-Fox
Robert Lewis-Stevenson, and his thrillers, with Freddie Bartholomew cunningly playing the Scotch bobby whose kidnapping is the climax of a political feud in BC formerly directed by Charles King. June Smith, Afie Wixon justifies her stand-in by being cast as a beautiful, honest, honest police woman. (Aug.)

LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic
Imagine Alice Adams (1940) as a Missourian in a racketsville region. Imagine Polly Moran as her sister-secretary. Then imagine what happens to the gangsters! Robert Livingston and Virginia Grey carry the romance in this rendition of life. (Sept.)

LADY IN THE MORGUE—Universal
Despite the trade titles, this is a low key small mystery with Preston Foster again proving himself a Sherlock Holmes by identifying the supernatural murderer of an unknown woman. Patricia Ellis and Frank Jenks are two capable performers. (Aug.)

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY—20th-Century-Fox
Little Miss Temple steps happily between her orphanage-run run by June Darwell, and a boardinghouse for broken-down vaudeville queens, until she-tarred by General Ellis, and kept young girls in the public eye. Between them, her talents sparking throughout her latest picture, George Murphy's dance number stands. Fredd Brooks is the light love interest. Another ball's eyes for Shirley. (Aug.)

LITTLE MISS THOUGHBOUGHT—Warners
A hang, a story, of an orphan and the adventures of this one story of race-track life. Little Janet Chapman (Warner woman) comes to be the star. Robert Armstrong and Broderick Crawford, bring them love and fertile. Ann Sheridan is the leading lady. (Sept.)

LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Universal
There's no indication that the "Dead End" kids have gone "rationalized" or reformed. If your parents, you think they'll still your attention on them in this heart-rendering story of a middle-class youngster trapped between the world of the streets and the world of reform and prison. A girl's love goes to the staff. (Sept.)
HEADING THE PARADE IN MOTION PICTURES' GREATEST YEAR!

Here's the new season's high level in new entertainment. Packed with action! Crammed with surprises! Be there when this fast-moving romance is shown in your theatre!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

GARDEN OF THE MOON

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Browne • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubin and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.
ROMANCE OF THE LUMBERJACK—Monogram

Stacy and slipshod give cheer to this Gene
Stevenson-Porter story of poor white trash of 1905.
Frank Foster is lonely as the swamp girl whose suit
forces her into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden,
Martha Raye and Betty Blythe, the silent queen,
do marry. (Aug.)

COMANCHE ON THE RUN—Republic

Here's another of those $100,000 diamond neck-
chains that float around in the movies. It's stolen,
belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Moore. DET. O.K.,
seizes the family fortune and the picture, too. (Sept.)

MY BILL—Walters

The big idea in this business of motherboard
sarcasm is that a hankering for a drink on a
distant moon is all the excuse for the two of them
that murder when, Michael Whalen is nicely com-
promised. (Aug.)

ROMANCE OF THE WILDERNESS—Universal

Beginning After Linger gags, the
lights go out. (July)

SINNERS IN PARADISE—Universal

Now John Beale is a fugitive living on a tropical
isle. A glaiser of quagmires descends on him—
Bruce Cabot, Madeleine Evans and others, and there is
a Grand Hotel type of sequence cluttered with
cocktails, beach boys and daisies. (Sept.)

SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expects every man to do his duty and they certainly do! The story concerns
the members of a county council and the action
is electrical, political battle. Ralph Richardson, John Clements,
and the rest have not a bad trick to
play. (Sept.)

SWISS MISS—Hal Roach-M-G-M

Laured and Hardy return to the screen in a
two picture very reminiscent of old Mack Sennett
days. The boys are managing salesmen who journey
in Switzerland, meet Della Lind who is in love with
composer Walter Woolf King. The sailing
pleasant but doesn't save you from the dollop
of (Aug.)

TEST PILOT—M-G-M

Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy
and Lionel Barrymore try and top that combination
in this latest offering. Their stunts, to say nothing
of the gag department, are all put together by
a prodigious stunts and bottle cap history
when Melvyn Douglas, a private detective, and his
fear, Joe (Bob Hope), have to solve a murder case.
There are two false assassinations and
as many kinds of parties as you can
imagine. Good work. (June)

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Colombia

Built along the lines of "The Thin Man
and "The Front Page," this is a saucily
delighted with the pretty, Miss Chapman
who is a public relations girl for a big
business. She gains the upper hand.
(Sept.)

THREE BLIND MICE—20th Century-Fox

David, Robert Shay and Stuart Erwin in the
picture of David O. Selznick's story about
modern makers efforts to buy a rich husband. Maybe you can
admit the type, but it's the wrong one. A
comely remake and love lovely amusingly.
(Sept.)

THREE COMRADES—M-G-M

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, Robert Young
and signature of dramatic quality that
incomprehensible to view, but here it doesn't
any of them. With amusing implications, the
characters bundled together in business and friendship is a
world and country and the
War. Orchids to this side. (Sept.)

TOY WIFE, THE—M-G-M

A big-name cast in the "Toy Wife," With the
brand, having Academy Winner Lucille Ball play
of the baby girl the good ol' lady like
maidens who brings out the duchess instinct among
the crowd. Virginia for her part, is a
Bob Young, her leading lady, O'Neill her side
actress, and her second one is
M-G-M's latest. (Sept.)

TROPIC HOLIDAY—Paramount

Musical Mexico—without a gus-toting revue
this is a rather same. "Tropic Holiday" is a
wood writer looking for a screen romance less
gimmicks. In the role of Villa's girl
Tito Guizar's singing, the Esmeralda woman,
the band (Barbara) and Martha Raye
all in elegant. (Sept.)

UNDER WESTERN STARS—Republic

A smash-hit Western introducing a new cast.
It is called "Under Western Stars" which is
a deliriously splendid entertainment. At this
check, on your own characterization who
doesn't in a way like this novelty. (Aug.)

WHITE BANNERS—Warners

Lady, the baby story of the reservation, stuff
with precludes, but the fine acting of Fay
Merriam and Jackie Cooper will satisfy. It is
the good Samuraita who takes over a professor-
down house, brings back the
funny scenes of luscious, eggs Claude Rains on to
lager and better invasions. Worthwhile. (Aug.)

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION—Universal

Gail Patrick is the wife under fire; Warren William
is her lawyer husband who discovers in
his own home an exact parallel of a
situation which drove Ralph Morgan to murder,
the cast is fine, the material sturdily. (Sept.)

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—M-G-M

Here's a fine picture, Warren Beatty and John
ny, act on the side, but the work of the leading
actors is the story as the marked<br>
renumbering. Suzy Quilley is the girl between
to parts, always good, but is there. (Aug.)

YELLOW JACK—M-G-M

A really important picture, intelligent directed
and acted, about the struggle of the railroad
brothers in San Francisco to get the
right to yellow fever in post-War World
ability. It is a fine package and we forget
the battle between Dahlgren and the
yellow fever. (Aug.)

YOU AND ME—Paramount

John Wayne is a lawyer and Big
Sidney and George Rought laid by the law too many times to feel
any reasonable love for the puddle skidder who
marry each other. George Backford to
be long, and George Raft to be short, a
Peers photography, but little else. (Aug.)
Together Again!

Fred Astaire
Ginger Rogers
in
"Carefree"

Lyrics and music by
Irving Berlin

Come on, Ginger! Hurry, Fred!
Slap that floor and paint it red!
Sing it, swing it, make gloom scram—
Heat your feet and do THE YAM!

They come!...Dancing to your heart's content!...Dashing, bubbling, floating on a cloud of rhythm through a romance that will make you sigh much as you laugh, and thrill as much as you touch your toes! WELCOME, FRED AND GINGER, YOUR BIGGEST HIT OF ALL!
With "romance" as its theme song, a lavender-and-old-lace pallor is Hollywood's beauty decree for fall

"Underneath it all I'm the nearest thing to a lily you ever saw. You have to be a chameleon in this business."

Tell me how," I said. "Several million Photoplay readers and I are wondering how to turn lily-white overnight and go dainty and fragile all of a sudden. After all, we have to look romantic and it's entirely too difficult with a peeling nose."

Arleen smiled smugly. "Well, you see, during the summer I just put on a heavy tan powder base and some lipstick and I look as outdoorsy as anyone else. That's because I freckle and burn so badly, though."

"A fine thing," I grumbled. "Well, sometimes you must have been out in the sun and gotten burned. What did you do then?"

"It has happened," she said sagely, "but, when it does, I lay my hot hands on a pot of bleach cream that has camphor in it. That takes out all the redness and turns you shades lighter. Then, too, I smear myself with lots of rich creams and ols so I won't dry out. That treatment softens and lubricates my skin. I use a rich foundation cream, too, to cover up the freckles. Olive oil and lemon juice are swell to mix together. You just rub the mixture into your skin and go to bed, and the next morning you're lighter already. Keep it up for about a week and you, too, can look pale and interesting."

"And," she said as she finished her salad, "don't forget to keep lightening your powder as you skin lightens, because the important thing is to have your powder always exactly match your skin."

FADE-IN—Armed with this encouraging advice, I moved on to the "Suez" set, to see what went on there. It was a desert scene, and everyone looked as though he were being broiled to death. Everyone, that is, but Loretta Young, who was calm and beautiful and fragile under a beach umbrella on the side of the set. I tottered over beside her and gazed admiringly at her romantic gown and pale skin. I knew she hadn't been in any of the desert scenes and hadn't tanned at all, so she had a head start on the rest of us for fall, but just the same....

"How do you do it?" I asked despairingly. "You look too divine. So nice and delicate. It's not only your fair skin—isn't your make-up different, too?"

"Well," said Loretta, lighting a cigarette, "I went over to see Mel Burns. You know him? He's the make-up expert around here, and I tell you he's wonderful. So I got a lot of tips from him, and, believe me, I do just what he says."

"You tell me," I said, "and so will I. And not only me, but all the other girls who want to know what to do to look fragile and romantic. As a matter of fact, you'll be doing a great public service."

"Okay. Here goes. See how delicate I look? Well, Mel says that to complement the new romantic type of gowns, like the one I have on, your rouge and lipstick must be softer and more subdued in shade. None of that bright, harsh lip rouge—it has to be faint and rosy in color."

She took a puff of her cigarette and gave me some more tips, and here they are. It's a great help if you know the lighting facilities of the place where you're going, because that has a great deal to do with your make-up, almost as much as the type of gown you're wearing. Your make-up for evening should be as delicate as the lighting effects, which today are usually very soft and subdued.

You'll get that nice cameo look, too, by being sparing with your make-up and by using lighter shades. Try applying your rouge with a powder puff, so it will blend easier and go on more smoothly.

I gazed with my eagle eye at Loretta and discovered that her eye shadow was smoothed very carefully and softly into the lids, with the heaviest amount directly above her lashes—and that wasn't any too heavy, either.

"Blue-grey is a nice soft shade that gives you just enough shadow without being too glaring or obvious," said Loretta. "And my eyebrows are natural, too," she said firmly. "Mel says that penciled lines are definitely out. They look (Continued on page 89)
Exciting Shoes by

Jolene
**STYLEd in**
**Hollywood**
$3 to $4

**STYLED JUST LIKE THOSE YOU'LL SEE THIS FALL AT HOLLYWOOD'S FAMOUS**

**Santa Anita**

Who said that fashionable shoes had to be expensive? Here are styles destined to steal the fashion spotlight at Hollywood's popular Santa Anita Race Track, yet priced so reasonably that you can afford several pairs.

Thank Jolene, ace fashion observer, for the advanced footwear styles that are first sponsored by Hollywood's best dressed women. You can be thrifty and still wear authentic Hollywood creations by insisting on Jolene Shoes this fall. Ask your dealer to show you the new Jolene models that cost only $3 to $4.

For the name of your Jolene dealer write direct to Jolene's Studio K, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Eleanore Whitney
Glamorous Paramount Star says, “You've won fashion's approval Jolene, by styling your shoes in Hollywood.”

See ELEANORE WHITNEY in the new PARAMOUNT PICTURE “CAMPUS CONFESSIONS”
BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY

BY ERNEST V. HEYN

A scene from A. J. Cronin's "The Citadel," starring Robert Donat

The Executive Editor of PHOTO-PLAY takes a vacation looking over movies in Europe

I WATCHED a scene in which Robert Donat is portraying one of the more dissolute moments in the life of Doctor Andrew Manson. Unless my observation, heightened by my extreme interest in the important production, was faulty, this studio operates on a par with the finest studio in Hollywood. Lest you think this is the influence entirely of the great production methods of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I can tell you that the other companies under the same roof proceeded with equal efficiency, softened by that magnificent aura of delay which is so quintessentially a part of a Hollywood set.

London Films is remaking a great French success called "Prison Sans Barreaux," which stars Corinne Lucaire and which is to be presented to the English-speaking public. At the same set under the title "Prison Without Bars." Miss Lucaire, whom I met briefly, is so attractive a blonde that she does not need to be beautiful. She seems not at all movie-wise, but is spoken of as one of the "finds" of the year. In her company is Edna Best, wife of Herbert Marshall, who seems to me to be the most gallant and engaging Englishwoman I have met.

Herbert Wilcox is producing a sequel to "Queen Victoria," titled "Sixty Glorious Years." Again Anne Nagel will play Victoria and Anton Walbrook will play Albert, but I question the wisdom of this sort of historical sequel, from a box-office standpoint. When I had lunch with Robert Donat and Geoffrey Carter in the commissary, a jovial Charles Laughton sat at the table beside me; near by was Ruth Chatterton, who was making "A Royal Divorce"; Pierre Blanchar, who did such

(Continued on page 83)
"SAINTINESS IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENTS OF CHARM," says gorgeous Loretta Young. "Luckily, it isn't a matter of dollars, but of Lux!"

Even before screen success came, this charming star had dozens of beaux who thought her handed-down clothes, fastidiously fresh, looked like a million dollars. She still looks out for her wardrobe personally—insists on Lux for its care. "Thanks to Lux, my personal things look so wonderful I can't bear to throw them away," she says.

Luxing dresses, undies, stockings keeps them immaculately fresh—colors lovely looking longer. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux. Lux removes perspiration odor, yet it has no harmful alkali—eliminates injurious cake-soap rubbing.

BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS are a matter of course to Loretta. "It's easy not to get constant runs," she says. "I just use Lux instead of luck." Lux preserves elasticity—cuts down runs.

LORETTA YOUNG poses in a charming negligée (below). Her evening dress (right) is white jersey. Her washable screen costumes, like her own personal things, are cared for with Lux.

20TH CENTURY-FOX stars Loretta in a new screen romance, "Suez."

LEADING HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS specify Lux for all washables. "It keeps them in perfect condition for the camera," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor at 20th Century-Fox.
A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME.
SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE...
THAT'S SONJA NOW, SO DAINTY, SO DESIRABLE, SO INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way — forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

SONJA HENIE
and
RICHARD GREENE
in
MY LUCKY STAR

with
JOAN DAVIS
CESAR ROMERO
BUDDY EBSEN

Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert
George Barbier • Louise Hovick
Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst

Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger
a 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!
CLOSE UPS AND SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

LAUGHS of the Hollywood Month—or—Occasionally the Life of a Movie Producer Isn't All Beer and Bonuses: M-G-M, early last spring made "Yellow Jack," a very scholarly, distinguished (and pretty dull) production about the discovery of the yellow-fever germ...it was a fine, big "A" production...when it went out to the theaters, the theater managers couldn't just buy it outright and take whatever profits they could get...no, siree..."Yellow Jack" was a class production...a very a "A"...theaters could have it only on a percentage basis, paying back to M-G-M a cut on the fortunes it was expected to reap...

But as a "B," to run along with "Yellow Jack"—a simple little "B" which the managers could buy outright—Metro issued "Love Finds Andy Hardy"...the managers looked at the two pictures...gave a whoop...and made "Andy Hardy" their leading picture, "Yellow Jack," the "and also" feature of the double bill. The result?...that's the laugh...M-G-M is getting almost nothing, the managers are getting the gravy, Mickey ("Andy") Rooney is getting the glory, and Robert Montgomery, the star of "Yellow Jack," and all the people who worked on that serious film must be getting a pain in the neck...and it all goes to prove all over again that we would rather be amused than instructed any day in our movie-going lives...

And take, as laugh two, the strange case of Miss Hedy Lamarr...

Almost in one carload there were imported to Hollywood the Misses Rose Stradner, Ilona Massey and Hedy Lamarr. Each of the ladies had beauty, distinction and talent and something of a career behind her in Europe...but, shortly after their arrival, the whispers began, as though those things will in Hollywood, that the only truly talented one of the three was Miss Massey...she was being given the great big build up...her pictures, very blonde and as seductive as the Hays office would allow, were circulated to newspapers and magazines...she, herself, was put in the Eleanor Powell picture, "Rosalie," and was expected to knock us all giddy...only she didn't...and Miss Stradner was quietly buried in a small part in "The Last Gangster," which she did very nicely, though almost nobody noticed it, and even those who did didn't seem to care greatly...Miss Lamarr alone stood still, right there at the starting post, with nothing being done about her...

YOU simply can't stand still in Hollywood without the rumor factories working overtime...the whispers said it was Lamarr's figure that wasn't right...they said it had been discovered, and that she couldn't act at all...they said and they said and they said some more...

When a dream died another Hollywood marriage took the count. This month Miss Waterbury analyzes the reasons behind the Crawford-Tone separation and discusses the brilliant rise of Hedy Lamarr.

Finally Metro, which had Miss Lamarr under contract, loaned her down the river to Walter Wanger for "Algiers." Boyer was to be the star of the production and Sigrid Gurie had the chief feminine rôle, so it just looked like one of those things for an untried actress...whereupon, Miss Lamarr proceeded to burn up the screen like a bonfire and make herself the most dazzling and provocative new face seen on the screen in the last year...

Which recalls that lovely occasion almost five years ago when Paramount decided Claudette Colbert was pretty much washed up, and Metro decided the same thing about Clark Gable...so those two were loaned out to Columbia to make a little world-beater called "It Happened One Night"...

TRAGEDY of the Hollywood Month—or the First Law of the Movie Village: is to remember, no matter if your heart is broken, that you must give out the right statement to the morning papers...

To anyone in Hollywood, the only news in the Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone separation, when it finally did break into the headlines, was the fact that it had, at long last, happened...Everyone in the picture world who had known Joan and Franchot even remotely had been aware for months that their parting had to take place eventually...for the increasing diver-

genence in their personalities had been all too apparent for months...yet I do believe that those two, who started out with so much in common, might have worked out their life together to a happy conclusion, if they hadn't tried to be so accurate about everything...

For great fame doesn't permit you to be average about anything, least of all about love...Joan and Franchot were idealists, both of them, and both of them most romantic...they aspired to being the most completely married couple...they wanted to be the most regular of husbands and wives...they were going to work together...and play together...and go on to the heights together...it was the loveliest of dreams...

But Hollywood is brutal in its realism and you can't survive in the town unless you accept that realism...there was the brutal fact that Joan was the more important of the two when they met and that she was making a much greater income...and there was the even more brutal fact that, as the years passed, she kept on being the more important and making more and more money...which isn't at all the way it is with normal husbands and wives...trying to make a conventional, happy marriage out of such a setup was like trying to win a swimming meet on dry land...

In the Hollywood marriages where the strange, twisted facts of a mad industry are accepted...like Irene Dunne's and Dr. Griffin's...like Jeanette MacDonald's and Gene Ray mond's...like Claudette Colbert's and Dr. Pressman's...love does survive where the romantic dream that Joan and Franchot had died and the morning after its passing there were those careful statements in the papers, those polite statements that were tactful enough not to mention the broken hearts that lay behind them...and meanwhile Joan barred the white gates of her Brentwood house and Franchot closed the set on which he was working...and you knew from their very dignity how deeply they were hurt...

Speaking of operations, as nobody was, but as I have every intention of doing, having (Continued on page 36)
MAYBE you think your family takes the platinum ear-muffs for getting themselves into one continuous tub of hot water and parking there. You haven’t met the Beebes, that amazing brood, whose family biography bounces blithely upon the screen in Paramount’s newest contribution to the nation’s mirthrate, “Sing You Sinners.” When “Ma” Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) says, “Bringing up a Beebe is just one big headache,” “Ma” is really guilty of understatement. For, when it comes to sticking their necks out, to taking it on that portion of the human chassis known as the chin, the Beebes capture every prize, including the Scandinavian. And that goes for all of them, Joe (Bing Crosby), David (Fred MacMurray), and little Mike (Wesley Ruggles’ new discovery, Donald O’Connor).

Take Joe, for instance. Joe claims only dumb guys go in for hard work. So what does Joe do? Joe bets on the horses. As if that isn’t bad enough, he buys one. And what a horse! Uncle Gus Beebe may have been an all right gee-gee, with a little horse sense before joining the Beebe family. Now he is just one more Beebe in “Ma’s” bonnet, acting up and sowing his wild oats exactly like Joe. But if you think Joe and Uncle Gus pile the worries on “Ma’s” shoulders, you haven’t met David. David looks like the only sane, sober, serious one of the brothers Beebe. So what does he do? Well, he takes one look at those bangtail friends of Joe’s, backety-bucketing round the track, and he forgets all about Martha (Ellen Drew, Paramount’s newest lovely-to-look-at), he forgets all about being the family meal ticket, and he goes just as haywire as Joe and Uncle Gus.

And what about Mike, baby of the Beebes?
The kid who looks like an angel when he’s standing up with Joe and Dave singing in the church choir on a Sunday morning? What about him? Why he makes more trouble for “Ma” than all the rest put together. For it’s Mike who gets himself into a canary-colored jockey jacket and climbs aboard Uncle Gus to ride the Beebe entry in the big race. Yes, and has “Ma” reaching for those smelling salts as he gets thrown at the barrier. Nope, when it comes to causing calamity, you can’t beat the Beebes, the gol-darnedest family in the whole blooming U.S.A. No siree, sir. And you can’t beat Paramount and Paramount’s Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles when it comes to whipping up the grandest screen comedy of the year... which is, of course, the bounding biography of the brawling, betting, beloved Beebes... Paramount’s “Sing You Sinners.”

Paramount Postscript... If you’re wondering why the Beebe biography is called “Sing You Sinners,” just wait ‘til you hear the Beebe Boys sing the new Paramount hits: “Pocketful of Dreams,” “Small Fry,” “Laugh and Call It Love,” and “Don’t Let That Moon Get Away.”

Coming soon to your favorite theatre, Paramount’s boisterous biography of America’s funniest family.

Bing Crosby • Fred MacMurray

“SING YOU SINNERS”

with Ellen Drew • Elizabeth Patterson • Donald O’Connor

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY

WESLEY RUGGLES

“Ma,” Boss of the Beebes
(Elizabeth Patterson)

Uncle Gus Beebe
(Courtesy the Crosby stables)

Mike (Small Fry) Beebe
(Donald O’Connor)

NEWS FROM THE BIG PARAMOUNT LOT

“ARKANSAS TRAVELER”

“PARAMOUNT’S ‘Arkansas Traveler,’” writes Bing Crosby’s radio buddy, Bob Burns, “is the story of a very lazy man, which is me. In fact, he’s so lazy he makes the ordinary lazy man look like a bundle of nerves. Yet he’s got a lot of common sense. For where the hard-workin’ feller has it easy on account of when work is offered him all he does is take it, the lazy feller has got to figure ways of getting around workin’. And that takes a heap of sense. Paramount has handed me Fay Bainter for team-mate in this “Arkansas Traveler” picture. And you know Fay’s just about as fine a gal as there is in pictures. Then they’ve gone and handed me another person, you’ll be glad to hear about. He’s a ringer. He ain’t a real picture actor like me. In fact, he used to turn out some pretty fancy within, but he’s got a face on him that’s like my Uncle Snazzy’s. Once you’ve seen it and recovered from the shock, you’ll never forget it as long as you live. His name is Irvin S. Cobb.”

“MEN WITH WINGS”

When they called the roll of stunt flyers assembled on the Paramount lot for the breath-taking plane flight in “Men With Wings,” Paramount’s Technicolor cavalcade of American aviation, they discovered this was the biggest bunch of aces afloat Hollywood since Producer-Director William Wellman’s first aviation triumph, “Wings.”

ANOTHER AWARD WINNER...

Coast critics are predicting Frank Lloyd, many times winner of the prized Motion Picture Academy Award, has a potential winner in Paramount’s “If I Were King” starring Ronald Colman.

CALL YOUR THEATRE
ASK THEM TO LET
YOU KNOW IF
THESE PARAMOUNT
PICTURES ARE
PLAYING

OCTOBER, 1938
Social Security
BACKED BY
LOTS OF SILVER!

Federal Silver Fox... with the Federal name stamped on the leather side of the pelts

There is enviable distinction, as well as young flattery, in these luxurious "Federal"-trimmed winter coats. For silver fox is high fashion, and "Federal" is that superior silver fox which is specially selected for glamorous beauty and lasting loveliness. You'll see it in better stores throughout the country, always with the name stamped on the leather side of the pelt. Woolen coats wear quantities of it, and so do the chic, new suits. It makes stunning jackets and evening wraps of supreme elegance. In scarfs of one or many skins, it accompanies street and formal clothes with equal smartness. Thickly furred and copiously silvered, Federal Fox pelts are remarkably pliable—warm, yet comfortable to wear. Try on some of the exciting new fashions in "Federal"... see what this delightful fur does for you. You'll love it!
BEGINNING THE STORY OF MARGARET SULLAVAN'S REBELLIOUS LIFE

BY HOWARD SHARPE

If she'd been born fifty years earlier she would have been Scarlett O'Hara, with all of Scarlett's charm and all her fury and all her vital regard of custom and, in addition, an intelligence that Scarlett never had. She would have been Jezebel, what's more, and have loved it. Even as it was, she shocked the still decorous, shabby, pants off the South in the years after '95, when she was born—off Norfolk, Virginia, particular. But that was easy. That was a pushover, for Margaret Sullavan. The, 1909 had brought certain modern changes to Norfolk since Sherman had slapped the belts down: but it was long before the next ion mobilization used it for a naval base—long before young Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien, aged eighteen each, fought the World War there. Norfolk was still indubitably South, in that year: it said, collectively, "Damn Yankee" still—and meant it. Flat, behind time tradition, it had one millionaire and several hundred families who believed staunchly that if you had any important money you made it dishonestly, profiteering during the Civil Combat, therefore they lived proudly and often untidily, keeping the family silver and their soft accents highly polished. One of these clans was that of Sullavan, headed by Cornelius Hancock, successful boxer, and Garland Councill, his spouse. They had long been childless, but in 1908 Garland informed her husband she was expecting a baby, and on May sixteenth of the next year she bore a child that was Margaret Sullavan and she turned out disgracefully to be intellectual and, what was worse, a dancer,

(Continued on page 20)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VINCETINI

Her school was thrown into chaos when Maggio, on a nocturnal jaunt, met up with a kindred soul.
Southern by birth—Rebel by heritage, Maggie was kicking over the traces even in her bassinet days

They sounded definitely much more exciting. Thus, at evening one day when she was nine, she sneaked through the kitchen, snatching a pocketful of cookies on the way, dodged in haste from brush to shrub through the garden, climbed the wall and set forth in search of the untouchables. It was a quest easily fulfilled; she ran smack into a cops and robbers game three blocks from home—or rather it, in the person of two ten-year-old ragamuffins, ran into her as she came around a corner. The cookies went flying, Maggie, from her sprawling position, glared with venom at the two tittering tots. Then she arose in wrath and began her vengeance.

They held their own, the two boys, for a time. They must have that credit. But they emerged from the fray black-and-blue and bleeding, and Maggie had another gap in her teeth to spit through and she was triumphant. Children are unexplainably honest. The vanquished, after sitting about at a respectful distance for a time, approached her warily and offered friendship born of admiration.

Meanwhile they put her in school. The schools had lovely titles. The Walter Herron Taylor School, St. George's Private, Miss Turnbull's Norfolk Tutoring School for Girls—in these places she studied art, by command, learned greedily the extracurricular knowledge garnered from under dormitory mattresses, and labored hard to be a problem child. There was no real point, except that it was something to do—something to occupy her restless nervous energy and her quick intelligence which made short work of routine.

She had not many close friends, as such. But to Maggie Sullivan, still thin and still too small for her age, a number of sycophants flocked, intrigued by her industrious hell-making and a trifle awe at her daring.

She made one friend, whom she could trust and whom—of more importance—she could respect.

It happened because of her habit of climbing down, in the middle of an occasional night, the lattice from her room and going for long walks in the moonlight. She did this partly because she couldn't sleep, partly because it was a highly punishable infraction of discipline, partly because the damp, strong-smelling fields and the stark silhouettes of trees against a pale Southern sky satisfied some fierce need within her that any amount of books and gussy teachers with their rock-bound ideas was powerless to gratify. And one night as she swung quickly along a narrow road somewhat farther from school than usual, she saw a slight figure dodge off into the shadows at the side.

She stopped, panic in her throat. A kidnapper—a tramp—a highwayman... But then it had...
The next morning a strange thing happened at Chatham Episcopal Institute. A frog was found in the top drawer of the principal's desk, causing chaos. If it had been a boys' school, they could have understood it; as it was, they observed the curious look of peace on Maggie's face, took into account her previous activities, and assessed her a hundred lines of Gaul on general principles.

She didn't complain. It had been worth it. But a few weeks later the boy asked her to a dance at his school, and they wouldn't let her go. Young ladies did not go to dances, at her age (and with her record); particularly, they did not accept invitations from young men to whom they had not been properly introduced...

And that was the end. All that was bitter, all that cried out in protest, all the capacity to remember for future vengeance that dwell within her furious heart gathered into a compact knot of hatred which she nourished with care. After that, a little quirk of amused disdain rode the corners of her mouth, and her eyes said nothing openly, ever, and she obeyed orders in a way that was gratifying unless you were shrewd enough to perceive the set of her shoulders, the magnificent, scornful insouciance with which she did what she was told.

Then her obedience, in some subtle manner, became an insult.

In her last year, they asked her to play Bab in "Bab, a Sub-Deb," and she refused quietly. Then she changed her mind. During rehearsals she read her lines with a queer meekness, making an acceptable job of them. But on the night of the performance she dressed herself with fingers that trembled, not with nervousness but with suppressed excitement. The quirk at the corners of her mouth was emphasized tonight, and her eyes held a secret which obviously de-

(Continued on page 80)
He's moody ... likes Turkish baths ... loathes champagne

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

He is constantly putting up a show of bravado but actually he is utterly lacking in confidence.
His stepmother was Mary Pickford.
He loathes the taste of champagne.
He suffers from a bad case of nerves.
He was married to Joan Crawford for five years.
His name is Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.
He thinks time-saving devices have not increased the American capacity for happiness, and he hopes double-billing will be abolished.
He gets bored with the perpetual sunshine of Southern California, and dislikes highly spiced foods. He likes the smell of a stable.
He thinks modern furniture endurable only if comfortable.
He considers as his worst picture, "Loose Ankles," made by First National in 1900. He thinks judicious use of perfume on men is all right.
As a boy he didn't get along very well with girls. He never wears a hat in the evening, and speaks German badly.
He is twenty-eight years old. He is not flattered by autograph hounds but he recognizes them as an indication of his own cinematic value.
He thinks very few women look well in mannish clothes. He is a collector of old maps, and does not like lapel watches.
Douglas Fairbanks, Junior hates being called Junior.
He feels, rather vaguely, that someday he would like to have children, but fears that he is unfit for such responsibility because of his own "youngish attitude towards things."
He enjoys the radio only when he is driving; drinks very little water; sleeps very restlessly.
He wears neither belts nor suspenders.
He plans to marry again.
He is a believer in mental telepathy.

He thinks that, although it is embarrassing at times, he would be a hypocrite if he said he didn't like public adulation. He is six feet, one-quarter of an inch tall.
He would rather have been a writer than an actor.
He is fed up with screwball comedies, and his only pet is a mastiff pup. His favorite sandwich is made with American cheese.
He still thinks the average man as happy today as he was before the World War. He does not like colored shirts, and smokes too many cigarettes. He is given to moods, easily depressed, cannot listen to sopranos.
He likes to eat alone because he likes to read while eating.
He signs himself "Jayar" when writing to his father, which is the pronunciation of the abbreviation of Junior. He is quite blond off screen and resorts to a hair tonic to make his hair look darker on screen.
His wit is not above average, and he prefers sweet wines. He would rather listen to the singing of Richard Tauber than anyone else.
He cannot eat shellfish of any kind. He thinks the most interesting street he has ever been is one in Zurich, Switzerland. Its name he cannot remember.
He was born in an apartment house at Seventy-Eighth Street and Broadway, New York. He does not like swing music.
He thinks, generally speaking, that Hollywood people are unhappy.
At horse races he always bets on four or five horses in one race. He is not superstitious, and does not read the comic sheets.
The younger Fairbanks has been happiest in England, and although he is not systematic or orderly he is consistent that those about him be.
He is not punctual.
He does not like cats.
He never takes care of his money.
His famous father always comes to him for advice on personal and business matters. He is an easy victim of colds, and derives great pleasure from playing "Indications."
He cannot dance the tango or rhumba. He speaks French fairly well, and never sticks to an outdoor sport long enough to be good at it.
He got only as far as the twelfth grade at school.
His eyes are blue.
He calls his father Pete.
He still has stage fright on the first day of every picture, and his favorite cocktail is a Stinger.
He does not keep a scrapbook, and he flunked consistently in arithmetic at school. He carries a lighter and wears a gold wristwatch.
He misses most the lack of individualism in Hollywood. He
(Continued on page 85)
HEDY WINE-

BY SARA HAMILTON

ONCE in a long blue moon, at a time when Hollywood least expects it, it happens. Out of nowhere, with no particular build-up, name or past glories, there comes a woman to upset completely the motion-picture applecart.

Today, a red-lipped, tawny-eyed, black-haired girl called Hedy Lamarr is the woman of the year in Hollywood—not of the hour, but the year.

The woman Lamarr will be remembered for many a day, as the girl who, in all her luscious, exciting beauty, brought back to the screen at a time when motion pictures needed it most—sex and glamour.

At a time when most screen beauties had chosen to parade in bare feet, with uncombed locks and socks to the jaw, Hedy Lamarr, coolly, quietly, appeared on the screen in "Algiers" and—well, you saw her. You know.

Sex, with Hedy Lamarr, has come back to a screen that has hopelessly floundered without it. It has been brought there by one woman who mingled mystery with beauty, and the long line waiting nightly before the Four Star theater where "Algiers" is showing, (and at the lowest box-office ebb in movie history) is proof that the public wants the thing this woman has to offer—feminine mystery, glamour, sex.

It's important for us to record facts concerning Hedy "Glamarr" as Hollywood calls her, not only because she is the most discussed personality in Hollywood, even to rating discussion on the "March of Time" program, but because Hedy takes her place among the rare stars chosen overnight by a demanding movie public.

No producer or motion-picture studio set about with a carefully laid campaign to thrust this actress down a movie public's throat as an overnight star. In fact, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wavered at placing the actress in any picture just at present. They just weren't sure. And then, through Charles Boyer, Hedy met Walter Wanger one night at a party and the up-and-coming young producer suggested Hedy appear at his studio for a test in "Algiers."

The result you know.

Three times only in ten years has an event such as this happened in Hollywood. Once when a platinum-haired girl with ripe mouth and alluring figure startled a movie world out of its calm in a picture called "Hell's Angels"; again, when a woman came from Germany to excite and stir the imagination of fans in a picture starring Gary Cooper called "Morocco."

And now—"Algiers."

"If I had only known," moans an executive of the theater where that preview was shown, (Continued on page 74)
AM worried. I think my father has an office wife.

He has been acting strangely lately. He sits buried behind his paper and I wonder where his thoughts are wandering. He was late for dinner twice last week, saying he had to stay at the office and work. I never met Miss Thayer, his secretary, but I’ve spoken to her on the phone and she has a Betty Boop voice, so I wouldn’t be surprised if she were a bit icky.

Of course, a man is putty in the hands of an unscrupulous woman. Yesterday for no reason at all he brought back a dozen roses. “Ha,” I said to myself, “conscience.”

I don’t know if poor mother suspects anything, but sometimes I detect a far-away look in her eyes. I keep telling her to buy new clothes and to have her hair upwisted which takes off at least two years. A woman mustn’t neglect her appearance even at thirty-six.

Barbara and I have had several conferences. She being girl friend No. 1. I tell her my innermost thoughts and she tells me hers, though she seldom has any. We decided not to tell anybody yet. The first thing to do is to make secret investigations, and the next is to take steps.

Edward G. Robinson is in town and while I can’t say that I admire his type so that I would want him as a lover, nevertheless a signature is a signature, so Barb and I are going to cut Eng. Hist. tomorrow morning and stalk him. Besides I’ve been too busy to do my homework and if I’m going to get a zero anyway I might as well get something for it.

Yesterday went with Barb to her meeting of the Joan Crawford Club. I go to every meeting but am not an official member because I feel it would be disloyal to Bette. We had a swell time looking over each other’s scrapbooks and comparing pictures. We cast “Gone with the Wind.” We do every week. Then we had a discussion as to whether Joan is better off with Franchot than she was with Doug. Jr. They made out a list of L.T.R.’s (impossible to reach) and agreed to boycott their pictures. The nerve of stars who think they can get along without fans! Hepburn used to think she was Garbo herself, but now she knows better and we are supporting her. Next meeting they are going to have a debate. Subject:

Resolved: That a star’s life is his (or her) own business and not his (or her) public’s. Barb is taking the negative. I’ll have to write it for her.

Must take leave of my Muse. Dinner is calling and I’m famished not having had a morsel since four o’clock.

By the stroke of nine this morning Barb and I parked ourselves before the Picardy to wait for E. G. R. Only two other fans were there and they soon gave up. We had provided ourselves with enough chocolate almond bars to sustain us for hours. About ten-thirty he came out in a light polo coat without a big black cigar and got into a taxi before we could pounce. So we hopped into another and I said to the chauffeur “Follow that yellow cab for all your life is worth” which he did. We kept watching the meter because we had only $1.56 between us. The cab went up to 5th Street, we trailing it, and he got out and of all places, went into an art gallery, we following and thank heaven there was no admission charge.

It was very quiet. Just a few people tip-toeing around. I didn’t want to make him feel more conspicuous, so I whispered to Barb that we should pretend we were looking at the paintings, too, which we did and they were lousy. I couldn’t help thinking, here’s man who can do anything he wants to; he doesn’t have to go to school, he could have breakfast in bed, or could get passes to any show or could drive a high-powered car, and what does he do but come to a place as dead as a morgue and stand gaping for ten minutes at the portrait of an egg. I’m not exaggerating, it was an egg. There was also one of a lot of junk that should have been thrown out, including an old broken mandolin. Then there was a picture of some rotten vegetables which was called “Nature Morte” and certainly ought to be buried.

Eddie seemed to go into raptures over this one and we thought he would never get through looking at it, so we decided that the moment had come. I was to attack the left flank and Barb was to close in the rear. Everything was going alright, when he started backing away from the picture for which I couldn’t blame him. He backed right into Barb and stepped on her toe. She swearing toeloe shoes it must have hurt.

“I’m sorry, did I hurt you?” he said with a voice like his voice on the screen.

“Not at all,” said she, “it was a pleasure and would you mind signing my autograph album?”

He made his gangster face and growled, “My lord, isn’t your place sacred from you hounds?”

Tears sprang to Barb’s eyes only because her toe hurt (the true fan never being daunted by rebuffs), and he felt sorry and signed her book and motioned me to bring mine.

“It’s a beautiful day,” I remarked in order to say something.

“Yes, he replied, “and you kids ought to be out in the open air.”

“We were,” I said, “while waiting for you.”

“Why aren’t you at school?” he asked.

Barb didn’t answer. Whenever we are embarrassed I speak for both of us as I have more poise.

“Mr. Robinson,” I said in a voice like dialogue, “there are certain things in life that are more important than other things.”

“Quite true,” he said.

“Sometimes we are called upon to choose the lesser of two evils. So when we saw in Winchell’s column yesterday that you were leaving town, and who knows whether you will ever return alive, we decided that it was more important to contact you than the Wars of the Roses, which will keep.”

“Don’t be so sure,” he said. “Nothing keeps. Here you are chasing me while the poor little princes are being murdered in the Tower and the Duke of Clarence is being drowned in a hutt of malmsey.”

He must have studied history besides being a gangster type.

“What is a hutt of malmsey?” asked Barb who wasn’t list her forte being math.

I said it was a sweet Spanish wine and he said he was glad to know as he had been wanting to look it up for years. He said he had been to the Tower of London and had palled with the beef eaters. I looked to me as if he ought to cut down on proteins, though I didn’t say so. He said we should go back to school and pay attention to our history so that when we traveled we would know what it was all about.

I said history was alright in its place which was the past, but after all it was life one had to live, wasn’t it? He said there was something about that, though he had never thought of that way.

Then he said he would have to be running along to an Auction (I’m sure I heard right) and we’d better get to school.
"High School," corrected Barb. He invited us to walk to the corner with him which we accepted with pleasure. He walked in the middle and we didn’t meet a soul we knew. At the corner he shook hands with us and raised his hat and we told him our names. I think he is magnificent if not romantic, and I shall go to all his pictures several times, and I’ll never see him on the screen without being reminded of a butt of malmsy.

We got to school just in time for the lunch period so we told the gang we had spent the morning going to an art gallery with E.G.R. and all about his views on life and art and the Tower of London. We hinted that he had invited us to tea to make it more interesting. Vera Bailey said she didn’t believe it. The nerve of that truck horse doubting our veracity! We were furious. Vera is burning up to have an autograph collection but she’s too fat and lazy to chase them.

I’m having a recession. Having spent money on the taxi and there being several important programs at the big houses, my finances are in the red. Pops says I burn my allowance at both ends. He loves to make wisecracks at other people’s expenses. Even with taking sandwiches to school and walking home and having only one soda per day, I can’t possibly last out the month. Barb can always raise funds in case of a crisis, her parents being reasonable, and she has credit at two drugstores and a doughnut stand. Pops won’t let me charge a thing not even gum, and raises Helen Damnation if I let Barb rake me. He thinks I ought to get along on $15 per mo. He ought to try it.

Last night Henry, my boy friend, took me to see “She Married an Artist.” I wish H. had repartee, like John Boles. I think I should like to marry an artist even though their models always fall in love with them.

H. also gave me a Dopey Doll. I put him in my bookcase opposite Charlie McCarthy and it’s the cutest thing the way they grin at each other. I sit and look at them for hours at a time.

Have been too busy to do my Latin. Don’t know where the time goes.

SAT. a.m. Barb and I took the first step. We went down to Pop’s office to get a look at that woman and also to touch him for a bonus. I didn’t telephone as I wanted to catch him unawares and know the awful truth. Well, just as I expected, it’s worse than I anticipated.

When we arrived he was dictating. He couldn’t be disturbed. He sent out word for us to wait which we did, straining our ears but all was silence from the inner sanctum. I questioned Tod, the office boy, very surreptitiously about whether father and Miss Thayer went out to lunch at the same time and he said they always did because he wanted her in the office whenever he was there. (The italics are mine.) Then I asked him indirectly if they generally left together and he said no, that father went first and she followed. Well, that settled it in our minds. If they had walked out openly together, it might have been innocent. Lawyers often take their secretaries to lunch to talk business. But to sneak out separately . . . that’s what I call underhanded.

Finally the door opened and out came Miss Thayer herself with a notebook in her hand, just as if she had been taking dictation. Well, if she isn’t a Menace, then I don’t know one when I see it. She was dressed in uncrushable crépe with a white collar, supposed to be businesslike but really quite hot-ch. And she has red hair. Nuff said. That only means one thing. I thought of poor mother sitting home and was quite rude to Miss Thayer though she didn’t notice it.

Getting three bucks out of the old man was a cinch. Conscience for squandering money on her and letting his own flesh and blood go in want.

I remarked on his swellcrag tie and he said, “You’re only young twice.” I wonder what he meant by that.

He took us to lunch at the Bankers’ Club. It was up on the 46th floor with a beautiful view of the river which would have been romantic if Henry or Fred March had been there. Pops met a judge he knew and asked him to join us. They talked a lot about an appeal (not sex) and Barb and I weren’t interested so I interrupted with a quite casual question.

(Continued on page 92)
Edward G. expounds his theories on how a boy should be reared today to prepare him for tomorrow. What's more, he puts them into practice.

HOLLYWOOD has been saying that Eddie Robinson is so batty about that five-year-old son of his that he's spoiling the very daylights out of him. Well, if that's a sample of the spoiling I know a lot of kids who ought to be spoiled in the very same way.

They are a great team, Robinson and Son. The boy patently thinks his dad is the greatest guy on earth, barring none. It shows in his voice, his eyes, his whole bearing whenever he is within sight of his father. But there is nothing mushy or sentimental about it; it is a man-to-man relationship.

Eddie just as patently thinks Manny is the greatest guy on earth, barring none. His daily sun rises and sets on the boy. His whole world revolves around him. The lad has given significance to Eddie's life. But—he has some good sound theories on how a boy should be reared today to prepare him for manhood tomorrow and, what's more, he puts those theories into practice.

One or two of them may be radically different from the way you were reared, or even from the way you are rearing your children; but one thing is certain: pampering, petting and indulging the lad are not among them.

"A child must learn two things to be able to face life successfully," Eddie said when we talked about his theories and plans.

We were sitting in the resplendent drawing room of the Robinson home in Beverly Hills, with its deep pile carpeting of solid black and walls hung with magnificent paintings worth a young fortune. (Directly over the fireplace is a commanding canvas by Corot.) Through French doors we could see Manny romping on a broad expanse of green lawn with Marlene, the little girl who lives next door.

"A child must learn self-reliance, the faculty of being able to cope with things," Eddie went on. "You cannot teach him that by indulging him, smoothing his path, making things pleasant and easy in every respect. As a matter of fact, I think a parent who indulges a child really is indulging himself in selfish fun, feeding his ego. It is the lazy way to bring up a child; it calls for the least effort.

"The other important trait to be developed in a child is a social conscience. If the world is to come out of the chaos it is in at the present, it can do so only by respecting the other fellow and his rights. That is what a child must learn to get along with his fellow man.

"But—and this is equally important—he must
learn to be a man who can be indignant at the right time and for the right reason, and to back up that indignation with fight until he wins his point!"

CHILDREN really bring themselves up, Eddie said. All parents can do really is to give them a little guidance at the right time. And that "guidance" should not be by the rod, according to Eddie's lights; he advocates reasoning with a child, treating him with the respect he deserves; not robbing him of his individuality.

"You know, a child's intelligence is vastly underestimated," he went on to say. "Basically, that intelligence is an honest one. They learn hypocrisy from their elders."

Eddie doesn't want Manny to be handicapped by "old school" discipline. He is most definite about that. So definite, in fact, that, although he did not say it in so many words, I have the feeling he is seeking to protect his son from some indelible experience of his own youth. It explains, I think, the leniency with which he permits the boy to express himself and many of his desires, such as helping a train conductor collect tickets, playing waiter in a dining car, or pretending he is a deck steward on board ship and gravely going around tucking passengers into their deck-chair blankets.

"The average parent prevents that sort of thing. I don't," Eddie acknowledged. "I cannot see any harm or wrong in it. It gives a child a sense of being important to himself and others, and I think that is essential."

The "old school" of discipline, to Eddie's way of thinking, bred inferiority complexes by the load in children because it robbed them of all initiative by suppressing wholly normal instincts.

MANNY walked quietly through the room just then and, called by his father, came over to be presented. He shook hands politely, chatted for a moment, and then went on about his business, which was playing some phonograph records to Marlene on the little phonograph in his own room. Soft strains of nursery rhymes and some of the tunes from "Snow White" drifted down the broad staircase.

I wish you could have seen Eddie's eyes when he was presenting Manny. You've seen them hard and calculating on the screen, filled with venom and hate as he portrayed some character of the underworld. You saw them cold and a little frightening in his current picture, "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse." But you should have seen them at that moment if you wanted to see the real Eddie Robinson. The pride, the joy, the happiness in them defy description. Seeing that, you realize why Gladys Lloyd Robinson deemed it worthwhile to risk her life to give her husband that which he wanted above all else in the world.

Eddie was determined to prevent that in Manny's case, if it was humanly possible. A week before the surgery was scheduled, Eddie broached the matter to the lad.

"Tell you what, let's rehearse it so we all can play our parts perfectly," he suggested. Immediately, Manny's interest was fired and his first touch of panic completely allayed. "You be the patient, I'll be the doctor, and Mother can play the nurse," Eddie went on. Manny thought that was a great idea.

"First of all, we've all got to put on white clothes," Eddie directed. "They always wear white in a hospital, you know." So solemnly they all changed into white clothes. "Now I'll..." (Continued on page 82)
Last year 35 women—17 men crashed Hollywood. Were they blonde or brunette? Did they use pull or go it alone? Could you do it? How? This famous author gives you some enlightening facts.

BY MARJORIE HILLIS

A RE you, by any incredibly lucky chance, a young lady twenty years old, blonde, five feet, four inches tall, weighing one hundred and thirteen pounds, living in California, with a background connected with the show business and not too advanced an education? Or are you a young man of twenty-seven, six feet tall, weighing one hundred and seventy-eight pounds, also living in California and having a college education? If you are, you'd better go straight out to Hollywood on the next bus, for, according to the law of averages, you're perfect material for the pictures.

For years, of course, Hollywood writers have been playing a little game called, "Giving Advice on How to Get into Pictures." The object (or, at any rate, the result) has been to refute what the other writers have said and thus confuse the reader.

"Stay out," one writer says. "The odds against you are seven hundred and eighty-two thousand to one and you haven't a chance." "New stars are signed up every day," says the next. "Use initiative and you can't fail." "The shortest road to Hollywood is via the New York stage," says another.

The trouble is that these writers are on the spot and know all about it, but they don't know about you and your special qualifications or the opposite. You and I, on the other hand, probably never having been to the glamour city except perhaps as tourists, have none of this first-hand information to confuse us by its glitter; but we do know about ourselves. Which is, after all, what counts, provided that we know how to measure it to picture requirements.

The question is, have we got what it takes to make a star? And what does it take?

Omitting for the moment that certain something that has no accurate name, but is sometimes called charm, genius, and half a dozen other things, let us look at fifty-two young people who broke into the magic city last year. These are not Gables and Hepburns whose conquests of Hollywood are yesterday's familiar stories, since yesterday's tales, though they may have all the glamour of Cinderella's romance, don't quite fit today's facts. These are more or less current events—thirty-five young women and seventeen young men—and we will regard them as parts of a geometric problem for which we should be able to get some kind of an answer.

To begin at the beginning, where did they come from? Eighteen of them, it seems—fourteen of the gals and four of the men—came from California, and eleven more came from New York. Apparently, you catch the flavor and the feeling of being a star better there on the home ground or in a big sophisticated city. However, eighteen and eleven add to only twenty-nine, which leaves twenty-three exceptions scattered all over the country (to say nothing of one from England, one from Tahiti and one each from Poland, Hungary and Austria). So, if it isn't convenient to establish a residence in the extreme East or West, your case isn't hopeless.

Still looking backward, how were these fifty-two successes educated? This is a pretty significant question and any movie-minded young person had better consider the answer thoughtfully. For it turns out that ten out of the seventeen young men in the group are college graduates and the other seven all graduated from high school. Apparently, a young man can't be beautiful but dumb and get to be a star. He needs brains as well as brawn, these days, and training in how to use both. The girls don't rate quite so high scholastically. Only ten of the thirty-five went to college, twenty-two graduated from high school and the other three only got as far as an elementary school education.

In spite of all the courses in mathematics, they don't seem to teach the right facts about figures at feminine colleges. What they do teach, however, is undoubtedly one more asset to be acquired if possible, since developing brains has never failed to help anyone from Hollywood to Hungary to Hong Kong.

BEFORE telling you what these fabulous fifty-two did next, you might like to know who they are—but if we did list their names (their real ones) you wouldn't be much wiser. For half of them changed their names to something more elegant or musical or easily remembered than
the ones which they started life. Betty Jaynes was Betty Jane Schultz, once upon a time; Alan Curtis was Harry Ueberroth; Sheila Darcy was Rebecca Wasseen; Dennis O’Keefe was Bud Flanagan. You might think that one never, too, if you’re looking longingly towards Hollywood.

As to training during the interval between school and triumph, it turns out that thirty-six of them (all but sixteen) had laboratory experience—small parts on the stage, dramatic school training, radio work, professional modeling and what-have-you. To be specific, eight had been on the stage, six on the radio, six had worked as models, seven were foreign players of one kind or another, two had won contests, six had attended dramatic schools, and one had landed in vaudeville.

Half of the remaining sixteen had a sister or a cousin or an aunt or, at any rate, a friend in a pretty influential job in the movie world. Those who had relatives probably absorbed a lot of general motion-picture data as they grew up, and had a semiprofessional outlook as foreign to you and me as that of a Fiji Islander.

A few, like Stella Adler (whose real name is Alder) and William De Wolfe Hopper, were born into theatrical families and had no doubt learned their parts with their first accents. Sisters lent a helping hand or two—Joan Blondell to her sister Gloria Blondell and Olivia de Havilland to her sister Joan Fontaine. Even the few foreigners in the group, for all their fascinating accents, seem to have found it necessary to put in some apprenticeship work on home ground either in foreign films or on the stage. One of these, to be sure, was an ice skater, which sounds like a very different field, but, as a matter of fact, requires a good many of the qualities of a movie star—things like co-ordination, stage presence, grace, and the ability to look well in action.

In other words, it’s a pretty special case that walks cold from ordinary life onto the screen. The truth is that the show business, with all its branches, is another world, like Mars. And for the rare exceptions, the naturals, you have to learn how to get along in it.

Even in the records of the so-called exceptions, you are apt to find something that served as preparation, though it may have been sketchy. Anthony Averill, for instance, graduated from college, where he majored in economics and journalism, and then became a newspaper man in St. Louis. A movie talent scout discovered him at a party, and he was signed by both Warner Brothers and Selznick simultaneously. Not quite just like that, however, for he did spend three months at Paramount’s training school in New York between the party and the contracts.

John Patterson, another example, skipped the training school, but he had starred in college plays at Williams College. He worked on the New York Daily News till a Paramount executive gave him a screen test that resulted in a contract.

Sheila Darcy got herself a job in the Hollywood Ventidome Café in the hope of being noticed by a producer or talent scout. When she was noticed, however, she was told she needed stage experience. It took several years of coaching, playing with Little Theater Groups and playing bits in studios, to get her a real chance.

There are, in fact, among the whole fifty-two, only three exceptions to the rule that you’d better have at least a little experience before you try to be a star. These are Sigrid Gurie, Lana Turner and Arleen Whelan. The first is a New York girl who met Samuel Goldwyn while she was studying art in London and, just for a lark, pretended to be a Norwegian star. He offered her a job, but she didn’t accept until a year later, when she came to Hollywood and got a contract and the rôle of an Oriental princess in "Marco Polo," with the hoop still undiscovered.

Lana Turner was taken by a newspaper acquaintance to an agent who introduced her to Mervyn LeRoy, through whom she got a job, after a screen test and the usual preliminaries.

And Arleen Whelan was discovered by a twentieth Century-Fox producer while she was working as a manicurist in a Hollywood barber shop. But these Cinderella cases are few and far between, in spite of all one hears about pull, and it’s scarcely safe to bank on them.

There is still the matter of looks and how they photograph. For, as you undoubtedly know, there are beauties in real life whose photographs would scare a hardy child, and fairly plain (Continued on page 84)

On 52 young stars who crashed Hollywood last year, these are the facts we discovered:

1—Twice as many girls as men
2—34% came from California
3—21% came from New York City
4—45% came from all other localities
5—100% of the men starlets were high school graduates
60% of the men starlets were college graduates
8% of the girl starlets attended grammar school only
62% of the girl starlets were high school graduates
28% of the girl starlets were college graduates
6—50% of group changed their names
7—69% of group had definite dramatic experience—such as bit parts in the theater, radio work and the like
8—16% had influential friends who helped them crash
9—6% came in "cold"

It was a "relatively" easy job for these three. Family had a finger in the movie pie that helped Gloria Blondell, William De Wolfe Hopper and Joan Fontaine get their breaks.

Anthony Averill and John Patterson belong to a new school. Training along other lines served as preparation.

REPORT (Condensed)
Within fifty feet of her was the body of a dead man. The dank aura of murder, baffling but compelling, filled the dark house. Then the unbearable silence was broken by the sharp ringing of a bell. Don’t miss this breathless mystery—

Because Lawyer Foley, a former court reporter, judged all people by their voices, and mine indicated both poise and self-confidence to him, I was selected to replace his secretary who had been injured in an automobile accident. Thus it was that I plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal. In the midst of my first morning’s work, I was surprised to find myself facing a detective who was investigating Mildred Parker’s accident.

That afternoon it was my duty to execute for Mr. Foley a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright. Before leaving for the day, Mr. Foley instructed me to bring the contract to an address where he and Mr. Padgham would meet me that evening. While I was busy transcribing my notes, the detective returned and decided to wait for Mr. Foley, despite the fact that I told him my employer would not be back. To my utter amazement, I found him covertly reading my notes. I slammed the book shut. He left.

Having plenty of time on my hands, I took a streetcar to my destination. In a traffic jam I happened to see and recognize Miss Blair, a rejected candidate for my position, and as I walked briskly up the street I pondered her strangely rigid position as she sat in the car. Suddenly an automobile came swooping down on me. Miraculously, I got back out of the way. Fear gripped me as I started to run. As I dashed onto the porch and rang the bell, I all but screamed. In a panic, I tried the door. It was open. For a moment there was no answer to my “Hello.” Then I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. I felt goose-pimpls of cold terror; but went to investigate. The noise came from a closet and as I opened the door a human bundle fell at my feet. I had unbound his hands and removed his gag, I recognized him. It was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star. We sat there looking at one another. Finally he pulled himself together and suggested getting a drink. I sat there fully five minutes waiting for him to return. Then it dawned on me—he had slipped away.

In picking up my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce Eaton’s coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then I saw the open door at the end of the corridor. A man was sitting at a big desk, his head slumped over on his chest. He was dead. I stood there, my feet rooted to the floor. Suddenly, without warning, every light in the place went out. I had no idea that any place could be so utterly and completely dark. It seemed as though someone had pushed a thick strip of black blotting paper into the corridor, and the paper had just sucked up every bit of light in the place.

And within fifty feet of me was the body of a dead man.

There was not the faintest ray of light which seeped in from the street. The rich, heavy hangings were as efficient in preventing light from getting in as they had been in preventing any from showing on the outside.

I’d been frightened enough when I first came running up to the house, seeking refuge from the dangers of the outer night. Now I realized all too keenly the proverb about “out of the frying pan into the fire.” I’d been anxious enough to get into the house, but now I was twice as anxious to get out. Whatever dangers the street held would at least be met in the open air, not in this place with the dark aura of death clinging to it.

I groped for the stairs, and then, afraid that I’d miss them, dropped to my hands and knees, swinging my right hand out in long, exploring circles as I crawled in the general direction of the stairs, my left hand dragging the brief case along the carpet beside me. I found the stairs-case and started down, walking on tiptoe, trying to avoid creaking boards.

I was halfway down the stairs when a bell shattered the silence.

I stopped, motionless, listening. Was it a telephone, or . . . It rang again, and this time I knew it for what it was, the doorbell. Someone was at the front door.

I suppose, logically, at that moment I should have become completely panic-stricken. As a matter of fact, the ringing of the doorbell had exactly the opposite effect. I steadied down to fast, cool thinking. It was, I realized, quite possible that Bruce Eaton had decided to return. It was also possible he had notified officers of what they would find in the house, bringing assistance to me in that way, yet keeping out of it himself. Or . . . Suddenly I laughed. A feeling of vast relief surged through me. Of course! It was Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham coming to keep their appointment.

I put my hand on the banister and ran down the stairs as rapidly as I could. The doorbell rang once more while I was still fumbling around in the corridor. I propped my brief case against the wall near the door, so I’d have both hands free for grooping. Then I found the doorknob, and flung open the door.

It was dark as a pocket inside the house, and in contrast to that darkness the street seemed
well-lighted. I could see the fleshy form of
rank Padgham silhouetted in the doorway.
Apparently, he couldn't see enough of me to
recognize me. All that he could see was an ob-
long of blackness, with the vague, indistinct
lines of a figure standing within reaching dis-
ance of him.
I'll never forget the way he jumped back.
There was far more than the startled reaction
which takes place when one encounters the un-
expected. The man was absolutely terror-
stricken.
"Where's Mr. Foley, Mr. Padgham?" I asked.
He took two deep breaths before he was able to
answer me. Then he said, "Oh, it's you, Miss
... Miss..."
"Miss Bell," I supplemented.
"Oh, yes, Miss Bell," he said. "... You... h... startled me. How did it... ah... happen that you answered the doorbell?"
For a moment I was irritated at him. There
was something ponderous and patronizing in his
manner, now that he had recovered from his
fright. So I said, "Suppose you answer my
question, and I'll answer yours."
"Oh yes, Mr. Foley... why, yes. Mr. Foley
was... er... ah... detained. A matter of
the greatest importance. That's why we were a
little late keeping the appointment."
"These lights won't go on," I told him.
"There's a switch out, or a fuse blown, or some-
thing."
"Indeed," he said, solicitously, and moved for-
ward. "I'll have to investigate. You'd better
stay close, Miss Bell. I wouldn't want to lose
you in the... er... ah... darkness."
I could hear one of his hands scraping along
the wall as he searched for the light switch, but
the other hand rested on my shoulder, then
dropped down so that his arm was around my
waist. I twisted out from what was about to de-
velop into an embrace and said, "Haven't you
better take both hands, Mr. Padgham? I'll stay
right behind you."
He found the light switch, then, and clicked it
fruitlessly.
"I'm afraid," I told him, "there's something
radically wrong here."
"You mean about the lights?"
"I mean something in the house," I said.
"There's a dead man upstairs."
For what might have been four or five seconds,
there was complete silence. He didn't move. I
doubt if he even breathed. I was sorry that I
couldn't see the expression on his face. Was he
(Continued on page 72)
Norma Shearer’s

HANDFUL OF MEMORIES

BY DIXIE WILLSON

THERE is a new “glamour girl” in Hollywood. Everywhere she goes Norma Shearer is a bit of a sensation in beauty, in smartness of appearance, in charm of manner. She is somehow younger, more arresting, more tireless in work than ever before.

How she has found the courage to accomplish it (in the face of her great tragedy), nobody quite knows. But she has accomplished it. She’s riding the crest of the wave.

As for her future, she has, in her portrayal of an unforgettable Antoinette, set a brilliant pace.

As for her “past” ... we herewith turn back the months ... the years ... to a handful of her memories:

The first one, the occasion which inspired her decision to be an actress!

In Montreal, life for the three Shearer children, Athole, Norma and Douglas, was aimless and gay. There was a pleasant, roomy old house of parlors and stained glass windows. There was a stable of saddle horses, a pony and gig. And nobody thought of a “future.” Never did it occur to the littlest of the blue-eyed girls, as she faithfully practiced her music and learned her geography, that sometime her life must have a design of its own.

And then one night her mother and father were to attend an “affair.” An affair of such aplomb, taking up at so late an hour, that Norma, put to bed as usual on the eventful evening, shared none of the excitement which attended preparations.

This arrangement, however, she saw a way to remedy. In bed, wide-awake, she waited until sounds indicated that departure was near, then downstairs she went, a little barefoot ghost in the shadow of the stairs.

She remembers watching her own shadow traveling grotesquely on the ceiling as she crept along. She remembers the hall clock striking nine. Then in the bright parlor, as she peered down through the spindles, she saw her mother dark hair piled high in a cascade of curls, a white aigrette, bare arms and shoulders, a gown of amethyst satin embroidered in seed pearls. And with the faint fragrance of lavender, a glimpse of white kid slippers, the impressive elegance of fur, presently she was gone, the front door closing with a little flurry of snow, its cold breath left to follow small Norma’s bare feet all the way back to bed.

And that night a little girl not yet eight years old, not especially clever, not especially pretty, lay wide-awake, her eyes fixed on the window’s pattern of frost as she pulled the blankets closer and made her decision to grow up to the only state which she could be certain would provide for her such glamour as she had just witnessed ... not a mere one night of it, but a world of it!

Many a time afterward she could smile at the naïve mind behind planning a destiny about the rustle of amethyst satin and a cascade of curls,
A warm and human story of a gallant woman who finds in her past the courage to make the present always worth living.

never, from that night on, did she admit to any doubt that she could and would become . . . Miss Norma Shearer an actress, her wagon helpfully hitched in fact, to . . . Miss Norma Shearer . . . a star!

If she didn’t take into account such terms as the second memory she shares with us . . . tiny night in April in New York City seven years later.

he, her mother and her sister, the family who lost in the aftermath of war, had come to New York to earn a living. At the wickets of Broadway agents, of commercial photographers, Norma and her sister took turns asking if anything was to be had today. At night in their third-floor room, they took turns making their clothes for tomorrow. Their mother managed the evening meal on the gas stove and so, on an April night, a steady noiseless smearing the lights across the street, Norma, in her crepe kimono (since it was Athole’s turn to mind the dresses) helped their mother, counted out three slices of bread, three cups of tea.

She remembers as though she were hearing it now, the shrill voice in the street of the dwarf who sold night papers. She remembers, as though she were still watching it, the spongy shape of the leak on the ceiling. But most vividly of all, she remembers how she hoped that tonight her mother had managed a new kind of meat, hamburger, stew . . . anything at all except more of the cracker-dipped variety (what brand of meat she didn’t quite know) which had been their menu for six nights in succession!

For though it put up a fine appearance on the meat platter, it left Norma in a state frankly known as hunger! She had been hungry for a week! For a week she had awaited each evening meal hoping for a change even to good old-fashioned bologna!

But hope was again in vain tonight. The smell of frying proved to presage, after all, only more of the same. And things had now come to a pass where a sight of this fish, flesh or fowl, whatever it was, was something the young Miss Shearer felt she simply could not endure again!

“Mother,” she said, with the hesitance of apology for seeming to me difficult, “but couldn’t we have some other kind of meat tomorrow? Eating this doesn’t do any good. You eat it, but you’re still hungry.”

“Well, of course,” reminded her mother, “we haven’t had very much money, and so . . .”

And so the classification of the “pièce de résistance” was now divulged.

“And so,” laughs Norma Shearer, “there’s one dish which to the end of my days I shall consistently decline. I found out that night that what had been on our table for a week, disguised as meat . . . was egg plant.”

A THIRD memory, the thrilling day when, with a four-week contract, Norma Shearer arrived in Hollywood.

At the desk of Hollywood Hotel she signed the register, making it, however, as inconspicuous a bit of business as possible since she hoped not to be noticed until she could appear in the one fine dress she proudly possessed; proper support for the fact that she was now a person in pictures.

For, in this history-making lobby, the directors, producers and important “innocent bystanders” who measured and manipulated fortune and fame. And in Hollywood you couldn’t divine what accidental moment would prove the great one. The block-long veranda with its palm-tree shade, porch chairs and summer swings, was “Peacock Alley,” no less, for the entrances and exits of this, that and the (Continued on page 87)
HOLLYWOOD
SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

The most fabulous movie script isn't equal to these spine-tingling true stories of movietown's men of action

BY LOWELL THOMAS

A BEWILDERING place, Hollywood. There are enough unwritten true-life stories right on the lots to make exciting plots for innumerable pictures for years to come. Whenever you see a picture of action and daring-do, you can be sure at least one member of the cast is acting a scene which is no more amazing or fabulous than one he has experienced in his own life.

From time to time, the screen affords me, vicariously, some curious experiences. One of them occurred when I saw "Under Two Flags." One face flashed into view that seemed vaguely familiar. It suggested, not Hollywood make-believe, but that far-off golden fall day in 1918 when the tanned and weatherbeaten troop of Field Marshal Allenby and Lawrence of Arabia made their triumphal entry into Damascus. I also associated the face with grapevine stories of official and diplomatic intrigue. Hadn't I seen that face on the terrace of Shep ard's, the famous hotel in Cairo?

As a matter of fact, I had. Just the other day I learned the face belonged to a young Arab of distinguished origin. In the list of dramatic personae in "Under Two Flags," his name was Jamiel Hassen. When I saw him that day in the Syrian capital, he was Jamiel Ben Khyatt, handsome, black-eyed youth of sixteen. During the campaigns in Mesopotamia during the first part of the War, Jamiel and his brothers, famous horsemen all of them, had been forced to serve in the Turkish cavalry. Allied propaganda induced them to desert and offer their services to the British. Jamiel became an intelligence officer. Afterwards, in Cairo, he was pointed out to me as one of the dashing inter-reconcilable, known to have taken part in the perilous military and diplomatic undercover activities incident to the formation of the Arab state, transplanting into action their hatred against the broken promises of the Treaty of Versailles.

He had had a wide education acquired partly in America, partly in France. After further adventures in Africa, and later in Brazil, he gravitated to Hollywood where he is called in as a technical director on many sequences of films that are laid in Asia Minor. He occasionally acts in pictures, too.

Hollywood's mystery man—Abdsolem Ben Mohammed Kombarick, with Herbert Brenon
Two sons of Erin who share a lust for life. Above, Errol Flynn, most famed of Hollywood's daredevils ... 

... and, left, George Brent, who had a price set on his head in the days of the Irish Rebellion

Victor McLaglen (right) takes any fighting or soldiering rôle in his stride. He knows!

One day, working on the set of "Under Two Flags," a member of the cast came up and said to him:

"Weren't you a Turkish cavalry officer in the Mesopotamian campaign?"

"Why, yes—yes, I was," answered the surprised Jamiel.

"And during a bitter skirmish near Baghdad, weren't you in command of a detachment which nearly captured a British officer?" continued the actor.

"That's right," said the puzzled Jamiel. "We fired several shots at him but he escaped over a wall. But how did you know?"

"I was the British officer," said the actor.

The actor was Victor McLaglen.

JUTTE, as varied as the Arab's is the saga of Victor McLaglen. The rôle of the bitter, fighting Irish patriot in "The Informer" and the wisecracking, genial sergeant in "Wee Willie Winkie"—in fact, any rôle which includes fighting or soldiering, McLaglen takes in his stride. He knows.

It is strange to think McLaglen was born in a humdrum London suburb, a rectory, to boot. Six feet four in height, he says he's the "runt" of the family, which includes eight enormous brothers and one sister. When Victor was fourteen, the Rev. McLaglen became Colonial Bishop of South Africa. Then the Boer War broke out. The strapping fourteen-year-oldster had little trouble persuading the Recruiting Sergeant that he was old enough to fight. After the War, he worked in the gold mines of the Rand, the diamond mines of Kimberly. Even that was too tame. Footloose, he drifted to America, took up prize fighting and wrestling, won the heavyweight championship of Eastern Canada. In between bouts, he worked as a stevedore. (Remember him not long ago in "The Magnificent Brute," heaving the huge ladle of molten steel into the vast maw of fiery furnaces below him?)

Once McLaglen even turned copper. He looks back upon that experience with reasonable pride, for he was no ordinary harness bull but Chief of the Railway Police at Owens Sound where he pulled off exploits of real value for the law, including the arrest and imprisonment of a fur-stealing gang.

He finally gave up the ring to join a medicine show, left that to travel with a Wild West outfit. When that pulled, he shipped aboard a tramp steamer bound for Fiji and Australia. He landed in Perth just as the gold rush to the Kal-agoorie field was beginning. It was inevitable that he should join this expedition, but McLaglen was one of the thousands who found more experience than gold. Aboard another tramp steamer to Ceylon and Bombay. Since his boyhood in the rectory, the tales of Rudyard Kipling had aroused in him an ambition to go through the jealously guarded Kyber Pass. It was no journey for a tourist, but McLaglen accomplished it.

During the War he was in Mesopotamia with the Irish Fusiliers, was decorated for bravery in action against the Turks and the Germans. He eventually became Provost Marshall with the rank of Captain.

It was in England that Captain McLaglen first got into pictures. British films in those days were pretty poor affairs, but they were the means of his eventually going to Hollywood. Since "What Price Glory," the Laurence Stallings-Maxwell Anderson war play in which McLaglen could practically make up his own lines he knew them so well, his career has been easy sailing. Today he lives on one of the most enviable estates in California, surrounded by horses and dogs, served by an Arabian valet.

(Continued on page 90)
HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST ENIGMA—

TELEVISION

How will this great unknown entertainment affect our movie going? An authority answers all your questions

BY GILBERT SELDES
Director of Television Programs
Columbia Broadcasting System

WHENEVER people ask me whether television will take the place of the movies, I blush, pant rapidly, stammer, and finally manage to ask them whether they think the automobile will ever take the place of the horse. To which they reply (if they bother to reply at all, and some of them do not) that the motor car has already taken the place of the horse, which is exactly what I want them to say. Because, if you examine that statement carefully, it turns out to be one of the silliest on record. For certain common purposes, the car has displaced the horse; but even that was a long and tedious process. There were as many horses between the shifts in 1912 as there were before Ford ever tinkered or Selden took out a patent. What’s more: if the motor car had merely taken the place of the horse, it would be comparatively unimportant today. Actually, millions of people own cars who never owned—because they couldn’t afford to own—horses.

Later, people said that the movies never would take the place of the horse—I mean, of the theater. And there, too, the facts are illuminating. To be sure there used to be eighty legitimate theaters in New York City and now there are less; there used to be shows with living actors in hundreds of small towns, and now there are not, unless the Federal Theater comes around. But, again, if the movies had merely taken the place of some other form of entertainment, they wouldn’t be important, Hollywood would lack dazzle, and you would not be reading a magazine devoted to the pictures. The movies are important, not for what they displaced, but for the new things they did; for the new art they created; above all, for the new millions to whom they brought entertainment—millions who didn’t know the theater at all.

The above ought to make clear my slant in this matter. Actually, I refuse to make short-range prophecies; for long-range, anything is possible in fifty or a hundred years. We have speeded up invention so much in the past two generations that in a century all our present forms of entertainment may be outmoded and forgotten.

We have also speeded up economic confusion and military preparation so much in the past ten years that within fifty years the world may not have time or capacity for entertainment—by which I mean that too many of us may be dead. Anything is possible in a world so inventive, imaginative, enterprising, and stupid as ours.

But, for the immediate future, I do not think that television is going to take the place of the movies (or of the radio) and I have no concern in seeing that it does. Quite the contrary, I hope to enjoy all three. If I saw no future for television except as a replacer, I would have little interest in it. Like radio and the movies, television will have to create something of its own if it wants to become interesting and sig-

(Continued on page 94)
THE Camera SPEAKS

Male title holder of Hollywood, dy, boasting the largest fan mail best baritone voice extant, is the moment for fifty million fans—and MacDonald—in M-G-M's "Sweethearts" Willinger

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST
EASY ON TH
Her name spells glamour in letters a mile high—Sonja Henie, 20th Century-Fox's orchid of the ice. Endowed with the beauty and poise of a ballerina, legs that were insured for $100,000 by Lloyds of London and a pair of silver skates, she flashed across the Hollywood panorama two years ago and proceeded to establish herself as firmly upon American celluloid as she had upon the ice rinks of the world. A brown-eyed little person with a Norwegian heritage, she is, primarily, the competent sportswoman who smashed all box-office records early this year in a now famous cross-country skating tour; secondarily, she is the dimpled movie actress, official siren of "My Lucky Star"
Hollywood Dress Parade

—and the sights at the "Marie Antoinette" opening put Mrs. Astor's horse right in the shade

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HYMAN FINK

Three orchids—plus Gable—are more than any gal deserves. Carole takes it all blithely in stride.

Curls brushed into the clouds and an unbelievably long tulle hankie that dangles and dangles for Joan Bennett. Black-and-white contrast by Walter Wanger.

Frilly femininity—with a dazzling dash of ermine: Miriam Hopkin.

The co-stars of "Marie Antoinette"—Norma Shearer and Ty Power. Norma bought up all the gold sequin coats to avoid duplicates.

The last public appearance of the Tones before their separation, Joan speeding up the fashion pace with a bright eye-catching moiré girdle on her crepe dress.

The "silver fox for evening" contingent was led by Irene Dunne, be-orchided. Husband Dr. Griffin wore bachelor buttons.
...THEN, to the Choc!

The Queen's Comte Axel (Ty Power) divides his grin between Annabella and Evelyn Abbott.

Norma with the Raymonds. For the after-premiere party, the star did a quick-change act.

Score ten for Maggie Sullivan's intriguing white outfit; score five for Leland Hayward's profile.

A foursome that hobs and nobs with the greatest of ease: the Robert Youngs and the Allan Jones.

English style with a French accent—Pat Paterson in white banded with sequins, and Charles Boyer...
Past masters in the art of romance, Fredric March and Virginia Bruce swing nicely into step in Hal Roach's "There Goes My Heart."

Two small-town Middle Westerners, they both romanced on Broadway before they made their star marks in Hollywood. Teamed together now for the first time, they give a stepped-up version of the poor boy-rich girl theme by co-starring capably, holding hands competently.
Paradox in Hollywood is Bob Montgomery, matinee idol who, as Guild President, can talk turkey like any hard-boiled businessman. Male attraction of M-G-M's "Three Loves Has Nancy," he boasts a technique that registers equally as well on the polo field as in the projection room, is envied by fan and film folk alike for his professional skill, his grin and his supreme mastery of the art of living.
A fashion history of the greatest thorn in the male side—women's hats, with headnotes on the heights and depths that have marked these past three dashing decades.
1932-1938: Betty Furness, Anita Louise, Joan Crawford and Sigrid Gurie

Thus the styles—and the crowns—rose and sank: from Betty's knit-witticism, to the box for pills, worn by Anita, to Joan's cartwheel. Last, but not least, Sigrid exhibits the latest feminine fantasy—or folly—today's Toy Hat.
East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet—that is, until Sam Goldwyn takes a hand. Which he does, in his forthcoming "The Lady and the Cowboy." His first step was to cast, as his cowboy, Gary Cooper, who, as an emigre from Montana, first stole the Hollywood show twelve years ago by gunning his way through Western melodramas. He then induced that nice likeable English girl, Merle Oberon, to trek her way from London to the West, where she is now carrying on as a most capable "lady." From then on, matters were simple. Goldwyn aimed his cameras—the cowboy meets the Eastern debutante on a Texas cattle ranch; thinks she's a servant; marries her. Even after discovering her real identity, he-man Cooper is equal to his rôle—and the East meets the West to form a new pattern of romance, and, incidentally, a new marquee team in the bigger and better Goldwyn fashion
THE LADY
FRANCES
— as a royal lady-in-waiting in Paramount's "If I Were King." A bright chattering youngster, she talked her way into the film profession eight years ago; took care of her personal life by exchanging the Scotch "Dee" for the equally Scotch "McCrea." Poised mother of two, she is apt to twinkle at the slightest provocation; still remembers fondly her choice childhood talent—she could climb telephone poles higher, stay longer and shout louder than any boy on the block.
CAROLE

—has a new hairdress. Lombard, the witty, the winsome, the wise, rolls up her curls, swirls them into a white silk hair net, and is ready to take her stand in Selznick's "Made for Each Other"
1. A boaster and her better half

2. His name's on page 3; what hers really is is a moot question

3. Fox's "Jewel"

4. She's "America's Ideal Girl"

5. He's June Collyer's husband

6. Cal York's talking about them

7. She's always on her toes; he's
Glad to see Your Back

Nineteen good actors gone wrong—they've committed the cardinal sin of turning their backs on the audience. In case you can't identify them, their names are on page 73

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

12. "Cute as a button," the President said

13. If you're not careful, he might gang up on you
Not a picture of fun-loving oldsters, but a crack disguise trumped up by those gay Young Marrieds, the Gene Raymonds. For a "Fifty Years Hence" fete, they donned a few wigs and wrinkles, kept their own smiles, became Gene and Jeanette in 1988—and the hit of the party
GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

On the highways, into the byways goes our favorite Peeping Tom to bring you this intimate glimpse of Glamour Town

The End of the Eddy-MacDonald Myth

At last (and it's about time), we lay before our readers the whole truth concerning the highly publicized feud between that popular screen team, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. We found it out by a little private investigation on the "Sweethearts" set, where Director Woody Van Dyke was in charge.

"It's a damned shame," he told us bluntly, "the way those two kids are maligned."

"Well, how do all the rumors get around?" we asked him.

He motioned us over to a chair close to the camera. "Sit here a minute," he said, "and watch."

We hadn't long to wait. Jeanette called time out to rearrange her hair just before a take and, like a lass, Nelson was at her. "Temperamental prima donna," he cried, "always fussing with their hair and their faces."

"Oh, go away," Jeanette said. "I wouldn't have to wear this shawl around my shoulders if you hadn't breathed cold germs on me."


The next instant they were engaged in another make-believe battle.

"You see," Director Van Dyke said, "it goes on like that all day. They rag each other from nine in the morning till five at night. Casual visitors on the set who don't seem to understand

that only the finest and deepest friendship would permit such continual joshings take all this kidding seriously and go about spreading the gossip.

"Believe me, there are no finer friends in all Hollywood, and I know, than Nelson and Jeanette."

—And Lombard Flopped

CAROLE LOMBARD as a publicity agent! How does it strike you? The Hollywood press seemed to enjoy the idea immensely. When Carole actually took her place behind a desk in Selznick's studio, reporters gathered in droves to watch the blonde star at work.

A fire siren summoned Miss Lombard's secretary to her office. What sounded like a steam calliope called in staff members for conferences. In fact, as a publicity stunt it went off swell until a seasoned reporter bustled in and asked, "Isn't Carole Lombard going to make a picture here soon?"

Carole giggled. "Yes, that's right." "Okay," snapped the reporter, "I want some dope for straight wire service tonight. When is Miss Lombard going to marry Clark Gable?"

The long and the short of it—Jimmy Stewart and Helen Hayes were the cutest couple caught dancing together at the Troc. Helen, stage actress supreme, has just turned down a fabulous sum for film-making

The smile died on Carole's face. Turning to a staff member she asked in a thin little voice, "Now what do I do?"

She solved the problem by buzzing both the fire alarm and calliope at once.

The reporter fled.

Incidentally, the picture in question is Selznick's "Made for Each Other," and in it Carole will be switched from comedy into a drama of modern marriage. Teamed with her is the box-office man of the moment—Jimmy Stewart.
Here's a rare "who's-going-with-whom" picture—Nelson Eddy Café Lamaze-ing with his off-screen gal, Ann Franklin.

We talk to Lunnon town:

WITH Robert Morley's playing of King Louis XVI in "Marie Antoinette" the talk of the town, imagine old Cal's amazement when M-G-M studios rang our bell and said:

"How would you like to interview Morley in London by way of telephone? We've chosen you among the Hollywood press for the honor."

Picture our jitterbug nerves as we sat in a studio office one midnight later waiting for that call to be completed.

And then it happened. "Hallo, this is Robert Morley," came the voice of that unforgettable King Louis. "It's a fine morning in London and I'm all excited about this call. Been up since dawn waiting for it."

"How did you like working over here?" we asked first. "Were you lonely or unhappy?"

"I've never been happier," came the reply. "The kindness of everyone in Hollywood has impressed me deeply. I didn't dream Hollywood could be so kind."

And then, question by question, we unfolded the story of this newcomer to the screen.

In his native England, Robert Morley had been a hard-working, sincere actor who had toured the provinces for eight years before landing on the London stage. A competent thespian, he was unknown outside his country. Then to England came the great American producer, Hunt Stromberg, to try to persuade Charles Laughton to play the part of King Louis XVI. Laughton refused, and, in despair, Stromberg decided to go to the theater and forget his disappointment. There, on the stage in "The Great Romance," he spied Morley.

"But I've never faced a movie camera in my life," Morley protested. "Suppose I should go over and fail!"

Eventually Stromberg persuaded the actor, and Morley traveled 6,000 miles to take the chance that made him one of Hollywood's most talked-about stars.

"And what are you doing in London now?" we asked.

"I'm rehearsing a London company in a play I've written, called "Goodness How Sad." I shall be in New York to appear in "The Life of Oscar Wilde" on the stage there. Then I hope to go to Hollywood again."

Hollywood, we may add, is just as enthusiastic over the actor as Morley is over Hollywood. They see in him the opportunity to fill the roles that have been waiting so long for Charles Laughton, who refuses to leave England.

Someone had told us of Morley's kind understanding of American star worship. When Morley first arrived on the "Marie Antoinette" lot, no portable dressing room could be found for him, since there were so many important actors in the film.

But Director Van Dyke himself scouted the lot and at last found a very old room that had once belonged to Marie Dressler. "We'll have it cleaned and redecorated, of course," Van Dyke said.

"Oh, no. Leave it as it is," Morley protested. "It would be a shame to disturb it." And so, with Marie's old but beloved rocking chair midway between dresser and court, Morley used the room as it was for many long weeks.

It didn't take long during our interview to discover the rapturibko, quick mind behind the slow, hesitant speech of the King. He has written stories as well as plays and is behind England's movement to establish the Little Theaters.

With many thanks on both sides, Hollywood said it wouldn't last, but, to explode that theory, all you need is one look at the grinning gaiety of Manuel del Campo and Mary Astor, having fun together at a Bowl concert.
A Whale of A Role

AFTER a strenuous trip across the continent in their own private boxcar, Bambi and his girl friend, Saline, are resting in their palatial quarters at the Walt Disney Studios, enjoying the feel of their soft grass yard between feedings from their oversize nursing bottles.

Meanwhile, the entire lot dances in admiring attendance. Studio officials state that Bambi and Saline will be ready for the arduous (?) duties of modeling the characters of the forthcoming Walt Disney feature, "Bambi," in a very short time.

In case you don't know, Bambi and the girl friend are two minute Virginia white-tailed deer sent from Maine to the Disney Studios for the animators to study.

Meantime, the animators of "Pinocchio" are wandering about, mumbling in their mustachios, as it were, on account of they say it ain't fair or just to their "Monstro." Fact is, there's considerable talk of organizing a whaling expedition to bring back a baby whale so their pet can get a break or two, too—"Monstro" being a baby whale who plays a whale of a rôle in the "Pinocchio" opus.

Star-Studded Stable

SHE drove up to the Bel-Air riding academy in a swanky limousine and emerged in the but finest of riding habits.

"I want a good lively horse," she demanded. "I like spirit in a horse."

Five minutes later she was back, limping and rubbing the spot on which she had obviously landed.

"I demand to see the owners here," she cried. "No one but the owners."

Out of the door, for all the world like heroes in a musical comedy scene, popped Allan Jones and Robert Young.

The lady stopped in the middle of a word, her jaw falling open.

"I—what—say—who owns this Riding Academy?" she spluttered.

"We do, Madam," they replied. "Anything wrong?"

The lady broke out in laughter.

"To think I've been in California six months without meeting a star and I finally had to fall on my—I mean—I had to fall off a horse to meet two of them."

Tourists' business increased leaps and bounds for the boys from that moment on.

(Continued on page 36)
HE real Garden of the Moon is the famous Cocosnut Grove. However, the resemblance between that supper room and this picture is slight. Pat O'Brien, wisecracking like fury, is the manager who will stop at nothing to get business, and attractive, new Johnny Payne is the huckster. Aside from removing the glamour from the night club as an institution, this depends little on plot for entertainment value. It's obvious that Johnny's going to get the girl press agent (Margaret Lindsay) and Pat is going to get the business. You are pleasantly regaled by Jerry Colonna; expert comedian Joannie Davis; Curt Bois; Jimmie Fidler, who plays himself; and Garden owners Granville Bates and Ed McWade. Apt dialogue, good romance, swell music.

![GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners](image)

DARNED clever, these Bees—-the happy-go-lucky family consisting of Ma, Elizabeth Patterson, sons Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray and Donald O'Connor. Having spent her money on the boys' musical education, Mrs. Beebe is determined to make them sing for their pot roasts. Fred, the serious one, hates warbling, wants to marry Ellen Drew, can't because Bing is a loafer and has a hysterical propensity to "swap" everything in sight. When he finally trudges a "swap shop" for a race horse, the Bees make their fortune on the nag. Bing's horse and his Del Mar track practically star in the picture. The songs, particularly "I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams" and "Small Fry," are delightful. For sheer unadulterated fun, this takes the blue ribbon.

![SING YOU SINNERS—Paramount](image)

If you read Stefan Zweig's magnificent story of Toinette, the tragic doll of the Triana, you will come away from this superb picture with two outstanding impressions. First, that Norma Shearer really understood the Queen and her gradual evolution from a bored spendthrift to a historical figure. Second, that the French people should have been nicer to the poor woman, if only because she was so lonely and had such an amusing imagination. It is perfectly cast, with new Robert Morley amazingly good as the misunderstood Louis XVI and Gladys George an acceptable du Barry.

Tyrolean Power is the dead spit physically of Fersen, Antoinette's lover, and, although he was inconspicuous in that part, his performance was authentic; after all, the Swedish nobleman was not a brilliant or flashing personality. It is not the story that gives this piece originality, because everyone knows how the Austrian Princess was married for State reasons to the impotent Dauphin and, thus frustrated, worked off her energies madly and extravagantly, how she fell in love with Fersen, who remained loyal when the deluge came. It is, instead, the interpretation of these almost legendary persons as simple human beings that leaves you breathless.

Director W. S. Van Dyke may easily call this his finest job. Technically, it is as civilized and complete a motion picture as has ever been created. John Barrymore, Anita Louise, Joseph Schildkraut and all the rest are excellent. In any case, Norma Shearer has her triumphant comeback.

![MARIE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M](image)

"FOUR things greater than all things are, Women and Horses and Power and War." Although Ripping didn't write this picture (it's from a story by A. E. W. Mason), no film that we can remember has come so close as "Drums" to depicting the fierce, glorious battling atmosphere of the Indians of Great Britain on her march to Empire, for which the poet is famous. All the native Indian scenes were photographed in the heavily guarded tribal territory of the Khyber Pass on the northwest frontier. Knowing the Moslems are being egged on to a holy war, Capt. Carrylhere is sent up from Peshawar to make a treaty with the Khan. He takes his bride, daughter of the Governor, with him. Before the treaty plans are completed Prince Obol has the old Khan murdered; the Khan's son (Sabu of "Elephant Boy" fame) barely escapes. The assassin then invites the English garrison to a dinner at which he intends to slaughter the whole troop. Sabu, in the meantime, having made friends with a little Scotch drummer boy, manages to drum out a signal which is heard too late for the Gordon Highlanders to escape without terrific slaughter. Built up to an amazing tension, this banquet scene has been magnificently directed by Zoltan Korda. In fact, the atmosphere throughout is highly realistic due in no small part to Technicolor. India's dusky blues, browns and reds are ideal for this medium.

"Valley of the Moon" gives the honors to Robert Young, Sabu, Valerie Hobson, Desmond Tester and numerous others are each completely satisfying.

![DRUMS—Korda-United Artists](image)

If all breaks down to a stampede. When any studio can photograph the removal of a herd of cattle across country and out of it discover such a wealth of action as well as such spectacle, credit must be distributed lavishly.

Here is history, romance, a tale of course; it is beautifully filmed and produced in the grand manner. Of course, the plot is disjointed and overshadowed, but you can't have everything.

The entire story centers around a family in Texas during the Reconstruction Period that followed the Civil War. May Robson, owner of vast lands and ten thousand head of cattle, finds the new taxes and the carpeting politics of newcomers are leading her to ruin. So up she gets, and, with a determined cry, decides to move the herd 1,500 miles through Indian country to Kansas, where she can sell it at the railroad. To this end, Randy Scott is brought in, and in true big-time fashion, leads the exodus, finding time between fighting and other heroics to make courteous passes at Joan Bennett, May's granddaughter. Robert Barrat and a troop of Yankees make a chase out of the whole affair, but you can guess the outcome.

Miss Robson has the juiciest rôle and steals the picture, but Walter Brennan does a wonderful job, too. The historical background and the hazards attending the trek in the form of blizzards, stampedes and dust storms cannot fail to hold your interest throughout despite the somewhat lukewarm romance.

![THE TEXANS—Paramount](image)
EAGELY awaited because the stage version was such a knockout, this cinema plug for— and satire on—Hollywood is true to the original, and fine comic entertainment. It marks the return of Jimmy (Bad Boy) Cagney, this time as a screwball film writer; his companion scribbler is Pat O'Brien. Stuck on a story for a Western star, Dick Foran, the two guys find the answer in Marie Wilson, a dumb waitress. He's going to have a baby, and they decide to create a baby star with her offspring. Bruce Lester plays Marie's romantic interest; Ralph Bellamy, the affected producer; Frank McHugh, the typical Hollywood agent. No matter what the boys do, it's funny. Cagney is better than ever, Marie Wilson's excellent in her biggest role to date.

HERE again, Hollywood points an amused finger at itself. This time with Friend Oukie, lighter in physical weight but just as heavy on the humor, playing a press agent. Those who know the real Praise Persons of the movie city, hard-lean-faced men, spary of the spoken word and hither of wit, must find Jackie's interpretation a little soggy. The story has pace, though, and good comedy: it's the crazy tale of Oukie's efforts to bring back a sleeping screen star, Lucille Ball, by any kind of publicity. He gets her in jail, makes her pose as a housemaid, gets her into other fantastic situations. Fritz Feld and Bradbury Page, with Ruth Donnelly, contribute interesting background and Lucille herself uses her good role for everything it's got. In any case, you'll laugh.

HEREIN three stars are born—notably John Garfield whose characterization is one of the high spots of the year; a new Priscilla Lane who emerges as another Ginger Rogers; and Jeffrey Lynn, emphatically a "discovery." Based on Elinor Wears' novel, the story of the four Lumps girls (Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane and Gale Page) and their search for romance consistently touches the heart, occasionally lets you laugh and always entertains you. Tragedy comes to the Lumps when Priscilla sacrifices her love for her sister and marries the dour pianist, John Garfield, instead of the composer, Jeffrey Lynn. The end is happy, even if tragic circumstances lead to it. Michael Curtiz' direction is superb throughout. Recommended for all!

YES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Marie Antoinette—Drums
Four's a Crowd—Boy Meets Girl
The Crowd Roars—Letter of Introduction
Sing You Sinners—The Texans
Love Finds Andy Hardy—Give Me a Sailor
Four Daughters

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette"
Robert Morley in "Marie Antoinette"
Errol Flynn in "Four's a Crowd"
James Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl"
Marie Wilson in "Boy Meets Girl"
Robert Taylor in "The Crowd Roars"
Frank Morgan in "The Crowd Roars"
Edward Arnold in "The Crowd Roars"
Adolphe Menjou in "Letter of Introduction"
Andrea Leeds in "Letter of Introduction"
Edgar Bergen in "Letter of Introduction"
Charlie McCarthy in "Letter of Introduction"
Mickey Rooney in "Love Finds Andy Hardy"
May Robson in "The Texans"
Donnie Dunagan in "Mother Carey's Chickens"

THOSE of you who have always thought of Errol Flynn as a nice-looking romantic, without too intellectual a grip on comedy, will be pleasantly shocked at his performance in this. It has a Cary Grant quality. Frankly, the picture itself is most confusing, if you regard it as a whole, but its individual sequences are splendid gems and every character is cast perfectly.

The story starts off with Rosalind Russell as news-paper woman No. 1 of Pat Knowles' New York sensation sheet. The paper's fulling, and they want to get back Flynn (who turned Public Relations counsel when Knowles fired him). Flynn plays a tireless, fast-thinking young businessman whose work is to whitewash the reputations of millionaires who have made their piles by despoothing widows and orphans. Fourth in the crowd is Olivia de Havilland, giggle daughter of Wall Streetner Walter Connolly. The confusion is not concerned with Flynn's business, that is direct and highly interesting. He finds Connolly a hard nut to crack, takes back his job on the paper, campaigns to make the old man the Most Hated Millionaire in America, and then uses his victim's hobby—miniature railroad ing—to cheat him out of a contract.

What will floor you is trying to find out who loves whom. I think it's Errol-Rosalind and Olivia-Patric in the end, but no quoting, please. Anyway, everybody has a wonderful time.

LET there be no more talk concerning dull movies resulting in empty theater seats, at least so far as "Letter of Introduction" is concerned. Universal has created the apparent solution to the current problem in this beautifully blended gem of comedy, drama, and pathos; it has every essential, including Charlie McCarthy. To Director John M. Stahl goes a major portion of credit. His handling of every situation, whether it be out-and-out McCarthy fun or the tragic scenes of a man's attempts to override his weaknesses, is well nigh perfect. The performers themselves are excellent—each shrewdly cast and each in fine fettle.

Andrea Leeds, a young girl with high hopes of becoming a great actress, comes to New York with a letter of introduction to John Manning (Adolphe Menjou), screen and stage idol. When the apartment house in which she lives burns down, Andrea rescues the letter and seeks refuge with Rita Johnson and her dancing partner, George Murphy. George and Andrea fall in love at first sight. When Andrea presents her letter to Menjou, it is revealed—surprise, kiddies—that she is the actor's daughter; and, in his joy at finding her, he promises to bring her stardom. Tragedy strikes before he can fulfill this promise. Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen are the hits of the show; never has the sophisticated artistry of Bergen been more pronounced.

(Continued on page 97)
On his fascinating set-covering tour, this scout of ours gets a lesson in the three R's as he travels from "Reno," to "Rich," to "Rat"

We knew Hollywood was really back in the groove when we heard Sam Goldwyn was shooting again. He has rounded up the old hands to get "The Lady and the Cowboy" rolling with Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon. That pair of aces alone makes a first set-stop at United Artists practically compulsory, as we start stalking the studios to see what's what.

When we arrive, Merle, so gorgeous in a white frock with wine hat and gloves, stands by the rail of a cutaway movie ship and cooies up to Gary. It's not hard either because Coop is back in the attractive rags that suit him best—cowpoke clothes. He has a ten-gallon hat slung over one ear, high-heeled boots and a silk bandana.

We watch while "Solly the Serpent" almost huffs and puffs Gary and Merle off the flimsy set-deck. "Solly" is the caterpillarlike contraption they invented for the "Hurricane" tempests. Merle and Gary have to take Solly's synthetic sea breezes and, what's more, roll cigarettes in the teeth of the gale. Merle tries—and the "makin's" almost blind us. Gary grabs he can roll it with one hand. Solly sniffs out that boast like a birthday candle. So Director Hank Potter takes a hand. "We'll shoot it that way," he decides "for comedy!"

Which strikes us as a nice solution.

But Coop's pride is wounded. "I can still do it with one hand," he says grimly.

"Show me how," pleads Merle, in an oh-you-big-mans voice. "They sit right down in some canvas chairs, Gary peels off his coat, Merle slips off her hat and gloves, and tobacco flies all over the place. We duck before the inevitable cuss words start to flow.

We make a break next for Universal, where songbird Hope Hampton (remember?) is using "The Road To Reno" as the trail back to a film career.

In "The Road to Reno," Hope's an opera star who hopes to Reno for a quick un hitching, meets rancher Randy Scott, marries the guy, and then tries to make him over into a dude.

What particularly interests us about the scene we see is the fact that it's taken from an actual case on Reno court records, and gives us a bona fide peek at the how-come of the notorious divorce mill.

You have to answer just two important questions to get your walking papers in Reno: "Have you been a resident of this state for six weeks?" and "Is it your intention to make this state your permanent residence?" The answer in both cases is "Yes." But once, a by-the-book lady got mixed up on the second one and said, "Heavens, no—I'm leaving this joint on the 3:30 train!" Which is what actually occurs in most cases—only you don't say so in court. She did, and lost one of the few divorce cases on record!

We watch Hope pull the same classic boner. It's very funny, so we're still chuckling in our beard when we find Deanna Durbin growing up on the set of "That Certain Age," next door.

Deanna shakes our hand and gives us a smile. Only she doesn't give smiles; she shares them. You smile, too. You can't resist, Deanna has a pad and pencil in her hand. Her teacher hovers near by. Between shots she puts the bee on Melvyn Douglas to help her with her homework.

"That Certain Age" is the third stage in the process of Deanna's movie growing up. Here, for the first time, a heartfelt enters the picture. He's writer Melvyn Douglas, and though he doesn't know it, Deanna's heart thumps with a young girl's worship of an older man. Jackie Cooper, the boy friend in this one, doesn't get a break. She tries to act grown-up and glamorous and—well, you can imagine it from there. Songs, of course, classical and otherwise. There'll be a surprise, too. Deanna's voice has grown much fuller since "Mad About Music."
WE'RE awfully glad to see Irene Rich back in Hollywood playing Deanna's mother in this one. Irene's the ideal maternal type for our money, and when Hollywood got stinky with parts, she up and went right into radio and made a big name for herself. She looks young and happy and we ask her the secret. But she brightly cracks the name of a well-known fruit drink she advertises on the air.

Across the sandy Los Angeles river and around the bend of Mount Warner, a shaggy mountain backdrop, we find the Warner Brothers without a single star rebellion or player holdout. We make a beeline for "Brother Rat"—yes, that's the name of it, and if you're at all up on the New York stage you'll know it's a sockaroo hit about what goes on inside the South's prominent military academy, Virginia Military Institute. "Rats" in that place mean just—freshmen. Affectionate little term, what?

The main Brothers Rat are Wayne (the Kid) Morris, Ronald Reagan and Eddie Albert. Priscilla Lane and Jane Bryant take care of the dis-taff side, which is pretty minor as you'd imagine—in a military school. The Lane–Morris line-up presents one of those awkward little contretemps that make-believe and real-life are always poising for Hollywood stars. Wayne and Priscilla were as thick as country cream for months, then—boom!—it was all over. Now they have to make sweet love to each other!

Things are running smoothly today, however, as only Wayne and Ronald Reagan are punching the clock. When we enter the set—a study barracks room—bedecked with swords and guns and battle flags and—oh, yes—a few books, Wayne is distracting Ronald from his trig lesson with an account of his love troubles.

After three or four faulty takes, Reagan cries, "Will somebody please work this trig problem for me? I've been looking at it so long I think about the answer instead of my lines!"

BACK in town, Columbia calls with "I Am The Law," Edward G. Robinson's racket-busting picture patterned quite obviously after the spectacular Dewey house cleaning in Manhattan. Eddie's a college professor who spends his vacation cleaning up the town, and has more fun than the trip to Europe he planned.

This season Eddie tried two careers, heavy drama on the screen, and the same on the air in "The Big Town." He likes them both so much he hates to give them up, but, he shakes his large, round head, "I'm crumbling, crumbling."

We'd do anything to avoid the spectacle of Edward G. Robinson crumbling in little pieces like a layer cake, so we roll down Gower Street to RKO—for lunch, and, what's even more important, for "Gungy Din."

The three principals in this are Doug Fairbanks, Junior, a cockney soldier; Cary Grant, a Scotch trooper; and Victor McLaglen, an Irish Tommy Atkins. The story is pretty much the three musketeers idea, with said three in constant hot water, mixing fun, frolic and heroism with a light dose of love. Cary and Victor work out a minor plot trying to keep Doug from marrying pretty Joan Fontaine.

There's another epic brewing, of a different sort, over at Paramount, where we waste no time heading for Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Bert Lahr and company on the "Zaza" set.

"Zaza" is tuneful and glittery, in what the Continent considered snappy stuff back in 1904—cancan dancers, champagne, wasp waists, parasols, naughty songs. Really the story's a sort of Parisian "Back Street," with Claudette as a vivacious little music-hall entertainer who wins French gentleman Herbert Marshall's heart, but hasn't the heart herself to break up his home—an item the French consider in a world apart from their romances, don't you know.

Today, we spot Claudette, in a chic, bouffant dress with black circles and a perky pink horsehair and flower hat, sitting on a stool in the center of nimble workmen. Her arms look like a jewelry window. She's nervous because she's about to do a song number with Bert Lahr. Singing, Claudette confides, always makes her as jittery as a bride.

Bert is sporting a comic straw hat and loud striped pants that draw a protest from Claudette.

"I know why you're wearing them," she tells him. "So nobody will notice me in the number!"

Bert looks wounded momentarily.

"Never mind," smiles Claudette, "I'll wear a spangle on my nose!"
"Your nose," objects Bert, "just isn't the type. Wait till it grows up—like mine!"

We think Bert has something there.

Twentieth Century-Fox is always busy as a bloom-time beehive—the hilltop lot bustles with movies-in-the-make. A new one for us is "Wooden Anchors," which we catch on the very first day.

Richard Greene really gets his first starring chance in "Wooden Anchors." He plays a spoiled, rich man's son who tries to gold-brick it through the Navy during the World War, but has a lot of foolishness knocked out of him en route.

Richard tells us he hopes to prove in "Wooden Anchors" that he's been thoroughly de-Brit-lished. The process, he further confides, is due largely to his girl friend, Arleen Whelan. She coached him out of his Oxford accent while they stepped out together to see Hollywood's night sights.

Nancy Kelly is the one who draws our eye, though, because Nancy is brand-new to Holly-

wood.

She's the bright-eyed, vivacious girl who made such a hit with Gertrude Lawrence in "Susan and God" on Broadway, and after we talk to her she confesses that she was a child star way back yonder. Made fifty-two pictures, but had to make good on the stage when she grew up to get a Hollywood break!

WATCH Alice Faye in her first heavy dramatic role minus the songs and the streamlined sup-
ports—"By the Dawn's Early Light." It may sound like the theme song for a man-about-
town, but it's really a flag-waving picture glorifying unsung American consuls in scattered countries. This country happens to be Mon-
golia and, true to type, Missy Faye's a night-
club entertainer. But she doesn't sing or dance. Instead Alice and vagabond-newspaperman Warner Baxter get all mixed up with bandits, seek protection in Charles Winninger's Am-
can consulate compound and learn to love be-
tween bullets. Then Warner writes a story about it and Charlie Winninger gets the heroic recognition he deserves for keeping the stars and stripes flying.

Gregory Ratoff ushers us in on the set in style. Gregory informs us in his miraculous English that he's through acting unless they draft him; he's directing this one.

We watch a scene with Alice and Keye Luke. Alice is supposed to adopt a Russian accent to foil the bandits. Keye is supposed to speak English with a Chinese inflection. Gregory tries to tell both of them how to do it. Ever heard of the Tower of Babel? That's the idea. Even Alice and Keye can't keep a straight face.

"Phooey!" says Gregory, finally, "such a business! I'm dying!" He plops in his chair and mops his brow. And Alice and Keye do the scene as they were going to in the first place!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is doubling up with dances on "Sweethearts," when we finally get around to Culver City. On one set Ray Bolger and a hundred chorus girls are rehearsing his big dance number. On another, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy shoot their comedy dance-scene.

We pop in first for a peek at the Bolger set—a giant Dutch mill banked by a mass of blazing paper tulips and some dancing Dutch cuties who have a terrible time keeping the curtain fringe from hooking onto their hats. Through the fields of flowers and pretty mints Ray, who is our man for eccentric dances, comes making mo-
tions, only—because the take is silent, being cued by a loud-speakered "playback." Alber-
tina Rasch, high up in a box overhead, super-
vises the toe-twinkle of her dancing girls.

"Sweethearts" is, of course, based on the Vic-
tor Herbert operetta, with all those lilt-
ning melodies—"The Sweetheart Waltz," "Pretty as a Picture," and "Klop, Klop, Klop." They give Jeanette and Nelson plenty of chance to sing. M-G-M has modernized the story adroitly, though, by taking it out of Holland and showing the operetta as a hit show on Broadway. Nel-
son and Jeanette are the stars who get so sick of hearing their own songs that they run away to—of all places—Hollywood! Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell wrote the new script, and Frank Morgan plays a bally Broadway producer, so there's a ton of fun in it, like the scene we see:

It's Jeanette and Nelson, having an after-
theater celebration. The piano is banging away and Nelson and Jeanette trip a ludicrous light fantastic. They bump heads, sneeze, trip and have all sorts of accidents, to the amuse-
ment of Director Woody Van Dyke, who always seems to be around whenever Nelson and Jeanette make a movie.

"How a big lug like you gets away with dance-
ing is beyond me," Woody tells Nelson.

We notice at once that Jeanette's hair looks funny. So much lighter. "Sweethearts" started out to be in black and white, but after the first week they decided to film it in Technicolor. Jeanette's lovely hair proved to be about two shades too red. So she had to have it lightened. Now it almost matches her pink evening gown.

Workmen, who have been tearing out a wall so the camera can roll back, shout "Okay!" and Van Dyke echoes.

"Bring on the army!" cries Jeanette. She sits patiently in a chair while four people poke, jab and fuss over her. Hairdressers, make-up men, wardrobe pinners. Nelson powderizes her face and fumbles his white tie.

"All right," says Van Dyke, "let's take it. Now, Nelson, give us your real art." There's a sly gleam in Van's eye.

Again they prance, sway, whirl and stumble as the camera turns. Nelson's tail almost trips him, but he struggles on. Van Dyke has his hand to his mouth. "Cut!" he finally yells, then he steps into the scene, one hand behind him.


Nelson blushes; the set whoops. Another picture, another rush of gags. When that trio get together—Nelson, Jeanette and Woody Van Dyke, they work hard and long, fast and furious. But they're never too busy to cook up some fun.
Janet Gaynor sets the pace for tweed tailleur with these two costumes designed by Omar Kiam for her to wear in Selznick-International's "The Young in Heart." Janet's suit, left, features a herringbone tweed of brown and deep ivory. Keer style interest centers in the full-length coat that is collared and paneled with beaver, and in the saddle-stitched rose rust suede front of the short-sleeved tweed jacket that has a concealed zipper closing. (Note Omar Kiam's detailed sketch of the jacket)
Kiam selected an Angora tweed in a shade of deep sand for Janet's second suit. The revers and collar of the single-breasted jacket (which closes to the right, man-fashion) are of sable seal to match the perfectly elegant full-length topcoat—a coat which Kiam tells me is one of only two in existence. If you plan a new fur coat, this would be grand to have copied in Alaska sealskin, beaver or muskrat. The two-gored skirt of the suit is joined to a matching blouse to fashion a one-piece dress. (The detail of the bottle-green inset stripes can be clearly seen in Kiam's sketch of the blouse.)
For fall Howard Greer sponsors a flared skirt in this surplice, collarless, draped-open sleeved black woolen coat designed for Ginger Rogers to wear in RKO's "Carefree," in which she costars with Fred Astaire. Greer belts and bands the sleeves with patent leather and uses the gold choker collar of the frock beneath to ornament the neckline. His sketch (above) pictures the sheer black woolen frock which has a circle skirt, high front waistline (the back drops to a low point) and zipper closing. The narrow appliqued stripings are of gilded kidskin Bette Davis (opposite page) wears a fur and fabric model from her personal wardrobe. The front panel and Pan collar are Russian caracul—the rest of black woolen. A belted, self-felted back contrasts the slim front. Bette's chic black tricorn is of felt. The frock (sketched below) was designed by Orry Kelly, famous stage designer. Identical back and front, outstanding for its fabric—black jersey—awkward-length sleeves, waistline, moulded hip, hemline flare, unique collar and cuffs, quilted to resemble those of a turtleneck sweater. Orry Kelly also designed Bette's clothes in Warners' "The Stunt.
A little sweater of bugle beads that closes casually on the left shoulder distinguishes this all-white dinner gown from the personal wardrobe of Norma Shearer, currently appearing in M-G-M's "Marie Antoinette." The crepe skirt, which is moulded over the hips, falls into hemline fullness with a slight suggestion of a train.

Norma's two-piece woolen suit created by Irene stresses the importance of black and white to fall. The back of the jacket, in contrast to the front with its dramatic yoke which closes with a carved ivory maple leaf, is black—the white sleeves disappear into an armhole line. (Notice the deep setting of the sleeves.) The jacket is hip-length fitted and beltless, with a zipper closing. The stitched woolen turban is crownless. Norma will wear stunning Adrian-designed modern gowns in her next starring production for M-G-M, "Idiot's Delight."
Smart "budget" dresses for office or college wear are no easy task to find, so Photoplay brings you the cream of the crop—and all priced under $10. Lucille Ball, playing in RKO's "Room Service," models them. The bolero frock of Cynara crepe, a Duplex fabric of Eastman Acetate Yarn, with its flap pockets (top), is outstanding because it is styled so that the white piqué blouse zips off the gored skirt for laundering purposes. The contrast leather belt matches the buttons on the blouse. Sizes 12 to 20—in navy, black and Allspice (a new rust shade). Center, Lucille wears a shirtwaist frock with a box-pleated skirt. The little "push-up" sleeves are fashion's newest whim—they have cuffs of white piqué to match the collar. Sizes 12 to 20—in navy, black, brown and Allspice Cynara crepe. This two-piece frock (right) has gay collar and cuffs of candy-striped piqué. Notice the scalloped blouse hemline and the skirt that is gored to a flattering fullness. Sizes 12 to 20—in navy, brown or black Cynara crepe.
WHERE TO BUY THEM

he smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York
A brand-new color harmony distinguishes this tailored costume worn by Eleanor Powell, now appearing in M-G-M's "Honolulu." Brown and beige are featured in the single-breasted jacket of Hound's Tooth Check—grey in skirt (which is high-waisted with top belt), and in the oxfords; London tan in the sheer woollen blouse, shoulder-strap bag, hand-sewn gloves and back brim of the beige felt hat. Eleanor's brown-beige-grey-London tan color quartette is one of the smartest seen in Hollywood this season.
WHEN the scene was over, Gladys George turned to the little, impudent, yellow-headed guy who had stolen...

With a quizzical frown she said, "You're starting that a little early in life, aren't you?"

Mickey Rooney grinned as politely as he could. If he had followed his natural inclinations and stuck strictly to facts he might have answered like this: "Shake yourself loose there, 'oots. Whaddaya mean, starting early? This old stuff for me. After five hundred pictures, insinu' scenes comes natural. Now less gab in the set and let's get this in the can. I'm a busy man."

From a brief spot as a midget with Colleen Moore in "Orchids and Ermine" to star billing in "Love Finds Andy Hardy" span Mickey Rooney's amazing Hollywood career. He was our then; he's seventeen now. He's never stopped making pictures; he's never stopped making money; he's never stopped making everybody with him step lively to keep in the picture. He's never stopped being Mickey Rooney, either, which means he's never stopped being boy, and plenty of it.

He first time I saw the spunky little mug was at a big benefit performance one night in the Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles. Nobody knew much about him then, although he'd already starred in almost three hundred kid comedy movies. On the other hand, everybody was bowing to the talent of a popular boy star. Both were on the bill. The kid star came out first, in his best precious child manner, prancing and smirking. He was delicious—and he was a flop.

Then Mickey, about as big as a cigarette butt and every bit as unpretentious, shot out of the wings. He didn't fool around; he was as direct as a kick in the pants. With the same little croaking, husky voice he has today—it's never changed—he launched into his patter; he sang, he danced, he jawed with the audience—he wowed 'em. He made the kid star look like a cream puff somebody had stepped on.

Mickey Rooney has been doing the same devastating thing to the precocity parade, on the set and off, ever since. Because, in the first place, he's one of the most genuine little artists in Hollywood, because he's a veteran, because he knows the answers, all of them, and because he's no mama's boy trailing apron strings daintily behind him.

He's Mickey (Himself) McGuire, rough and tough and hard to bluff, which isn't so strange when you realize seven years of his childhood were spent bringing Fontaine Fox's tough little neighborhood terror cartoon character to the screen. When most current kiddie screen wonders were building blocks or playing paper dolls, Mickey was swaggering around in oversize but-ton shoes under a massive derby hat, a cigar tilted in his tiny trap, slapping the stuffings out of the rest of the kids in Larry Darmour's kid comedies. In fact, Mickey's name was once officially Mickey McGuire, until the cartoonist Fox objected legally to having his thunder stolen. Then they changed it to Rooney.

His name is really Yule, Joe Yule, Jr.—"Sonny" Yule, as the vaudeville and burlesque folks used to know it.

Mickey's folks were vaudeville people. His mother, Nell Brown, danced; his dad, Joe Yule, was a funny man. He still is, often performing in Los Angeles burlesque shows on Main Street, (Continued on page 76)
surprised? Was he frightened? Or was he, perhaps, acting a part? I had the idea that the man was playing me as a cat plays a mouse.

"Oh—Good Lord!" he exclaimed, and then after a moment added, "Where is this... or... ah corpse?"

"Upstairs," I said, "in a room which opens off behind the staircase."

"And what were you doing up there?" he asked, sharply.

"I heard something," I said. "A funny sound, and I climbed the stairs to see what it was and found..."

I stopped abruptly. Should I tell him what I'd found or should I tell that only to Mr. Foley—or, on the other hand, should I ever tell anyone? Bruce Eaton certainly didn't want anyone to know he'd been in the house, and it didn't take a great deal of imagination for me to understand why. Bruce Eaton was box-office in a big way. Not only was he my particular heartthrob, but I had some forty million feminine rivals.

"Go ahead," he said, interrupting my thoughts.

"You found what?"

"Found this dead man," I finished inanely.

"How did you know that he is dead?"

"By looking at him."

"Did you go into the room to see?"

"No."

"You didn't touch him?"

"No."

"You didn't... er... pick up anything?"

"Pick up anything," I said, forgetting for the moment about that peculiar key. "Why, why should I pick up anything? What are you talking about, Mr. Padgham?"

"Just a matter of precaution," he said quickly.

"You understand the police are very strict about anyone touching things in a room where a man has been murdered."

"Murdered!" I exclaimed.

"Why yes," he said. "Didn't you say he was murdered?"

And I think that was the first time I realized the man actually had been murdered.

"No," I told him, "I thought he'd had a stroke or something while he was sitting there... Great heavens, you don't suppose..."

"Suppose what?" he asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Look here, Miss Bell," he told me, dropping his friendly manner for the moment, and with his voice holding an ominous note, "if you're holding anything back, it's going to be... well, serious."

"I'm not holding anything back," I told him—"that is, anything that I feel I should tell you."

THIS time there was no mistaking his tone. His voice was as cruel as the lash of a whip. "It isn't for you to decide what you're to tell me and what not," he said. "Tell me everything."

"Well," I said, thinking fast and talking fast. "I came here with that agreement in my brief case. I was a little early, but I expected either to find you and Mr. Foley here, or at least to find someone at home."

"There was no one in?" he asked.

"No one answered the bell."

"How did you get in?"

"I walked in. The door was open."

"Are you accustomed to walking into strange houses?"

"Stop it," I said. "Don't you try to cross-examine me. I'm accountable to Mr. Foley. I came here at his request, not yours."

The anger in my voice stopped him. He was silent for a second or two, then said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Bell. I was only trying to protect you."

"Protect me from what?" I asked.

"From the police."

"I don't want to be protected from the police. The police are my friends."

"The police," he said, "must never know that you were here."


"I am speaking on behalf of Mr. Foley."

"I think Mr. Foley is quite able to do his own speaking."

He hesitated as though thinking out a new plan of attack. His voice became solicitous—too solicitous, I thought. "My dear Miss Bell," he said, "I didn't realize what a terrifying experience you've been through. Certainly to a young woman who is unaccustomed to scenes of violence this is a great shock, a very great... or... an emotional shock. I want you to go out and wait in my car. I assure you you'll be quite safe there. Nothing will happen, and I'll go up and investigate. I think you're quite right. If you are to receive any instructions, they should come from Mr. Foley."

"But you can't investigate," I told him. "The lights are off."

"I know the house," he said. "I'll grope my way."

"Well, I'm not going with you," I told him.

"I don't want you to. I want to go out and sit in the car. I'll see what I can find." And he slipped quietly down the dark corridor.

I started toward the automobile which was parked at the curb, then remembered my brief case. I ran back and retrieved it after some fumbling around, returned to the automobile, opened the door, climbed in, and sat there thinking what a strange combination Frank G. Padgham was. I would never have expected him to develop the moral courage to go into that dark house to investigate.

There was a drugstore down at the corner. I could see light shining through the windows. It occurred to me they'd have a telephone, and something which had been merely a vague half-thought in the back of my mind crystallized into sudden determination.

I looked up at the dark house. The lights were still apparently off—judging by the diamond-shaped window in the hallway. I knew from experience that the curtain and hangings over the other windows were so heavy it would be impossible to tell whether there were lights on in the other rooms.

I opened the door and slipped out to the side walk. There seemed to be no one in sight. I started walking rapidly toward the drugstore.

I HAD been in Hollywood long enough and had read newspapers enough to know what a precious thing a star's reputation is. Let him get in what is known as "a jam" and unfavourable publicity can ruin him, and I knew the studies were keenly alive to the situation. Once they have a contract with a star, they build him up. He represents the investment of a lot of money in actual expense, and a lot more in potential profits. I felt that Bruce Eaton should have an opportunity to defend himself.

I entered the drugstore, gave one of my best smiles to the clerk, and walked across to the telephone booth.

I looked for Bruce Eaton in the directory. He wasn't listed. It occurred to me then that he wouldn't be. I called Information and pleaded with her to give me Bruce Eaton's unlisted number. I told her it was a matter of life and death, something that was very, very important to Mr. Eaton, and my emotional storm was wasted against a wall of official reserve. I couldn't even make her get the smile out of her voice.

And then I remembered reading an article in a motion-picture magazine about Bruce Eaton only a few days ago. That article had mentioned the name of the agency which repr-
 glad to see your back
Here are the answers to the picture spread found on pages 50 and 51.

1. Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson
2. Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Pauline Lord
3. Tyrone Power
4. Aline Whelan
5. Fritz Brothers
6. Don Ameche
7. Stuart Erwin
8. Betty Grable
9. Tyrone Power and Annabella
10. Eleanor Powell and Sterling Holloway
11. Franchot Tone
12. Janet Gaynor
13. Edward G. Robinson

bile and went up to that room.

"That's right," I exclaimed. "Missie the way he said it just as well as you can."

"But," I protested, "I couldn't mimic Mr. Padgham."

"And in that particular. What I mean is tell me how he did it. Was the accent on the 'Oh' or on the 'Lord,' or did he roll the 'r's in 'Lord'? Did...

"He rolled the 'r's in 'Lord,'" I said.

"I remember distinctly. He said "Oh— Good Lord—""

"And how about the 'Oh'? Was it accented?"

"No, he soft-pedaled that and came heavy on the last word."

THERE were several seconds of silence which seemed to there thinking. At length, I gained the temerity to ask, "Does that signify anything, Mr. Foley?"

He said thoughtfully, "I think it does," and then turning, smiled at me and said, "But, as yet, I don't know just what."

"Do you want to go to the house?" I asked.

"No," he said, shortly. "It's too late now." He swung his car in the middle of the block, and turned back toward the drugstore.

"Did you," he asked, "notice whether there was a public telephone booth nearby?"

I knitted my forehead into a frown as though trying to recall and said, "Yes, there's a public telephone booth there."

It was a species of white lie, but I hoped it would be justified under the circumstances. I knew that in order to protect Bruce Eaton I was going to have to tell plenty of white lies, and I might just as well have started it. I was to be deceived if he'd call me... of course, it was too improbable to even consider, and yet...

"Think here," Mr. Foley said, interrupting my thoughts. "Let's get one thing straight. Exactly when did the light go on?

"Right after I'd discovered this dead man there in the room.

"Mr. Foley slid the car to a stop in front of the drugstore, but made no motion to open the door. "Now, tell me once more," he said, "about your conversation with Mr. Padgham. As nearly as you can remember, tell me what he said and what you said."

"Once more I related the conversation, and once more Mr. Foley sat staring straight ahead, his forehead furrowed deeper.

"After several seconds of silence, I said, "Did you want to do something about a telephone?"

"He had been, but still made no move to open the door or to get out."

"Is there," I asked, "anything wrong with the receiver back with Mr. Padgham?"

"Did I say anything to him that I shouldn't have?"

"No," he said, "that isn't what bothers me."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Yes," he said. "Isn't it impertinent of me to be asking Mr. Padgham didn't ask you at any time when the lights had gone out?"

THAT'S right," I exclaimed. "He didn't.

"You can appreciate how significant it is," Mr. Foley said. "The man drives up into a drugstore next to an appoint- ment. He naturally expects to have someone answer his ring in a conven- tional way. He doesn't know that the house is dark, but thinks probably that curtains across the diamond-shaped window in the front door keep him from seeing what's going on inside."

"All of a sudden, the door swings open. A tunnel of darkness looms ahead in silence, and the man had expected to see. A woman tells him about finding a dead man on the upper floor.

"Now one of the first questions a person would naturally ask is, 'Well, what's wrong with the lights?' When they didn't work, Mr. Padgham didn't ask you that question or something like it."

"Absolutely," I said.

GO INTO that drugstore," Mr. Foley said. "He told me that Mr. Padgham had been there, and if you ever find yourself in a position where you have to establish the fact that someone called that, you can't do. It's going to the drugstore and asking the clerk to place the call you'll have an out-take..."

"I see your point," I told him. "Here goes..."

I didn't tell him that I'd already impressed my personality on the clerk, because I didn't want to tell him about that first telephone call I'd made. I jumped to the curb, crossed the sidewalk, and knew as soon as I saw the clerk's face that he thought I'd made a conquest, that I'd trumped up some excuse to come back and get acquainted.

I had one satisfaction about delivering my message. It wiped the smirk off that man's face while he was standing there still dazed from the impact of the news I'd given him, I turned and went back to the car. He was still standing gawking at me with bulging eyes as the screen door slammed behind me and I dashed across the stretch of sidewalk to jump into Mr. Foley's car.

He had it already in gear so that all he needed to do was to let in the clutch pedal. But he needed no worries. The clerk was too dazed to have remembered the license number even if he'd seen it.

"And now what?" I asked.

"Now," he said, "you can deliver the agreement to me, and I'll deliver you to your home, and you'll try your level best to forget about it."

I handed him the brief case. He stopped the car, opened the brief case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes.

I stared incredulously.

The brief case was empty.

Who stole the contract from the brief case? When? Why? What has Bruce Eaton to do with this? Will he answer the government's allegations in the next installment of this thrilling story by Erle Stanley Gardner—November Photoplay.
Hedy Lamarr was Cinderella after she achieved her palace and wealth. But not her happiness.

One night, some years ago, a man of wealth saw her dancing, shy, not of peoples but of nations, sat in a Vienna theater and watched a beautiful woman on the stage.

"I shall marry her," said Fritz Mandl, productions manufacturer, and promptly laid siege to Hedy's heart. Her father, Emil Kiesler, well-to-do banker in Vienna, was finally won over and Hedy became the wife of the fabulously wealthy Mandl.

Furs, jewels, clothes were showered on the Viennese beauty but all else to be allowed to do something creative—clothes, designing, painting, acting, anything to express herself—were denied. A plain, down to earth businesswoman, Mandl had no sympathy with a world of theater or art. "I was his wife," Hedy said, "and I did dictate, traveled where he dictated and did as he wished.

A young banker and his wife were her closest friends and to them Hedy clung through the years. "Oh, please buy her something nice, too," Hedy would urge her husband when he returned with a gift for her.

The day came when Hedy Mandl, denied all opportunity to follow her career, could endure marriage to her older husband no longer. The joy, the freedom of youth were gone. When he left Vienna, Hedy said, "I would be sent to our country home to wait his return. I felt chained. "I could bear it no longer and carefully, day by day, I planned my escape. I knew to ask for my freedom would be fatal. So I watched and waited my chance. It came. My husband suggested we visit Antibes and, with my plan worked out, I agreed. My husband was called away on urgent business and I said to the friends left to watch over me, 'Let's go to St. Wolfgang.' It's much too warm here. I want to go long for Salzburg, and to see again Max Reinhardt, but I knew better than to mention it or I would arouse suspicion. So my friends agreed, and, as Salzburg was only two hours' drive from St. Wolfgang, I was happy. 

"One day I suggested, quite casually, we drive over to Salzburg. I didn't try to contact Reinhardt but waited my chance. Two days later it came. Countess A, who had a candle stick, Max Salzburg, asked me to visit her. My husband won't mind—she is a family friend, I insisted, and, at last, I was there as I had promised."

"The next night we were invited to Reinhardt's dinner. After the other guests had gone, we sat before the log fire and talked. I told him I had to get away, to get back to work."

"My dear," said this great director kindly, "you never will. It's all talk." "But it wasn't. I did get away. I went back to Vienna more determined than ever. Nothing would stop me. The first stage I came to was the one for whom we had done so much. 'Help me,' I begged, 'let me go,' I said. "There was a little money and I will give you a note. I'm going to stage. You take it to you. Look, I pleaded, 'I will give you these jewels for just enough money to get away.'"

"Your husband will find out. He will be very angry at us," the banker said. "He will never know. Never, I promise."

"And at last he was persuaded. 'Let me talk to my wife,' he said and went next day to the stage where in my voice, quick and sharp and sure to see and to call and hands I glimpsed the jewels I had begged my husband to buy for this very purpose. He thought I had them in the bag and then came the answer sharp and clear, "No, don't be a fool. Certainly don't lend her the money."

TODAY, sitting securely in her Hollywood home, Hedy can look back across these last few months to a changed Austria, exactly as though a giant's hand had reached out and upset the world. "I have loaned that money," Hedy said, "it was for me, for my safety and security today. How selfishly we dig our own graves. I would not help her now no matter how she begged."

Having no money of her own, except a small sum saved from household expenses, she packed her luxurious clothes and with her tiny next egg made ready for flight. With anxious eyes her mother watched, knowing in her heart the thing was a failure and counsel meant safety to speak. Wanting to be free who Mandl represented her with, "Why didn't you tell me?" she said, "She never told me."

And then quietly one night during her husband's absence, with the aid of a faithful friend, the last act of the play. They snatched the jewels from my life, from Hedy's home, from Hedy's life."

It was no Yuma element for Claire Trevor and radio producer Clark Andrews. After a deal was struck, all the All Saints' Church in Beverly Hills, they sailed for a Honolulu honeymoon.

who, in the midst of his busy last day, shaved a paper under her nose and said, "Sign.""

It was a contract and Hedy was on her way to America. To Hollywood freedom. To happiness. To hard work and thrilling success.

But it wasn't so easy as it sounds. Hours of English lessons came first. Days of listening in movie theaters listening to English-spoken dialogue, pouring over American records. With the basic knowledge in English she had acquired in school, plus determined hard work, it was no time until the words flowed out.

And then came the camera tests. They tried blonde wigs, tight curls, false hair.

"How do you know it is when you wear an unbecoming hat?" she was asked. "Always, when my look I can't afford it, so wait until I can," she says.

According to what $3,000, practically all the savings of this small handsome actress, went to a friend in London who was in need. Warm and beautifully generous, she demands only good use of friends.

Hollywood is having no end of fun at M-G-M's expense permitting Hedy to begin her career at another studio.

At a dinner party Joan Bennett gave for Walter Wanger, Hedy's place card bore the name Hedy Lamarr and the picture of a Lion in top hat kneeling at Hedy's feet, looking up with a killing, implores expression. It was sketched for her by METRO-GOLDWYN-GLMAYER.

Words intrigue her. "That's how it strikes me," she said during our conversation, and stopped suddenly and began to say "Strikes me," she repeated, "Well, I never said that before. How do you like it. I have a new word—strikes me."

She was as pleased as Punch.

Back in the mind of this woman who always gets what she wants, is an idea she intends to become, one day, a director. "With a cast who want to play the roles more than anything in the world," she said, "isn't that lovely?"

A staunch Catholic, she has already appealed to the Holy Rota for an annulment of her marriage.

Reginald Gardiner, English actor, has been her constant companion in Hollywood. "Algie," as Hedy calls him, has passed by and consoled Reggie, with, "Too bad, old man. You won't be here now."

"And how about marriage to Mr. Gardiner in the future?" we asked.

Oh, no. To one lady. One lady only to whom I am speaking. Algie is my friend who passed by and consoled Reggie with, "Too bad, old man. You won't be here now."

Hedy, who has applied for her first papers, is rapidly becoming a full-fledged American with Continental 'umph.'

PHOTOPLAY

Hedy Wine

(Continued on page 22)
A TIP from JUNE LANG —
Romance for LUCY

MANY A GIRL WHO COULD BE ATTRACTIVE, LUCY, LOSES OUT BECAUSE SHE ISN'T DAINTY.

HERE'S A SURE WAY TO PROTECT DAINTINESS THAT ANY GIRL CAN FOLLOW — A BEAUTY BATH WITH LUX TOILET SOAP.

SMOOTH, FRAGRANT SKIN IS THE CHARM THAT WINS.

YES, MISS LANG, BUT IT'S NOT SO EASY TO BE GLAMOROUS WHEN YOU WORK SO HARD ALL DAY.

THANKS FOR THE TIP! THIS ACTIVE LATHER CERTAINLY LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH — FRAGRANT TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MISS LANG, AND IT'S FUN TO HAVE DATES!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap.
only a few miles from his famous kid in Culver City. Mickey now lives with his mother, who runs a restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard.

Mickey has worked for himself ever since the day he crawled onto the stage, where his folks were entertaining, and sweated. The tank-town audience yearned for a glider, and stuck a French harp in his little paws and Mickey was in show business. He's never looked out of it since.

But a lot of film has spun over the reels since they drafted the swaddling Mickey from Will Morrissey's Beverly Gardens. He's growing like a weed in pictureland. So many thousands of feet of it have registered Mickey's stub-nosed pat in a half a thousand movies that you'd need an adding machine to count it up.

I CAN remember the little sippe stealing a picture called "My Pal the King," right in the face of Tom Mix's two six-shooters. Maybe it discouraged Tommy as much as any of the last pictures he tried. And I could see half-pint Mickey, whisper in hand, strutting around the run-down set of Clyde Beatty's "The Big Cage," bawling lions and tigers roaring helplessly in their cages. And training a lion cub, the same cub, "Tarzan," who later grew up and bit Charles Bickford in the neck, just to get even with the human race.

And then Max Reinhardt and his ravens, calling Mickey Rooney the perfect Pack for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." And Mickey, forthwith, scooting a tolugon down the mountain slopes at Big Pines in the middle of production and cracking his thigh in two. They said it was tough for the kid to give up that great part to little George Breakstone who substituted. But nobody has ever heard of George since, and Mickey is still very much around.

Forty pictures he has made in the last year and a half. Fighting Freddie Bartholomew pretty even in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Devil Is a Sissy," "Captains Courageous" and "Lassie;" so much so, that the turn of nation-wide approval in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." Everywhere drawing the professional praise of directors, other stars, critics. But what had happened to Mickey Rooney personally, I didn't know. He must have grown up by now, I thought. "Good Heavens! He might have even turned into a young gentleman!"

Mickey said, sure, come on out for lunch.

Maybe you, like me, have been under the impression Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was owned by the Schencks, Louis B. Mayer and a few thousand scattered stockholders who accept you. Mickey Rooney owns the joint. He stirs the commendation, all the five feet five inches of him, solid as mahogany, tough as hickory; cocky and strutting. If you have ever watched kid stars mine self-conscious about telling lots hand-hand loving parents or doing relatives you'll realize what a welcome relief in Mickey Rooney.

People passed, front office big shots, directors, stars, grips, props, gaffers, managers. 

"Hi, Butch," greeted Mickey.

"Nutsy, boy!" "Yah, Fred—how'd'ja come out on the third race?"

"A great gang around this lot," confided Mickey.

In the commissary we brushed by Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy, at a table. "Hi, boys," said Mickey. Then to me, "A couple of pretty good actors." Above the clatter of plates and dishes and excited hurm which is a studio boneyard at noon, Mickey Rooney, seventeen, held forth on the really important goings-on of life as he found them. "Women," stated Mickey facetiously, "are the bank. Nuts to 'em."

I thought of Tarkington's tortured "seventeen" and sighed. But, of course, Hollywood's small town.

"Yeah," crooked the Mick, "a loita jones did me wrong—so nuts to 'em. The boys and me decided to give 'em the atmosphere. We play poker and pal around, you know, just the boys. The waitress came up. Mickey slipped her a loving pat. 'I'll have the Salad,' dear, said Mickey, seventeen. "Okay, honey," said the waitress, thirty-five.

"I'm training," offered Mickey, explaining the salad. "It's awful—no fancy foods, no dissipation—ain't even shave."

The training to which he referred was for the Big Game, Sunday. It was a sell-out, he said; he'd been peddling tickets all over the lot for weeks, and training like an acrobat. His team, Mickey Rooney's M-G-M Lions, stacked up against the Sequoia Panthers, another kid outfit. Wayne Morris was to be headLinesman, Gene Autry, field judge and Jackie Coogan, umpire; it was all set to be the battle of the Century. The newspapers got the gate receipts.

M-G-M had forked out six hundred frogskins for uniforms and Clark Gable had promised to show up and lead a cheer or something. Mickey, of course, was the quarterback.

"Then it's true," I ventured, "that Freddie Bartholomew's going to play a blocking back as advertised?"

"Haw, haw," chortled Mickey. "Him? Say, this is a real game. That," he concluded, somewhat facetiously, "is just publicity. He winked. I winked. Mickey has always been unusually active in extra-studio shenanigans. He used to have a pee-ew football team, three or four years ago, that ran out on the field between the Los Angeles professional gridiron games. He had a twelve-piece jazzy band once. He was junior Ping-pong champ of something or other the last time I heard. He used to dodge around the L A Tennis Club cooking up this and that. It was a sight to see him basting balls against six foot Lester Stroever.

"Yeah," said Mickey, and his tone was slightly wistful, "You see, if I didn't do those things, I'd miss the fun of the rest of the kids. I never got to go to public school. I was always making pictures, studying on the lot. I'd never stir things up—or, well, I guess I'd have been pretty lonesome.

He's always got what he wanted though, even if it took some stirring. When Mickey was just a little squirt around eleven he had ambitions for an old doughnut. He thought you should have a lot of pants. Never had a pair of bloomers in my life!"

What nice thing about being a perpetual pee-ew, said Mickey, was that you could get away with murder with the Dames. He made hot love to Frances Drake, though, and all his women were older. "Just the right mix," he said. "I'd believe it. I haven't got any time for kids. Listen, I work."

He figured it out. He averaged a picture a month or more. But, at that, it was a cinch, Mickey said.

"I never study any scripts at home," he scoffed. "I'm a lot of guys do, but that's a lot of spinach."

A studio scenarist passed by our table. Mickey collared him. "Soy," he said. I read one script. I read one the other day and my port looks a little weak. Now here's what I thought—"

They argued it earnestly for five minutes. "The trouble with living, though," said Mickey, returning to me, "is the twine. Too many dams hanging around."

"Desert?" said the waitress. "Well now, dear," replied Mickey, staring boldly across the hall, "if you could bring me that cutie over there with the streamlined gams and that cravat, I'll look for desert, I might talk business." The waitress giggled. She said the cutie was only a chote late, strawberry and vanilla ice cream and the pudding.

"No, dear, crooked Mickey. He rose. "Well," I implored him, "I've gotta go. Think I'll drop some money with the bookies this afternoon. You got the dope on me, haven't you?"

"Sure," I said.

"Swell," approved Mickey. "Just say I'm a regular guy with a regular gang, that's all. Say I can take care of myself all right. And—say that as far as I'm concerned—dames are the bunk!"

"Oh, no," I agreed. "The bunk absolutely."

Mickey shook hands. "Well, so long," he said.

He whirled and shot through the broken field of tablecloths; waitresses dodged nimbly to one side. Two little lily-white perky little girls in the chairs over nervously as Mickey passed. In their eyes were looks of wild terror. They reeled in the chairs, they felt a hot, well-reasoned gleam. Neither the years nor the movies had softened up the one genuine tough little nut in Hollywood. Seventeen or so, she was still Mickey (himself) McGuire, rough and tough and hard to bluff. Mickey Rooney is still Mickey the McCoy. And nobody knows it better than himself.

(Continued from page 71)
If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an Extra Supply against possible future need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an Extra Supply against possible future need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

POND'S COLD CREAM contains this necessary "skin-vitamin." All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin."

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company

Society Beauties Use Pond's

AND POND'S IS THE SAME GRAND CREAM. ITS USE HELPS GIVE SKIN A SOFT GLOW—MAKES MAKE-UP THRILLING!
HEARING vague murmurings and rumblings around Hollywood about surprising things being done by Adrian—about beige monkey fur, pink fox, gloves as a part of sleeves, mixed Caucasian and Oriental influences—I turned my fashion footsteps in the direction of Culver City and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in search of that noted designer and firsthand information about his newest designs.

Surrounded by what seemed to be a miscellaneous jumble, but which, in fact, were highly important sketches, Adrian greeted me with talk of much work, involved as he is now with the wardrobes for Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts," Joan Crawford in "The Shining Hour" and Norma Shearer in the forthcoming "Idiot's Delight"—not to mention the wardrobe for Janet Gaynor, now at work in "Three Loves Has Nancy" and costumes for the principals in the not-so-distant "Wizard Of Oz."

For eight long months Adrian has been designing for the studio's schedule of costume pictures, the most recent being those for "Marie Antoinette," so it is with keen anticipation that the fashion world awaits Adrian's expression as he once again lifts his pencil to modern design. None of us will ever forget Adrian's Letty Lyon flock frock for Joan Crawford which swept the nation overnight, or his pillowbox hat for Garbo which still remains a favorite trend.

Adrian steps forth brilliantly into modernization with vast enthusiasm for amazing new fall color combinations—bright blue and orange; green and gold; navy blue and pink in a pin-stripe suit; blue and green with silver accent; beige and emerald green trimmed with enormous cream-colored buttons; brown and beige velvet highlighted with touches of Kelly green and gold—such were some of the combinations. "Sweethearts" is a Technicolor production; therefore, Adrian's designs for Jeanette MacDonald command a dual interest—that of color as well as of style. In this production Jeanette appears in modern wardrobe for the first time in several years. As there is a fashion show in the story in which Jeanette is the sole mannequin, and as she portrays a sophisticated comedy prima donna as well, the picture offers ample opportunity for fashion predominance.

Adrian points out that in "Sweethearts" all Miss MacDonald's clothes will have a definite quality about them. The star escapes from the vague, fragile illusionness associated with her in the past—her clothes take on an "accented, bold aspect."

For instance, Adrian does a street frock of emerald-green woolen, trims it with antique gold embroidery and then adds his excitement new idea—gloves that are a part of sleeves. Withdrawn from the gloves, the hands appear through a bracelet-length sleeve, and the gloves disappear within the sleeve itself.

A Russian influence leads a mood of glamour to a pair of hostess pajamas for evenings at home. The trousers are citron shade, the three-quarter length flared coat is of smoky-gray metal cloth embroidered in antique gold, turquoise, citron and emerald green.

For a golf sequence, Adrian styles a two-piece costume of fawn-colored woolen with the sleeves and collar of the jerkin fashioned of henna-colored suède. The skirt is box-pleated.

A brown woolen daytime coat is newsworthy because of its raglan sleeves that are hand-embroidered the full length from a small roll collar with light-brown silk braid. A triangular yoke, fitted waist, four skirt panels (that release slight hemline fullness) and an inverted hemline pleat are style notes that give decided interest to the back of the coat. The hat designed for this costume is a brown felt turban, of Cassack origin, with a brown silk jersey drape that flows from the right side under the chin to frame the face, and thence disappears over the left shoulder. It is with this costume that Adrian adds his much-discussed beige monkey fur muff—enormous in size.

An elaborate evening ensemble features that fluttering feminine shade—dusty pink. The coat of moiré (full-length with fitted bodice and flared skirt) has a matching collar of fox. This last extravagantly beautiful touch could be accomplished only in New York, so there the fur was sent, accompanied by samples of the dusty-pink moiré to indicate the dye shade required. The gown worn beneath this coat has a bodice of dusty-pink beading and a matching fan-pleated chiffon skirt that flows from a high waistline.

Next, I turned the spotlight of my curiosity to Adrian's clothes for Norma Shearer in "Idiot's Delight," knowing that her rôle of a pseudo-Russian should be a designer's delight. But here I found Adrian evasive and mysterious. He finally admitted that he wants to keep Miss Shearer's wardrobe for this production a complete surprise, but explained that the clothes would give him a chance for very personal, individual design—an interesting opportunity to employ the unconventional.

The following are the only slight hints I could obtain: "Idiot's Delight" is a feeling of the Caucasian and Oriental mixed, a more barren suggestion to the whole thing. The clothes the gown will have the most unusual treatments imaginable, and will sound a completely new note—heavy clinging jerseys will predominate for evening gowns; heavy crepes, richly embroidered in antique motifs, will see much usage.

Adrian's revelation that all of Joan Crawford's clothes in "The Shining Hour" (with the possible exception of her dance frocks) will be easily adaptable to the average wardrobe is grand news to Crawford fashion fans. Furthermore, Adrian assures us that the fashion importance of Joan's clothes is such that simplicity remains the keynote, and that those of us who are needle-fanciers can easily reproduce the unobtrusively effective detail with which they will be imbued.

For those of you who are "country girls," Adrian points with pride and insistence to the clothes he has designed for Janet Gaynor to wear in "Three Loves Has Nancy"—the proof that the country girl, without expense, but with imagination and some ingenuity, can be as chic and well-groomed as her city sister. Of inexpensive fabrics, of simple design, and styled with great practicability, Janet's clothes point the way in this production, so be sure to include "Three Loves Has Nancy" on your "must" list.

Before my incredulous eyes, Adrian showed those few already completed designs for "The Wizard Of Oz." Here was imagination allowed to run rampant, making real and credible those figures from the movies with which we all know. Adrian feels that the imagery embodied in these costumes may well bring in an era of complete fantasy in dress and that the ideas incorporated will have definite fashion influence in the future.

And so I left Adrian to his own particular, imaginative world in which all designers must live, just as I must now leave you to go into my workroom for next month's Letter—for in Hollywood fashion history is constantly in the making!
Here's True Paris Chic

...says DANIELLE DARRIEUX
star of Universal Feature
"THE RAGE OF PARIS"

Piquant! Refreshing! Utterly French!
Shoes that look like they were born on
the Rue de la Paix... truly unmatch-
able in BEAUTY, FIT, QUALITY and
VALUE at their moderate prices! New
styles arrive daily at your dealer's! See
them now! Write for style booklet and
name of dealer in your city... Dept D-7.
WOHL SHOE COMPANY :: SAINT LOUIS

Of black suede or
Paris wine calf, with
"camisole" lacing.

Scalloped tie
of black suede
with soft toe.

Black suede with alli-
gator, or all-over cop-
er alligator... new
"Dutch Boy" heel.

Black suede or wine, blue
or black calf.

Black or brown alli-
gator or black suede,
with "platform" sole
... "Dutch Boy" heel.

Priced $3 to $4.

GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
lighted her. Maggie Sullivan tripped out on the stage and that evening played the silly, stupid Girl-Scottish-Bath with a vitriolic brutality that not only condemned the Rhinehart character but also satirized every one of her classmates, painting them as she saw them through eyes that held no sympathy and no pity. Not even the audience, composed of teachers and fond parents, could have missed it. She saw them squirm, and thus left Chatham Episcopal Institute forever, revenged.

There were outdoor summer camps for her, then. Something had to be done about her frail health and—Cornelius and Garland both hoped—about her irascibility that came to the camps advertised that besides teaching discipline and healthy wood lore that would enable any young miss to survive being lost in the deepest African jungle, they also built character and showed girls how “to live in harmony with sister Americans.”

Maggie’s sneer for this selling point was decided and audible. My sister Americans,” she said, “my hat!”

But she went. She had no choice. She donned middy and blouses; arose at six to swing in icy lake waters; rode hurtling and dangerously down mountain bridle paths; paddled breathless in chickahawk coves with our Indian names painted on them; lifted her harsh young voice in “Alcho Camp Forever” around the campfire; wove baskets which always had suspiciously sophisticated signs hidden in the pattern; did batiks; burned designs on leather; hiked and rode and slept. She got a sunburn; gained eight pounds, learned an incredible number of stories that are whispered among girls in their teens, and earned at home leaving the camping guardians in a kind of weary stew of relief.

After that there were many camps, for many summers, until she had finished college, which was soon. All of the Sullivan family had gone to Hollina College, wherefore Maggie held out for any other institution; and they compromised on Sweet Briar. Then she went to Sullins, where she enrolled in the first courses that came to her notice. She didn’t really care, because she knew there would be only a few more months before Liberty, before Freedom.

At camp, the summer before, she had met a family from Boston—a family who did different things with “yes” when they spoke, a family who talked vaguely of the stage and of schools for dancing and of a brilliant, wholly new kind of life.

“You love to dance,” they told her simply. “Why don’t you come to Boston and learn it?” It was that uninvolved to them.

One year of college, then, Maggie conceded that. But when it was done—she sat stiffly on the Adam sofa in her mother’s drawing room, rubbed her finger along the delicate patina of old rosewood, tapped a Sèvres vase with one fingernail, looked anywhere but directly at the troubled eyes of Cornelius and Garland.

“It’s the one thing I want to do,” she was saying. “The one thing. I’ve always done as you asked. I’ve always obeyed the essentials. But you must try to understand: I can’t be a polite sub-deb who paints wished sunsets into water color and keeps her eye peeled for a husband. And I’m sorry, but I’m going to Boston.”

“Fantastic,” said Cornelius. “I forbid it.”

Garland sighed, looked unhappily from determined daughter to stern husband. “My dear,” she said to him at last, “we must let her go. I—perhaps I understood what she wanted. Let her try, anyway. She can always remember it afterwards, then.” Her expression, at that moment, told the assorted observer Maggie somewhat about her mother she had never even guessed before.

The girl went over and touched Garland’s flushed cheek lightly with her fingers. “Thanks, Mother,” she said. So she went to Boston. Cornelius, still unimpressed, granted her a small allowance which annoyed her so much that she decided not to use any more of it than she could help. She caused and she took her first job, selling books in a cooperative store at Harvard. It was on a commission basis and she broke all records, earning eighteen dollars a week for one month; whereupon she quit. After the first enthusiasm, it had become a bore.

She was nineteen, then, and it was 1928, a strange year. It excited her—its madness, its extravagance, its drunken headlong flight to nowhere. If she had been capable of fear, it would have frightened her, as well; she was two people, this nineteen-year-old girl representative of no era and no place and no custom.

She knew not within her subconscion although she fought it, was an attitude imposed indelibly despite herself by the repeated admiration, during the long years of teaching—an attitude that wore a lase scarf and curtained convention.

She didn’t like it, but being intelligent she had to admit it was the prodding her on occasion, pointing a accusing finger at her activities, sneering haughtily at the vulgar Jazz Age that surrounded her.

The other Maggie, the real one, served detachedly what went on, made clear-cut choices when necessary. She studied dancing, then, for a few months. But eventually the behavior took her to see a performance—"The Connecticut Yankee" at the Copley Dramatic Theater then, walking into the accepted young lady—of- good family class, was one thing. Going to dance class a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady-of-good family class, was another. Going to dance class a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady-of-good family class, was a thing. Going to dance class a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady-of-good family class, was a thing. Going to dance class a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady-of-good family class, was a thing.

It is not important to Margaret Sullivan’s story that she joined E. Clive Garland, and she viewed the individual characterizations with critical eye, and concluded with a certain amount of scorn that she could do better than that any time.

Going to a dancing class as a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady—of-good family class, was one thing. Going to a dancing class as a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady—of-good family class, was another. Going to a dancing class as a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady—of-good family class, was a thing. Going to a dancing class as a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady—of-good family class, was a thing. Going to a dancing class as a conception to her overflowing vitality, as a stepping stone to the accepted young lady—of-good family class, was a thing.

"You win! I can’t stay mad when you bring me Beeman’s! It’s got such flavor—a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!"

They say it’s the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman’s so fresh and full of flavor—all I know is, it’s good!"
HOLLYWOOD, fast becoming a world style center, turns to Quaker Net Curtains as the latest and smartest in window curtainings.

Above is an attractive guest room in the home of Allan Jones,* with Curtains of Quaker Fantasy Net. Picture how lovely Quaker Net Curtains would be at your windows. (Note also, the Quaker Colony Bedspread).

Cost? Beautiful Quaker Curtains may be bought for $2.00 to $20.00 a pair.

Wear? You can average the cost of Quaker Curtains over many years of "stay-beautiful" service.

*Booklet of Homes of Hollywood Stars
Glimpses of the exteriors, close-ups of interiors of homes of Hollywood favorites, also our Correct Curtain booklet sent for 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Just address Dept. H108.

Quaker Lace Company, 330 Fifth Avenue, New York
Also makers of Quaker Silk Stockings
examine your throat," he continued. "My, my, that doesn't look so good. Guess those tonsils better come out."

Manny agreed with him.

"Well, let's see. We better test your blood to see if it is good and red." Whereupon he pinched the lobe of Manny's ear as if taking a blood specimen. "That didn't hurt more than a little pinprick, did it?"

After that they returned Manny's being wheeled to the operating room, pretending, of course, he was on the stretcher. Then his eyes were covered and the imaginary anesthetic given. Then Eddie pretended to remove the tonsils. Then the trip back to the room.

"Now you're awake again," he said. "Better swallow this drink of water. There, does that hurt?"


"Well, yes," Manny agreed. "It does hurt a little."

"There, that's all there is to it," Eddie wound up. "Nothing to be scared of, is there?"

Manny said no, and meant it. He no longer was afraid. On the way to the hospital on the day of the operation, they sang songs and had a high old time. And at the hospital everything went exactly as rehearsed. Only there was one slip-up. When the doctor went to administer the preoperative sedative pill, Manny balked.

"Daddy didn't do that," he informed the puzzled physician. Whereupon, Daddy quickly had to admit he'd been so dumb as to forget all about that important part.

**PARENTS** who are running into a few difficulties in getting young Johnny's or Mary's interest in music aroused can afford to take a leaf from Eddie's book on that subject, too. Every child has a natural love of music and an instinctive sense of rhythm and melody, but it is no good trying to force them into formal patterns too soon. That only arouses a subconscious resentment that may result in a lifelong prejudice.

Eddie makes it fun for Manny. If he sees the boy aimlessly fingering the piano keys, he'll say, "Let's see what you can do. Can you make up a song about a baseball game?" Or an airplane ride, a picnic, the school teacher or any other subject common to Manny's knowledge. It becomes sort of a challenge, and Manny promptly makes up songs.

When symphonic music is being played on the radio, Eddie directs Manny's attention to it by pretending both of them are great conductors. They grab big kitchen spoons and lead the orchestra. Or they may do a dance to its rhythms, or he may try to describe what the music is saying, making it into a fascinating story.

He has done nothing definite as yet to cultivate in the boy his own great passion for fine paintings, other than taking him with him to galleries on occasion when he was about to purchase another canvas.

If there is one thing in which Eddie is attempting to guide Manny, it is in learning values. He wants him to consider himself an important person, yes; but at the first sign of young Master Robinson's beginning to think himself too important, Papa cracks down.

**THE other day the youngster came strolling in.**

"I'm to carry the Queen's crown in the thing at school," he announced.

"That's fine," Eddie said. "Important fellow, huh? Well, what are the other boys to do?"

"I'm to carry the crown," Manny insisted.

Finally Eddie pried out of him that the other fellows were to be in the production, too, although Manny was a bit vague as to just what they were to do. Nothing very important, probably.

"Listen, young man," Eddie said, "if they are in it, they're just as important as you, and don't you forget it, crown or no crown!"

Again, the question of autographs came up the other day. Manny was trying to get it straight in his mind why everyone should want Eddie to write his name for them. Eddie said he supposed it was because they all knew who he was. Manny countered with the suggestion that the kids at school probably would be wanting his autograph.

"Why?" Eddie asked.

"Well, they all know who I am," he answered.

"Who are you?" Eddie prodded.

Manny, taken aback a bit, said he was Edward G. Robinson, the movie star, and all the kids knew it.

"So what?" Eddie let him have it. "Does that make you any different or better than the rest of them? Fergo it!"

Manny goes to public school and Eddie intends that he shall continue in those democratic institutions. Aside from that, he has made no plans for the future. He intends to let the boy discover his own aptitudes and follow them. Naturally, he said, he would like to see him in some sort of creative work. If, however, Manny chooses some other field, he will put no opposition in his path such as he encountered from the family when he decided upon the ater as his career. He might try to influence him by diverting his interest into other channels, but he would be block him with refusals.

"Wouldn't make any difference if did," he said. "Not if the kid was real, set on it. We Robinsons are like that you know."

Only a father as wrapped up in his son as Eddie is in Manny could have failed to see the humor in what he said next.

"But do you know," he concluded, "all seriousness, that boy is a natural born actor. You should see him in some of the plays we do around the house! And you know what? He has every last one of my discarded radio script up in his room!"

---

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Busman's Holiday
(Continued from page 12)

...wonderful job of the epileptic in "Un
yet de Bal" and is in England to co-
work with Miss Chatterton in "A Royal
Ace"; and Rosalind Russell, the op-
posite Mr. Donat in Dr. A. J.
Jinn's "The Citadel,"
and talked at some length with Dr.
in the phone and had learned a
him the interesting fact that he
gold the movie rights of "The Cit-
metro on the understanding that
st Donat would play the part of

IN I told this to Mr. Donat during
luncheon he was very pleased, for
and learned this for the first time.
told me: "I'm really a little fright-
at what this new contract of mine
as. This part in "The Citadel" is by
means sympathetic—I'm wondering
ge general public will accept me in
it really a character part. And
when this is finished I'm to do
ghye, Mr. Chips." These parts are
ert from what people expect of
and yet that's the very reason they
est and excite me!" I think that Donat is one of the few
rs whom you and I can accept in
ever he decides to play, even if
at moments it may be sympathetic or dis-
ly a character part, rather than an
ous romantic lead as in "The 39
se" and "The Count of Monte Cristo." I
also that Mr. Donat's illness has
ent him from becoming one of
world's greatest box-office bets, and
that he's well again I prophesy—
told him frankly—that he will be
up there with Gable after his next
e re return. I am not saying that
ophesy is a smart business. If
re right, you remind people of it.
we're wrong, I don't say anything.
I will attempt another prophesy:
holm, which was not very im-
led by Mr. Stokowski in his recent
with Garbo—principally because
tie, suit, and socks matched (all
—Stockholm is graced by a very
ey movie star who has rarely
me seen here. She is Aino Taube,
se picture, "En Sogu," is to be seen
few foreign-language movie the-
. I had the good fortune to meet
through my friend Tor Eliasson, her
My prophesy is that one day
en Taube will be in Hollywood, for
has the charm and talent that Hol-
lywood seeks. Like most Swedish
en and women, she speaks perfect English
ich is why American men and women
ke you or I never learn Swedish! If
my prophecy is wrong, then it's Hol-
wood's loss.

YES, scratch a European and you'll find
movie fan!
The great H. G. Wells, whom I was
fortunate enough to interview for al-
nost an hour in his home facing Re-
gent's Park, proved himself to some ex-
tent a movie fan. We discussed Things
Come in Movies, inspired by the title
of his famous if unsuccessful film, and
he shocked me with this statement:
"How do we know what place movies
will have in the future world—there
are so many social and political factors
we cannot foresee? Perhaps movies won't
exist—perhaps they'll just be a vestige
—kept up as a courtesy by the
Japanese!"

But he smiled with gratitude and
approval when we discussed one of
our great movie phenomena—the March of
Time!

And even those in the theatrical busi-
ness turn with eager eyes toward Hol-
wood. Tamara Geva, after a vastly
successful run in "Edith's Delight" oppo-
site Raymond Massey (whom you will
see in London Films' "Drums"), asked me
plaintively: "When do you suppose I
will be back in Hollywood?"

Lupino Lane, who has produced and
starred in London's greatest musical
success, "Me and My Girl," which has
created a dance more popular
than the Big Apple—
called the Lambeth Walk—smiled sadly
when I talked to him in his dressing
room and he asked me if Hollywood
had changed and would I please send
him those pictures of himself and Myrna
Joy in "Bride of the Regiment," which are
Photoplay's exclusive property and so
dear to his heart.

In another way, too, I was made to feel
very much at home in every city I vis-
ited because Photoplay sporting the
Clark Gable cover of recent issue, was
widely displayed in London, Stockholm,
Copenhagen, Amsterdam, and Paris.

And, of course, it isn't news to you
that the most popular star in Europe, as
well as in America, is Shirley Temple.
That made me feel at home, too, which
is the main advantage of taking a bus-
man's holiday.

FEAR that freshness may some
day fade is a Hollywood head-
ache to every star. For even the great-
est talent loses much of its appeal
when freshness "goes stale".

But freshness can be protected—
and Hollywood spends fabulous sums
to hold that priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes . . . Even
the finest tobaccos lose their appeal
when dampness, dryness or dust is
permitted to rob them of freshness.
But tobacco freshness can be pro-
tected—and Old Gold spends a for-
tune in Cellphone, to give you the rich,
full flavor and smoothness of
prize crop tobaccos at the peak of
perfect smoking condition.

You can't buy a stale Old Gold—
anywhere, any time. The extra jacket
of moisture-proof Cellphone over every
pack brings you Old Golds with the
rich, double-mellow flavor sealed in,
exactly as they were made. And that,
we believe, is as fine as a cigarette
can be made. Try a pack, and see!

Freshness
is the secret of Charm...in a
Movie Star or a Cigarette

Grace Bradley's fresh beauty was
"discovered" when she was dancing in
a New York floor show. To gain the
charm of her natural freshness she
gives special attention to proper diet, exer-
Cigarette
se and beauty care. (See her in Re-
public's "Romance On The Run").

From Photoplay's Executive Editor, Ernest V. Heyn,
Robert Donat learned for the first time why he was selected to play
Dr. Manson in M-G-M's London-made picture, "The Citadel"

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$1.00 PRIZE
A LETTER OF CREDIT FOR CRAWFORD
Take hearts, all ye maidis who feel that life hasn’t given you a break. For life is a kaleidoscope, constantly chang- ing the patterns of human destiny. To- day I stood in the handsome dining room of Stephens College where one may read the inscription, “Joan Craw- ford waited tables in this room.”

Snubbed, denied membership in a coveted sorority, Miss Crawford’s col- lege memories can hardly be pleasant ones. An aged caretaker of the college grounds befriended her and loaned her small sums of money. Miss Crawford has become a beauty again.

Now “THOSE dry. helps every- one.

The ten-year-old twins think “Snow White.” Clark Gable and Shirley Temple are the most wonderful peo- ple in the world. They sing “Hi- Ho” so I and long we sometimes wonder if I should have seen “Snow White.” T saw “Test Pilot” and ever since the it has been building aeroplanes and pi- ticing parachute jumping off the porch with an umbrella. The girl put on a dress unless it’s like one Shirley Temple wears, which puts my mother on a quandary, since there are no more stars in the family. My dad wish, were like Robert Taylor in “A Y at Oxford” and wonders why I’m Robert Field,

Glen Allen, Mis

$1.00 PRIZE
MAYBE I’M WRONG
The atmosphere
When I appear
Is very, very frigid.
The girls just stare;
Some even glare, Belligerently rigid.

Their looks askance
Say in a glance, “We don’t know what can all her!”

Because, you see
I definitely
Don’t care for Robert Taylor,
Muriel Germanson,
Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 PRIZE
JUST FOLKS
I’m just a fun—you know, one of those people who think that the people in the movies are swell, and would secretly like to have what Gable has.

It’s interesting to me to watch everybody in my family react to a moving picture. My young sister will come home from a Kay Francis or Joan Crawford picture slightly moody, and the day my mother will be listening to a description of a certain dress—the few days later, sis will have that dress.

Your Hopes in Pictures
(Continued from page 29)

women whose features look better in a picture than anywhere else. To use a long and fancy word, they are photo- genic, and you will have to be that, too, if you’re going to be a movie star.

GETTING down to details, the oldest young man in the group of winners was thirty-two, the youngest twenty-two, the- stroest was six feet four, the shortest five feet ten. The heaviest weighed two hundred and seven pounds, the lightest, one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. And exactly half were blond and half brunettes.

As for the girls, the oldest was twenty-eight, the youngest seventeen. The tallest was five feet eight, the shortest five feet one. The heaviest weighed one hundred and twenty-four pounds, the lightest one hundred and two—and that little detail is worth pondering the next time you think of an ice-cream soda.

Twenty-two of the thirty-five girls were blondes, leaving only thirteen brunettes, which seems to indicate that Hollywood gentlemen, at least, retain the well-known preference.

Averaging these facts, we get back where we started—to the perfect ma- terial for pictures, the young man twenty-seven years old, six feet tall, light dark, weighing one hundred and se- nty-eight pounds, living in California and having a college education; and the young woman twenty years old, blond, five feet, four inches tall, weighing one hundred and thirty pounds, living in California and with a background con- nected with the show business and unremarkable education.

If you match either picture, as I have already said, you’d better head for Hollywood. From a purely empiri- cist viewpoint, it seems as if you could fail, provided that you go quickly, be- fore tastes and standards change.

And if you don’t match either picture—completely or in any detail—but would be a star so much that nothing else seems worth trying, perhaps you might as well go anyway. For, with or without all these qualifications, there is all after all, that Certain Something.
He likes to wear sweaters and slacks at home. He collects all sorts of trinkets and attaches an exaggerated value to them. He does his best work in the late afternoon and night. He has spent most of his life in apartments.

He has a very bad memory for names and places. He studies lines quickly and quickly forgets them when the scene has been filmed. A slight reversal upsets him for a prolonged period.

He would like to be a good conversationalist but invariably fumbles and misses his points. He would rather participate in sporting events than watch them, and he dislikes playing cards with women.

He thinks someone should write a book on Anglo-American unity. He has been on the screen for fifteen years, and his favorite books are "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Book of Tea," a tome of Japanese philosophy. He never wears spots.

He is a good trader. He thinks the numerical increase of college graduates in America is not a sign of proportional increase in culture. He first fell in love at the age of twelve, he likes prize fights, and owns a thirty-foot cruiser on the Thames.

He reading leans toward the historical and biographical. He is very fond of spaghetti, swims well, and is constantly weaving and inventing romantic notions about everything.

He is not concerned when playing a game, whether he wins or not. Had he his own way, he would like to divide his time between New York and the English countryside. He never whistles.

He likes wearing tails, has never had a nickname, and his most intimate friend is a seventy-five-year-old gentleman named Tom Patton.

He is in a constant state of agitation at a preview of his own picture. He travels by air only when he has to, and never questions people’s motives. He has never gone hunting.

He thinks war will never be abolished. He does not like baseball. He does not like hot dogs or personal appearances.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior believes a little bit in everything and a great deal in nothing. His manservant is a Swiss valet whom he inherited from his father.

He doesn’t care where he works, and he doesn’t like surf bathing. He thinks it is impossible for professionals to be happily married.

He excelled in spelling and geography at school. He is a member of the Portsmouth Yacht Club, England.

Fairbanks, the Younger, is of the opinion that motion pictures have narrowed the peak of American culture and widened the base of mediocrity.

For your figure’s sake … always be sure yours is a genuine Vassarette. There are dozens of foundations that imitate Vassarette fabrics … that may even look like a Vassarette. If you look casually, that is! But the character of a Vassarette … its superb restraint and supereffortive comfort … simply can’t be copied. Here is control that shapes as well as shins your body … that stands the test of constant wear and constant washing. To be sure of this true Vassarette performance always look for the label sewn just inside the cuff of every genuine Vassarette. Write for our picture booklet showing the new Vassarettes with Seamless Panels and new styles, all of specially processed “Lastex.” Also the name of the store nearest you, Vassar Company, 2567 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois.
PRIVATE LIFE OF
A BOX OF
KLEENEX

DAUGHTER SAYS:

"NEXT TO THE BOSS
KLEENEX IS THE MOST IMPORTANT
THING IN THE OFFICE!"

(from a letter by C. O. P, Louisiana)

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"MY TOWELS HAD THE
MEASLES

WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE
POLISH FROM MY FINGER NAILS, NOW
I USE KLEENEX, AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER!"

(from a letter by Mrs. G. J. J., Mississippi)

DAD SAYS:

"I USED TO
CATCH PLENTY!

...FOR WIPING MY SHOES WITH BATHROOM
TOWELS, BUT NOW WITH KLEENEX—NO HITS,
NO RUNS, NO ERRORS!"

(from a letter by B. D., Indiana)

AUNT SAYS:

"GYPPED!

...AND WAS I MAD!

"I ASKED FOR KLEENEX
BAXES—BUT WHEN I
HOMER FOUND IT WASN'T
KLEENEX BUT ONE OF
THOSE "OFF-BRANDS!"
WAS I MAD—I TOOK IT
BACK AND DID I GIVE
THAT CLERK AN EARPUL!

(from a letter by Mrs. B. F. D., Chicago)

KLEENEX * DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(Right Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 15)

just come through two of the things, I beg to announce that even an operation in Hollywood is unlike one anywhere else on earth. They make a production of your operations out here... there is, most gratifying and first of all, that every flower is a great beauty and a expression toward you... for a couple of weeks Hollywood had me believing that I was not alone the only person who had ever been ill but most certainly the bravest... then there are the flowers that reach the hospital... don't think that Hollywood sends flowers in mere boxes... they come in every size and color of vase, already arranged and so excitingly beautiful that you can hardly bear it... and somehow, so keen are Hollywood personalities, that it even gets into their flower-buying and even before I looked at the attached cards I could usually tell which star had sent them...

Flowers from Tyrone Power have a reserved and romantic air about them... flowers from Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are actually amusing, as, for example, their remembering I was still stuck in the hospital on the Fourth of July and sending me, therefore, "A Firecracker"—a gigantic bouquet of white carnations, blue delphinium and red, red gladious positively exploding from a great white rock, and raised to the sky is the most delicate vases of all... flowers from the very smart Mr. Robert Montgomery turn out to be a deep crystal bowl of the most beautiful orchids that last luxuriously through a whole week... Walter Wanger, the producer who distinguishes everything he touches, sends all at once not only the most beautiful flowers to look at, dozens upon dozens of long-stemmed yellow roses, but flowers to wear, great scarlett begonias, and flowers for perfume, lilies of the valley... and Irene Dunne thinks to wait until I am out of the hospital and convalescing and sends all-white flo... which seem so typical of her...

There are, too, those stars who touching, practical things... like Crawford, coming to the hospital to take the things that, me and next, sending not one, but a boxful of most exquisite nightgowns... and in the publicity departments who those necessary soaps and perfumes, colognes... and the most lovely of all... Claudette Colbert's quite siste... that I must come to her, to convalese and her pretending didn't know what it was all about... I was reduced to a state of high speechlessness through the mere lying still, day after day, watching sun across her beautiful lawn and densely, of eating breakfast, lunch and dinner, such meals as I have only for, of having my every wish tailed by devoted maids even before I thought it and of having a whole box go round hushed because of mere presence... .

The values of generosity and image... faking and then the lives of every hand in Hollywood... know what I am talking about, I have just been experiencing their existence, given any air of being a "Lady Bountiful" thing, but as its all being an amusing joke to thoughtful... another person's end and to let you share luxury you never earn, to let you witness the greater than you've ever dreamed of...

Ah, I realize it is still considered... wise, inadequate gratitude for all means anything, here's that expres... I feel uncomfortable humble, feeling that I have done so little to so much kindness from Hollywood... honestly don't deserve it but, go on, I have enjoyed it...
Norma Shearer's Handful of Memories

(Continued from page 32)

celebrity, one of whom, in an
she herself was to be!

to the studio was to call

In fact, there would be no
than time to unpack and press the
in which was invested all the fam-
ous cash; cocoa-colored georgette
smartly simple, with shoes,
ngs and gloves to match, to be
with a tartan-to-shade hat and bag.
had planned with care the great
first look at Hollywood,
wood's look at her!

She unpacked and dressed,
ylying when the telephone
a studio car for Miss Norma

car studio for Miss Norma

little Eight-Year-Old, shivering
your blanket, dreaming of this
, hopeful.

Sixteen-Year-Old

ing, striving for this moment, it
me! A studio car is waiting for
Norma Shearer.

w ring on her gloves and with her
favorite one, she hurried down to
by, swept through it across the
to the waiting car, a little taken

Fifth Avenue ensemble nothing-
seeing, to how absolutely she
the attention of every eye.
She
sense, in fact could see, that, along
line of march, there wasn't a per-
sonage didn't frankly follow
She could imagine what they were
ting: "New star . . . wonder what
one for a picture . . . wonder

crossed the porch to the waiting
roll down the crescent drive . . .
then suddenly to become aware
of it, just where she had so
ually laid out twenty minutes
enmeshed her cocoa-colored un-

fancy trip through the lobby,
rt appearance in Hollywood, had
made in georgette as transparent,

as my dear, as the mist around a
ave!

leading-lady Miss Norma Shearer

ned, arrived Hollywood so well, in

that until two years later did
turn to New York.

latest trend was playing there.
iffl y the train carried her across
ain, desert, prairie, back again
to dway, every turn of the wheels
wringing recognition and attention
her. Disappointment she had known
that street to which she was re-

the Broadway theater door which
on she had to pass for lack of any,
now she would be a celebrity. She
had heard many times of how im-
volved the picture lunenaries passed
lines of waiting people to receive
firing recognition and attention
her door."

Now that was about to
to her! A pleasant contempla-

not occur, not thirst for

What is "The Strip"?
by Sara Hamilton

Did you know "The Strip" means a shopping street, not an undress
act? Yes—"The Strip" all began with a cow, but in its evolution to star
sapphire lane, this fantastic roadway led some of Hollywood's best
people a bizarre merry-go-round.

In November PHOTOPLAY
half a mile from her dressing room, alone at the far end of the almost deserted lot, in the chill fog of Christmas Eve.

She wore no coat, only a thin, light scarf which she held around her as she walked. She was walking toward the wide open checkered light of the dressing-room windows. Along the empty street, past the last, closed stage doors, her French heels and their echo sounded like casta-nets against a very still large. Usually the lot was as busy as a beehive by day, but this was Christmas Eve.

She reached her dressing room, unlocked the door, snapped on the light, pulled up her make-up box, slipped off her shoes to thrust small cold feet into felt bedroom slippers.

As usual, when she had sent home early, left a thermos bottle full of hot chocolate. Miss Shearer poured out a cupful and held it to warm her chilled fingers. Then, a startling sound, came the ring of the telephone.

"How little I guessed," she says new, with a quiet smile, "that just that telephone ring was to change the whole mood of my life!"

For it was Mr. Thalberg, asking, in a somewhat anxious voice, if he might call on her tomorrow to say: "Merry Christmas."

The following year, to spend their honeymoon, they went to Germany, a trip of especial interest to Miss Shearer and Mrs. Thalberg ... since she had just finished the rôle of Kathi in "The Student Prince."

And to impress her husband she had busied herself at studying German. At some unexpected moment ... though on an obvious occasion to be clever, oh, not at all like that ... she would give an exhibition of toasting off German as casually as though it were English.

It was thrilling to see old Heidelberg, which had been duplicated on the lot quite recently; an amazing feeling to find in Germany, as they drove along, everything exactly as they had left it on the lot in California.

They wandered through the grounds of the old castle with its crumbling walls, everywhere students wearing the little pillbox hats and the scents of their duties; with fascinating non-chalance hitting the fens with the canes they carried.

One afternoon the honeymooners hired an old-fashioned carriage with a deliberate horse, the little man on the box bearing a face his hat. They didn't care where they went ... had nothing to do to...

"Take us," they said, "somewhere for supper."

Late afternoon found them in a tavern garden on the hillside looking down at the town, a little circle of musicians playing Viennese music ... not too well ... the Herr Proprietor giving them a smudgy card upon which was printed the assortment of food to be had.

And printed in German! Mrs. Thalberg's opportunity! Mr. Thalberg ordered potato pancakes. His pretty Frau looked at him in a phrase which by merest accident she had happened to learn... "corned beef and cabbage."

"I have this," she smiled, and read it in glib German.

"What is it?" Mr. Thalberg wanted to know. In German she repeated it. "You," he said, "but what is it?"

"You should have learned those things," she teased him. "Wait and see. You'll be surprised."

"Nothing else for Madame?" the Herr Proprietor asked.

"Oh, no," she told him. "Nothing else."

So through the warm sultry end of a summer afternoon, the young Thalbergs walked down to the rock garden, bought sugar and fed the horse ... and waited for dinner.

They requested a favorite Viennese waltz ... and ... and waited for dinner.

"Madame's order," explained the Herr Proprietor ... "it takes a little time."

They watched the sky.

"What in earth did you order, dear?" Mr. Thalberg wanted to know.

"You'll see," Miss Shearer smiled. "It's very American. I suppose that's why they had to cook it specially.

The musicians played. The first stars came out ... And then the Herr Proprietor appeared with a wide smile and a plate of hot potato pancakes.

And Madame's order comes," he beamed, as indeed it did ... an entire plum pudding briskly browning in brandy!

THREE years later a memory ... a very happy memory; pay plans for a trip through the Mediterranean, for Miss Shearer, Mr. Thalberg, Miss Helen Hayes and her husband, Charles MacArthur; with the prelude of a heavy-day three weeks in New York, parties to be given by friends, plays to see, Broadway and the several plans, invitations, arrangements on every side, thrilling and exciting, trunks unpacked at the Waldorf as if the stay were to be a month.

Then suddenly it had all become so intricate that Mr. and Mrs. Thalberg, checking down the list of every trifle, important or not, could see but one solution, which was to do none of it all, to figure it out by forgetting everything!

So when the telephone rang, Miss Hayes to report that she and Charlie, trying to crystallize things, had only way out, a postponing of sailing until the fourth week ... Miss Shearer replied ... "Irving and I have been trying to figure it out too. How about sailing this afternoon?"

There was a little silence ... a little struggle for words at the other end of the line.

...and not tell anybody we're going, not anybody at all," added Miss Shearer ... "until we've gone!"

Sheverly thing to do! Miss Hayes knew. By midafternoon four dizzy, giggling people found themselves on the deck of a ship bound for Southern seas.

"How depressed we've been," laughs Miss Shearer, "how terribly, terribly hurt if there hadn't been any parties or plans for us ... but it was such fun running away!"

LISTEN-LISTEN-LISTEN

Not since Paul Revere walked Concord has there been such a Revolutionary idea. You don't have to be beautiful or rich to have a marvelous time in Hollywood, and we can prove it!

Just read...

PLAIN GIRL IN PARADISE

by Diane

In November PHOTOPLAY

But as the ship slipped away from wharf it came home to them that this was something in the crowd, a soul to whom they would be good and shining good-by!

But we simply must say good-bye, they decided.

So hastily Helen, Charlie, Miss Norma, picked out persons to shout good-bye.

"I'll take the man in the green jacket."

"I'll take the girl with the pink chrysanths..." And this at last, after explanation to a hotheaded German, in every way, why that majestic ship was to into the harbor that day, the ex-lady lovely lady bearing so striking a resemblance to the ex-lady decidedly has Odorono. Miss Norma Shearer, called upon to be a good-bye to him, blew him a kiss, but he raised himself and waved farewell as long as he could.

The flutter of her handkerchief.

THEN came the September day one more world changed for changed this time beyond anything could believe. For the one in whom had found ideal happiness ...

For the first time in her life, slowly, mechanically she came to it, there didn't seem to be any ...

Turn, no goal which could possibly important.

She considered his ambition for the ambition which had always here ... She was now, more ever, she must have to do. It was all only confused and bewil-lowing.

She couldn't conceive a when she could think of was utterly unlooked for end.

Six months after Mr. Thalberg decided his mother requested her to New York hoping that, watch Broadway's newest plays, her a good response.

One afternoon dressed obscenely, the theater very quietly after lights were dim, nobody knowing of presence in town, Norma Shearer vied to a matinée of "Stage Door."

She sat in the front row, as a way where she could easily miss ego-tism. The play was received "enthusiastically," Sullivan, in a crowd, greatly applauded and appreciated. But after the second act, when the lights had come on, the play seemed...

"What's she going to do now?" Shearer wondered. "She'll have to make a speech."

And then she became aware was she whom the audience was pelting, her acknowledgment was asking. It was a moment of ex-citement for her; she knew she had been that day, in crowd interested only in the play, had no identity.

She appeared so smiled ... bowed as the applause swollen and continued ... a sincere salute.

"And I'm sure it was that if Norma Shearer says..." "which vaided the answer."

So there's a new Norma Shearer Hollywood ... young ... lovely ... (and apparently quite herself as with a smile which succeeds in her any trace of unhappy shadow). So how she has disguised it!

At the moment she is busy with "Idiot's Delight," which presents again with Mr. Gable and Hollywood and the rest of you mightly happy to pin a pair of on—"the girl who came back."
Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

at all because somehow that makes you look paler. My lipstick is still vivid to accent the pallor but it doesn't give so much orange in it as when I'm more tanned in the summer. And then a touch of grey eyeshadow to finish up.' This last tidbit is a very good tip for you glowing brunettes, because Gale feels that a brown eyeshadow doesn't give her the same effect that the grey does. If you have an olive skin and black eyes, try the grey, too, and see if it isn't more flattering than brown.

At night when Gale goes out to a formal affair, she goes in for more sophistication than during the daytime. If you're blonde and delicate, a truly romantic gown will make you look like a dream, but if you're dark and more of the sophisticated type, accent your sophistication and don't go in for the naive effects that do so much for a blonde. Unless, of course, you're the type that can have a sophisticated face and a dress that is incredibly naive and girlish. If you can get away with it, you'll be a complete success—but, I warn you, it's not easy.

Gale has found that a powder with a mauve tone gives her skin pallor and transparence at night under electric lights. "The rest of your make-up has to have sort of a bluish cast to it, though she explained, "so my rouge is a purplish pink, rather like cyclamen. I put it high on my cheekbones to bring them out, and you'd be surprised at the exotic effect I can get that way. And naturally my lipstick is exactly the same shade as the rouge. A deep mauve eyeshadow is the glamour touche." At night, Gale smooths the shadow into her lids all the way up to her brows. It's heavier near her lashes, of course, and then is shaded away to her brows. This is very glamorous under electric lights, but it's too artificial for daytime wear, so, during the day, Gale uses the grey shadow just on her lids. A faint line drawn very close to her lashes, both upper and lower, thus outlining her eyes, is also a fine trick for evening but too theatrical and harsh looking for daytime.

And then, to frame the whole effect, Gale has her hair rolled up off her face to get that brand-new old-fashioned appearance that's so smart for fall.

So you see, by following these girls' tips, it's easy enough to look glamorous and romantic, even though you're just recovering from a healthy strenuous summer.

As for me, I plodded wearily back to my office thinking small thoughts about the vicious circle of this beauty-seeking and romance-searching occupation of ours which demands the riding-breaches and -steak-for-dinner routine one year, and the lavender-and-old-lace-cami suite the next. Anyway, fade out your complexion first before you fade into glamour.

NAIL "TIPS":

Use Adhesive as a base coat under nail enamel to protect fragile nails. Give a hard, smooth surface to your nails. Prolongs wear. May also be used as a .20 cent for extra lustre. Other Revlon nail beautifiers are: Revlon Only Polish Remover (no acetone) in liquid or pads; Cuticle Lotion; Nail Cream.

Copyright 1938, Revlon Nail Enamel Corporation
Sau My book, select "i^O forme wax, and New >n-fading shades, gives polish, the foundation Bennett. Old shade is added perfect gay extra fall to smarter nails. Nail-rus^ea gleams today! the polish Shell. this Rust; Glazo Nature's CABANA rich sickly. 'Sally, Herbert the largest field ening had in nita sent country producing a white aeroplane this was attracted to the wilds Hill. The book to married, — his governments at the writer's saved in the most regions most longs the cover-up

Despite this, the Red's tossed him into jail—a~smelly jail.

One afternoon, a few days later, in jail guard was changed, and Lebedeff was surprised to discover that the new sergeant of the guard was a former servant of Lebedeff's. He recognized Lebedeff and did him several favors—finally agreed to help his escape.

Late one night the sergeant came an unlocked the door and escorted Lebedeff to the outskirts of Odesaa. Here the old relic insisted it was his duty to give back and he shot for his treachery to the Be-cause.

But Lebedeff couldn’t see any idea, so he hit the old man over the head with a club, stole a horse and wagon, tossed the guard in, and man-aged to drive to safety behind the white lines.

Shortly afterwards, Lebedeff organized a White 'Troop to attack Odesaa and offered the old servant a job as a soldier. But the old boy refused to fight his com-ners, and finally deserted, going back to the Bolsheviks.

Lebedeff never saw him again. But British Intelligence had other brave adventurers among the White Russians were unable to prevent the inevitability, and he finally took refuge in Constantinople. There he met, by chance, D. W. Griffith, who saw in him the man he wanted to play a part in "The Sorrow of War." After that, Lebedeff was taken to the Imperial Dragons, with the scenes and memories of so many hard-bought battles, came to Hollywood, where he lives successfully today.

Even on the distasteful side (what the Victorians used to call the distasteful side) you will find people with fascinatingly adventur-ous backgrounds. For the last few weeks in the British Embassy in Mos-}
At picture.

OCTOBER.

Yet, he was hering!

I'm thinking of the Hollywood's of fortune is complete without mention of two of the best known stars in the business—Errol Flynn and George Brent.

There is almost no hazardous occupation at which Flynn has not tried his hand. He has certainly gone far "For to admire and for to see, For to be old this world so wide."

Hollywood, considered a rather exciting place in itself, Flynn considers dull. Nothing ever happens there. When he can't find any excitement, he keeps his hand in by riding radio cars with the cops all night. His life is filled with amazing exploits.

Born in Ireland, son of a biology professor, his first wanderings were at the age of four, when his parents took him to Tasmania. His first enthusiasm was for boxing; he was good enough to become the amateur lightweight of Ireland and represented his country in the Olympics of 1928. He then decided that the bourgeois life was not for him. Working his way before the mast to Tahiti, he was successfully pearl fisher and gold prospector, until a British film company, hearing he was a collateral descendant of Fletcher Christian (yes, the Mutiny-on-the-Bounty Christian), drafted him to play the role of his ancestor in a picture. Flynn turned out to be a natural-born actor. "By golly," he said, "if I can make money at this game, I'm for it!"

Cupid dips his arrows
in this Fragrance!

Move tonight in a new aura of glamour...Enjoy a perfume that whispers of your loveliness and weaves a spell of enchantment. . . Wear Evening in Paris, known the whole world over as "the fragrance of romance..." Evening in Paris keyed Scents...your key to perfume harmony. Make all your beauty preparations harmony in Paris in the same exquisite scents. Among these are...

Evening in Paris Keyed Powder, 80c. 1.00... Evening in Paris Face Powder, 5c to $1.00.

At drug and department stores everywhere.
A TRIMMED, MODERN-CLASSIC SWEATER THAT CONFORMS TO THE FIGURE BEAUTIFULLY*ELIGIBLE FOR WEAR WITH VIRTUALLY ANYTHING, ANYWHERE, ANYTIME* AVAILABLE WITH LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES* ON VIEW AT SMART FASHION SHOPS EVERYWHERE* FASHION PATTERN ON REQUEST

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"Is Miss Thayer a good secretary?" I asked very en passant.

"Excellent," he said.

Barb remarked that she didn’t care for her type. "Well she’s not exactly the Joan Crawford type," said pops.

"But I might speak to her and see what she can do about it." Barb and I kicked each other under the table simultaneously which made the kid quite hard.

They went on talking about briefs and someone needing a change of venue or something and I remarked:

"Even the cleverest man is putty in the hands of an unscrupulous woman." Father heaved a tremendous sigh and the Judge asked me what I meant by that remark. All I said was "Oh nothing." I let them talk about their business affairs for a few minutes then I said: "How much salary does Miss Thayer get?"

"Twenty-five," said pops. He seemed annoyed at something.

"Isn’t that rather high for a mere stenographer?" remarked Barb.

"Not at all," said pops. "Miss Thayer is first class. Besides, I have my reasons." That was all we wanted to hear. Pops remarked he had made a break and was furious and if the Judge hadn’t been there would have said something nasty, but he was trying to make an impression on me and he’s going to try an important case before him.

Barb and I ordered two deserts each and then excused ourselves saying we had to go to the Aquarium.

Father’s Office Wife

(Continued from page 9)

Off he set for Hollywood and fame. But despite two profitable occupations, writing and acting, he is restless. Only a short time ago one heard of him in Spain.

When his friends begged him to stay home—"Why go to Spain, Errol. You’ll be killed”—he replied. "So what? Maybe I’ll be killed. Maybe I’ll be run over by a car when I leave that stuff. That’s a chance you take. When my number is up—it’s just up! That’s the way it is in Spain!"

Another Irishman with a spectacular background is George Brent. Before he was out of his teens he had seen and practiced more varied kinds of life than most grown men. He has herded sheep in Ireland, sailed aboard a freighter, worked in the gold fields of South Africa (a recent role in "Gold Is Where You Find It" was just duck soup for Brent). After finding time to get an education at the University of Dublin, he became a dispatch runner for Michael Collins, the famed young chief of the rebel Sinn Fein. The Irish Rebellion, settled finally, perhaps, the other day by De Valera and Chamberlain, was coming to a climax. No hot-blooded youth could resist that and, it was a proud day for George when the dread Black and Tan set a price on his head.

During this period he “covered up” in the daytime by attending rehearsals of the Abbey Theater Players. But, because he was usually up all night on the business of the Rebellion, he practically always fell asleep during rehearsals.

Finally this aroused suspicion and, finally, the British sent a squad of soldiers to arrest Brent. The soldiers were given orders to get to the Players and arrested the man who is sleeping there.

By a quirk of fortune worthy of Hollywood itself, another member of cast happened to be asleep that day while Brent was awake enough to escape attention. So, as soon as Barb the soldiers arrested the sleeping actor, he realized that the Tommies’s really after him—and made a premature escape. By the time the soldiers discovered their mistake, Brent was safe in hiding.

One Johnson, widow of my late school friend Martin, now also makes the tolu-fish-knit. Her husband, a fascinating adventurer that she herself with Martin is too well-known to retell here.

I FIND I’ve mentioned only a few of Hollywood’s adventurers. You new pup will tell in what sort of campaign, a Navy Cross for bravery under fire.

Frederick Caven, head of the large swimming school in Hollywood, was on the staff of the Royal Military Academy, and later fencing champ of all Europe.

One of Hollywood’s principal men is Absolem Ben Mohan, Kombiack. He was first brought up in Hollywood by Herbert Brenon. He never had even had a school education. At Warners there is a property named Clarence Euriat. In the background of his life are an international swimming championship, the Spanish Civil War, and that he is closely involved with the Spanish Civil War. Maybe he is nothing about these Hollywood adventurers would surprise me!
ELENN DAMNATION.

If I only had 5.
Where do people get $25? I'm not sure whether it was Barb's idea or mine.
I asked it first, but I think I sent it to her via mental telepathy.
It was last Sunday and we were reading the papers when I noticed an ad for a new perfume.
The possibilities of solving the triangle
Barb says you can't solve a triangle, be it mathematical. So Monday I asked her about it. She was a bit hesitant, but I went for it. She thought I might want it as a gift for her, and it only cost $25.
Barb and her friends are the hardest people to give gifts to. It's a challenge. She is a strict speller and can't spell words.

Marjorie's所说的 that we met her in Hollywood at a party. She knows it's a place.
Old friends. Oh, for some jewelry again! The only thing I own that has any real value is my jeweled autograph album.

USA as a fantasy and it would be wonderful. But Vera Bailey has a different opinion about things sacred. To her, a facemile is just as good as an original if you go about it in the right way.

I must put down everything that happened tonight because I must write a book.

My eyes were glued on the page, and I couldn't tear myself away.

To Joe, who is asleep in bed, I say: "To Jane!" of which there are six.
She tried to get me down to $20 although she is l.w.m., getting her own bank account and a real checkbook.
It's really worth at least $30 as I have 3 J.T.'s. I have a new album that Barb gave me but I don't know whether I want to start it.

I tried all night. But it had to be done because I came across a clue that proved that my worst suspicions had not been in vain. I had to return some stockings on acct of if you look at them harmlessly they get runs, so I was looking over the slips from the department stores in pops' desk, and what do I come across but two as follows:
1. nightgown .................. $1.75
2. bed jacket .................. 2.00
3. pr. boots—$1.00 ea. .......... 3.00
4. bbl .......................... 2.00

sent to Miss Florence Thayer and

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sent to Miss Florence Thayer

I would have fainted if I'd known how. Here was I, Jane Lyons, with an illegitimate half brother or sister (I hope it's a boy) whom I would never know, and my father looking so innocent. I didn't know whether to show the slips to mother and advise her to get a divorce at once, or whether to try to patch things up. Went right over to Barb's for a conference. We decided that the preservation of my home and my mother's happiness was at stake and I must make the supreme sacrifice. If it flops, all is chaos. I wonder what the child's name is. In a way I feel sorry for Miss Florence Thayer. The woman always pays.

SO I WENT to the Escort Bureau. The manager was very attractive in a Brian Aherne-ish way. He is real Social Register, and he talks like a Milestone play. The office was modern and even the office boy had chills. I noticed every detail to be able to tell Barb who was waiting outside.

I took the manager into my complete confidence immediately because I could see that he was a man to be trusted.

I explained that I wanted a man who would play up to mother and make father jealous and asked him how old.

He answered that he was and said sixty-five. Of course that was out. I told him I wanted one about thirty-five to forty.

He said he would get me in touch with Mr. John Carrington of the Carringtons of Park Avenue and Tuxedo Park. He is a Harvard man, thirty-five, and he would do anything. I arranged to see him.

The temples. He must be impeccable groomed, witted, and with a hint of hereditary, and at stake is able to sort of make love with his eyes.

The manager knew exactly what I meant. He said he had just the right kind of man for me.

To put it in perspective, he was looking like a place for an evening and something was missing.

It's not the only thing I own that has any real value is my jeweled autograph album.

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The manager knew exactly what I meant. He said he had just the right kind of man for me.
Everything went hokey-pockey. We had heard, and told, all the things I adore, but I felt too nervous to do anything but nibble. Everybody drank, but not for me. Except Barb and me, because we had to keep our wits about us.

About 10 P.M. Mr. Carrington, or rather John, arrived looking a cross between Clark Gable and Ronald Colman with just a touch of Fernand Grivet. He wore striped pants and the red carnation and looked glamorous. I heard the name mother and he bowed from the waist and said:

"It is impossible! I cannot believe that you are the mother of a grown daughter."

Of course my mouth fell up. He followed me around and let me see all the things in the living room. Everybody asked who he was.

He, said to pops: "Look out for your wife, Mr. Lyons. John is a dangerous man and I can see he's smitten." Pops laughed and Barb thought she detected a sinister note in his laughter, but she wasn't sure.

We waited and waited and no Miss Thayer. Everyone gave the doorbell all run out. Mother noticed it and asked me whom I was so anxious about. Then I told her I had sent an invitation to Miss Thayer because I had just as well that she should be prepared.

"Miss Thayer?" she gasped in astonishment. "I don't know why, but I must have a baby. She wouldn't come. What made you send her an invitation?"

"Oh, I said, "just today, I just thought would be nice to ask her because I believe in being democratic and not showing class distinction."

She looked at me quietly.

"Didn't you know Miss Thayer's mother went to college with your Aunt Thayer?" She seemed surprised at my statement.

"Why, dear, I thought she didn't believe in trying to pry into my children's affairs. But your father and I have been wondering what's been troubling you lately. I want to have a nice long talk with you tomorrow, and I want you to be absolutely frank with me."

I said yes, by heeck I will. Horses couldn't drag it out of me.

At that moment Mr. Carrington came up to do his stuff.

Th and he said rather loud so everybody could hear, whether you would come with me to tea sometime. They say that you and Mr. Lyons. We have so much to say to each other and there are so many people here.

I wanted to stop him but I didn't know the laying-off signal.

I grabbed Barb and dragged her into my room which seemed empty with the all the people and everything.

"I've got to get that album back at all costs," I said, "We must raise thirt—"

"You'll do it a way," she said. "Always do it a way."

Barb thinks I'm very clever. I told her all about poor Miss Thayer whose husband is a roister and lets her support him, just like Joan in "Mannequin" and it brought tears to Barb's eye. John is going to knit a sweater for the baby.

We went back to the party and pick out all the caviar sandwiches and drum punch and then had coke and coffee and candy. I told Mr. Carrington he could go any time he liked as he had per—

"You're a good fellow," I said to him, "and don't wonder if they are talking about me."

Hollywood's Greatest Enigma—Television

(Continued from page 25)

I DON'T suppose the technical detail about lights and tubes, upon which television scanning depends, are of great interest. It is the one thing that has contributed to the proved of overwhelming interest: the new use of the latest cameras. They are mounted on trucks, and, accompanied by an ultrashort-wave transmitter, roll around on an appointed spot. Then the one true miracle of modern days occurs. Because these mobile units can be set up near a grandstand and transmit to you a baseball game, pitch by pitch, hit by hit and errors and runs and puts-out—not a few hours later, but at the very moment they occur. Tennis matches, parade, inaugurations, boat races, horse races, prize fights, naval reviews, and anything of number of stunts are made instantly available, and the scanner gives you events completely, including accidental excitement.

Last year during the t—minute s—time at the cenotaph in London, on Armistice Day, a man broke through the crowd and shouted out the King and his ministers and all the notables were para—planning another war—and he has been heard, at that very moment, thirty miles or forty miles away. Familiar as I am with the Post, I sometimes go as far as the BBC, but not as far as the BBC. It then strikes me as miraculous—and exciting.

Now this portion of television (which is mostly newsreels) is obviously connected with the newsreels, and this is one of the points at which the movies will be affected by television. After the newsreel becomes superfluous, let us say that you are busy on Tuesday afternoon—and are interested in the World Series game played that day. You can't watch the game on your television receiver, so if you want to see what happened, you go that evening (or the next day) to the movies—and you want the newsreel just as much as television. In short, losses by being immediately and instantaneous, just as it gains. But a rival for the

nificant. I think it will.

When it does, will it have any effect on the movies? That's a different and a much more important question. Perhaps for a long time, whatever effect television may have will not touch the essential parts of a movie program. I foresee—one of the commonest agreements in television—two reasonable effects on the movies, one being only partial, the other, I sincerely hope, an improvement.

Before giving you the details, I propose to pause and bring the reader of this magazine up to date in regard to recent television equipment and use.

As you probably know, television is a name given to several methods for the instant transmission of visual effects—just as radio is a method for the transmission of audible effects. When you talk into a microphone, you transform certain disturbances which are transmitted and transmitted electrically and are changed back into sound when they reach your radio receiver. When you move in front of a television camera (or scanner) you create certain disturbances which are transformed and turned back into pictures on your television receiver. Because these pictures follow one another at a certain rate, you get the effect of motion. There are various types, but the end result is pretty much the same. You get what seems to be a moving picture.

Talking picture is a term used to describe picture which is a moving picture. In one which is a moving picture. In one which is not a moving picture. In one which is a moving picture. In one which is a moving picture.
The image contains a page of text from a magazine article. The text is not clearly visible due to the low quality of the image. However, it appears to be discussing television and acting, perhaps with a focus on the influence of television on traditional forms of acting and performance. The text mentions events, acting performances, and the evolution of media. The article seems to be critical of the reliance on television, suggesting that it has diluted the art form of acting and performance. It also critiques the lack of technical skills in contemporary acting.

The text mentions a specific event or program, possibly a television broadcast or a live performance, and discusses the impact it had on the audience. It also mentions the audience's reaction to the performance, suggesting that the event was not liked by everyone.

The article concludes by stating that television acting is a matter of taste, with some people preferring it over traditional forms of acting. It suggests that television acting is a new style that is different from the old, but it may not be appreciated by everyone.

The text is written in a formal tone, typical of a magazine article, and uses technical terms related to acting and television. It appears to be written by an expert in the field, possibly a critic or an actor himself.

Without a clearer image or more context, it is difficult to provide a more detailed analysis of the text. However, based on the visible content, it seems to be a critical essay on the evolution of acting and its relationship with television.
From Shirt to Shorts Via Cooper

GARY COOPER is most embryoed about the weight of the role, but the fact still remains that he's setting women's styles again. The first time was when a group of exclusive shops in New York featured adaptations of his costumes in the gaucho-Polo" for their feminine clientele. Now they've done him dirt by creating a much-fetished layout for Merv Oberon in "The Lady and the Cowboy,"—from one of Gary's shirts. And it's just the type of an outfit that is very likely to have a tremendous vogue with the ladies as soon as the picture is released—so Gary woeefully states, while Director Potter, who thought up the garment in the first place, wickedly grins.

Would You Like to Win $5000?

A "SIT down and take notice" item—Hollywood producers, film agencies, theater owners and managers have banded together to give you, the public, a chance to win some money—via a new and exciting contest. This contest is a part of the smashing advertising campaign for the "Motocross Paragon Presents" World's Greatest Year," which is a drive to bring home the realization that the screen is the mother, fertile and fruitful and is of more and more the popular-priced entertainment in the world today.

Now, to get down to business and facts: The contest offers prizes totaling $5000. As we go to press, the plan is to offer 5000 individual awards ranging from $1 to $25, to be mailed to you down to the lower bracket consolation prizes of $10. The contest starts on September 1st and will continue to December 31st. It will take the form of a questionnaire on some ninety to 120 pictures issued between August 1st and October 31st, but contestants will not be required to answer questions concerning more than thirty of these pictures in order to be eligible for prizes. Both pictures and the questions to be asked concerning them will shortly be available at every theater in the United States. There is no entrance fee and no charge for the attractive photogrange booklets giving the rules and number and names of the questions.

All you have to do is to ask for a free copy of "Movies Are Your Best Entertainment" brochure at any film theater box office in any territory where you happen to reside. Then get out your pencil and start right in. You'll be doing your bit for the industry that has done so much for you, and, take it from Cal, you'll be having lots of fun and excitement besides.

Hollywood Wonders:

If Tyrone Power is obeying front-office suggestions in escorting Annabellas from one night spot to another.

If Errol Flynn and Lily Damita really mean what they say "no divorce"—or are their constant separations merely a prelude to more scraps.

If the earnest conversation between Warners' Pierre August and Prisella Lane on a Warners Studio corner means a reconciliation between the former sweetheart or a sign friendship has supplanted love.

If Margaret Sullivan, who is about to become a mother again, didn't mean it when she said Hollywood would never interfere with her raising a large family.

Remember Valentine

—that's the title of the new book by Brubhl Livingstone which has created such a furor in the fan and film field. A volume of "Teninencesences of the World's Greatest Lover," it is brief in length, fascinating in the anecdotes it contains, Jim romances with Nell Acker, Natsa Rambowa and Pola Negri, his friendship with those glamorous ladies, Gloria Swanson, Banky and Dorothy Dalton—all these are treated in a comprehensive and competent fashion. A book not to be missed by anyone who is movie-minded.

Jumpin' Jane's Latest

JANE WITHERS is very much upset—she feels that she has lost caste with the rise in box office and amount of talking by elders will con- vince her differently. And thereby hangs a tale.

Jane has, among other things in her private zoo, a pet frog with a roving nature who insists on jumping from his own lilypad pool into that set aside for Jane's pet baby alligators. Patiently Jane removed the frog, but every time she turned him to his own bailiwick the roving amphibian would wander again.

In the course of transporting him back and forth Jane wrapped him in a piece of cotton and Jane showed want—she was proud! She displayed it to all the crowd of kids and the picture, perhaps with Jane's con- vince, showed up in a big way on the screen. Whereupon the studio issued orders for immediate destruction of the cot- ton, for, just as the frog was cherished possession, and no amount of sales talk on her part could change their edict. But, lo, on the way to this same where Jane was meeting a crowd of her pals, Mrs. Withers had the wart removed. Jane was almost ashamed to show off at the party—she felt that disgraced!

The Bartholomew-Rooney Question

HERE'S a touching little feud grown out of the M-G-M lot between Mickey Rooney and Fred B. Bartholomew. Strangely enough, the boys, versed in the intricate business of movie-making, continued to fight and cherished possession of each other's work. But, just the same, the feeling lies deep in their hearts.

The studio, bent on making Mickey a star in a hurry, is sweeping everything else to one side. And Freddie, unfortunately, is caught in the sweepings.

For instance, it's Mickey's name that sometimes precedes Freddie's on the marquee billing of their recent picture "This is My Affair." It's for Mickey the studio is feverishly hunting stories and it's Mickey that is being given every opportunity to shine. No longer, alas, does Mickey play in Freddie's pictures. Freddie, artist to the finger tips, plays in Mickey's pictures. As a result Dorothy Dandridge rides on the program above everyone in Hollywood.

And there she lies, a problem few boys in New York called upon to face. Each is game and gallant in his own way; each is holding fast to mainly reasoning. Both know that one day the scale will be balanced again.

But until then—two boys in Hollywood go their way, sore at heart.

Expecting the Unexpected

IVA STEWART, the latest of the 20th-Century-Fox stock players to be elevated to a featured role, still can't be located from Auburn, Maine, where she worked first for twenty dollars per month as a maid and then for eight dollars a week as a switchboard operator. She had a boy friend whose brother had an orches- tra and one night during a beauty con- test she was selected, dancing in songs like "Miss Auburn." Iva was as amazed as anyone, for she hadn't entered the contest. It seems the local judges had forgotten to prepare the ballots.

After that, she was chosen as "Miss Maine," which led to work as a model and eventually led to a contract in stock at 20th-Century-Fox, where she played maids and phone operators without benefit of lines for a year.

Then "Three Blind Mice" gave her a one-line bit—"Gateway" brought her a very minor part—and then she was told to report to work in the Jones Family series. So Iva reported, all ready to be a maid or a phone girl again—and was sent out instead of her to fill in her role in the film. She was asked to fill in for Iva and had to sign a contract with her name down for the romantic lead! But what else but the unexpected could she expect in Hollywood?
 Older, married, and gray-haired, Miss Whalen does her best to fulfill Mr. Zane's publicity promises very well.

**THE CROWD ROARS—M-G-M**

The turning point in Robert Taylor's career may well be marked from this lusty story of the prize ring. From boyhood, Bob has been trained for the ring. Though an unlucky blow, he kills his trainer, William Bendix. Tension grows when he learns his drunken father (Frank Morgan) has sold him to a group of middle-aged men. Bob goes back to the ring, but, when he falls in love with Mau- reen O'Sullivan, sacrifices his career. Frank Morgan is excellent; Bob comes through—a champion.

**MR. MOTO'S LAST WARNING—**

*20th Century-Fox*

A SLIGHTLY dragging film and not the best of the Moto series, this one has Peter Lorre in Port Said trying to prevent the destruction of Great Britain's and France's warships by Rico Cortez and his colleagues. John Carradine, a Scotland Yard man, wins Cortez's confidence until his identity is dis-covered and then more trouble starts. Virginia Field grabs off the picture with her strong interpretation of the "moll" who murders herself at the end. Dot Dickerson is the title for reference, because they all sound alike.

**MEET THE GIRLS—**

*20th Century-Fox*

The debut of another series idea takes place in this story of two pretty girls bent on adventure. Lynn Bari and June Lang, we are told, will romp through numerous screen pictures together, and this sample of what the romping consists of proves commendable indeed. As stowaways, the pair become involved in another one of those jewel robbery set-ups with comical results. Gene Lockhart, Ruth Donnelly and Erik Rhodes supply the laughs.

**I'M FROM THE CITY—**

*RKO Radio*

JOE PENNER is none too funny in this silly story about a fellow who, although afraid of horses, is a marvelous eques-trian when hypnotized by the circus manager. He's taken to a Western ranch to ride in a race between rival ranches. Some of the complications are amusing, but the slow tempo makes the action drag. Richard Lane is Penner's manager and Lorraine Krueger is the love interest.

**A DESPERATE ADVENTURE—Republic**

THERE'S a lot of fuss made when Marcus Marsh turns up in Paris and is the image of an imaginary "ideal girl" as painted by artist Ramon Novarro. The picture is sold by mistake and everyone tries to get it back. Andrew Tombstone is amusing as Marcus's father. Tom Rutherford is her fiancé; and Marg-aret Tallichet is lovely as her sister who loves Ramon. Novarro's charm is as amusing as ever and he does nice work.

**SKY GIANT—**

*RKO Radio*

THE many pseudo-hazards and thrillSENDOVERSHADOW AN ANECDOTE STORY IN THIS RUN-OF-THE-MILL AVIATION "EPIC." Chester Morris and Richard Dix are a pair of pilots in love with Joan Fontaine, who really loves Morris but carries Dix when Chester refuses to give up flying. A thrilling smash-up in which Morris drops Dix to save his own life. The star shouting dave are the high lights of the film. (Shades of "Test Pilot," yet.) There's a slight tie to true flight, however, which makes for time-linens. Harry Carey and Paul Guilfoyle support.

**THE CHASER—**

*M-G-M*

THIS is a fast-moving minor comedy based on the ambivalence between desire and the crooked machinations of shyster lawyers. Although it's a pretty sordid plot, the situations are so funny that you'll get a lot of laughs. Dennis O'Keefe is the smooth-talking lawyer with a sure-fire personality; Louis Stone is his drunken doctor; John Qualen turns in a comedy high-spot; and Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris both do some fine work.

**MR. CHUMP—**

*Warner Bros.*

JOHNNIE DAVIS very ably caries practically the whole load of this amusing little picture about an unemployable trumpet player who has a system to beat the stock market. Unfortunately for him, Chester Clute and Donald Briggs, it only works on paper and they get in plenty of trouble when they borrow money from a bank to try it out. John Qualen, Ninny Flynn, Bob Kane, and Penny Singleton are the girls.

**SMASHING THE RACKETS—**

*RKO Radio*

NEW YORK Prosecutor Dewey said "No soap" when Hollywood indicated it would transform his achievements into a box-office gold mine. So what? So Hollywood did the usual thing called "thinly veiling" the character, and the result is Chester Morris gang-busting with the not too exceptional support of Frances Mercer, Bruce Cabot and Rita Johnson. Maybe the next in the cycle will seem more worthy of the effort.

**I'LL GIVE A MILLION—**

*20th Century-Fox*

WARNER BAXTER, a millionaire fed up with false friends, becomes a trump who hopes to find someone who loves him for himself; and the result is a bewildering effort to be funny that doesn't quite come off. Marjorie Weaver, American member of a French circus, takes Baxter under her wing. Because she is kind to him without knowing he is a millionaire, she wins the million. And Baxter. Not so good for the audience. Swell for Marjorie.

**ARMY GIRL—Republic**

IF YOU'RE interested in life at an army post, you'll like this picture. It is lighted by a mechanism test between an army tank operated by Preston Fos- ter and the Cavalry. Foster succeeds H. B. Warner as Colonel of the post. There's a jealous conspiracy between Neil Hamilton and Guinn Williams, which leads to the death of Warner; and Foster is accused. Madge Evans supplies the love interest, and justifies the title. Don't work up too much enthusiasm in advance.

**WAKE UP**

Without Colonel—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The picture is a two and two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just seeps in the bowels, gas builds up in the stomach. You get a dull headache, your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, weak and the whole looks pink. A mere bowel movement doesn't get the point. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to keep your system going. Just one tablet of bile flavor will make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet astounding in multiform work freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Life at all drug stores. Sticks the bath, anything else.

**NO FRIENDS SINCE PIMPLES CAME?**

Get this help in guarding against skin-blotching intestinal poisons

Are you skin eruptions mystifying your good times . . . making others shun you? Find out what the trouble may be—and take steps to help it.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, or even longer, important gland changes often upset the system. The skin often becomes over-sensitive. Waste poisons from the intestinal tract may get into the blood stream ... and he carried to the skin to cause disfiguring simples.

Many have been helped by the regular use of Fliechmann's Yum, millions of this pots from the blood ... and to help your broken-out skin, start eating Fliechmann's Yum—two once a day. 1/2 hour before meals. Buy some today!
If you are overweight and wish to reduce by inches during the next month—you can do it. Yes, it’s as simple as that if you but follow the instructions of Sylvia of Hollywood as given in her best seller No More Alibis.

In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose those unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely. You won't have a drawn, flabby face. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve. You will have an alert mind and your eyes will be clear and sparkling. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure.

As perhaps you know, Sylvia of Hollywood is the personal beauty adviser to many of the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and protects 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 her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Alibis you will find the very treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets.

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 or thin you are, Sylvia will tell you how you can mold your body into beautiful proportions—how you can glamorize your figure!

**Only 1.00**

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of this book is only $1.00 at book dealers or mail coupon TODAY.

**ON SALE AT ALL BOOK STORES**
Radiant Eleanor Fisher—chosen from thousands of America’s most dazzling beauties in a great magazine’s nationwide search for “Miss Typical America!” —Her crowning reward now a chance at Hollywood heaven in Paramount’s new romantic achievement, “True Confessions!”

Of supreme importance in helping her to win, were Miss Fisher’s beautiful eyes, framed with the glamour of long, romantic lashes. The charm of beautiful eyes, with natural-appearing long, dark, luxuriant lashes can be yours too, instantly, wish but a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, in either Solid or Cream-form. Both forms are harmless, tear-proof and non-smarting.

Do as America’s loveliest women do—form graceful, expressive eyebrows with Maybelline’s smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

Frame your eyes with glamour—accent their color and sparkle with a faint, misty tint of harmonizing Maybelline Eye Shadow, blended lightly on upper lids.

Guard against crow’s-feet, laugh-lines and wrinkles around the eyes—keep this sensitive skin soft and youthful—by simply smoothing on Maybelline Special Eye Cream each night.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in your appearance.
BEAUTY, CLOTHES — How Deanna Durbin Hurdles "That Certain Age"
WALT DISNEY'S GREAT NEW PLANS ••• A New Hollywood Map in Color
The Intimate Story of ALICE FAYE'S MARRIAGE TRIALS
"I want gaiety, friends, LOVE," she sobbed

"And you shall have them,"
I promised her

INTO a psychiatrist’s chambers streams an endless tide of life’s misfits. The lonely...the repressed...the misunderstood.

And now before me stood yet another. I was certain, and later examination proved me right, that there was nothing organically wrong with her. Her face, her body, bloomed with beauty and vitality. Yet, emotionally, she was at the breaking point.

Gently, I probed for her history. She was 28, single, college bred, lived in a good home with parents of some means, but was definitely of the recluse type.

"Men friends?"
Her lips quivered as she leaned close to me. The flood-tide of her emotions burst through the gates of her control.

"You’ve hit on it, doctor, I’m desperately lonely," she sobbed.

"Every girl I know is married, but no man seems to want me. They come—they go—I cannot hold them. Even my women friends seem to avoid me. I go nowhere...see no one. And, oh doctor, I want gaiety, friends, admiration, love...love...love...love."

She had risen; her face was almost against mine. In that instant I knew I had spotted the cause of her trouble. It was obvious.

But never in all my years of practice did I face a harder task than that of telling this unhappy girl the simple truth.* But tell her I did.

Today she is one of the happiest and most popular girls in our little city, and soon will marry a well-to-do Easterner who simply adores her.

Why Risk It?
Nothing is so fatal to friendships and romance as "halitosis (bad breath)." No one is immune. And the insidious thing about halitosis is that you yourself never know when you have it; never realize when you are offending.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before business or social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS
ike Many Other Stars, Vera Zorina Prefers ALASKA SEALSKIN

Hollywood, Paris, New York — fashion trinity of the world — all lavish highest favor this year on ALASKA SEALSKIN...and there is hardly a film luminary distinguished for style and chic who doesn't cherish this fur in her wardrobe. Vera Zorina, brilliant Samuel Goldwyn star and glamorous “Angel” in the Broadway musical comedy “I Married An Angel” chooses this glowing, supple fur for her important day-time coat . . . . In raven Black or deep-toned Safari Brown. Wherever better furs are sold.

INS DRESSED AND DYED BY FOUKE FUR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI...AGENTS OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT FOR THE PREPARATION AND SALE OF ALASKA SEALSKINS
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT! EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

Jeanette MACDONALD Nelson EDDY
in
SWEETHEARTS

VICTOR HERBERT Love-Songs!
Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in "Mademoiselle", "On Parade", "Wooden Shoes", "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate", "Summer Serenade", "Pretty As A Picture" "Sweethearts". (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred de Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert).

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!

HEAVEN MADE THIS MATCH!
Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quckening! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking in technicolor.

From left to right — garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer (remember him in "My Man Godfrey")... plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!

IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL TECHNICOLOR!
A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle become even more superb by the magic of Technicolor. Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with
FRANK MORGAN • RAY BOLGER
FLORENCE RICE • MISCHA AUER
HERMAN BING

BRAINS AT THE HELM!
Produced by Hunt Stromberg... Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"... and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with
FRANK MORGAN • RAY BOLGER
FLORENCE RICE • MISCHA AUER
HERMAN BING

Screen Play by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell

PHOTOPLAY
On the Cover—Deanna Durbin, Natural Color Photograph by George Hurrell

Who'll Take Her In? 
Join in Greater Movie Season’s gigantic quiz contest

How Deanna Durbin Hurdles the “Awkward Age”
Millions of young people are eager to learn her secret

Plain Girl in Paradise
Why the “garden variety” loss gets the rush in Hollywood

Through Thick and Thin

Rotund Mr. Oakie and lanky Jimmy Stewart weigh in

A Map of Hollywood
A famous artist offers the perfect guide to movieland

The Story behind “Boys Town”
The inner workings of a famous community

The Quins—Hilarious Heads of Hollywood

The Case of the Hollywood “Caucasal”
Continuing the most thrilling murder mystery of the year

“Give It Another T. hance!”
The intimate story of Alice Faye’s marriage trials

What’s Disney’s Great New Plan?
Who’ll take the place of Snow White and her dwarfs?

Photoplay Fashions

Joan Bennett in tweeds leads the fashion parade this month

Take Your Oath
It’s fun to emote for an amateur camera

Beautiful Bride

The story of Margaret Sullivan’s rebellious life

What Is “The Strip”?
Hollywood’s transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane

The Camera Speaks:

The Teddy Roosevelt Glide

Bette Davis and Errol Flynn—in the spirit of the 1900’s

When They Were Glamour Boys and Girls

“Tailwagges” Give a Party

Hollywood, in top hat and tails, considers the canines

Sandstorm in “Suee”
Earthquake, fire, hurricane—and now simo san simon!

Match Them If You Can
Test your movie knowledge on these famous “remakes”

Boos and Bouquets
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
PHOTOPLAY’S Own Beauty Shop
Close Ups and Long Shots
Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood
The Shadow Stage
We Cover the Studios
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?
Fashion Letter

Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in this issue

ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR
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FIRST PRIZE—$25.00
THE WINNER!

"What's wrong with the movies?" people keep asking one another. "What's wrong with the movies?"

I think Ben Hecht is written in his recent article in Photoplay struck the right chord. Sophistication has been ladled out to the movie-going public in such heavy doses that they have finally sickened of it. The trouble with most movie producers is that they lack originality. They are like sheep following the bellweather.

The decline of the movies—and the public's interest—can be traced to two very interesting and entertaining pictures, "The Thin Man" and "It Happened One Night." The light, frothy manner of dealing with basically important problems and situations was amusing. The public enjoyed it as a change from too much stressing of drama and the sordid situations of gang warfares. And what happened? If one, two or three pictures of that type appealed to the public, the producers reasoned, why not two, three or thirty dozen? They called it the new "trend" and started grinding them out. As a consequence, the public got fed up. What the public wants is stories portraying the life and problems it meets every day, done in a touching way, dramatic but not heavy, with a musical occasionally for variety.

Few women would see anything to laugh about in finding a tipsy blonde sharing the twin bed with their husband when they come home unexpectedly from a week-end visit with Aunt Carrie. They are expected to split their sides laughing at such a situation in the movies.

And there may be some husbands who would view with aplomb an unknown guest in their beds and brag it off on their divan when they walk in from an Elks' dinner in the early hours of the morning. But, if there are any, they are in such a minority that all their combined nickels and dimes would make no impression on the box office. Yet these are the sort of situations which have been fed to the great movie public; the butchers, the bakers, the plumbers, their wives and doctors and lawyers for the past few years—and the movie directors wring their hands and wonder "What's wrong with the movies?" Why don't they go to see a few. They might find out.

MARIE CALVANE,
Pan American Post Office,
Aruba, Dutch West Indies.

SECOND PRIZE—$10.00
FOUNOUNCED DAR-YELL DAR-EYUR!

I LIKE Danielle Darieux. They put her in a hackneyed little story of a poor girl striving to turn rich girl via the "easy way" and what did she do? She made me laugh. Now, while I'm no Ned Sparks and not entirely without my own little sense of humor—I'm still a hard customer to crack.

I sat stonily through Claudette Colbert's antics in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"; Constance Bennett's cavortings in "Topper" only evoked a yawn; and Lombard's long red claws inspire more amusement than do her familiar little tricks (booming laugh included). But Danielle Darieux had me, to express it trilely, in stitches.

Something about the sight of that squirming, by-no-means negligible figure pinioned under a window sill made me roar in what I'm sure would have been an annoyng fashion had not the rest of the audience been occupied in following my suit—and the ridiculous way she strode about in those incongruous pajamas—and when she uttered grimly, "I can't take this..." I could go on for hours were I not afraid of appearing fatuous.

Yes, sir, I like Danielle Darieux. She's got curly hair, expressive hands, a lovely body, and if she's as convincing a tragedienne (and she is if the reviews of "Mayerling" are correct) as comedienne, then I vote for keeping her here in America.

MARY V. ARMSTRONG,
Alexandria, Va.

THIRD PRIZE—$5.00
"MARRY ANTOINETTE"

I AM proud to say that I have seen one of the screen's greatest artistic and emotional masterpieces, the thrilling story of the tragic, sinful, devastatingly lovely Marie Antoinette.

Norma Shearer must have been inspired in order to play that rôle the way she did, for she was not Norma Shearer playing a part, she was Marie Antoinette to the very nth degree, leaving her audience breathless from the emotional magnificence of her characterization.

The whole story of France's glamorous Toinette was beautifully and intelligently handled by all concerned, and I feel that this marvelous achievement by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer deserves the highest Academy Award for the most satisfying picture of this year—or any year.

SINIE WOOLCOTT,
Hollywood, Calif.
(Continued on page 83)


GOING TO THE MOVIES has become as much a part of modern life as going to work or going home to dinner. It is a habit that vivifies wars, strikes, political upheaval and natural crises.

The first "movies" were gazed at in much the same way as their contemporaries, the first automobils. Today nobody stands at the curb to yell, "Get out!" at the streamlined version of either. The iden motion picture is as far a cry from the koldon flicker" as the sleek sixteen-cylinder lousine is from its one-lunged ancestor.

This development was possible because "going the movies," like automobiling, became a na- tural habit.

Why? Why do we "go to the movies"? It is because the motion picture has taken unto itself some basic functions in society.

Motion Pictures intensify life!

For the younger generation, especially, an eve- ning at the "movies" offers nearer kinship with her people — a greater insight into life — than a sit with neighbors.

The "movies" have given our eyes new ways of seeing. Because a star's face appears before us on the screen in a hundred-square-foot "close-up," we are more familiar with her features than with those of our sister.

A portrait of a motion picture audience would show peace in the darkened theatre, happiness... freedom from care... hands held. As the audience reacts to what is taking place on the screen, it shares its feelings — and affirms that man is a social being.

It is a group experience that is good for each of us, good for our individualities.

* * *

Motion pictures are today the chief cultural pos- session of the average man and woman. Millions who are removed from the other arts find in the film their literature, their expressions of beauty in form and design, their interpretations of the world about them.

While the motion picture theatre is itself a great classroom in which our generation has acquired matchless knowledge of far regions and understanding of distant peoples.

* * *

There is more than a passing connection between the American way of life and American leadership in the world of motion pictures.

For the "movie" is, by its very nature, a democratic product — the cooperative effort of the talents of many people. Their work is subject to the approval of the box-office, a referendum as accurate as that of the ballot-box itself.

It is in this public expression that motion pic- ture have found their greatest inspiration — their constant challenge to new endeavor.

Now, to provide the finest array of productions ever released, the Motion Picture Industry has mobilized all its skill, all its imagination, all its resources.

Great stories splendidly produced... love-filled romance, stirring drama, gay adventure, hilarious comedy, tuneful musicals... star-studded casts filled with your favorites — new talents for which the world has been searched.

One after another these fine pictures are coming to the screen of your favorite theatre — a world within four walls.

Entertainment, relaxation, freedom from care are yours in overflowing measure, brought to you week after week by the supreme efforts of the Motion Picture Industry to make this fall season one you will never forget.

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Great stories splendidly produced... love-filled romance, stirring drama, gay adventure, hilarious comedy, tuneful musicals... star-studded casts filled with your favorites — new talents for which the world has been searched.

One after another these fine pictures are coming to the screen of your favorite theatre — a world within four walls.

Entertainment, relaxation, freedom from care are yours in overflowing measure, brought to you week after week by the supreme efforts of the Motion Picture Industry to make this fall season one you will never forget.

For the "movie" is, by its very nature, a democratic product — the cooperative effort of the talents of many people. Their work is subject to the approval of the box-office, a referendum as accurate as that of the ballot-box itself.

It is in this public expression that motion picture have found their greatest inspiration — their constant challenge to new endeavor.

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Entertainment, relaxation, freedom from care are yours in overflowing measure, brought to you week after week by the supreme efforts of the Motion Picture Industry to make this fall season one you will never forget.
AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio
Hollywood points an amorous finger at itself with Jack Oakie (in his first important effort for some time on the lamp) playing a doctor about to fall in love, Alice Dalwallin, Raka Donnelly and Fritz Field manage to make some of the situations highly amusing. (60)

★ ALEXANDER’S RAGTIME BAND—20th-Century-Fox
Mr. Zanuck calls this an American Cavalcade in music. The songs are good and very precious indeed. The story backtracks thirty-two years to bring Tyrone Power, a rich refused to romance, Alice Faye, a hokey-socky singer and Don Ameche, a song writer, through love, war and success. Irving Berlin’s old and new songs will d&eak; you. (90)

★ ALGERS--Wagner-United Artists
Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if dreary melodramatization of the life and loves of a jewel thief (in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, Gene Lockhart, Subie Gare are splendid, but it’s the sheer lovely appeal of Betty Lamarr which will get you goo.

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th-Century-Fox
Like the proverbial ups and downs, this is a series of ups and downs. Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ion Hanter manage to make this modern story of mutiny, which is inherently compelling and exciting. Johnny Kelly, the little boy who awakens his mother’s love after years of separation, steals the show as the little child star who will be winning dozens. Women will go for this. (90)

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE, THE—Warner
Though Eddie Robinson continents in it, the picture doesn’t count for much. He is a quiet of manic chemist with the help of Art, the Wonder Dog, and outside Worth Haynes. Edward Gargrill manner than pr. (80)

BLIND ALIPI—RKO-Radio
Into this emaciated yarn, Richard Dix manages to inject a whole collection of comedy adrenalin and a bit of sagacity. Humphrey Bogart, snare as ever, Director David Robinson himself. Claire Trevor and the whole cast deserve credit for a film crammed with tense moments. (70)

★ BOY MEETS GIRL—Warner
This theme goes for, and satire on, Hollywood and illustrates a diversity at the stage play of the same name. Making the part of the curly-headed Carney is Gary Cooper, a tall latest of Hollywood gog bell writers (Pat O’Brien is the other) who unite the family of a dummy (Martha Ameche) to build up a Western star. The milieu is here! (80)

CHASER, THE—M-G-M
A 40′s comedy based on the ambushed-shambling racket. It’s a pretty surname but the situations get to funny you’ll laugh anyway. Oliver O’Neal is the pretty, Lewis Stone his drunken stage doctor; John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris sup.

CITY STREETS—Columbia
There is a lot of black hats in this black hats of a crippled organ (Eddie Foy, brotherhood by the boot grocer (Lee Carleton). She regains her use of her legs in time to cuts at his unshackled—the picture it all. (60)

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN—Warner
A 40′s tickle-fish on the kids from Brooklyn who con a man with Abie’s Boys and swipes his wife. Dick Powell is the hobo musician who steals off the singing-dude ranch, lands in Hollywood with the title of “The King of Jazz” and is swallowed up by the music-bug in the tippy tumbler or in a wind storm. Priscilla Lane is Paramount.

★ CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M
Well, kids, let’s do it. Bob Taylor comes through—a champion in this first talk of the year. Here are the big news around him with crooked magicians, a drunkeen father (Frank Morgan), who gets high down the hill and makes a liar of “Lone Star,” whose love he finally gives up to his father’s career. Damned fine. (60)

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic
There’s a lot of fire made when Morten Marsh turns up in Paris gq! He plays the head of the “shl" girl” played by Patricia Rocovero, he says they’ve got it right, Marlene Dietrich (usually Martin Gorce, in this picture, is so drowsy you can’t even. Don’t break your neck. (60)

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists
An underwater drama, flabbergasting in Britain on the North-West Frontier, beautifully photographed in Technicolor, Salvo (of “Elephant Boy”) appears as the little Indian refugee whose friendship for a Scotch drummer saves the day for England. Raymond

★ FAST COMPANY—M-G-M
A mellow imitation of the boy-buster Thin Man school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tricking the man of a man who purifies their first editions. Excuse us for yawning. (80)

★ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warner
In Fannie Hurst’s touching, dramatic story of the four Least girls search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characterization of the four daughters who marries Priscilla Lane in a high spot of the year, Priscilla, who does the fines work of her career and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphasized a “discovery,” important. (90)

★ FOUR’S A CROWD—Warner
Errol Flynn escapes from his romantic cocoon to turn into a five-comedy (lovestruck, a pre-war comic, waltzwhachers assistant, a secret agent and a feisty third wheel). Priscilla Lane is Paramount.

GARDEN OF THE MOON—Warners
The real Garden is the famous Coconut Grove at the Ambassadors and Hotel. As far as the romance between that upper room and this picture is slice—It involves P.O. Brien acting hard,ooled manager and John Payne as the band leader whose love for Margaret Lindsay precipitates many a battle. Good comedy, good music, Good. (80)

GATEWAY—20th-Century-Fox
Starting out as a close portrait of various types of immigrants who find in New York, this gets extended into a substance look at the goings on. Aileen Wassin is the Irish girl traveling to America, Don Ameche is the Yankee who ors her to New York, and Gregory Ratoff, a plump Russian prince. They go to get Ellis Island and a large. (80)

★ GIVE ME A SAILOR—Paramount
Martha Redi’s first film as a glamorous girl turns out to be very murdiferous—the famous scene being Marti’s efforts with a man pack. She is not getting away from slapstick very fast. She loves Jack Willsing, but Jack love Betty Grable, and Bob Hope lives Martha. They all get somebody. (90)

GOLD DIGGERS IN PARIS—Warner
The latest of the “Gold Digger” musicals deserves your attention by having Rudy Vallee and the Salomek blooms in it. The film also stars Joan Blondell, Eddie Foy and Gracie Fields. In it a milliner gets her revenge on a crook banker, a crook dancer becomes the president of the American Bar, a crook wife, a crook actress and a crook producer, a crook gangster, crook mine owner, all get this chance. (80)

★ HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—RKO-Radio
Revised considerably from the play of the same name, this remake is a highly amusing story. Diminishing the shrill of the baron’s girl for summer romance, it takes a bigger Rogers Rogers and the singing of the Rogers brothers and the Rogers sisters and the Rogers brothers and the Rogers sisters and the Rogers brothers. It’s all worked out a lot more; Rosemary Lane makes the title of Rudy. (80)

★ HOLD THAT KISS—M-G-M
Marisole S campaigners, dress model, and Dennis O’Keefe, dark in a travel agency, meet at a wedding. Both pretend to be strange they’re to meet, and are not very good, but go this charm.

★ HOLIDAY—Columbia
Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn top their best efforts in this remake of Philip Barry’s play. Cary is the idealistic housewife in love with Mrs. Nolan, daughter of millionaire; Katharine is the rebellious wife who later leaves her husband to escape too much money. (80)

★ HUNTED MEN—Paramount
The story of a killer racketeer (Lloyd Nolan) who finds the woman and a new life through the influence of a kindly family consisting of Elyse Forry (father), Dorothy Peterson (mother), Mary Carlisle (daughter) and Delmar Watson (son). Personal and exciting. (80)

★ I’LL GIVE YOU A MILLION—20th-Century-Fox
Worner Ruster is a rich man fed up with his friends. He bces a strange looking to be loved for himself. Marilite Wanyer, an American member of a French circus, takes him under her wing. She gets the million and goes for the affections, for Marilite. (80)

★ IT’S A DATE—The CITY—RKO-Radio
Joe Penner is more too funny in this silly story of a fellow who is afraid of horses, yet is a marvelous equitation when hypnosed by the city mayor. Richard Lorne and Larronge Arner are on the cast. Some of the complications are amusing enough. (80)

KEEP SMILING—20th-Century-Fox
A comedy about the average life of a high school girl, directed by, West, discovers her favorite uncle, a Hollywood director, has taken to the wines. The help of the secretary Gloria Stuart, jam roars uncle, crashes the movies. Children can safely take their parents. (80)

★ LADIES IN DISTRESS—Republic
Imagine Alison Skwitzer as Mayor in a racketeer-wielding city. Imagine Polly Molloy, her assistant secretary. Then imagine what (Continued on page 89)
The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life’s joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I’m trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur," "Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth’s laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn—is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it’s the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

---

WARNER BROS. Presents FANNIE HURST’S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE • LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE • CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN

Frank McHugh

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story

May Robson

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein and Leo Hurwitz

Music by Max Steiner - A First Nat'l Picture

Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood’s chosen great.

WARNER BROS. Pictures, Inc.

NOVEMBER, 1938
THIN GIRLS—You have to be thin in Hollywood because the camera adds at least ten pounds to your figure, but many a star has found to her sorrow that extreme slenderness results in loss of vitality; nerves jangle and life becomes a rat-race. We’ve been hearing a lot about how to reduce, but gaining weight is even more difficult than losing it. People sympathize with a fat woman, anyway, but what sympathy does a thin girl get? Absolutely none. People feel that she’s lucky to be so thin and gaze at her with envy as she eats her potatoes and whipped cream and yet never gains a pound. They give a scornful snort when she moans about how exhausted she is.

So what are you going to do about it, you and you and you—thin, tiring girls who wonder just how long your nervous energy will keep you going and why it is that you simply can’t keep your bones covered with enough flesh to give you those curves that fashion and health demand?

Pondering this vital problem while wandering vaguely around Warner Brothers Studio, I caught sight of Ann Sheridan, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Anita Louise, all talking at the same time. In between sentences Bette was drinking a malted milk; Olivia was carrying on her share of the conversation lying flat on her back on the floor with her eyes closed.

“What goes on here?” I asked.

“Sit down,” said Bette. “We’re having a quiet little argument. You see, we’re all trying to put on weight, and we all have our different methods. Me, I swear by malted milk. I’ve gained three pounds already.”

“Just the people I am looking for,” I said.

“What are the rest of you doing?”

“I’m resting and relaxing all over the place,” spoke up Olivia from the floor.

“My theory is to exercise you up and, if you encourage me, I’ll do my calisthenics right here,” said Ann.

“It keeps me up, I drink milk at every opportunity,” was Anita’s contribution.

“And we all get a lot of sleep,” finished Bette triumphantly.

“So I did!” said Olivia. “I don’t even go out any more when I’m not working except on week ends and then I’m always the first one to go home. I try to get at least eight hours sleep a day, and ten when I can manage it. The hard part is learning to relax, though, so that you can sleep or rest. And I find it so difficult to do.”

There is a definite art in learning to relax, and there’s nothing more important to the girl who is trying to gain weight. Even going to bed won’t do you much good if you lie awake worrying, as keyed up as a violin string. Above all, don’t just start to worry because you’re afraid you can’t relax and get to sleep.

Begin by systematizing your routine of living, and you’ve won half your battle. Have your meals at the same time every day. Don’t eat your lunch at twelve today and then work so hard that you don’t leave your office until two-thirty tomorrow.

Before going to bed at night take some relaxing exercises. Do them very slowly, as Olivia does, because, when you’re trying to gain weight, the important thing to remember is to do everything slowly. Be sure, however, to see your doctor first, so that you’re certain there’s nothing organically wrong with you and that you’re overweight only because you’re run-down and tired.

THIS exercise is excellent to relax the muscles and nerves of your whole body and has the added advantage of being good for your posture. You stand with your feet about eighteen inches apart, with your arms hanging at the sides. Then, inhaling deeply, you raise both arms over your head and stretch high. Lift your chest and stretch all through the middle, holding your abdomen in and your head high. Then exhale slowly and sort of fall forward. Your arms should dangle almost down to the floor; you should be completely bent at the waist; your knees should be bent and your head should hang. If you are in this position, you’re completely relaxed. Then unbend slowly to the starting position. Do this exercise about half-a-dozen times and then have a lukewarm bath.

Stay in the water at least fifteen minutes. Take this opportunity to smear your face with a good cream and leave it on while you’re soaking in the tub, thus helping your skin as well as your nerves. After this, get right into bed and drink a glass of warm milk, or malted milk, if you prefer. By this time you should be as relaxed as a newborn babe and go right off to sleep.

After you’ve learned the secret of relaxing—the art of not thinking of anything at all and just unfolding all your muscles so that you’re

(Continued on page 75)
PARFUMS DE CARON

FRENCH CANCAN
TABAC BLOND
NUIT DE NOEL
EN AVION
FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
Youth... EAGER, VITAL... OFFERS ITS LIFE... GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT LOVE... IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two young stars destined for instant fame... in the heroic story of the wooden cockleshells that won the Navy's greatest honors! Produced on a spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck! Masterfully directed by John Ford!

Submarine Patrol

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
BY RUTH WATERBURY

PORTRAIT of an Editor Thinking Out Loud... I wonder if Warner Brothers were at all influenced by Photoplay's editorials on asking simple, homely pictures about real people when they made "Four Daughters"... I'd like to believe they were... certainly this is a departure from the usual Warner blood-and-hounder plot which they produce so superlatively... though they've done this lovely, gentle story superlatively, too... John Garfield's discovery alone would have made it worth while... but the whole thing is perfect...

Funny how some people can get by with breaking all the rules... take Ronald Colman... he never does any of the things that are supposed to be necessary for success in Hollywood... never goes places, never gives parties, never gets talked about, seldom grants interviews, rarely signs autograph books, doesn't spend his money, never bothers with publicity; but he's been a major star for fifteen years now and "If I Were King," his next epic, is rumored to be the finest thing he's ever done... If you could see him as he is off-screen with his skin tanned mahogany and those dashes of grey at his temples I believe you'd agree with me that he is easily the handsomest man in Hollywood...

Why do they pick on actors for losing their heads in Hollywood when a solemn, supposedly superintelligent investigating committee for the United States Congress goes so goof-nuts that it comes forth with the frightening (to me) information that Shirley Temple is a red dupe... what happened they couldn't discover the genuine Communists in the town?... everybody in Hollywood knows several big shots who claim such allegiance... 

Does it look a bit more than mere coincidence to you that Fred Astaire, after having snubbed it for a couple of years, suddenly got palsy-walsy with the press, just before "Carefree," his newest production, was released... and do you suppose the flop of his "A Damsel in Distress," the picture he did without Ginger, as opposed to the success of the pictures Miss Rogers did all by her pretty self, could have had anything to do with this...

MY Favorite Love Story of the Month (starring two—count 'em two—Cinderellas): Not so very long ago there was a young, handsome but quite poor young actor in London who was discovered by a talent scout and brought, unexpectedly, to Hollywood... and at the same time there was a young, beautiful but quite poor young girl in Hollywood working as a manicurist... she, too, was discovered by a talent scout and brought to the same studio where the young actor was working... their names are, as perhaps you've guessed, Richard Greene and Arleen Whelan, for you may have heard that those two are utterly and completely in love... what I do not believe you've heard is that the movie business has done everything it could to stop those kids being in love... it really isn't good business for starting stars like that to have eyes for no one save each other... Twentieth Century-Fox tried to give the handsome Greene lad the usual romantic build-up by having him photographed in glamour spots with glamour ladies... but while the boy tried to do just as he was told when he was on the studio time, when he was free he was always with Arleen... but what saved their romance would only happen in Hollywood... it was the fact that neither of them clicked quite as big as was expected... young Greene may build up since it is easier, what with the shortage of leading men, to build up a male personality... but the pretty little Whelan, for all her charm, just seems to lack the great dramatic spark... slated for the lead in "Jesse James" she was replaced by new-discovery Nancy Kelly... success would probably have separated them as it did Irene Hervey and Bob Taylor, or Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power... the happy ending to this is that these setbacks have only drawn the two lovers closer... you can expect the wedding bells to ring out any day now... and what is a girl's career compared to her finding her ideal love and isn't it the true stuff of which romance is made to think that fate picked them up, unknown and half the world apart, to bring them together for just one another?... (Continued on page 75)
"It's the New Tunic-Length and, of course, the Fur is 'FEDERAL'...

I know, because the FEDERAL name is stamped on the leather side of each pelt"

In this season when silver shines so importantly in evening wraps... on woolen coats and suits... in gay, little jackets... it is comforting to know a sure way of finding a superior silver fox. Simply look for FEDERAL, stamped on the leather side of the pelts. Only fur of exceptional beauty and lasting loveliness may be featured under this name. Notice the luxuriousness of the coat shown here—how smartly the skins lend themselves to the new softer manipulation... the smart tunic-length... the flattering detail of sleeve and neckline. Only one of many charming winter fashions in FEDERAL, featured by smart stores throughout the country.
The big motion-picture companies have combined to encourage theater attendance during the Greater Movie Season, offering prizes totaling $250,000 in a gigantic quiz contest. Photoplay urges you to take part in the contest—and contributes this thought: every time you go to the pictures, why not find someone to take along, someone who can’t afford to pay his or her own way? The pleasure that you get will be so much greater—because of the pleasure that you give. Pictured (right) is a replica of the booklet which will be given away at theaters.
BY JENNIFER WRIGHT

The miracle of Deanna Durbin is no accident.
In just three pictures, Deanna has scored one of the greatest triumphs of any child star in Hollywood's history. She has won her amazing fame in the very middle of the dreaded awkward age—the early teens—which crippled the careers of every screen prodigy on record before her, from Baby Marie Osborne, Baby Peggy and Virginia Lee Corbin through Jackie Coogan and Mitzi Green. Which hangs today like a threatening thundercloud over the brilliant tops of Shirley Temple, Jane Withers, Freddie Bartholomew and every youngster in the business.

The studios make pictures frantically before the storm descends. Deanna sings in the rain. She is the only one ever to do this. She is the only young star in Hollywood who has ever been able to face with a merry, fearless laugh the gangling clumsiness, the shy self-consciousness of adolescence. Indeed, a town jealous of its sophistication and savoir-faire eagerly acknowledges her as the most perfectly poised, fresh and charming person it possesses.

All that is the miracle of Deanna Durbin. And it is no accident. I found that out after I had been with Deanna two minutes.

I discovered it when I told her what I had come for.

I wanted, I said, to learn her secret. If she had one, I said, there were millions of young people all over the world who would be eager to learn it. Early adolescence was no joke. It was sometimes tragic—too often torturous.

Frankly, I had small hopes of a sound answer. Self-analysis at fifteen is rare.

Deanna looked me straight in the eye. Her eyes are variable—sometimes they are a bright blue, sometimes grey, sometimes hazel. But they are always clear, frank and intelligent.

“I think I know what you mean,” she said at once, “and I think the answer is, ‘Be your age!’ If you try to hold on to your ‘little girl’ years when you’re really growing out of them, you look foolish. If you try to be grown-up before you really are, you’re just as silly. But if you can manage to look and act like just what you are, there’s nothing at all to worry about. It’s mostly,” concluded Deanna, “a matter of common sense.”

“And it’s funny,” Deanna went on, “your mentioning that subject. All morning I’ve been doing that very thing on the set. In ‘That Certain Age’ I’m supposed to be infatuated with Melvyn Douglas. So, to impress him, I dress up in my mother’s evening gown, put on her jewelery, paint my face, do up my hair and parade across the room.”

“What happens?” I asked.

Deanna laughed. (She doesn’t giggle, she laughs.)

“He laughs, of course,” she said. “So will everybody else, I think, when they see it. That’s why they put it in the picture. You see, when you’re pretending to be something you’re not, you’re really just giving a comic performance.”
Deanna avoids the comic performances that ordinarily go with the awkward age—on either he young or the old side. She does it by the way she acts, the way she thinks, the way she looks, and her sense of humor, develops her talents and the way she builds her body. She does it by the clothes she wears, even the modest make-up she uses.

And it is all hinged, as Deanna says, on common sense, a commodity as rare as the air. Any young girl with reasonable attractiveness and intelligence can be just as poised and personable. Deanna is sure of that.

"Of course," qualified Deanna, "being in the movies and working with older and talented people make me especially lucky. My best friends are my directors, Norman Taurog, Henry Koster and Edward Ludwig. But there are older and talented people everywhere, aren't there? If you just make friends with them."

But most young people, I found out, are shy and embarrassed around older people. They are self-conscious.

"That's where my singing has helped me," said Deanna.

"It has given you poise?" I asked. Her answer was not what I expected.

"It has given me something to talk about," Deanna said.

"Shyness comes from nothing to say. When you're with older people and you can't talk to them about anything interesting, naturally you're embarrassed. But if you study anything worth-while—whether it's music, painting or books—anything, you'll always have something to say that will interest people."

Deanna has studied singing since she was eleven. She still studies it every day with her teacher, Andres de Segurola. But singing isn't all. She reads everything she can lay her hands on. This past year, in spite of the terrific amount of time her pictures have taken, she read "Gone With the Wind" twice, "White Banners," "Northwest Passage" and a dozen other contemporary books, besides her favorite reading, Shakespeare's plays and sonnets. That seemed a little adult for a fifteen-year-old girl to enjoy, so I asked her if she really liked it.

"Yes," Deanna said honestly, "I do. Mr. Pasternak [her producer] gave me a set for Christmas. It contained a lot about Shakespeare's life and times. I read that part first. Then, after I knew what he was like, I wanted to read everything he wrote. There are two ways," said Deanna, "to learn anything. An interesting way—and a boring way. I like the interesting way."

She told me about her recent trip to Washington. Like every other schoolgirl who ever visits the national capital, Deanna took in the standard sights—the White House, Capitol, Supreme Court, Lincoln's Memorial and so forth. But she didn't just breeze through. She investigated the interesting sides of every place. She told me how the Bureau of Investigation worked. She described, in colorful words, how she stood beside the sorting machine and watched the hunt for a murderer narrow down to his fingerprints.

"Just think," breathed Deanna, "I was right there when they really caught him!"

If Deanna sounds a little old, a little serious and intent for her age, it is because she grew up around older people. Her sister, Mrs. Heckman, is considerably older than Deanna, and has always been her closest friend. Much of Deanna's little girlhood was spent in her sister's house.

But, with her unusually keen perception of the dangers of her trying age, Deanna consciously avoids being too much in the company of grownups. She is anxious to avoid being a "little old lady."

Recently she entertained with a party, inviting a crowd of kids her age to her home. They were her old public schoolmates and a number of youngsters—all her age—who have worked in her pictures—Helen Parrish, Jackie Moran—and her particular girl friend, Adelaide Craig.

They danced, and as a concession to grown-upness Deanna had them all come in formal clothes. But when they got down to real fun they acted their age. They peeled the Big Apple to Deanna's collection of swing records!

Deanna has three evening gowns, or "formals," as her generation calls them. None is very décolleté or daring. None is made of clinging satins or striking colored prints. She sticks to white—piqué and crisp white organdie—with square plain necks and as few frills as possible. In all her clothes, Deanna has conscientiously studied how to avoid the common mistakes of the in-between age—too many frills, or too severe, sophisticated lines.

She has always had a basic taste for tailored, simple clothes. Her favorite knockout costumes now are slacks and culottes. But when she first came to Universal there were a good... (Continued on page 76)
PLAIN GIRL

It's the garden variety "girl from back home"
—a bit of organdy in a sea of satin and sequins—who gets the rush from Hollywood males

BY DIANA

DRAWING BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

PUT it down to luck. Nice, dumb luck. Someone happened to say, with the easy nonchalance of not being taken seriously: "If you are so curious about Hollywood, why don't you go there?"

So about like that. I consoled myself that I'd see the studios anyway, and all that California scenery. Well, I saw the studios. And the Pacific bunting against the sandy shore of Santa Monica was as impressive to me for Atlantic at Jones Beach on a cloudless day. But it wasn't what I saw that counted. It's what I saw.

For three weeks, lacking two days, no de-briefing, I saw Plain Avenue, no most popular girl at college, not even Loretta Young herself had a madder, gladder, more joyously rushed schedule. All the scenes leading up to the "boy gets girl" scene of a movie were enacted—for me. Not under studio lights, but under that bigger and better sun of Hollywood, those starrier-than-any-other Hollywood skies. I was—in the jargon of movieland—a "hit." I "wowed" them. Though no one looking at me from the true perspective of the rest of the United States would have recognized it, I was a "glamour girl."

And why? Simply because I had plenty of beauty. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner, supper—yes, even a couple of breakfasts at drive-in hamburger stands; night clubbing, swimming, riding, basking in the desert sun; previews at Grauman's Chinese, jam sessions at the Famous Door—all to the exhilarating accompaniment of pleasant masculine voices murmuring in my ear. Voices speaking animatedly, intimately, persuasively. Voices lowered so the words would be for me, and me alone. The voices of Hollywood's legion of woman-starved males, lone-some men, who appreciate more than any-thing else the common garden variety of girl who isn't seeking anything in Hollywood but a gay vacation—the girl who hasn't come to Hollywood to go into the movies.

True, they weren't the men whose names make the neon lights—although I did lunch, casually and impersonally, with Tyrone Power. But they were men connected with that fascinating business of movie-making: the assistant directors, photographers, scenario writers, publicity men, agents—all the hurly-burly of free and unattached men whose daily contacts with the great of Hollywood have given them an enormous ennui with Exceptional Ones.

Hollywood is overpopulated with attractive, discontented males longing for feminine companionship of the sort they remember having "back home." Girls who aren't struggling, like the men themselves, to "get the breaks" in that crowded, competitive field of pictures. Girls who aren't coping with masseuses, hairdressers, dressmakers, publicity experts, day after day, week after week, until their life is so full of moviedom there is no room for simple, everyday existence. Plain girls, unprotected by the brittle armor of too-perfect attention to their faces and figures, nice girls—never remarkably talented nor breathtakingly beautiful—are at a premium in Hollywood. They stand out like a bit of organdy in a sea of satin and sequins.

HOLLYWOOD is the happiest hunting ground in this country for the normal American girl who wants to be popular with men for the sake of being popular. It's a wondrous oversight on the part of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, usually so vigilant in pointing out the advantages of a California holiday, that this condition never has been publicized.

When I went to Hollywood, I didn't even have a small red-leather date book in my possession. After two days, I bought one and thereafter was busy jotting down engagements until the pearl-gray evening when I broke the traffic laws to make the outgoing Super-Chief at Pasadena. I was the belle of the ball—I, who never thought I looked like Myrna Loy or Norma Shearer, until a publicity man told me I resembled one in character and the other in appearance. (And that, only after he was reasonably sure I nourished no ambition to emulate either!) And I'm certain my allure, like 100,000 other girls, who simply haven't gone to Hollywood to prove it, was my contrast to the sleek, slim-hipped, perfectly-groomed, beautifully-coiffed, anxiously-alert damsels who are, or would like to be, in pictures.

Hollywood is full of beautiful women, as you have often heard. It is true. You see them everywhere, behind the department-store counters, in the lunchrooms, in beauty parlors and hat-check cubicles. Girls who firmly believe, if they were given the chance, they could outdo Garbo, shame Lombard, beat Colbert at her stuff. But these girls aren't setting the male population of Hollywood by its ears. Reason: they are all part of the same thing.

To stand out, you must be different. In Holly-wood, that's being natural. No girl who is seriously concerned with getting along in the movies can be "herself." She is too busy. She has to give her life to her career—or lose it. Probably she thinks it is worth while. Maybe it is. But breathes there the man who doesn't enjoy feeling he—and not a career—is more important to the girl of the moment?

There is a surplus of conventional Hollywood types in Hollywood. The girl who would draw your eyes on Fifth Avenue or Michigan Boulevard merges into background on Hollywood Boulevard. She may know all the tricks of looking dramatic, dynamic, but so does everyone else—and even perfection gets monotonous. When one more perfect girl appears on the hori-
PARADISE

son, she’s like another Rolls Royce or Packard in the parking place of a millionaire’s sumptuous estate. Oh, for a comfortable Buck or Dodge or Ford!

Shortly after I arrived in movieland, I ran into a girl I knew back home—a beautiful girl who makes her living posing for photographers for illustrations in advertisements. She had come to Hollywood “for a spree,” she said, and also to look around and see if there might be an opportunity to get into the movies. After a boring two months, she was going home.

“I have more fun there,” she told me. “Hollywood’s not so hot.”

Now there is nobody who could look at Phyllis and me, together, who wouldn’t admit right away that she has it all over me as far as eye can see. She’s tall, and I’m five feet, three and a half in stocking feet. Her hair is that shade of chestnut with golden lights in it that photographs honey-blonde. I’m brunette and I don’t use brilliantine to make my tresses shine. Her eyes are blue, fringed with long dark lashes which she makes up to look even longer than they are. My eyes are brown, and my lashes are my own. When Phyllis walks, you can visualize a sparkling background of gleaming draperies, the scent of perfume, soft music. I wear flat heels and stride as if I were going somewhere.

She wears one-thread stockings, the sheeerest in the world, and her nails are always impeccably, dazzlingly red. I stick to three-thread hose because they last longer and my nails, while perfectly manicured, are the faintest possible pink.

Phyllis reads the magazines because they are part of her business: novels and biographies bore her. I read every volume sent me by the Book of the Month Club and look up words in the dictionary. When Phyllis opens a newspaper, it’s at the amusement page. I read the front page first. Phyllis dreams of success, meaning fame and money and a brilliant match. I’d like to think I would “top” her in all three, but my own good sense tells me it probably isn’t in the cards.

Get the idea? Phyllis is Hollywood material, even before she sets foot on the sacred soil. No one would think of contracts when he looked at me. And you’ve no idea what an advantage not belonging gives you! That is, if you are interested merely in making a hit with the people who do belong.

There are a good many of us, really, who don’t want to go into the movies. Everybody realizes that—except Hollywood itself. The long queue of aspirants to film fame has given most Hollywood men the idea that there’s a secret hope to become a star in every girl. If Hollywood is right about you—take my advice: don’t let it show. There is nothing which bores a man in the movies more than listening to a would-be actress’ pinings. He’s sensitive on the subject. He winces when he sees it coming, as if you were going to tread on his corns. Rather, forget your hopes, never crystal clear, anywhere. Concentrate on the romance and the quiet of the present—it’s good enough. Learning for a movie break does something to your personality, puts too much art in your remarks, too much grace in your movements. You must seem to be “only looking, thank you” to put Hollywood men at their ease.

“You laugh,” confided one of my erstwhile admirers, recently divorced from a promising feature player, “as if you had never been taught to do it.”

It was a compliment of the highest order. I became with that remark authentically a visitor.

At first, of course, they don’t believe you are real, despite your unostentatious look. They have seen so many gals on the part of struggling hopefuls who jealously count their contacts in order to learn the ropes, that they think there must be method in your madness of being yourself. How they shrink from finding beneath your nonchalance the soul of a movie-crasher!

All the girls who would “belong” go right to work as soon as they hit Hollywood, fitting themselves into its meaningless mould. They not only try to look alike, talk alike, but they also go to the same places, do the same things—all for the sake of being seen as part of the

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THROUGH THIC

JACK OAKIE

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you, too, may diet!"
—is the advice Oakie gives

BY HIMSELF

I THINK this is going to be a sob story. I think maybe it could be entitled: "The Man Who Lost Happiness Along With Fifty Pounds" or, maybe: "Oakie's Lament." Of course, it's true that I used to look like Man Mountain Dean and that now, after getting rid of those fifty pounds (mostly from around my middle), I remind myself of Tyrone Power. (Although, strangely enough, I haven't heard anyone else mention the resemblance.)

It is also true that hostesses don't gasp, anymore, when I sit down on their Chippendale chairs . . . and that I can wear those four nifty suits I bought in 1933 and then outgrew in certain strategic spots, which gratifies my thrifty soul, just recovering as I am from paying another installment on my income tax.

Nevertheless, I am finding my joy at being svelte—not to say streamlined—not altogether unalloyed. As the days go by and I get more and more used to looking like a human being instead of a hippopotamus, I find myself proportionately aware of the somber and profound fact that every silver lining has its cloud and all ointment its fly.

Not that the history of my feat of losing fifty pounds in six weeks is without its Great Moments . . . like the one when I stepped on the scales at the end of my first day of dieting and exercise and found three of my 210 already gone . . . and when I came home from Del Monte where the losing process took place and everybody stared and said, "Oakie, is this you or is there a Jack Oakie, Jr. we never knew about?"

And yet . . .

It all began, this saga of mixed blessings and adulterated joys, when I returned to Hollywood from the Dallas Fair last spring stuffed full, not only of rich Southern cooking which had added an extra five pounds to my two hundred plus, but sudden boredom at having to go through Pullman doors sideways and being scarcely able to see, anymore, whether or not my shoes needed shining. I looked at myself in the mirror (a large mirror) and said to the monstrosity that met my eye: "You fat lug. You over-stuffed dim-wit. You look like a boxcar."

I remember also that, outdoors, it was a fine day and the swimming pool and tennis courts were there waiting for me and here I was, too fat and loggy to enjoy them. This cinched the say to you now, but if I do, ignore it," I told him. "The thing is, I want you to feed me what is on this diet schedule and nothing more. Get it? Nothing more, no matter what I may tell you later. Now, remember?"

"Very well, Mr. Oakie," he said, "I'll remember."

That was all, but I had a feeling he would take me at my word. I was right.

Next, I looked up Bill Kynock, the golf professional at the Del Monte lodge, and made a similar proposition to him to help with my "slenderizing."

"You gotta make me stick to it," I said, and he promised to do just that.

The following morning, or rather about the middle of the night, my phone rang. Swearing considerably, because I am a guy that likes his sleep, I answered it. It was Bill.

"Time to get up," he announced.

"Whaddye mean get up?" I yelled. "Is the place on fire?"

"No, but we're golfing . . . like we planned last night."

"Aw, that was last night," I said. "I've

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AND THIN

"Nuts to weight-gaining diets," says Stewart, as he resigns himself to his fate—or does he?

BY KAY PROCTOR

If you want to get bopped on the nose by Jimmy Stewart—and he packs a healthy bop in that right of his—just start telling him about some marvelous new system for gaining weight. I guarantee you action.

Why you should want to get bopped on the nose by him is neither here nor there; it takes all kinds to make a world. Look at the scads of screwballs who think it a divine achievement to possess a piece of Bob Taylor's shirttail or get dirty look from Clark Gable. The phenomena dazed from star worshiping sometimes areondrous indeed to behold.

It is a touchy subject with Jimmy, the matter of ways and means of adding a few pounds to that long, lank frame of his. And for a magnifi- cent reason. For the past fourteen years everybody and his dog have thought it their bounden duty to give Jimmy a little firsthand advice about it, and he has been taking it. There's the rub. He's been taking it! And how! The wonder is he is alive to tell the tale.

As far as he is concerned, it is a closed subject now and forever hence. He is calmly and quietly resigned to his fate of being six feet three and nudging the scales at a neatly 150 pounds. Which was his weight when he first arrived in Hollywood back in 1935 and Papa Louis B. Mayer out at Metro did a double take and hinted it might be a good idea if he put a little meat on the Stewart bones. (Papa Mayer reconciled to it now, too, what with the performances Jimmy has been turning in and the way he has been knocking the fan-mail department galley-west!)

"I'll tell all just this once," Jimmy told me over the luncheon table. "Then maybe people will realize my pitiful plight and stop giving me their sure-cures." He shook his head mourn- fully. "And to think there was a time when I sought their advice, actually asked for it! Little did I know the ingenious tortures man could inflict on a fellow man!"

We had less than an hour for lunch. Nonetheless, in that short time Jimmy tucked away a man-sized lunch of soup, lamb chops, potatoes, asparagus, two rolls, pie, coffee, and a glass of beer.

"And don't tell me I'll never gain weight if I bolt my food," he chipped. "I've tried that one, too. Thorough mortification, I believe they call it. No good?"

Thirteen years of his life were blissfully free of the curse, it seems. They were the first thirteen. He was an average eight-pound baby and Alexander and Elizabeth Stewart were pretty excited when he arrived one May 20th at the family home on Seventh Street on Vinegar Hill in Indiana, Pennsylvania. He was, in fact, on the chubby side.

"Fat little rascal," Mr. Stewart told friends who dropped in at his small-town hardware store to offer congratulations on his first-born. "Quite a boy! Stop by the house and see him."

The years rolled along and Jimmy's weight kept pace, although his mother often did say she declared to goodness she didn't know how he kept an ounce on him. The way he took those steps. The "steps" were the fifty-four leading from the street to the front door of the Stewart house and Jim "took" them three at a time going up and five at a time going down. Once he took them all at one time going down but nothing much happened except a couple of barked shins and a sore sitter-downer. Which proves nature's padding was sufficient at that time, anyway.

Then it happened. He had just turned thirteen. All of a sudden he started to shoot up. In one year alone he outgrew three new suits.

Mr. Stewart's patience had worn a lot thinner than the third suit when Mrs. Stewart broached the matter as tactfully as she could that Jim once more had outgrown his clothes.

"I did not get the fourth suit," Jimmy said. "Indiana simply was treated to a view of a few more inches of my wrists and ankles."

The trouble, however, was that he did not fill out as he shot up. It was purely one-dimensional growth.

Whereupon, Mrs. Stewart swung into action and Jimmy got his first dose of weight-gaining remedies. Mrs. Stewart's prescription was oatmeal—a big hot bowl of it—every morning for breakfast.

Now, as Jimmy said, there is nothing wrong with oatmeal. It is a fine, healthy food. Some people like it very much indeed. Unfortunately, he is not one of those people.

His daily protests at breakfast were of no avail.

"My goodness, Jim, you don't want to look like a rail, do you?" his mother would answer.

She was right. He didn't. In fact he was pretty sensitive then about his appearance. (He is no longer sensitive, he says; only conscious.) It is an interesting commentary, at this point, that the kids in the neighborhood discreetly refrained from tagging him with the usual descriptive nicknames of "Slats," "Skinny," "Bean Pole" or even the mild "Slim": he was handy with that bopping right of his even then.

Well, the oatmeal cure didn't work. For all the bowls of the abhorred stuff he consumed. All that developed was his loathing for it which exists to this day.

The track coach at Princeton came forth with the next advice. Milk. With meals, after meals, before meals and in between meals. That didn't work either, perhaps because as fast as he

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You've read about them and you've heard about them. Now, that famous artist, Russell Patterson, shows you with amusing illustrations just where the stars work and where they play. Where they buy their clothes and where they get their culture. With this chart clutched in your hot little hand, you can't fail to find those world-famous spots in that Garden of Eden known as Hollywood.
Spencer Tracy, in the role of Father Flanagan, introduces Whitey Marsh (Mickey Rooney) to his future friends.

WHITEY MARSH (Mickey Rooney) slumped down from the Boys Town bus and glared at the vast sweep of prairie, the golden fields of ripening grain. From his sneering lips rolled a long tirade of fluent Brooklynese. He didn't want to be a farmer. He was a smart guy. He wanted to get back where guys were smart. He had no mother, no father, and now his brother had been sent to prison and he was alone and homeless. Then Director Norman Taurog, in charge of the "Boys Town" company on location at Boys Town, shouted, "Cut!" and Mickey was a different person.

"How'd you like that, Father?" he asked, and I assured him that he was the greatest thing that had ever happened to Hollywood... or Boys Town. And that the performance he had just "turned in" would undoubtedly make film history. He looked at me suspiciously for a mo-
His magnificent performance in "San Francisco" made Spencer Tracy an obvious choice for the role of priest in "Boys Town." The statue, beside which Mickey stands [left], is "The Spirit of the Homeless Boy," sculptured by one of the youths at the home

BOYS TOWN

ent; then a grin lightened up his face. "Okay," he shouted, and the next minute was romping with some of my boys. It was difficult to say which of the group of romping youngsters were boys, imported from Hollywood, and which were my own youngsters. And I had a disturbing thought.

But for the grace of God, Mickey Rooney — instead of the popular and idolized motion-picture star he is today — might well be a Whity Marsh, suppose that, as a small boy, he had been left homeless and alone as so many of my boys had been left. What would have become of him?

But then I had a happier thought. The heights which Mickey had reached in this world, I felt, are heights within the reach of any one of my more than two hundred youngsters. Perhaps they will choose different professions in which their success is not so spectacular; nevertheless, the opportunity to succeed is here and by boys, in the past, have grasped that opportunity.

And suddenly I was proud of Boys Town. But especially was I proud of America, a land which could foster such a township as this — a land in which such opportunities could exist for the rich and the poor alike. And I thought of Whity Marsh, the character about whom Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has built its picture, "Boys Town."

Whitey, left alone when his brother is sent to prison, comes to Boys Town, scornful of the township, its citizens and the priest who founded it; yet stays to find a new viewpoint, a new faith in life.

In the forty-five hundred boys who have passed through Boys Town in the past twenty-one years, there has been many a "Whity Marsh" and, today, I know them as successful citizens in many communities, citizens who are making their contributions to a society they might well have learned to hate, to a world that, once, had little time for them or their likes. I should like to tell Photoplay's readers about a few of these boys. But first, I should like to tell them about Boys Town.

As its name implies, Boys Town is an actual, legally incorporated township ten miles west of Omaha on the Lincoln Highway. It is governed, as are other Nebraska townships, by a mayor and six city commissioners, the only difference between it and other Nebraska townships being that its officials as well as its voting citizens are all under eighteen years of age. Elections are held twice a year under supervision of the Douglas County Electoral Commission and the duly elected officials are charged with the responsibility of giving good government to the more than two hundred voters who will have another opportunity at the polls within six months.

The seriousness with which these lads take their government is amply evidenced in the pre-election activity. Then, trading and bargaining become fine, political arts. Candidates give up their desserts to prospective voters. Campaign workers "do their stuff" whenever groups gather, and in the dormitory rooms at night, slates are made and remade, votes gathered and lost.

Boys Town was founded, primarily, to afford a haven for homeless boys regardless of race, color or creed; regardless of whence they came. And from the day it was founded, until the present, there have been but two qualifications for citizenship there — first, that a boy be homeless and, second, that there be room for him. Unfortunately, last year we were forced to turn away more than seven hundred boys because of lack of accommodations. One of my fondest hopes is that, when the motion picture is released, we shall be able, through the many new friends it will make for us, to enlarge our township so that I shall never have to say "No" again to a homeless lad who comes to me seeking shelter and guidance.

To Boys Town have come boys deserted by their parents, boys from homes broken by death or divorce and, in a surprisingly large number of cases in recent years, from homes so poverty-stricken that parents were unable to care for their children. No boy leaves Boys Town unless it is to better himself. Either he is adopted by people who are able to do more for him than we can at Boys Town, or he goes to a job upon which he can make a decent living with promise of promotion.

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BY EDWARD DOHERTY

WHEN the news reached Hollywood, a few years back, that the five Dionne sisters were going to live—and grow up into beautiful princesses—most everybody gave five rousing cheers.

Here, it seemed, was a "natural" for the movies. a five-star-final scoop, a situation just made for lens and mike, and the quintessence of good fortune.

"What could be simpler?" most everybody asked. "You just write a story about these children and shoot it. Then you cash in."

Well, somebody wrote a story, and Twentieth Century-Fox made it into a picture. The quintuplets were infants then, and there was little, if any, trouble. The play was a box-office smash.

Two years later, somebody else wrote a story, but the babies were two years old then; and the picture was a little more difficult to make. Norman Taurog, the director, knew exactly what he wanted, but he couldn't get his message into the minds of the five two-year-olds. So he was compelled, more or less, to give the moppets their own way.

Now Fox has made a third picture—and under what difficulties!

You wouldn't believe how many headaches these five young darlings can inflict.

The quints are growing up, you see. And Hollywood's problem has grown with them.

In the Empire Hotel, in North Bay, Ontario, a few miles from the hospital buildings at Grimsby, I met a couple of dozen men from Hollywood who were suffering from an acute case of "quint headaches."

They were making a picture to be called "Five of a Kind"; they had been shooting for weeks; and, though they had achieved great results, they were eager to get away from it all, to get back to Hollywood as soon as they could.

Said Frank Perrett, spokesman for the group: "We like the country; we adore the quints; we admire Dr. Dafoe; we think we have a swell picture. But—so help me—what headaches!"

"For instance, we've not been allowed to work more than one hour a day with the babies. Dr. Dafoe is taking no chances on their becoming tired. There has been no sun, so we had to shoot only interiors. And we've had to shoot all the interior stuff in light of not more than one hundred amps. Your dining room, in case you're interested, is much better lighted than that."

"In Hollywood we'd use thousands of amperes to light these scenes. But this isn't Hollywood. Intense light might hurt the children. So we've had to learn to use a hundred amps and like it."

"Can you make clear pictures in that light?" I asked.

"Crazy as it seems, we can and do," Perrett admitted. "Maybe Hollywood has been wasting millions of dollars a year for lighting we don't need. Maybe the quints have taught us something that will save us a fortune. I don't know. Maybe it's only such an expert as Don Clark who could take clear pictures in such light."

Five little moppets who can be as temperamental as they please and make the movie-makers like it.
"Dan shot the first few scenes in that light with grave doubts. He shot them because there was nothing else to do. But when the negatives reached Hollywood we got word the stuff was practically perfect—as sharp and clear as could be.

"So, we hurdled that headache only to have the imps, themselves, give us an even bigger one. The children, you see, continually rewrite the story! It's lucky we brought Lou Breslow, one of the authors, along with us. Otherwise we might be up against it."

"How do you mean—rewrite the story?" I wanted to know.

"Come on out to the set," Perrett said, "and I'll show you."

THE crew was working on an interior—a tiny room that seemed to be full of people, a room that looked something like a clinic, inasmuch as everybody was dressed in a white surgical gown, and everybody's nose and mouth were covered with surgical gauze.

No, not everybody, I noticed at second glance. The quints were there, unmasked. So was Jean Hersholt. He was sitting at a table. The quints appeared to be waiting on him.

"Everybody who goes into that room," Perrett explained, "must first have his throat sprayed. Dr. Dafoe is taking no chances on germs. And everybody but the actors must be masked and robed—that means the camera men, too."

I lingered for a moment, watching Hersholt and the children, then felt Perrett nudge my ribs.

"Sorry," he said, "but you better come away before the babies see you. If they spot you they'll forget what they're supposed to do. They'll stop and stare and yell hello to you. They may even rush forward to greet you. They don't know they're working. They think they're playing a game with Hersholt. And if they bust up this scene—and we have only one hour a day—you see?"

I sat in Dr. Dafoe's office until the hour was up. The doctor was there, and Joe Moskowitz of the Fox New York office, and Nora Rousselle, the children's pre-kindergarten teacher, and Marion Byron, who plays the role of a nurse in the picture.

Herbert L. Leeds, the director, and Lou Breslow, the author, came into the room for a minute between takes. They removed their masks, sat down to smoke a cigarette or two, and talked of the progress made thus far.

"They're going great today," Leeds said. "They're giving us some wonderful stuff."

"And they're still rewriting," said Breslow. "And how?"

"In this story," Leeds explained, "Jean Hersholt takes the part of Doctor Luke. 'Doca Loot,' the quints call him. He's just come home after a hard day. He's tired and discouraged and hungry. He asks Emilie for a cup and saucer.

"Now, in the script, Emilie is supposed to run to the cupboard like a good little girl and get the cup and saucer for him. And her sisters are supposed to get the sugar and the cream, and to pour the coffee, and to bring him all he wants to eat.

"We had explained the action to each of the children, and thought they understood perfectly. These are very intelligent youngsters. You have to tell them only once what you want them to do and then they do it—in their own way. They follow cues better than a lot of grown-up men and women in Hollywood—but, of course, they don't learn any lines by heart. They say their own lines—"

"And sometimes," put in Breslow, "they are a lot funnier than the lines I thought up for them."

"Well," Leeds went on, "we started the cam-

eras rolling and Hersholt asked Emilie to bring the cup and saucer. Emilie didn't understand because she didn't know the English words. But

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A murder and a movie star, an undercurrent of romance, an overcurrent of mystery—all of which add up to this—a fast-moving thriller packed with action and suspense

I WAS plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when Mildred Parker, secretary to lawyer William Foley, met with a mysterious accident. I was selected for her position because of my voice. Foley judged all people by their voices.

My first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening in person to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I went, found the door of the house unlocked. Since there was no answer to my "Hello," I went in. Cold terror gripped me as I became conscious of a humming noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star, bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

As I reached for my brief case, which had fallen to the floor in the course of events, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce Eaton's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a big desk, his head slumped over his chest. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the place went out. I'd been anxious enough to get into the house; by now I was twice as anxious to get out. I found the stairs and was halfway down when a bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief.

PROPPING my brief case against the wall, I flung open the door. There stood Frank Padgham, alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. For five seconds he didn't move. I was sorry that I couldn't see his expression. I started to tell him why I was upstairs, then stopped abruptly. I couldn't tell him about Bruce Eaton. He suggested that I got out and wait in his car while he investigated. On my way to the car I remembered my brief case. I ran back and got it.

There was a drugstore at the corner. I went into a telephone booth and looked for Bruce Eaton's name in the directory. He wasn't listed.

Then I remembered the name of his agency. As luck would have it, someone answered the phone. I told him if Bruce Eaton wished to get in touch with the girl who had removed his gag to call Miss Bell in the law office of William Foley and then slammed up the receiver.

I was halfway back to the house when an automobile swung around the corner. The tires screamed at the too sudden application of brakes. I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling me. I don't think I was ever so glad to hear a voice in my life. I climbed into his car and told him what had happened. He instructed me to go into the drugstore, tell the clerk that I was too nervous to telephone and ask him to notify police headquarters that a dead man had been found in the house. He explained that I was not to telephone myself because he didn't want me to give my name.

I followed his instructions. He had his car in gear when I jumped in and we drove on. I handed the brief case to him. He stopped the car, opened the case, then looked up at me with questioning eyes. I stared incredulously.

The brief case was empty!

Morning brought the newspapers and gave me the first really definite information I'd been able to obtain about what had actually happened.

Police, it seemed, having been notified by a drug clerk that the body of a murdered man was awaiting them in one of the more expensive homes in an exclusive Wilshire district, had sent a radio car to investigate.

The house had turned out to be the property of Charles Temmler, a wealthy, retired contractor. The police found the front door of the house unlocked. A main light switch near the heater on the back porch had been thrown, plunging the entire house into darkness. Using flashlights, the police climbed the stairs to the second floor, where they found a dead man seated at a desk in what was evidently an upstairs study.

From letters in the man's pockets and cards in his card case, the police tentatively identified the body as that of one Carter Wright, a man who had been employed by Mr. Temmler as chauffeur.

Death had been practically instantaneous, caused by a bullet fired at close range from a 38 caliber automatic.

In another upstairs bedroom, the police had found evidence which led them to believe a man had been tied and gagged. Two handkerchiefs, moist from saliva, and which evidently had been used as gags, had been found on the floor. A sheet had been jerked from a bed, torn into strips and tied into makeshift knots. Later on, apparently, this man had been liberated by some person who had cut through the strips of cloth with a sharp knife. There was no clue whatever as to the identity of either of these two persons. Police were testing everything on the property for fingerprints and, it was understood, had found several very good "latents" which they considered of more than ordinary significance.

I WAS particularly interested in seeing myself as others saw me, for the clerk in the drugstore had given a description of the woman who had reported the murder. This young woman was the subject of an intensive and widespread search. I read the description with interest.

Dark chestnut hair, rich, warm brown eyes, very full red lips, a smooth satiny complexion, average height, approximately 116 pounds, possessing a superb figure and naturally graceful in her actions. She disclosed even, regular

ILLUSTRATION
BY MARIO COOPER
Foley had given me no instructions about opening mail, I stacked it in a neat pile on his desk. I set my own desk in order, with stationery taken out of the drawers, cleaned my typewriter keys and rubbed the platen with alcohol.

While I worked, I kept thinking of the events of the night before. Had Bruce Eaton taken that agreement? Had Mr. Padgham opened my brief case under cover of the darkness in the corridor? There had been an interval, while he was groping for the light switch, when he could have done it. As for the rest, I decided not to worry. I'd gone into the thing as Mr. Foley's secretary. Mr. Foley had instructed me what to do. Mr. Foley was a lawyer. After all, it was up to him to take the responsibility.

I opened the drawer to take out my shorthand book. I couldn't find it. Hastily, I searched every drawer in the desk. My book was gone! The door opened and Mr. Padgham entered the office. He was flustered and pretty much excited.

"Where's Foley?" he asked.

"Mr. Foley hasn't come in yet," I told him. He came across the room to stand in front of my desk. "What happened to you last night?"

"What happened to you?" I countered. "I waited in the automobile, expecting you'd be right down."

"You weren't there when I got back."

"Well," I told him, "I was gone only for a minute. I had no idea you'd run away and leave me."

"I didn't run away and leave you," he said. "You ran away and left me.

I took refuge behind a secretarial mask.

"I'm sorry," I said, with the impersonal politeness which a well-trained secretary gives to a client in the office.

He studied me with his selfish, glittering, deep-set little eyes and I could see that my attitude bothered him.

"How did you get home?" he asked.

I laughed lightly. "After all, Mr. Padgham, I get home by myself every night. It's quite simple for a woman to find her way around the city alone."

"Have you," he asked, "read the morning papers?"

"Yes." 

You understand then, what it was you saw last night?"

"Certainly."

"You haven't . . . well . . . I gather from the description given by the drug clerk that you were the one who notified the police."

I smiled serenely up at him. "Why, of course, I notified the police, Mr. Padgham. Isn't that the proper thing to do when one stumbles upon the body of a murdered man?"

"It may be proper but . . . but, well, is it advisable?"

"I thought it was," I said.

"I'm not certain that Mr. Foley will like it."

"We'll leave that matter entirely up to Mr. Foley," I said.

He leaned impressively forward until his cheeks were so close I could smell the odor of shaving lotion. "You'd better be pretty careful not to offend me, Miss Bell," he said.

"You understand that I could tell the police who instructed the drug clerk to put in that call?"

"I say certainly," I said, making my eyes large and round with simulated hurt innocence. "Aren't you going to? I am. I'll tell them I ran down to the drugstore to telephone, while you went into the house to . . . ."

He straightened as though I'd jabbed him with a pin. The color left his cheeks momentarily, then returned, darker than ever.

"Miss Bell," he said, "under no circumstances are you ever to tell a living soul that I was in that house."

"Under those circumstances," I said, "it's up to you to keep the police from finding out I was the one who talked with the drug clerk."

Because, if they questioned me, I'd have to

(Continued on page 78)
The Ultimate Story of Alice Faye's Marriage Trials

BY BARBARA HAYES

She's Mulligan stew in a golden dish—an honest, straight-talking Irish girl who brought her beauty and her warm rich voice from a New York Hell's Kitchen tenement to this pink and white satin dressing room, with its scent of Tabac Blond clinging faintly to the frills. A purist decorator would have done that room in Kelly-green linen but Alice Faye is now too great a star for anything so uninvolved. And anyway she likes it as it is.

She thinks it's beautiful. She lounges there, occasionally these days, on a pale and fuzzy chaise longue, reflected in many mirrors—she lies there, on the verge of her first wedding anniversary and in the midst of her first separation from Tony Martin, and realizes with a kind of pleased astonishment that she is still married to Tony, after a year of uncertainty.

Twelve months ago she would not have believed it. But twelve months ago she wouldn't have been there at all, because then she did not lounge, ever. She walked. She trotted. She ran, galloping from sound stage to rehearsal to radio broadcast to party to still gallery to set. She worked hard, as she has always worked, for what she got.

The life of Alice Faye one year ago was still a kaleidoscopic thing, impossible and frantic and brilliant and muddled. Her own personality reflected it, so that when I talked to her for the first time I caught only a hodgepodge portrait—a confusion of ideas and pictures which meant nothing.

Only one thing, one genuine heart-warming impression, edged through the jumble: a spark of rollicking hearty humor which said, "Oh boy, am I in a mess. And am I loving it!"

With that spirit in her voice she told me, finally, "I'm married two days and I hardly know the guy. I don't know what's going to happen any more than you do. Tony and I went off to Yuma between fights and I don't see any reason why we won't go on battling. Only this—her jaw went square, determined—"I'll make it last if I can—or as long as I can."

Now, many months later, she told me, from the chaise longue, "It'll last now. It's changed in the last months. Tony and I are happy now, for the first time."

They eloped between quarrels—and the intervening year has not been without doubt and uncertainty for Alice and Tony. But now—

She made this second prediction with justified triumph. There were so many things that, with an ordinary person, would have made such an outcome impossible.

There was working together the first two or three months. "That should have finished us," Alice admitted, "I still don't understand why it didn't. You see, both of us had been used to freedom, to spending long hours alone when we felt the need of silence, to seeing other people whenever we liked. Then, quite suddenly, we were forced to be together every second of the day and night.

"You can't imagine what it's like, waking up with a person beside you in the morning as a starter; then sitting across the breakfast table from him; then working together on the set. He used to have to make love to me for a scene and while he was reading his sentimental lines I was thinking that he'd had a grouch that morning, or the toast had been burned, or we'd disagreed about the political situation.

"And then lunch together, and the afternoon, and dinner, and then a party, and then the night . . . I tell you, there were times when I thought if he grinned in just that way again—the way I had always loved before—I'd have to brain him and take the consequences. And he felt the same way about me."

They survived the making of "Sally, Irene and Mary," somehow. But the experience left its mark, a jagged scar on their nerves and a not-to-be-forgotten blemish on what should have been the happiness of their first weeks together.

In solemn conference, after an interminable period of angry recriminations interspersed by haughty silences, they agreed never again to work in a picture together. That, felt Alice, was the crux of everything; and thus the future must necessarily stretch smoothly ahead, their problems translated to minor matters of everyday living.

Whereupon, Alice was assigned to the lead in "In Old Chicago"—and the whole thing started again, on another and far more important plane. Because that way lay stardom for the blonde child with the husky voice—stardom of the first magnitude, with all that stardom means. Fingers of light drawing brilliant streamers in the sky when her pictures opened. Autograph (Continued on page 88)
Most recent cigar-market boomer in Hollywood is this Paramount grandson—the Jan. '38, No. 4 edition of the towheaded Crosby offspring. Presenting Lindsay, son of Bing, in his first formal camera pose.
Pictorial prediction of another Roosevelt landslide are these scenes of wasp-waisted Bette Davis and bow-tied Errol Flynn cavorting on the set of "The Sisters." As a prelude to the actual shooting, dashing Errol, who undoubtedly manages the Shag and the Big Apple with the greatest of ease, gets a little coaching in the spirit of the dance as the 1900's saw it. Once he has been pushed around a bit by Director Litvak, he is ready to push around his intended, Bette—and the Teddy Roosevelt Glide is right in swing. Reminiscent of the time when mother was a girl, "The Sisters," Warners' adoption of Myron Brinig's popular best seller, will make young moderns chuckle, older moderns sigh for the days of the buggy and bustle.
Vibrant phenomenon in a town that is a dealer in prodigies is the Viennese LaMarr, superb femme fatale of Wanger's "Algiers" and probable future film foil of the great god Gable. A Continental Cinderella who begged her way into American films as a script girl, she today commands the attention of master producers and all movie-minded people—just tribute for this girl named Hedy who has so triumphantly lived up to her name.
Streamlined Lane, pampered darling of four older sisters and a nation-wide public. The admiration of the former began the day Priscilla made her bow in provincial Iowa; of the latter, when she confirmed Warners' suspicion by proving a "find" in "Four Daughters." Hard-working opportunist, she is a trouper born, keeps her eye on the future, her feet on the ground.
A "believe it or not" angle on a few beloved screen veterans, presented with a view to the past and the present.
Hollywood, in top hat and tails, goes to the dogs at the Beverly Hills—and everybody has a wow of a time.

FOUNDED in England, the Tailwaggers Association, a club devoted to the welfare of dogs, has rapidly become a pet project of the West Coast stars. With President Bette Davis holding the leash well in hand, the club has been freed from debt, has contributed a large sum to the Seeing Eye Foundation and is planning at present to build a charity hospital for canines. By-product of the charity work is the gay social life that the Tailwaggers lead while raising the necessary funds—as, for instance, this dinner dance and cotillion at the Beverly Hills Hotel for which Tailwaggers and their friends turned out en masse, even to the tune of $100 or more. Which meant a heyday for the canine crowd, a gay time for the guests, more amusing pictures from Photoplay to you.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK
Representing the Seeing Eye organization, which trains dogs to lead the blind was Dr. Clyde Wilson.

And still another eye-catcher—the new Shearer bangs, worn to hide the aftereffects of Norma's "Marie Antoinette" hairdress.

Big names of the past: Pickford and Bartholomew.

A momentary outside interference in the B. Taylor-B. Stanwyck duo.

...and of the present—Joe E. Brown with Beverly Roberts.

Edgar Bergen and Shirley Ross. Edgar donated a pedigreed pooch that capable McCarthy auctioned off.
The movie technicians have outdone nature again—with a man-made windstorm. Staged on the artificial twenty-acre desert at Zanuck's, the combined forces of Hollywood's wind machines, twenty-eight in all, workers, gale unprotected, martyrs to the Zanuck cause.

SANDSTORM
You may have thought that Hollywood gave its spectacular best to the hurricane, the Chicago fire, the San Francisco earthquake. But Hollywood had a rabbit in its hat—it offers you now this simoon in "Suez"
Victor over the glorified Gable's extra girls' popularity poll—Fred Murray of the high-flying "Men of Wings" company. Not a movie but a man with a job to do, he foregoes the tricks and temperament of glamour boys, cashes in instead with a hale and hearty air, his rhythm on sax. Slated as one of the best by the Paramount studio, he is, at the Paramount studio, he is, at the Paramount studio, the boy from Kankakee who works living, hunts for pleasure and is to the one girl in the world—his
ight of Hollywood by choice is
Rogers, box-office bait, with the
stair for RKO's "Carefree."" Headwork and footwork to get
that she wanted, she rode the
liton wave into vaudeville, swept
to the West Coast on her own
power. About the busiest
in the field today, she lives
on the highest Beverly hill In
with a playroom, a soda
and a doorbell that is the
many rival Romeos in Hollywood.  

Mable
In addition to the "flash in the pan" film, which is seen by many audiences and then consigned to oblivion, there are those perennial classics that live forever in the form of "remakes"—new versions of old films that are often remade two or three times. In the panel below are ten scenes from old pictures; above are ten modern counterparts. You match them up; then fill in the blanks on the opposite page. 75% is passing; 85% is as good a rate as Photoplay's. If you're better than that you won't need the answers found on page 83. Grade yourself this way: name of film, 5 points; names of players, old version, 3 points; names of players, new version, 2 points—10 points in all for each of ten questions.
we can't give you more space, but, if this won't work, a blank piece of paper will do the trick

1 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
2 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
3 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
4 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
5 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
6 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
7 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
8 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
9 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
10 and are : players (old version) are : players (new version) are
A different type of yarn spun by Allan and Irene for Irene and Messrs. Montgomery and M.

Maybe this is one reason why Joan has kept the eras out—strong-armed Murphy goes to town with little white wool.n

Singing star of M-G-M’s “The Shining Hour”—Joan, with her namesake niece.

The females knit; the males just sit—and kibitz, per usual. Left: Ray and Joan.

A Sunday afternoon institution of three years’ standing—Joan Crawford’s knitting parties. “Private, keep out” is the watchword, but Photoplay’s Hyman Fink, pocketing a ball of wool (and his camera) crashed the gate—and here are the first pictures ever published of an event unique in Hollywood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK
OSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

That wify G-Man of our own FBI (Fan Bureau of Information) tracks down all the intimate chatter on your West Coast Idols

Birthdays—Cheer Up, Everybody Has 'Em!

TYRONE POWER—playing the field these days—walked into the Victor Hugo the other night with Norma Shearer on his arm (see picture, right). After they'd dined and danced a little, a mutual friend came over to the table.

"Hello, darling," he said to Norma. "Many happy returns to you."

"Thank you," she said, looking as confused as the poised Miss Shearer ever looks.

A little later, while she was powdering her nose, Ty went bounding over to the friend's table.

"Look here, is it really Norma's birthday?"

"Sure! You don't mean you didn't know?"

"She didn't even mention it," Tyrone admitted. "Why, I'd have made this a really big party!"

Which, perhaps, is why the unpredictable first lady of Hollywood didn't tell him.

Temple's Got Trade Secrets

If you need any final indication that Wonder Child Shirley has really grown up at last, you should sit next to her some evening at one of her previews. Time was when she viewed her shadow on the screen detachedly, chortling with glee over the funny scenes and looking very sad when her film image displayed grief.

Now, like any one of the other Hollywood veterans, she shifts nervously about in her seat, watching critically.

"I shouldn't have done that," she whispers to her mother. "I could have read those lines faster. It drags." A moment later: "That routine needs one more break before George (Murphy) gets on the table."

Don't be sad, though. The evolution was necessary. With or without obvious technique, Shirley's still a trouper.

Unholy Wedlock

WE caught up with Mickey Rooney on the set of "Boys Town" and cornered him in his dressing room. He'd just finished a crying scene and was wiping his red eyes and blowing his nose.

He was in a complaining mood, too. "You know what?" he said indignantly. "My own publicity office just called over and wanted to know the truth about all this stuff that I'm—" he choked with emotion—"that I'm married. Secretly! ME! Did you ever hear anything so Mickey Mouse?"

"Well, you're old enough," we pointed out.

"It'd have to be in the Hall of Records, wouldn't it?"

"Not in Mexico."

Mickey smothered in exaggerated disgust. "So I get married. So can I ever see her? So do I ever have any time for a secret wife? Don't be Junior High School."

The door opened and his mother poked a smartly coiffed head in. "Listen to me," she commanded. "You're not going to get married until you're at least twenty-five!"

He threw his arms up in the air in typical Rooney fashion and slumped dramatically into a chair.
It’s comeback year for two lovely stars of the not-too-distant past. Pert, redheaded Nancy Carroll, above with Van Smith, is appearing in “There Goes My Heart” and Helen Twelvetrees, right, with Publisher Herbert Krancer, is turning her blonde curls movie-wise after too long an absence.

Reflections on Hollywood’s Troubled Waters

NEVER-­SAY-­DIE Darryl Zanuck is going to make overnight stars out of newcomers or crack trying. Remembering his success with Ty Power, Don Ameche and Sonja Henie, he introduced Simone Simon and that wasn’t so good; then came Arleen Whelan. She was all set for the femme lead in “Jesse James”—a terrific break—when “Gateway” was previewed. Then she was removed and another brand-new gal, Nancy Kelly, was set in the spot. Twentieth-Century Fox employees, properly primed, announce Nancy’s the greatest find since Crawford. Maybe Darryl has struck it rich again... .

The “Dead End” kids entered a competition in which the director of their latest pictured offered fifty dollars to the quietest boy. No one was quiet, so the prize was split. Bobby Jordan and Billy Halop, two of the bonnie bratties, are doing nip-ups over Judy Garland, by the way, but she’s highly unresponsive.

The reason: a boy who isn’t in the motion-picture business...

Way back in Lunnin Town, during the years when Richard Greene knew to a ha’penny the sum jingling in his jeans, he shared an apartment with a fellow named Dennis Green. They were good pals. Now Richard has arranged to get Dennis over here, screen-tested and signed to a contract.

The point is, Dennis is too good—and a menace to any Hollywood leading man. Ah, Damon, ah, Pythias...

Add successful culminations to romance: Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde (he rescued her after an auto accident months ago); Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler (news of marriage came from London); Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot (they say she’s a sensitive soul and that he loves it)... .

Franchot Tone in every Glamour-Saloon in town, always stag, never smiling.

It’s the Gypsy in You, Ameche

“SHOULD have listened to that fortune teller,” Don Ameche says. “She warned me not to make that European trip this summer because of sudden illness, and now, look, I had to lose my appendix right in the midst of the fun. "Say, if that fortune teller ever tells me to look out for a blonde, I’ll run like a turkey every time I see one.

“I’m beginning to believe all this.”

Will Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson split up? When Bette left for Nevada some weeks ago, that became a much discussed question in Hollywood. It is too early for announcement as we go to press, but Cal York’s giving odds that the answer is “yes.”

Ginger and Bitters

THEY call her the out-of-step, instep girl and they mean Ginger Rogers who can trip the light fantastic like no one’s business but just can’t seem to catch the rhythmic beat of Hollywood. A group of people were discussing Ginger one day, trying to discover why she played the Hollywood game so poorly. “And she’s so good at tennis,” as one lady added, apropos of nothing.

A writer told of having an appointment with Ginger in the RKO dining room. Presently, in came Ginger with a group of studio friends and proceeded to have lunch. An hour later, she nonchalantly walked over to the writer’s table and said, “I have only about five minutes. What was it you wanted to know?”

And with a jolly, friendly mother like Lela, Hollywood can’t get it all straightened out in its mind. And wishes it could.
House with the Powells

Dick Powells just can't seem to make up his mind about a place to live. The last time he talked with Dick he had just moved out of a swank bachelor's paradise on Toluca Lake and had bought a house for Joan and himself in Beverly Hills.

This, he said proudly, "is it." Then the couple saw "Bringing Up Baby" and fell in love with the house featured in that picture. Coincidentally, they had a baby themselves. So now they have captured the plans of the RKO built for the Hepburn picture and are going to build it for themselves as soon as they can sell the Beverly Hills place. If someone gives them a canary they'll probably move to another Catalina aviary.

In Fun Comes High

Hey, call him the irrepressible Irishman in Hollywood, but to others Errol Flynn is the one connecting link between the glorious carefree days of the old devil-may-care Hollywood and the big business town of today.

With the agility of a mountain goat Errol leaps one escapade after another, but his latest escapade left the entire town in stitches.

It seems Errol and Patricia Knowles had gone to pick up Lili Damita (Mrs. Flynn) who was staying in a local apartment building. After the driver had waited what seemed to them too long, they decided to bring Lili out in a hurry, using a street hose. They located the right hose, turned on the water and the flood was on.

Needless to say, wandering Lili came a-wandering fast.

Martha Raye, Paramount's new glamour girl—and doesn't she look it with her new "up" hair-do?—gives her 17-year-old sister, Melody, her first glimpse of Hollywood night life which includes, among other things, an introduction to Mexican firecracker Lupe.

Night life—teen version! Deanna Durbin and Jackie Cooper celebrate the completion of "That Certain Age" with a dinner party, given by Director Ludwig, and a movie afterwards.

(Continued on page 74)
WALT DISNEY’S GREAT NEW PLANS
BY KIRTLIE BASKETTE

Disney sketches the living models for what is now nearest his heart—“Bambi”

Illustrations from C. Collodi’s “Pinocchio,” courtesy of Grosset and Company.
Illustrations from Felix Salten’s “Bambi,” courtesy of publishers Grosset & Dunlap by arrangement with Simon and Schuster.

Who’ll take the place of Snow White and her dwarfs? A deer—a puppet—a cricket? Here’s the lowdown!

A FEW months ago a slim young fellow with a jaunty mustache rimming his boyish grin stood before the president of Yale University and received the degree of Master of Arts. The next day he repeated the process at Harvard University.

Newspapers, commenting on the extraordinary and significant occurrence, remarked that Walt Disney needed a haircut. His suit, they further stated, was the only one at the ceremonies that was out of press.

To these columnists the creator of Snow White, Dopey and the immortal Dwarfs, Mickey Mouse, Minnie, Donald Duck, Pluto, Clarabelle Cow and hordes of international screen idols amably replied that he was sorry about the haircut. He hadn’t had time to get one. He said his suit had been pressed before the ceremony but he guessed it just must have wilted in the heat. He said he deeply appreciated the honors, though, and he’d try to live up to them.

Then he got on a train and went home to Hollywood because he had a lot of work to do.

At practically the same time, two dappled fawns, rescued by a Maine ranger after a forest fire, were speeding on another train to the same destination. They arrived at the Disney Studios almost the same day as Walt did.

Most of us, with such brand-new high degrees from such old and respected seats of learning, might have had small room left in our giddy brains for anything else. But Walt Disney promptly forgot all about the academic laurels still pressing his brow when he heard the two fawns had arrived.

He left the new honors, literally, at home in the chest. He rushed over to stand all day watching the new deer frolic and bound in the runway his studio had built.

The degrees, after all, belong to yesterday. But the two baby deer were living models for what was now nearest to the Disney heart—a new feature he is producing.

WALT DISNEY does not live in the past, but in the future. He does not rest on his laurels because he cannot rest. That “Snow White” has broken all existing records, box-office and audience, that it has become the wonder picture of the world, that a London theater offered to book

(Continued on page 79)
THAT team is back again, as light on their talented feet as ever. This time, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire don't have quite the material to work with, but they do their best. And it is good. Fred is a psychoanalyst who tries to use psychology on Ginger to induce her to marry his pal, Ralph Bellamy. Instead, she falls in love with her doctor. When, by hypnosis, Fred sets her free of all inhibitions, the riot begins. Through it all soar the lovely melodies of Irving Berlin's latest score and to this delightful music the Astaire-Rogers feet twinkle in the best dance numbers they have ever created.

Bellamy does his usual good work as the frustrated lover, and Luella Gear is effective, too.

BUTTRESSED with magnificent natural scenery in Technicolor and heavy action in the way of stilted encounters, this is an example of how the simplest plot can carry all the elements of suspense and satisfying romance. Peter B. Kyne's sturdy story of the California redwoods adds up to—boy has lumber property, villain has mortgage, both want girl.

Wayne Morris is the high-minded youth determined to keep his forests intact for future generations to love; Claire Trevor (lovely) is the girl with a past whom he reforms; Charles Bickford is the millionaire lumberman who thinks dead men are breakfast food until he comes in contact with Wayne's furious flying fists. Old-fashioned but good.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH
You Can't Take It with You Carefree
Three Loves Has Nancy I Am the Law
Boys Town Valley of the Giants

At least the best thing Frank Capra has ever done, this is everything you could want from a motion picture. The adaptation from the great stage play is an improvement; the show is magnificently cast; production, direction, and every other phase of cinema creation is excellent.

Here is the story of a family who, in the midst of this mad world, do as they like and live happily. Grandpa Vanderhof, sympathetically played by Lionel Barrymore, just decided one day not to work any longer and retired to lead a family consisting of Spring Byington, who writes plays; an iceman who delivered ice one morning and stayed nine years; a ballet-dancing daughter; her husband who makes fireworks in the cellar; and any number of other wacky people. Jean Arthur is the only slightly conventional member of the family; she's in love with James Stewart, son of a munitions tycoon, Edward Arnold. Arnold, in completing a deal, wants Grandpa's house; and thereon hangs the tale.

In the ensuing mess (because Grandpa won't sell), everyone ends up in jail, and Barrymore convinces Arnold that "you can't take it with you when you go.

Stewart and Miss Arthur make a romantic pair and Barrymore is up to his high standard, but the finest portrayal is Arnold's. Mischa Auer gets laughs. Donald Meek is amusing, Spring Byington, Ann Miller, Harry Davenport and all the others are excellent. It is a field day for the character actors. There is something gentle in the philosophy expressed which will send you forth loving your fellow man—but you will be weak from laughter. You must not miss this.

A POWERFUL tribute to one man's ideals and the heartbreaking obstacles that stood in the pathway of those ideals is brilliantly pictured on the screen in "Boys Town," one of the finest pictures to come from Hollywood.

The story, simple and touching, tells of one man's faith in boyhood and the amazing institution that grew out of that faith, with no effort toward preaching or moralizing. Father Flanagan, a courageous priest of Omaha, Nebraska, is the man. The self-sustaining institution known as Boys Town, a community inhabited and governed solely by unwanted or homeless boys who worship as they please, is the direct result of his belief that "there is no such a thing as a bad boy." Beginning with a handful of street waifs, Father Flanagan started his home. On almost every side he met discouragement but, his faith still undiminished, he carried on and today, twenty-one years later, his institution remains a monument to that faith.

Spencer Tracy, playing the role of Father Flanagan, gives a restrained and brilliant performance. He is the only actor the real Father Flanagan would permit to portray him on the screen. Tracy puts forth all the spiritual conviction and dramatic feeling that the role calls for. Second honors go to Mickey Rooney as the incorrigible Whitty, who bitterly holds out against the kindly father until finally faith and trust win him over. The clash between the two is an emotional experience that won't soon be forgotten. Praise goes to Director Norman Taurog and the splendid supporting cast, which includes Henry Hull, Bob Watson, Gene Reynolds and many others.

(Continued on page 81)
Flash! Love and ladies take a back seat on the sets this month in favor of virile action and the kiddie motif

BY JACK WADE

"GENTLEMEN and Children First" is our own private slogan for Hollywood this month.

What with "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment" and all the rest of the Hollywood super-sales phrases currently lodging in your hair via press, radio, screen and billboard, we thought we ought to toss one at you just to keep up with the times. Besides "Gentlemen and Children First," even if it is in reverse English, nearly sums up the new picture situation we discover en tour of the Hollywood sets.

For instance, out at Warner Brothers, where we start ferreting out studio fact and fancy, the first stage we invade is "Dawn Patrol." Not a femme in a fuselage. War, death, heroism, glory. But no gals!

Errol Flynn, very unglamourboyish with his hair mussed up and grease smeared on his handsome cheek, is leaning on a desk working up a "mad-on" when we

We uncover an interesting fact behind the joint appearance of Frances Farmer and husband Leif Erikson in the film, "Escape from Yesterday"
“Might just as well,” we growl. So we do.

It’s “Wings of the Navy” and again we see it’s tailored for males. Olivia, it’s true, is in the picture, but she just trips through looking sweet and pretty and worried about the whole thing, while George Brent, John Payne and the U.S. Navy work out the drama.

**COLUMBIA** always has one big picture on the fire. This month it’s “Girls’ School” with Anne Shirley, Nan Grey, Margaret Tallichet, Kenny Howell (the “Jones Family” boy), Noah Beery, Jr., and such a roundup of young Hollywood hopefuls as you’ve never seen. Ralph Bellamy and Gloria Holden are the main grooms.

Ralph tells us about the picture and from what we gather it’s another one of those repeater plots. “Girls’ School” isn’t too far away from “Girls’ Dormitory” — except that it’s laid in America and it hasn’t Simone Simon.

The whole story of “Girls’ School” takes place in one day. Nan Grey, a wealthy little sophisticated snob, gets herself in a jam with her beau. Anne Shirley, a pooh-pooh, scholarly monitor tells her. Nan’s anger, Anne’s remorse and involved consequences of this simple situation affect the whole school, parents and faculty.

Columbia raked Hollywood to cast “Girls’ School.” Hundreds of young girls were tested for coveted parts. One, Jean Lucius, was yanked right off a stool at the drugstore on Columbia’s Gower and Sunset corner and given a job, to become the latest Cinderella girl in town.

“Stablemates” is the first M-G-M set we head for, because we want to see that lovable elephant, Wally Beery, back again after too long a time traveling over the world with daughter Carol Ann. Wally is teaming for the first time with Mickey Rooney, a little pal who’s just as mighty an acting atom as Wally’s old side-kick, Jackie Cooper, if you ask us. “Stablemates,” in fact, recalls that unforgettable pair at once, because if they needed another title they could just call it “The Champ” at the Racetrack,” and they wouldn’t be far off.

It has the same heavy tug at the tear ducts. The same big erring-boo-hoo-little-worshiping-guy partnership. Wally’s a discredited horse doctor and race-track stumblebum. The law’s after him for performing an illegal operation, Mickey’s a stableboy. Adversity brings the two together; luck gives them a sick horse. Wally makes the horse well. The horse wins the big race; Wally, discovered, goes to jail; Mickey goes on to school and the finer things. Get it?

The scene we watch calls for Wally and Mickey to hop in an old Model-T Ford and zoom off the stage. Wally takes off his specs. They crank the thing, quivering like a plate of jello, and Mickey and Beery hop in. “Okay,” yells Sam Wood, “let’s go!” Cameras roll and Wally pushes in the pedal. But instead of going forward, the jalopy roars back past us, scattering grips and props and extra and ripping the pins out from under a backdrop which crashes down on the bucking lizzie and its star-studded crew.

Nobody’s seriously hurt. Only Wally, looking like a naughty schoolboy, stands scratching his head. “Gosh!” he mumurs, “I guess I forgot which one to push — those darn things always did fool me.”

Mickey looks supremely disgusted. And we look for the door.

“LISTEN, Darling,” is our next stop. Again the kids run the show. Freddie Bartholomew, Judy Garland and little Scotty Beckett play their widowed mother’s romance in this one, à la the “Three Smart Girls” idea. Mary Astor’s the mother, about to marry miserly Gene Lockhart. The kids no like Gene. So they kidnap Mary in a trailer and set about finding a more ideal foster pop, who turns out to be Walter Pidgeon. It’s mostly comedy but with a sprinkling of tears, and, of course, some songs for Judy.

We break in on one of the songs, “Ten Pins in the Sky,” as Judy does it with Scotty Beckett in her arms. She’s already recorded the melody, but now she sings it again with a silent camera and unless you listen pretty close you can’t tell which is Judy and which is the record.

Throughout the number rain patterns on the trailer window and dazzling flashes of rain-made lightning blind the whole set.

While the rain pours and the lightning flashes, Judy warbles. The take is perfect. And then, out of the shadows, a big black dog who looks like a Shetland pony bounds up on the set with a happy “woof!” and starts to lick Judy’s face.

Barbara Stanwyck takes another crack at comedy in “The Mad Miss Manton” and it’s the gals who hold the center of the stage in the scene on the opposite page. But in “Dawn Patrol” [above], that tense World War drama, there’s a lovely woman (except a lovely visitor) to distract Messrs. Crisp, Rathbone, Flynn and Niven.
“Cut!” cries the director. “Now what the—?”
“It’s my St. Bernard puppy,” explains Judy sheeplishly. “He—he’s a little big for his age, but he’s just a baby and likes to be loved. I had him tied up in my dressing room, but I guess he got loose!”
But that’s one puppy who’s very much in the doghouse—along with Judy Garland. The unforgivable sin is to spill a good take.

Over at Twentieth Century-Fox, usually just bubbling with brand-new movie making, we ran across the lowest production ebb in the history of the studio. Two pictures shooting. For the first time in our experience there’s nothing new for us to see at TC-F. Darryl Zanuck, it seems, came back from his European vacation and set all shooting schedules back a week or two so he could personally check up on every picture about to roll.

So, on to Hal Roach’s to catch Fredric March, Virginia Bruce, Patzy Kelly and Company in “There Goes My Heart.”

So you thought Hal Roach made just Our Gang kiddie-comedies and Laurel-and-Hardy feature insanities, did you? Don’t forget, Roach made “Topper.” What’s more, he’ll make eight big pictures this year, including a sequel, “Topper Takes A Trip.”

“There Goes My Heart” sticks to the Roach tradition of fun, though. Hal isn’t going to stick his neck in the rare air of the heavy “dramas” and get it cracked lustily by the critics. He knows his limits.

We thought we’d run into the picture, “St. Louis Blues,” at Paramount, but they switched leads at the last moment and are holding up production past our bedtime. Shirley Ross was booked for the lead, but Dorothy Lamour was hanging around without anything to do so they slipped her into that spot. We find Shirley on the set of “Thanks For The Memory” with Bob Hope, which makes sense to us. Nobody but Shirley and Bob plugged that song to the top spot in the nation’s fancy.

The picture’s very title suggests a musical, but, when we find Shirley stretched out on a couch reading a book, she assures us with mock hauteur that she’s a dramatic actress now. Just one brief chorus of the song, “Thanks For The Memory,” worms its way into the final reels of the picture.

We finally tear ourselves away for a look at Frances Farmer in her first picture since she shook the dust of Hollywood from her determined toes with months ago.

“Escape From Yesterday,” we decide, deserves our more serious attention. The first thing Frances tells us, seated calmly on a wooden toolbox and done up in a classic white gown with her hair in golden braids, is that the newspapers have done her wrong.

All those things she is supposed to have said in New York about hating Hollywood and never going back to vulgar Hollywood, screen and stuff, are, Frances swears, a lot of salami. All she said is that New York and the stage were nice places and she likes them. The press drew their own conclusions—that anyone who cared for New York must hate Hollywood!

What Frances doesn’t tell us about “Escape From Yesterday” is this: it’s a rather small, unimportant part for her. But she wanted to do it because the picture’s an important break for her husband, Leil Erikson. Yes, they’re together in this and Leil has the biggest part.

He’s the son of Akim Tamiroff, a Russian cow cattle rustler in Kansas, if you can picture that. Frances is a Russian refugee nightclub singer.

While Frances and Leif sit on the toolbox and hold hands (they’re still cooing), we watch Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman (two mighty fine acting gentlemen) run through a tense prison scene. They say about two quiet, sudden lines apiece, then they go at each other like tigers in the narrow bunk cell. Lynne is killed. It’s so realistic it makes everybody shudder. But at the “Cut!” Lynne gets up off the floor, winks and inquires calmly, “Is there an undertaker in the house?”

Bob Burns and his “Arkansas Traveler” company elude us on location. So we step around the corner to RKO, “The Mad Miss Manton” and Barbara Stanwyck.

It’s worth all Photoplay’s prestige to get on this set. The picture Barbara is working with her doctor and nurse standing by. A severe attack of laryngitis laid her low and after a week at home in bed the medico said she might make pictures if they’d treat her like a delicate child.

The only time Barbara ever tried comedy before, the picture expired like an infamy turkey.

But Barbara made up her Irish mind that after “Stella Dallas” and “Always Goodbye” she had had her quota of tears, so she asked for another crack at comedy. “The Mad Miss Manton” is it.

No picture could give her more of an about-face. “The Mad Miss Manton” will be broad, sometimes slapstick. Barbara, instead of biding for her usual sympathy, will appear as a glamorous dame with a touch of Parisian goyna, $50,000 worth of furs and jewels enough to dress Cartier’s window. Instead of from across the tracks, she’s a glibly member of the upper crust, a Junior Leaguers and a playgirl.

The story makes Henry Fonda a serious-minded newspaper reporter quite disgusted with the frivolities and exhibitionism of too-rich so ciety girls. He sets out on a one-man crusade to rip them to pieces in print. But he really doesn’t know what he’s after, because he’s never met a real playgirl—until he runs into Barbara.

They meet in the same room with a murdered man—and from then on it’s a rollicking murder mystery with cops, killers and mystery men—and love burgeoning through it all.

Right now, you’d never know anything ever ailed Barbara. She’s whirling around with Hank Fonda on the dance floor of a movie nightclub, dressed in a shining, black-beaded dress. The orchestra plays gayly. Vicki Lester, Whitney Bourne and Frances Mercer trip beside her with their escorts. One of the escorts, a tall, fine-looking chap in white tie and tails, catches our eye. His features seem faintly familiar. We’re interested and ask several extras who he is. No one knows.

Finally one of them says, “Him? Oh, that’s Byron Stevens. He’s Barbara’s brother.”

Ruby and Byron Stevens. Brother and sister. In the same family. In the same town. In the same business. On the same set.

One a great star. The other—one dress extra.” Funny place, I’Iollywood, isn’t it?

Hundreds of girls were tested for Columbia’s “Girls School.” A few lucky ones (left to right): Martha O’Driscoll, Peggy Moran, Marjorie Deane, Marjorie Lord, Jean Lucie

Edith Head designed this battle-green and beige herringbone tweed suit for Joan Bennett to wear in Paramount’s “Artists and Models, Abroad.” The green note of the Tweed is repeated in the Lyons velvet trim of the topcoat, the cashmere sweater and suede accessories. The stitched velvet accent on the shoulder. Joan is now filming “Trade Winds” for her home studio, Walter Wanger.

PHOTOPLAY Fashions By Gwenn Walters

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL
Loretta Young, attending one of Hollywood’s swankiest midseason fashion showings, was snapped by Photoplay’s Hymie Fink. Her beige tweed ensemble is trimmed with nutria, the fur which also styles her chic chapeau. The belt, shoes and bag (tucked beneath Loretta’s arm under her cape) are of brown alligator — that so important accessory leather. Loretta will soon appear with Tyrone Power in “Suez,” a 20th Century-Fox production.
Andrea Leeds, photographed en route to luncheon at Hollywood's famous Brown Derby. Her modish costume, created by Vera West, is of black woolen with luxurious trim of silver fox. The dress, pencil-slim, features classic neck and sleeve reaping (see sketch above). A rusty bow gives the felt hat a quaint air. Andrea, who has just completed "Letter of Introduction" for Universal, is currently filming "The Last Frontier" at Goldwyn, her home studio.
Winter sports at Sun Valley, Idaho, claim the ardent enthusiasm of many Hollywood stars. Jean Parker anticipates thrilling ski rides in this picturesque costume of heavy navy woolen, gayly embroidered in red, green, yellow and blue—the colors featured in her mittens and socks. At B. Altman & Co., N. Y. and W. M. Hoeege Co., Los Angeles, Jean is now appearing in Paramount’s “The Arkansas Traveler.”

Virginia Bruce’s uniquely designed woolen skating costume (right), selected from her wardrobe for the Hal Roach production, “There Goes My Heart,” masquerades as an ultra-smart traveling suit. The Puritan yoke, collar and hemline band of mustard strikingly contrast its rich brown coloring—the quilled antelope hat is of the same golden hue. Note the smart crocheted yarn gloves styled with chamois palms and the capacious knapsack bag over her shoulder.
Vital shades of mulberry, green and coral dramatize this chic brown sport suit worn by Phyllis Brooks, currently appearing in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Straight, Place and Show." Mulberry and green alternately stripe the jacket—coral colors the suade band on the brown felt hat and the cashmere sweater. This costume was selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. Phyllis carries her topcoat of Safari brown Alaska sealskin.

Ann Sheridan (right) at Warner's "Angels with Dirty Faces" is this attractive player's newest fashions. She wears a costume that is a smart example of the vog for high-lighting dark color with vital shades. Her trim tailored black wool frock (note the all around pleat skirt) has a hip-length jacket of claret red trimmed with Persian lamb. Ann's cur brimmed turban is of black felt. Warner's "Angels with Dirty Faces" is this attractive player's newest film.
The vogue for gayety in coat colorings is recorded in the fitted, double-breasted model of Teal Blue Keniston Tweed, a luxurious, durable casual fabric (upper left), modeled by Shirley Ross of Paramount’s “Thanks for the Memory.” The beaver collar may be worn up or down. An open vent gives nice tailor detail to the back. The striking single-breasted reefer (center) of Norse Blue Keniston Tweed has lapels faced with matching velvet, which also fashions the ascot and edges the novelty pockets. Brown velvet trim lends striking contrast to this autumn beige wrap-around town or sports coat in Keniston, upper right. The narrow belt is of brown leather. A Tuxedo collar of skunk trims the coat of this three-piece suit of Wineberry (an unusual wine shade) Keniston Tweed (right). The collarless cardigan features novelty pockets, narrow leather belt and metal button closing—the skirt, a center front unpressed kick pleat. This suit and the coats on this page are available in sizes 12 to 20 in a wide variety of colors.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U. S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades.

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York, New York
STYLES

Mary Carlisle, playing in Paramount's "Touchdown, Army!" models "Skyark" (above), that classic indispensable well-dressed women swear by and Roxford does so well. Note the new look of the brim, sharply turned up in back to outline your head, and the universally becoming plateau crown. In navy with grosgrain brightened by a row of gay scarlet stitching "Skyscraper" (upper right), a dashing new high-riding Byron with a silhouette brim, sharply turned up on one side to show the hair, is the name of this hat Miss Carlisle wears. Topped off with a pheasant quill long enough to tickle the sky, the hat comes in mink beige, newest of the beige family, modeled in the soft fine felt for which Byron is famous.

Even the classics are going up. "Swing-Hi" (center right), a stimulating new one from Byron worn by Judith Barrett, is coffee-brown, a new brown with a lot of brightness. New, too, is the bonnet crown. The brim is a downright beau-catcher — just pull it down over your eyes and go to town. Miss Barrett's next picture is Paramount's "Illegal Traffic" Another honey of a tailored skyscraper is "Tall Story" (lower right), worn by Miss Barrett. Roxford’s roll brim hat is a delightfully feminized version of the heretofore exclusively masculine fedora crown. Perched well forward over one eye with your locks piled high, it's a perfect complement to the tailored suit you'll be wearing all winter under your fur coat.
Joan Bennett, appearing with Jack Benny in Paramount's "Artists and Models Abroad," chooses this coat of Laskin Mouton (processed lambskin) for spectator, sports, and general utility wear. Edith Head designed the natural Kasha frock that she wears beneath this coat. Miss Head's sketch (above) reveals its clever jacket detail of self-fabric cord binding and frog closing. Joan's casual beret, pouch bag and gloves are of rust suede.
HOLLYWOOD—While the postman goes for a pleasure stroll and the householder takes a spin on his day off, what do you suppose the movie loters are doing in their spare time? Right! They're making movies.

At their pools and parties, in their rambunctious rooms, at mountain hideaways, valley ranches and on studio sound stages, 16-millimeter cameras are recording the real story of Hollywood life. The productions are certainly what you would call "amateur" or "colossal," even if they do have million-dollar casts. For the most part they're definitely—even completely—amateur.

It's an amusing fact, and one that has been the subject of many a ribbing reel, that veteran actors are likely to be self-conscious as anybody when they face a small camera informally, generally they smirk or frown. With a camera—playing a game, picking flowers or doing anything—they'll mug and gesticulate with the zest of an ordinary man.

Also they're baroque, in pantomime, their professional trademarks often forgotten. The falcondot may sink to the ground and twang he spoke of a bicycle wheel. Eddie 'Rochefort' Mackay, after he has called for the "Woo-woo," Martha Raye makes a face or two, then hoof measure for a close-up of those newly polished legs. Bing Crosby does an imitation of Bing Crosby. Jack, the lumpy Oakey, beats his chest—and laughs. Clark Gable waggles his ears and Carole Lombard briskly enunciates wisecracks, generally preceded by the lethal "Eh, is there a lib reader in the house?"

This is amateurism and they make the most of it. Only rarely will anyone work out a scenario, coax a group of friends together and shoot a connected picture. Hollywood celebrities usually make miniature movies for precisely the same reasons that millions of other people do—to record the development of their children, to make animated albums of their trips and parties and friends and just to have fun.

HE stars have one exceptional opportunity—to shoot on the sound stages and outdoor location sets. Many of them, such as Clark Gable, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn and Joan Crawford, have to name a few, have a few duplicates of every picture they have played. And all in color.

Nearly all studios have rules forbidding amateur cameras on the sets, but stars and directors alike continue to use them. "Sometimes," Rathbone confessed, "I've even persuaded 'juicers' to put a little more light on some scene I wanted to catch with my camera. I hide under arbors and climb up on the catwalks and probably am a great nuisance, really."

Till I never forget 'Romeo and Juliet,' which had such marvelously rich sets and costumes and yet wasn't filmed in color for the screen. Metro tried to ensure its no-camera rule on that one, but at least a dozen were used. There were no cameras on one hilarious scene whose job it was to confuse the movie cameras. He galloped after Leslie Howard and his lady as he galloped after Leslie Howard and his lady as he galloped after Leslie Howard and his lady as he galloped after Leslie Howard and his lady!"

Miss Hepburn's secretory or stand-in occasionally would have a few minutes away from the camera while she's actually on a scene. Tyrone Power and David O'Brien get in everybody's hair when they bring their amateur movie mattines to the sets. Virginia Bruce, Margaret Lindsay, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Stewart, George Raft, Louise Hovick, Errol Flynn and Jack Benny are other on-the-set color-movie enthusiasts.

Jean Hersholt took eighteen magazines of film when he went to Callander, Ont., with the Twentieth Century-Fox crew producing the current Dwan quintet program, "Five of a Kind." Incidentally, he also has collected clippings of films in which he has appeared during his twenty-five-year career. These have been reduced to 16-millimeter size. Included is his first screen test—which happened to be the first test ever made.

Jon Hall photographed almost the whole of "The Hurricane" on half-size film. Also, being a star-gazer himself when he became the hero of that picture, he photographed all visiting celebrities. Some of the latter got quite a start when they saw a stalwart young man, encumbered only by a song a movie camera, loping toward them.

Neither Clark Gable nor Robert Taylor makes movies at the studio, but the former takes full rolls of his hunting trips and a good many shots of Miss Lombard.

Taylor mostly photographs outdoor action of his and Barbara Stanwyck's horses and the cattle work on the Porter Ranch in the foothills near his home.

Whether wandering or working, the citizen Errol Flynn usually is sniping away at something with his movie aparatus. A few months ago, when Flynn and Lili Damita were guests of John Vidor, Jr., at Palm Beach, a 16-millimeter impromptu featurette was made with a cast that couldn't be reassembled by the richest Hollywood studio. Howard Hughes produced and directed. Flynn was an American Indian who, with bow and arrow, stalked Atwater Kent, Jr. through the luxurious Vidor estate. Kent was a villainous white man who had stolen the redskin's sweetheart, Lili Damita. Other players were Paulette Goddard, Woolworth Doolin, Prince George of Russia, the Edward F. Huttons and Mrs. Marshall Dodge.

Flynn's pursuit of Kent was frustrated when he was ambushed by a stout Tom Collins who had been hiding behind a tree. Miss Damita saved herself, though, by galloping away on Donahue and obtaining diplomatic immunity from Prince George. Somehow the whole thing ended, but happily, in the swimming pool.

APPEARENTLY everybody in Hollywood who has a child is making a sentimental film record of its growth and development. Pat O'Brien, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Harold Lloyd, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Richard Dix, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are some of the busiest photographers. Their films are invariably in color, are carefully edited and titled. A popular stunt is the photographing of a child in an almost identical pose at regular intervals over a period of years. Short clips of these shots, spliced chronologically, show a youngster actually growing up in a few minutes' time.

Henry Fonda and Jimmy Stewart are 16-millimeter fans, but their supreme effort in comedy production was made when they were little boys. The picture, tentatively titled "The Siren of Skull Gulch," introduced a tremendous cast with frontiersmen of the flavor shown on a divided screen along with their names and roles. But these people—Hollywood stars, technicians—will have to try to compete with a villain; then, in villain's costume and make-up, he'll tumble off a roof. Again the Olson and Hubbell camera might be shown as a salesman, ringing a doorbell, being admitted by a colored maid (hoodlum lady of the house himself) and being chased out by a returning husband (still Mr. Stewart).

LOUISE HOVICK, who is Mrs. Robert Mizzy, who was Gypsy Rose Lee, queen of the house and ringmaster of the Ziegfeld Follies, probably shoots more 16-millimeter film than anybody else in or out of Hollywood. It has been estimated that this could suspend production for a month if it might release the actress' own movies. And this pretty good entertainment, too.

The Mizzy's have a knack for finding amusing adventures, such as their transcontinental motor trip of a few months ago, with Louise's studio dressing room as a trailer. It was hot in the desert where Hovick and Mizzy were, but eight dachshunds in assorted colored stocks of cold soda pop to keep them alive. In Dallas was, they stayed for a few days in the major city park, guarded by policemen and roped off from the amused citizenry, Mrs. Mizzy cooked and hunkered out of sight.

All such incidents are recorded in deadbeat celluloid.

She has a film record of the Follies, color—photographed by her husband and with all the best jokes told in sub-titles. The Follies is, as it were, a strip version of ranches, color, burlesque and with all the best jokes told in sub-titles. The Follies is, as it were, a strip version of ranches, color, burlesque and with all the best jokes told in sub-titles. The Follies is, as it were, a strip version of ranches, color, burlesque and with all the best jokes told in sub-titles.

TAKING YOUR OWN

Read about Henry Fonda's unreleased masterpiece—"The Siren of Skull Gulch"

You'd think the last hobby a movie star would pick, this business of emoting for an amateur camera. It's time you got in on the fun.

SCREEN tests offer another practical film hobby and amateurs are receiving reels from ambitious actors and talent supervisors are surprised that they haven't turned in any promising material through this medium.

For the guidance of animators at the Disney Studio, 16-millimeter pictures in slow motion are taken of people and animals in action. Adrian, of Metro, takes a reel of the comedian's movements as he designs it. It's packed, as the titles admit, with Gals, GALS, GALS! It's packed with Betty Clark, Fanny Brice and—Gypsy Rose Lee.
The University Players had established their theater, their co-operative tearoom and their orchestra at Silver Beach, near Falmouth; and there, for a few months, the turbulent spirit of Margaret Sullivan found exceptional happiness. She worked hard—painting sets, waiting on tables in the tearoom, learning lines, rehearsing, acting. She received ten dollars a week, and board, and it was luxury. It was freedom at last.

Sometimes, when her afternoon stint was through, she walked along the beach in the early twilight, reminding herself that this was the liberty she had always wanted; this the escape from the shrewd raised eyebrows of a family and friends whose opinions were rooted in the Old South and whose rules for living were deadlocked with those of Maggie Sullivan, the rebel. Then, during the quiet time before dinner, she sat on the sand with her knees drawn up to her chin, and in her heart found wonder at the dawning of the philosophy of self-determination, sometimes with astonishment, always with a congratulatory smile on her thin, wise face. She thought complacently, "they can't stop me now...."

But they did. They stopped her easily, if temporarily, with relatively less effort than, only a few years before, they had made her promise not to tunnel under the back fence into the neighbor's garden. But that would be later, after the kind and capable Charlie Leatherby had left no doubt in her mind that she was essentially an excellent actress, capable of controlling the hearts and attention of any audience; after she had fallen in love, wholeheartedly and for the first time, with a kid named Hank Fonda—be of the lazy speech and the eyes of candor.

She met Fonda the first day she arrived at Silver Beach, since he was a fellow student of drama and tearoom, but that was unimportant; she was excited, he was bored, and she lost the thought of him a minute later in the mysteries of her first tour backstage. Two weeks later, she sat in the front row of the little theater and watched him play with astonishing finesse and sincerity a role obviously unfitted to his personality. Maggie who, then as now, acknowledged intelligence as her god, noted that it was by sheer intelligence that this boy was creating from voice and gesture a character he could not possibly know.

This fascinated her. She saw him that evening across the smoke-filled dining room of a little cabaret near Falmouth and breezed over to his table in the forthright manner her school mistresses had always deplored. More than that, she addressed him first and directly.

"You were fine," she said. "I liked what you did with that role."

Hank lounged to his feet, observing her with the light of sudden discovery in his eyes. A casual movement of his hand summoned a waiter.

"Joe," he said without taking his eyes from Margaret's face, "throw some of your excellent milk into a glass for the lady. It's fresh," he told her.

She grinned. "You malign me. If you start off by insisting on my being a lady I shall never marry you. Never."

"Don't let's be sophisticated, Sullivan," he replied. "I like you too much."

She pulled a cigarette from the pack on the table. "Maybe I'll marry you after all," she told him, reflectively...

During the rest of that summer, then, Hank walked beside her along the beach at sundown.
Sometimes, when it was warm enough, they swam in the surf and lay afterward in the sand, smoking and reading lines to each other. In these hours the harsh cacophony of ambitions and schemes that sang almost always through her mind was still, substituted by the drawling lazy voice of the boy beside her who somehow seemed to catch from living only the laughter it offered. She found that whereas her thoughts were a battleground of conflicting ideas and emotions, his were constructed after a clear fashion, so that a curtain there was automatically drawn before the unpleasant, and that which was intrinsic in youth or achievement or a kind of beauty was set forth to be gloated over. He was nonetheless sincere and almost naïvely honest.

She could not remember, after the first month, when she had not been in love with him.

They made no plans, which was fortunate, since in the fall the group receded and the players went back to school or to work. The week before the finale came, Cornelius Sullivan wired his daughter the train fare home. "We expect you at once," the accompanying message warned.

She went to bed early that night, a kind of dramatic resignation in all her movements: she couldn't sleep. At last she got up, threw on a pair of slacks and walked distractedly down to the beach, with a vague idea that she must see it for the last time in the moonlight, cup in her memory somehow all the sensation and nostalgia it reflected, for future use. She felt like crying and swallowed angrily to quench the impulse. Suddenly she began to laugh instead. A mad idea had come to her—if she dared, she might crowd into the next winter as much excitement and as much pleasure as she liked; and next summer, when this same warm breeze drifted again across this beach, she might come once more to Falmouth . . . to the little theater, to Hank.

What do I mean, "If I dare?" she thought then. Of course I dare! I've been forgeting—She turned and trotted, with purpose, back to her cotage.

The next day she went to New York with the money Cornelius had sent, took a cheap room, and started out to get a job. She was very certain. In any case she had enough money left to last a couple of weeks, and with her experience, with the notices she had been getting, Broadway should be a pushover.

And she was right, in a sense. At the end of the two-week period she had two offers: one to play an ingenue in a road company, one to be a voice, off-stage, for a Guild play. She decided on the latter. It paid less, but the prestige—for boasting purposes—was greater.

That evening she came floating up the many stairs to her room, pushed open the door with her elbow because of the celebrant groceries with which she was laden, and confronted her father, who was waiting, irritably, by the window.

"I think you'd better start packing," he said. "We're leaving at eight."

Maggie put down her bundles deliberately, one by one. Then she faced Cornelius. "I'm sorry," she told him. "I'm starting a play Monday."

He spoke very quietly. "I'll meet you on your own ground, Margaret. You believe in freedom and modern thinking and intelligence and—strength of purpose, of character. You've shunted that over and over and you've a right to your attitude. Yet you ignore the fact that strength is implicit in meeting responsibility, in personal integrity. Sincerely, you owe a certain debt of—shall we say love for love given?—to your mother and me. We ask a year of your time to finish what we've started. If you won't give us that, you're being intolerant on every score; you're running out on an obligation."

He picked up his hat and stick from the table. "I assume you are a bigger person than that."

For a long moment she looked at him, white-faced. "All right," she said finally. "All right."

The next year is a magnificent madness to her in retrospect. She had promised to make her debut and, furious at being outwitted and at her own weakness for yielding, she made it—frantically, desperately.

If they wanted a debutante they should have, by heaven, a debutante—until their tongues hung out from weariness of her, until they begged for relief.

So she had in the dressmaker and ordered enough clothes to last a dozen girls a dozen seasons. She clothed her thin boy's body in the most feminine of gowns and she practiced the traditional silly laugh until her throat ached. She did her straight hair in silky ringlets and for twelve months she bowed in reception lines, danced furiously into the dawn, flirted prettily with boys in gardens. No half measures.

She stole, with the most malignant purpose, five men from five of her fellow clubs and left the rest fellows panting, one after the other, whilst the discarded females burned her effigy with incantations in secret. Weary of this play (Continued on page 81)
1. Once known as just plain "The Neck"
2. Where touring Kansans gape at stars' pictures
3. Night-club proprietors prefer to eat here
4. Flower shop run by mother of famous Selznick boys
5. Darned good funerals at a reasonable price
6. A speak-easy has a face lift—the swish Troc
7. Custom-built cars—in the old bottling works
8. Where ladies shop in abbreviated shorts
9. And for rare paintings—an art gallery
It's the spirit of Hollywood carrying on; the transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane; a complete history of Hollywood and many of the people in it

BY SARA HAMILTON

From blacksmith’s shop to frog’s legs dinners. At four dollars a wiggle. From cowpaths to star sapphire lane. In a few short years.

From nutty hamburgers to the Trocadero. At twenty-five bucks a Troc.

The Strip! That fantastic fever bluster of Hollywood. Shopping lane of the stars. That bit of swank that begins with a mortuary and ends with a bridle path and bruised rear ends. A strip of land, polka-dotted with chinchilla wraps from Paris and headache tablets from the local drugstore. A jewel box roadway that connects Hollywood with Beverly Hills, where millions of lights in the city below wink and blink and nod. In numb bewilderment.

The spirit of Hollywood carrying on! That gay, irrepressible, unaccountable spirit that exists nowhere else in the world and cannot be drowned. That may one year break out in a place called Malibu, then slow down to normalcy only to ignite in some other part of the city.

And this year it’s “The Strip”—the only place in the world where the word means a shopping lane and not an undress act. Where shop- pers strip to shop and shops change hands every other Tuesday. Where ladies in abbreviated shorts stand before jewel-box windows of uncut emeralds, bandanas over their heads and an itch in their palms.

The Strip! Where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt because thieves break through and steal everything anyway.

It began with a cow. Only heaven knows what will end it. Flossy, a rich brown and white (luggage tan and eggshell to Hollywood) was wont to wander down a path, between an orange grove on the north and a lemon grove on the south, to nible the rich green grass on what (as heaven is my judge) turned out to be a Colonial mansion, now home of hot dogs, on the Hollywood end and Gloria Swanson’s twenty-room mance A.B. (After Beery) on the Beverly end.

In her journeys to and fro in search of contentment for her faucets, Flossy wore quite a path for herself, little dreaming that a mere handful of years later a long, low, agonizing contraption bearing a gentleman called Clark Gable would go whizzing down the old cowpath, macadamized within an inch of its life, fanning the breeze with his ears as he whizzed.

Flossy is but a memory in Hollywood today, but a lively memory. For instance, there’s the inebriated star who recently lurched from the Trocadero door to behold an overplump, overdressed actress in a brown carnal wrap and a fantastic headdress.

The star took one look and, clutching his forehead, cried, “My God, Flossy’s back.”

The transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane is a complete history of Hollywood and many of the people in it. It’s all there in the story of this bit of land. A hard cider beginning and a champagne ending, all written in the history of The Strip and the stars who strip it.

For instance, there’s the same small-town, wrong-side-of-the-track beginning in many a star’s life that characterizes The Strip. Once a part of Sherman, a village sandwiched between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, it was called—oh, shades of stars who were once called Mulligan, Cassin and Bloomestein—just “The Neck.” Plain old “The Neck,” where most people claim pain. The Adam’s apple of “The Neck” was a blacksmith’s shop on a prominent corner where certain male citizens of Sherman gathered in the evening for a chat and a bit of gossip concerning the “gold-durn movin’ pitcher stars” that went ridin’ by.

Belonging to the county, “The Neck” was the shortest distance between two joints and hence its narrow, dusty roadway received most of the travelers from Hollywood to Beverly Hills. Directly behind the small frame shops, unpretentious stores, hamburger stands, bottling works and the potteries (a little local industry seemed not out of place) that lined the roadway stood the modest homes—some plain houses, some nice houses, and a few shacks with goats in the back yards.

And then one night a momentous thing happened. A frame house (that clung to the back of “The Neck” like a carbuncle and had eventually become a speak-easy called, of all things, La Boheme) was rided. Like a flock of frightened sheep, the customers, among them one Billy Wilkerson, took to the cellars till the local constable moved on.

And in that cellar that night was born the idea that thundered around the world, bringing on jewelers from (Continued on page 81)
hounds, a thousand head of them, herded around her wherever she went.

More fame than ever. More money than ever. The demand on her time, more than ever.

This for Alice, whose husband was a Southerner and whose voice was noted for its rollicking, throaty, raspy, Western accent. The Bob Hope of Hollywood.

Jone, and with his accent had faced that same situation, as had Joan and Doug, and with the same outcome. Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, and Betty Grable and Allyn Joslyn, to name but a few. The sound of their voices had forced them into a position where they had faced the situation, and in their turn, confessed that career differences and marriage form a bitter precipitator of jealousy and frustration.

When Alice took the train to New York last winter, for the opening there of "In Old Chicago," her marriage to Tony was at an end, to all intents and purposes. It had not been only relation, only working together, only their enormous success as opposed to his lesser triumphs; in addition there had been several their separations, their possibilities at opposite poles.

Tony, young, gay, insouciant, incapable of worry; he loved to play, to laugh, to dance. Hollywood nightclub, bright lights were new to him, and he to them, and he took them big.

Alice.

But you must know her story, before you can know her.

Alice was born into the House of Leppert twenty-three years ago—a heartily-lunged, long-legged infant whose howls shook the paper-thin walls of the cheap tenement building and started Grand- ma Moffit, nearly eighty but still going strong, out of her felt bedroom slippers. Poor, destitute policeman. Her mother worked until she started to work. Also there were two brothers to help clutter the already cluttered rooms. There was a policeman's salary with which to provide. They just managed.

Thus, against the streaming backdrop of the Hell's Kitchen neighborhood, the small Alice evolved through the early, post-War years, hourly shoving to make herself heard over the babble of strangers, trying to shout down her flat. She laughed, on occasion when the alley brats she scorned got tough, going to vaudeville shows for entertainment and to keep parks on Sundays for a breath of that quenchesmelling stuff called fresh air. She quit school at thirteen, took dancing lessons, enjoyed a stage directing certain towards thinking she was older than her age, and went into the chorus.

She need not have done that. The Leppers, weary but bighearted, would have seen her through high school, anyway. But a magnificent hatred for poverty and all it implied drove her forward. A world that held glamour—the glamour of jeweled women, of penthouses, of long motors—beckoned her irresistibly.

The years in the chorus were those of the night, those of the language, the smell of cheap perfume in the dressing quarters. There was her income, which definitely she lived on, a sturdy sense of integrity being to let her keep her personal freedom for a Duesenberg. She knew, somehow, that she would do better some day, that on her own, when Rudy Vallee heard her voice on a record, offered her a singing spot in the Scandals show, and later hired her to sing with his band, she understood that she had been right.

The important thing is that at that time, while she was still very young, Alice was given all the things which, to Tony Martin, were still new and still exciting years later, in 1932.

Thus, she entered the never-ending microscope in countless supper clubs, on countless roofs of skyscrapers. Below the stand on which she stood, a moving pattern of white tie and black broadcloth shoulders, of slim figures glittering with the requisites, of slick hair and orchids. Her life then went along: the sound champagne makes in pouring, the muted cry of midnight trains, the hammering noises of doors—and the way Rudy looked when he smiled. . .

She fell in love with him, in a hero-worshiping sort of way, and he was kind to her. On one winter night they drove furiously through rain and mud, intent on reaching an engagement spot in time, and the car turned over. After three weeks in a hospital, with the greatest surgeons in New York busy over her, Alice emerged, munching muffins and mince pies, still beautiful, so once again there were the microphones to sing into, and radio, and, as a finale to the months labeled "Rudy Valette" in her memory, there was Hollywood. And, at last, Tony.

By the time she met Tony she had outgrown the Valette-Welbows divorce, in which her name figured. Charley Lep-

erp, her father, had died in a New York hospital. The motion-picture public had remarked, "She looks like Jean Harlow, only she sings." Twenty-sixth Century-Fox had signed her. Money had rolled into her bank ac-

count so that diamonds from Cartier were the first dress and satins lay tightly next to her glittering skin.

She had these things, having lived much—if not so long—in getting them. Tony, exactly her age, seemed to have a naive and refreshing youngster, handsome and eager, need-

ing love. She gave it to him because she needed him, too—but with a firmly maternal smile.

Alice Faye came back from New York and the opening of "In Old Chicago," a star. To make her status doubly secure, the studio gave her the fem-


HONOLULU was the test. "I knew that if that didn't work, we'd have to give up," Alice said. "That's what a represented a sec-

section of our lives together as we would have to live it later, when we were thinner and thinner, being husband and wife, without work or anything else to interfere.

She paused and grinned. "The sec-

ond thing I knew was that we both had a chance to know each other. Let's go where Hollywood can't get at us. Let's go to Honolulu. Now."

"I've never been so happy in my life. Not just now, of course—he's away and there's nobody to come into my room when I'm dreaming, nobody to throw a shoe at, nobody . . . I tell you, I'm actually staying home at night and twiddling my thumbs.

She began to laugh. "Imagine, Alice, staying out of the bright lights? Why, even when Tony's here, we've taken to inviting people over, having a couple of Daquiris, and playing backgammon. I'd no idea you could have fun in your own living room."

"That's not all," I suggested. "No," she agreed. "We're arranged to be getting married by a judge, in the historic little place in the Valley, like any other settled Hollywood couple, and keep the home fires burning and grate some wood, we'll be able to make."

"Never mind," I said. "You've conquered so much, achieved so much, in twenty-three years. You can manage this."

"Myself I can."

She got up, paused, and let her finger touch lightly the silver tiara in front of the cushioned chaise longue. She looked at me. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "Isn't it lovely?"
Popular girls guard against Cosmetic Skin—the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores caused by stale cosmetics, dust and dirt left on the skin.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap.
it as a permanent attraction, that it moved one usually saturnine columnist to hail it as the greatest gift to the world since nylon, not to mention diamanté. This judgment, according to President Conant of Harvard, "... a magician who has created a modern dwelling for the art of Shakespeare" - Smyth of Yale, "... originality characteristic of genius, ... creator of a new language of art, ... achieve of the impossible." ... are more than mere platitudes to the ears as the melody of a new score that rings right for a sequence he is planning.

LIKE all other artists, Walt Disney knows that it is fatal to look back. So the triumphs of "Snow White" rate very small pumpkins beside the problems of three other features in the make at the Disney studios—"Pinocchio," "Bambi" and an untitled animated portfolio of classic musical favorites which Leonid Stokowski will conduct. "Pinocchio" will finish first, so it will be Walt Disney's next gift to an impatient America. It is partly full. Recent rumors in Hollywood put "Bambi" ahead of "Pinocchio," but they are, and falsely, from a characteristic Disney feature. A few months ago Walt scrunched $250,000 worth of work on "Pinocchio." He couldn't, nor could his workmen see the characters clearly enough yet, he said, so he guessed the best thing to do was to start all over.

"Pinocchio" (pronounced Pin-ok-ee-o) stems, of course, from Italian Collodi's delightful children's classic, written in the late 1800's. The story should be well enough known to omit its telling. But to explain its attraction for Walt Disney you have only to imagine what his artists and animators will do to two big adventure sequences. In one, Pinocchio plays hockey from school with his truny playmates and lands in Boney Land. The other and greatest challenge to Walt Disney's artistry is an underwater scene. After escaping from Boney Land, the sadler but wiser Pinocchio discovers that poor old Geppetto has somehow been swallowed by a whale. He sets out to find him and the search leads to the bottom of the ocean where Geppetto has made himself at home in a cozy corner of the whale's stomach. The marine motif, as a background for Pinocchio's adventures, is challenging Disney's staff to effects that he hopes will make "Snow White" pale by comparison. Animators are working now on a brilliant storm-under-the-sea scene.

As in all Disney features, a dark-home character looms as the likely picture-stalwar. At this stage Dopey's "Pinocchio" counterpart seems very likely to be Jiminy, the cricket. From a hint in the original story, Disney has invented Jiminy, a supercilious fuddy-dudly, dressy dude in silk hat and floppy collar. He is to Dopey as Pinocchio like a conscience, clucking good advice in his ear at crucial moments of temptation. At the end, Pinocchio becomes a better little boy for it all and is rewarded with a real-live flesh body by the Blue Fairy—thanks to Jiminy.

The finest talent in motion pictures is now so interested in Walt Disney's work that it is volunteering its services to Walt. From now on, eating of voices looks more like a matter of selection rather than search. Cliff Edwards has been cast as the voice of Jiminy, the cricket. He is the strutting dandy so far definitely cast, although many people are being auditioned. John Barrymore wants badly to do a Disney voice and Helen Hayes has said that she'd love to, too. Right now Franklyn, one of the screen's finest directors, is working with Walt on "Bambi," unless pay, simply because he is so deeply and genuinely interested. Franklyn was, in fact, the one who suggested Felix Salten's tender nature story to Walt.

It is no secret around the Disney lot that "Bambi" is Walt's favorite pet of the two productions now in work. "I don't care," he has said, "how long 'Bambi' takes. It has to be done right. This is one picture we won't rush." Already reels of sixteen millimeter film, plates of still photographs and pads of sketches have brought the mountain beauties of Big Bear, Chico, the Big Trees and mountain regions of California into the studio. Disney's artists have been in the woods for weeks, personally filming and sketching. It is perhaps the only way a cartoon company can go "on location." So far the research, sketching and building of models have concerned only the backgrounds and scenery, which indicates how much time Walt Disney is spending on that phase of "Bambi." Although, since the deer arrived, squads of artists headed by Walt himself traipse across the street where the runways stand to squat and stare for hours at the infinite grace of their movements and the tiniest expressions of their wild personalities.

For "Bambi" is essentially the saga of a boy's identity, with its drama, romance, adventure and poetry. It starts with the birth of Bambi and his inheritance from his father, a noble stag, of the pride of the forest. It is about the dangers and delights of his life until he, too, passes on the memories which this whole nature picture of the forest is woven.

Both "Bambi" and "Pinocchio" will be produced in color, of course, and both will be rich in music. Disney musicians are already hard at work on the score and lyrics.

The third big project of Walt Disney's, in a way, more daring and crammed with more exciting possibilities than either "Pinocchio" or "Bambi," the idea of combining good music with animated cartoons really just grew, Topsy fashion, although it can be traced, actually, back to Walt Disney's childhood. When he was a kid in Missouri, Walt wasn't interested in good music. When he went to concerts he fingered; he was bored. But suddenly he remembered that and wondered why. He decided it was because he was forced to keep a straight face. He never got a chance to laugh. "I would have liked it," he told himself, "if they had just let me have some fun with it." So, with the conviction that the screen was growing riper and riper for good music, Walt engaged Leonid Stokowski to conduct "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" starring Mickey Mouse. It was to be a short.

Walt Disney’s Great New Plans

(Continued from page 4)

One day Leonid Massine, the Russian Ballet dancer, visited Stokowski a work. He said he thought "The Petrushka Suite" by Stravinsky would adapt nicely to a Mickey Mouse animation. Soon eager kitefliers from all over were suggesting other popular tunes they thought they could do. Walt's mind went whirling, too. Before Walt knew it, the idea had snowballled to feature length. A animated version of Tchaikovsky's "Flight of the Bumblebee" and "The Enchanted of the Fauna" by Pierre, Jean Michel, Luxe, Movietone, and car- toon "business" that suggest he the whole studio lying awake nights.

Since "Snow White" captured the world's fancy, Walt Disney has been flooded with suggestions from Hollywood and all over the world about what he can do. As usual, the suggestions are always well-meant—but few of them are practical.

He is always searching for ideal subject matter to use in his productions. But he has to learn about that—ideal, for each, when one undertaken, means a year's work by Disney's whole studio and a sizable chunk out of "Snow White" end, $1,500,000.

Since "Snow White"'s success Walt Disney has learned that this is one of his production plans. The minute it is hinted that he is interested in any story the price skyrocketed. The impregnate all Walt Disney it has that everywhere else, is that Walt Disney is personally a very rich man. Nothing could be more untrue. "Snow White" is expected to gross around seven million dollars before it is played out. But the money is slow to come in and, when it does, it is not all Walt's by any means. The Disney studio is owned by Walt and his brother, Roy Disney, and their wives, how has it has always operated on a bonus plan. The more money the studio makes, the more also do its employees.

The term "Snow White" will pour everywhere else but into Walt's private pockets.

Walt has always put his profits back into his business. He is doing that with the harvest from "Snow White." Often the money he puts in vaunts in futile experiments, constant and costly strivings to achieve perfection, such as the $250,000 he recently dropped on "Pinocchio" advance work. Contrary to general opinion, many of Disney's short subjects, especially his most artistic ones, make little profit, often they take a loss. "Snow White," which won the Academy Award last year, cost much more than it brought in.

Besides all this, Walt Disney is busy preparing for the time, coming sooner or later, when the world's demands on his studio will prove too great for its capacity. A few days ago he bought a tract of land in the San desert Valley ranch, where, when he can afford it, he will build a new, larger and more efficient studio. Ground will be broken soon, but the studio will go gradually for a period of two years. Walt Disney's are living with this problem, and he can't afford to build a new workshop all at once. Even if he could, he'd think he couldn't. That's the kind of a chap he is.
Men Fall HARD and FAST for Her...

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond’s Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.
FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

Paris says:—long waistlines, short
flared skirts, fitted bodices, tweeds
combined with velvet, warm colors

JUST received a cable from Edith Head, Paramount's renowned female designer now combining work with pleasure on a Paris tour. On the eve of her departure from Hollywood Edith and I had a long chat and she promised to cable answers to my several fashion queries—to let me know whether Paris has accepted the high hairdress for general wear; if the trends there differ from those of Hollywood; if "doll" hats are here to stay, or just a passing fancy, if she found any exciting hints for Christmas gifts, and most surely to confirm rumors that Paris styles have been influenced by the 1900-1904 costumes she created for Claudette Colbert to wear in "Zaza." I never really expected her to find time for more than a cord bearing the famous inscription, "Having wonderful time—wish you were here," so you can imagine how thrilled I was when her cable arrived—now I can hardly wait to share it with you.

DEAR GWENN: Haven't forgotten my promise to cable high lights of Paris fashion collections but don't forget what I told you about the Zaza influence before leaving Hollywood Stop Paris is agog about Zaza clothes giving full credit to Hollywood and Claudette Colbert Stop Shoulder yokes bishop sleeves long waistline with fitted flattering beltless detail bloused bodices grand for most figures fitted hips with skirts flaring below stress grace and how Stop Also in this Zaza trend lots of ornamentation or flourishes at knee line on floor-length skirts Stop Charming shortwaist and skirts for dinner dresses can wear with hats Stop Braid and embroidery galore lace and ribbon trimmings loads of jewelry mostly massive Stop Hair up in pompadours piles of curls and fringe bangs Stop I like the high hairdress if worn appropriately for instance in town cars and for dining dancing etc at the opera but not at the movies or over a typewriter it just doesn't seem right Stop If your readers want to wear it tell them many French women wearing turned under long bob which pins up easily at night Stop

Skirts here short and not too many pleats more slim skirts with slight flare Stop Suits popular especially for dinner and theater fur trend extravagant with decided absence of fur coat which does for all occasions suggest women used to such coats substitute fabric coat with fur cuffs or thin fur lining Stop Tweeds combined with velvet similar suit Joan Bennett wearing in "Artists and Models Abroad" with velvet touches on pocket bindings covered buttons and brief collar green velvet on tweed Stop Paris likes leather as much as Hollywood which makes me glad I did several leather daytime costumes for Gail Patrick in her new film "Disbarred" Stop Hats fascinating but doll hats decidedly modified in size and angle on head Stop Warm exciting colors of fruits stones and good quantity of black highlighted by flashing colored stones Stop Metal belts bracelets necklaces for black or colored dresses make ideal Christmas gift suggestions for gloves of chartreuse cyclamen or deep red purple blue orange either short or long Stop Such gifts suitable for anyone this year as can use to complement plain dresses Stop Shoes less intricate but carefully designed and chosen as to costume as well as to purpose for instance walking shoes have lower heels and platform soles more or less relegated to resort but completely out for evening as you and I anticipated Stop Important return of capes for all times of day and night some for evening with hoods bordered in fur Stop Velvets and metallic materials popular but not for daytime Stop Thin wools heavy crepes lots of tucking and flat bows of matching fabric on both dresses and coats also on felt hats Stop All in all Paris styles more dramatic but remind readers to consider the difference in the lives women lead over there Stop Am off to do more scouting and arrange some exclusive materials for forthcoming Colbert film to follow Zaza Stop Will see you soon and bring you beautiful new belt from Paris and several other gadgets give my love to Hollywood

Edith Head

HOPE you enjoyed reading Edith's news. I was especially interested to note what Edith said about the high hairdress. To us "career girls," who realize that we can't smartly and practically be fantastic by day, her sentiments are consolation in that they assure us that in our coiffure decision we have not been completely outdistanced in fashion's "rat" and "curl" race. Guess this is female gossip aplenty for this time, so, until next month, Adios!
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MASCULINE HEARTS skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Women of discrimination choose this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. The daily chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

What you wear also enters the picture as exemplified by Hollywood's fascinating star CLAUDETTE COLBERT and proven again in her new Paramount success, "Zaza." The becoming Suit Dress Miss Colbert models so smartly, left, is by Hollywood's great fashion-creator, TRAVIS BANTON—designed at Double Mint gum's request.

You can make this flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress in any color or material most becoming by purchasing SIMPLICITY Pattern 2902. At nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety stores you can buy this pattern or write Simplicity, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City. All women want smart clothes and know they set off smile and loveliness of face. Millions agree healthful, delicious Double Mint gum helps bring extra attractiveness to your smile, making your whole face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy it today.

Healthful, delicious DOUBLE MINT GUM benefits teeth. Also, it aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves and helps give you a pleasant breath. Buy some today.
And so did the tenants. But Flynn claims it was worth the price it cost him.

Weigh Below Par

HERE’s a fine old gag that if you work hard enough you won’t have to diet to get thin—and that’s true of several stars this summer. This is no sob story, ask¬ing you to feel sorry for people who are being paid fortunes for their exertions, still.

We were sitting in Claudette Colbert’s garden, chatting with a house guest the other early afternoon when Claudette staggered in weekly from the garage. She’d left the set because she couldn’t stand up any longer after ten days of doing the cactus for “Zaza” — and because she hadn’t any stockings to wear for the scene.

They’d been ordered three weeks in advance and, after the long practice and rehearsals, Claudette’s shapely pins (still the most beautiful legs in Holly¬wood) were on inch thinner.

Culver, sending her home, remarked to an aide: “Please announce that to be fashionable Mildy’s legs must be an inch thinner Ayres.”

And the male leads of “Gunga Din” are having weight trouble, too. It’s a blustering 118 degrees F. at the location site and they must rush around attired in heavy wooden uniforms. Cary Grant lost twenty pounds the first two weeks. It’s a field day for tailors, anyway.

But Her Power Line Worked!

THE tenant of apartment number ten in a downtown Los Angeles apartment building phoned up the manager in a fury:

“This faucet leaks again and I’m not going to put up with it. I’m going to complain to the owner immediately. Give me his name and phone number at once.”

“Well, lady, I can give you his name but I haven’t his phone number unless you phone him at the studio. You see, Tyrone Power owns this building.”

There was a stunned silence for all of two minutes.

The voice that came back over the phone was thin and flattery.

“You mean—I’m living in his building? I’m Tyrone Power’s tenant? Well, look, I love every drop out of that leaky faucet. And please don’t say I complained. Boy, wait till my bridge club hears this.”

“Oh man.”

And the receiver went BANG on the hook.

Dine a Dezen

MAXIE ROSENLOOM, fighter and screen actor, fumbled at the door of a movie agent’s solid mahogany office door and finally scurried up the courage to enter.

“Hello, Maxie,” greeted the agent.

“What can I do for you?”

“I want to buy an actor,” Maxie announced.

“You which?” the agent said, leaning forward in his chair.

“Well,” explained Maxie, “it’s like this. Al Jolson, Dick Powell and all the actors are buying fighters and I thought, being a fighter, I’d buy an actor, for a change.”

To this day the agent can’t be sure if Maxie is kidding or is in earnest.

Flash!

WHILE Hersie Kay, orchestra-leader husband of Deanna Durbin who’s playing in Texas, Randy Scott was the ap¬proved escort.

While Tony Martin, orchestra-leader husband of Alice Faye was playing through the East, Franchot Tone was the official escort.

Tweed's for Twerps

PHILLIS BROOKS’ eighteen-year-old brother thinks his sister’s beau, one Cary Grant, the best guy in Hollywood, and not without reason.

It seems for a long time Bill had ad¬mirled Cary’s clothes, especially the tweed suits, so one day Cary figured by playing it without the boy’s resenting it.

“Listen, Bill,” Cary said, “I’ve got to get rid of some of my suits to get new ones and I’m planning a little sale. Would you like to see the things before I sell anyone else about them?”

Bill’s eyes practically popped out of his head. “Say, would I?” he said. Lead me around, Cary.

Cary had them carefully laid out on the bed and over chair backs. Each was carefully price-tagged. Some (the best) marked five dollars above and so on. Bill had a Roman holiday—and all priced within his budget limit.

Don’t ever try to tell Bill Cary Grant isn’t wonderful to let him in on a bar¬gain sale.

Lew Ayres—His Column

“EXTRAordinary about Lew Ayres,” people are saying today in Hollywood. “Funny about the way he’s been up and down the ladder of fame so many times. His role of Costas Henry in ‘Rich Boy, Poor Girl’ was so marvelous.”

Yet those same people never bother to find out about the real Lew Ayres.

We visited Lew on his hilltop home the other day and discovered many sur¬prising things—infact, amazing is more the word.

He lives on the highest hill in Holly¬wood because years before he fell in love with the spot. As soon as he felt he had enough money, he bought the site. On it he built his modest white home and swimming pool. And here he moved with one middle-aged man to look after him.

The servant had gone off on a two¬weeks vacation the day we drove up. There sat Lew, alone, by the pool. He showed us through the home, comfort¬able place, pointing with pride the five sprinklers in the cement as the front porch where the hose could be hooked to the garden hose. “I had the plumbing done so when I’m old I can sit on the porch and water the lawn,” he said, smiling happily.

“Isn’t your home lovely?” we asked, visions of swimming parties among the younger set and gay daydreams flashed before our minds.

“Oh, no,” he shrugged. “I have no music. I like to compose a little, you know, and I like to read and see lots of pictures and swim here alone when I’m working.”

He talked then of his career that began so auspiciously with “All Quiet on the Western Front,” made almost ten years before. Suddenly it was born in Russia that a change had come in Lew’s career. Ayres. From the sullen, sulky lav¬ishness of ‘All Quiet,’ to this mellow kindliness, tolerant boy on a hilltop.

“Well, it’s about five now,” he said, glancing at the sun. “Mind if I just sit down with my watering can? I like to sprinkle my flowers all this time every even¬ing.”

Some people, I suppose, will always remember Lew as the unforget¬table table glamour lad of "All Quiet.”

Others will think of him only as the husband of Ginger Rogers. Ayres. Lew’s always be¬remembered as the lone star on a hilltop who likes to be home every day al¬most like the man himself because it’s the best time water the lawn.

Russia’s Rainbow—

CHUCKLES are flying through the Holly¬wood air at the latest Gregor Ratoff story. It seems Ratoff, proud of his Russian birth, dubiously eyed a visitor to his set.

“Sol?” questioned Ratoff, “you are Russian?”

“Yeah, a Russian,” was the reply.

“White or Red?” demanded Ratoff.

“I am a Yellow Russian,” said the vis¬itor.

Ratoff gestured wildly. “A yellow Russian? And vat is a yellow Russian?”

The visitor tried to explain that the Russian was not a visitor, “becus I am afraid for everyone.”

McCarthy Would!

HERE’s no living with Charlie McCarthy, so claims Edgar Bergen, since the bald dummy was invited to place his footprints among the great in the Chinese Theater foyer.

And here’s a comical bit that took place at that imprinting. John Stahl a marvelous director noted for his stern¬ness and hard-driving manner, was present at the affair with Bergen and McCarthy. While Bergen was conver¬sing with a friend, Stahl quietly slipped over and picked up Charlie. He turned him this way and that way attempting to make the dummy move and live. Charlie endured this embarrassment in utter silence, for Bergen was talking to a friend.

“Just waiting for Charlie however went on until suddenly Charlie spoke up.

“It’s no use, Stahl. I’m just not the mood, so cut it out.”

Abashed at the unexpected retort Stahl quickly laid down the dummy and walked off.
"I want to make a hit tonight! That's why I wouldn't think of going out until I've bathed with CASHMERE BOUQUET... the lovely perfumed lather that keeps a girl fragrantly dainty!"

"There's nothing like a good first impression! And nothing like CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP to help a girl make one!"

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 11)

to Make Friends Dept. . . . my nine and two-year-old was visiting him Ayrune Power happened to one day . . . at the mention of being on the wire she started up and down with excitement asked, "Ty, would you mind say- hello, Nancy' to a little girl who is little ganging move enough sitting your voice?" . . . not only did he say "Hello" but he went into conversation . . . a Power fan was there of course . . . which to very important, I'll admit . . . that I like about this young anecdote revelation is a young man who is a while of women swooning . . . very thought of him is still so deeply that he will take the time to an unseen, unknown youngster . . . Gable is one of those guys intuitively does the right and thing and with no gestures about . . . I saw this happen once a swing coming out of the Metro gate in one of those terrific big powered cars of his when he got by a red light and noticed a guy about ten standing on the corner, gable dazzled soul visible in his eyes as great man swung open the car . . . "Want a lift, kid," he asked, "just the thing with excitement, he said, "Ty, was it . . . you can say Margia Mae . . . the impossible had happened . . . he was inside the great car in his chariot . . . boylike, he was said and shyness to admit any of this even acknowledge that he recog- his host . . . Gable didn't bring his field of names either . . . just the kid home after a very he-man action ball of baseball, deep-sea and the like en route . . . from the other hand, scenes like this happen . . . it was during the filming of one of the biggest of next winter's pic- tures . . . I won't identify either the picture or the players involved because the yarn revolves around the actor who I think is the worst ham in all Holly- wood . . .

The stars of the picture are two of the biggest personalities in the business today and the ham is playing a second lead in the production . . . on this particular day three visitors from the Far East were brought on the set . . . the stars were both charming . . . they asked the visitors how they liked California and about the war in China . . . that is, they did the popularity-winning thing of talking to the visitors about subjects which made them, rather than stars, the big shots . . . everything was in the groove until the ham came along and was introduced . . . one of the vis- itors, being a charming person himself, said, "Oh, yes, so you're Mr. Blank" . . . the ham pulled himself up to his tallest possible height which isn't so very tall after all . . . "So even way out there in your little country you've heard of me, eh?" he said . . .

OUR Own Question Dept. (to which we know the answer, so help us, but see if you do) . . . can you guess which star it is with whom David Selznick has a paet that she can kick him at high noon in Bullock's-Wilshire, the depart- ment store, if any but an unknown girl plays Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind"? Now I'll ask you a question . . . what on earth do you suppose made Carole Lombard give out that silly statement about loving to pay her taxes . . . that's what that girl trying to do . . . prove she isn't human?

MY FIRST DATE WITH HIM TONIGHT!

SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 8)

gate of peaceful blankness—you've a great step forward in your ef- forts, you'll find that movie stars who are in gain weight follow this axiom almost as they possibly can. Jane and, as well as Olivia, is generally back resting between scenes. Staying very fine, indeed," said "If you can't do that all the You have to take some exercise, build you up. Of course, you have to go in for something such as tennis or handball or waste away to a shadow; but cling nice, heavy like toquet, simple, does wonders for you, you supple and graceful and I'm about it.

There are two splendid weight-gaining use:

On your back with your legs up, your feet together and your straight down to your sides. Bend knees up to your chest, then put your legs in the air with the of your feet facing the ceiling. Your knees straight and let your think about the floor. The different part is keeping your knees in. Do this only about twice at as slowly as you can. Other good exercise is this: stand your feet apart and your hands at above together your left should- er. Then put the arm forward downward toward the right toe, your trunk, but keeping your knees straight. Straighten your body and return the arms to your left shoulder. Be sure and keep your hands clasped all the way through this. After you have done this three times, start- ing from your left shoulder, repeat the exercise three times from your right shoulder.

Rette finished her malted milk and I asked her how many glasses of it she drank a day. "At least three. One in the middle of the morning, then again in mid- afternoon and before I go to bed at night. But I never drink it while I'm keyed-up. I take it between scenes or while I'm resting so that I'm relaxed and then I sip it slowly." Try following the routines that these girls have set forth and in a very short time you'll probably have gained much needed weight, feel healthy and well, have a better disposition, and will have helped your looks tremendously. Who could ask for more!

A fattening, healthful diet will help along the good work, and I have one that is practically guaranteed to put pounds on you and increase your state of well-being.

You'll need to supplement the rou- tines given in this article. So if you'll write to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 731 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I'll be more than glad to send it on to you.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 11)

To Keep Fragrantly Dainty... Bathe With Perfumed CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

CASHMERE BOUQUET'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES BODY ODOR SO COMPLETELY, AND THEN ITS FLOWER-LIKE PERFUME Lingers... LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, YOU'RE STILL ALLURINGLY FRAGrant!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at drug, department, ten-cent stores

THE LAST DANCE AND SHE'S STILL ADORABLY DAINTY!

AND THANKS FOR THE MEMORY OF A SIMPLY, PERFECT EVENING! CAN'T WE HAVE ANOTHER... SOON?

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION! AND Nothing LIKE CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP TO HELP A GIRL MAKE ONE!

MARVELous FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet’s lather is soft and soothing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother . . . more radiant and alluring!
How Deanna Durbin Hurdles the "Awkward Age"

(Continued from page 15)

From the Tropics
TO YOUR FINGERTIPS!

Glazo brings you flattering new nail polish shades of fascinating beauty... created by fashion experts...inspired by the subtle and exquisite colors of lovely tropical flowers!

Your hands take on a new and romantic allure when you wear these enchanting Glazo colors!

TROPIC—A smoky ash-pink tone found in a rare and gorgeous oriental Hibiscus.

CONGO—Captures the deep and luscious orchid-tone tint of the Kiu-Oca petals.

CABAÑA—From the exotic Peruvian Tallo comes this gay and vibrant rust-red.

SPICE—The tempting, rich burgundy color of an exquisitely shaded Amazon Orchid.

See Glazo’s new tropical shades at any drug counter, Choose your color today!

Other Glazo full and winter fashion shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Rust-set; Shell. All shades, large size 25c.

GLAZO’S NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking. Contains wax. It is a perfect foundation for polish—makes it last longer, Gives added beauty and gloss. Only 25c.

many departures of dress where she could stand improvement. When they were pointed out to her, she paid no heed.

She is now definitely clothes-conscious.

There are important in helping to smooth out the immature bulges and bumps of the awkward age. No one realizes this more than Deanna. What she has learned about said bulges and bumps was eager to tell me, because, as she said, "Not every girl would have the chance to find an expert!"

For instance, the awkward points of a teenage girl are quite likely to be her feel, her shoulders, her shoulders—not a word, but she was anxious to show me her own line of attack.

Deanna found that by wearing two-tone shoes she softened her foot lines, made their size indeterminate.

The short waist and thick midrift vanished via optical illusion when she adopted the rule to wear always a small belt or some trick waistline gadget to gather her in. Her shoulders evened out with padding.

If you want to remember Deanna in her past pictures or notice her in her next, you’ll note that little jackets or flat bottomed shoes are usually a part of an outfit in which she looks particularly nice. These are deliberate camouflages of a growing girl’s week points.

It is amazing to look at portraits of Deanna Durbin taken only a year or so ago and compare them with her today, as I did. The contrast suggests one of those “Before and After” advertisements. The old pictures we looked at even made Deanna look a bit awkward.

Her bob was short and too babyish, with frizzy bangs. It was out of keeping with her mature intelligence. I imagine how out of keeping it must have been with her mature voice and advanced personality. Her hair was curled indiscriminately and looked it. On the other hand, her make-up was too heavy. Between the two extremes, the more natural looks are by far the best in pictures in which she appears planned.

Deanna explained: "They found I had a natural wave in my hair. Deeds out best came out best in a long bob. All the curling that’s in it now is to encourage the wave along its natural lines. I think the lesson is—take advantage of your natural good points and develop them.”

Deanna does that. Because her hair is soft and glistening after it’s been curled, she strokes it religiously. Her studio hairdresser wishes all the stars were as easy to pull in for a hair-do as Deanna. Because she likes her eyes best when they’re blue, Deanna’s favorite dress color is blue. Because her skin is a bit less and glowing, she uses the lightest application of lipstick and powder.

"I’m not much of a nail fancier,” Deanna said. Her jewelry box holds only her wristwatch, two charm bracelets and a small gold locket. She wore her first big diamond brooch to a party given a while ago for a studio executive.

Obviously, Deanna has skipped the beauty upssets so often reflected in the muddy and discolored skins of adolescents. The reason, however, is pretty simple. Because Deanna eats anything she likes and that anything often includes steak, spaghetti, cake, gun drops, chocolate ice cream and a whole lot of other things, not particular designed to clear a youthful complexion.

"I am about the best customer the hockey-pockey,” Deanna says, "in the hockey-pockey area with a small grin. The hockey-pockey is the sweetie vendors who trundles around Universal lot jingling the coin in their hands. When she’s there to lure Deanna out of her set."

"I suppose,” she observed, "I am just too busy to let them in anyway."

But Deanna takes care of herself with the unpretentious levelheadedness that is the keynote of her whole young character. Often when she’s home she uses a little table to fix her out to upstairs and walks in her suit and looks as if she might expect—ing in her throat.

Then Deanna sensibly puts herself in rigid Couture. She is afraid of one and she doesn’t want anyone to talk to her.

I FOUND recurring, as I talked to Deanna, a significant phrase. To so many questions Deanna responds, "I haven’t time."

She hadn’t time to learn to sew or cook. She never takes little vacation trips that are so dear to Californians. No time at all. She hadn’t had time to think or worry much about them.

She never had time with no tinge of wistfulness or regret. She doesn’t feel that her busy days are robbing her of her normal youth. In fact, I suspect it may be the other way around. Deanna’s growth and development are crowding out the doubts, confusions and adolescents. She feels "I’m awfully lucky to be busy in such an interesting way.” The moral for other girls might point to finding an interesting way to keep busy. Or at least to finding something you want to do and doing it with all your heart.

She wasn’t afraid of having her own mind when she explained. To the "teen age" comes a going indecision as to what shall be done with life. They don’t bother her. She goes to the movies or to parties with them when she wants to. She doesn’t go to night clubs or dance halls because she herself doesn’t care to. She goes her own way at her own time yet. There is no family ban against it. No one tells her when to be home or not to have a boyfriend.

She is too mature herself to be "crazy" about older men or to get wild crushes on the band boys. She has always looked like it when Melvyn Douglas, during the filming of "That Certain Age,” said she looked nice in her new dresses. It didn’t surprise me that Deanna’s favorite movie star is Spencer Tracy.

Marriage is far off and very vague in the thinking stage. But her ideals of marriage and a home have been greatly influenced by her sister, Mrs. Heckman. The Heckmans are not only moderate circumstances, but they make music and want happy. Money, in this respect, does not seem important to Deanna. Her mother and father have had to work uncomfortably to make jiffy if she could have a home as big as her sister’s.

Deanna has no allowance. It is an after thought, for that matter. The house is as big as she herself wants it. She has access to her mother’s fund, but usually she has little use for it, and never overdraws it.

It’s indicative of her common sense and make-up, though, that her dog, The Duchess (for her dog has no pedigree, is not even a pure-bred and cost her exactly two dollars),

Deanna feels the responsibility of an actress. She doesn’t come to parties in private gatherings. It embarrasses her; it seems as if she is "showing," a feeling she never gets with lots of acclamations. But she will sing, as a back-up of noble oblige, and graciously she thinks everyone wants her to.

One afternoon, when Washington, while Deanna received the 20,000 newspaper criticisms. Critics, after all, are the surest of all sources of major attraction; some stayed past the dance.

But, although Deanna had some plans for the evening, she smiled the maimed hostess until last person had gone. She sang, to her own accompaniment, a little song she had come over for a swim in Deanna’s pool.

She ventured out beyond her deck and, unable to swim, began to go down the front steps of the great grey house. The girl was larger than she was, but Deanna knew something had to be done and cost her exactly two dollars.

That courage, responsibility, action and strength are what enabled Deanna Durbin to face to flinching her first important audie-elect on talent night at the Troubadour. She took her before an intimidating crowd on Eddie Cantor’s radio show.

"I brought her face to face with her talent which she had never known."

It allows her sixteen-year-old story of her story to support the responsibility of the successes of Universal Studios.

Deanna has life. She has lifted Deanna Durbin over the hurdles of the awkward age with an absolutely unpolluted, uncolored, unspoiled smile. She makes it look out on a new grown-up with fearless, eager eyes. And to every, she comes in a forthright manner.

"One of my teachers said once and is your best—don’t be afraid and if you have nothing to worry about,” said Deanna. "Something."

"I love you,” Mrs. Durbin smiled.

She asked me to tip the waiters she left. When her picture was finished, Mrs. Durbin always gives gifts the people who work with her. Deanna has kept the hand in her hair. But Deanna thought it looks right for a young girl to give gratuities to older people.

The idea, somehow, was a pleasant one and I thought of as much as for anything I had heard. It was becoming to her years. It was just right, and the whole thing Deanna had done proved once more so successfully what she proved—"Be your age!"
Plain Girl in Paradise

(Continued from page 17)

Hollywood scene. So, if you deviate in the routine of Vendome lunches, Gardner, Jingling, Saturday at the race, a week end at Palm Springs, you’special.” And that’s what you want—-for a successful holiday.

remarried the office I walked into second day I was there toward the of the Santa Anita racing season. Happened to be a Friday. A tall, bespectacled fellow in the publicity de- partment said I could visit one of the the available to see a famous star but added: “Oh, but tomorrow’s Saturday. You’ll be at the races.” No, I won’t,” I told him, eager for a glimpse of a favorite. Why not?

he as dully as prompted my re- action, he young man looked over my head at the knowing gaze of his office- mate. Then, with a gesture of self- deprecation, he said: “Would you like to go to the races with me?”

hesitated. “I never go to horse races except if something should I do something that I could do at home, if I wanted to.” I can’t visit a studio at home. So go there. “Okay, lady,” said the publicity man, he was grinning. “I’ll save a lot of my if you take on the lot.”

e decided Saturday night we would go and I wore an orchid my shoulder, and we danced until late, arranged to drive to San Bernardino the next day, which must cost much more than betting at Santa Anita would have cost. But the young man seemed to feel it was worthwhile.

was, he told me solemnly, “a breath of fresh air.” He saw nothing any in that expression in the land of air and sunshine and artificial men.

I do tell you things, when you an ambitious lover. Take down front the co-stars refused their and the sins of the others; the racy gossip city where there is the longest and dirtiest patch of the map of world, over which much chit-chat than in any other one spot one man to man, with the possible exception of Louis XIV. And I’d pit Sardi’s on a rainy night just even Louis’s salons!

he doesn’t enjoy getting, at first I do, “just between you and me”- even Hollywood columnists can’t I did So did at Palm Springs the time he went there ineptly; how Such-and-Such lost her job the height of her power; why the most co-stars refused their and a picture together; how the matinee happened to marry before he be- came famous. It’s fascinating hearing of that you wouldn’t hear it if they knew you anybody to whom to tell.

ten are the more intimate ones. Why a man couldn’t get along his wife, who was oh! so different in the course. Surprising, the mother of men in Hollywood who are silly and physically unattached, but who have had the experience of one or marriages, each epitomized in a roll of parchment from Reno, elsewhere in a bottom desk drawer. creed men, they say, don’t make best of husbands. I wouldn’t know. When they do make the pleasantest of admirers, the most flattering holiday- squares. And that, mind you, is the objective—that and that alone.

It’s very pleasant to be told you are all manner of nice things; it’s revivifying, ego-building, more refreshing than a dozen sea voyages taken in the company of other nice girls and a minimum of eligible males.

It gives you a pleasant glow around the region of your heart, fills your head with fresh pictures of your own personality, which has the effect of making you more like those self-portraits than you were before you heard about yourself from a Hollywood man’s lips.

But you mustn’t take it too seriously. Not the least of your charm lies in the fact that you won’t be there long enough to turn up, eventually, at Central Casting Bureau, using a fellow’s name as an “in” at the studio, repeating the things he’s told you in confidence where it might do him some harm or—-faux pas of faux pas—hold him to his declarations.

It must be carefully established at the outset that you are as transient as a trailer-inhabitant. You have a home somewhere else. You might even have a job. You have come to Hollywood for a vacation and, when the vacation’s over, you’ll depart, leaving behind nothing but a dream. A dream which might possibly be renewed at a later date, but then also for a stipulated, regular period of time. You won’t be a dream walking around the street some blue Monday, a dream with a long memory.

It is much easier to “show the kid a good time” when you know she’ll be on her way a week, two weeks or three, from now.

Not that marriages aren’t made in Hollywood. They are. But they’re suspect. The regular, employed citizen of Hollywood is pretty cynical about marriages, having seen so many go on the rocks and with such little more pluck than wrecked marriages make anywhere else. That may be because so many Hollywood men marry “in the business,” whose own careers conflict with their husband’s greater or lesser success.

Or perhaps it may be because the plain, American girl, sans movie hopes, is bored with the Hollywood existence which centers around the industry after she has lived there awhile. It could also spring from the fact that “a breath of fresh air” loses its tingle when you breathe it every day and the hot-house fragrance of the authentic-glamour girls then becomes the “different,” attractive thing.

Anyhow, marriage wasn’t the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of my Hollywood holiday. I came home. And—lo and behold—the same thing happened, in reverse, right on home territory.

“Diana’s been to Hollywood. Tell us all about Hollywood, Diana!”

And then you speak, and speak freely—-who knows from whom you collected your items of information? Who cares? You have been in Wonderland. The brilliance clings to you in the mundane surroundings of home. You are as different as satin and sequins in a sea of organdy.

“I don’t see how they let you get away!” says a pleasant non-Hollywood voice.

All in all, it’s well worth while for the plain American garden-variety girl to visit Hollywood.

"I've lived an extra month this year"

Like so many women, Janice believed menstrual pain had to be endured. As regularly as her dreaded days came on, she stopped "living"— gave up all pleasure to give in to suffering.

Then, a year ago, a thoughtful friend told Janice about Midol how it relieves functional periodic pain even at its worst, and how it often saves many women even night's comfort.

Now Janice is "living" again — not just part of the time, but twelve full months a year. Letting Midol take care of unnecessary menstrual pain has restored her a whole month of wasted days.

MIDOL is made for women for one special purpose—to relieve the unnatural pain which often makes the natural menstrual process so trying. And Midol is dependable; unless there is some organic disorder requiring the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol helps most women who try it. Why not give Midol the chance to help you? It acts quickly, not only to relieve the pain, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Ask for the convenient, inexpensive purse-size aluminum case at any drugstore.

MIDOL

BELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

DECEMBER, 1938

77
The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 27)

T. R. Gallaher, P.T.M., Santa Fe System Lines, 1201 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois, and El Capitan and Silver booklets, and fares from New York to...

Name
Address

1938 is a SANTA FE YEAR

The gay new
El CAPITAN

AMERICA’S ONLY ALL-CHAIR-CAR
TRANSCONTINENTAL STREAMLINER

— Here’s the gleaming little streamline you can ride on Hollywood

wood itself—that has put new

thrills and barrels of fun into

western economy travel!

With the speed of the

southern day luxury streamliners, Santa Fe’s El Capitan whisk

you between Chicago and Los Angeles in just 39½ hours...gives you more time to play

around in California.

ECONOMICAL

You save money, too, because the fares between Chicago and Los Angeles on this jolly windpiper are only $44.50, one way; only $75, round trip.

El Capitan is a world full of enjoyment out of the new beauty and down-

right comfort of El Capitan—the West’s only all-chair-car trans-

continental streamline. You’ll like its modern stainless steel coaches, with

their plush beds and a wondrous idea of what the delicious low-cost Fred Harvey

meals in the unique lunch corner-

town car, the special car for women

and children, and the trim graduate

nurse, her free and friendly service

available to mothers and children and all others aboard.

ALL ABOARD!

El Capitan leaves Chicago Tues-

days and Saturdays: Los Angeles, Tuesdays, and Fridays.

THE SCOUT

DAILY ECONOMY TRAVEL

• This popular Santa Fe trans-

continental train, also dedicated

to the entire economy travel, departs
daily from Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles. • Swift, modern, air-conditioned, it carries new stain-

less steel chair cars; roomy, sleep-

ers and a car for senior passengers,

Fred Harvey diner, serving delicious

tinies, for breakfast and lunch,

and all economy service and a registered

nurse. There is no extra fare.

Mail coupon for booklet.

T. R. Gallaher, P.T.M., Santa Fe System Lines, 1201 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois, and El Capitan and Silver booklets, and fares from New York to...

the whole truth, wouldn’t I, Mr. Foley?

He cleared his throat and returned to his pompous manner.

"Of course," he said, "there are times when I am...ah...ah...ah...er...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...ah...a
"It's rather a peculiar situation," she said. "The box is registered in such a way that whoever has possession of the key has access to the contents of the box. It's an arrangement... well, Mr. Foley. I suppose it's illegal, but you mentioned something just now about the state inheritance-tax appraiser. He's always supposed to be present when the safe-deposit boxes of dead persons are opened, isn't he?"

"A representative of his office," Mr. Foley said, glancing significantly at me.

"Well," she said glibly, "that's the reason we rented this box the way we did. It's rented under an assumed name. My husband told the banker he was negotiating an agreement with another party covering the possession of certain notes that had to do with a very valuable invention. The notes were too valuable to be delivered in the ordinary course of business and so my husband had arranged to give the purchaser the key to this box when the money was paid over. The bank was to give this purchaser, or his legal representatives, access to the box whenever he showed up with the key."

"Then the box actually does contain notes relating to an invention?" Mr. Foley asked.

She said, "Well, there are some notes there; yes; but those are just a blind. There's currency in the box."

"Where's your husband now?"

"He's in New York."

"Why don't you have your husband wire the banker that the key has been stolen and withdraw any authorization to enter the safe-deposit box?"

"Because my husband doesn't know it's been stolen."

"How does that happen?"

"He trusted the key to me... Can't you see? That's why I'm so anxious to get it back. He'll think I was having an affair with the chauffeur. I must get it back without anyone knowing."

Mr. Foley said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Temmler. There's nothing I can do. The entire affair sounds rather... well, rather bizarre. Incidentally, Mrs. Temmler, if the police have found any such key they didn't mention it to the

"I'm afraid I can't hold onto a key to a safe-deposit box unless I explained matters... and even then the police would take the lock box and inventory the contents in the presence of a representative of the state inheritance-tax appraiser."

Appointment flooded her features, said, impatiently, "Mr. Padgham is quite insistent that you were a resourceful attorney."

Foley said, sympathetically, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Temmler, but I'd have more than resourceful to get possession of that key... In whose name is the box registered, yours?..."

"No," she said, "you see...?"

"But," Mr. Foley asked, as she hesitated.

"It's his business," she answered. "I don't know, but I'm outlining the possibility. You'll see that, as an attorney, I can't place in an impossible position, but that key has nothing to do with Mr. Padgham's business!" Mrs. Temmler explained. "I'm certain it wouldn't have been worth anything to you."

"I object," Mr. Foley objected, "even if I did represent you, I couldn't do except go to the police. The key took too much of Carter Wright's time, and he was very excellent until he started in training a theatrical crowd—not real actors and actresses. He entered the Theatre plays and had some flat-press notices—I'll say they were bad. They flattered him to death, but he had never been worth anything to them."

"I'm afraid I can't hold onto a key to a safe-deposit box unless I explained matters... and even then the police would take the lock box and inventory the contents in the presence of a representative of the state inheritance-tax appraiser."

Foley smiled. "I'm afraid I can't hold onto a key to a safe-deposit box unless I explained matters... and even then the police would take the lock box and inventory the contents in the presence of a representative of the state inheritance-tax appraiser."

"He trusted the key to me... Can't you see? That's why I'm so anxious to get it back. He'll think I was having an affair with the chauffeur. I must get it back without anyone knowing."
"Sweet Lips!" If you long to hear these thrilling words, avoid Lipstick Parching!

Choose a lipstick that knows lips must be silky soft...as well as warmly bright.

Coty protects the thin, soft skin of your lips by including in every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick eight drops of "Thcoobra." This softening ingredient helps your lips to a moist smoothness. In ardent and indelible shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50c.

"Aird-Span," "Rouge To Match"

Another thrilling new Coty make-up discovery! Rushing torrents of air blend colors to new, life-like subtlety and warmth. In shades that match "Sub-Deb," Lipstick, 50c.

Sub-Deb Lipstick

Eight drops of "Thcoobra" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against Lipstick Parching.

I'm going out," he said, "I'll be in the office for a few minutes just before one o'clock and then I'm going out and will be out all afternoon."

"You don't need me."

"Yes, I need to," he said, "because there's nothing to explain. After all, you're not entirely your own age, you know. You have a man's way of thinking of as well as your own."

"That's a mightily sensible way to look at a traffic light," he added.

"Always try to look at things that way."
Beautiful Brat

(Continued from page 63)

as she went out for a drive on an afternoon and hooked the town wearing his fraternity pin to a ball on his ex-fiancée that night.

as a gay young man, only son of a name and a great fortune, and addicted to speed in open cars and jazz and to the ringing fantasy now to find in a tenth Martini, or six Rock and Rye, or in the bottom of the special flask he carried in a pocket tailored into his jackets.

as was this, over which she had no a. She shut her eyes to it, as she deliberately blinded herself during ten months to the past, to the sharp memory of a hand a boy and his voice saying, stay, Maggie. Someday.

And not heard from Hank, it was winter, and the man she marry said, “June, Maggie?” and d. “Yes.” And she danced some and “Among those present was Margaret Sullivan, lovely debu-
ty or daughter of...” And there were rights when she had no remember; a spring came, bringing with it a shattering, his letter. “now you will come,” Hank had r. Simply, without exultation or a could hear her mind click into a gear as she read the sentence; she suddenly the period just end-

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near personal consideration. The
Southern ancestors approached:
their say: “What silliness is this
vulgar modern way to treat your
marriage vows?” She

Fiercely her own mind made it:
It couldn’t work, we’d be misc.
Maybe it was right, but

and roars and screams with boredom.
I wouldn’t, and if it was right
with Hunk and ruin both our lives,

I can’t be wrong . . .

she spent dancing furiously with
the gay young men she had
aboard—she went to the same
high by the forward giant star
sequence with herself, desperately
to adjust to her new circuit
rationalizing the fact that she was
so great a thing as her marriage
ruin. Once, long after midnight
blasting thousands of sound deader
for a moment and after her heart
stomach bounding about she rose
the ship was saluting another
passing the other way. She saw
its lights and the sleek white one
the hull across the dark water.

FOR a moment, then, she
took the answer. If she could be
that ship: detached, imperturbable,
destination and a schedule, or
and efficient—and unapproachable.
She may feel like that and
Maggie went down to sleep
with a new quiet in her heart.

She came back to Manhattan at a
take a rôle in “Dinner at Eight”
and her broken marriage had lost all
of their power to hurt her.

She had come into the wings, after the
scene. The noise of the crowd
character. A little scattering
plague sounded in front, for her
The smile became a grin.
Her maid beckoned from the draping
room door. “Telephone,” she
said with her lips.

She went out, shunning the receiver
one hand and fumbled with a
clasp with the other. “Hello,” she
“Los Angeles calling . . .
¨Put on, said Maggie.
But it was Hollywood calling. I
had a picture called “Only Yester-
They had seen her work on the stage
had liked her. If she were interested

“No!” she said, tearing at the
cloth. The voice was suddenly very

very . . .” she said. “I was wrong—a
And a contract. Two pictures a
New York and the stage in between.
Rao thought you’d want
her hand was motionless on the phone.
Her long silence cost Hollywood
over six hundred.

Then said. “I couldn’t very
refuse that much money, could I?
And it was the spring of 1933.
Hollywood was a mess.
There was nothing—nothing whatever
to keep Maggie Sullivan in New

“All right,” she said, “I’ll come.”

Hollywood called her “difficult” when
she refused to play its game. But
nothing could be done. It was the sort
of thing it hasn’t changed. Con-
—The Story of Margaret Sullivan
Rebellious Life—December 1933

should you get December PHOTOPLAY? For one thing—She had

a temper like a buzz saw; he has recreations she can’t share, he

Frances and Joel McCrea are Hollywood’s happiest couple—Why

What Makes Love Tick? by Lupton A. Wilkison
Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

S100 PRIZE
RIDE THE COWBOY

I NEVER knew that Photoplay was so popular until somehow I got lucky and won first prize in "Boos and Bouquets" in the last March Photoplay for a letter which I wrote about lovely Miss Loretta Young. Well I did not have time to cash my check before I was diluted with so many letters my head swam. They were from people (mostly women) who congratulated me and asked if I wouldn't write them a bit about come-punchers life in Wyoming and please send them a picture of me.

I commenced to answer all of the questions what was asked me, but I got writers cramp right away so I decided to spend some of my prize money for a second hand typewriter as I was always wanting to operate one of them things. Befor I had got practiced up so I could write a perfect letter I had got letters from every state excepting Maine. But as letters are still coming in at intervals maybe Maine won't let me down.

My geography has been helped no end as all the girls told me about there- selves as well as there surrounding. Gosh, but it was interesting reading.

A young lady in Johannesburg, South Africa, asked if there was any "bioscope" where I lived. I thought at first it was some kind of reptile but I soon found that "bioscopes" was what we Americans call picture shows.

One thing them letter writers had in common was they all read and like Photoplay emerally and they all raved about Loretta Young, and also they like Western moves. I sure would apprec- iate it much if a couple of lines was printed in Photoplay which says that "Tex" Brunton appreciates the letters he has got from Photoplay readers and that he will get around to answering them all eventually. I sure did like Loretta Young in "Three Blind Mice".

I seen it thru twice and she is swell. But the thing I did appreciate was the "Tarzan" story which was entered into the "Movie" contest. "Tarzan" is swell. How much is there in Switzerland.

"Tex" Brunton, Casper, Wyoming.

S100 PRIZE

Beclothed

in fragrance

Eau Florale Concentree is a lovely new fashion in per- fuming that you can easily afford. For Houbigant now pre- sents its finest odours in this new version of perfume...for lavish, all-over-body use...at ONE DOLLAR.

Think of using Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Precieux, Bis Chantant or Country Club...extravagantly, liberally, yet inexpensively! Painted on your body after the bath, these precious odours gradually diffuse through linger and clothing, keeping you fresh and lovely wherever you go—whatever you do—from dawn to dark!

Houbigant Concentree

Are Ill-fitting Shoes Undermining Your Health?

Cornea, limps, callouses are the inevitable result of ill-fitting shoes. But the real dangers of ill-fitting shoes are not always recognized. An ill-fitting shoe can not only cause inconvenience and discomfort, but can result in permanent harm. Assuming that a shoe is not ill-fitting, the selection of shoes must be made on other considerations. There are shoes which are not ill-fitting, but which are not good for you. The comfort of your feet is of the utmost importance, and to neglect this fact is to neglect your health.

Now Available in your own city, and with the understanding that I may return the book and all cash value at the end of the year, please send me a Powdered Base stick for the small amount of 25 cents. (We pay postage on all cash orders)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

November, 1938

MATCH THEM IF YOU CAN

Correct answers to the pictorial game appearing on pages 42 and 43.

1 and 2: "Maytime" Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald

1 and 5: "If I Were King" Harrison Ford, Ethel Shannon

2 and 15: "Sally, Irene and Mary" Ronald Colman, William Farnum

3 and 19: "The Story of My Life" Alan Hale, Barbara Stanwyck

4 and 20: "Sally, Irene and Mary" Belle Bennett, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neill

8 and 16: "Tom Sawyer" Olivia de Haviland, Errol Flynn

9 and 18: "Holiday" Douglas Fairbanks, Enid Bennett

11 and 21: "Romeo and Juliet" Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman

12 and 17: "Camerillo" Lewis Stone, Alice Terry

13 and 18: "Romero and Juliet" Norma Shearer (with Leslie Howard)

14 and 20: "Holiday" Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne

15 and 22: "Tom Sawyer" Tom Kelly, Jackie Moran, Mickey Rentschler

16 and 23: "Camerillo" Melvyn Douglas, Robert Taylor

17 and 22: "Camerillo" Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn

18 and 24: "Holiday" Ann Harding, Robert Ames

19 and 25: "Tom Sawyer" Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor

20 and 26: "Camerillo" Nazimova, Rudolph Valentino

Lovely make-up...always...

...with the new POWDR-BASE stick

Holds powder and makeup until removed, no nose shine, non-greasy, waterproof. Achieves a velvety, flawless complexion.

Four shades: Flash, Pale, Cocoa—Brunette, Suntan, and $1.

Hampden Sales Inc., 251 Fifth Avenue, New York
Paris, art dealers from Vienna, beauty experts from London, Paris and Buenos Aires to establish, on this weird little strip, a sort of a night club where the most of the rich, elegant and beautiful they have no rivals anywhere. It was in the cellar of the "strip" that Billy Wilkerson, enthranced by the rare coolness of the place, decided here was the spot to store the precious wares for his swelling gallery, even the whole shebang became the renowned Trocadero.

Not since the old Russian Eagle (once a colorful cafe whose best customer had been Rudolph Valentino) had Hollywood ever seen such a spot as the Trocadero, with its elegant wine list, its rare foods (at even rarer prices), its oyster bars, its chefs from Delmonico's and later the Waldorf, its waiters from the Continent and its movie stars from the good old Middle West all dressed up and tighter than two drums. Whooppeep! It was the Trocadero and two more things happened. George Hurrell, now Hollywood's best-known photographer, rented a studio back in the 6th and Avenues, a wide, wrinkled, scrubbed behind the bars to permit miniature shops, swanky restaurants, art galleries, shops of suicide, of jobs over the window.

But again, typical of nouveau riche Hollywood and its nouveau riche inhabitants, too much elegance happened too soon. For, like the swanky folks with the old papys who tread the white carpets in seck and chew Old Gold and then go strutting and building a millionaires of yesterday still cling to the glittering boulevard, now definitely terrorized. And, there lies the charm of the place—and the charm of Hollywood and the people in it. That closeness to the earthy earth that all the Chanoel No. 5 cannot drown out. That blending of back yard and clothesline wash with Georgian fronts and mansions in the streets.

Where else, I ask you, can one purchase a blouse of suade from Voris, a rob-in-egg sized ruby from Flutes, a high colored improved diamond, a custom-built car and a darn golden funeral at reasonable prices, and all in the same block? Where else but The Strip?

One day came an event in the life of The Strip that will go down in history as the great onward sweep of agents to The Strip. Agents—beating, theatrical, radio, television, opera, fantastic, big, small, middle-sized agents—all madly dashing for dazzling white-fronted offices on The Strip. On came the William Morris, the Orsatti boys, the Sam Jaffes, the Hal Cookleys, the Zepo Marxes, the Tom Finterpret, the Bing Crosby family, all bent on outdoing the other agents in high-class swell. Limousines whizzed to a stop before gorgeous-fronted buildings, while slack-clad stars (with hair all over the dungarees, have no fret, little one) flew in and out of buildings like mad, as agents flew in and out among the clients, even madder.

Why there was a time, and well can I remember it. when at the tending of the earth, old names knew an earthly quake, no less, had hit in their midst. Today, they're not so sure. Could just as easily be the Orsatti boys and their clients, the Ritz brothers, in a conference.

And, oh-gentlemen, what is a story on The Strip without those strip conferences. Where twenty-two telephones in one suite of offices ring to the tune of "Twenty-two girls and a boy," where secretaries break out in song at any hour of the day or night; and a high-priced star demands that Billy Wilkerson come in rental for the use of his gallstones. "I've had 'em all through the picture, did I?" he wails. "They paid Gable for the use on the final scene of his boy. Don't ever, no one's going to use my gallstones and not pay." With the one agent frets, in the midst of bedlam, to his bar chair erected in the shower and there the barber shaves away while water trickles merly over the whole goddam proceedings, so help me.

THE STRIP! Where everything is dated from the robberies. "Let's see," a friend muses, "when did Mary break off her engagement to Mrs. Smith's husband? Was it right after the Roach jewelry robbery or the bank stick-up?"

The Strip! Where stars erect building, houses and banks outside the Crosby building, Larry Crosby greets brother Bing with a great wave of red carpet and his greeters brother Everett with a faraway wondering look, and Everett greets Larry with a frozen pineapple glance, to which situation, wonders how one small frog in one guy's throat could bring on such an atmosphere as this. "I surrender, dear."

The Strip! Where one can eat in any language under the sun. Little Italian villages with their garlic, The Cock'n Bull with its steak and kidney pies and Errol Flynn between the courses. And where their closest relatives are White Russians, and Stan Laurel getting married again to Illians between sour cream servings and borscht soups. The Bull with native drinks and Bruss Fletcher singer. The Villa Nova with Italian spaghetti and a real oven outside, smacks on The Strip's front, for baking hot bread, so help my Aunt Agnes in Model trouble.

Lunee, once a potshop where a lot of potting still goes on within. Where the silver stars in the faded blue awning are more anemic than the required stars who own it. Where Morton the proprietor, greets one and all with a happy smile and a four dollar dinner ever.

The Strip! Where the night clubs stick to the letter of "C," so the dishes and silver initialed in "C" can be shifted tomorrow not to another in a bare.

The Clover Club, the Club Continental, the Casanova, The Century Club, twinkling in and out like the shining Cheshire cat, with the "C" marked cutlery one night turning up two blocks east of the Asia Bar (where everyone buys silk shirts), and the next night gleaming for dear life on tables five blocks past the Porter Blanchard Silks, and from there are entire bands and performers go down to Frances—Fine Food and eat their meals anyway.

THE STRIP! The only place the stars can shop in comfort or be photographed by Hurrell, before Bill Haines' gorgeous George Godfrey front, with night club list for autographs. There are no passersby to ask. "No birds were flying overhead. There were no birds to fly." Where Eddie Cantor took one pop-eyed look at the empty pavements and, grabbing up his ash trays, closed out his antique shop and moved somewhere else. Where people passed.

And there is no place anywhere in all the world there could be a janitor such as The Strip's. A whiz-bang, snappy lad wearing a crisp black tuxedo that's beautiful and just off the floor. Where Billie Page came down from Seattle to Hollywood to get in Movies and ever since, the refinery, down there, by night he leads his orchestra, runs out for a bit of vacuuming, dashes back for a Russian whirligig, runs out to help his lady with a cigarette. Where old cars become tomorrow's killer dillers. Where the long, low, breathing car body of the Countess de Fiasco's swankest Tolla Royce is being transformed into bewitching lines while, not ten feet away, a hen is laying an egg.

Dorrie from Paris, in the old bottling works. Fashioning its strumming guns automobile bodies in whose back shop sits Chester Morris, Dick Powell, Clark Gable and that's gone beaux, old cars become tomorrow's killer dillers.

The Strip! Where directly behind the swankiest row of shops stands a little side door, that will open up, and in out, and in out, for the soul's sake. And where the clock on the mortuary bears no hands, but wings pendulum swings to and fro, and to, and fro over the one word, Service.

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Dorrie from Paris, in the old bottling works. Fashioning its strumming guns automobile bodies in whose back shop sits Chester Morris, Dick Powell, Clark Gable and that's gone beaux, old cars become tomorrow's killer dillers.
A secondary reason for the founding of Boys Town was my implicit faith in the boys. I had—and after twenty-nine years, I have had no reason to alter it—an idea that there was really no such thing as a delinquent boy. ‘Everyone knows,’ little Andy once said a grave assent to all that Jimmy had said.

‘Maybe there’s a calf down at the barn on account of the milk you go to buy—what we go to buy,’ Andy later told me. ‘But there’s no one there to help me.’

If my suggestion is accepted, we have a far greater chance of guiding the boys. It is an idea I have at heart: the idea that every boy is a part of the social order, that every boy is a part of the human community, that every boy is a part of the world. And I have faith in the boys. I have faith in the boys of Boys Town. I believe that the boys of Boys Town want to be good boys. I believe that the boys of Boys Town want to be good men. I believe that the boys of Boys Town will make good men.

But the most important thing is that the boys of Boys Town want to be good men. And I believe that the boys of Boys Town will make good men.

**The Story Behind “Boys Town”**

(Continued from page 23)

At Boys Town we attempt to give the youth a full, well-rounded education in the traditions of the administration breeding grade and high school, and athletics and games under a competent director, musical training—band and chorus and other things. We do not believe that a man will choose a life of crime unless he is unable to make a living honestly. There is no one to turn one away. So, at Boys Town we maintain a print shop, a shoe-repair shop, a carpenter shop, a dairy and farm, a landscape gardening course, a dry-cleaning plant. Each boy is required to spend so many hours per day at the desk, and but at any rate, these trades mastered, they are not dependent upon charity when they leave, for they are able to earn their own way.

**Braves**

At Boys Town, we attempt to give the youth a full, well-rounded education in the traditions of the administration breeding grade and high school, and athletics and games under a competent director, musical training—band and chorus and other things. We do not believe that a man will choose a life of crime unless he is unable to make a living honestly. There is no one to turn one away. So, at Boys Town we maintain a print shop, a shoe-repair shop, a carpenter shop, a dairy and farm, a landscape gardening course, a dry-cleaning plant. Each boy is required to spend so many hours per day at the desk, and but at any rate, these trades mastered, they are not dependent upon charity when they leave, for they are able to earn their own way.

**Alka-Seltzer**

**Why Suffer?**

I’ll fix your headache

**Alka-Seltzer Tablets**

are an alka-seltzer tablet in a glass of water makes a spark! a soothing solution containing an ounce (100% pure calcium acetate). When you drink it, it gives relief in two ways—quick relief from the pain and discomfort and relief from the cause of the condition as often associated with common ailments.

**Woodstock**

**I’ll Help You Banish Morning Misery**

**Mercolized Wax Cream Keeps Young-looking Young-looking**

Mercolized Wax Cream relieves the surface in a quick, definitive manner. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking skin. This simple, all-natural cleansing, softening and healing cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely society women of all ages. Bring the beautiful beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

**Saxolite**

**This sunning agent is delightfully different**

Saxolite. This ultraviolet treatment is delightfully different. The sunny, sunning agent in one-half pint with brush and cap.

Try Phelachene Deplorably

For quick, clinging superhumane hair from face.

Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.
Through Thick and Thin—Jack Oakie

(Continued from page 18)

other day's schedule exactly like that first day. There was always the weighing process to look forward to. After that first big jump, the decrease was a little slower, but still sure.

Incidentally, the matter of my clothes, designed to accommodate my original 210 pounds, began to prove a little embarrassing. I had seldom worn suspenders, but when my pants began to hang on me something like Jackie Coogan's in "The Kid." I bought a pair. After all, to lose his pants on a man, if you get what I mean.

Well, in due time, I came home to Hollywood and when people pulled those cracks about wondering if I was my son, I felt pretty swell. You know—dashing. I thought of rushing down to the studio and asking Pan Berman to give me a romantic rôle for a change ... one of those parts in which I win the girl after some heavy love scenes. Bob Taylor gets away with those, all right. Why not me? I thought to myself. However, at my agent's advice, I changed my mind. "Your figure may be good for romance, but what about your face?" he said.

Tactless fellow, my agent. No finesse. But I suppose maybe I do have too much personality, even though I've got my hair which is more than—Oh, well, skip it. I never was one of pushing down over other fellows' misfortunes. Anyway, I went back to work at the studio in "The Affairs of Anabelle," and dropped 103 pounds, which fit perfectly, and feeling fine when people raved about my slender physique.

And then, one night, I went to dinner at my mother's and she had sherry schoen-kuchen for dessert. Now sherry schoen-kuchen is a sort of cream-puff, light as a feather, filled with a yellow-flavored blanc manger, or whatever you call it, and topped with whipped cream. It melts in your mouth.

Well, at first I declined to have any and the waiter was about to bring one forkful after another, I tried to be indifferent. "After all, what's a little sherry-kuchen compared to 60 pounds of fat gone?" I said. And then, suddenly, I looked at it another way. I guess the wish is father of the thought, but while the time all that occurred to me was:

"Well, what IS a little schoen-kuchen compared to 60 pounds of fat gone?" I knew that lamb chops forever?

'Whooop!' I yelled as the idea to hold of me. "Cook, bring me set schoen-kuchen.

Mother looked a little disappointed but when I took my teeth into that flimsy, I forgot to speak. 'I'll say it was! I had two helpings as if I came away from the table feeling little stuffy for the last time since D. Monte, I glorified.

Certainly, one slip in my diet would change my waistline too much.

That's what I thought. But t'schoen-kuchen incident proved to be a sort of endurance test for my stomach, as all my firm resolves. The next day ate some other little things not on presentation—buckwheat, mashed potato and gravy, for instance; cream in coffee... I don't want to go on for three or four days.

Then came the reckoning. On t'night of the fourth day of diet vivacious went wild, I was 100 pounds (which I had been avoiding belmices) and smacked full in the eyes with the lbs. 105 pounds, the thing read, had gained five pounds.

Weekly, I sat down and faced the future. Lamb chops and a reasonable slice of schoen-kuchen and the proportions of a boxer? The choice was up to me. Exercise didn't seem to count for much, one way or the other, I saw, except perhaps at the start. That thing was, to eat or not to eat. I considered a long time and vanit fine, I decided, once and for all that I'd rather be hungry and swell than well-fed and paunchy. As I say, I've got my pride.

But all this is back of my contents that every silver lining has its cloud. I'd like to combine svelness and rich Schoen-kuchen but I know now that it can't be done. It can't be done because life is like that. You've got to take the bitter with the sweet and cross with the gold. You've got to resign yourself to the fact that there is no price on everything.

So I'm thinking it's habit to cultivate other unfortunate who, for reason or another, are also on a diet. As I pop up to see a lot of people who are really worse off than I am, I'm talking, she makes me own cross easier to bear. One has room only to admire the other's good luck. When we lunch together we have a roaring time with our lamb chops and for two hours, so far as I know, having a cocktail aperitif—a delicious little concoction of cow milk and raw eggs... And after that, we drink our brave toast to others luckier, so far we:

'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you, too, may die!'
Thru Thick and Thin, Jimmy Stewart

(Continued from page 19)

the thin side, too, and together they decided to try out the newer-fail system of the morning egg nog. Boot up the eggs still, add a small glass of brandy, and drink. They were down on much too fast. "No," I grinned, "and it would be over my bad body that you'd get one!" Oh, an egg nog, please.

From Princeton he took himself to a New York stage. It was there that he learned the most. And if you didn't sour a half pint of cream in a tall glass and fill it up with water, to be taken three times a day, according to the Doctor.

"So I did that for three months," Jimmy related. "It darned near killed me. Did kill my appetite. You should try it sometime. So—I lost five pounds."

HEN on to Hollywood and the boat with the egg nog was a one-shot amble. He was catching it with Henry B. Walthall when he first arrived. Hank was on

(Continued from page 25)

the kiddles came running out of their play yard, resplendent in green Alpine costume. They were up to their elbows in the royal command, "Marie, you do it!" Marie said, "Cecile, you do it." Cecile said, "Annette, you do it."

Cecile drew herself up like a little queen, turned to her nearest sister. "Yvonne," she said, "you do it." Yvonne was in tears, waving her hands frantically in the air. "My gosh!" she thought. "This is for the boss girl!'"

"Yes," says Leed, "it's been a lot of fun working with these children, even if they have had a lot of problems. It's been good for us to learn a new technique of lighting, to learn how to take advantage of brilliant ad-libbing and record everything into one hour's shooting.

"I knew it was going to be a hard job when Darryl Zanuck picked me to direct this picture. I suppose he picked me because I can talk to the quint in their own language. They speak nothing but French, you know, though they do understand a few words in English. "I imagined myself rehearsing the little ladies again and again and again. Well, it was harder than I expected, in spite of the fact that the children proved much more intelligent than I had hoped; in spite of the fact that they needed so few rehearsals.

"It's been a constant headache working in a tiny dim-lit room, running into new difficulties at every turn."

"But—you know something?" I'll have a worse headache when I say good-bye to Yvonne, and Emile, and Cecile, and Marie, and Annette. And I hope I'll come back here next year, when Twentieth Century-Fox makes the fourth picture."

"The young director turned to his wife and smiled."

"Think you could stand coming back again?"

"I'd love it," Mrs. Leedes replied."

"You see," she confided to me, "I fixed the children's hair for a certain scene and began to feel a little guilty. Then they came very close to them. And, like everybody else, I've come to adore them. They're so real, so sweet, so soft, so gentle, so beautiful and bright and everything!"

Perrett put in a word. "In a few days we go back to Holly-

wood. I wonder if it'll feel to work fourteen or fifteen hours a day again."

"Surely," I said, "we take some time to go get ready to that. Well, there's a headache everywhere, if you only look for it!"

The Quints—Hilarious Headaches of Hollywood

(Continued from page 19)

you think she was stumbling? Not for a second.

"She drew herself up like a little queen, turned to her nearest sister. "Yvonne," she said, "you do it." Yvonne was in tears, waving her hands frantically in the air. "My gosh!" she thought. "This is for the boss girl!'"

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The Quints—Hilarious Headaches of Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

Of Hollywood

Now Reveals How You Can Acquire the Beauty of the Screen Stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful...attractive...glamorous. Now you can! 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 her new book, Now More Alive.

Madame Sylvia is the personal beauty adviser to Hollywood's most brilliant stars. It is she who preserves and protects the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It is she who transforms ordinary looking women into dream of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all her beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In No More Aliens you will find every ounce of knowledge, every trick of observation and all the good sound advice that Sylvia has gleaned over a period of thirty-five years of making the human body literally beautiful.

There is no other book like No More Aliens—for there could be none. In this one virtue Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not better! No matter how ugly you are, or how fit or how thin this book Sylvia will tell you how you can mould your body into beauty.

This book gives you the very same information for which the screen stars of Hollywood have paid hundreds, even thousands of dollars. The price of this book is only $1.00—a copy. If you are unable to get this book at your local department or book store mail your order to—

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 2)

or, at least, a film translation of him, in the person of Edward G. Robinson.
There's a lot of punch all the way through this, as well as some nice satire, with plenty of righteous indignation against the racketeers to get you all worked up. Eddie is a professor on his sabbatical who takes over the job of cleaning up a city ridden with graft and racketeers. People are afraid to help him, so he brings into the force some of his honor law students and a group of idealistic deputies. Then things pop in a fashion which at first you will find hard to believe, until you remember the tongue-in-the-cheek approach.

Robinson has never been more at home in a rôle. Suave and politely forceful, he trots about expertly, allowing certain scenes to go to Otto Kruger, as the vice baron, and to Wendy Barrie, who dances the Big Apple with Eddie. Nevertheless, it is his picture.

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

You who are particularly proud of Bobby Breen, will like this picture.
With the aid of Charlie Ruggles, phonograph antique dealer, Bobby runs away from a strict Mennonite colony, joins an ice-skating palace in order to get enough money for his mother, Dolores Costello, so they can return to their farm. Irene Dare, child figure skater, helps the picture tremendously, as does the excellent performance of Ruggles. The Mennonites won't see this anyway, so Bobby is safe.

BACK—Heads—Hal Reish-M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick for all it's worth in a story which is dull in spots and lively in others. Laurel, who has remained behind in the terrors twenty years without realizing the war is over, finally visits his old trenched palm, Hardy, who has married Minna Gombell. Of course, the fun is immediately on.
Patricia Ellis is completely wasted here. It's the best Laurel-Hardy comedy yet.

TENTH AVENUE Kid—Republic

IT'S Tommy Ryan, a young newcomer to the screen, and Bruce Cabot, in his role of police officer, you'll remember best in this mild little movie of law and order versus crooks. Young Tommy Ryan is a law enforcer until Cabot finally wins him over and the lid emerges as a bright ambitious boy. Beverly Roberts is adequate as the girl in love with Cabot.

THE MISSING GUEST—Universal

What goes on here, anyway? Organs are played by invisible hands, doors are slamming with no one in sight and thunder rolls madly while Paul Kelly, a journalist, goes about mummifying his hair and wity (supposedly) saying things while solving a murder mystery. Of all the nonsensical movies, this takes the biscuit. Still, if you like spoofs and ghosts, this may appeal.

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS—20th Century-Fox

Second of the reporting-series serials has Michael Whalen again scoring as the flip-crack reporter who solves murders with the greatest of nonchalance. Harold Huber, a night-club owner with a passion for practical jokes, is a riot. To round out the entertainment, Joan Woodbury and Jean Rogers sing and dance delightfully. Here is a snappy new serial, fresh as paint, and one bound to catch on with the fans.

FUGITIVES FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weaker half of a double bill, this picture rises no higher than its aims. Laid in Hollywood, the story deals with a stowge, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder and escapes through the aid of Eleanor Lynn, the girl who loves him. Adriene Ames is good as a scheming actress. Not much here to cheer over.

ROAD DEMON—20th Century-Fox

A stirring little action picture, second in the sports' adventure series dealing with the thrills and hazards of auto racing. Henry Arthur falls in love with Jean Valentine and she with track-driver Thomas Beck. Cajoling Henry Armetta (papa Gambini) to buy a racing car, Arthur insists Beck ride in order to avenge the murder of his father by the racketeers. The Gambini family steal the show.

RICH MAN, POOR GIRL—M-G-M

A surprise awaits those unsuspecting customers who expect just another little movie and find, instead, a gay and charming hit. Robert Young is the rich boy who falls in love with Ruth Hussey, the poor girl, and ends with the whole

THREE LOVES HAS NANCY—M-G-M

THIS is a pleasant farce, bringing Janet Gaynor to you again, offering Bob Montgomery in his old-time rôle as a garage owner and presenting Franchot Tone at his best. It's the story of a best-selling novelist, played by Montgomery, who tells Janet, the woman he loves, that he is going to escape the honorable but unwanted intentions of Claire Dodd. He meets native Janet in a small town. She's become infatuated at the altar by George Sutton but he returns by the time both Bob and a playboy publisher, Franchot Tone, have fallen in love with Janet. It is then Bob's task to dispose of his rivals, which he does very neatly.

Miss Gaynor is very lovely and plays her rôle with a sense of humor. The dialogue is particularly good and has a novel twist when Montgomery's personal thoughts are flashed as titles while he speaks. Tone is amiable enough, after his rather feeble efforts of the past few months.

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

LET Junior and Slapsey go by themselves to this picture which was obviously made after double-feature and not even a font parent could put up with the rapid dialogue and the awkward setting of the adult principals without laughing at the wrong moment. The kids, however, who compose the cast (Jockie Moran, Marcia Mae Jones, Macklyn Arbuckle and Bradley McCall) are as happy as bird dogs and the story, which is one of those Tom Sawyer yarns about crooks and honest cops, and which, in houses and the comedown of a smart-aleck brat, might teach your child some consideration for Ma and Pa.

GIRLS ON PROBATION—Warner

The lives of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, run a close parallel as one chooses the straight path and the other goes the grimey way. And yet, through a twist of circumstances, both girls land in prison. Ronald Reagan, a young attorney, falls in love with Jane and finally unravels the web in which the young lady has become entangled. Both girls give excellent performances.

THE ROAD TO REMO—Universal

HOPE HAMPTON looks as a new screen personality who sings delightfully, looks beautiful and displays a measure of charm. The story is in the rôle of a smart aristo on easy divorces and the cast, capable and strong, adds sparkle to every situation.

Set on a ranch in Nevada, the story tells of Miss Hampton's attempts to divorce her richner husband, Randy, who is totally entangled of objects in her stage career. Once in Nevada, Miss Hampton decides Randy is a desirable husband, after all, and plans not to divorce him. But Randy, just to teach his wife a lesson, divorces her. From then on, if you can still remember who's married to whom, the piece is highly amusing comedy.

Glenda Farrell knows how to add punch to her every scene and Alan Marshal grows more likeable with each picture he's in. Helen Broderick is always fun.

I AM THE LAW—Columbia

"Give 'EM DEWEY!" is Hollywood's new clarion call—and here you get him,
family on his hands. Lew Ayres, ascompelling counsellor Henry, is priceless and Lana Turner, it turns out, knows how to act as well as look button-cute.

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

It’s Jane Withers, of course, who is Always in Trouble, and this time she’s back in deep water with rich night-owls and can’t take it. When they all become stranded on an island, inhabited by smugglers, Jane manages not only to lose her family back to earth, but to foil the smugglers as well. Eddie Collins is funny. Robert Kellogg and Jean Rogers are the romantic pair.

MAN FROM MUSKOGEE—Republic

It’s Gene Autry to the rescue when real-estate sharks take over a deserted ghost town, under pretense of obtaining valuable mineral rights. Vincent Hughes, who does little more than look pretty, and Sally Payne, who is very flat, open a beauty shop in the town. Smiley Burnett is amusing as Auty’s singing side. There are plenty of cow-boys and songs that will please western fans.

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This amusing little college picture has a most refreshing twist in that it does not have a football game, but rather deals with a group of students who institute a plan of “blank” insurance and then try to get enough money to pay off. Dickie Dunbar is the chorus girl co-ed, William Tabbert the freshman leader and Ernest Truex is good as the stodgy professor who suddenly goes jiggerbug.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS—20th Century-Fox

The Jones Family again—in one of the fastest and most amusing of the series. In it, Jane Carroll wins a radio contest, Spring Byington herself goes on the air and swindlers move in on her. The whole thing is clever and fast, and strange and wonderful things happen until they are practically hysterical. The usual cast includes Marie Prevost, Shirley Deane and Russell Gleason.

THE GLADIATOR—Columbia

This time Joe E. Brown wins $150 in a bank night, goes back to college and tries out for the team. The man he作战s with, an eccentric professor, injects Joe into, as an experiment, a new chemical serum that gives superhuman strength. He is the new bull, one of Brown’s fans you’ll love this. June Travis and Man Mountain Dean help along the action—and the ancles.

Watts, Stuart Dixie the amazing clink brats a family But known LADY ANITA (Aug.) a boy MEET a family of inhabitants HIS Andy his young to don’t George McCarthy. JEFF-M-G-M FINDS OF TOUGH OF ANTOINETTE-M-G-M of tricks, ANDREA Shearer “rahfeened” to THE-Universal IN MORLEY, to the town’s Rutherford PASSPORT—PRISON PRISON Nurse—Republic

Another Big House story dealing with a convict doctor (Henry Wilcoxon) who wins a pardon

SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount

We would suspect this of being an epic if occasionally it did not descend to the worst quickie depths. The story con- cerns Hank Fonde and George Raft, boyhood friends in an Eastern town. Rafter’s carrying on with his father’s shoofer, but Raft wants quick money and lets the racket lead him astray. Dorothy Lamour is Raft’s girl friend. She also likes Hank. Thus she is Torn Between Two Lions. Raft’s trained seal, Sticker, is worth the price of admission. There is some beautiful photography and many exciting moments, but overall this is a muddled, cumbersome film.

HOLD THAT COED—20th Century-Fox

If you’re looking for an evening of good entertainment, you’re in the right colledge film. John Barrymore, in the role of Governor, refuses to give the right to vote to the gents. But, when he realizes he can aid his career by adopting a football team, he takes over the college. A musical-comedy based on a football football and a campus night club and make enough college pres t-tash at such going results. There is a scene with Marjorie Weaver provide romantic in- terest; Joan Davis and Jack Haley, comedy—it’s still Barrymore’s picture.

BRIEF REVIEWS

(Continued from page 6)

MR. CHUMP—Warner

James Cagney is never so easily carried the whole load of this little amusing about an unpremeditated murder. He is a nice guy and has a very nice girl; the murder is carried on and the girl (Lana Turner), is not a bad picture. All, alas, works on paper, but not in dollars.

MR. MOTO’S LAST WARNING—20th Century-Fox

A slightly dreary film, not the best of the MOTO series. Peter Lorre this time plays the destruc- tor of Great Britain’s fleet for Ricardo Cortez and his colleagues. Virginia Field gives off the picture with her delicacy, a kick. No, no, no, no.

MOTHER CAREY’S CHICKS—RKO Radio

“A story of a ship’s captain, his wife and their daughters.” You may find it a bit too sentimental, this story of a poor limestone family and the antics of her family (Annie Shirley, Ruby Keeler, Richf Machines and Delores Dumigan) when their livelihood is about to be taken away. Good picture and the girls is lovel. (Aug.)

MY BILL—Warner

The big idea by this business of motherhood and justice is that Kay Francis told all people is the doctor using them as a way to make money. (Aug.)

LORD JEFF—M-G-M

The story of a young man and the growth of friendliness between two lads in a British marine training school, with Freddie Barth- olomew and Robert Young as the two friends,naval aviators for acting houses the whole way. Take the family.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—M-G-M

Andy is, of course, Mickey Rooney; this is his third Andy Hardy picture. It is about a romance between Andy Hardy and Judy Garland; Lana Turner and Ann Rutherford with role as the two lads. Only the family is intact, love, Father Lewis (Edward Ellis) Mother (Louise Beavers) and little brother David. Daughter Debbie, Packard. Everybody. (Aug.)

MAE ANTOINETTE—M-G-M

You can’t make a bad Mae Antoinette. It’s a story of one of the rest of the family are intact, love, Father Lewis (Edward Ellis) Mother (Louise Beavers) and little brother David. Daughter Debbie, Packard. Everybody. (Aug.)

PASSPORT—RKO Radio

You can’t make a bad Mae Antoinette. It’s a story of one of the rest of the family are intact, love, Father Lewis (Edward Ellis) Mother (Louise Beavers) and little brother David. Daughter Debbie, Packard. Everybody. (Aug.)

Pirates—Warner

The rest of the family are intact, love, Father Lewis (Edward Ellis) Mother (Louise Beavers) and little brother David. Daughter Debbie, Packard. Everybody. (Aug.)

PRIVACY OF MUSOLINI—Holl-

deringer Prod.

Introducing Donald Craven, that new Fiona

STARLIGHT—RKO Radio

An interesting little one about an innocent American girl, Madelyn Hayford, who is the protagonist for Demosthenes’ friend, and Helen Breslin the friend in need who centre on her to get her protect a rich husband. (Aug.)

ROMANCE OF THE LIMESTONE—Monogram

Stumptown, Peter Lorre doesn’t play the detective for his very much a law man and force his love into a brutal marriage. Eric Linden, Marjorie Weaver and Betty Hailer, the silent queen, do nicely. (Aug.)

SHOPWORN ANGEL—M-G-M

The girl is a second time this year Margaret Sullivan and商务部 make a marvelous combination. Joan Blondell is, of course, the girl who has the dollars, and with Wilson Maggs a hand-shoved character, marries when he’s come cement because he is sure she is the exter- nally to remain unhitched. Walter Pidgeon is her husband. Fine drama definitely worth seeing. (Sept.)

SKY GIANT—RKO Radio

Capable of the exciting incident to infla- tion, this one has been several times over. But the off-the-mill flying picture cremealed with peculiar, except, for the guy who gets his shot, in the long run come down, Joan Fontaine, who is certainly goody.

SMASHING THE RACKETS—RKO Radio

The only one of the series that has been written for the purpose of mixing things up is the song by George Deasy of New York. Air “no soup” when George Raft is gang-busting with the girl and two other boys. A slicker, more exciting song than the others.

SOUTH RIDING—Korda-United Artists

England expected every man to do his (total) duty. And did he. To make the story of his personal lives on their public acts during the war, the Korda of the English war movie, John Ford, Edna Best (Herbert Marshall’s wife) are all ex- cellent. (Sept.)

SPEED TO BURN—20th Century-Fox

Really fun with the race tracks and the gents who pick the ponies. Marvin Stephens plays the jockey who is threatened by the mounted police. Lynn Bari struggles along as the innocent hero of a

N VEMBER, 1938
Let Sylvia of Hollywood
Mold Your Body
into a Dream
of Loveliness

Now you can acquire the beauty of the screen stars

You have always wanted to be beautiful . . . attractive . . . glamorous. Now you can! 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 her book, *No More Alibis*.

Sylvia has put these beauty secrets between the covers of a book. In *No More Alibis* you will find out how to reduce fat from the hips, abdomen, breasts, arms, legs and ankles. You will learn how to acquire a firm, lovely face, beautiful hands and feet and myriads of other Hollywood beauty secrets.

Carefully guarded secrets told

In this book Sylvia reveals for the first time many 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 photographs and excellent diets.

There is no other book like *No More Alibis*—for there could be none. In this one volume Sylvia tells you exactly how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not better! No matter how old you are, or how fat or thin 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 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.

This great book only $1.00

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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**DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK**

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**ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls**

**The Woman Past Forty**
Up-to-the-minute... mild ripe tobaccos and pure cigarette paper... the best ingredients a cigarette can have...

that's why more and more smokers are turning to Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste

They Satisfy... millions
Photoplay Dared Hollywood to Answer Vital Questions About TUE, ROMANCE, MARITAL ADJUSTMENTS, DIVORCE…

AT LAST! MRS. CLARK GABLE TALKS WHAT HAS REALLY HAPPENED TO BETTE DAVIS’ MARRIAGE?

Answers on Page 17
No ordinary fashion was set when Buxton introduced pocket leatherware in "Accessory Colors" last May. New-minded women claimed it from the start as the finishing touch to smart ensembles. Now, there's an even wider range of colors, styles and leathers to answer a demand that keeps on growing.

It may be the colors that win you at first—or the several very swagger designs (which we patented, by the way!)—but Lady Buxtons are so downright practical and convenient that, when you once get the "Buxton Habit," you wouldn't be without them.

Wafer-thin Billfolds—stitched only on the sides so they can't "bulge" or "buckle"—cleverly organized with pockets for calling cards, driver's license, etc. They slip easily into your handbag; keep money crisp and clean. Some have pockets for coins.

Matching change purses for the elusive carche, with or without a compartment for bills. Key-Tainers, in snap- or slide-fastener models, to carry house and car keys on patented, detachable Loops. Some models carry your driver's license, too.

You will be amazed to find that, even if you buy several Lady Buxton sets, you'll still have enough money left to put in them. In any role, they're "tops" in smartness and "bottoms" in cost—and for sheer everyday usefulness, you'll find them completely worthy of their Buxton "pedigree."

With "ACCESSORY COLORS" in Finest Pocket Leatherware
With all the Ingenious and Practical Buxton Features, too!

Lady Buxton
"GOES TO TOWN"

• This Navy "two-tone" Lady Buxton "tops off" this smart ensemble. (She has several sets in different "accessory colors" for the same dress. It's the economical way to "change" an outfit.)

• Lady Buxtons come in Navy, Burgundy, Lipstick Red, Forest Green, Chocolate Brown and in Black.

• Slide-fastener Key-Tainer with Buxton patented, detachable Loops, $2.50. Write for complimentary copy of "Leather for the Ladyman," a useful booklet. Buxton, Inc., 901 Main St., Springfild, Mass.
All Yours

CLEANLINESS
that's unbelievable!

LUSTER
you've always desired!

MOUTH FRESHNESS
that really lasts!

WITH THE NEW
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating... foams into hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where most decay begins. Start using the New Listerine Toothpaste with its amazing Luster-Foam "bubble bath" and see how your teeth improve in a few short weeks.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic, "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth for hours and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It actually penetrates and cleanses the hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures, where many authorities say, 15% to 90% of decay starts... the very areas that "stymie" less penetrating dentifrices. Is it any wonder that some dental authorities hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care and beauty in the last hundred years?

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. It quickly whisks away food and surface stains that dull the teeth.
2. Removes dingy film that clouds enamel and harbors bacteria.
3. Fights dangerous mouth acids that encourage decay.
4. Removes many of the germs that accompany such acids.

Once you try the New Listerine Toothpaste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the verdict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly.

Your druggist has this new dentifrice in two economical sizes, Regular 25¢ and Big Double Size containing more than 3/4 lb. of toothpaste for 40¢. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.
"Beautiful Women will never let you starve, doctor—just cultivate a bedside manner!"

OUT OF A GREAT BOOK... Comes A Thrilling Dramatic Motion Picture!

THE CITADEL
A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION
Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin
with RALPH RICHARDSON
REX HARRISON • EMLYN WILLIAMS
Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple, Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill
Additional dialogue by Emlyn Williams
Produced by Victor Saville

A METRO GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment!
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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EDITOR

On the Cover—Tyrone Power, Natural Color Photograph by George Larkin of the Macfadden Studio

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BOOS AND
Bouquets

Nancy Kelly—newcomer of the month. Can she live up to the barrage of publicity from the studio that made stars of Alice Faye and Sonja Henie, or will she become another of their Simone Simons?

FIRST PRIZE—$25.00

THE WINNER!

HOLLYWOOD! A flat little city against a background of hills, all palm trees, sunshine and suburbanlike buildings. It is an artificial place with—surprise—most average human beings. They Rede, Rite and Spell perfectly, and just loseve babies! Giants at gardening, terrors at tennis, sharks at swimming, he-mannah at hiking, rodolike at riding—I give up. Perfection on a platter!

City of two-tone sports shoes and plaid sports coats; where men are men under their rainbow clothes and smoked glasses and no boy admits to being under six feet in height.

City of golden opportunities and backslaps—shop girl today, star tomorrow; playing for money today, walking the streets tomorrow. Lots of money tumbling in and falling into willing laps; lots of people giving glitter in exchange for it, more still begging for it. A gigantic Monte Carlo—quarter million productions on a roulette wheel! Smiles! They overrun the place. Too perfect teeth between emphasized lips gleaming whitely in the streets, in the studios, in the restaurants. Smiles without meaning, smiles of the face—not the heart. A world in which only the star gleams and shows her home, her clothes, her food, her husband, her lavish garden, her 'secrets.'

It is a place where people live to be seen and yet manage to live easily; informality in clothes, entertaining, homes, speech; where food is important; where a freak hair-do or a brand-new neckline may put a little-known cutie on the front page and under producers' noses.

Hollywood! Girls in lovely swim suits (without benefit of water); tweed and pipe pictures of rugged manly, so human they might be your boy friend; dresses so startling and unreal; autograph books, false eyelashes and bare backs; flashlight snapshots, beauty and grooming to order; Yuma elopements; how to be friends though divorced; orchid and furs. Wonder World, dripping glamour, glamour, glamour... .

JOHN F. KENYON, Brisbane, Australia.

SENIOR PRIZE—$10.00

"THERE IS NO BAD BOY"

M-G-M scores again! "Boys Town" is filled with heart-stirring emotion and human interest. I have followed the careers of both Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney with much interest. I believe that their performances should win the Academy Award for 1938 and set a goal for the other studies. If the officials of studies could have stood in the foyer of the Grand Theater last night and heard the enthusiastic, sincere statements made by the well-represented group of patrons, there would be no doubt about Mr. and Mrs. Theater-Goer's choice of subject matter.

We are surrounded by people who are underprivileged by environment and poverty. We read the press reports of why this man led a life of crime, why this youngster was sentenced to reform school; in every case his life was predestined by an adolescent life in the slums. What do we do about it? Nothing; absolutely nothing. We accept it as part of life's drama.

If "Boys Town" will be an inspiration to some of America's reform clubs, the picture will have served a twofold purpose. A similar project would set off the cap and explode: the disaffection of life for underprivileged boys. More success to these two versatile screen stars who take their parts and live them. Three cheers for Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy. "There is no bad boy!"

FRED B. PARKER, JR.
Atlanta, Georgia.

(Continued on page 89)
DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN...
HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps — whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal... living again his blazing romance... conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!

SUEZ

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIGRUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer
Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and
Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan

Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture... into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources... Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!

DECEMBER, 1938
AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL, THE—RKO-Radio

Hollywood points an amused finger at itself with Jack Oakie (dazzler in physical weight has just as heavy an impact as his punny punch agent to a falling star, Lucille Ball, Ruth Donnelly and Fritz Feld manage to make some of the situations fairly amusing. (Val)

★ ALGIER—Wanger-United Artists

Directed by John Cromwell, this is a magnificently photographed, if slow-moving, picture of the life and loves of a jewel thief in the underworld of Algiers. Charles Boyer, George Lockert, Sigrid Gurie are splendid, but it's the story itself that is appealing. Hedy Lamarr which will get you gaga. (Sep.

ALWAYS GOODBYE—20th-Century-Fox

Though very well photographed, Barbara Stanwyck, Herbert Marshall and Ian Hunter manage to make this modern story of illegitimacy believable and moving. Johnny Russell, the little boy who awakens his mother's love after years of separation, steals the show away from Fred MacMurray who will be hearing. Women will go for this. (Sep.

ALWAYS IN TROUBLE—20th-Century-Fox

Jane Withers, of course, is always in hot water and gets in deeper this time with a family who becomes rich over night and can't take it. When they become instructed on an island with smugglers, Withers, with her usual wit, fool the crooks and brings her family back to earth. (Sep.

★ AMAZING DR. CLITTHERESE, THE—Warner

Though this film is a bore, it is the loveliest and the title of this film. Otherwise it is not too accurate a portrait of the boy's club in a millcity. Though with the impressive acting of Hugh Marlowe, and Patricia Neal and Esther Williams leads to the murder of (Colleen) H. B. Warner. Who does? (Aug.

BAREFOOT BOY—Monogram

Let Junior and Story go by themselves to this Tom Sawyeresque vagonry about crooks and smart-alee brats, as the rapid dialogue and awkward acting of the adult actors would make a juvenile romp more appealing. For the kids comprising the cast (Jackie Morley, Margie, Miss Jones, Bradley Morley) are happily chosen and do well. (Aug.

BLOCK HEADS—Hal Roach—M-G-M

Back at their old tricks, Laurel and Hardy spread on the slapstick with a clever Laurel, remaining in the trenches for twenty years now but not knowing the war was ended. They visit an old Hardy, married to Margaret Gable. The fan is immediately on. (Pat Eddy is wasted.) (Aug.

★ BOY MEETS GIRL—Warner

This cinema pleases, for once and for all, Hollywood is happy and laconic in the style of the stage play of the same name. Marking the return of Jimmy Cagney to the screen, it tells of two screwball writers (Pat O'Brien is the author) who fall in love with the lovely daughter of a dumb waitress (Marie Wilson) to build up a Western star. The millennium is here! (Aug.

★ BOYS TOWN—M-G-M

The factual story of the founding of a model community for problem boys by Father Flanagan, this is a highlight of the career of Pat O'Brien as the boy who becomes a priest. (Aug.

BREAKING THE ICE—Principal-RKO-Radio

It helps tremendously to have five-year-old Jacki-queris Irene Dare make her screen début in the latest of Bobby Conn's aging pictures. Bobby, at this point a Masonite, runs away from the colony, joins an ice-skating troupe. Dolores Costello is nicely sarcastic as Bobby's mother. (Aug.

★ CAREFREE—RKO-Radio

The team of Rogers and Astaire is back, as light on their collective feet as ever. Fred is a psychopathic gambler, Ginger is his patient. Over all their antics, and the fact that the couple has ever inventored, sound the lovely liltting melodies of Irving Berlin's latest songs. Guaranteed to put you in a gay mood. (Aug.

CHASER, THE—M-G-M

A swift minor comedy based on the ambulance-chasing racket. It's a pretty well-edited plot but the situations are so funny you'll laugh anyway. Dennis O'Keefe is the shyster, Lewis Stone is the drunken aloof. Doctor, John Qualen, Nat Pendleton and Ann Morris support. (Aug.

CITY STREETS—Columbia

There are a few chuckles in this lumber story of a crippled organ (Edith Fellows) befriended by the local grocer (Lee Carroll). She regains the use of her legs in time to tutor him to his sickled—the picture's a bit sick, too. (Sep.

★ CROWD ROARS, THE—M-G-M

Well, kids, here it is! Bob Taylor comes through—a thumb— in this lovely tale of the purehearted, sweet-natured orphan, a drunkard father (Frank Morgan), who sells them down the river, and Ginger O'Hara of whose love he finally gives up his ticket. (Dec.

DESPERATE ADVENTURE, A—Republic

There's a lot of here made when Marion March turns up in Paris and in the image of the "blind girl" painted by Roman Novarro. The action required by the many scenes of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, beautiful Margaret Tait is equally as Marion's sister; Novarro is as sincere as ever. Don't break your neck. (Aug.

★ DRUMS—Korda-United Artists


FAST COMPANY—M-G-M

A wildly limned version of the bush-hat—Tim-Mannish school of mystery with Melvyn Douglas and his wife, Florence Rice, tracing the murder of a woman who perished their first date. Excuse me for yawning. (Sept.

★ FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warner

In Four Daughters, a touching, dramatic story of the four Lynch girls' search for romance, three new stars are born—John Garfield, whose characteristics of the four mothers who marries Priscilla, Jane is a high spot of the film, Priscilla, who does the least work of her career; and Jeffrey Lynn, who is emphatically discovered. (Aug.

★ FOUR'S A CROWD—Warner

Erect Flynn emerges from his romantic cocoon to turn out a fine entertainment. (Sept.

FRESHMAN YEAR—Universal

This college film has an unusual twist—a football game! Instead, it deals with a student group whosimulate "book insurance," put on a show in order to pay off. Dean Dunbar is the charm-gifted coed; William Lundigan, the freshie leader. Ernest Trues is good as the professor who goes jittering. (Nov.

FUGITIVE FOR A NIGHT—RKO-Radio

Definitely aimed at the weener half of a double bill, this riso go loither than its aims. The story deals with a Hollywood studio, Frank Albertson, who becomes embroiled in a murder, escapes with the aid of his love, Eleanor Lynn. Not much to their over. (Oct.

GARDEN OF THE MOWN—Warner

The real garden is the famous Coutown Grove at the Ambas- sador Hotel in Los Angeles, but the rompingess between that upper room and this picture is slight. It involves Pat O'Brien as the leader of a water-skiing team. It involves Ronald Reagan finally向着 the web in which his sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interestin. (Nov.

GATEWAY—20th-Century-Fox

Starting out as a sincere portrait of various types of immigrants who land in New York, this gets附加值ed into a dashboard lather comedies. (Sept.

★ GIRLS FROM PROBATION—Warner

The love of two girls, Jane Bryan and Sheila Bromley, ran a close parallel as one takes the straight road, the other the picturesque path. Though this is not a hard case picture, Ronald Reagan finally toward the web in which her sweetie becomes entangled. Human and interesting. (Nov.

(Continued on page 8)
These are the
"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"

JAMES CAGNEY
as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I’m going to take what I can get—until they get me!"

PAT O'BRIEN
as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"

THE DEAD END KIDS
as Themselves . . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!

HUMPHREY BOGART
as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"

ANN SHERIDAN as Laury . . . "I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"

Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
Directed by Michael Curtiz
Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture

Presented by WARNER BROS.
MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS!

All the money you need for Christmas and more can be found in this issue of PHOToplay. A complete guide to the film stars, their addresses, and their achievements is contained within the pages of this issue. We have also included a selection of color photographs of the stars, along with their latest films and upcoming projects. Whether you are looking for gifts for family members or friends, PHOToplay has something for everyone. Come explore the world of film and discover the stars who have captivated us for decades. Merry Christmas to all our readers!
7 GREAT PERSONALITIES

Selznick International presents
JANET GAYNOR
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
PAULETTE GODDARD
in
THE YOUNG IN HEART
with
ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson
Directed by Richard Wallace
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK. Released thru United Artists

From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by J. A. R. Wylie

DECEMBER, 1938
ONE DAY OF GLAMOUR—Have you ever wondered just what is the beauty routine of a glamour girl? That is, all the things she does to make herself glamorous—what she eats, what exercise she takes, how she cares for her skin and her hair and how she applies her make-up? You know certain details about almost every star, but how about taking one and learning everything about her—everything that goes to make up the finished product you see on the screen? Personally, I thought it was a good idea. I hope you do, too, and that this information will be of some help to you in solving your personal problems.

It started this way. Being an incurable set-haunter, I was at Paramount Studios and wandered onto the set of "St. Louis Blues." There was Dorothy Lamour in a (surprise!) sarong. She plays the part of a Broadway actress who can't do anything on the stage but wear a sarong. It seems that she's dying to get out of it, so she manages to land a job on a Mississippi showboat and then all sorts of things happen.

Anyway, Dorothy looked wonderful. The clearness of her skin was obvious even through the heavy make-up she wore; her eyes were bright; her figure was perfect. She radiated health and glamour.

"How do you take care of your face and your figure?" I asked. "How do you keep looking so glamorous? What is the secret? How about telling me everything you do?"

"Don't go so fast. Where do I start?"

"Suppose you start with when you get up in the morning and tell me everything you do during the day, up to the time you go to bed."

"Okay, here goes," said Dorothy, settling herself more comfortably. "You asked for it.

"FIRST thing in the morning, I take a cool shower, never hot, and I taper off the warm water until it's cold. In the winter, I almost freeze to death under the cold water but it certainly stirs up the circulation. Then I give myself a brisk rubbing with a heavy Turkish towel, slap dusting powder all over myself and get dressed.

"Now breakfast. I never diet, although I have to watch my weight so I don't get any thinner. I have a large glass of fruit juice and a cup of coffee. If I'm working, I have breakfast very early, of course, and by ten o'clock I'm hungry again, so then I have something else—another glass of fruit juice, or maybe a cup of warm consommé, or a glass of milk with two egg yolks in it. That's wonderful for you. In the summertime, I have some fruit—a peach or a pear, at ten o'clock."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What do you do to your face in the morning?"

"Well, I wash it with warm water and a bland soap and follow this with a thorough rinsing with cold water. Then I put on an astrigent. After that comes a foundation lotion, which I put into my skin thoroughly. Incidentally, if you'll try just a dash of ice water over the foundation lotion after it's set, you'll find that it makes the powder stay on much longer. I think brunettes need less make-up than blondes. During the day all I use is a deep rachel powder, a touch of mascara, and lip rouge. The color depends on the dress I'm wearing. And I always match my nail polish with my lip rouge."

You'll note that Dorothy wears no rouge in the daytime. If you are a brunette with clear, smooth skin, you'll find that a brilliant lipstick will accent your coloring and do away with the necessity for rouge.

It was time for lunch then and we went over to the commissary, where I took careful note of what Dorothy ate. It consisted of a vegetable plate and a cup of tea.

"Sometimes I have an omelet or creamed chicken or something like that," she said. "In the winter I always have a warm dish for lunch; in the summer generally a fruit or vegetable salad."

If Dorothy is hungry again in the afternoon, she'll have something else to eat about four or five o'clock—a cup of tea and small tea sandwiches or crackers.

Continuing on the food question, here's what Dorothy has for dinner. When she is working, it's a very light dinner as she retires shortly after eating. (A gay night life just doesn't exist.)

(Continued on page 85.)
FAMOUS PERFUMES
IN NEW SMALL SIZES
A Volume of Cigarette Pleasure

...for his or her Old Gold-en Christmas

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorraine Co., Inc.

Every pack wrapped in two jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM

TUNE IN Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, Sunday nights, starting Nov. 20, Columbia Network.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Give yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as Photoplay. Check up on page 92.

1. This star recently invested $17,000 in a gold mine, only to discover that it was a phony:
   Tyrone Power
   Clark Gable
   Errol Flynn
   Edward Arnold

2. To Eddie Cantor goes the credit of "discovering" two of these names:
   Judy Garland
   Bobby Breen
   Deanna Durbin
   Bobby Jordan

3. This old-time comedian is making his comeback as Oliver Hardy's new screen partner:
   Jack Mulhall
   Ben Turpin
   Charles Ray
   Harry Langdon

4. One of these four couples is still happily married:
   Jack Oakie and Venita Varden
   Frances Dee and Joel McCrea
   Margot Grahame and Francis Lister
   Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston

5. This actor fought with Admiral Dewey at Manila Bay:
   Lionel Barrymore
   Halliwell Hobbes
   C. Aubrey Smith

6. He is the highest-paid director in Hollywood:
   Frank Capra
   Woody Van Dyke
   Frank Lloyd
   Frank Borzage

7. This internationally famous dancer will act as technical advisor on the new Astaire-Rogers picture which is based on the story of her life:
   Gilda Gray
   Irene Cotte
   Yolanda
   Argentina

8. This was the first picture to win the Academy Award:
   Ben Hur
   Beau Geste
   Cavalcade
   Wings

9. She was once a baby star, and is now a leading lady:
   Betty Grable
   Ginger Rogers
   Maude Evans
   Norma Shearer

10. The child of one of these stars is not adopted; the others have adopted children:
    Harold Lloyd
    Barbara Stanwyck
    Jack Benny
    Irene Dunne

11. She is a glamorous girl, but her real name is Queenie Thompson:
    Claudette Colbert
    Jean Crawford
    Merle Oberon
    Alice Faye

12. One of these stars will play the title role in "Wizard of Oz."
    Roland Young
    W. C. Fields
    Jack Oakie

13. He's a screen villain, but he raises orchids as a hobby:
    Bela Lugosi
    Basil Rathbone
    Charles Laughton
    Boris Karloff

14. This telling picture holds the record for grossing the most money:
    "The White Sister"
    "Our Dancing Daughters"
    "The Sign of the Cross"
    "The Singing Fool"

15. During her entire career, this is the only actor who was billed above Garbo:
    Ramon Novarro
    Herbert Marshall
    Ricardo Cortes
    Fredric March

16. Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter have appeared together in two of these pictures:
    "Penthouse"
    "The Great Ziegfeld"
    "Broadway Bill"
    "Animal Kingdom"

17. Her first starring vehicle for Warner Bros. on her new two-picture contract will be "We Are Not Alone".
    Ann Harding
    Irene Dunne
    Ruth Chatterton
    Miriam Hopkins

18. This star recently announced that she had no objection to paying heavy income taxes:
    Carole Lombard
    Sonja Henie
    Jeanette MacDonald
    Bette Davis

19. Fans rushed at this actress at a preview and jostled her so hard that she fell off the sidewalk, sprained her leg, spent three weeks in a hospital and was unable to do a scheduled picture:
    Janet Gaynor
    Elizabeth Patterson
    May Robson
    Kay Francis

20. He is an expert cabinetmaker;
    Patric Knowles
    Joe E. Brown
    Errol Flynn
    Edward G. Robinson
ATTENTION, please ... there's something going on under the surface in Hollywood that I think, as devoted moviegoers, you should know about ... I warn you it isn't as colorful news as the discovery of a new star like Hedy Lamarr ... (and speaking of new stars I think you should keep your eye on that Ellen Drew girl who was in Crosby's "Sing, You Sinners") ... but this I can assure you ... what's going on under the surface in Hollywood right now is bound to have a terrific effect on your future happiness in moviegong.

Movies seem to be about to break forth with a couple of new experiments in the producing of pictures ... new blood is, at long last (and about time, too) coming into the producing ranks ... which should mean things fresh and exciting as contrasted to the mass of indifferent-to-bad pictures that have been released in the last year ...

Perhaps you hadn't stopped to realize, being naturally more concerned with stars and their doings, that men like Louis B. Mayer, Samuel Goldwyn, Adolph Zukor, naming only three who control major producing outfits, have been Mister Bigs in the movie business ever since it started ... Zukor, for example, has been in there for twenty-seven years and always as a producer ... younger men have developed in these gentlemen's studios, like the brilliant and lamented Irving Thalberg and the currently brilliant Hunt Stromberg and Lawrence Weingarten ... but the Mayers, Goldwyns, Zukors have still remained kingpins, having the final word on all products emerging from their individual studios ... these men have kept admirable stride with the developments in movies but inevitably they have become less young and very rich and thereby pretty far removed from the problems of the young, who always have and undoubtedly always will make up the bulk of the moviegong audience ... you have only to recall the record of the two men who have become producers, outside this group, in the last few years, to see how beneficial a thing the entrance of younger men of power is ...

These two new, big producers are David Selznick and Darryl Zanuck: Selznick with his "A Star is Born," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Tom Sawyer" and a dozen other terrific hits; Zanuck with his discovery of Power, Henie, Ameche, Alice Faye and the amazing production record of the whole Twentieth Century-Fox studio for which he is responsible ...

NOW Myron Selznick, who is the brother of David and, like him, the son of the pioneer moviemaker, Louis J. Selznick, is about to embark on an entirely new and extremely provocative scheme of picturemaking ... Myron is one of the smartest businessmen anywhere on earth and, like his brother, his heart and soul are tied up with Hollywood ... up until now he has been an agent ... a flesh peddler, as they call them in Hollywood ... but the brand of flesh he peddles is certainly the choicest ... Carole Lombard and William Powell are representative of the type of actor he represents ... the writers and producers under contract to him are of similar caliber ...

His scheme for producing, very roughly, will work like this ... a star, a director, a writer from his lists will work together on a film for which Selznick will act as producer ... all of them will be on a profit-sharing basis so that while the initial costs of the film will not be so high as they are now under regular studio management ... and they are now colossal ... the net income, to all concerned, if the picture is successful, will be as great as ever ...

The announcement of Myron Selznick's plans (Continued on page 83)
When Ronald Colman, as Francois Villon, poet-rogue, hero of Frank Lloyd's crowning achievement, "If I Were King," makes love gallantly, tenderly to beautiful Frances Dee and Ellen Drew, you'll agree with Jimmie Fidler and all the other Hollywood critics that this is the grandest of screen romances.
love . . .

IF I WERE KING

The stars would be your pearls upon a string
The world a ruby for your finger ring . . .”

Adolph Zukor presents
Ronald Colman
in Frank Lloyd’s
“IF I WERE KING”
with Frances Dee • Basil Rathbone
Ellen Drew • C. V. France • Henry Wilcoxon
Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd
Screen Play by Preston Sturges
From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"Men With Wings" . . the first aviation picture ever filmed completely in Technicolor, with its flaming romance, its thousands of thrills, its cast of thousands headed by such favorites as Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland and Louise Campbell, produced and directed by William A. Wellman, who created "Nothing Sacred" and "A Star is Born!"

"Escape from Leavenworth" . . Paramount’s punch-packed adventure yarn, formerly titled "The Last Ride," is now making its first appearances round the country, and if you’ve not already thrilled to the emotional impact of this thundering story of a man who could tame wild horses but couldn’t tame his son, be sure you grab the first opportunity to do so. Critics call this Akim Tamiroff’s top role.

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE when these Paramount Hits Play
Definitely News

The fabric...leg-o'-mutton sleeves...heart-shaped collar of FEDERAL FOX.

Fabric, cut and detail are important, but when all is said and done it's the fur on your wool coat that tells the fashion story. That's why you'll want a collar of soft, deep FEDERAL Fox—its silver beauty is the perfect expression of this lavish winter mode.

Slip into a FEDERAL-trimmed coat; see how young and flattering it is, as well as chic. You can always tell this smart fur by the FEDERAL name, stamped on the leather side of every genuine FEDERAL pelt. It's your assurance of lasting loveliness. Look for it wherever you select your winter coat. FEDERAL Fox jackets, wraps and scarfs, and FEDERAL-trimmed wool coats are featured by better stores throughout the country.
Hollywood is thinking

Photoplay dared Hollywood men and women to answer vital questions on virtue, romance, marital adjustments, birth control, divorce. They accepted the challenge. Here are their answers.

Illustration by John Floherty, JR.

By Marian Rhea

This is a new kind of story about Hollywood. It has nothing to do with the casting of "Gone With The Wind." It is not concerned with Darryl Zanuck's latest "find," nor the sex appeal of Hedy Lamarr, nor the box-office returns on "Snow White." Instead, it describes a remarkable dare which Photoplay made to Hollywood...and what happened thereupon.

"We dare you, Hollywood, to put aside your shop talk, your gossip, your glamour tales, your success stories for discussion of something different," Photoplay said. "We dare you to tell us what you think about such human problems as virtue, romance, marital adjustments, birth control and divorce."

And Hollywood accepted the challenge. For Photoplay's benefit (and yours), it discarded reticence, courageously answering as blunt a set of questions as was ever propounded in a filmland interview.

This interview was conducted by means of a questionnaire. Selecting a group representing a large and important percentage of the four hundred stars and other players under contract to various Hollywood studios, Photoplay submitted a copy to each.

"We will keep your identity a secret," Photoplay promised. "In exchange for this anonymity, please be honest."

The result was interesting. More than that, it was enlightening. It revealed a Hollywood that knows its own mind and how to use it.

The first half of Photoplay's questionnaire dealt with problems of love and marriage.

The first question was: "Do you believe that all persons should be required by law to submit to a physical examination before marriage?"

Of the women thus questioned, eighty per cent answered yes; while the men agreed unanimously that all persons contemplating marriage not only should be examined beforehand, but prevented from said marriage if found physically or mentally unfit.

"Tough on the individual, maybe, but fine for humanity," one straight-thinking actor wrote. Incidentally, he is a top-ranking star.

"Such a law would act as a warning to young men contemplating 'wild oats,'" wrote another.

A third agreed that an examination should be made but suggested sterilization rather than prohibition of marriage as the correct solution.

The comments of the feminine affirmers were much the same.

"Children suffering from hereditary ailments make me want to commit murder," one wrote.

"Such a law would lessen these cases."

Many of the twenty per cent who registered against such a plan gave "violation of personal rights" as the reason for their stand.

"The government meddles in personal affairs too much. To force a self-respecting person—especially a woman—to submit to such an examination would be an outrage," one protested.

A second, a famous star still unmarried, offered this interesting comment: "Please! Leave something to our consciences, lest they rot with disuse!"

"Do you believe in sex instruction before marriage?" was the next question. To it, both men and women made unanimous answer: "Yes!"

"It is sensible and vital to future happiness," one star wrote.

"Yes, it should be compulsory and there would be fewer divorces as a result of such knowledge," wrote a second.

"Yes! If sex were less a taboo, we'd all be better off," insisted still another.

"Do you condone an indiscretion before marriage in case of real love?" was Photoplay's next question.

Among the women who answered, sixty-two and one-half per cent said yes: among the men, only fifty per cent. Many made comments—varied, vehement, to the point.

"Certainly I condone it!" wrote one important star. "For one thing, frequently there are family and financial reasons which make it wise to delay legalization of marriage."

Another, a young contract player, qualified her affirmative answer.

"I am glad you say 'condone,'" she wrote. "Yes, I 'condone' it for someone else, but I wouldn't believe in it for myself. If I cared that much for a man, I should want to marry him. And if he didn't care that much for me—well, all I've seen of these 'without benefit of clergy' alliances have been tragic in the end—for the woman."

A third's answer was: "Tolerate, but do not (Continued on page 89)
"Mrs. GABLE will hire herself to Reno for a divorce so Clark Gable can marry Carole Lombard in a few weeks."

"Mrs. Gable will not divorce Clark Gable so it looks as if the Gable-Lombard romance must wait."

Over the air, in trade paper blurbs and in daily columns, these announcements have been appearing day after day. Whispers and rumors have also added to the case against Ria Gable, wife of Clark Gable.

Feeling there must be a misunderstanding on the public's part, we sought out a friend of Mrs. Gable's.

"Can these stories be true?" we asked. "Is it possible a charming woman like Ria Gable could be standing in the way of Clark's happiness?"

"Come with me," the friend said. "I want you to know Ria Gable and I think you'll find the answer to your questions."

And so, one September afternoon, we found ourselves in the charming Gable home and, in this exclusive story to PHOTOPLAY, the only one ever given to any writer, Mrs. Gable told us this story.

"THE question of divorce has never arisen between us," Mrs. Gable said. "Mr. Gable has never discussed the issue with me, but certainly I am willing to divorce Clark if he so desires."

It was later I learned from a businessman that after the radio announcement mentioned above, it was Clark's lawyer and not Mrs. Gable who objected strenuously to the remarks.

"These rumors, I feel sure, are as obnoxious and unwelcome to Clark as they are to me," Mrs. Gable said. "For that reason, and because I've become tired of the rôle of a so-called meanie, I am ready to make this statement."

Ria Gable, a quiet, understanding, gentle woman, with a dark vivacious beauty and youthful zest for living that keeps her in constant demand by Hollywood hostesses, imbued with that rare quality that keeps her going on, growing despite heartaches; the quality of giving, of doing for others.

"If you spent an afternoon with Ria Gable," a mutual friend told me after my interview, "you spent it in one of the most worthwhile ways I know, for Ria is a living example of the doctrine of doing for others. She has been my mainstay in time of trouble and I have watched..."
"The question of divorce has never arisen between us... but certainly I am willing to divorce Clark if he so desires," says Ria Gable in the first story she has ever given on their marital separation.

Since his separation from Ria Gable, Clark has been linked romantically by the press with glamorous Carole Lombard.

her time and again go out of her way to help others." he take her engagement to marry Clark, a poor but hopeful stage-struck lad.

Not from Mrs. Gable's lips, but from others, we learned of the physical and spiritual reformation that this woman brought into the life of Gable. Of the belief in self, of the art of gracious living and triumph over defeat her philosophy brought him.

When the play, "The Last Mile," came to Los Angeles, Clark was given his first movie offer. Fearful of defeat and rebuff in pictures after he had gained a foothold on the stage, Clark was reluctant to accept. It was Mrs. Gable who insisted he take the chance—a chance that brought him undreamed of fame.

FROM the first, their temperaments clashed. Emotionally dynamic Clark, manlike, hoarded his outbursts against his disappointments in work and people until his own front door shut behind him. It was then the storm broke.

"I handled the situation very badly," Mrs. Gable said. "I can see that now. Had I to do it over, I should establish our life together on an entirely different basis.

"When Clark, who had every reason to be furious over his disappointments, gave way to bitterness, I should have joined, loudly and vehemently, in his stormings. Instead, I retied. I didn't know how to cope with the vigorous, lusty, gusty man-fury that would be his. Thoughts of the children or servants would enter, and, with a heart full to bursting, I could only retreat to my room, tears in my heart and voice.

"That was a mistake." In 1932 the Gables separated, each agreeing to go his own way.

Mrs. Gable and her son and daughter went on to New York. Clark remained in Hollywood to make "Strange Interlude." Meanwhile, the world little dreamed of what had actually happened.

In six weeks time, Clark telephoned, not once, but several times, for Ria to return.

"You are the only woman I love. Won't you please come back?" he begged, and, Ria, as anxious as Clark to make their marriage a permanent one, returned.

"There is no one in the world as charming, as sweet and tender as Clark when he chooses to be," said Gable, "I can look back over the stormy sessions to some of the happiest days of my life. Those, and not the bitter ones, are the memories I choose to carry with me."

THEIR life for some time, then, was a happy one. Clark was the idol of his stepson's heart. The two would spend hours on the floor over the intricate marvels of an electric train or some mechanical toy. The boy actually built his life and dreams around the man.

"But Hollywood is no place for marital happiness," Mrs. Gable said. "There are too many angles against it. Too much grief in work, too standing by the side of champions from obscurity to fame. Too many women and false friends to flatter and tear down. It's almost impossible to survive its devastating influence."

In view of all this, it really wasn't much of a surprise when Clark, turned from location on "Call of the Wild" and met Ria at the door with, "I want my freedom."

Perhaps Mrs. Gable should have then and there put up a battle for their future happiness together. But too many tears had been shed; too much heartache, despite the intervals of happiness, had worn away the hopes. So she quietly agreed.

The night they parted she told him quietly, "Clark, you're looking for peace and happiness, aren't you? And I want you to find them. But, Clark, you're looking in the wrong places. It can only come to you from within. And only by sitting down quietly and knowing your great restlessness cannot be appeased by new faces, new places, new thrills, but can only come from you, Clark Gable, looking into the heart of Clark Gable, can you find the thing you're searching for."

Remember, while you're an idol to a million fans you're still just a man who has to spend the rest of his days with Clark Gable, so get that inner man right, Clark."

The marriage, while it will end, definitely and finally. Shortly after, Clark left for South America.

I remember at the time how reporters swarmed the Gable home in Brentwood and how graciously they were received by Mrs. Gable.

"She answered their most pertinent questions," a friend from the studio told me, "as only a great lady like Ria Gable could, and still she told nothing."

FOR several months after their parting, Clark kept returning to the Brentwood home for long chats with the boy, for friendly settlements with Ria; there was no bitterness, no hard quarrels at that time. All such ideas have since been built up in the minds of people who seem determined to place on this woman undeserved criticism.

"Why can't Ria Gable be as kind as her husband was," a Hollywoodite commented recently. "When Ria was married to a prominent Washington attorney and lived in Washington, her husband consented to a divorce. Why doesn't she do the same by Clark?"

"In the first place," Mrs. Gable told me, "I have never been in Washington in my life or been married to a Washington man. So you can see to what lengths gossip will go in this town.

"I am preparing to visit New York where I have so many friends and, with all this publicity and talk about my unwillingness to divorce Clark, I once again made the offer to Clark, and I did not want a divorce."

"Yet who believes me? Who believes I am not the meanie of all time standing behind Clark and freedom? I have no reason to take action against Clark unless it is his wish. I am happy this way and if it seems to be his wish to let matters rest as they are, I feel I should agree.

"I have no regrets. I can close my front door now and find peace and solace and contentment."

"At first I was burdened with an unbearable heartache, then I sat down very quietly and mentally went over our lives together. Had I failed him when he needed me? Had I been selfish or self-centered?"

"I knew Clark had never been forced into social functions unless he chose to go. No friends were invited to our house unless Clark was pleased. Our meals were eaten together at no matter what hour Clark came in from his work. All these things I turned over in my mind and knew that self-condemnation was unfair to myself and to Clark. The heartache disappeared with this realization. I find my life full and happy. My many friends are loyal and kind. There is much to do toward making one's life a rich full one."

It could be so easy for Mrs. Gable to cherish bitterness or resentment, when one has been married to a famous screen idol who continues on and on in popularity. So easy to denounce, and yet such thoughts are far from the mind of this woman. She speaks tenderly of Clark's generosity toward her daughter, who was recently married. Proudly she displays the beautiful ring he gave her a month before their final parting.

There is no malice, no pettiness in Ria Gable's heart. Her life stands for as great a service as does Clark's.

We feel, with this exclusive story to Photoplay, a better understanding will come to Hollywood who, in misjudging Ria Gable has cruelly wronged Clark Gable as well.

And Photoplay wishes the best to a fine actor and sportsman, Clark Gable, and an understanding gentlewoman, his wife, Ria Gable.
HE Really MOWS 'EM DOWN

If Hollywood moguls had only known what they were letting themselves in for when they signed Charlie McCarthy! They found out soon enough!

BY KIRTLY BASKETTE

EDGAR BERGEN is grooming another dummy to replace Charlie McCarthy. The new little knee pal will be a goofy little guy with a silly laugh and a rustic wardrobe as contrasted to Charlie's suave innuendo and silk hat. Bergen hasn't had him sawed out yet, but he's working on the voice, mannerisms and character.

Edgar Bergen may have a hunch that Charlie's linin', tearin', rounder days are due to wane soon. He may have decided, with his quiet shrewdness, that the public demands new blood even in ventriloquist's dolls. He may have said about all he has to say with Charlie.

On the other hand, the new dummy may be purely a physical precaution.

Since they've gone in the movies—Edgar and Charlie—there's always the danger that a general revolt of maddened Hollywood moguls will tear Charlie limb from limb.

For the woodheaded dummy has been making a sap of Hollywood.

Charlie may be fashioned from slippery elm, poison ivy, dogwood or sawdust swept from a barroom floor, as has been suggested on occasions, but his general effect, as far as Hollywood is concerned, is more like cactus—wickedly pricking the bubbles of pose, pretension and pomp that make up the sometimes phony foam of that effervescent town.

Charlie plays no favorites. In his own boastful words he just "mows 'em down."

Hollywood dignity tumbles and glamour washes out before the owl's gaze and smug smirk of the number one breaker-downer in movietown history. The innocent sting of his small-voiced wisecracks penetrates the armor of caste, tradition and Hollywood—holy taboos like tissue paper. The kid's a terror, and that's no pun. It's not even a joke to some people.

The first day of shooting on the set of "Letter of Introduction" at Universal studios, a sober-faced man with an imposing mane of white hair confronted the cocky, monocled eye of Bergen's Bad Boy. He had been putting Charlie through his camera paces, ad infinitum. It was no use; Charlie was wickedly immune to direction. So the white-haired man said at last, "Oh, go ahead. Do it any way you want to!"

And a voice piped back, small, but not too small, sotto voce, but loud enough for everybody to hear—

"Now why'n't you say so in the first place?"

Edgar Bergen looked distinctly shocked. He blushed. The set hung heavy with stunned silence. The white-haired man turned gravely to his assistant, a strong-jawed Irishman.

"It looks like," he said quietly, "we're going to have trouble with this little fellow."

If he had only known!

The white-haired man was John Stahl, most dignified, autocratic, aloof director in Hollywood. His relentless, painstaking set authority has worn down and "broken" such actresses as Irene Dunne, Margaret Sullivan, Claudette Colbert.

The man he spoke to was Joe McDonough, one of the most hard-bitten, iron-handed assistant directors in the business. But Joe could only nod weekly and murmur, "Yeah." Charlie had already been picking on him.

In an hour the news was all over Hollywood. Charlie McCarthy had beard the lion in his den. Hollywood knew what to expect—and it certainly was not disappointed. From then on, Charlie turned on the heat.

Of course, the insult and innuendo served up by Charlie McCarthy had been sampled by the scorched tongues of Hollywood's great long before he answered the call of the cinema.

On the radio, where, one by one, the luminaries of movieland were summoned by cold cash, Charlie pulled no punches.

Between derisive cackles, he drubbed them lustily in their weakest spots—usually around the head.

Before the world and everybody the impudent little lap-chip called Adolphe Menjou an extra. He said he was slipping. He said the only thing he had was a pair of pressed pants and a mustache and so what?

He calmly assured Alice Brady she didn't know acting from sour apples. He brazenly asked Ned Sparks how much he would charge to curl a bottle of cream. He wheezed that Carole Lombard had teeth like pearls from a "stewed erster." He sassied Barbara Stanwyck with "honey-chile" and ran down her pretty best boy friend guffally. He ripped right on down the line through Roz Russell, Marlene Dietrich, Lupe Velez, Walter Huston, Edward Arnold and a double—dozen more. The other day he told Spencer Tracy the Academy was certainly getting careless to hand him a gold acting award, "Oscar."

But Charlie was just practicing up on the radio. It was the movies he was really laying for.

From the moment Bergen hauled him inside the studio gates, supposedly squealed inside a big black suitcase, a tirade of indignant squeals and protests rent the startled air. "What the blankety - blank - blank - blank!" Charlie screamed. "Letme out of this thing. Lemme at 'em. I'll show 'em. I'm a movie star ain't I?" And when Bergen undid the claps and popped Charlie's red thatch into the rare air of the "Golwyn Follies" stage, the first thing Charlie did was to yell for a stand-in.

Now, for long, the stand-in situation in Hollywood has been a standing joke. Sometimes on the set there are more stand-ins than actors. Stars have stand-ins, bit players have stand-ins, extras have them. Stand-ins have stand-ins. It's a custom that has grown into a foolish fetish. And it was ripe for a little McCarthy razz.

There was about as much sense in Charlie McCarthy's needing a stand-in as there would be in Deanna Durbin's requiring a voice double. But the hot light, Charlie sighed, would melt the glue in his joints. The rays would make him lose his school-boy complexion. The heat would hand him the dry rot or something. He would gradually disintegrate. So he got "Sturdy Oak O'Sullivan," a pithy little pal, who repose grimly while Charlie rested—in his chair? Oh no—in the star's chair or the director's chair. Because that was another set taboo that it pleased Master Charlie to pick to pieces.

One of the gravest social errors you can possibly make on a Hollywood set is to plunk yourself down between scenes in the canvas-backed seat formidably tagged "Director So and So" or "Miss Gloria Greatstar." To usurp such a hollowed perch is something akin to hopping up on Emperor Hirohito's throne and dangling your legs over the arms. In "The Goldwyn Follies" Charlie had his own

"Don't look now, Bergen," he whispered, "but I think I picked up a splinter"
canvas seat, properly tagged Charlie McCarthy—but he scorned to use it. Instead, when Andrea Leeds or Adolphe Menjou or Helen Jeppson or Zorina prepared to plop down on their sacred set stools they always found a grinning, wooden imp lolling thereon who promptly apologized in such ornate terms of mock humility for his grave and unforgivable trespass that the absurd pretension of the whole thing was embarrassingly plain. Pretty soon everybody sat wherever there was an empty seat and thought nothing about it.

In spite of his biting satires and the wreck he still makes out of reputations and respected Hollywood institutions, Charlie has been the darling of the set from his first movie venture. True, the Ritz Brothers refused flatly to work with him, admitting frankly that would just be asking for it, but Zorina and the ballerinas fell for Charlie like a load of coal—much to the dismay of Hollywood's premier prophet, Producer Sam Goldwyn.

Goldwyn, with ambitions to make the 1938 Follies extra-super-colossal, had imported the American Ballet from the Metropolitan Opera. Being pretty nearly tops in this country, it was worth its weight in gold. But, when the big ballet number came before the cameras, something went wrong. The girls couldn't seem to get collected, and when they did, their minds obviously weren't on their work. With dollars dribbling away and nothing being shot, Goldwyn ordered an investigation.

The trail led to Charlie McCarthy. While Bergen innocently sat in the corner and studied his script, Charlie followed each shapely and/or-décolleté ballerina with ogling eyes and a come-hither toss of his irresistible head. They came over, cooing, and production paused, paralyzed!

Instead of wearing itself out in his first picture, Charlie McCarthy's obstreperous high-handedness just got worse in his next picture, "Letter of Introduction."

When they unpacked him on the set the first day, he raucously demanded not only a new stand-in, but also a new wardrobe, a valet and a stooge! What's more, he got them! To see Charlie McCarthy, a wooden doll, making wardrobe changes, being brushed and groomed by a flesh-and-blood gentlemen's gentleman and fed lines by his stooge, Mortimer, was perhaps the most trenchant take-off on the air luxury of a pampered movie star ever presented. Hollywood circles rocked with laughter.

But Charlie just grinned the more wickedly, and put out to "get" John Stahl and the assistant director.

Now the champion tyrants of the picture studios are that gruff-voiced, hard-boiled tribe known as assistant directors. A leatherneck top sergeant has very little in the way of hard-bitten orneriness on these gentlemen. A flesh of their imperious eyes and extra spout. If you have ever visited a motion-picture set you'll

(Continued on page 84)
TIME, which is another name for the Fairy Godmother, waved a magic wand over the oddest Lane—and, lo and behold, the ugly duckling emerged a glorious Cinderella. If you accuse me of confusing my fables, I protest there has been naught but confusion in the career of the Mullican girl now know as Priscilla Lane.

"I'm the girl," said Priscilla, "who looks as if she'd stepped out of a shower and was in a hurry afterward."

Certainly, neither fans, directors, producers nor Priscilla herself, ever dreamed that the day would come when the gangly funny-face of the Mullicans would become screenland's current Golden Girl.

When she and sister Rosemary accompanied Fred Waring's band to Hollywood for "Varsity Show," it was Rosemary, the beautiful, who lured the fanfare of publicity trumpets and who was cast in the feminine lead opposite Dick Powell. Priscilla was merely the "other sister," thrown into the cast as a nice gesture.

Someone—and, strangely enough, nobody has come forward to take full credit—saw something in Priscilla and, somehow, she was promoted to a co-starring role with Wayne Morris in "Love, Honor and Behave." They—the vague They by which we mean studio heads and critics and fans and all else concerned—saw something in Priscilla then, and even more when she played the female lead in "Cowboy from Brooklyn."

Then along came "Four Daughters" and Priscilla, the funny-face, wrapped the picture around her shapely slimness and evoked the huzzas of press and public. "The girl," chorused the vague They, "has something!"

I talked with Priscilla both in Hollywood and in New York and I rush to join the swelling They for, unsusceptible as I am, I, too, have become impressed with her fresh-blown wholesomeness, her apparent sincerity and straightforwardness, the depth of emotion in her eyes and her ebullience. These qualities, which seem so true of herself in personal contact, make themselves evident in her pictures, with or without benefit of directorial guidance.

The tabloids have reminded us that there is a Chinese saying that one picture is better than a thousand words; but there are four words which, to me, give a better description of Priscilla than a thousand pictures.

She still climbs trees.

"I was climbing them," she confessed, "when Rosemary and Lola and Leota and Martha were playing with dolls and if that Lady Mendel you mentioned once can still stand on her head in her seventies, I can still climb trees if it amuses me—and it amuses me."

The youngest of the Lanes was born to Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Mullican, June 12, 1917, in Indianola, Iowa. Dentist Mullican passed away last year but Ma Mullican is still very much alive and is manager and counselor to her talented brood.

It was Gus Edwards who canceled the Mullican tag when he renamed his discovery, Dorothy, Lola Lane. Thereafter, the other sisters, proud of sister Lola's modest fame, took unto themselves the Lane handle when they stepped into the professional fold.

Rosemary, a year and two months older than Priscilla, has always been closest to her, wheeling her in a brown soapbox wagon when the baby was a toddler. Today, she and Priscilla and their mother occupy a ranch in San Fernando Valley with the two sisters sharing the same bedroom—as well as confidences. Rosemary it was who nicknamed Priscilla "Pat" and who refers to her affectionately as "my dumb chum." Priscilla, in her softer moods, calls Rosemary "Razzy" and "Rosey Glow."

The girls occupy twin beds. Priscilla sleeps without pillows and—"flat on my stomach," she insisted.

"You have such beautiful dreams that way. When I sleep on my back, I have nightmares. I haven't slept on my back since the night my (Continued on page 88)
He's as easy to get along with as an old pair of shoes—and not much prettier, says this famous author—

IRVIN S. COBB

For the average movie magazine this would be a different sort of article. Well, it is being written about a different kind of movie favorite.

The subject of it never won any beauty contests—unless they gave out a consolation prize. In an era when the flawless profiles of the latest glamour boys of the screen are being compared—favorably—with the outstanding profiles of past eras running clear back through the standard profile vintages to the John Barrymore period of 1928—which was indeed a great profile year—my hero would never qualify even for honorable mention, since his side view is rugged rather than matchless. You could never call him winsome. Stories of his love-lives would be based on fiction not on fact. Getting married, he has the habit of staying married. He doesn't play polo. Put him on top of a skittish polo pony—probably you'd have to tie him on—and I doubt whether he could hit the continent of North America, using a bass fiddle for a mallet. When they print the exciting lists of current celebrities seen at the latest Hollywood night spots his name is among those prominently not present. Actually, he hasn't made a triumphant tour of the nation although he does pretty-well in the matter of unsolicited triumphs whenever he goes back to his native state of Arkansas for a session with the home folks and a bout with potlicker and corn pone. He is so fond of potlicker that he even likes it on a white coat and he is the undisputed champion corn pone eater of the United States.

Needless to state, I refer to Bob Burns, the Bazooka kid of Van Buren. A LITTLE more than three years ago I played a part with Will Rogers in the last picture he made, before he went winging away from this earth to keep on flying up yonder beyond the eternal stars. And I have just finished playing a part with Bob Burns in his first picture as the undisputed leading character—"The Arkansas Traveler" as, very appropriately, it is called. I count these two engagements among my treasured experiences since the day I moved to California's most famous town and began to frolic about on the edge of Movieland.

Because when I see Bob playing a scene I think involuntarily of Bill. Don't misunderstand me here. By that I would not have you think that Bob Burns is copying Bill's technique, for he isn't. He is playing himself, not a carbon copy of someone else. And he would be the last to say that in the affections of the American people he is taking Will Rogers' place or that he has inherited the mantle which fell from Will Rogers' shoulders. He is not taking anybody's place in anybody's affection.

On his own merits and within an amazingly short time, he has won his own place as a popular entertainer in the movies, over the radio and through the daily column which he writes for syndication among the newspapers. Therein, it is true, the careers of the two men have run on parallel lines, but it was not by Burns' intent that these coincidences come to pass—things just fell out that way. And the mantle which now he wears before the friendly and approving eyes of the millions is a mantle of his own weaving, absolutely—threaded with a kindly but searching philosophy; embroidered with observation and understanding; fringed with a wholesome and a homely humor; stitched together by the deft hand of one who has achieved the knack, rare among laugh-makers, of being funny without being either spiteful or smutty. And he wears it with naturalness and humility, both of which, or I miss my guess, are entirely characteristic of the man.

Yet I repeat that having come to know Burns, I constantly am being reminded of Rogers. Before the camera and away from it, Burns has his share of the honest unaffectedness which was so distinctive a part of Rogers' professional make-up and his private make-up as well. Like Rogers, Burns gets his effects without straining or visible effort. After thirty years of trouping, he still retains the country boy's unsplied viewpoint just as Rogers retained it—with enormous material rewards. In Burns' present eminence, as also was true of Rogers, there is proof that in an age of sophistication presumably dedicated to the three kinds of crackers—wise, animal and fire—the majority of the American public will pay out their good money to see or to hear or to read after a man who still loves the savor of the soil, and smacks of it in all he (Continued on page 87)
Few people know the truth about
the rift in one of Hollywood’s
most romantic unions; only one
has been authorized to write it—

RUTH RANKIN

WILL, Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson
decide to make their separation per-
manent?

With characteristic dignity, with her unbreak-
able determination, Bette refuses to discuss it
publicly, beyond saying, “Our marriage is in the
lap of the gods.”

The true circumstances leading to this situa-
tion are exactly as follows:

Ham’s case is that of a man who has been
swamped by his wife’s importance. He very
nearly lost out, decided he would not and could
not go the way of too many Hollywood husbands
and give up without a struggle, and is now
sparring for time to recover his equilibrium.

Bette’s case is that of a girl who would break
her heart if her husband was willing to lose
his personal identity. She has nothing but re-
spect for a man who will put up a fight, and
Ham is putting up a good fight.

And, for once, it is not the usual Hollywood
example of two persons who are willing to
check their marriage in a rush.

For this marriage has not been usual, by any
Hollywood standard of comparison, or by any
other. It was one of the most romantic unions
ever consummated.

The fact that it was a first marriage for both
Bette and Ham places it almost in a class by
itself in the Hollywood list. That they were
college sweethearts and had known each other
for six years makes it unique in a community
given to swift and not always well-considered
alliances.

They started with a background which has
been the ideal of all ideals for a happy and
enduring life together, even against the fright-
ful odds Hollywood places against marriage,
and theirs lasted for seven years. It may last a lot
longer; it may be finished now.

But for this long, at any rate, Hollywood has
had the most perfect example of a happy union
with which to answer skeptics and doubters.
In the exquiste beginning and serene course,
this union had even more to stabilize it than
any of the other celebrated “ideal” picture-

colony marriages—the two most famous having
been between Mary Pickford and Douglas Fair-
banks, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister.

A MARRIAGE between a picture actress and
actor seldom endures. If and when one or the
other leaves the screen, the marriage has a bet-
ter chance—or if one of them is engaged in
some other enterprise connected with the pro-

fession. And that very fact gives room for hope
in the Bette and Ham situation. They have a
far greater margin to succeed in solving their
difficulty because Ham is not an actor.

If, now, their marriage actually can be ended
—this romantic marriage between two persons
of exceptional intelligence and will to make it
succeed—then the thoughtful mind is justified
in wondering if the first marriage of any great
star possibly can ever achieve a greater degree of
permanence.

Bette and Ham started with everything. They
had youthful enthusiasm and freshness, an in-
terest in each other which survived long sep-

arations after Bette came to Hollywood. They
had mutual interests, background, friends.

And then Bette made phenomenal strides in
her profession. She became a great actress and
a great woman. She was fearlessly outspoken
and honest. She was afraid of nothing, with
one single exception: she cannot bear to hurt
with the truth anyone who is close to her.

She will argue till dawn with directors, pro-
ducers, writers for what she thinks is just and
right, upholding her convictions without com-
promise, and if her contemporaries are small
enough to cherish a grudge thereafter, it is just
too bad. For Bette is no doll-faced, spineless
yes-woman. Her spine is good durable New
England Plymouth Rock and she doesn’t like
tempering her opinions or equivocating—but
she will do it with those she loves.

HOWEVER, to live daily, and harmoniously,
with that undefeated will and that “won’t” of
iron (in the lovely velvet glove), Bette herself
says would require a touch of genius. Cer-
tainly it is a constant challenge to those who
know her and one of the principal reasons they
enjoy knowing her. Of all the stars in Holly-
wood, there is not another so vital, stimulating
and well-informed. Or so lovable. But it is a
tactical error to “knuckle under” to Bette. She
likes people with convictions—and confidence
in them. The others she tolerates.

And if she is a challenge to her friends, she
is more than that to her husband. “This thing
is all my fault. I am not an easy person to
live with,” she claims, generously.

Bette has concentrated on the improvement
of her work and her mind. That has meant
avid study and interest in everything under
the shining sun. She has acquired a more var-
ied fund of knowledge in the last six years than
the average girl encompasses in twenty, and she
started out with a college degree.

To Ham, a born New Englander with a defi-
nite picture of the ideal wife, she grew outside
the frame of that picture; and the frame did
not grow with her. Bette simply cannot be
broken to pull meekly in double harness, and Ham, whose people for generations had no other basis of comparison for happy marriage, was frankly baffled and stunned. He had no preparation for coping with a personality that grew like Bette's, and, for the past year, he has simply given up.

If he didn't love her so much, and feel pretty certain that she loved him, and if he didn't have a lot of die-hard in his own temperament, he wouldn't have lasted this long.

For Ham is very definitely a person in his own right. He is no "Mr. Bette Davis" and no one has even dared imply it. The fact that he has refused consistently to submerge his own identity, as the husbands of so many stars do, is the very item that is going farthest toward helping him win this battle and possibly avoid divorce. If not, at least, to keep Bette's respect and friendship.

But for the past year all the hundreds of things impinging on Bette's importance in the screen firmament have crowded between them with added momentum, forcing him further and further away from her.

She knows it, and says so. Between trying to be alert to Bette's multitude of interests, which alone would require a superman, and build up his own business as an actor's agent, Ham was just plain worn out. He was as near a complete nervous and mental collapse as a man can be.

And Bette had all the impatience with this that any young and extremely vital and healthy person has toward defections in others. Ham had never before been seriously disturbed by her life; why should he be now? He had never been ill—he didn't look ill—why was he acting

(Continued on page 87)
If I had an atom of sense I wouldn't try to write about Tyrone Power.

For what every writer learns the very instant after purchasing his first batch of pencils and wad of paper is that one writes really well only about people one hates. After all, writing is just gossiping to the world at large instead of to three or four friends in your own parlor, and you know yourself how the conversation sickens and dies when you get around to talking about one of those people about whom you have to say, "Well, I've never heard anyone say a word against her." You really have to be able to pick flaws to get the conversation going really hot, or reveal some deadly secrets.

And so it is with writing, too; yet here I am, sticking my neck out, trying to write a piece about Tyrone Power, against whom I can't say a word.

Despite this almost rabid admiration I have, I can explain him to you. For this I know—and no two ways about it—more misconceptions, more nonsense, more downright lies have been

Ty has a remembrance of things past which serves as his best protection

Alice Faye was a "friend in need"
RIENDS DON'T KNOW HIM

Have you heard that Tyrone Power is ungrateful, a poseur, a flirt? Then it's time someone who really has his number sets you right about this lad who's wiler than a politician but still young enough to have ideals

published about this young star than almost any other in Hollywood. He has been painted in some quarters as being ungrateful to the people who "knew him when," in others as being a poseur, in still others as being a heartless flirt entirely concerned with breaking lovely women's hearts. All of which stories are nonsense, but which have arisen, I think, from that sort of destructive jealousy people get for personalities they do not easily understand.

Tyrone is no Gable, who is able to make everyone like him instantly. He is no Robert Taylor, with a boyish, ingratiating quality about him. He is, instead, at once subtle and shy, at once realistic and romantic and in him there is a sardonic strain of bitter humor that rarely goes with acting talent.

His is a complex personality, at once realistic and romantic, but there's reason for his sardonic strain of bitter humor

Take, for example, the reason for "Sing, Baby, Sing," being his favorite tune. When you know the reason for this, you will understand much of the fellow himself. It will, I think, show you why he is now the triumphant success that he is. It will give you the basis for his deep friendship with Alice Faye, and to me, at least, it is the reason for believing that five years from now he will be an even greater star than today, and ten years from now an even greater star than in five years.

Not that I wish to give the impression that Ty bounds out of bed every morning and joyously lifts away on "Sing, Baby, Sing" while bathing.

One reason he doesn't is because he is much too moody a soul not to have mornings when he feels like a wet February and wouldn't sing if a gun were held to his head. The other is that he can't carry a tune even for the short distance between a bed and a bathtub.

But he does encourage his friends to "Sing, Baby, Sing" at him and it gives him a fine glow when he enters a restaurant, preferably an expensive one, and hears the orchestra giving out with it.

Yet the reason for his liking this tune is as bitter a little pill as anyone was ever asked to swallow. That song was the big hit of the picture of the same name and that picture was the first one that Ty was cast in under his Twentieth Century-Fox contract.

The story has been told so often that you undoubtedly remember how he got that contract, so right here I'll only repeat that the contract came to Ty only after weary years of job hunting—when, due to his father's swift and sudden death, if he was to eat at all he had to find work.

He was just as talented and handsome a boy then as he is now. He had had acting experience, ever since he had, at the age of seventeen, graduated from Purcell High School in his native city of Cincinnati and had taken a job in a stock company.

After his father's death he went around to all the managers and agencies where the name of Tyrone Power was respected. His father had been Tyrone Power, the 2nd and he was Tyrone Power, the 3rd, so everyone was very polite in that utterly charming and completely defeating way that is possible only to people in the theatrical profession. In Hollywood they have a word for those unromantic, unprofitable meetings. They call them "the brush off," meaning you're in and out of some big shot's office before you know what's happened. Ty went through nearly two years of "the brush off," getting thinner and hungrier and learning more and more about the economic facts of life the while. But finally he did get the tiniest bit in a Broadway show.

A talent scout saw him and the Twentieth Century contract resulted. That was, of course, all that he had dreamed of. He was only twenty-two then and his optimism bubbled over. Here was life being served to him with a platinum spoon off a silver platter.

It was, that is, until he was cast in "Sing, Baby, Sing." He appeared on the set early, anxious to show everyone that the great Darryl Zanuck's faith in him was justified.

He had studied his rôle valiantly and had worked out a couple of bits of business that he believed were distinctive. He couldn't possibly have been more eager or more happy than he was that first day.

Two days later, he was kicked out of the cast—not only kicked out, but told that he might be Tyrone Power, the 3rd or the 9th, but he certainly was no actor and never would be.

Now Ty at that time didn't know Alice Faye at all. She was the star of "Sing, Baby, Sing," you remember. But Alice, alone and unasked, sought out the humiliated, beaten boy, made him come to dinner with her, took him along to a simple restaurant in Beverly Hills that is called "The Tropics" and spent the whole evening talking to him, telling him that he could act, that he would get his chance, that he did have personality, and that, what-the-heck, his life was still before him, wasn't it?

Today, star of Hollywood's biggest pictures, sought after, lionized, Tyrone still eats, night after night, at "The Tropics." The place is

(Continued on page 78)
In Hollywood's Marriage vs. Career battle, the McCrea formula works like a charm. Here's their secret

BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON
COMPLETENESS marks the love of Frances Dee and Joel McCrea, enriching everyone who knows them. It's inspiring. Under all the circumstances, it's miraculous.

To see Joel romping on the sand with his two small boys, utterly oblivious to the world around, and to see him rise, at the sound of Frances' voice, beaming the No. 1 Special McCrea smile, is to observe two lives Hollywood tinsel has never touched. To see Frances' own smile, watching Joel stride around a room, would make any man say, "Boy, I hope my girl friend feels that way about me!"

Why "miraculous"? Think it over. How would you like to be Joel, working over at Universal at rush speed, with the temperature 101, in "Youth Takes a Flying"? Or how would you like to be Frances, that same day, under forty pounds of brocade and umpteen hundred light watts, smiling a lady-in-waiting smile for rascally Louis XI in "If I Were King"?

In either case, could you come from that day to dinner (if you got to dinner) pick up the mutual problems of home and two children and keep consideration . . . understanding . . . love . . . burning bright?

If so, you are smarter than dozens of Hollywood star-couples. Make your own list. Swell people all. And they all tried. When even one party to love lives the tense, trying life of studio work, with fatigue, discouragement and drawn nerves (those come to even the most successful) domestic bliss may become a laugh o'Reno. When both parties buck the grind—pray for that miracle!

Unimaginative people, prissies or individuals who are good-natured just because they're weak, don't have much trouble getting along. Not capable of great love, how can they lose it? But, in Frances, Joel has a cat-swallowed-the-cream, have-my-own-way type of girl (the quiet kind always fools you) with a temper like a buzz saw. And, in Joel, Frances has an equally self-willed boy who won success early, has recreational tastes in which no wife could share (steer branding, for instance) and whose six-foot-three raises a good-looking face just high enough to draw every feminine glance, and sigh, in every crowd.

There must be a miracle. So what? So miracles have cause and effect. Sure, serene and eager affection is life's greatest prize and what won it for the McCreas (temperament and picture strain considered) ought to work for anybody.

What makes love tick?
Consider these two youngsters who came together under white, bright lights:
Frances, born in Los Angeles (within five blocks of Joel) . . . moves to Chicago as a baby . . . tomboy girl, who climbed telephone poles . . . Joel, first success in school except in studies (like French) that fitted her daydream, acting . . . dull job in the want ad department of a Chicago paper . . . rebellious (the quiet kind always fools you) . . . wild decision to go to Hollywood . . . bitter months without work and as extra . . . break in a million: Chevalier's leading woman ill, Frances eating in studio restaurant, Chevalier passes, sees her, says, "That's my leading woman!" . . . swift success.

Joel, born in well-off family . . . movie-crazy but worker by nature . . . delivers newspapers, holds horses for Tom Mix and Bill Hart, operates road scraper at sixteen, runs away from school to work on ranch . . . father persuades him to enter Pomona College because of dramatic school (Bob Taylor's Alma Mater) . . . movies take his smile to their heart . . . wanting to play Westerns, is starred with Connie Bennett in drawing-room dramya.

PRETTY lively ingredients for matrimony! Frances' beauty had made her telephone ring all day and florists' delivery boys buy new tires for their bicycles. (She had quite a crush on M. Chevalier.)

Joel had been much seen in public with Connie Bennett, could have been the town beau if he chose.

The two meet in a picture, "The Silver Cord." Immediately, other people cease to exist for them. One secret of successful love is to fall really in love.

Apparent choice between career and happiness arose at once. Remember the English craze? All actors were to improve their fortunes by getting that oh-so-superior English direction and "international" standing. Joel was offered four times his American salary to go to London. Frances was offered double hers.

Joel said quietly:

"There's no assurance our pictures abroad will coincide. We'd be absorbing new excitaments, meeting new people, just when we should be learning about each other."

To her closest woman friend at that time, Frances said:

"I think Joel is right. And I know there'll be months when I will desperately want him with me. I'd like to have two children while we're young, and home and with Joel is the place for me."

It didn't count at all that desire to travel had almost been a mania since school days.

That English bubble has long since burst. Many careers went blooie in London fog and the principal fruit was income-tax troubles. Lucky McCrees? Maybe. In screen careers, in love and in life, if you deal firmly, you're apt to win; if you cringe or toady, life turns and plays the bully.

The close woman friend said, "Isn't marriage setback enough? If you're going to take time out for two babies, just write your career off."

(After the wedding Joel's fan mail dropped, for awhile, from 2,000 letters a month to 300.)

Frances merely smiled. She knew what career she wanted most.

Master Joel Dee McCrea arrived and shortly afterward Big Joel, in the locker room of a box club, confided:

"I never had any particular fatherhood ambitions. I always loved children but I thought one was about like another. I'd as soon have adopted a son. Of course, now—That McCrea grin!

HOLLYWOOD forgets quickly, but a year after Joel Dee was born, Frances was offered the lead opposite Frances Lederer in "The Gay Deception." You may not have noticed it, but camera angles had to be figured very carefully in that picture.

Wiseacre's bit the dust. Motherhood had done something for Frances, added a new, shining quality. "The Gay Deception" accomplished more than any other picture to give her solid star standing.

David, the second boy, came into the world just too late to see the preview. Zingo! The old problem—Love vs. Career. If a studio can count on an actress for from five to seven pictures a year and has a long term hold on her, money for publicity and exploitation pours out like quips from Sam Goldwyn. But—an "occasional" actress? Not so much build-up. Not nearly.

Dazzling offers came from five companies. Frances, as unhackable as she seems to be meek, answered:

"I'm a mother and a wife. I'm going to work at it. Two pictures a year, at the most. And one year's contract at a time."

This put a whopping decision up to Joel, who hates to worry but will if he has to. He had never before been in such demand. All the top-flight actors were getting smart and free-lancing, letting the studios bid for them. But Joel figured:

"There are four of us now. Frances has deliberately cut and maybe weakened her career. My picture chance seems, however, to have turned down several juicy one-picture deals and signed a long-terminer (and no options) with Goldwyn."

"Well, that's not so (Continued on page 83).
I was plunged into the mysterious case of the Hollywood scandal when Mildred Parker, secretary to lawyer William Foley, was in-jured in a hit-and-run accident. As Mr. Foley's new secretary, my first duty was to execute a secret legal contract between talent promoter Frank G. Padgham and one Carter Wright; my second, to deliver the contract that evening to an address where Foley and Padgham would meet me.

I found the door of the house unlocked. There was no answer to my "hello." Cold terror gripped me as I became conscious of a thumping noise upstairs. Investigation proved that it was Bruce Eaton, my favorite movie star. He was bound and gagged. Quickly, I released him. On the pretext of getting drinks to steady our nerves, he disappeared.

In reaching for my brief case, I found a key which had apparently fallen from Bruce's coat. Pocketing it, I started for the stairs. It was then that I discovered a man sitting at a desk, his head slumped over. He was—dead!

Suddenly, without warning, every light in the house went out.

I grooped for the stairs. A bell shattered the silence. Mr. Foley and Frank Padgham, I thought with relief. But it was Padgham—alone. I explained what had happened—about the dead man and the lights. I didn't tell him about Bruce Eaton, however. Padgham suggested that I wait in his car while he investigated. Halfway to the car I remembered the brief case which I had propped against the wall when I opened the door to Padgham. I ran back and got it.

I went to the corner drugstore to telephone Bruce Eaton's home. He wasn't listed, but I remembered the name of his agency. I impressed upon the person who answered the phone that it was imperative for Bruce Eaton to call me at the law office of William Foley and then slammed up the receiver.

As I was returning to the house, an automobile swung around the corner. I heard Mr. Foley's voice calling me. Hurriedly, I climbed into the car and told him what had happened. He instructed me to go back to the drugstore and ask the clerk to notify police headquarters that a dead man had been found in the house up the street.

When I returned, I handed the brief case to Foley. He opened it, then looked at me with questioning eyes.

The brief case was empty.

Morning papers brought the first definite in-
formation about what had actually happened. Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, a wealthy contractor, had been found dead in the Temmler home. There was evidence of others having been in the house. I was the subject of an intensive search. At the office I discovered that my notebook had been stolen. Frank Padgham arrived and while he was closeted with Mr. Foley, a call came through from Bruce Eaton. We made a luncheon appointment, at which time I was to return the property which I had found. During the morning, a woman in the late forties came into the office and announced herself as Mrs. Charles Temmler. She explained that Carter Wright had stolen a key to a safe-deposit box in which her husband had legal papers. It was important for her to get the contents of that box. It was registered in such a way that whoever had the key had access to the box. She wanted Foley to get the key from the coroner. He refused, of course, and Mrs. Temmler left in high dudgeon. I told Mr. Foley that I had a luncheon date and he suggested I take the afternoon off.

When I met Bruce Eaton I felt that strange sense of unreality which comes in dreams. He was as magnetic and handsome off screen as he was on. He apologized for his behavior of the
Gravely he handed the key back to me, slipped the car in gear, and said, "All right, let's eat."

He drove me to a little restaurant, a place I'd never known existed, where we
had wonderful food and an atmosphere of delightful privacy. All during the meal I
could see that he was studying me and I managed to get over some of my tongue-
tied awkwardness and chat with him.

As the waiter brought coffee, there was
a lull in the conversation, a lull which
gradually developed into one of those sile-
cences which grow in magnitude until one,
in place of casually searching for some-
things to say, frantically calls one tentative
subject after another in mind, only to re-
ject it as being altogether inane.

And, as is so frequently the case, this silence
was broken by both of us starting
to talk at once, but my words died on the
lip of my tongue when I heard what Bruce Eaton had to say.

"I'm going to quit pictures."

It was a simple announcement, evidently
marking a decision which he had reached
after those seconds of silent deliberation.

"You're quitting pictures?"

He nodded.

"But," I said, "you can't. Why, good
Lord, your public wouldn't let you. You
couldn't afford to, you're right at the peak
of your earning capacity. You're box-office,
you're... you're... you're everything."

SEEING the sadness of his smile, I sud-
denly realized what it must mean to a star
to forfeit everything that succeeds in the
pictures stands for—not that it's usually
the result of renunciation, because in most
instances it isn't. Fame is fleeting and
public favor is fickle. At one moment a
man finds himself the recipient of public
adoration; cafes consider his patronage an
honor; people push and jostle each other,
trying to get close enough to get his auto-
graph.

Then abruptly, and within a few short
months, he is forgotten, shunned by those
who once fawned on him. His brother ac-
tors, who are themselves vowing the god-
ess of Success, cannot afford to contact
the aura of failure.

He seemed to be reading my mind. He
said, "An acting career is for the most part
like a skyrocket. You go up with a blaze
of glory, and come down a dead stick.
There are a very few who have learned
how to stay up. Their careers are permanent.
They shoot up into the zenith of stars and re-
main as luminous balloon-character actors
who lend a certain dignity to the profession and
give a touch of reality to any play in which they
appear."

"Are you going to be one of those?" I asked.
He shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Woodley
Page is one."

I nodded.

"And Woodley Page," he went on, "gave me
many. It was through him I was picked from
the extras and given my big chance. And now
Woodley Page is at the turning point of his own
career. Not that the public is tiring of him, be-
cause the public will never tire of him as an ac-
tor. But an old scandal is about to drag him
into the slime of the public cesspool which is
aired on the front pages of our newspapers
every day. People will read about it with eager avid-
ity. Every man, woman and child in the United
States will know of it. There's a sadistic some-
thing which makes the public delight in teasing
down actors whom it has built up."

"And what about you?" I asked.
"I," he said, slowly, "can prevent it," and then
added, after a moment, "at the cost of my own
career. But my career is probably at its zenith.

Tomorrow, next week, or next month may start
the decline. My fan mail will start falling off.
I'll be given parts in one or two pictures which
will be mechanical repetitions of some of my
former successes. Perhaps I'll be cast in an un-
fortunate part and... but there's no need to
portray it by successive steps. You know it—
that is, if you know anything about pictures."

I tried to hold his eyes with mine.

"All right," I told him, "your career may be
at its zenith, but you're not on the road down.
I know a little something about pictures. I think
I see them through the eyes of the average fan,
but I think perhaps I've realized my star a little
more accurately than the average fan does
—or are you interested?"

"Very much," he said, and his eyes showed
that he was.

"I come in contact with a world of selfishness," I
said. "I'm romantic in my thoughts. I have
ideas. It's a struggle to keep those ideas. I
meet young men who turn out to be selfish
and artificial, young men who have adopted a pose
of cheap cynicism because they think that is
modern sophistication. The everyday world
about me is filled with cheap, sordid realism, a
synthetic, cheap selfishness which masquerades
as sophistication—I can't keep my ideals living
in continuous contact with such an environment.

"I go to a movie. I see you on the screen. You
represent the personification of my ideals. I
know that you're not real. I know that you're
an artificial personage. I know you personally
have magnetism, charm and character. I know
that on the screen you're appearing in parts
which have been created by the brains of many
authors. Your personality and charm make
those parts seem real to me. The critics with
their sneering sophistication say that these plays
are box-office, that they're hackwork. To me
they're not hackwork. They're the food which
keeps my idea alive. The parts you take would
be meaningless unless you took them. If it
weren't for you, I'd see only a series of situations
written by authors and projected on a screen.
If you were real. The minute you enter the picture, it all becomes
real to me. I lose myself in the picture. You
arouse my sense of illusion."

"If I go," he said, "there'll be someone else
to take my place," and his smile was wistful.

Before I realized what I was saying, I blurted
out, "No one can ever take your place with me."
And, suddenly realizing what I had said, felt my
cheeks flush crimson. His hand came across the table to rest on mine.

"I'm sorry, Miss Bell," he said, in a voice
vibrant with sincerity, "and thanks for giving me
faith in myself and in what I stand for at a
time when I need it—but there's no alternative.
It's either Woodley Page's career or mine."

"What can you do?" I asked.

"I can stand between him and what's com-
ing," he said, "I can take the blame."

I TOOK the key to the safe-deposit box from my
purse. "Does that," I asked, holding it between
my thumb and forefinger, "have anything to do
with it?"

He said, thoughtfully, "I think that may have
great deal to do with it. It goes back many
years, when Woodley Page was a star and when
a young woman, whose name I won't mention,
was numbered among the first five at the box
office. It was at a time when Hollywood hadn't
acquired the moral stamina it has now. People
were dealing with something new, and, particu-
larly, people didn't know how to take success.
They couldn't understand the skyrocket sweep
of star power which jerked an actor up from
oblivion to the dizzy heights.

"This actress became involved in a situation
from which Woodley Page, who was young, and
romantic, and idealistic, was asked to execute her.
Letters and messages changed hands.

"Woodley Page went on to success. The actress
made several attempts to come back and

(Continued on page 99)
OF A MAN WALKING ALONE

A Steele engraving of Nelson Eddy
— the bachelor who rates himself a
cynic and still reads fairy tales

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

He is built like a heavyweight champion and he likes the pungent odors of a delicatessen. He is easily deceived by people. His philosophy is one of compromise and tolerance which finds its root in his grandfather's maxim that circumstances alter cases.

He likes Mexican enchiladas and it is very difficult to borrow money from him. His highest note is A-natural—very exceptional for a bartone. He dances the tango and rhumba excruciatingly. He is known as Nelson Eddy.

He never wears white shirts and as a boy he was very self-conscious with girls. He is a bachelor.

His complexion is unusually fair and he eats very light lunches. He is difficult to interrupt in a conversation.

He doesn't play the piano and consequently cannot accompany himself. He dislikes giving interviews and off screen he wears horn-rimmed glasses.

He has no desire to be a gentleman farmer. He is extremely optimistic and considers "Rosalie" his worst picture. His hair is blond and naturally wavy, imperceptibly gray around the temples since his youth.

He has never read Mary Baker Eddy.

He thinks he doesn't look well in a top hat and he is partial to Colonial architecture.

He is physically robust and maintains an apartment in Philadelphia where he lived for many years. He has never known defeat or failure.

He believes that most people are motivated by sincerity. He never wears panamas or straw hats.

He is not allergic to any kind of food. He has a violent antipathy for women who use lorgnettes.

He is high-strung and moody.
... likes to dance ... hates interviews ... has lionine ease at all large social gatherings.

He has no superstitions and has a passing command of French, German and Italian. He drinks champagne only on occasion and actually enjoys his motion-picture work.

His decisions are invariably impulsive. He sleeps soundly and believes that pain and beauty have an equal place in artistic expression.

He dislikes playing cards with women and thinks they play well. He likes to play the ukulele, the "sweet potato" and old folk songs on an accordion.

He smokes cigarettes.
He is easily depressed.
His favorite dessert is vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce.

He never wears linen or Palm Beach suits and has a loathing for second-rate music in any form. He thinks women of today have infinitely more charm and personal attraction than in the days of so-called "femininity."

He has not read "Gone with the Wind" or "Anthony Adverse." He never carries a walking stick and thinks many suicides are justifiable and heroic.

Nelson Eddy thinks that Americans in general do not know the art of gracious living.

He is fond of codfish cakes, caviar and sauerkraut.

He is highly introspective and self-analytical.

He has never carried a fountain pen.

He travels by air only when he is pressed for time.

He is particularly fond of Handkäse—a peculiar, translucent cheese which comes from the Harz Mountains in Germany. He scrubs his teeth alternately with paste and powder. He never gets headaches.

He avoids large crowds and thinks that women, blondes or brunettes, are fundamentally alike.

He rises about nine o'clock when not working.

He has great difficulty remembering names and faces.

He never uses a cigarette holder and Raphael's Sistine Madonna has impressed him more than any other work of art. He does not like surf bathing.

He is very quick to criticize.

He has broad shoulders and slim legs.

He worships at the shrine of Chaliapin and has a yearning for those large, luscious Eastern oysters. He enjoys meeting strangers.

He considers the habitual use of big words bad taste.

He expresses a lionine ease at large social gatherings.

He has no feeling for repartee.

His middle name is Ackerman, and his education consists of grammar school, night school and correspondence courses. His grandmother, Caroline Kuntzke, was a famous singer in her day. He worked for five years as reporter and copy reader on the Press, Bulletin and Evening Ledger of Philadelphia.

He has to wear make-up on the screen because of his light coloring. He has never been married and he thinks motion pictures should avoid subjects of social significance.

He has a deep regret that circumstances have always prevented him from hearing Paul Robeson or Marian Anderson. He has an abnormally developed diaphragm worthy of a giant.

NELSON EDDY forms hasty judgments and exhibits very little interest in governmental affairs.

He has never been in a Turkish bath.

He always shaves before he dresses.

He thinks track meets very dull to watch.

He likes to sing and will on the slightest (Continued on page 56)
Introducing the leading light of Hollywood's R.F.D. set—ranchman Taylor, soon to ride his hobby for box-office blue ribbons in M-G-M's glorified horse opera, "Stand Up and Fight"
One of the most spectacular and unusual photographic angles ever to be presented: Hollywood as caught by the Swope camera

Suppliant: a candidate for stardom storms M-G-M’s pillared studio gates

Relaxation: an Albertina Rasch girl takes time off from her movie work

"Personal, please": a sister co-worker takes her turn on the studio phone
TOGRAPHER

JOHN SWOPE

Magazine introduces to its readers thirty-year-old John Swope, a rare genius, whose pictures, part of a collection soon to be published in book form by Random House, are given an advance here. Native of New Brunswick, N. J., by birth and of Manhattan by adoption, he first built himself with the University years and that now-famous trio, Jimmy Stewart, Hank Fonda and Agaret Sullavan. This brought a sojourn in Hollywood where he tried his hand at experimental color film work. Choosing photography as a career but a few years ago, he is now the owner of a new camera art.

Product of invasion—by invitation—of the home of Hollywood's first lady is this Swope portrait of Norma Shearer.

(Continued on following page)

Former housemate of Swope's: Hank Fonda, modeling a bust of his wife, Frances Brokaw.

(Continued on following page)
Protégé of publishing firm Random House is lanky blond Mr. Swope, whose book, tentatively titled “A Photographer in Hollywood,” is a high light of their winter offerings. A superb collection of photographs of the film colony and its colonists at work, the book strikes a new note in modern photography. Definitely not “candids” are Mr. Swope’s pictures (he feels that term is overworked)—but rather are they studied shots of unstudied subjects. Acclaimed now in his field, he remembers what first started him on his career—a boat trip to the yacht races in Honolulu. Learning from his host that there was no one aboard to take pictures, he bought himself a secondhand camera, built a dark room in a forward cabin of the boat and thus started upon an amazing and spectacular career that has netted him both personal pleasure and commercial profit.
Camera feat: a remarkable study of a two-day-old baby. The subject is Margaret Sullivan's daughter, Brooke Hayward, now sixteen months old.

Joshua trees at twilight: a view near Palm Springs of weird tree growths of the desert.

(Continued on following page)
HOLLYWOOD
THROUGH THE EYES OF
A GREAT NEW PHOTOGRAPHER
JOHN SWOPE

Brains plus the striking beauty of Titian-haired Ann Sheridan have made her a rarity in the City of Lost Hopes—for she is a contest winner who is making good in Hollywood. Known to the folks back home as Clara Lou, this product of the Lone Star State planned to be a Texas schoolmarm until a "Search for Beauty" ended at her door. Now, charting her course straight for dramatic honors, with Bette Davis as her guiding star, she's established herself on the Warner lot as a girl with pluck, perseverance and definite promise.

*Wiliams*
Time out at 20th Century-Fox while its "Little Princess" stages a tailwaggers party for those lucky dogs—her pets! The guest list, a canine League of Nations, includes Miss T's Kerry blue terrier, of Ireland (left); her French poodle and two Chinese Pekes, unawed by their surroundings (above); her favorite "Ching" caught in a shower (right); her Welsh corgi (top, right); and, last, her Afghan hound of Near East ancestry (far right), who really doesn't need to be told to mind his party manners.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK
Presenting the reason why gentlemen no longer prefer blondes—

— but the raven-haired beauty from Vienna has met her "match" in Hollywood, and from a most unexpected source

But Look—WHO'S THIS?
With the luscious Lamarr back at M-G-M after her triumph in "Algiers," Walter Wanger needed another glamour girl for his latest picture, "Trade Winds." The search had an amazing finale in his studio's own back yard when his selection for the rôle covered her blonde curls with a black wig—the disguise her part required. Now even Freddie March and Ralph Bellamy must look twice to recognize in this "second Hedy" the winsome youngest of a famous family— the lovely Joan Bennett!
Lois Moran gives...
TAKE A HOLIDAY—

—add one big-eyed starlet, a dash of coyness and a sprig of decoration. Result—the picture is in the papers or the magazines! Photoplay's photo files reveal the history of holiday hokum!
Fate took a hand in Janet Gaynor's future, when, on visiting M-G-M for "Three Loves Has Nancy," the red-headed "half-pint" discovered Leo the Lion's Number One stylist in charge of designing her wardrobe. Winchell says a wedding any minute

Willinger

The man in the case—couturier Gilbert Adrian, who confesses, "I'm in love for the first time in my life"
Shirley Wanted Wholehearted Love

When Shirley Ross tossed aside her napkin at the Brown Derby luncheon table and said to agent Ken Dolan, “All right, I will. I agree to marrying you right now,” and, to prove that she meant it, promptly eloped to Yuma, there was much speculation as to how her two other suitors, Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen, would act.

“I wonder what finally decided her on Dolan,” a friend asked Bob Hope.

“Well, I’ll tell you,” Hope replied. “Ken Murray had his Oswald and Bergen had his McCarthy. But Dolan had no one to share his heart with, so Shirley got it all.”

Double Dealings

SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD Lana Turner, nightclubbing with George Raft, explains, “It’s all right.

“He always waits until I get my school homework done before we leave the house.”

What’s your IQ on the latest Hollywood chatter? When you get caught up with this news, you’ll bat 100%

Addenda on Corrigan

THE Wrong Way’s The Right Way:

He walked up to the studio gate and approached the gateman.

“I’d like to see Mr. Berman,” he said, meekly.

“Well, you can’t see him here, was the reply.

“You’ll have to go to the main building.”

The young man walked the long block to the Administration offices and repeated his request.

“Got an appointment?” he was asked by the desk man.

“Well, I said I’d be around sometime this morning.”

“Sorry, Mr. Berman doesn’t see anyone without a definite appointment. He’s the boss over here, you know.”

“Yeah, I know, but he said to come.”

“Well, give me your name and I’ll phone his secretary and see if he can see you.”

“Name’s Corrigan,” was the reply.

“Okay, I’ll phone—” The rest of the remark died in his throat—“Say, you aren’t Douglas Corrigan, the wrong-way flyer, are you?” he stammered finally.

“Yes, I am,” was the quiet answer.

“Well, go right in, Mr. Corrigan,” said the awed desk man. “And Mr. Corrigan, his office is straight to the right. Of course you can reach it if you go left and circle around.”

Corrigan gave him his famous crooked grin and walked out the door and into a purported $50,000 deal as actor for RKO Studios.

So, you’ll be seeing him one of these days, in his own movie.

FROM One Doug to Another:

Hollywood has discovered how Doug Corrigan, who was born Clyde Corrigan, got his new name.

His father deserted the family. The name, “Clyde,” reminded his mother too much of the man whom she did not want her son to grow up to resemble. So the boy took matters in his own hands. One day, when he was selling papers on the street, his idol, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., bought a paper from him, handed him a dime and told him to keep the change. Thenceforth, Clyde became “Douglas” Corrigan.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Douglas Corrigan lunched together at RKO studio, I asked Doug what they talked about. Doug said, “I tried to find out about flying from him and he tried to find out about acting from me. I don’t think we got very far.”
All's right with their worlds. George Raft, after his umpteenth fight with Paramount, is making pictures again and Bill Powell will be working soon.

New Hollywood Note

The sound of John Garfield's voice as he told a group of friends, "They've changed my name from Jules to John, but it won't do any good. I'll be terrible anyhow."

The pessimist in the case being the newcomer from Broadway who stole "Four Daughters."

Simply Wonderful!

It happened at the Café Lamaze when Deanna Durbin, with her parents, walked in to dinner.

"There's Deanna Durbin," Joan Crawford whispered to Cesar Romero, her escort. "Isn't she wonderful?"

A moment later, Deanna glanced up and saw Joan. "Look," she whispered to her mother, "there's Joan Crawford. Isn't she beautiful?"

At that point, our own Hymie Fink, cupid of the camera, took in the little byplay of events and, leading Deanna over, introduced her to Joan.

Needless to say, Hymie was thanked by both girls, each of whom felt hers was the biggest thrill.

Gable Booms the Hitch-Hike Market

Do you or don't you believe the world reads Hollywood gossip—every little scrap of it? If you don't, listen to this.

Not long ago, a line in a Hollywood column read to the effect that Clark Gable had trained out for Winnipeg, Canada in such a hurry he could get no advance reservations beyond Kansas City. The next day brought on such a flood of offers to "lift" Mr. Gable the rest of the way, it practically sunk the studio.

Bus owners, car owners, plane owners, truck owners, hitch-hikers—all guaranteed to get Mr. Gable to his destination in one week.

In fun, the studio wired the messages to Gable and received this answer.

"I'll take the guy with the skis. He can use..."

Alice Faye showed up at the Clover Club to give Harry Richman, M. C., a big hand. An aura of parental dignity floats over these Cocoanut Grovers—the Dick Powells.
one and I can use one. Will see you in the fall of ’39.”
It was signed “Gable.”

By Gum! The Marches are Right

At the preview of “There Goes My Heart,” two young ladies were ushered to seats close to Fredric March, the star of the picture, and his wife, Florence Eldridge.

“Good heavens, there’s Freddy March,” one young lady whispered to the other: “Let’s get rid of our gum.”

Sheepishly, they removed their gum and carefully wrapped it in their best handkerchiefs.

Suddenly, in the midst of a newsreel scene, the girls were startled by a strange cracking sound.

Glancing around, they discovered the cause.

Mr. and Mrs. March were chewing their gum in rhythm to the marching soldiers on the screen.

Jimmy Tells All

“And how’s the love life these days, Jimmy?” a friend asked Jimmy Stewart.

“Oh, swell. Fine. Going along like a house afire. There’s only one thing about it, though, that has me worried. My tailor tells me it’s either a new tuxedo or no more love life. He claims the old suit won’t stand another pressing, so I’ll either have to get a new one or give up the girls.

“Gee, I wish I could decide.”

And the wide grin let the friend know he was right back where he started from as far as Jimmy’s love-life secrets were concerned.

Mother Knows Best

The Hollywood Theater was jammed with the usual preview crowd. Suddenly, in the midst of a Pete Smith short subject, there came a wild burst of applause from one woman as a small child flashed on the screen for a brief bit.

No one seemed to know what the fuss was about except those close to actress Joan Davis. To them it meant that a mother was applauding her very own daughter’s first screen appearance.

Secrets?

This whispered Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are not seeing quite so much of each other—and not because Clark spends all his vacations duck hunting, either . . .

The wives of the merry, mad Ritz Brothers scarcely nod to each other, so the boys have to attend their own previews in separate little groups . . .

While tourists gape and hunt and search for Jack Benny at the local lunch spots, the actor sits at the counter of a Beverly Hills health food store and eats a carrot salad almost every noonday . . .

June Lang, ‘tis said, is so washed up with her persistent suitor, A. C. Blumenthal, there’s no hope of a continuation of their romance . . .

Despite rumors of quarrels between Conrad Nagel and Joan Fontaine, Nagel still teaches sister Olivia the difficult feat of surfboarding. And right good the two are at it, too . . .

Joan Crawford and producer Joe Mankiewicz are the newest and latest twosome to be dining at the night spots.

Strictly Hollywood

The sight of Connie Bennett, walking up the packed and crowded aisles of Grauman’s Chinese Theater after the preview of “Hold That Co-ed,” with tears streaming over her cheeks, washing away the make-up.

“I can’t help it,” she said to the Don Ameche.

“I have laughed till I’ve cried and don’t care how I look. That Joan Davis can reduce me to helpless tears of laughter any day.”

Livvie’s in Love—But with Whom?

Who is the man in Olivia de Havilland’s heart? All Hollywood is speculating on this question. The town insists the beauteous Olivia is suffering from a cruel hurt and even little Olivia herself freely speaks of the “empty gestures without sincerity” of Hollywood males.

The name George Brent keeps forever pop-

(Continued on page 67)
SLOW-VOICED Bob Burns is determined to carry on the Will Rogers tradition of common-sense philosophy; in this sentimental, often comic story he does a better job than in any of his previous efforts. Paramount has cast him as a tramp printer who goes about the country spreading political epigrams. When he discovers that idealistic Fay Bainter, a small-town widow, is about to lose her print shop to crooked politicians, he leaves the open road to rescue her. In addition to this, you are offered Irvin S. Cobb as the village constable, Dickie Moore as Widow Bainter's youngest child and a romance between Jean Parker and good actor John Beal. With such a cast, the film cannot help but excite your tears and laughter.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER—Paramount

VACATION FROM LOVE—M.G.M

"LET us be mad, let us have fun, fun, FUN, and then we will always be happy!” scream Dennis O'Keefe and Florence Rice in rehearsed unison. That's when O'Keefe, a saxophone player, walks smack into Florence's wedding and grabs her with insouciance from her bridgroom. After marriage, however, Dennis and Flo discover that business sometimes interferes with having fun. She gets jealous, O'Keefe shows manly anger, and Florence whips off to Paris for a divorce. At last Dennis shows up, ready for more fun, and they have it, and that is that. No divorce. June Knight plays the gay little torch singer whose friendship with Dennis contributes to misunderstanding, and Reginald Owen is wonderful as the irate capitalist.

THE SHADOW SHAPE

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

IF I WERE KING—Paramount

CHALK up still another triumph for Deanna Durbin, whose transition to adolescence is here tenderly and beautifully brought to the screen in a story crowded with poignant charm. Universal has wisely bridged the gulf that lies between childhood and young girl-hood and thus makes it possible, by such stories as these, for Miss Deana to continue without interruption her amazing screen career. The story is natural, appealing, humorous and tragic by turns and Deanna pours into it all the charm and natural ability that is hers.

The delicate problem of a young girl's love for an older man is handled, both in writing and direction, with exquisite finesse. Deanna's crush on the fascinating Melvyn Douglas, a war correspondent, is a beautiful thing to see. The bewilderman of Douglas when he discovers her devotion, the unhappiness of her parents, Irene Rich and John Halliday, the heartbreak of Jackie Cooper who really loves Deanna, are all skillfully evolved. Cooper is magnificent as the lad caught in the thongs of young love and right behind him, in acting honors, marches little Juanita Quigley, who steals scene after scene. But it's the sincerity and naturalness of Deanna, whose singing voice improves with each picture, that will linger in your memory.

Producer Joe Pasternak, director Edward Ludwig, and writers Bruce Manning and F. Hugh Herbert are to be congratulated for their almost flawless efforts to make this one of the most amusing and entertaining picture of the month.

That Certain Age—Universal

The performances of Bette Davis and Errol Flynn are largely responsible for the human quality of this picture. As two people hopelessly caught in a maelstrom of emotions over which they have no control, Bette and Errol turn in two of the finest performances seen on any screen. One of three sisters, and daughter of a small-town druggist, Bette meets irresponsible, happy-go-lucky Flynn, a sport's writer for a San Francisco newspaper. Leaving security behind, she marries Flynn and their struggle for adjustment with Bette's growing strength and Flynn's gradual weakening of character is a battle-ground of emotions laid bare. It should leave any audience torn with sympathy. Jane Bryan and Anita Louise as the other two sisters shine in their own particular roles. Each girl gives a clear-cut, carefully drawn performance. Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi as the girls' parents are so humanly real, it's difficult to realize they aren't actually the characters they play. Director Anatole Litvak may count this among his finest triumphs.

The Sisters—Warner
THESE Jones Family pictures have now attained the eminence of a cinema rating, as well as box office. For here is a definite, sincere attempt at catching Americans on celluloid; and it succeeds admirably. The family remains the same, of course, with Spring Byington as Mother Jones, Jde Preuti as Pa, Florence Robertas as Grandmama and the usual children. This time Pa, helping son with a chemical experiment, blows the house up, and the Jones flee to Aunt Ide’s farm. Ide is Louise Fazenda, buxom, coy with a field hand; and she has a hog-calling voice. A corn-bucking contest is coming up and Pa Jones is cajoled into entering it, but his victory becomes the issue of an election and scheming politicians enter the fray to complicate things.

As a workout for your tear ducts this is another in the four-handkerchief class. It is hystericly and, with Wallace Beery, once again in his “Chump” role, as the disgraced horse doctor wanted by the law for doing racing animals. Mickey Rooney, tough as always, but with a heart of gold, gets a discarded racehorse and picks Beery as a friend when the latter saves the horse. There follows an idyllic period on a farm which is rudely shattered by the film’s climax, in which the law catches up with Beery and Mickey’s nag goes buckey-buckety into a race, to win. Margaret Hamilton, as owner of the farm, delivers a delightful sequence at a community sing. Marjorie Gateson looks beautiful, and the horse is in stride. The Rooney is quite at home.

HERE again is Gene Autry, singing Western ballads as he rides along the trails, roping, shooting, and outwitting villains all over the place. The West may now be quiet and peaceful, but not when Gene is around—then you can’t even take a scenic ride without cattle rustlers and assorted badmen taking pot shots here and there. In this Autry special, Gene becomes guardian to three East Side boys who are almost as tough as the “Dead End” kids. He brings them back to a ranch which is being used as a hide-out by cattle rustlers; the kids don’t like either Gene or the western life, but they finally help him round up the crooks. It’s hard to explain the charm of Autry’s pictures; they’re all pure hokum, but they do give you real entertainment.

The Best Pictures of the Month

The Sisters That Certain Age
If I Were King Too Hot to Handle
Room Service The Arkansas Traveler
Down on the Farm A Man to Remember
Straight, Place and Show Stablemates
Parade of Disney Shorts

Best Performances of the Month

Myrna Loy in “Too Hot to Handle”
Clark Gable in "Too Hot to Handle”
Walter Pidgeon in “Too Hot to Handle”
Basil Rathbone in “If I Were King”
Ronald Colman in “If I Were King”
Mickey Rooney in “Stablemates”
Wallace Beery in “Stablemates”
Bob Burns in “The Arkansas Traveler”
Joel McCrea in “Youth Takes a Fling”
Errol Flynn in “The Sisters”
Bette Davis in “The Sisters”
Deanna Durbin in “That Certain Age”
Melynn Douglas in “That Certain Age”
Jackie Cooper in “That Certain Age”
Juanita Quigley in “That Certain Age”
Walt Disney in “Parade of Disney Shorts”

Ferdinand the Bull—For the first time Disney has bought a literary property for use, a fabulously successful best-seller made for children but snapped up by adults. In this the drawings read the simple story of gentle Ferdinand—the pacifist bull—who just wants to sit quietly and smell the flowers. You will remember that sitting on a bumblebee brought him to the bull-fight arena, and to grief. The animators have made much of Ferdinand’s mother. It’s one of the finest Disneys.

Goody and Wilbur—A new character joins the ranks of cartoon people. He is Wilbur, a grasshopper, who goes fishing with his pal Goody and brushes into the net by insulting them. You may find a parallel between this and the leading characters from “Of Mice and Men,” but it’s done innocently and without tragedy. Wilbur is quite wonderful; he gets eaten by a frog, who in turn is swallowed by a heron, who lays an egg. And guess where Wilbur is?

The Brave Little Tailor—This was the funnies, too. Mickey Mouse is a tailor who catches flies and by mistake is sent out to capture a giant. His methods are startling, but ingenious. It’s a better than usual vehicle for star-of-the-lot Mickey.

Barnyard Symphony—The animals all get together and make a terrific racket, which after a while reassembles itself in your ears as a kind of music. Best scene is a flirtation between a pullet and the barnyard cock.

Parade of Disney Shorts—RKO Radio

The Ugly Duckling—in this series of eight shorts, to be released in the next months, Mickey Mouse’s father proves again—eight times again—that animated cartoons comprise an ineffable medium for entertainment. “The Ugly Duckling” is the best. You will choke with laughter and tears at the same time; gasp at the lovely color and settings. The Hans Christian Andersen story is followed closely, except Disney improves on Andersen’s very funny implication that the swan’s egg in the duck’s nest might lead Pope Duck to suspect his mate.

Mother Goose Goes Hollywood—Caricature of living personalities reaches a new high here. In keeping with the Disney policy of friendly banter without offense, the stars with whom liberties are taken need have no fear; yet the pictures are sharp. Katie Hepburn runs along throughout as Bo-peek; W. C. Fields is Humpty-Dumpty; Charles Laughton is the Captain Bligh who rides in a tub; rub-a-dub-dub; Laurel and Hardy are the Simple Simon-Pierson combination. Hugh Herbert, as Old King Cole, is perhaps the best delineation of character.

Donald’s Lucky Day—Donald Duck is a messenger boy this time, and anarchists give him a time bomb to deliver. He gets into trouble with a black cat. Again you may shriek against frustration viciously with the hysterical Donald, whose luck is so bad.

The Practical Pig—You saw it in the funny papers. It’s much like the famous “Three Little Pigs,” except action is centered around a lie-detector. Awfully good, anyway.

(Continued on page 92)
The fair-haired boy in all Hollywood at the moment is a dapper, dashing Walter Wanger. Since "Algiers" made him a million dollars and Hedda Lamarr the number-one glamour girl of the screen, the question is—"What will Wanger do next?"

We make finding out the first order of business on our monthly set of merry-go-round, because the predicament of Joan Bennett's favorite producer pretty nearly sums up the situation of Hollywood in general at this point. Wanger had two strikes of uninspired pictures on him when he slammed out the "Algiers" hit. The rest of Hollywood, too, has just climbed out of the worst slump in years with a bunch of circuit smashers like "Marie Antoinette," "Four Daughters," "Boys Town," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Sing, You Sinners," and "You Can't Take It With You."

But the question mark still looms big—"What next?" More Hollywood hits or strike-outs? Can the studios keep up the pace? The only place to answer that is right on the movie sets, right now.

At Wanger's we find "Trade Winds" blowing up what Walter hopes to be a box-office hurricane. When we see Director Tay Garnett giving Freddie March orders with his famous cane, we aren't too surprised to learn that "Trade Winds" really started shooting picture some three years ago when Tay and a picked Hollywood crew skipped his boat, the "Athene," around the Orient shooting pictures of everything in sight, remember? On the 70,000 feet of bona fide travel film and a Hollywood-concocted, love-adventure chase story rests the follow-up fate of Walter Wanger productions.

Freddie March is a combination of Don Juan and Sherlock Holmes, who trails pseudo-murderess Joan Bennett across half the globe in this one. Before he gets his woman he leaves a path of broken hearts in Honolulu, Tokio, Shanghai, Singapore and points East.

You'd never call making movies work if you could see Freddie as we catch him when we arrive, surrounded by cute little Japanese geisha girls with obi bustles and patent-leather cut-fur. They hand him cups of saki, fan his fevered brow and crown Noriponene nitwits in his ear.

When they finally tear him away from the slant-eyed charmers—and it's a job—we watch a long scene where Master-Mind March uncovers fugitive Joan's trail from Tokio. In the middle, Ralph Bellamy, playing a dumb, thick-headed flatfoot, breaks in with a loud off-stage voice. Every time, right after this, Freddie blows his lines. And every time Ralph kids him.

Finally, after his third blow-up, Freddie falls over in a surprise geisha's lap. "I know what I need," he announces calmly. "More money!" A yelp comes from the sound-stage door. It's Walter Wanger himself. "More money?" he sputters. "Why I ought to dock your wages!"

The situation has all the elements of a European crisis, so we ease out and over to Selznick (Still Gone-With-the-Wind) International, where we're told Carole Lombard and Jimmy Stewart are "Made For Each Other."

"We amble right in for a look at Selznick's semi-windup before the eternal main event—"Wind"—as they call it now around the lot. "Made For Each Other" marks Carole's return to the straight dramatics after a series of eccentric assignments. It presents her as a female scribbler whom fate suddenly snaps by the skirts when she writes a best-seller novel. This pretty well guns up her marriage with Jimmy when success, wealth and adulation change her life. But you ought to know love always wins out in the end. Oddly enough, Carole's script name in this is her real name, Jane Peters.

We watch Director John Cromwell try to get just the right scene out of Carole and Jimmy. It's after they've been married and they're packing for the honeymoon boat. Before every take, a make-up man runs up to Jimmy and wipes the lipstick off his face. Carole is generous with the stuff when she kisses. They're about set to go when the same make-up man yells "Stop!" like a jilted lover at the altar. Carole whirls with a resigned look, "Am I shiny again?" she asks. He nods and fluffs powder all over her brow.

It's very hard, for some reason, for Carole to say "Very nice" with just the right ring to it. The rest of her lines roll out in apple-pie order but the "very nice" is very bad. "Maybe I'm not 'very nice';" she finally cracks.

"Oh, yes you are," says Jimmy, "or I wouldn't kiss you."

"You're getting paid for it," Carole comes back very nicely. Any time anyone gets the last word with Lombard!
Practically next door at Hal Roach’s another follow-up on a former hit is before the cameras. “Topper Takes a Trip,” with the old cast complete except for Cary Grant, is reviving the fantastic comedy antics of Roland Young, Constance Bennett, Billie Burke and all, under the Norman McLeod sly touch that made “Topper” so much fun.

If anything, “Topper Takes a Trip” will be twice as insane as “Topper.” Where “Topper” had forty special spooky effects of vanishings and rematerializations, the sequel ups it to eighty. People fade away and come back to life with the greatest of ease as poor, henpecked Roland Young fights a Paris divorce suit and gets enmeshed in the connivings of Continental slickers. Even “Asta,” the wire-haired terrier, retitled “Skippy” for this, floats about in the void as an ethereal canine conscience. You’ll have to see it to appreciate it.

Aside from the metaphysical aspects, the most amazing thing to us about the second “Topper” is that Cary Grant appears in it for two hundred feet and no pay, something unheard of in Hollywood. It seems that to get the picture off in some semblance of chronological sense, a flashback of the first part, where Cary and Connie meet their dooms, was needed.

Since he was much too busy to make it, Cary readily agreed to Roach’s clipping out a few feet of the old picture and splicing them in—and no extra charge.

The back lot of Roach’s is a hot but realistic Paris boulevard the morning we hurdle sound cables and switch boxes to a spot behind the camera. Roland Young very sensibly sits with Alan Mowbray under a sidewalk awning dipping in a carton of ice cream and ignores any such foolish activity. Everyone else is dripping perspiration, but Roland, in buttoned coat and vest, and woolen socks, focuses his monocle on the morning paper, cool as a Brown Derby parfait. When Connie Bennett strolls up, in dark glasses, he rises, says, “Oh, hello.” She nods and passes on.

It’s a symphony in sang-froid or something.
Jeanette MacDonald, currently appearing in M-G-M’s Technicolor film, “Sweethearts,” poses in a frost pink evening ensemble from her personal wardrobe. The slipper satin jacket conceals the softly draped bodice of the flowing chiffon gown. Miss MacDonald’s cape is of silver fox.


Natural color photography by Hurrell.

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

By Gwenn Walters

It’s moving day at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, our next stop in Culver City. The brand-new administration building, Louis B. Mayer’s pride, is finished and so many of the studio big shots are shifting around to get desk space there that only an earthquake could place a better shaker. In all this commotion it’s easy to forget anything is shooting, but we finally discover one of our favorite people, Joan Crawford, back at work in “The Shining Hour” after too long a vacation.

It’s little startling to burst on the “Shining Hour” set and find Joan Crawford in a white lace gown with a tiered bouffant skirt getting herself married to Melvyn Douglas. After all, she just separated from Franchot Tone. But Joan makes a lovely bride, just the same, as with misty eyes she breathes “I do,” and Melvyn gazes adoringly.

Movie weddings, though strictly make-believe, are always nerve-racking to actors. We’ve noticed it before as we do now. Melvyn paces the floor of the stage sucking a cigarette nervously, fixes his tie, shoots his cuffs. “You’d think,” he says, “I really was getting married! Joans, too, fidgets. The trouble is, we learn, that even when it’s for camera only, those fatal words pack an emotional wallop hard to shake off.

Glady Cooper, the English actress, made “The Shining Hour” a byword of the stage and Metro’s movies move with it. Aside to the play. For Joan it’s a big job, especially since she’s been idle ten months and her last picture, “Mannequin,” was not too good. Coming right after her domestic strife, it demands a dose of courage, but that’s something Miss Crawford has never lacked.

At Twentieth Century-Fox, Jane Withers rips things up in machine-gun order, handles a million inside activities and doubtless, one of these days, will run for Congress, too. “Arizona Wildcat” is “Jane Withers Out West” but with an 1878 period background. She’s an orphan waif (Where do all the starts be orphan waifs?) and adopted by a reformed bad man, Leo Carillo. The real bad man, hiding under the mask of the law, is Henry Wilcoxon. Jane exposes him, saves everybody else, of course. And in the nick of time you may be sure.

That’s the picture—but in real life, Jane, true to form, is strictly nuts about bad man Henry. He’s her latest “crush.” She asked her mother the other day if she could “adopt him as an uncle!”

The set is swarming with little Mexican kids from Olvera Street when we show up. To them, Leo Carillo is a grass caballero and Jane is a thing of a different grade. It’s something of a feat for the assistant director to pull Jane away from her marble game to shoot a scene. She’s regaling all the Mexican kids with her skill. Except one, who refuses to be charmed. We asked him, “Don’t you like Jane?”

“Naw,” he says, makes a face and a loud raspberry!

Then Jane hears and a minute later has him on her lap! Nobody can resist her long.

We check up on a couple of highly touted newcomers at our next two stops—Warners and Universal. John Garfield, the fine young actor of “Fugitive” fame, has a chance in “They Made Me A Criminal.” He gets several pokies in the nose, for one thing, appearing as a left-handed New York prize fighter who runs away before a murder charge, finds peace, a new life and Gloria Dickson on a California ranch. Claude Rains and that talented actress, Beulah Bondi, carry character assignments.

There is the picture that Warners hope will lift Garfield to the real paying proposition of a first-rank star. It well might, too, we ponder as we watch John, small, but sturdy knit, in a prize ring sequence in the old Jim Jeffries barn near Warners’ studio. This is just one of eight locations they’ve used in this picture. The place has the right look and it ought to, for Jim Jeffries was one of the greatest of them all and John, we learn, can handle his duke’s, too. He fought in several “Golden Gloves” ring tours before he started glaring into a movie camera.

While we’re looking everything over, the bell rings and cameras train down John. His face reminds us of the faces of both Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson. Maybe the Warner happy family is so close they get to look like another. At any rate, John goes getting with the gloves in the smoke and heat and yellow light of the realistic ring. Only he getting too fast and he slips, cracks his head on the ropes and—knocks himself out!

They’re still sopping his face and dousing him with water when we leave. But you won’t see that in the movie.

We HURRY to Universal for a look at Vincent Price and “Service De Luxe.”

Price, a Yale graduate, is another white hope of Hollywood. If you had a chance to see Helen Hayes in “Victoria Regina,” you’ll remember him. He was “Albert.” He was also, and still is, the four feet, four inches tall. His profile is as good as Barrymore’s used to be. Chances are you haven’t forgotten him.

“Service De Luxe” has a grand idea. It’s farce business. Leon Lamour, who manages “Mongoose” M cast-tan that will do everything from mind the baby to buy a discreet present for a chorus-girl sweetie. Constance Bennett is the head of the service. Vincent’s her client. She puts across his big business deal and also hers—which, of course, is Vincent.

Director Rowland Lee is directing what looks like a play hour for high-grade morons, when we look in. Vincent, all seventy-six inches of him, is down on his knees in the basement of a house, tinkering with a toy tractor. La Bennett is absent, being over at Roach’s on her popularity wave, where we just left her. But Helen Broderick, Joy Hodges and Charlie Ruggles, dignified in tails and a cigar, break in on the tinkering and start to kibitz. Vincent explodes, because he’s really making a model of a world-beating invention.

Mischa Auer, looking very glowing, sprawls limply in his canvas chair strangely labeled “Mischa Picha.” Nothing, he assures us, can make him feel happy. He has found a man taller than himself, Vincent Price, and now he has an inferiority complex!

On our way in to Hollywood and Paramount we make a quick stop at Columbia to get a preview peak at the latest movie family, the Blumstead. Columbia is bereft of big movies this month but is starting off “Blondie,” patterned after the comic strip which millions of Americans are said to digest each morning with their Foster Fruit.

“Blondie” is the first of a series, like the Hardys and the Joneses at M-G-M and Twentieth Century-Fox. It ought to be a little like both, too, as Kay Van Riper, who writes the Hardys, is doing the scripts and Shirley Deane, who acts in the Joneses, has a leading role. It seems good to see jovial Arthur Lake, the perennial juvenile, back in a steady picture spot. And the towheaded baby in the case, Larry Sims, is cuter than a Christmas stocking.

We leave them quilareling over the morning coffee in movie domesticity. “St. Louis Blues” calls. And if Paramount doesn’t make something grand out of a natural title like that, we’ll wire our Congressman!

Paramount, however, can manage to have more trouble casting a picture than any other major studio. Warners battle more with their players, but when you want a real casting mix-up, call around at Paramount.

George Raft was the original choice for the “Blues.” But the part called for a master of ceremonies and George thought he wasn’t the happy-chappie type. He’s just getting back on the Paramount pay roll as a result. Shirley Ross, on the other hand, was dying to do the feminine lead—but at the last moment a writer got the bright idea of making her the heroine—a Broadway actress famous for her sarong roles.

When you say sarong in Hollywood, you also say but one other name—Dorothy Lamour.

You’re right—it was Lamour who was finally awarded the role.

We watch Dorothy and Lloyd Nolan, the lucky young man who walked in when George Raft walked out, sing their way out of jail. “St. Louis Blues” takes place mostly on a Mississippi showboat where Dorothy flies to get away from it all and Lloyd, the captain, conceives the bright idea of dressing her in a sarong so she can get on Broadway, which is just what she’s running away from.

So you see Shakespeare can be wrong—the play’s not always the thing in Hollywood. Certainly, not in “St. Louis Blues.”

In fact, when we modestly inquire where in all the picture does the plot have anything remotely to do with St. Louis or the Blues there is confusion on the set. Nobody seems to know. Finally, after extended research, Dorothy Lamour remembers.

“Oh yes,” she says, “Maxine Sullivan sings the part of the ‘St. Louis Blues’—over a wash tub I believe!”

But it’s still a swell title.
Annabella, appearing in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Suez," chooses a yellow sweater to highlight her three-button, beige tweed suit that is check-striped in brown and yellow.

Kornman

Dull days come this season, for coats of happy brightness are here. Challenge them! Alice Faye (opposite page), who will soon appear in the twenty-first Century-Fox film, "The Girl from Brooklyn," wears a short-sleeved suit of plum woolen, strikingly contrasted by a crepe blouse and suede toque of hard, bright blue. To the high waistband on the suit skirt. This ensemble was selected in Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills.
Glamour and sophistication characterize these two formal costumes so typical of holiday formality. On the left, Adrian dramatizes a svelte collarless princess coat of dark brown wool, created for Jeanette MacDonald to wear in her new M-G-M film, "Sweethearts," with a pillow muff of beige monkey fur and center sleeve, silk-braid embroidery of matching hue. (Adrian's original sketch for this coat is shown above.) He trims Miss MacDonald's Turkish turban of brown felt with monkey fur also, and drapes it with silk jersey.

Joan Crawford's gown of black and white sheer (opposite page) interprets anew the ever-popular shirtmaker influence. Cabochon ruby studs and cuff links formalize its mood of naïveté. The flowing skirt fullness is released from unpressed pleats that are confined at the waistline by a wide girdle. Joan is appearing in M-G-M's "The Shining Hour"
Olivia de Havilland's duchess frock is distinguished by dolman sleeves, a high-draped neckline and its unusual fabric—heavy rough crepe with an all-over carnation pattern motif. Her matching felt toque boasts the same carnation treatment. Olivia is now appearing in Warners' "Wings of the Navy" with George Brent.
Edward Stevenson designed this dressmaker suit of black woolen for Barbara Stanwyck to wear in RKO's "The Mad Miss Manton." Self-cording edges the flared skirt and brief bolero jacket which boasts the dolman sleeve. A dramatic note is reflected in the Postman's bag of black fox. Joseff created the gold and emerald tassel brooch that finishes Barbara's dainty lingerie blouse.
WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance Photoplay Hollywood fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at many of the leading department stores throughout the U.S. right now. If you will write to the address given below, sending description or clipping of the hat or garment, you will be advised by return mail where, in your community, the item or items may be purchased. These hats and garments come in all sizes and in all popular shades. Address your letter to—

Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary,
Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York,
New York

FOUND IN THE SHOPS

Now comes the smart British influence... in felts for every fall occasion: Margaret Tallichet, who is currently appearing in Columbia's "Girls' School," suggests the Byron "Teatimer" (above left), a provocative version of the pillbox that tilts dangerously near the top of the nose, with tiny crown, tweaked into a point, looped trim and chou of grosgrain banding. Above right, Margaret Early, appearing in Selznick's "The Young in Heart," takes her cue from the Merrie England of long ago and models "Sherwood," a jazzy Byron felt with a high, dropped-tip crown, a softly rolling brim, a mottled grey quill soaring high. For town wear, Miss Early models Roxford's "Cocktail-hour" (far left), as intriguing a hat as you'll ever see. The brim, high-cuffed in back, turns sharply to a soft roll for the front. The modified stovepipe crown, relieved by a feather pompon and a dashing quill, gives height. Next, Miss Tallichet goes sportswoman, wearing the "Ainstree," trim Roxford sports felt, deftly stitched on crown and brim with contrasting shade, with an audacious badger brush to top off the crown.
Youth will step out this holiday season wearing romantic evening gowns. Dorothy Moore, who will soon be seen in Columbia's "Blondie," wears three charming Jeanne Barrie models of taffeta, woven of Celanese* rayon yarn, that you, too, will want to own. Top left, a gown reminiscent of a Southern belle. A shirred band edges the décolletage and joins the deep hemline flounce to the skirt. Above right, a pleated gown with swing skirt and a chic little contrast bolero of velveteen. Right, a Twentieth-Century gown quaintly styled over Eighteenth-Century hoops. Sophisticated black is picturesquely striped with pink.
Three winners—Virginia Bruce, screen favorite—her Safari brown Alaska sealskin coat, fashion favorite—and Copper, her favorite cocker spaniel—start for a brisk stroll from Virginia's Beverly Hills home. Her coat is a knee-length swagger model with flat collar, squared shoulders, bell sleeves and roomy patch pockets. Her pillbox is of matching fur. Virginia, an M-G-M star, is now appearing in Hal Roach's "There Goes My Heart".

The sketch above pictures in detail the sheer beige woolen Irene-designed frock that Virginia wears beneath her coat. The sleeves, yoke and collar are brown woolen.
Boy Meets Father

The car drove slowly up the driveway to the ranch and stopped.

"Gee, I hope Daddy's got a new baby calf and a colt and a pig," little Rickey Arlen cried, excitedly. "Don't you, Mummy?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Arlen. "I hope so."

At that moment Dick Arlen appeared at the door of the house. The husband and wife who had been separated for weeks looked at each other for a long lingering minute.

"Come on, Mummy, get out and let daddy show us his new pets. Come on," reiterated the small Rickey.

"Yes," echoed Dick, "please do.

And so these two, with pain in their hearts, wandered about the ranch with little Eickey.

When Joby returned to the car, Dick was still with her. And when she finally drove away, clouds seemed to have rolled away.

Who knows what may have happened by now?

The Look Who's Keeping Dates Department

A HANDSOME gentleman sat in the Trocadero Café and wrinkled. Occasionally he'd glance at his watch and peer anxiously at the door.

"Look," Joan Bennett said to her companion in an excited whisper, "isn't that Edgar Hoover, the famous 'G-man'? I wonder who he's waiting for?"

Quickly the word spread through the restaurant that "G" man Hoover was impatiently awaited a lady fair and speculation as to the lucky one ran high.

Then suddenly, she was there before him. Blonde, beautifully gracious, smiling.

"So sorry to be late," she apologized. "We could hardly get through the traffic."

Mr. Hoover's eyes lit up with an inner glow. "It's quite all right," he replied. "I'd wait all day for you."

"And I'd wait for you," smiled his date.

With that Mr. Hoover and Miss Shirley Temple ordered their lunch.

Sorcerer's Apprentices

It happened in the Trocadero when Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were in the midst of dinner. A small

boy, son of Mr. Hahn, owner of the café, appeared at Charlie's elbow.

"What's your name?" the boy asked, staring hard at the actor.

"Charlie Chaplin," came the reply.

"What do you do?" asked the boy.

"I'm in pictures," Mr. Chaplin replied. "I'm an actor."

"Oh, are you the funny man?"

"Yes.

The boy stared harder.

"Well, make me laugh."

Chaplin blinked twice and looked into the straight honest gaze of the boy.

"Aw, you can't make me laugh," he cried.

"Look," said Chaplin earnestly, "if I ate my shoe would you laugh?"

The boy considered. "Yes," he agreed. "I would."

So one little Master Hahn has a special date with one Mr. Charles Chaplin to view "The Gold Rush" so the small lad can really see Chaplin as a funny man eating his shoe.

Marital Tidbits

When Dick Powell started work on "Going Places" for Warners, he got very excited when a wire was delivered to him on the set just before the first shot was made. It was addressed to "Daddy Powell." He found it to be from wife Joan. It read "Make good for me and the kid—Joan." During their married life Ann Sothern and Edward Norris had a devoted colored couple working for them. When they separated recently one of their problems was what to do about the couple's pig. So Eddie took the man servant and Ann took the woman. Now she's househunting for a place to have her housekeeper keep house in.

Comedy of Errors

SPENCER TRACY went to the Trocadero one night with a friend. Seated at a table was a young man. Tracy said hello. "I didn't know you knew Bill Henry," said a friend. "I don't," said Tracy. "That's Dick Cromwell."

"O-o-oh, no, it isn't," came the firm answer.

"That's Bill Henry."

The argument went back and forth. Finally, a waiter was called and asked to bring to a few fans who hung around the front door of the Troc. Spencer treated them to a sandwich and then casually pointed out his friend across the way. "Do you know who that is?" he asked indifferently. "It's Bill Henry," came the answer in chorus. Tracy gulped. "Well, I spent a week on the same boat with him," he said, and I called him Dick Cromwell the entire time."

A Stare Astaire

JUST before he went to New York, Fred Astaire received a bull mastiff puppy as a present from Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. Three weeks later, Fred returned to Hollywood again. When he opened his front door, he was greeted by a young horse who knocked Fred flatter than the proverbial pancake.

When he had recovered his composure, Fred took another look at his pet. He just couldn't believe that a dog could grow so fast in such a short time. Fred rushed to the phone, called Douglas and told him of the experience. "That dog gets bigger every time I wink my eyes," Fred exclaimed. "Well, you might as well get used to it, Doug. And he still has ten months of growing to do."

"I asked for a house pet," cracked Fred resignedly, "but I didn't think I'd have to keep him in a hangs."

"Of Such Stuff . . ."

When Joan Crawford had to carry Margaret Sullivan out of a burning house for scenes in "The Shining Hour," Joan worried for days ahead. She was afraid she might hurt Margaret, who is expecting the stork in a very few months. The day they actually shot the scene, Joan cranked down on her knees first to break the fall and then gently put Margaret on the ground next to her. After several takes, Joan's knees were raw and bleeding. But as long as she hadn't upset Maggie she was satisfied.

The next morning, Joan dragged herself to work. Her legs were stiff and her knees ached. Margaret Sullivan, looking fit as a fiddle, arrived next. "Oh, I feel so good," la Sullivan beamed quite innocently. "I played three sets of badminton before I came to the studio this morning!"

Hollywood Goes Doggy

THE dogs are certainly having their days in Hollywood! Over at M-G-M literally hundreds of pooches of all types, breeds and pedigrees are being "interviewed" and tested for the important role of "Toto," the little dog who is Dorothy's pet in "The Wizard of Oz."

Up the street at the Hal Roach Studio, Skippy—or Asta if you'd prefer that name—has a top role in "Topper Take a Trip" and is busy cavorting before the cameras with his usual scene-stealing antics.

At Columbia, a practically unknown K-9 has lapped up one of the best roles of the year as "Daisy," Baby Dumplag's playmate in the "Blondie" series, while at the Colonial Pictures Studios a big appealing police dog has wagged his tail in the way of the part of "Sandy," Annie's reli-
ONE MAD AUER

His eyes are pools of sorrow—but his mind is a capering harlequin that flips the world comic side up

BY IDA ZEITLIN

One day Mischa Auer woke to the realization that he hadn't had a new tie in eight years. He walked into a haberdasher's. "I am the law of compensation," he told the clerk. "Please give me a tie. Any tie." Since then the law of compensation has been buying himself a tie a week.

He hired as cook a German who'd thumbed a ride from him. "There's something wrong with that guy," said Mr. Auer's wife after one look. "Nonsense. You don't understand the Continental viewpoint. He's down-and-out. We have to give him a break."

It wasn't until the cook coaxed him one morning at the point of a butcher's knife to wash the breakfast dishes that Mischa lost faith in his protegé.

He discovered that by rolling grapefruit up and down the black keys of a piano he could get the effect of Debussy's overtones. His Grapefruit Suite in E-Flat has since become a classic. One day weird sounds issued from the living room. His wife popped her head in. Mischa was instructing his grandmother, an accomplished pianist who, for twenty-five years, had accompanied Leopold Auer, his musician grandfather, in the "grapefruit" technique. "Maybe I better try oranges," the discouraged pupil was saying.

"No, oranges are for amateurs. Now once more—so—so—gently—pianissimo—You see? Grandfather would have been proud of you."

With ten dollars in his pocket, and no idea where the next ten was coming from, he'd go to the Coconut Grove and have himself a time. When their windows went curtailless for lack of funds, when their bed was an old mattress set up on boards, when they dined off a card table, they still employed a cook and a nurse. "You're a darling who can't cook," he informed Mrs. Auer. "Tony's a darling who needs a nurse. I'm a darling who likes to eat. We'll pay them some day."

So Gooly (the baby's version of Julia) would get her salary on Monday. Mischa would borrow it back on Tuesday, saying: "Gooly, you're a sucker and you'll end in the poorhouse."

He's a kleptomaniac about sunglasses. Money burns holes in his pockets, but for some reason it breaks his heart to pay eighty-five cents at a drugstore for a pair of smoked glasses. Leave your own within his reach and they're lost to you forever. "You forgot 'em, they're mine," and he bears them off to a hiding place no one has been able to discover.

He doesn't trust himself with money. He has a business manager who puts him and his wife on an allowance. Mrs. Auer was normal when they married, but has since become happily infected by her husband's germ. He insists that checks brought him for his countersignature be covered except for the signature line.
“Are you Miss Tillman? I’m Mischa.”

“And what am I supposed to do?”

“Go to lunch with me at Tania Tuttle’s.”

A few days later he phoned. “I’m Mischa. What are you doing Sunday?”

“I have a date.”

I can offer you live. First, I’d like to take you to the tennis match. From there I’d like to take you to lunch at the Brown Derby. From there I’d like to take you to a cocktail party. From there I’d like to take you to another cocktail party. From then I’d like to take you to dinner at a friend’s house. By that time maybe you’ll be able to tell if you like me.”

She was startled, amused, curious to discover what lay behind this funny guy’s sad-looking eyes. When she found out and wrote her parents that she was about to marry a Russian actor, they yelled, “In a country full of Americans, why do you have to pick a barbarian?”

“I am that’s why,” counseled Mischa. “A barbarian you don’t pick up on every street corner.”

Norma had been bred to the theory that you lived within your income, however small. At first Mischa’s novel ways were beyond her. The sinister Orientals, which were all he could get to do, failed to cover the budget. With bill collectors at the door, Norma would wring her hands and weep.

“What difference will it make a hundred years from now?” Mischa would yawn, and go to sleep.

He wasn’t as imperturbable as he would have had it appear, but he had a perfect defense mechanism. When upset, he’d get sleepy at the moment he heard, and by some sixth sense recognized, a collector’s ring, he’d tumble into bed and sleep like a fool.

Little by little, she caught his spirit. He was always gay, she was always worried. Therefore, he must be right and she must be wrong. Besides, you had to live with Mischa as you found him or stop living with him and the latter thought never entered her head. Bill collectors and all, she was having more fun than she’d ever known life could offer.

**WITH “My Man Godfrey”—and the now-famous gorilla act—came the turn in the tide. The first Howes were jaded but were beyond her.**

“I signed a long-term contract with Universal today,” Mischa announced.

“Well, don’t get any fancy ideas,” returned Norma. “You’ll be treated with the customary indulgence.”

He doesn’t work at being a funny man. His humor is casual, carefree and unself-conscious and wells from a seemingly inexhaustible fount. He can do things with his face that would a gargoyle to shame. Henry Koster was directing him in Universal’s “The Rage of Paris,” Danielle Darrieux’s first starring vehicle in America. He had to steel himself to watch one of Mischa’s clowns.

The after dinner was ruined by his own ill-suppressed snorts of mirth. Finally in de-par, he covered his face with his hands. “Do its own—Mischa I won’t look.” But halfway through the take, he was peering like a fascinated child from between his fingers. “I have seen many actors do many things,” he apologized, “but this is the first time I have seen a man turning his face inside out.”

Mischa’s clowns, as facile as his features. As the Indian in “The Gay Desperado,” he had to streak, cat-footed, over a stretch of ground. The director, explaining the action, grew a little irked.

“I want you to put the spirit of all the Aztecs into this. I want you to run like a mirage. No—wait a minute—a gazelle—that it. Run like a gazelle, Mischa.”

“Am I a gazelle?” Mischa inquired patiently.

One night he and his wife were driving home from the Coconut Grove. “Wish we could take a trip,” said Norma idly.

In Mischa’s head something clicked. “We’re taking a trip.”

“Where?”

“Soon as the picture’s finished.”

“Where?” The words Normandie Avenue flashed by on a street sign. “Europe. On the Normandie.”

And they did. It was a red-letter day for Mischa when they went down for their passports. He, the exile, the refugee, who’d never had anything but a Nansen passport, who’d spent thirty years in the streets of Paris before the gates of America opened, was getting his first American passport. For once he lost his composure and, when they shoved the little book under his nose, he signed it: “Best wishes, Mischa.”

Curiously enough, it was Norma who had trouble in satisfying the authorities.

“Nice business,” Norma grumbled. “You’re a foreigner, you know. An American—quarter Indian, to boot. So they send you sailing through and they hold me up.”

“Very simple,” explained Mischa kindly, for the benefit of all who had ears. “It’s because I’m white.”

**TONY shows unmistakable evidence of being his father’s offspring. He, too, has a talent for slipping out from under. In a moment of stress, a certain invisible Bessie was conjured to the rescue. He was being reprimanded. “That wasn’t me who did it. That was Bessie.”**

“Bessie who?”

“Bessie Purcy.”

“Bessie Purcy who?”

“There.” He waved into space.

Thereafter, Tony became an angel of light; Bessie, the miscreant, shouldered his misdeeds. Then Bessie faded. “Went to Reno,” says Mischa. “He’s found—Tony is on his other feet.

When he gets into trouble, he’s banned to the upper regions, known as Siberia. During his exile he becomes Siberia Sam. Mischa is rarely called on to play the heavy parent. “The role doesn’t suit me.” But Tony had acquired a habit of ordering people about and his father was elected to break it. He found Siberia Sam lying comfortably on his stomach, chin cupped in his palm.

“So I give him this marvelous fatherly-advice speech, this man-to-man basis. "Let me hand you a tip, Tony. If you yell at people, they won’t like you. Be nice, and you’ll get more.”

Carried away by his own eloquence, he went on. “Tony wanted to know about the treaty. "I’m going over like a million dollars,” thought Mischa. At length he ran down. “Well, what do you think of it?”

Tony met him with finality. “I think nothing of it. Why do you make such funny faces?”

Mischa’s idea of the good life is to live in the tropics on ten dollars a year and do his ape act on the waterfront for drinks. Not that he has any current complaints. He’s as gay as when the wolf howled at his door, but no longer. He’ll concede that his present existence has its advantages. “For instance, we moved down to the beach. I left the house in the morning, got down to the strong house at the beach and began shaving things in the bathroom. Then I sensed my power. For the first time I felt like my grandfather. Boy, what a racket!”

**Terrorism isn’t with finality. “I think nothing of it. Why do you make such funny faces?”**

Mischa’s clowns are good to live with. He felt at home with the screwball family created by George Kaufman and Moss Hart. Alice, youngest of the Symmores, said of them: “I know no do rather strange things—I never know what to expect next—but they’re gay and they’re fun and—1 don’t know—there’s a kind of nobility about them. That may sound silly, but I mean the temperature of things other people give their whole lives to.”

We’ll waive the nobility, let Mischa sue for libel. Just the same, he’s a Symmome at heart.
By Howard Sharpe

At last! Margaret Sullavan has found what she had always dreamed of and yet never dreamed existed.

The gentlest of spring rains traced delicate patterns in the grime of Chicago warehouses lining the elevated trestle over which the Century roared arrogantly toward the terminal. It was offensively soft weather for the occupant of Stateroom A, Car 112, she wanted flood, explosive thunder, destructive violence—a storm, shrieking and furious, to match the one in her heart.

Maggie Sullavan was in a pet. Hair rumpled, stockings seemed unaligned, skirt awry, she lay sprawled on the tiny couch and with one hand made indignant little slits through a sheaf of telegrams she held. Despite the effacement they were still legible. Dated several days ago, they were all from the studio, remarking that her tests were satisfactory photographically except for a mole on her face.

“Arrive sans mole,” said the wires, in effect.

Part of Maggie’s anger was retrospective. The plastic surgeon she had gone to, in the first place, had called it a wart—her favorite mole, which she had always thought so distinguished; and in the second place he had billed her $500 for its removal.

She hadn’t paid him yet, which was just as well. Because the thing was infected and half her face was swollen, pulling her nose to the left. Most of the trip out had been spent in front of the mirror and now she confronted it again, poking her face and wincing.

“I can’t stand it,” she muttered, scowling.

“They lure me away from Broadway with too much money—and now this. The final humiliation. . . .”

In her hotel suite later, while the doctor she had immediately called waited, she phoned Western Union. The wire she sent to Hollywood stated tersely that removal of her mole had caused infection and that would delay her in Chicago. It was probable, she added, that she would die of blood poisoning, in which case they had best not take the chance of holding up the picture. “Get somebody else,” she suggested.

“That’s a lie,” the doctor, standing near, said. “I just told you the swelling would be gone by tomorrow or the next day.”

“I know it.” She did not smile. “I need the extra time because there’s something important I must do here.”

Maggie Sullavan didn’t explain, although, in all truth, she might have added, “I have to divorce my husband.”

She remembered the afternoon, some months ago, when she had got out of a cab in front of Bergdorf’s and run into Alice—dear Alice, one of Winchell’s sources—on the sidewalk. She had stood unwillingly, her ankles snapping with cold under the lengths of fur she wore, for minutes while Alice sorted and offered her inevitable gossip; it had come out in little sharp swords of frosted breath. But Alice never peddled news except for value received.

“You and Hank divorced yet?” she asked finally.

“Haven’t had time,” Maggie said. “Six weeks . . .”

“My dear, the Johnsons—you remember—managed much more easily. In Chicago.”

Maggie’s cold nose twitched with sudden interest. “How?”

“Darling! You know I never pry into other people’s private affairs. Ask them.”

So Maggie had asked them.

Now, as she lay back in a chair to allow the surgeon’s treatment, she thought, but I haven’t told Hank. He’s got a right to know, to have his say. Maybe—

“Remind me to send another wire when you get through butchering me,” she told the doctor.

She got the answer to it that night. In her hotel suite, her cheek smarting under the bandages, her fingers miraculously calm, she opened the yellow envelope and read the single line: “Anything you want is okay good cheer darling.”

It was signed, “Hank.”

For a long time she sat, unmoving, searching within herself for reaction, for unhappiness, for the empty sense of loss this ending must, by all rights, bring with it. There was nothing. She thought of phrases from songs, written to articulate what she was supposed to feel now—“All my dreams, gone beyond recall . . .” “Good-by to spring and all it meant . . .” “Just friends, lovers no more . . .” She caught herself snickering with the embarrassment they
caused her. They needed enhancement by Lombardo, moony atmosphere. She knew only a sense of relief, an enormous fondness for Hank. That was not right; she felt cheated. Desperately she turned to nostalgia, drawing out the sharp memory of nights pale with light reflected from the beach and the smooth surface of Silver Lake; of football games and the colored autumn: Princeton-Yale, chrysanthemum in her red cloche hat, streamers on a stick, Hank, with a cigarette stuck to his lower lip, shouting while she shouted; small dinners in the Village, desperately Bohemian; rococo supper clubs, and Hank; the bad time, and rice for dinner, and Hank; Harlem at dawn.

There was nothing. Anyway, she thought, one thing's certain. I'll never marry again, since I couldn't make a go of this. She got up and went to the phone. Never, she thought, dialing.

Then she waited, not thinking at all, until the persistent ringing brought a sleepy lawyer's voice to her ear.

After that there was a blank period in her life, a time without meaning. Hollywood and the making of "Only Yesterday" were part of it; the woman named Margaret Sullivan, small and lean and sharp-faced as always but somehow without a certain vital spark in her personality, fumed and raged at the studio and the town and the picture. After the first rushes she offered them $2500 to release her. They refused, protesting the rushes were terrific. She made the picture as hastily as she could, growling off set.

There were impressions, detached, confused, seen in the light of her bewildering dual character. The press, businesslike, openly praying without apology: the voice of her professionally Southern progenitors returning again to sneer, and her intelligence refuting that; the directors who praised her artistry with one voice and in the next moment reminded her she was there to obey orders, not to be temperamental; the lack of conversation in any company, the tropical laziness everywhere, the sameness. And the loneliness... .

She fled to New York the instant she was free. The city, she realized after the first day, was a depression city, dispirited and lethargic under the spell that had begun in 1929. Maggie had been too close, too busy, to understand this before. Besides, she was more than ever alone in the midst of too many friends, all of whom demanded time and strength from her who needed, just then, both from others.

In Hollywood there had been long periods when her nagging mind, still battling furiously with the thought of failure and the evolution of her dim future, had been induced by the peaceful slow pace of the Coast world to sleep for long periods, release her from turmoil. Days—even weeks had gone by in which she had eaten and slept and worked without remembering such things as maladjustment, or emptiness of feeling, or stalemate of personal progress. But here in this harsh realism, with every phase of her past brought sharply to notice, once again her mind took up its relentless march—to nowhere.

There was, she thought, nowhere to go. In analysis she realized now that so far her life had consisted of two great phases: her childhood and early youth, spent fighting the restricting clutch of an earlier generation, a softer generation—an eternity spent seeking escape and achieving escape.

Then had come love, the second phase: Hank, and the years until marriage, and the year of marriage, and the time afterward when the same love had the same importance but translated to the past tense and the passive voice.

Now she had escape and it bored her. Now she had love no longer... .

Hollywood, waving its magic checkbook, enjoined her to return and make "Little Man, What Now?" with Douglass Montgomery. She accepted almost lustlessly. When it was over (she liked Hollywood no better afterward) she checked her resources, found them replete, and sailed for Europe.

For a while she lost herself in the strangeness of a different world, in the excitement of discovery.

Health, mental and physical, would not long tolerate her state of mind and Maggie was congenitally robust, wiry; when her boat docked at Manhattan again her heart was singing in a manner that was almost cheerful, and she had a plan.

She remembered her greatest happiness as intrinsic in the summers she had spent playing stock. Well, it was summer—of 1934—and there was the Mt. Kisco Stock Company preparing its season. She went there and for two months, until August, she had a kind of happiness: negative, but peaceful.

Then again Hollywood wired a picture was waiting for her and she at once made aeroplane
reservations with what amounted to excitement. The turbine, long dormant, had revived. She was ready, again, for anything. If there were nothing, she would create something.

Let Hollywood, and the world, look out. It has been too long, too long—

**DIRECTOR WILLIAM WYLDER,** his eyes red with fury, flicked the sweet from his forehead and planted himself in front of his star, arms folded. He said, with menacing calm, "Now you listen to me. You've disrupted this company, you've marred this picture—don't interrupt!—last twelve months, by shooting schedule was seven and you've all but demoralized me... now this is the end of the line. Mr. MacMurray, stand on that chalk mark, twist that vicious pan into the semblance of a human face and look through the scene in pathos. You're not supposed to whine or suffer silently by gritting your teeth. You're going to cry—get it? Bawl. A little.

Maggie Sullivan heard him out in silence, her chin an insult. Then, without a word she turned her heel and left the set of "The Good Fairy" for the twenty-second time since shooting began.

Half an hour later, while she sat in her dressing room and shook with rage, there was a knock, the door opened, and Weems entered. He said, "Now then, Sullivan," he said, "she hit her tongue to keep from screaming. With the utmost venom she turned her back on him, her lips quivering. "But you respect me," he interrupted. "Don't you?"

She turned open for retort, then closed, since there was none. The lump of her anger dissolved. She grinned weakly.

"I'm going to take you to dinner," he said then. "Get ready. You're smart enough to know I'm only doing this in the hope of talking you out of being difficult, so I can finish the picture."

A gleam of frustration appeared in her eyes. She reached for a jar of cream, dipped out a blob with her fingers and began removing grease point...

**In his car she settled comfortably and looked coldly out of the window, refusing to help.** He asked her voice. "Where would you like to eat?"

"I don't care," she said at her nails. "I'm restless—let's go somewhere silly, do something without any trouble.

He turned the car toward Santa Monica.

They dined on the terrace of a café overlooking the beach; and with the crab flaked he talked smoothly of new novels and art, with the clam broil of the stage and evening acting, with the lobster of personalities and Hollywood as a social phenomenon. His voice was calm, assured, reassuring. While he told her it Maggie could not remember clearly the source of her hatred, nor of her fury, nor of her blasting temper that afternoon. She felt suddenly as if she was losing to this man a fight which she herself had started; and so, jerking herself free from the nightmare words he said, she pushed back her plate and her chair.

"I'm tired of fish. Shore dinners always sound better than they taste. Let's do something to digest—if it's possible."

He paid the check, grinning. "Do you like rollers sometimes?"

She shrugged.

A few minutes later, waiting on the platform for the little string car to come rearing in, she had a momentary qualm. The trolley leaned so high, like a giant's maid playing; the distant screams of those already among her seemed such authentic fright... Then she was in the front seat, with Willie impassive beside her, and they were climbing jerkily up the first steep incline, toward black starlit doom.

LOVELY SKIN IS VERY APPEALING! THAT'S WHY I ADVISE EVERY GIRL TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN AS I DO.

I REMOVE STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S A SIMPLE, EASY CARE THAT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH.

LOVELY SKIN IS VERY APPEALING! THAT'S WHY I ADVISE EVERY GIRL TO GUARD AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN AS I DO.

HONEYMOON TENDERNESS

—keep it through the years—let Lux Toilet Soap help you guard against Cosmetic Skin

WISE is the woman who cherishes the charm of lovely skin. She does it the easy Hollywood way—with gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes thoroughly the stale cosmetics, dust and dirt which, if left choking the pores, may mean unattractive Cosmetic Skin, with its dullness, tiny blemishes and enlarged pores. Use this fragrant white soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

DECEMBER, 1938
CLOSE UP OF HOLLYWOOD DESIGNERS

PRODUCED BY PHOTOPLAY

DIRECTED BY GWENN WALTERS

Lights! Action! Camera!

YOUR Fashion Editor, enthused by the gay holiday spirit, has gone Hollywood with a vengeance and replaces her regular Fashion Letter with a surprise package which brings you a Hollywood production designed to reveal not only the important trends of the moment, but also to provide a keen insight into the careers of outstanding creative geniuses whose courage and vision combined to make their names bywords in the fashions of the commercial world as well as the motion-picture world. Quiet, please! Roll 'em!

Close Shot: Galer at the age of ten conceived and executed all of his mother's hats (with emphasis on "executed" at Galer's request) Cut To: Helen Ainsworth (Cupid to her Hollywood friends) at the age of ten played office instead of house. Fade Out.

Fade In: Time—present. Place—Hollywood. Galer and Cupid are partners in the millinery business, for it was she who decided that he should design hats for her, and who shortly thereafter decided that he needed a promoter and—he decided he did! So, together, as pioneers of the now famous Sunset Strip, they opened their Hollywood shop and decided together that they would create the best hats for the best people that would eventually be available to the more hat-conscious women of the world. And they did!

Now during 1938 they are tasting the lucious first fruits of their labors, for they count among their following some of the most glamorous stars of the cinema. (Here are a few names selected at random from the many that adorn their famous autograph board that greets you as you enter their shop—Janet Gaynor, Alice Faye, Jean Arthur, Billie Burke, Helen Hayes.) They also have a wholesale outlet the length and breadth of these United States—you will find the Galer label in the better shops of every metropolis; and they also ship Galer models to Australia, London and South America. They, Galer and Cupid, make hats that go to the heart as well as the head!

Galer loves "chats about hats." He said, "Color, color and more color is my creed for the winter of 1938. I am featuring two pet color combinations. Number one: pink and black, designed for Mrs. Don Ameche; Number two: dark brown enchantingly lifted by 'romance' purple, designed for Jean Arthur."

Noted for his more whimsical flights of fancy, Galer also makes the practical sport hat of felt which can be worn by "Sixteen" or "Sixty."

So Galer and Cupid have arrived—you will see some of their hats in PHOTOPLAY's fashion pages next month. Fade Out.

Fade In: "Suedes By Voris" is the imposing nameplate that distinguishes the famous "little" shop that belongs to the petite, charming Voris, whose career has been as unusual as the medium she uses in her designs. Still in her twenties, she started her leather-designing career with a bit of chaps laid away by her younger brother. Out of this leather she made miniature garments which were soon interpreted into life-size models. Today she has the distinction of being the only person in the world who designs exclusively in leather from head to foot. Her models are styled for active spectator sport and evening wear. Such star names as Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald, Irene Dunne, Bette Davis and Virginia Bruce are included in her clientele.

Voris' style trends are staple and simple. She features frocks, one and two-piece, swagger top coats, "the separates," gored skirts, dressmaker blouses, bags, gloves and hats.

Always having an eye for romance and individuality in her creations, her color chart for cruise and winter suggests an itinerary for a glorious California holiday—Golden Gate Gold, Santa Anita Blue, Desert Tan, Spanish Tile, Redwood Brown, Mission Pink, Cactus Green and Poinsettia Red!

Voris discards the old adage, feeling "a stitch in time..." is a "waste" of time, so she cements her creations together—they last a lifetime, as does their style.

Bullock's-Wilshire, which carries her creations, recently sponsored a Voris all-suede fashion show—the first all-suede show ever held in Hollywood fashion history.

Leading stores throughout the country carry Voris designs, so, luckily, you don't have to live in Hollywood to own one. Fade Out.

Print Them! That's All For Today!
Lovely and light hearted—that describes Hollywood's attractive young star DEANNA DURBIN whose merry mood is caught in the camera shot above. And it is just such gayness and happiness that Double Mint gum helps bring you. The reason—double-lasting, wonderful tasting Double Mint gum is so delicious, it helps take your mind off your minor cares and you become more natural and at ease and people like you better. Besides, the relaxing chewing exercise helps relieve tenseness and nervousness so that you look more refreshed and lovely.

Healthful, delicious Double Mint Gum aids your digestion, helps sweeten your breath and relax tense nerves. Also it helps polish your teeth into a lovely smile. Sold everywhere. 5c.

Get some today.

As a becoming dress sets off a happy face, endearing DEANNA DURBIN, Universal Pictures' star now playing in "That Certain Age"—gave Double Mint gum permission to show this fashion sketch of her new party dress, the one photographed above.

From her personal wardrobe. Designed for her by Vera West,Universal Pictures' fashion creator. It's easy to make and flattering. Just purchase SIMPLICITY Pattern 2951 at any Simplicity dealer or write Simplicity, 200 Madison Ave., N.Y. City. But remember Double Mint helps you to be lovely and happy—the first essential to looks. Enjoy Double Mint gum today.
For carefree lounging, Marjorie Weaver, who is now appearing with John Barrymore in 20th Century-Fox's "Hold That Co-Ed," wears pajamas of mauve Skinner satin designed by Hogan. The contrast piping is of Josette green. Marjorie's stunning pajama, "Night Flight" by name, was selected from the Broadway-Hollywood.
WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
. More Like a Honeymoon!

SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE... THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*

Vitamin A, the “skin-vitamin,” is necessary to skin health.
- In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker.
- Now this “skin-vitamin” is in every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream! Use Pond’s night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming “skin-vitamin” into her skin. She says: “I’m glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond’s—the cream I’ve always used.”

Earl’s Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond’s since her debut days... “Now I’m more enthusiastic about Pond’s than ever. Extra ‘skin-vitamin’ in Pond’s Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin.” (above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

“Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond’s new ‘skin-vitamin’ beauty care! I’ve always used Pond’s. It softens my skin... gives sparkle to my make-up.”

Charming Hostess, MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III (left) popular in New York’s young married set

Amazing Pond’s Offer
With purchase of large jar of Pond’s Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond’s “Glare-Proof” Powder. BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream. LIMITED SUPPLY.... GET YOURS TODAY!

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND’S

* Statements concerning the effects of the “skin-vitamin” applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond’s Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N.B.C.
Tyrone Power and his mother at the dedication of a plaque in honor of Tyrone's father, who played the role of Brutus in "Julius Caesar" in May, 1916, in Beechwood Canyon. It was the first play to be given on the site of what is now the famous Hollywood Bowl.

"Even His Best Friends Don't Know Him"

(Continued from page 27)

quiet and secluded, not the giddiest Hollywood rendezvous, but it gives Ty- rone the satisfaction to go there. And when he speaks of Alice, his voice is charged with emotion. He feels that without her life would be black night he would have lost his nerve completely, and if an actor ever does once lose his nerve he's through.

The story follows, the contrasting incident of Tyrove and a Hollywood Glamour Girl. Around three years ago, Tyrove was Hollywood and, but he had a woman. Nonetheless, he knew a pretty girl when he saw one and he knew how to get an introduction too, and the very moment he did meet the girl he tried to get a date with her. But she was a Glamour Girl and he was a nobody, so she couldn't be his. However, when Tyrove clicked, the girl sought him and insinuated that a date with her would be very much in order. But this time Mr. Power was busy, very busy.

You see, he has a remembrance of things past.

It is right here that I believe Tyrove is deeply fortunate. For all his talent, for all his showmanship, there runs through his life a strain of bad luck that is the protection he has. The dominating loss of his father forced him into a quick maturity and the fact that he tried to get a date with the girl who now melts beneath his cynical glance. For one of the biggest distortions that has been printed is that star is he a "perfectly normal young man." He is as un-normal—and don't get me wrong: I said un-normal, not abnormal—as they come.

For he is distinctly wiser than his years and wittier than an Irish politician (but he'll never get the gravy, so that's something he can do where he comes by the instinct). If, on his arrival in stardom, he did the natural, took out and got himself a lady like Sonja Hemsex, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and numerous others, he now is, after much reflecting, he is the girl who now melts beneath his cynical glance. For one of the biggest distortions which has been printed is that star is he a "perfectly normal young man." He is as un-normal—and don't get me wrong: I said un-normal, not abnormal—as they come.

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New Gifts by West Bend

by West Bend

"Tri-Fit" Teaettle

One finger on easier cavity opens and closes the spoon when filling or pouring — leaves the other hand free. Cool Bakelite handle. 25 oz. capacity. The "Tri-Fit" whiskles when water boils. Useful and attractive. Available in "span" or polished aluminum.

$2.75

Serving Oven

This good-looking, practical invention — the hit of the year in pideware — heats, cools, tendons nuts, muffins, crackers, and homemade foods — on any move — and keeps them piping hot in the table. Smart for luncheon, dinners, buffets. Consists of base, cover, and base in "span" or polished aluminum. Bakelite handles.

$2.75

Buy West Bend Gutware at leading department stores and gift shops. If your favorite dealer cannot supply you, order by mail.

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Dept. 47, West Bend, Wis.
Please send me the following as marked:
—Tri-Fit" Tea Kettles at $2.75 each
—Tri-Fit" Tea Kettles at $2.85 each
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Prices on all three items are $2.95 each from Denver west.

I understand the above prices include postage and packing and, therefore, will be delivered to my home without additional charges.

I enclose check/money order for $..........................hereewith:

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Address
City State
GIFTS THAT SPEAK A LANGUAGE

Every woman loves!

Evening in Paris Perfume, with its own efficient, lasting atomizer... $1.75

Evening in Paris Perfume with its own efficient atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Single Vanity... $4.00

Evening in Paris Perfume in purse flacon, and Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne... $3.75

Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder, and Double Loose Vanity... $10.00

Evening in Paris Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder and Double Loose Vanity... $10.00

Evening in Paris Perfume and Evening in Paris Face Powder rest in a gift chest of rich, satiny lining... $8.25

Evening in Paris Vanity... $5.00

Evening in Paris Perfume in luxurious presentation boxes... $8.10-$8.00

Purse Flacon... $5.00

New Evening in Paris Vanities. All types and sizes... $8.25-$8.50

Evening in Paris Vanity... $8.50

CREATED BY

BOURJOIS
The Case of the Hollywood Scandal
(Continued from page 31)

I have every reason to believe that he has followed us here.

The detective held his right hand clamped in a grip of steel on Bruce Eaton's right arm. The key to the safe-deposit box was clenched in Bruce Eaton's right hand. The two men seemed frozen into immobility. Eaton said, "I'm putting the key on the table. If you and I start battling, it's going to be front-page news. It's bad publicity for me as an actor. Now, I'm warning you: Keep out of this."

The detective turned to me, "So I've been shadowing you, eh? Where were you last night?"

I felt a sudden surge of rage. I pushed back my chair and got to my feet. "Where were you last night?" I demanded and I knew that my eyes were blazing into his. "You tried to follow me, and . . . ."

His face twisted, his voice suddenly raised in pitch, "Say, you ain't ..." He stopped, took a deep breath and roared at me, "Nix on it, Sister! You keep the hell out of this. And what I want to know is, what's this you're after?"

Bruce Eaton jerked his right hand out from under the other's grip.

"Give me what you're holding in that right hand," he demanded, pointed at Eaton. And I saw that the eyes of everyone in the dining room were on Eaton.

"Take this hand instead," Bruce Eaton snapped.

He handed a hard, smacking impact to the jaw with his left fist, a smooth, well-timed blow that packed plenty of force behind it.

The detective staggered back. Then he came in with a rush.

I'd read in a picture magazine that it was never necessary to use doubles for Bruce Eaton in the fight scenes. He was one actor who could take it and who could dish it out. Now he dished it out.

The proprietor came running, but the detective was completely vanquished before he got there. "What is it?" the proprietor asked, "What happened?"

Bruce Eaton indicated the bruised, battered detective. "This man," he said, "was annoying the lady, your missis, right here.

The proprietor turned to the detective. "Out you go," he said.

The detective started saying something. Bruce Eaton caught him by the collar. "Out you go," he repeated, and with one hand on his collar, the other he started him on a rush to the door.

I was seized with a sudden inspiration. I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes to one. There was a telephone booth near the cashier's desk, and I went to it, dropped a nickel and called the office. To the man who answered, I said, "Mr. Foley, his voice on the other end of the line.

"This is Miss Bell, Mr. Foley," I said. "I've just had an experience . . . I . . . I wanted to ask you . . . ."

"Yes," he said clippedly, "go ahead, Miss Bell. Everyone knows it is.

"You remember that detective who was investigating . . . ."

"What about him?"

"I'm having lunch with a . . . with a friend. A few minutes ago the detective came in. He started to make a scene. He's evidently been following me."

"Why should he follow you?" Mr. Foley asked.

I thought for a moment I should say...
something about that key, but instead I heard myself saying, glibly enough, "I'm sure I don't know.

"Well, what happened?" he asked.

"He asked me, in a loud, accusing voice, where I was last night, and I got angry and waved my fist in his face and said, 'Where were you last night?' and started to accuse me of shadowing me.

"Yes," Foley said anxiously, "what happened?"

"There was a very peculiar change over him."

"You mean his facial expression?"

Foley asked.

"No, in voice."

"What did he say?" Foley asked.

"He said, 'Say, you ain't . . . and then stopped."

"How did his voice change?"

"I don't know as I can tell you. It was pitched a little higher and . . ."

"How about your voice?" Mr. Foley said crisply. "Did he accent the 'you'?"

"No."

"You're certain of that?"

"Absolutely. In fact, he sort of slurred the 'you' ain't all together, and then suddenly quit, for a second, and then started what happened me."

"What I'm particularly interested in," Foley said, "is whether he emphasized the 'you'."

"No, I'm certain he didn't."

"All right. What was the angle of his head when he talked? Was his head forward or back?"

"Why, I hadn't noticed . . . let me think . . . back, I guess . . . no, it wasn't either. He ducked his head forward."

"That was it. I remember now: his . . . why that's one of the things that gave his voice such a funny tone. His chin was against his collar."

"And you say he followed you to lunch?"

"Yes, I'm certain he must have," Mr. Foley said. "That, of course, is serious. If he followed you last night, he must have known . . . I'm glad you telephoned me, Miss Bell. Thanks a lot. Now go back to your lunch and leave the rest to me."

Bruce Eaton was back at the table by the time I returned. "I'm frightfully sorry about this," he said.

I smiled at him. "I'm not. I only wish I'd been a bit quicker so I could have put in a punch or two of my own. You . . . that is . . . he didn't get the key, did he?"

"He did not," Bruce Eaton said.

I laughed then, with relief. "I think," I said, "that he knew I was handling it for you."

Bruce Eaton frowned at that bit of information. "Let's check out of here," he said, "and get down to Los Almaris."

It was hot after we'd swept out of Los Angeles and started to skim over the Pomona boulevard. The time we turned off the main boulevard, the sun, beating down from an intense California sky, dried any moisture from our systems as fast as we could take it in.

"When we get there, I want you to keep quiet, quietly, as I remember Mr. Foley said, as we whizzed down out of low, rolling hills and hit the straightway which led to Los Almaris."

Bruce Eaton said, "And we'll be in the house before we can get inside."

"When we get there, I want you to keep quiet, quietly, as I remember Mr. Foley said, as we whizzed down out of low, rolling hills and hit the straightway which led to Los Almaris."

Bruce Eaton said, "And we'll be in the house before we can get inside."

I cleared my throat, getting ready to say something, and then stopped self-consciously as I remembered Mr. Foley had told me that was an indication of nervousness and lack of confidence. I heard the banker say to Bruce Eaton.

"This young woman isn't with you, is she?"

And Bruce Eaton, looking at me with calm, disinterested appraisal, said, "No, I've never seen her before."

That put me in a spot. I couldn't say anything without undoing all of the good I'd tried to do. I was furious to think of how I'd been jockeyed into such a position; yet there was nothing I

Poor Peg! She really lived only eleven months a year. Utterly wasted a month of precious days, because she thought she had to avoid activity during menstruation to save herself discomfort and pain.

And now, the best skiing party of the winter—just at the wrong time. Luckily, Doris knew Peg's trouble, and how to help. "Midol keeps me on my feet," she said. "So you're taking some, right away?"

"Give Midol the glory for a granddaughter," Pogladder con- cludes. "For pleasure I thought I'd have to pass by. There's going to be a new month on my calendar—a month of days no longer wasted!"

**Midol**

**RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PAIN**

**DECEMBER, 1938**
3 P.M.: Her Petal Smooth Skin THROWS HIM FOR A LOSS!

could do about it except stand there at the counter seeing it all out apparently waiting complacently.

At any rate, I could keep a lookout, making certain that Bruce Eaton had an avenue of escape open if anything went wrong.

APPEARENTLY, the banker hadn't recognized him. I could see that he was unsurprised as he bent over the paper he was filling out. Then Bruce Eaton handed him a driving license, showed him a wallet containing a passport. I realized then that "Bruce Eaton" was only a stage name. I remembered having read somewhere that his real name had been considered far too unromantic by the studio publicity department. Of course, his driving license and passport would be under his real name.

The banker inserted a key into the upper lock on the safe-deposit box. Bruce Eaton inserted the key I had given him in the lower lock. I gripped the counter, fascinated, wondering if the key would work. Had I been right in assuming . . .

The key turned and I could hear the lock click smoothly back. The banker turned away from Bruce Eaton. His figure, partially concealing the interior of the vault as he came toward me, prevented me from seeing just what Bruce Eaton was doing.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting. You see, I'm all alone here in the bank afternoons. What was it you wanted?"

I blurted out the first idea which came to my mind. "I want to cash a check."

"A check on this bank?" he asked courteously.

"No," I said. "I'm afraid it will have to be drawn on my Los Angeles bank."

"How much is the check?"

"I can get along with five dollars," I told him, smiling my best smile. "You see, I left my purse in the rest room at Pomona. I want to telephone back about the purse and get enough gas to carry me on through to San Diego."

"You have your checkbook with you?"

I started to produce it, and then suddenly realized that it was my purse, and my purse was hanging just below the level of the counter. Having made that crack about losing my purse, I certainly couldn't let him see it now.

"No," I said, "my checkbook was in my purse. I'd have to fill in a blank check."

He blinked owlishly at me through the thick lenses of his spectacles.

BACK in the vault, I heard Bruce Eaton slam the door of the safe-deposit box and breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be all right if I could only hold this banker in conversation for a few more seconds. I pushed my spectacles, clamping it tight against the counter and then trying to ease it down to the floor. But the purse was of smooth leather; it slid out and dropped with a bang. The banker looked puzzled. I said, hurriedly, "Of course, I can put my wristwatch as collateral."

He started to take it off. As I partially turned, I looked out through the plate-glass window, past the gift letters which proclaimed the name of the bank, its capital, assets and the names of its directors. I saw a car slide in close to the curb and stop. On the upper right-hand corner of the windshield was a huge spotlight with a red circle of glass, the telltale insignia of a police car.

There were five men in the car; one of them, wearing a huge black sombrero, looked as though he might be the chief of the police. The other four were quite probably detectives from the city.

They opened the car door and descended to the sidewalk, forming in a compact little group.

I tried coughing. It didn't seem to catch Bruce Eaton's attention. The banker said, "Just a moment, Miss," and then pushed his head out through the arch in the window to stare down at my purse lying on the floor. "Isn't that your purse?" he asked.

I called out, sharply, "Bruce, look! Hurry!"

He was still in the vault, apparently checking up on a bundle of letters he was holding in his hand. From where he was standing it was impossible to see the car containing the officers.

"Bruce! Hurry!" I cried.

The banker said suspiciously, "What's all this? What's all this?" and jumped back in alarm. I could see now that he thought it was a stick-up, with me to hold his attention at the teller's window while Bruce Eaton was back in the vault. His face was white with alarm. His bleached blue eyes, magnified and distorted by the thick lenses of his spectacles, seemed as large as warped dinner plates.

I saw him fumble at the handle of a drawer and know he was looking for a gun.

A FRANTIC glance out through the plate-glass window showed me the officers were starting purposefully toward the bank.

I thought only of getting Bruce Eaton out of there and finding some place to hide the letters he had taken from the safe-deposit box. He was alarmed now and coming toward me, but still didn't appreciate the danger of the situation. The banker was pulling a gun from the drawer. The officers were rounding the corner.

I tore to the door in a panic, jerked it open. The banker raised his gun and shouted, "Stop where you are, both of you."

I collided with Bruce Eaton, snatched the letters from his hands and yelled, "Run! Officers!"

The banker pulled the trigger on a big, blue-steel revolver which he'd dragged from the drawer and which looked as large as a cannon. The reverberating roar of a report filled the room.

When my ear drums started functioning again, I could hear the tinkle of falling glass.

The cashier dropped his gun. Evidently the jar or the recoil had jerked it out of his hand.

He half stooped as though to pick it up; then, apparently overcome by panic, ran through the door in the partition, half crouching, screaming, "Help! Police!"

The officers were approaching the door of the bank. The running banker burst through the swinging screen door to collide with them. He and some agent, as they say, "Stick 'em up," and then a drawn-out voice, evidently that of the sheriff, "Wait a minute. This is Frank Stout, the cashier here. What's the trouble, Frank?"

The banker's lunch box was on the table in front of him. I slammed the comedy into his face and, at that, had no choice in the matter.

I jerked open the cover, dropped the little bundle of letters inside and slammed the cover back into position. The officers poured through the screen door into the bank and raised my eyes to confront a bustling row of artillery.

"The jig's up," the sheriff said.

Madman, money, revenge—why was Carter Wright murdered? January PHOTOPLAY brings the surprising answer to this exciting murder mystery by Eve Stanley Gardner.
What Makes Love Tick?
(Continued from page 29)

trough, you are apt to think. No? Well, two items of history, never before printed, will clarify. Universal tried its best to get the McCrea smile to star opposite Dan Zane in "Dashing Dick." But Sam had lent Joel to Zanuck for "Three Blind Mice." And—this one hurt—Capra tried vainly to borrow Joel for "You Can't Take It With You." The cautious father could have snagged $75,000 to $100,000 each on those pictures had he been free. Joel has never squawked. Long ago his father told him, "The most important thing in life is living." When Joel thought it was his best thing for the McCrea family, he paid the price.

When Frances restricted herself to two pictures a year and Joel sold himself down the river to Sam-on-League Goldwyn (a darn good boss, says Joel) all Hollywood wagged what passes for its head. "If those two can commit career suicide, they'll certainly do it." At the moment Joel was lendable, Paramount offered both the leading roles in "Wells Fargo" to the McCrees. Free advice became frantic: "Romance on the screen between husband-and-wife actors! Screwball ideal! Idiots! The public won't take it!" Joel and Frances talked over the story with Producer-director Frank Lloyd, argued vividly both ways and—(they love to disregard advice)—announced blandly, "We'll do it.

It seems hard for the McCrees to last. "Wells Fargo" strengthened both. Frances' assignment opposite Ronald Colman in "If I Were King" was sought by a dozen leading actresses and now Joel prepares for a De Mille triumph in "Union Pacific."

"Friends peck at Frances and Joel for the secret." Both declare they have never made each other any special promises and neither one has ever asked the other to make any particular sacrifice. Yet the record shows they both stand ready, all the time.

A fellow actress pressed Frances most of one afternoon on how she "handled" Joel. Finally one tip came, so practical, so illuminating, it takes the breath away:

"I don't believe 'matrimonial vaca
tions' are necessary or desirable. The place to work out problems and find happiness is with each other.

"But when either husband or wife does go away, remember this: there's bound to be a feeling of relief—from strain of work, perhaps from details of homemaking.

"Better be sure the husband or wife doesn't attribute that relief to being away from the loved one.

"If there's personal strain between you, that's not the time for a trip.

"Joel and I never part from each other, even for overnight, except when we're at our very happiest.

"That sounds more like brains than luck! To know what you really want in life, to pop away at all the time, to be prepared to make any necessary sacrifice—that's the McCrea formula. (And somehow the sacrifices turn out to be gains.)

The other evening Frances and Joel were both kept late in town, effecting a rare appearance in a Hollywood restaurant. One of the town's most cynical columnists read his own column the next day and scratched his head. He had written:

"They came and ate and went away, and they had no eyes for anyone but each other. Every watchmaker followed them through the door with envious glances.

Yes—it pays to put love first.

Close Ups and Long Shoos
(Continued from page 13)

has brought forth similar plans from others, one of the most prominent of which is that of Frances and Joel McCrea, another high-powered flesh peddler and John Emerson, the producer and co-author of "San Francisco" . . .

Perhaps it is because of this producer situation that there is, today in Hollywood, so much friction between the creative personalities and their producers . . . so perhaps if these new production schemes in which the personalities have a share work out, all these vivid people can forget their quarrels and go back to giving us some fun . . . and that the new plan does it, should do away with some of the horrible miscasting under which stars now suffer. I am sure I think it is a waste of talent to put an entertaining comedienne like Claudette Colbert in the creaky old "Zaza" . . . the real reason Miss Colbert is doing "Zaza" is simply because Paramount was stuck with it when they discovered that Irving Miranda, whom they had brought over from Italy, simply couldn't play the role . . . certainly you can't blame stars for protesting against such risings . . . certainly it looks sensible for them to follow the examples of men like Cary Grant and Ronald Colman who, under definite commitments to no one studio, manage to pick role after role that keeps them at the very top . . .

As regards a writer like Mr. Emerson being a success as a producer, here's a story which I believe will prove to you that his chances are very high . . . After the preview of "San Francisco," all official Hollywood was carrying on in high glee over having another hit . . . pushed around in the lobby crowd I happened to find myself beside the author and I immediately piped up my congratulations, too . . . "Why shouldn't it be a hit?" asked Mr. Emerson, grinning. "Every situation in the piece, but one, is planned along the lines of situations that have been hits in melodramas since they began. We just strung them along to make a set of thrills. We did have to have one absolutely new situation and it had to be shocking. We couldn't think of anything more shocking than a crook striking a priest. So we wrote that scene.

"Which, of course, is a grand spoiling way to talk of one's "art" since it tells nothing of the labor it takes to "string them along to make a set of thrills" . . . but we feel that a man with as much honesty and sense of humor as Mr. Emerson won't lose those qualities even when he becomes a movie producer out on his own . . .

The World's Fair 1939 Models Are Ready

So this is an especially fine time to give—and to receive a thrilling gift. And that is just the kind of a gift an ALVIN is. For time-honored value—accurate timekeeping—style that is new and smart—for quality that you will pay more for elsewhere, be sure its an ALVIN.

ALVIN are made for most purposes—and at each price are the best to be had. The quality that has been inbuilt since 1848 and proven by nearly a century of fine watchmaking is proudly reflected in these new World's Fair 1939 Models.

Alvin service is universal, available the world around at prices resulting from complete standardization of parts; and Alvin parts are available everywhere. For supreme watch value, the best in quality and style at whatever price you care to pay, ask your dealer for ALVIN WATCH CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

ALVIN WATCHES
SINCE 1848 SOLD THE WORLD OVER
He Really Mows 'Em Down

(Continued from page 21)

still remember their fierce warnings—
"Quiet!" I said—"Quiet!" The whole set trembles.

Well, when Joe McDonough's first reaction, a Charlie character, offered
"Quiet," piped Charlie McCarthy.

"Settle down," growled Joe.

"I said "Settle down!"" squeaked Charlie.

"Roll 'em!" ordered Joe.

"Sure," agreed Charlie. "Roll 'em." It's tough to say—Edgar doesn't
say little and in a crowd always hunts
the deepest corner. With girls he is
civil but—Edgar's convertible. Charlie is fresh and confident. Bergin is formal
with his directors, his fellow stars, all the
people who work for or with him.

Charlie is famous among auditions.

Tommy Farr, the prize fighter, visited the studio while "Letter of Introduction"
was shooting. He was brought on the set for some publicity pictures and met Charlie. When he left,
he was fighting mad. Charlie aped his odd
Welsh accent, inferred that as a fighter
he was a cream puff and a number of
other extraordinary, uncomplicated
things. But Edgar Bergin was never any
danger. The big scrapper mattered only
against Charlie. It is really amazing.

In fact, the game has been played so long by Bergin himself that there is no
doubt but that he at least subconsciously believes it. To him, Charlie is a
real little person.

IN Bergin's new house, Charlie has his
own room, his own wardrobe, bed,
chairs, stationery, even pictures on the
wall, made of various colored woods and
carved in appropriate McCarthy design.
He is taken in this room every night
and put to bed beneath the stuffed head
of a mountain goat and an air rifle.
Under the B-B gun hangs this definitive
McCarthy boast—"The Hell I didn't!"

Sweetheart of Edgar Bergin's have testified before to the impossibility
of rivaling Charlie McCarthy for the af-
fications of Edgar Bergen. As his mem-
orable term of a baby, the kid bats a
thousand per cent.

This distinct and separate personality, secure in Bergin himself as much as on any of the
rest of his Hollywood quarry. In "Letter of
Introduction," moreover, it allowed him a sort of prominence, as
and general outlet for Edgar's nerves.

In one particular scene—a rather sim-
ple Edgar-thing—he has never had a
get going.
Patiently Stahl put him through a
dozen takes—but all of them Bergen "blew" to the skies. It struck Edgar
unusual that Charlie had mix-up and he began to laugh.

"Shut up," commanded Charlie. This is
laughing matter.

"Sorry, Charlie," Bergin apologized.

Charlie turned to Stahl. "He'll get it
right this time," he promised.

Bergen got it right.

JUST how long Charlie McCarthy can
go on defining personal personalities and
writing stuffed shirts in Hollywood, not
to mention keeping his own creator in
hot water, is something that no one seems competent to say. Maybe,
when Edgar started work on the new
and different dummy, he had a hunch
that the kid is getting out of control.

Maybe he believed that Charlie's sin
will soon catch up with him and swirl
him from the rear in one avenging gust.

Certain it is that Charlie has rushed in
where angels hitherto have feared to
tread. Often you would swear that
Bergin is not only surprised but downright
mortified when Charlie annihilates reputa-
tions at Hollywood parties and sizzles
stars in the faces of those other stars to which always precedes live-air time on the
Chase and Sanborn broadcast.

Even the one annual event which all
Hollywood respects and takes seriously,
the Academy Awards Banquet, took it
on the chin from Charlie.

You'll recall that a special award was
voted to Edgar Bergen and Charlie. It
was a tiny one, presented for unusual
merit in a field not included in the reg-
ular classifications.

After the announcement and presenta-
tion, Edgar Bergin took the spotlight with
it. He made the kind of modest, apprecia-
tive speech you would expect. He
said he was deeply touched by the honor
and especially by the fact that the
hospitality way all Hollywood had received him and Charlie. He said a number of
nice, sincere, to-be-expected things.

But all the time Charlie McCarthy
was peering at the tiny statue in
Bergin's hand and then at the big ones
lined up for the other stars. And right
away he set up a howl.

"What's the idea?" yelled Charlie.
"When can I get 'em, Bergen?" Edgar
tried to shush him. He kept on with his speech of thanks. But it
was no use. He was too excited.

All the ins-
istent yips of Charlie McCarthy were sounding out. "I want a big one! It's
fixed! Unfair! How come?" and so
on.

As Bergen walked away, bowing and
blushing, the irrepressible little realist
on his elbow was yelling at the top of
his boxwood lungs.

"They can't do this to me, Bergen! I'll
now be downwards."

But turns out is fair play. Oddly
enough, that's the very fate that may
await Charlie McCarthy in Hollywood—if he doesn't watch out!
Dorothy brushes her hair constantly. She is one of the very few girls in pictures who has long hair, and by using a stiff, long-bristled brush she keeps it smooth and lustrous. The only other care she gives it is having it shampooed once or sometimes twice weekly with a very fine, pure soap.

"Now how about exercise?" was my next question.

"Well, when I was much younger, I was inclined to be plump and I was afraid of gaining weight. I discovered that tennis and swimming and dancing kept down my weight and gave me the long, slim lines I wanted, so I went in for these sports with a terrific bang. I don't have that problem any more and I don't want to lose any weight, but I still play tennis about three times a week when I'm not working and try to go swimming once or twice weekly. I don't take any exercise with the idea of changing my figure, because I don't need them, but everyone should take some kind of exercise to keep in good condition."

To keep her eyes clear and bright, Dorothy exercises them daily, too, by rolling them from left to right, then up and down, closing them; then opening them and starting all over. She does this twenty-five times every morning for eyes with a good lotion daily. If she has time, she lies down for a half-hour before dinner and takes advantage of this repose by dipping cotton pads into an herb eye solution and placing the pads over her eyelids.

I noticed Dorothy's hands, which are smooth and velvety, with beautifully shaped nails, and asked her what she did about them. "Just hand lotion morning and evening and whenever my hands have been in water. Cuticle cream on my nails before I go to bed. I have thorough manicure once a week and generally have my nail polish changed daily."

To sum it all up, Dorothy believes that everyone to be glamorous must be immaculate in appearance so that she'll never be caught unaware, and that cleanliness is definitely the biggest and most important step toward the achieving of glamour. The final touch of glamour is her use of perfume. She applies a drop to the lobe of each ear, a drop to her hair, another under her chin, and on her wrists, so that there will be a delightful aura of scent all about her.

You need no proof of the efficacy of Dorothy's beauty routine, because, when you see her on the screen, you see the finished result.

WHAT DOES SHIRLEY TEMPLE WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

Shirley Temple's letter to Santa Claus

In January Photoplay

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DECEMBER, 1938
provocation. He is a poor student of politics and has a positive mania for buying antiques. He wears a wrist- watch at all times, especially at speaking and listening to advice easily.

He would rather be the talker in a discussion than the listener called on. He is a good manager of his own business.

He thinks women have lost nothing by allowing them to swell clothes. He always has his feet and breeches himself as if for a fight when he sings.

He does not like being guest of honor at a large function and instead he is easy for him to admit that he is wrong. His knowledge of history is rather disjointed.

He thinks good taste is the result of education. He is not quick-tempered.

He spends most of his time when at home in his own bedroom which is fitted out with all the conveniences of other sections of the house. He carries no order and his favorite flower is the rose.

His beard is heavy and he does not like to put it on in the morning, but permits it to develop rapidly.

He is able to sing in French, German, Italian, Russian, Yiddish, Spanish and Irish. He has never seen "Penguin Island" or the works of Gertrude Stein.

He has his own pewter beer mug at Jeager's, Manhattan. New York.

He is a keen student of theatre and has the most acute eye in the world. He has his own private theatre in his home and is always ready to take advantage of any opportunity to see a good play.

He is a great collector of antiques and has a fine collection of old furniture. He is an expert on antiques and is always ready to discuss the subject with anyone who is interested in it.

He is a good doctor and has a practice in medicine. He is a specialist in the treatment of tuberculosis and has made many valuable contributions to the science of medicine.

He is a good musician and has a fine ear for music. He is a composer and has written many fine pieces of music. He is a great enthusiast in music and is always ready to discuss the subject with anyone who is interested in it.

He is a great reader and has a fine library. He is a specialist in the study of literature and has written many fine pieces on the subject. He is a great enthusiast in literature and is always ready to discuss the subject with anyone who is interested in it.
What Really Happened to Bette Davis' Marriage?

(Continued from page 25)

like a sick man? There was nothing at all the matter with him; he simply was being difficult and spoiled.

Her will tried to make it that way, but for one thing, Bob was a man with no conscience. He would have Ham to be unhappy, or ill, or disturbed; didn't honestly see why he should.

Things had been all right so far; why did they have to change now?

But Ham had reached the psychological moment where things did have to change, and no amount of Ham mantenation would make him any better.

The silent moody young man, wrapped in an impermeable wall of gloomy reserve was not the most stimulating companion in the world for a mercurial, brilliant woman.

So Ham threw a suitcase in his car and drove back East, back to New England. He visited all Bette's relatives and his own. But, chiefly, this is what he did: he went back as near Ham as one of the places in Massachusetts and Connecticut that he and Bette had shared in their early courtship. He did not write letters to her, but every few days a postal card would arrive, with the picture of some landmark in their life together. As Bette would say, simply, "I remember the blue dress you wore here on a Sunday night in June."

"They have fired a signal in the canoe, but the trees are the same!"

Bette, tormented and distracted, was hard pressed by her emotions. She didn't honestly know what to do; right to try and pull up the raveled ends of their separated lives and try to weave them back, or to break it off sharply, then and there. But the chance was that a too-hasty reconciliation would merely work around to the same impassioned strain that they would be right where they were before Ham went East.

She was on vacation, so she took sister Bobbie and went up to Lake Tahoe, on the Nevada border. This immediately gave rise to the rumor that she was divorcing for a divorce. This was not true.

To squelch this divorce rumor, Ham tore across the continent, driving six hundred miles a day, and joined Bette in Tahoe. But it was not the same Ham who went away. This one, Bette says, looks and talks and thinks and laughs more like the Ham who appeared seven years ago. A measure of his old independence came back with him and Bette is triumphantly proud of it.

This extraordinary Bette is that rarest of rare human beings—an absolutely honest person who is honest even of herself. More than once I have heard her say, "I feel sorry for these poor devils of Hollywood husbands. They lead a dog's life and they never get a break. They are among the forgotten men and the unloved heroes of this world, with very few exceptions!" This makes Ham all the more of it—she would—and she wants it that way. She wouldn't speak again to anyone who made it, by the word spoken or written, any other way. In justice, there are faults on both sides, as in every comparable case. But the real reasons behind the difficulties of any two married persons are known only to themselves, and to no one else. No divorce judge, however se- tute, no lawyer, no friend ever knows the real reasons.

Generally they are so pyramided and interwoven that few persons involved could not accurately separate and identify and catalogue them. If they are very smart, they don't even try; they just go on from there. And that is what Bette and Ham are trying to do.

Bette and Ham are both back in Hollywood now, living apart in a "trial separation," and subsequent developments are exactly where Bette says, "in the lap of the gods." We who know and love Bette are aware that she has at last discovered and defended her marriage for some time—not consciously, for she is not a person to discuss casually her intimate relationships. But she was determined to make it endurable and she has tried, perhaps more sincerely than most women would have, because marriage to her is a permanent institution not to be entered or abandoned lightly.

If, during this supercharged interval of uncertainty, someone should come along to interest Bette more than Ham does, even temporarily, it would complicate things—but even then, unless she fell sincerely in love, I do not think she would rush off for a divorce. The thoughts are only those of Ham. Persons in their indeterminate state of mind are always at the mercy of their unfounded emotions. They may be back together again tomorrow—or they may decide their only solution is divorce. The weight of opinion is not in favor of the latter.

I will let all the masterminds and the columnists make all the decisive predictions and keep you posted exactly as to what is going to happen to Bette and Ham from day to day. As for me, I merely know them pretty well, love them dearly, admire everything in them frequently—and haven't the faintest idea what they are going to do next.

In olden days the bridal veil was supposed to protect the bride from the "evil eye" of some invisible "evil spirit." Today, women know that they don't need protection from unseen "evil spirits"—but they do need protection for their skin.

Did you know that more women in America use Italian Balm, the famous Softener, than any other preparation of its kind?

This famous skin protector—for warding off chapping, dryness, and work-or-weather skin coarseness—contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands. Yet it costs far less than a small fraction of a cent to use liberally each day. It "goes fast." Test it before you buy—at Campana's expense. Use our coupon below.

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"America's Most Economical Skin Protector!"

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Address:

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Return for Campana's Italian Balm FREE, with this coupon!

DECEMBER, 1938
Golden Girl

(Continued from page 22)

contract was cancelled in a nightmare and I ended up wearing shoes."

On the walls of the bedroom are two pictures. One is of the girls' mother when she was a little girl; the other is of their niece. The daughter of sister Martha, married to Maxwell Edwards, Eng-

ish instructor at the University of Illi-

nois.

Over each bed are flower prints and the outstanding object of furniture is an unpretentious maple desk, cluttered with perforated metal toilet wrappers—a Priscilla fetish—abed with smitten boy friends.

PRISCILLA explains that her fracture of the romance with Wayne Morris was caused by nothing more serious than her ambition to give herself a chance in the career now warmly beckoning. "I won't marry—not now—not for at least five years," she confided. "I've heard it somewhere before—but it holds true with me just the same—career and marriage don't mix."

As this is being written, Priscilla is being escorted frequently by Orin Hagn-

lund, an assistant director, but—as she said to me, "it's no romance."

Five feet two and a half inches tall, the youngest of the Lanes weighs 102 pounds, has corn-silk blonde hair, sky-blue eyes, and the smallest waist in Hollywood—just barely eighteen inches around with a true tape measure. She doesn't drink and uses no make-up save a dab of lip rouge.

A scar on her right shoulder blade is the result of leaning against a radi-

ator at a tender age when her shoulder blade reached no higher than the radiator's summit. She also has two tiny molars on either side. "One is my 'no' mole—the other my 'yes' mole," is her whimsical comment. "They never agree."

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" is Prisc-

illa's favorite book and "Little Women" a runner-up. She has read each at least fifteen times, she estimates. She prefers classical music but admits, un-

til recent years, she dreaded the individuality in her music. She wears a 4½ C shoe, insists she is not super-

stitious but won't walk under a ladder and carries with her, as a good-luck token, the tiny bangle she wore in "Four Daughters."

She won't wear blue on Mondays, considers seven her lucky number and W ednesday her lucky day. That is because it was on a Wednesday that she started with Waring. Also they started broadcasting, was cast in "Four Daughters" and executives stop of "Brother Rat."

Nightgowns are her passion. She boasts two hundreds of them—in silk, flannel, satin, lace-

fringed and fur-

fringed. But she has a more dozen pairs of bed-

room slippers. Priscilla made her first public appear-

ance at the age of nine—at an amateur night in a Des Moines theater. She did a tap dance and nothing more would have been said of the occasion if she hadn't tripped while making her exit, falling flat on her freckled face. The crowd liked that—androared Priscilla leaped to her feet, dashed into the wings and then, sticking her pert head out, yelled, "Yoo hoo, folks. I meant to do that." Perhaps, although I don't believe it, that is why, in later years, she and Rosemary were hired by the same theater to sing accompaniments to Lola Lane's pictures.

Priscilla had made up her young mind that she was to be an actress and enjoyed her parents into sending her to the Fugia Dramatic school in New York to study acting. She was fourteen then. At the end of the term, her mother and Rosemary arrived to take her home. And then one of those movie situations occurred. The three stopped in at a music-publishing firm to buy some new music. The girls tried out the songs there and Fred Waring, passing in the hall, heard them. Curious, he entered, liked their voices and their voices and signed them to sing with his Pennsylvania's. They remained with Waring for five years.

Priscilla tells her first show with the band was at the Roxy Theatre in New York and now, being many years past her amateur debut at nine, she was jittery. To calm her nerves, she stuck a piece of gum into her mouth before the performance and was still chewing when she started singing. Annoyed when he saw her mouth waggling, he stopped the band and chided her. Priscilla made a flippant and undeniably important remark. As on that other occasion, the house roared and from then on she was started as a come-on—indeed every time she seemed doomed to remain Hallowalla cast her in "Four Daughters," where she proved herself capable of more serious emotions. Priscilla confesses to gratitude to Waring for whatever success may be her portion. She was when Warner Brothers signed Waring and his band for "Variety Show" that she and Rose-

mary got what is commonly termed their first "break"—because it was who suggested the girls be cast for roles in the pictures. As I told you earlier, the studio saw great possi-

bilities in Rosemary—and was merely tol-

erating toward Priscilla. Nevertheless, both youngsters came through satisfac-

torily and Warners purchased their contracts from M. Waring.

Waring, of course, is not to be blamed for Priscilla's devotion to cats —about a dozen of them run loose at her home. Among them is a 'rigorously independent' Miss Toto, who picked up near the ranch—a lady cat which did not turn out to be a lady—she bit Priscilla. It was a wildcat!

THE girl is an expert tennis player and equestrienne, deft at lassoing and spin-

ning a trick rope. She was cast at a tender age in her father's picture, as a lead ribbons at a rodeo and she can roll her own cigarettes.

She is up at five every morning, be-

ning awakened by her mother who has a hot breakfast waiting for her—and at night, upon her return from the studio, a hot dinner, in a hot bedroom. In conversation with her young star, I learned that recently she had had two wisdom teeth extracted, that she hated night clubs and parties, that she moved in without any furniture and started to buy one piece at a time—adding the pieces as they saved one that hit their fancy. The white wooden fence encircling the grounds was painted by Priscilla herself.

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What Hollywood Is Thinking

(Continued from page 17)

believe in it for myself.”

One feminine objector declared: “Sounds all right in books, but, in real life, the woman always gets the worst of it.”

One masculine endorser said: “Yes, if both parties have intelligence enough to understand responsibilities involved.”

Of the male dissenters, the majority seemed to feel that conventions, as a whole, are being respected. One cautious youth ventured to remark that such a procedure involved “too much responsibility.”

Another felt that “love must remain idealistic to last.”

The majority of dissenters, both men and women, were married.

PHOTOPLAY’s fourth question was one which has been creating something of a furor since the turn of the century:

“Do you believe in birth control?”

“Yes,” said sixty-nine per cent of the Hollywood women.

And: “Yes” said ninety-nine and one-half per cent of the men!

Among the dissenters, “fear” was one young star presented the interesting theory that “prospective parents should have time to prove worthwhileness.”

Severa more rational of the men that “modern civilization has gone beyond the laws of nature. To have a baby every seven years is unthinkable, physically and financially.”

The majority of women, however, gave lack of financial resources as the main reason for birth control.

“I’m working hard, now, and saving my money. I’ll have my babies later—but not more than I can afford,” one married woman star declared.

Do You Want To

“Feel Like A Million Dollars”

ALL THE TIME?

S$1.00 PRIZE
MORE POWER TO JESSE JAMES

Any old-timer can spend an afternoon telling you that these Ozark Hills still enclose the-visits of the outlaw brothers, Jesse and Frank James; but...
Of the men favoring wives as career women, several declared that the answers share alike plan, but a chivalrous seventy-seven per cent of the men em-braced it.

A married woman who had some education against the theory said the results show that a woman of marriage, the better off she is.

"It is the right of the male to rule, not ask for advice, as it is the duty of a married woman has the, better off she is.

"If you believe that half a husband's earnings is rightfully his, would it be a different thing for a woman of marriage," one woman asked. "I think that is what I am asking about," she added. He should have been divorced himself.

THE next question on the list of Photoplay's questionnaire, was: "Would you be happy to return as a woman of marriage?" of the men considered jealousy the villains in the marital peace, twenty-nine per cent of the women, who said they qualified for divorce, two per cent of the winning women believed the root of all marital evil. A young woman who went against the group wrote one woman's divorce was more or less in the choice of drink as the greatest cause of trouble, "the neurotic condition of modern women."

Another conclusion was, "The reason is," the main source of trouble. Still another, "Inability to see another's point of view."

A majority of women who voted for money trouble apparently believed the old adage: "When poverty walks in the door, love flies out the window." The women declared they are not equally divided in their belief that either money or lack of consideration was the cause of marital trouble. The divorced men favored jealousy, although describing this in several cases as "professional." "What do you consider ample grounds for divorce?" was the next question.

Incompetency answered a majority of both men and women. "Such a reason may sound a little vague, but try and live with a person who does not know what he is doing," one woman said. Second choice of just grounds for divor-cing among the women was habitual drinking, but not in their words, "incompetency." "Some things can't be helped," one wrote contemptuously, "but this can! And if it is not helped—then I want a divorce." One man wrote: "A male drunk is bad enough, but a drunken woman is beyond the pale.

A majority of the men, however, con-sidered Incompatibility as justification for divorce.

One said: "A fellow might still love an unfortunate wife, but his pride would take him to court." A fair-sized group of women also considered incompatibility grounds for legal separation, but, on the other hand, considered divorce a different reason. As one said, "Things would never be the same again if that hap-pened." Other grounds cited by both men and women included non-support, habitual gaming, public humiliation, refusal to do children, gambling.

"If necessary, would you gain a di-vorce for a fault (illegal in most states and known as 'collusion')?" To this question, next on the list, sixty-five per cent of the women answered yes, while fourteen per cent would not divorce, but would do a little more than a half of the men felt that way about it.

"It's just a civilized method," stated one young woman player, flatly. "Emphatically yes. Should be legal in just state!" wrote another. "The only intelligent way," said one of the men supporting it. "The against," with scarcely an ex-ception, took the same position, as to the most extensive illegal.

"We've enough of low breaking, without conspiring to do it," one young star wrote.

THE last question in the first section of Photoplay's questionnaire, was: "Should there be alimony?"

The answers to this stacked up rather high. Of the women said they believed in alimony, while sixty per cent of the men declared they opposed it.

Of the men "fors," twelve and one-half per cent of the original fifty per cent demanded alimony only in case there was a defect in marriage.

A large majority of the men, who went on record as being against alimony in general, qualified this by agreeing that it should be paid in case it was needed for children's support. Comment for and against was em-placed.

"My father never paid my mother alimony and she was too proud to r-ent. I don't want to pay him for the best years of her life!" wrote one girl star, bitterly. "I don't want alimony if I were starving!" said another.

I suppose alimony is all right if there are children, but I am against it in principle."

Most of the men "fors" considered alimony a "just obligation."

But not in excess, said several, cautiously. "Women who have done their best to make marriage a success, even though; but: best is not good enough, should have help until they can make their own living," said several.

On the other hand, "Women have made such a show of alimony, they are. Well, here's their chance to see how it works. DOWN with alimony!" concluded a small but militant group of males.

Strangely enough, of those questioned, more of the divorced men favored alimony (in most states known as 'collusion') than the divorced women. "It's too hard to collect," explained one of the latter, wearily, "I find it easier to work at a job."

This is the first of two PHOTOPLAY articles on "What Hollywood is Think-ing." Next month: the stars' answers to moral problems of divorce, religious sterilization, social theories, politics and religion.
YOUTH TAKES A FLING—Universal

THERE is something oddly satisfying about this unpretentious, girl-gets-boy romance and we're inclined to believe ninety percent of the stuff comes from the swell performance delivered by Joel McCrea. As the Kansas farmer boy, he wins the heart and hand of the girl at first sight and main to go to sea, Joel scores in every scene. Andrea Leeds, as the shopgirl who lures Joel away from his com- plementary notoriety by the good old home-cooked-dinner method, seems a bit too serious in the rôle, but manages to pro- vide a wholesome, balanced and lively light- fully performance. The comedy (and it's plenty good) is furnished by Frank Jenks and Dorothea Kent, a team that should be held over for more and more pictures. If it's a few quiet chuckles you're looking for, here they are in "Youth Takes a Fling."

KING OF ALCATRAZ—Paramount

THIS is a hard-boiled story of a pair of friendly enemies, Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston. They maintain their con- stant battle while warring unitedly against Nash, the escaped convict, and his gang, all of whom have stowed away on a tramp steamer. Gail Patrick does a fine job of playing the ship's society belle and she maintains her calm throughout the bloody fracas. Harry Carey is clever as the ship's Captain. It's rather brutal fare.

THE NIGHT HAWK—Republic

POSSIBLY, on a double bill some- where, you will catch this quick little melodrama of gangsters and iron lungs. Stretch your legs and relax. It's not bad. Bob Livingston plays the reporter who is the inspirer of three fractional lines to help bad-man Bob Armstrong's sick brother. Later Armstrong gets a chance to prove his worth in the keeping of June Travis who provides what romance is neces- sary.

GIRLS' SCHOOL—Columbia

WITH such writers as Richard Sherman and Tess Slesinger on the script you'd expect great things from this. But it disappoints. The simple, Dubln-like charm you are led to expect is missing. Instead, you get a rather hollow story of a sad poor girl, Anne Shirley, in a rich girls' school. Nan Grey is nearest rich girl. Noah Beery, Jr. plays the sympathetic father. Kenneth Howell, the poet. Ralph Bellamy has a short, effec- tive bit.

★ A MAN TO REMEMBER—RKO-Radio

A WARM, heart-warming story of a country doctor, Edward Ellis, whose life story is revealed through the settling of the estate after his death. Lee Bowman, as the son who disappointing Doctor Ellis, and Anne Shirley, as his adopted daughter, both turn in splendid perform- ances, but it's Ellis who steals the spotlight. Harland Williams, Claude Gillingwater, Thomas, Sr. and Gravelle Bates are three likeable rogues.

★ STRAIGHT PLACE AND SHOW—RKO

THE Ritz Brothers, after one or two lesser efforts, now again save from weakness a hastily constructed story. They invade the race track, find backers Dick Arlen and Phyllis Brooks quite handily, named Playboy, and resolve the prob- lem in their initiatable way. This is done by predicing the best Playboy is a jumper, not a runner. Ethel Merman sings two good songs, and there are three Ritz sequences that, in one way or another, have classic comedy value.

TOUCHDOWN ARMY—Paramount

JOHN HOWARD is a smart-creaking, sees football hero who comes to West Point and takes a beating because he isn't too "regular." Mary Carlisle, the Major's daughter, gets in her work force because, for some inner chemical reason, she just can't help loving this misguided fellow. Love and the Army team both triumph in the last minute of play, with John carrying the ball. It's straight autumnal, cinema, well done.

MR. DOODLE KICKS OFF—RKO-Radio

JOE PENNEIR and his funny laugh start this one off in a night club. He runs a jitterbug orchestra, but leaves to re- enter college. His father offers an en- dowment of $20000 to the school if it can produce a university football team. Joe likes Ping-pong, but the plot thickens when the president's daughter steps in to change his course for him. He's pretty funny, with his gags and vogue antics, but otherwise it's just another campus picture.

THE LADY OBJECTS—Columbia

THERE's a quality of down-to-earth understanding of simple human prob- lems in this story of a modern Portia. It concerns Gloria Stuart and Lonny Ross, a married couple, and his lovely sister, who settles into a hectic career and is forced to travel with her. He gives the parties for social reasons; he can't afford them so he gets a job singing nights to pay off. At the cabaret Lanny meets an old col- lege flame and she strangles herself in his apartment. Gloria comes to the rescue. There is action and suspense in this, with several fine portrayals.

CAMPUS CONFESSIONS—Paramount

FALL always brings out the college stories and Paramount is just the studio that can do it, too. Betty Grable, Eleanor Whitmore, Bill Henry, Gene Carroll, Patric Knowles, all help in this. "Hank" Laslett, basketball star, centers the slight plot. Is college sport more important than scholastic achieve- ment? asks Paramount. "Hank" effort- lessly proves that athletics should have their place, anyway. You'll like it.

SONS OF THE LEGION—Paramount

A MILD little effort with strong basis of Americanism and loyalty as a firm foundation. Tim Holt is the courageous young American who organizes Sons of the Legion into loyal defenders of the Constitution. Lynn Irwin and his two sons, Billy Cook and Billy Lee, contribute touching moments. Donald O'Connor as the first Playboy producer who breaks his entire company at an hotel, on the cuff, while.reading a play. A new manager comes in, causes trouble; Frank Albertson pretends to have messages un- till an angel sends on a check. Donald MacBride, as the explosive manager, Philip Leif as "the Eleven Sleep" collection agency representative, and Frank Albertson, playing the kick author, is a solid trio. The two men, in their attempts to outdo each other, even stop to faking shots; then, when Gable signs Aviatrix Loy to sell him, the rivalry develops an sex angle. Mark Dodge an extra star for Hal Roach's photography, Jack Con- way's fine direction, and the support given by players Walter Connolly, Leo Carrillo and all the others.

THERE GOES MY HEART—Hal Roach

THE failure of this sometimes amusing, sometimes embarrassing film must be assigned to the misceaging of Fredric March and Virginia Bruce. Surely by now you are tired of hearing the "It Happened One Night" formula; and surely March has never been more un- happy in a rôle. He plays the news re- porter who tracks down Virginia Bruce, runaway heiress who is bored with riches and wants to live as the People do. She is befriended by Patry Kelly, a shopgirl—and here Patry is in her ele- ment. She gets more than a glint and manages to lift the show from the "It Happened One Night" formula, and the story of the cheery middle-aged looking and war- ried Fredric. Eugene Pallette shines and wor- ries as the editor. Nancy Carroll re- turns to the screen as another shop- girl but she does better this time. "One Back." If you are still a devotee of the "mad m'dam type" movies, you might probably enjoy this.
Let Sylvia of Hollywood
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into a Dream
of Loveliness

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Mr. Smoker: You say most of these tobacco experts smoke Luckies?

Mr. Lucky Strike: Yes, 2 to 1 over all other brands combined. Sworn records prove it.

Mr. Smoker: How many of these tobacco experts work for you?

Mr. L. S.: Not one! They're all independent tobacco men. Auctioneers, buyers, and warehousemen.

Mr. Smoker: Are these men the best judges of tobacco?

Mr. L. S.: You bet they are! Just for example, there's Bill Currin. He's been an auctioneer for 16 years, and has sold millions of pounds of tobacco.

Mr. Smoker: And Currin smokes Luckies?

Mr. L. S.: Yes—and has for 15 years. Not only for their fine tobacco, but because of the “Toasting” process.

Mr. Smoker: What does that do?

Mr. L. S.: It takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies a light smoke, easy on the throat.

Mr. Smoker: That sounds good to me. I'll try them.

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—BECAUSE "IT'S TOASTED"

Sworn Records Show That—

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES

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