I've adopted this gorgeous new Glazo shade for my very own," exclaims Miss Bennett, known for her flawless taste as well as her beauty. "Tropic is the most exciting nail polish creation in years!"

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

Tropic is sweeping the country! Warm, provocative, glowing—it is the essence of spring—a prophecy of exciting new clothes, new places.

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

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

Lead Fashion—Wear Tropic Now

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

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

I love it," Says Joan Bennett

**Tropic**

Playground of Hollywood stars—Hawaii’s golden sands and flaming flowers inspired Glazo’s new color success—Tropic.

**Glazo’s New Perfected Polish**

New Glazo gives you these three conclusive points of superiority:

1. **Long Wear**—the New Glazo wears for days and days without peeling, chipping or fading! Slightly heavier for extra “coverage,” it meets the demand for a polish that really clings to the nails!

2. **Ease of Application**—every drop in the bottle goes on easily, evenly. It will not streak or run; dries quickly.

3. **Brilliant Lustre**—won’t fade in sun or water.

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

- **Tropic**—lovely with all spring costume colors.
- **Congo**—perfect for bright shades and prints.
- **Spice**—wear it with grey, pastels and all blues.
- **Cabana**—gay with beige, yellow, green, black.

**Glazo**

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

Let's face the truth about
UNDERARM PERSPIRATION ODOR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU SWEET

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Silver Screen
REFLECTING THE MAGIC OF HOLLYWOOD
MAY, 1938
VOLUME EIGHT
NUMBER SEVEN

Silver Screen

Eliot Keen
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COVER PORTRAIT OF GINGER ROGERS BY MARILAND STONE

SILVER SCREEN, Published monthly by Silver Screen Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. as provided for in Sec. 105 of the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1938 by Silver Screen Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
They're yours... in a heart-walloping love story!

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

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SPENCER TRACY

In VICTOR FLEMING'S Production

TEST PILOT

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

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DIRECTED BY VICTOR FLEMING: A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
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ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER—Fine. This Mark Twain classic, as we are glad to see, was filmed (in Technicolor) with the Mark Twain touch, which means that it is a simple, human and very tender account of those heart-warming youngsters, (Tom, Huck Finn and Becky Thatcher) who seemed to have such a perfectly grand time on the banks of the Mississippi about a hundred years ago. (May Robson, Viola Dana, David Holt.)

ADVENTURES OF MARCO POLO—Fine. A lavish super-special, depicting in thrilling and spectacular fashion life in the 13th Century, when Marco Polo, the Venetian adventurer, journeyed to the court of the great Kubilai Khan in China and, among other exciting intrigues, included in a romance with the Khan’s lovely daughter, Sigrid Goring. (Wendy Barrie, Lil Darvas, David Holt.)

AFFAIRS OF MAUPASSANT—Fine. Filmed in Vienna, with German dialogues, this episode in the life of that French master of the short-story, Guy de Maupassant, in which he falls in love with the brilliant Russian patron of the arts, Marie Bashkirtseff, is a splendid entertainment. The setting is Paris in the ’80’s, and Offenbach’s “Orpheus in the Underworld” provides a touch-musical background. (Hans Jaray, Lili Darvas.) Catch this at your nearest “art” theater.

BARONESS AND THE BUTLER, THE—Fair. A comedy in the Continental drawing-room style, in which William Powell, the almost perfect butler, wins a bet in Parliament, much to the astonishment of his “master,” the Prime Minister. With Henry Blanke, Edna May. The spell of Zephyr, our Powell romance with the Prime Minister’s married daughter, Annabella, gives a certain charm and sparkle to this film. (Hans Jaray, Lili Darvas.)

BELOVED BRAT, THE—Fair. Our favorite problem girl, Rita Gravina, plays the title role, in a script of a wry kind, and one that is a hearty delight to behold. She’s finally sent to a reform school. But, here she is, magically transformed by the kindly treatment accorded her by the matron, played by Dolores Costello.

BRINGING UP BABY—Amusing. The signed and autographed tragic Katherine Hepburn goes slushpuck on us now—and in the grand manner, too! With Cary Grant (a serious paleontologist) to capture for a husband, the scatterbrained Katherine sets herself a job that combines eventually all the delicious antics allotted this type of picture. (Cass. Raggeles, May Robson.)

CRIME OF DR. HALL, THE—Good. The medical profession goes slightly berserk for a while in the tropics, but Dr. Ralph Bellamy, desiring to light a great new asbestos factory, sasses the president and over-hears that she’s finally sent to a reform school. But, here she is, magically transformed by the kindly treatment accorded her by the matron, played by Dolores Costello.

DANGEROUS TO KNOW—Only fair. The strength of this somewhat time-worn gangster film lies in the eyes of Akim Tamiroff and Aquil May Wong, the leading roles—that of the big-shot politician and his so-called hostess. Melodrama of a somewhat lurid sort aboundds, but there’s a certain amount of love interest to offset it. (Gail Patrick, Harvey Stephens, Roscoe Karns.)

EVERYBODY SING—Good entertainment. When Judy Garland gets expelled from school for singing jazz she brings in her family to see a concert of musical comedies. But you’ll find the domestic pyrotechnics hilarious. (Barbara Stanwyck, John Ireland, Ruth Hussey, Edward Arnold.)

HAWAII CALLS—Good. If you’re in a mellow, sentimental mood, this comedy-adventure yarn should be your choice. As the title indicates the locale is the romantic islands of Hawaii, and Bobby Hreus, the toy soprano, sings sweetly throughout while charming every member of the cast, native and American alike. (Ned Sparks, Irwin Cobb, Gloria Holden.)

LOVE, HONOR AND BEHAVE—Fair. Here we have that popular marital ideal, Wayne Morris, cast as a slightly too-sure-of-himself Yale tennis champ, who has a hard time deciding himself of a mother complex, in spite of his early marriage to Priscilla Lane. Cave-man tactics at the end bring the drifting Priscilla back to his arms. (Barbara O’Neil, Mona Barrie.)

MIDNIGHT INTRUDER—So-so. This can be accepted on a dual fall that features a top-ranking film. The plot has to do with a couple of comparatively shiftless young men who risk their last cent in the race track, and, while luckness to nowhere in particular, run into a fairly exciting series of love-riddles. (Louis Hayward, Eric Linden, Barbara Read.)

OF HUMAN HEARTS—Fine. A tender, exquisitely sentimental story of the conflict existing within the domestic circle of an intollerant circuit riding preacher, whose son wishes to save the bodies of men instead of their souls. The period is just before and during the Civil War and there is one memorable scene in which Abraham Lincoln stands out more impressively than ever before in his tragic mood, (Warner Huston, James Stewart, Beulah Bondi.)

OUTSIDE OF PARADISE—Good. You will enjoy this first musical with teams Phil Regan and Virginia O’Brien. Their co-stars areiie, (Lilian Hall-Davis, Lila Lee, John Boles.)

ROMANCE IN THE DARK—Good. Gladys Swarthout gets her first decent film break in this colorful comedy with music. The locale is Hungary, with John Boles cast as an operatic tenor, John Barrymore an impresario with lusty ideas, and Swarthout a girl from the country with warbling ambitions and plenty of “yump!”

SALLY, IRENE, AND MARY—Fair. It’s too bad that this remake doesn’t come through with more originality. (In its original a successful musical comedy) suffers sadly by comparison, in spite of a cast that does its best to make it otherwise. The story concerns three manicurists who have been bitten by the stage bug, and there’s plenty of singing, dancing and general merriment while they’re traveling the uncharted road to stardom. (Katharine Helmond, Gregory Ratoff, Jimmy Durante.)

WIDE OPEN FACES—Good. A field day for John Wayne, as this deliberately absurd take-off on the familiar gangster theme, forgets its glibness and captures the public with its catchy tunes and its group of impertinent comedians as Fanny Brice, Reginald Owen, Bing Burke, Allan Jones, etc.

WIFE OF GENERAL LING—Interesting. A British film that may come unberadicted but which should create plenty of word-of-mouth appreciation. It is strongly dramatic (the British are at their best when it comes to secret agent films) and features a great actor by the name of Griffith Jones. The dialogue is sharp and surrounding cast quite good.

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Silvery Screen

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MAKES YOUR MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" has another good part for Edward G. Robinson. Claire Trevor goes criminal, since someone has to.

"Men At Work" And Stars Brightly Shining.
S. R. Mook Visits The Sets.

PICTURES ON THE FIRE

The next picture over here is "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" starring Edward G. Robinson and Claire Trevor. I have never been one to stand up and cheer for Mr. Robinson (he does plenty of that for himself) but I must admit in all fairness (and I can be fair—if there's a gallery—and if I'm pressed) that in "A Slight Case of Murder" and also in this one he's giving a performance that even I can't carp about.

He is a scientist who is vitally interested in the reaction of the criminal mind at the time of a crime. So he allies himself with the detective force and then proceeds to get into the den of a bunch of crooks, of which Claire (whose picture name is Jo Keller) is the head. The "den" is Claire's apartment, and SOME apartment it is, let me tell you. Whoever said that crime doesn't pay, never got a load of this outfit.

And Claire—well, this being a family magazine I can't say how Claire affects me but the outfit she has on certainly doesn't do anything to lessen my admiration for her. Robinson, to balm her and worm himself into the confidence of the gang, has come up there with a pocket full of jewelry, "Thirty," Claire offers.

"Forty," he demands.

"We'll compromise at thirty-two," she suggests.

"We'll compromise at thirty-eight," he agrees.

"You're taking all the profit out of crime," she informs him with a sad, sad sigh, "but—it's a deal." She starts to pick
up the jewels but he stops her politely.

"My terms—not that I don't trust you—
are strictly cash," he reminds her.

"You don't take any chances, do you?"

she smiles.

"In an occupation as full of chances as
mine, it's no use taking unnecessary chances," he says. "As far as my coming
here with all this on me," waving his hand
towards the jewels, "at your and the others' first sight of it, I had the upper
hand—psychologically speaking—and that's
all anyone can ask for."

By this time Claire has gone into
the bedroom, leaving the door open. She went
to get the money. "I like your style, Pro-
fessor," she laughs.

"And I yours," he calls back.

"You know why we couldn't join up—
professionally," she hints.

"Of course—professionally. No reason,"

he agrees.

"Everyone you met in 'go' is an expert
in his line," she informs him, coming back
into the room with the money in an en-
velope. "Here's your cash, Professor. Rocks
is the boss—he knows combinations. Okay
is a wizard when it comes to burglar alarms.
Popus is the best ice expert in the East. All
top men."

After all, Mr. Robinson is only human.
He joins the gang—professionally. If it were
me, I'd go whole hog. But then, Eddie has a
wife and kid and a collection of paint-
ings. Me? I'm a realist. I can't see why any-
one would want a measly painting when
he could have Claire—

Unfortunately, I can't stand moping here
day all so I move on to the next set. It
happens to be "When were you born?"
This 'un features Anna May Wong, Lola
Lane and Margaret Lindsay. There are men
in it, too, but none of them are well known.
It's a murder mystery and Anna May is an
astrologist. She predicts James Stephenson's
death and when he really is killed she is
suspected. To clear herself she solves the
mystery by astrology.

This scene is the bar in the ship and
Lola has just spied Anna May off in the
distance. She leaves her drink and her
gypsyman friend and hurries over to Anna
May. The thing that gets me about this
scene is that Stuart Holmes is the bar-
tender. In the early days of pictures Mr. H
was the suavest villain the screen knew.
He was the Roy O'Arcy (whatever became
of him, anyhow?), the Adolph Menjou, the
George Raft and William Powell of his day.
Now he is portly, almost bald and has a
fringe of white hair around his pate—but
he's still a good actor.

The last picture on this lot is "Four's A
Crowd" with Errol Flynn, Walter Connolly,
Olive DeHavilland and Rosalind Russell.

Honest to pete, the way Louella Parsons,
Ed Sullivan and I go on writing month in
and month out, trying to tell these people
how to get a little system into movie mak-
ing—and no one pays the slightest attention
to any of us—is enough to try the patience
of Job. I've reminded them time and again
that Paramount lost almost a million dol-
lars on "Hotel Imperial" because Dietrich
wouldn't finish it after Lubitsch was taken
off, and she hadn't seen the completed
script before she started it. I've told them
they should never put a picture into pro-
duction until the script is finished. But they
go right ahead doing as they've always
done—shooting from the cuff.

Here this picture is over half finished
and no one knows what it's about. Or if
they do, they're certainly making a mystery
of it. All I know (and you're welcome to
any information I have) is that Mr. Flynn,
Miss DeHavilland and Miss Russell are in
bathing suits (oh, well, it'll be summer
when the picture is released) and Mr. Con-
nolly is in street clothes and all steamed up.

Your choice is right with
BEECH-NUT
GUM
for flavor and refreshment

ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is
so good it's the most popular
flavor of gum in America.
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...the use of chewing gum
helps lessen fatigue, im-
prove alertness and men-
tal efficiency.

BEECH-NUTS are the
"candy-coated" variety in
your choice of flavors...Pep-
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"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"
The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and
gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially
made for this purpose. It's fresher, "chewier"...helps keep
teeth clean and fresh looking.

Silver Screen
Young man," he sputters to Errol, "I give you two minutes to leave my prop-erty! Only he calls it "proposition."

"Why, Mr. Dillingwell?" Errol counters, although he has planned just such a scene as this.

Olivia is making frantic gestures to tell Errol that Connolly means it.

There may be better actors than Mr. Connolly in the business but I defy anyone to find a better mural! "I have entertained rats under my roof in my time," he wheezes and I begin to fear he is carrying this sputtering business too far for the sake of art. He looks apostolic. "But none to compare to you!" he thunders.

"What do you mean, sir?" Errol counters, thinking this is all part of the scene he had planned. He passes between Connolly and Olivia, prods the latter and whispers in the former's ear, "Nice going."

"Don't whisper at me," Connolly sputters. "Get out of here!"

Errol passes back between them and prods Olivia again. "Join in." Olivia automatically repeats a well rehearsed line—but in a very weak voice: "And to think you made love to me only to trick my protector. Grandfather, are you going to stand by and see me used as a tool?"

"Don't talk nonsense," Connolly sputters to Olivia and wheels on Errol, sputtering some more: "so you're the one who wants to make me into a saint, are you—after conducting a whole campaign to make me the most hated man in America?"

Well, of course, if Errol has gone that far there's an excuse for Mr. Connolly's sputtering.

"It's all my fault," Miss Russell interposes quietly.

It all reminds me of Jello's (how about a couple of tickets to the broadcast, Jello?) recipe for chocolate pudding: "Boil and set until it begins to thicken and then let it cool."

I always say—yeah, you've heard that before, I know, but it's still a good line—quantity is what counts. So, as R-K-O is the next most active studio we'll turn our footsteps thitherward.

R-K-O

"VIVACIOUS LADY" starring Ginger Rogers and James Stewart is still shooting. But you've heard about that. In addition, there are "Go Chase Yourself" (and the same to you, Mr. R-K-O) with Joe Penner, Lucille Ball and Vicki Lester. The Lester-Ball act is an eyeful and the Ball dame sorta gets me. Also, there is "The Saint in New York" with Louis Hayward and Kay Sutton. I've heard of Mrs. Sutton (isn't she another socialite entering pictures?) but she has never had the pleasure (?) of meeting me so the score is still o-o.

To get out with "Chase Yourself," Mr. P. is a bank teller, more interested in courting than telling and more interested in raffles and lotteries than courting. He wins a trailer, which, although he has no car, doesn't discourage him. But it licks his wife (Lucille Ball), she tells him to go sleep in it. That same afternoon he has unwittingly given three crooks a tip (he would!) and they rob the bank. Pursued by police, they notice Joe's trailer and swiftly attach it to their car, assuming (and rightly) it will disarm suspicion (that English is RKO's—not mine).

Oh, phooey. The plot is just too complicated, but Lucille, in trying to follow Joe gets herself locked in jail, along with Fritzfeld (who is engaged to the Lester), and that's where I come in.

Eddie Cline is directing and wherever Eddie is, there's fun.

"Are you one of the Mauch Twins?" he demands seriously.

"Yes!" I answer, determined not to be made a fool of—again.

"Which one?" he insists.

"The older one," I retort cleverly and everybody laughs—even I.

"Huh!" says Eddie and then he really grows clever. "This is the Jaff-O program," he announces and starts singing, "J-J-J-J-1-L-O-O-O."

"Play, Phil," comes in a voice suspiciously like Mary Livingston's but it's really Lu ville's. And then she says, "Jack—where were you last night?"

"Why do you ask me a question like that, Mary?" Cline takes it up.

"You know, you big lug," she squelches him.

"Did you hear from your mother, Mary?" he asks, ignoring the inference.

"Yes," says Luville.

"Is it a long letter?" Cline inquires apprehensively.

"Yes," says Luville. "I'll read it to you.

Then suddenly she breaks off this foolish-
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loving tempestuously... fighting val-
hating fiercely... fighting val-
antly! A family torn apart by disaster
itself by one kiss stolen from
the lips of alluring Belle
Fawcett! But when disas-
ter overtakes the flamin-
girl, it is 'the O'Learys
against the
world'!

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any dropper can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and plummy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Charles Judels, Nan Grey, Harlan Briggs, May Boley and Tom Jonks in a scene of domestic bliss in "Reckless Living!"

"Warden," Lucille cajoles desperately. "How would you like to make that $5,000 reward?" pointing to a poster of Penner's kidnappers (in justice the RKO scenario writers I must point out that the reward is for the bank robbers and not for Penner). "Huh!" Stone grunts, looking up. "You can be the man to capture my husband and his mob of kidnappers," she coaxes. (Did I tell you that because his trailer is attached to the bank robbers' car, Joey Boy is supposed to be the head of the mob?) "How do you know where he is?" Stone counters.

Lucille takes her cue and becomes pretty breezy. "Did you ever know a gunman's moll who couldn't locate the hide-out?" she demands, flicking the ashes from her cigarette in his face. And that's what she meant when she said her ashes were ready. "That's good," Clive says, "print it." "More," I yell. "Shut up," says Clive, "you're only in on a rat-catcher." And that's that!

"When they executed Mart, Queen of Scots, they built a fine, beautiful scaffold with great noblemen watching.
"Times've changed," Carson vows. "There aren't much to it these days, I guess that'll do. Just stand up by that tree." He turns to Guilfoyle. "Come on, Hymie, it's your turn." And with that he calmly seats himself on a fallen log about five yards away. Hayward stands with his back to the tree as Guilfoyle Hymie approaches. Hymie unbuttons Louis' jacket and then his shirt.
"The heart is on this side," Louis offers, indicating his left breast. "I know," Guilfoyle mutters, "but some fellows started wearing bullet proof vests." "Ah, would I were invulnerable, too!" Hayward sighs.
"Invulnerable? What's that?" Hymie asks quickly. "Look it up sometime, Hymie," Hayward suggests.

Well, as another saint once said to a sinner, after trying a sample, there's not much to it after all. In fact, that's about all there is today. So I break over to—
Universal

ONE lone, lorn picture shooting here.
'Tis called "Reckless Living" and I think it's a racetrack picture, but here again, alas, we have a picture with an unfinished story. However, it's near the start of the picture. The scene is a boarding house run by May Boley (there's an actress for you!) and three of her boarders are sitting at the breakfast table. They are Charles Judels, Harlan Briggs and Tom Jenks (and there's a comedian for you!)
The boys (well, it's a mixed crowd—Jenks is still practically a boy) haven't money to pay their bill and they are trying to soft-soap May by spilling a little blarney. But May puts them in their places by telling them she was married to an Irishman for thirty-five years—a gent who could REALLY lay it on. And with that she goes over and puts her arm affectionately around a gold bust of her late soft-soaper. If I had a gold bust of anything I'd handle it affectionately, too.

"And they still talk about him, Mother Ryan," Judels coos.

"What a horseman he was!" Briggs takes it up.

"Horseman!" exclaims Jenks indignantly. "Why, when Rosy Ryan passed on, purses were made up from Caliente to Hialeah to build that statue!"

May is touched—even as you and I. Proudly she gives Frank some more pancakes.

"That memento cost $2,000 if it cost a nickel!" Frank opines.

"And not nearly enough for a testimonial to Rosy," Briggs sighs. "Rosy! Remember how they used to say:
'The field is large and the start is bad, And the green colt runs as he can—"

May takes up the chant.

"But see the weight he packs, my lad, Ere you brand him an also-ran!"

"What's all this talk about also-rans?" Nan Grey smiles as she comes in the door. "You look like a bunch of winners to me."

Of course, one can never be sure but there are those who hint darkly that Nan is still the love of Wayne Morris' life despite his professed engagement to Priscilla

(Continued on page 8)

Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades of drug and dept. stores 50c

Hello, Mr. Lukas! Last night I made a big hit in the Star's role! And I give credit for my performance to the Kissproof Lipstick you told me about. Its beauty-cream base keeps my lips soft and smooth. Gave me confidence by making me look my best!

Kissproof Lipstick and Rouge

Paramount

"Cocanut Groove" with Fred MacMurray and Harriet Hilliard, and "Tropic Holiday" with Ray Milland and Dorothy Lamour, I've already told you about. That leaves "You and Me" and there's not much to that, either. Just Mr. George Raft and Mr. Warren Hymer walking down a street muttering to each other and I can't hear what they're talking about. So I proceed to—
Even your best friend won't tell you

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

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

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

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

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

Lamberth Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Checks Halitosis (Bad Breath)

WHAT PUT PATTY IN THE MOVIES?

I READ SOMEWHERE THAT THERE'S A GREAT CALL FOR PHOTOGRAPHER'S MODELS. WOULDN'T I LIKE TO BE ONE. LOT'S OF MONEY AND A CHANCE AT THE MOVIES MAYBE.

WHY DON'T YOU TRY, PATTY. YOU'RE GOOD LOOKING.

WHY NOT, PATTY, YOU'D BE SURE TO SUCCEED. I'LL GET DAD TO CALL UP HIS PHOTOGRAPHER FRIEND, MR. HESS.

IT'S ALL SET, PATTY. MR. HESS WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW MORNING.

HONEST, I'M SO THRILLED.

I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T DO, MISS PATTY, YOUR TEETH ARE GOOD, BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR CAMERA WORK THEY HAVE TO BE PERFECT.

COME THIS WAY, PATTY.

I'M REALLY UGLY.

CUTIE, I'M NOT UGLY. I'M JUST NOT AMUSED.

I'VE FAILED MISS JONES... AND WE NEED THE MONEY SO BADLY.

FAILED FIDDLESTICKS... ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS USE A SPECIAL TYPE OF TOOTH PASTE THAT OUR BEST MODELS AND SCREEN STARS USE. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE IS IT'S NAME. TRY IT TWO WEEKS... THEN COME BACK.

3 WEEKS LATER - AT THE STUDIO

THE JOB'S YOURS, MISS PATTY... 150 A WEEK. I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'RE THE SAME GIRL. YOUR TEETH ARE SIMPLY PERFECT.

I'M SO THANKFUL, MR. HESS. IT MAY LEAD TO THE MOVIES, AND ALL THE CREDIT IS DUE TO MISS JONES.

ONE YEAR LATER

YOU'RE ALL SO WONDERFUL. GOODBYE! GOODBYE!

SHE'LL CLICK IN HOLLYWOOD!

MAYBE WE'LL SEE YOU... WHEN YOU GET LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, TOO—ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS HICK TOWN.

YOU GET THE CLEANSING POWER OF POWDER... IN MODERN FORM... WHEN YOU GET LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE. IT KEEPS YOUR TEETH SPARKLING AND HURRIED. CLEANS AND POLISHES THEM TO GLEAMING WHITENESS.

No wonder it is the favorite of glamour girls who live by their smiles.

POWDER IN THE FORM OF DENTAL CREAM

WATCH your dentist next time he cleans your teeth. Note how he makes his powder into a paste.

Similarly, for your convenience we "creamt" the safest dental powders into a paste, which is easy to put on the brush.
THE Margaret Lindsay-Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt romance is one of the hottest in town. Cesar Romero and Ethel Merman are romancing at present—because the studio says it's good publicity—but those publicity matches sometimes turn out seriously.

THE birds are singing and the sun is shining and life is indeed a beautiful thing for Nana Earles, personal maid to Alice Brady. As a birthday present and a little token of appreciation for many years of faithful and devoted service, Alice gave Nana a $1500 plush-mounted, hand-carved antique bed. The bed stands in regal splendor upon a magnificent Axminster carpet, also a gift from Alice, and when Nana crawls from the silken sheets each morning she says that "it's just like climbing out of the bosom of a cloud." You can be sure that Nana's new finery has Central Avenue Society (Los Angeles' Harlem) green with envy.

IT MUST be the Dietrich influence! Could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Harriet Hilliard dancing at the Troc in a large black cartwheel of milan with a shallow crown and a vivid trimming which was the exact replica of a big, red apple! Marlene now signs her letters, "With love from a Sad Apple."

THE pièce de résistance at the Warner Club annual party this year was the showing of a choice collection of the year's "Blow-ups." "Blow-ups" consist of the things actors say when they can't remember their lines. The cameras and sound tracks go on recording until the director says, "Cut," and that extra dialogue is often priceless.

Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Bette Davis, Carole Lombard, Paul Muni and Humphrey Bogart were among those caught unawares. And was it fun! It was Dick Foran's "blow-up," however, that had everyone in hysterics. Dick was shown having a little difficulty with a horse. "I can't get on the damned horse," said Dick with feeling.

FOR some time a persistent insurance agent has been trying to sell Dick Arlen additional insurance, and won't take no for an answer. So, Dick resorted to the good old run-around. Now the agent has rented a house across the street from Dick and lies in wait for him with a lot of high pressure salesmanship.

Saying "no" is the hardest thing Dick does. He prefers to climb over the back fence and be picked up by his chauffeur, who ostentatiously leaves by the front gate, driving an empty car.

WENDY BARRIE's cigarettes are red tips to match her stick and nail enamel. It makes a nifty smoking ensemble and much neater than a smeared red cigarette butt.

TAILORS all over the land recently picked Jack Benny as one of the best dressed men in America, which has subjected Jack to a heap of heckling from his Hollywood pals. They want to know if he is going to play one of the models in his new picture "Artist and Models."

AFTER doing thirty performances every week on a personal appearance tour, Mischa Auer says he will never again kick about it being hard work to appear in pictures. And Mischa's face is still red on account of that joke he pulled off recently on Hollywood Boulevard—a joke that didn't come off. He saw Hugh Herbert walking down the street in front of him with a very pretty blonde. So Mischa galloped up behind him, touched him on the shoulder and said "Woo Woo." The only trouble about the whole thing was that the man wasn't Hugh Herbert.

JOAN BENNETT, whose hobby is collecting salt and pepper shakers, recently received from a woman in the East a set that once belonged to Sarah Bernhardt.

KAY FRANCIS, who has been married to William Gaston, John Meehan, F. Dwight Francis and Kenneth MacKenna has recently announced her engagement and approaching nuptials to Baron Raven Erik Barnekow. He is a German and has a responsible position in the airplane business. She met him last summer at one of Countess di Frazio's parties, Delmar Davis, the young writer who has been Kay's constant escort for a couple of years now, is back in circulation, as we so crudely put it in the cinema city.
The Players Are Eager
For The Thrills That
The Sporting Bloods
Of High Society Enjoy.
All You Have To Do
Is Buy A Horse.

The're off! A beautiful flash of
roan, black, tan, white, and grey!
The race is on! And there go the
fond hopes of Hollywood down the
track! There is real rhythm in the
pounding of the hoofs on the turf.
Clumpety-dum! Clumpety-dum!
The heat of the hoofs and the heat
in the hearts of the hopefuls on the
sidelines, and in the heart of each star—
each hoping his horse will "hurry back."

Yes, there is really something to that cry of "hurry back."
Walter Connolly told me his trainer always tells that to the jockey
aboard a Connolly horse just before the race begins. It is the cry
of every star who owns a racer, but, in most cases, either the
jockey doesn't hear or else the horse is in no particular hurry.

The names of Hollywood are race enthusiasts, but the net result
is not very encouraging, for red ink seems to run like blood on
the balance sheets. Yet, not to be discouraged, the fever is in the
stars' blood. They keep buying more horses. And they continue
to hope that, some bright sunny day, their colors will cross the
line—a winner! And most of them would be plenty pleased if
their steed placed or even ran third.

Hollywood has definitely gone horse minded! The names of the
stars who own horses, either for racing or for other purposes, read
like the Blue Book of the film industry. Besides the fond hope for
wins, however, there are sympathetic gestures, expressions of life-
long love for the animals, all reasons for the rapid entrance of
Cinematograph's greats into the "sport of kings."

Of the many stars who own or are buying race horses, perhaps
the most avid of all is Bing Crosby, who is, by the way, a Kentucky
Colonel—no less! (Of course, Bing admits there are an awful lot of
Kentucky Colonels, but it's fun having a title anyway). He has
perhaps the largest stable among the Hollywood "biggins," for
under his colors there are thirty perspiring and hopeful horses, And,
too, he has a race track at Del Mar, a part of which is shared
by Pat O'Brien and others. Then there are 150 acres in the same
community for breeding pur-
poses that fly
the Crosby ban-
ers, for Bing
hopes to breed
a horse that will

win the Kentucky
Derbs some day.
Although his luck
on local tracks
has been rather spasmodic, who
knows—he may have a Derbs
winner before any of
us realize.

Bing is prob-
ably the most "ribbed"
actor at the tracks, but
this story told to me
proves he can take it. It
was after a race, and as
Bing was walking away
from the cashier booth,
he met Jack Oakie. "How
did you do today, Bing?"
Oakie asked. "Swell," re-
pied the crooner. "I
broke even, and did I
need it!"

Bing may be a loser at
times, Anyone will grant
you that. But he has had
winners. There was a
time, not so long ago, when he had gone through almost an entire season without a win. Then, the day before the last race of the meeting, he ran a new member of his stable, "Aunt Kitty." She was a real long shot, and Bing was mainly interested in trying her out. Well, to make a long story short, "Aunt Kitty" proved a bombshell. She won and paid $71.40 for a $2 ticket.

Crosby started to dance. Then he started to faint. He ended by looking white as a sheet and merely standing with his mouth open. His mother, who was with him, watched her son's antics, then looked at the sweater she had knitted for him for Christmas.

"I know why you won," she said suddenly. "You've got that sweater on wrong-side out."

Then there is the other story, though not such a pleasant one for Bing. He owned a horse called "Uncle Gus," which had been in the Crosby stables for two years. It had a great record—of crushing defeats. Bing was prevailed upon to sell the animal, but he refused, and continued to enter him again and again. Finally, however, Bing listened to advice and entered "Uncle Gus" in a claim race at Bay Meadows a couple of months ago. The horse lost and Bing sold it. Later, "Uncle Gus" ran at Santa Anita. And the result? He romped home, a rank outsider, to win, paying 17 to 1.

Bing really loves horses. He is one of the few stars who get up at six a.m. to work out his stallions. He can be seen sitting on a fence in a ludicrous position, clocking off the seconds as his horse goes by. But Bing is also in this business for at least the price of the feed bill. As he says, "I don't mind buying hay for the horses, but I do hate to lose a bet on them after I've bought the hay. Even a $2 bet. It's the principle of the thing. The horses have no loyalty. You'd think they'd get out and run their heads off after the fine treatment they get, but no; they're too brave—they chase all the other horses."

Another terrific racing enthusiast and owner is Walter Connolly, and also one who admires the work Bing is trying to do. Walter has always loved horses, from the time when he was a mere lad on his father's farm in Ireland. He has always wanted a stable of his own, so now his dream has come true at last. He and Frank Lloyd, producer-director, have a stable together.

Walter and I were talking together in the Turf Club a few days ago at Santa Anita. I happened to ask him how his bets were coming. "All right," he replied, "I just bet on a horse that hasn't been doing well at all, and he came in to pay off. You see, the jockey who was riding the animal" (Continued on page 73)
DRESS UP AND LIVE

By Helen Louise Walker

It's all too confusing, this problem of women's clothes on the Pacific Coast! Bathing suits and play suits have grown scantier and scantier to the breath-taking point. The strapless evening frock knocked us for a loop and intrigued our curiosity only a short time ago, as the crow flies. How in the world, we wondered, did the girls keep the things up? Gleeful columnists who have visited Palm Springs this season have been vying with one another in prophecies about whether the completely topless feminine play suit will make its appearance in 1939 or in 1940. The stuffed-shirt conservatives are holding out for 1940.

Meanwhile, evening dresses—at least the skirts of them—have become more and more voluminous. So voluminous, in fact, that it is difficult to understand how a lady can dance in them at all. It's a mere nothing, my dears, to learn (on one of those trips to the ladies' powdering room) that the famous glamour girl you've glimpsed at the Tropicadero is wearing four still satin petticoats (shades of my grandmother—petticoats!) under the twenty yards of swirling pleated chiffon which comprise her skirt.

What's more, the chits are wearing old fashioned whalebone some place where you can't see it. Those almost invisible waistlines aren't mere accidents of nature or the results of serious malnutrition. If your slim dancing partner seems to be out of breath after a few short turns about the floor, don't act surprised and don't make any funny cracks. She is probably laced, underneath those dainty gewgaws, to the rib-breaking point. Lead her quietly to a chair, get her some water and some smelling salts (just as they did in the old-fashioned novels) and all will probably be well after a little while.

Adrian, who designs a lot of these startling costumes, seems to feel a trifle sorry for the darlings who wear them. "After a girl has spent hours basking on the sand (desert or beach), getting publicly sunburned on parts of her anatomy which her mother wouldn't even have mentioned, it must be a comfort to her to wrap herself in as elaborate a package as possible when she goes out for the evening. It is," he adds, thoughtfully, "much more becoming to her, too! A woman has more glamour when she is partially covered."

Into the hands of these gentlemen—the dress designers—the glamorous ladies are delivered and theirs (the gentlemen's) is the task of swathing the glamorous ladies in gowns which will enhance, create or emphasize the allure which is so important at the box-office. These mostly unsung heroes of the sketch boards, scissors and needles are probably quite as responsible for the success of Glamour as is any talent scout, dramatic coach, director or producer. And these experts are unanimous in the belief that putting clothes on a glamorous girl is more important than taking them off her—for box-office
Top, center—Layers of white net make Joan Fontaine look too, too divine. (Page Elsa Maxwell).

Next, The draped shoulder cape adds a wistful note to Irene Dunne’s sophisticated evening gown. Above, Merle Oberon’s lovely chest and shoulders lend themselves perfectly to these daring, strapless models. Left, in "This Woman Is Dangerous" Kay Francis wears a filmy black chiffon frock that attracts one’s eye immediately because of the unique scroll design on the slim-fitting basque.

purposes at any rate.

Consider for a moment. Joan Crawford has recently acquired a sports outfit—brown canvas shorts, a yellow shirt, galuses. She has great fun wearing these things while she frolics at home. But do you think Adrian will let her wear any such thing in a picture? You know he won’t.

Edward Stevenson, head designer at RKO, has designed costumes for some of the loveliest women on the screen. He told me, “When the American women discovered that they could uncover almost their entire selves and say that it was in the interests of health—they did it! They were a trifle disappointed when no one was especially excited about the increasing expanses of visible bare flesh. The Europeans have always known that a shoulder, half concealed by black lace, was more exciting than a completely bare shoulder, that a leg, encased in a sheer stocking, looked lovelier than that same leg with nothing on it.

“When they give us a really exciting, glamorous scene, we put yards and yards of material on the actress. Women everywhere are beginning to catch on, I think. A year ago they thought that the briefest play suit was the thing to wear on the beach. Now they are covering up the play suit or the bathing suit with cotton ‘beach coats’ which reach their ankles and which are as cleverly cut, as carefully fitted, as the most expensive evening frock!”

A year and a half or so ago, Warner Brothers’ Orry Kelly concocted a frock for Dolores del Rio, for the picture, “Meet the Duchess,” which was all skirt and practically no top. The yards of silver-shot white taffeta which made up the lower part of the dress would have reached from here to where you are sitting. The top was almost non-existent and architects came from everywhere to peer at it and to ponder on what-in-the-world held it up. Orry says [Continued on page 75]
Dixie Davis Reveals The Ups And Downs She Encountered While Carving Out A Career For Herself In One Of The Most Fascinating Professions In The World.

WHAT girl of fifteen has not had a dream of becoming a glamorous motion picture star? I, too, like you—and you—and you—had the same dream, but it came to naught.

I find, in retrospect, that my "career years" were harder than I imagined because the heartaches were softened by hope then.

No longer am I one of the glamour girls of Hollywood. I stopped being colorful, put away the grace notes and went back to work.

In my present position as field secretary to Cecil B. DeMille, I have found the glamour I sought—but from behind the camera.

In years of backing the Hollywood acting business, I’ve learned a great many things. I look at the players who work in front of the cameras today, see them facing the trial of hours and days ahead, and I smile understandingly. My own experience makes me do this. I feel safe in saying that the chances are one thousand to one against screen success for anyone coming to Hollywood, and that the chances of success after getting any kind of contract are about fifty to one.

There is nothing so uncertain as the career of a motion picture player. There are responsibilities, and there are hopes and heartaches, there are endless hours of waiting... waiting... only to have more heartaches.

I was born in Dallas, Texas. When I was seven, I was taken out of grammar school, and with my parents travelled to San Diego, California. My father purchased an extensive piece of land here, as a speculation, and it proved to be just that. Soon after, the land was gone, and so was father.

After the divorce, faced with supporting both of us, Mother resumed dressmaking, and during the last few years at school, I cashed in the school cafe to earn a few additional dollars.

On graduation from the Russ High School in San Diego, I entered the Sawyer School of Secretaries.

The story of my career in motion pictures actually begins when my mother, through some friends, met a relative of David Wark Griffith, the great director of silent days. This relative came to our modest bungalow, cast an appraising eye at me, and pronounced those words which have since been heard ‘round the world:

"You ought to be in pictures!"

From then until my graduation from secretarial school, mother and I thought of nothing else, talked of nothing else, saved every penny we could, and finally with a few hundred dollars and high hopes, trained from San Diego to Long Beach, where we felt living expenses would be cheaper than in Hollywood.

Every day at 5:15 a.m., I rose and came to Hollywood, made the rounds of casting offices only to meet with disappointment. I saw that if I was going to get into pictures I’d have to work some other "angle." So—I took a job with an insurance company to supply enough money on which mother and I could move to Hollywood. All the time I could get away from the office, I spent haunting the studios, which evidently didn’t mind being haunted at all. This and another job lasted for two years.

Finally, through a friend I got a break! I received an offer of a job in pictures! Now, I felt my goal was just about reached! Demny Lamson, an agent, who was going into business, had interviewed a score of girls, and had found them wanting.

Mr. Lamson interviewed me—I sold him Dixie Davis, potential actress, as a secretary.

"Picture aspirations?" he asked.

I was afraid I wouldn’t get the job if I confessed, so I said: "No."

I asked for thirty-five dollars a week, and got it. More money than I’d ever made in my life. I found myself virtually running his office. What hours? Seven-thirty in the morning until seven o’clock or later at night. Nobody in motion pictures seems to worry about hours. I watched Mr. Lamson sell talent to producers and achéd all over. I was sure I could be sold.

About this time, another agent offered me a job visiting casting offices at the studio, selling talent. I snapped it up. Fate seemed
to be on my side. At last I was actually getting inside studios!

"I'll sell myself," I said—silently.

I did. One day Jack Votion, then casting director at Paramount, said to me:

"Dixie, if you ever get out of a job, I'll put you in pictures."

That was on Tuesday. On Thursday morning I reported: "I'm out of work."

My first "role" was worth $10 a day. The picture was "Wet Paint" starring Raymond Griffith. I was told to appear in an evening gown and wrap. I wore a white one my mother had made. Also robin's egg blue kid pumps. Running over rocks and newly plowed ground proved a little too much for my evening dress and blue kid pumps. At the end of the day, they were ruined; I think this was my first major disillusionment. But I had a lot of rebound in those days. Next, I went to Coronado Beach, a resort near San Diego. Ten days this time. At ten dollars, per. The studio supplied my wardrobe, and I had a grand time!

Then one of those things happened. A break at last!

A star I'd met approached me at the Montmartre Cafe, a then fashionable film eating place.

"I want to place you under personal contract," he said. "I think you have terrific possibilities. I'll give you fifty dollars a week, every week. Whenever I place you, I'll take the difference."

Frances Marion was once a script girl. Now she is a famous scenario writer.

What I didn't know was that he had wind of the fact that Sidney Olcott, the director, who was about to make a picture starring Richard Barthelmess, had seen me during a luncheon at this very cafe and believed I was just the girl he had been seeking for the feminine lead. My benefactor took a chance of making a nice profit right now. Mr. Olcott made a test of me. It was satisfactory. My break had come at last. . . But another girl got the part.

So, I received fifty dollars a week. Full of the idea of living up to my contract I moved into a more expensive apartment. I had to have more clothes. I had to entertain, so I thought, and that cost money. Full page adds in all the trade papers stated that I was "new and different" and made the flat statement quoting the sponsoring star: "I believe I have the find of the season."

Even today, more than ten years later, when I am working on a set and anyone comes up behind me and repeats that line, I still blush.

Jack Warner next ordered a test of me. The director who made the test told his crew:

"Okay, boys—start in."

Then he turned away. I was frightened to death. I found out later that this was his technique, and that he wasn't disgusted with me before I'd even started, which I thought was the case.

I was given to understand if the test wasn't any good, they'd make another, with a good possibility of a contract. However, when it was learned I was under personal contract, negotiations were dropped. Studios seem averse to exploiting a new player who is under contract to anyone other than the studio—they prefer having full supervision over the beginner's career.

The actor who held my contract later went to Europe and my contract was allowed to lapse.

By this time I'd spent so much money "putting on an act" that I was in worse financial condition than I had been at the start of what was then known as my career. I had no job at all. I tried extra work. One casting director told me:

"We would have given you a call for an extra job, but we thought that because you'd been under contract you wouldn't care to do that sort of work."

At that moment, any kind of work looked good. I explained to everyone I'd be an extra, and gladly. But nothing happened. My mother scraped together enough to open a rooming house, just before she succeeded in doing this, I was on a set watching Mal St. Clair, the director, make "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Mr. St. Clair needed someone to double Ruth Taylor's hands.

"Maybe you'd do it—just as a lark," he said, apologetically.

"Yes—for a lark," I said. But I didn't laugh when I said it. We talked and I told him the truth. He hired me as his secretary. That lasted for two months, until the picture was over. Then he didn't need a secretary.

After leaving Mr. St. Clair, I started doing extra work, but with more success than before. By this time, I knew a great many people. In Hollywood, the more people you know in the industry, the more work you are able to obtain.

Actually I averaged, as an extra, about $50 a month for the next few years. However, the expense of maintaining my place as a top ranking "dress girl" added up to within a few dollars of what I made. A very extensive wardrobe is absolutely necessary. My hair had to be perfectly groomed at all times which meant having it "done" at least twice a week, and sometimes oftener. Cleaning bills looked like the war debt. In short, extra work doesn't pay.

This year's reports indicate that of the 17,000 extras only one made $60 a week, and the (Continued on page 60)
PROJECTION

OF

DON AMECE

By

Elizabeth Wilson

BACK in 1936, soon after Don Ameche arrived in Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox lot said one night to a writer at the Clover Club: "We have a young Italian lad on the lot who has a marvelous radio voice, and he can act with it better than John Barrymore ever thought of doing. He's as handsome as Robert Montgomery, and, get this, he's as pious as a monk. He has the male lead in Ramona but when the director got stuck at the Mass part in the marriage ceremony because the altar boys couldn't recite Latin, he offered to stand off stage and recite the prayers! He has an almost spiritual quality to his voice. I predict that after he makes six pictures he'll be a big number at the box-office. Watch him."

The prominent producer hit a bull's eye with his prediction as is evidenced in a review printed in Time Magazine. Said the Time critic of Don's sixth picture, "Fifty Roads to Town": "It is a pleasant little farce, designed to exhibit as fetchingly as possible the qualifications of Producer Darryl Zanuck's latest discovery, Indian-blooded Don Ameche, whose fan mail at Twentieth Century-Fox is second only to Shirley Temple's."

Though quite accurate as regards the fan mail the Time critic slipped up badly on Don's lineage. He hasn't even a corpuscle of Indian blood. When asked how the rumor got around Don said: "Some one must have heard me say that my two kids, Donnie and Ronnie, are wild little Indians."

Don's father is Dominic Felix Ameche (The name was originally Amici but became Americanized when the little Amics started in public school) and he was born in the beautiful vineyard country near Rome, Italy. Don's mother, whose maiden name was Barbara Etta Hertol, comes from Springfield, Illinois, with a background of German and Scotch-Irish ancestry.

Don is the second oldest of eight children—four boys and four girls. Mr. Ameche was a saloonkeeper in Kenosha, Wisconsin, when the little Ameches were growing up, and Don is very pleased to tell you that his father was the best saloonkeeper in Wisconsin. No man ever left his saloon drunk; and, because I think that gives father one leg on fame, I see no reason to keep it dark."

Don's frankness is one of his most charming characteristics. "I have the finest folks in the world," he used to tell his pals when he was a boy, "and some day I'm going to do things for them."

Don has certainly made his promise good. His first movie pay check was spent on a ranch for his parents, who today live very near the fourteen acres that Don has bought for himself in the San Fernando Valley.

Besides his family Don has three great loves—the good earth, gambling, and radio. Don thinks that if people would only live in the country where they can smell and feel the earth, and see things grow and die and return to seed, they would understand God's plan for the universe much better, and that there would be fewer suicides and neurotic wretches. Don never wants to live in Chicago or New York again, he wants to live the rest of his life on his California ranch, where he can step out of his front door and dig his hands and feet into the soil. Perhaps that is the reason he is such a sane and peaceful young man, he keeps both feet on the ground—and his own ground too, fourteen fertile acres of it.

Gambling, strangely enough, is his second great love; he adores gambling, always has, ever
since he was a kid. There must have been a very sporting ancestor somewhere back there on the branches of the Ameche family tree, probably Julius Caesar himself, who said, "The die is cast." For Don, more than any other person I have ever met, has inherited not only the love, but the temperament for gambling. He is generally accepted as the best of the picture colony.

When he was a boy of twelve at St. Berchman's, a parochial seminary in Marion, Iowa, Don considerably upset the school discipline by teaching all the other little boys how to make bets on the outcome of the World Series. The bets were usually made with desserts and Don very often had more ice cream than he could eat. When poverty pinched, as it usually did the day after he received his allowance from home, Don's agile mind could always be counted on to conceive a new betting scheme, with odds in his favor, that would carry him along, and richly too, until the next allowance day.

He admits he is not very lucky at the Santa Anita track, though he never misses a chance to go when he isn't working. "I'm a sucker for a tip," he says sadly, "anybody's tip." What with playing "tips" and "long shots" he fares rather badly. He's much more lucky with poker, which he considers the most interesting of card games. Several nights a week you can find Don bending over the roulette table or the "crap" table of one of the smart gambling clubs in Hollywood. Sometimes he wins—sometimes he loses. He and his wife have worked out a system. He is allowed to lose just so much and then he must stay away from the clubs until he saves up money on his own account. When he is "on parole" Mr. Ameche is a very sad young man. Nothing seems to interest him then.

He is terribly enthusiastic about radio, which, after all was his "first love" in the entertainment field. It was radio that came to his aid after he had been knocked around pretty brutally by the New York stage and was sort of blue and discouraged about the whole thing.

Don was on the retreat to his hometown Kenosha, Wisconsin, ("I can always get a job there in the mattress factory, I have before") when he ran into some of his old friends from his stock company days who said, "Stick around, Don. There are plenty of opportunities in Chicago now. For instance, there's a big audition over at the broadcasting company's studios tomorrow. You've got a swell voice. Why not try out?"

"There'll be a million people there," objected Don. Then—"But I guess it won't hurt to be the million-and-first!"

The million-and-first made radio history. Two days after the audition Don was called to play a part in "The Empire Builders." Next to "Amos and Andy" he has been on the air longer in one series than any other radio star. He has been the star of the cast of "Little Theatre Off Times Square," he has played in "Betty and Bob," in "Rin Tin Tin," "Foreign Legion," "Grand Hotel," and for five years he was with "The First Nighter"—which he resigned from last May to take over the Chase and Sanborn Hour. A recent radio canvass brought forth the fact that he is the Number One Dramatic Star of the air lanes.

Although Don would never be one to belittle pictures he thinks that radio is the greatest form of entertainment in the world. Pictures are limited in their scope. He says they can only entertain people in towns and cities where there are movie houses—but radio penetrates into the backwoods and the very fringe of civilization. But, especially does he like it because of the comfort and cheer it brings to the sick and the bed-ridden, and the lonely folk doomed to spend dreary days in dismal rooms.

He thinks there has been too much muddling and meddling with radio by the wrong people, that it has succeeded "in spite of itself," but he has great faith in its future, and he wishes to do his part towards making it the perfect form of entertainment that it can be.

With almost school-boy enthusiasm he worships Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and admits that it still makes him sick at his stomach to see Edgar fold up Charlie, pull a bag over his head, and store him away in a valise at the end of the broadcast. Of all the stars who have appeared with him on his program he thinks that Barbara Stanwyck is the swellest person and the most talented actress.

[Continued on page 70]
I've just lately returned from Mexico. I went down there into the land of mañana, to do a location yarn on Paramount's "Tropic Holiday."

Seven miles below the border lies the little town of Ensenada, popular mecca of film folk, and my own destination. It is one of the old towns of Mexico. As I rounded the final bend of the mountain reaching down to the sea, the spectacle that met my eyes was positively breath-taking. A sprawling hamlet of square adobe and weathered frame houses, Ensenada nestles on the shore of the most beautiful bay in all Mexico.

The Playa Ensenada, where I made my headquarters, is a palace of old-world loveliness, where the charm of Spain blends with the more modern Western touches, and the restaurant El Mar Y Raye—already tropical in white and red, with a bolder jacket—bounced out to meet me.

"Oh, boy," she exclaimed, in a tone that only Martha can use, "here I've come all the way down into Mexico, and all the good-looking soldiers in the place rush up to Tia Juana. Just when I was in the mood to make eyes at a general, too." She dropped, in mock despair.

The story of "Tropic Holiday" unfolds in the picturesque village of Rosario, in the lush semi-tropics of Southern Mexico. It was to gain atmospheric and background scenes that Martha, Bob Burns, Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland and the rest of the company had journeyed down to Ensenada, several hundred miles from Hollywood; on the west coast of Mexico—Baja California. It was like stepping into another world, with dark-skinned natives strumming on guitars, their excited voices shouting in Spanish, and a general atmosphere of foreignness prevailing everywhere.

"It's a sort of comedy, I'd say, friend," confided Bob Burns, who was a candidate for senator from Oklahoma. The Indians' Choice, no less. Bob was garbed in white linen, with brown and white huarachas (Mexican sandals) and a huge campaign button, four inches in diameter, bearing his picture was pinned to his coat lapel.

We were out on a rocky promontory overlooking the ocean, and three or four handsome young native fishermen in appropriate costumes were gazing intently across the water toward the horizon, while others, in the background, were singing in Spanish the haunting melody of "Tonight Will Live Forever." The scene represented the opening of the Fiesta del Tortugas, with a feller in honor of the big sea coming back from deep water, and Latin gaiety was in the air.

"I'm down here in Mexico—in the story, of course—to win my childhood sweetheart, Martha Raye, who's workin' for a writer-fellow but easy as pie for me to get away from her and she insists that I sweep off her feet, etc. I'm not so much at this sweepin' stuff, but I pursuer her, anyway, dressed up like a Mexican circus tent. She thinks she's head over heels in love, but she's not, in the least. Really she's in love with me."

"Oh, Bobbie-Wobbie, of course I love you," Martha broke in. "You see," turning to me, "I'm here in Rosario with Ray Milland, who's a scenario writer from Hollywood trying to do a story with a Mexican setting. I'm his secretary. He doesn't like it down here, but his boss in Hollywood insists that he stay until he finishes."

Then, I come into the picture," offered Dorothy Lamour, looking pretty in her gay Mexican colors. This is Dorothy's first big part where she wears clothes. In "The Jungle Princess," "Hurricane" and "Her Jungle Love," she affected nothing but a brief strong, picturesque but exceedingly scanty. You'll like her as the Phila. Mamie."

"To fend off the attention of many suitors in my father's tavern, The Inn of the Little Lantern, where I serve customers wine, I tell them I have a date with the American. When he is leaving after talking on the telephone to Hollywood, I link my arm in his and we go for a walk along the beach. He tells me he knows all about writing of love, I tell him he knows nothing. I fall in love with him, then, and pretty soon he feels that same way about me."

"Yeah," Ray contributed, with a grin, "and my Hollywood sweetheart, the gal whom I'm supposed to marry, flies down to get me when she hears about Dorothy—or Mamie—and there's the end of a pretty 'love story.'"

"As I said, friend, before all these interruptions," Bob continued. "Some may call it a comedy. Especially, when they see Martha here trying to fight a bull to win the love of her Mexican beau."

"Looky," suddenly shrieked the light of his dreams ...

"TURTLES!"

"Las Tortugas! Las Tortugas!" shouted the fishermen. Looking out to sea, we saw scores of giant turtles driving through the water shoreward. It was a scene such as few are privileged to glimpse. Instantly, all was confusion. While the cameras turned, the Mexicans dove into the water, to capture the prizes, and even small children, shedding their clothing as they ran toward the surf, entered into the spirit of the chase. While bells tolled the welcome message that the turtles, or tortugas, had arrived, other natives remained on shore, singing and shouting to greet their comrades with delight as they dragged huge turtles up onto the beach and overturned them. On the screen, these scenes will be night shots, with bonfires burning, but actually, of course, they were filmed during the day, through blue filters.

Martha and Bob circulated talkatively among the milling crowd. Suddenly, there was shrill laughter, directed at the towering Burns.

"I NOW what'd I do?" the comedian demanded, of no one in particular.

Michael Visaroff, the Russian actor, who plays Dorothy's padre, good-naturedly explained. . . . "You said 'goodbye,' when you meant 'Hello.'"

Bob looked sheepish. "Well, I never," he chuckled, hauling a small Spanish dictionary out of his pocket. "Darn these funny languages, anyhow, I guess I looked at the wrong page."

On the way back to the hotel, Martha was pensive. "Gee," she murmured, "wish I had a hamburger. That's what I miss down here."

"Tropic Holiday" should score a knockout when it is ready for the public. It is high comedy, with Martha and Bob at their funniest; lifting romance, uniting again the lovely Lamour and the handsome Milland; and a song fest that undoubtedly will be long remembered.

For these songs, Paramount brought from Mexico Augustin Lara, the Irving Berlin of Mexico, who has composed music for the picture that undoubtedly will usher in a new melodic vogue. And to further carry out the feeling of this music, Tito Guizar, most famous of all Mexican opera singers, will sing these songs . . . as well as woo the only too willing, romantic-minded Martha, in his role of the Mexican matador. Tito is the fit in Bob Burns' omnibus of happiness.
know, if such a thing were in prospect for YOU. Those scenes are action. I'm looking forward to, when the company returns to Hollywood. They'll be shot out on the ranch. Of course, Martha will be exposed to no actual danger, but just to be near those snorting creatures, who'd love to gore the hand that feeds 'em, is enough to give a tender maid like our Marthy chills.

Outside the hotel one morning, as the company was piling into cars preparatory to starting for location, stood several shaggy-haired burros. You know, the kind that always are dropping off to sleep, with one long ear hanging down over an eye.

Well, on this particular dawning, Dorothy Lamour was seized with sudden inspiration. "Come on, Martha," she called ... "I dare you to ride one of these cumin little ponies with me to location. The hotel won't mind." "Okey-deke," responded the sprightly Martha, always ready for anything . . . "Let's go!"

While the company grinningly waited, the two girls, neither of whom had ever seen a burro before, climbed aboard their mounts. This was Life, as it should be led . . . novel and calm and peaceful.

"Whasa matter with 'em?" Martha plaintively wanted to know, a moment later, when repeated heel-pounding in her burro's ribs failed to stir the little animal.

"Mine won't budge, either," wailed the Lamour.

Bob Burns helped the girls dismount. "Those little tellers never move more'n half a mile an hour," he explained ... "if you can get 'em to start." Dorothy and Martha entered the car again, without a word, as the entire company guffawed.

Many of the townspeople were generally on hand to watch the shooting of scenes. These Mexicans were a distinct—and drab—contrast to their fellow-countrymen who appeared in the picture. Those acting before the camera wore white, with red sashes and wide sombreros whereas the spectators were dressed in conventional American clothing. A few of the women had black scarfs thrown over their heads.

"Tropic Holiday" will really educate Yankee film fans in a Mexico they didn't know existed. It's a Mexico which has no cactus, no red mountains, no castanets, no banditos. Rather, it is a land of lush tropical jungles that reach down to a blue ocean—a land of primitive, passionate people, their costumes brilliant, their women among the most beautiful in Latin America.

It's the Mexico of magic names like Tehuantepec and Oaxaca—where the dark-eyed señoritas do not tango or do the bolero. Their music is the dreamer waltz and the throbbing bolero. And that's the kind of music that Augustin Lara wrote for the picture.

The interesting head-dresses worn by extra-women playing in the picture captivated my curiosity, and I found there was an explanatory legend that accounted for them. These head-dresses are made of starched lace which frames the face, while folds of muslin dangle down the back. The legend is this: Once long ago a ship was wrecked on this part of our coast. The ship's chest of lady clothes was washed ashore. The long, lace-trimmed dresses stuck the native women as being too elegant for los minitos, babies to you, and so they put them on as hats and the custom has prevailed ever since.

By Whitney Williams

A motion picture company on location always is interesting in its individual personal tastes, and this one was no different from other troops I've been with.

On those mornings when they weren't called for shooting, Dorothy Lamour devoted much of her time to exploring the numerous curio and pottery shops on the single main street of Ensenada; Ray Milland tried to converse in Spanish—and otherwise—with the fishermen spitting enormous nets hundreds of feet square, on the beach; Bob Burns divided his time between watching the gawky pelicans out on the end of the wharf and walking through the older section of the town, along the crooked streets that seemingly had been laid out with no particular plan; and Martha Raye wandered from hotel to town and back again with alarming rapidity. There's no restraining that gal.

"Oh, boy," she told me—she generally prefers every remark with this exclamation—"am I nervous, though. I have to fight a bull . . . and what do I know about fighting bulls!" At the moment, she was thumbing through a thick volume devoted to the gentle art, and she looked none too happy. Well, would YOU?
THREE girls in such luck!

I know how you feel. Three sisters on a glamour bust in Hollywood. Turning the town of towns upside down together, while they’re so young and can respond to all the thrills that are wonderful . . . don’t some folks get all the breaks?

At twenty, Rosemary Lane has already been teamed with Dick Powell, and now comes her chance in the same direction with Rudy Vallee. Priscilla Lane, aged nineteen, has already inherited that spot as Dick’s leading lady. And more. She has whizzed through three films opposite Wayne Morris. More, still, she’s captured Wayne’s much sought-after heart; he’s in a fog about her. This off-screen feat would put her ahead of Rosemary, that is, it would if you overlooked Rosemary’s extra-curricular accomplishment. She’s secured the featured niche with Dick Powell in Warners’ big radio show, thus increasing her own particular vogue by singing to millions of people every week.

But no wonder these two newcomers are stars overnight! Their older sister Lola, who was set as an actress, had only to lift her finger. If you’re pretty and have pull, it’s a cinch. Those lucky Lanes. That’s what you think, and you think wrong!

For the story behind the present prominence of these extraordinary sisters isn’t as simple as that at all. It isn’t the ancient Cinderella tale, tripled. They aren’t beautiful but dumb, Rosemary and Pat, with a siren sister who knew a producer, who was ready, willing, and able to deal out soft contracts. They’re so darn attractive, when you see them about Hollywood, that you can be forgiven if you suppose their looks alone turned the trick. Rosemary’s eyes are violet like Lola’s.
and she is also a ruddy blonde and five-feet four. Pat’s an inch-and-a-half smaller, with great blue eyes and golden hair. All three are stunning, but it wasn’t this which made them famous.

Three smart girls then? Yes, Hollywood’s three smarter girls, literally. They’re brimming over with health. They go places with fascinating men, whenever they wish. They’re all doing exactly what they want to do. And that’s success. But they are living as they desire only because of ambition that capitalized on talent, because of an amazing willingness to earn their places in the sun.

They defeated mediocrity with the old-fashioned, but sure-fire weapon. Determination!

I believe you should know their background. It’s important to them, for they’ve always remembered it. They are small-town girls, the Lanes. Indiana, in Southern Iowa, boasts of thirty-five hundred inhabitants when it isn’t bragging about being their original home. It’s quite an everyday, good-natured village where children grow up in average circumstances. But even more than a thousand miles from New York or Hollywood, girls can dream.

There are, as a matter for the records, two other sisters besides this movie threesome. There were no luxuries, with a family of five, until Lola and Leota, the eldest, provided them. It was Lola and Leota, now in their latter twenties, who were the first of the girls to bank on themselves. They wanted to get somewhere in the world, to have really nice things, meet exciting people. They had hunches they could contribute something themselves. Lola decided college would be the initial step for herself. There was no money to send her, but that didn’t faze her. During high school she’d already been earning money by playing the organ at the local theatre. She arranged to earn her college expenses. The girls’ mother, whom they affectionately call Cora, has been their guide and source of inspiration. Cora’s constant faith in them, her daily watch word, “You must never say I can’t, but I’ll try!” guided Lola, and later the rest of them. They couldn’t fail with Cora back of them.

So Lola enrolled at Simpson College and shone in the class plays, sang in the operettas. She had a tennis serve that was practically terrific, and beaux that were matrimonial. But she longed to become an actress. Her Methodist relatives said no. Anyhow, how can you become an actress in Iowa? Margaret Lindsay, from Dubuque, had money enough to train in New York City, then go to England and acquire an impressive British reputation. Lola had no such advantage.

“But there is, in small towns, such a thing as the Chautauqua,” she recollects with a smile. “I explained that I could play the piano and sing most—or, educationally, I was signed, consequently, at $50 a week. I didn’t dare announce this news immediately. I had to wind up my college-going first, before bringing up this alternative. I broke a rule or two; that seemed the quickest out! I informed the family that the Chautauqua wasn’t like being an actress, and found that was the truth to my sorrow. I heard that Gus Edwards discovered young people for his revues. So I borrowed $250, commandeered Leota, wrote Mr. Edwards that we were coming to New York to sing and dance for him, and off we went!” (Leota, the eldest Lane, is now preparing for grand opera and her loyal sisters prefer her recordings to all others.)

Two years in big-time vaudeville, a fine role in a Broadway musical, and Hollywood picked Lola for pictures. She was nineteen when she arrived in California, the same age Pat is now.

Meanwhile Pat chose a dramatic school (Continued on page 78)
He prowls the night clubs until dawn's early light. Then the flashes are seen no more—New York quiets down. And 2^erte counts over the big ones he shot that night.

Just as every American wants to go to Hollywood, so every movie star when given a holiday makes a bee-line for New York. Brian Aherne flew in from ten clays at Palm Beach (where he was a great social lion) in his own plane, which is an open Waco Biplane. As he has no radio, he just trusts to luck and gets his weather reports at each airport he lands at. Brian is quite shy of snapshots, and I am finding that the photograph magazines are making all the players very wary indeed. Knowing what time he was coming to my apartment I sat at the window and waited. When he appeared at four-thirty I sneaked this shot without benefit of flash bulb. The next day he was off again in his plane for Hollywood.

Mary Boland is another star who came on for only a few days. She was full of enthusiasm over her new house, which was being built when I was on the coast last summer, and which she moved into before Christmas. When I saw Mary she had just been lunching at New York's famous "21" Club, where all celebrities lunch and dine and wave their handkerchiefs and yoo hoo across the room at one another.

That same morning I'd dropped in around noon at the Hotel Lombardy to see Adrienne Ames, and found her propped...
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett and socialite Herman Sartorius. (Below) Henry Armetta, far from the cameras, and John Perona, owner of El Morocco.

(Above) Gertrude Lawrence and Director William K. Howard. (Right) Jane Wyatt talks with her friend, Mrs. Stephen Etzier, whose book "On Gilbert Head" is a best seller.

up in bed having breakfast. That is, if you call having a bowl of fresh fruit and a cup of tea breakfast. Adrienne had been to Conde Nast's large and beautiful party the night before. Mr. Nast is famous for getting all the celebrities to his parties, and others I saw that night were Margo and Francis Lederer, Frances Farmer and Liel Erickson. Margo and Francis Lederer came down to El Morocco later on. Margo had some bad luck when she first came East. They went down to Long Island for a week-end, and in a moment of madness she ate Caviar blintzes for breakfast and it didn't agree with her at all, with the result that she was laid up in bed for four days.

Gertrude Niesen had her hands read one night by Julienne, who is well-known in New York as a palmist. Julienne told her that she is an extreme example of imagination and temperament and often distrusts her own decisions and desires when a crucial moment arrives. She also told her that when a great attachment, which she had in her early twenties, came to an end, it had a good influence on her life.

That great character actor, Henry Armetta, was another enthusiastic New York vacationer. He came in many times to El Morocco to have dinner with his old friend, John Perona, who runs that fabulous glitter spot. On Sunday nights, the celebrities who are there are presented and asked to take a bow, and Armetta's drew greater applause than almost anyone else's, although the group who made their bows included Grace Moore, Eleanor Powell, Gloria Swanson, Ralph Bellamy and dozens of others.

[Cont. on p. 66]
If you know your movies, you know the good old formula for romance is boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy wins girl. But what, I ask you, has anyone done about providing a lush third act for boy meets girl, girl loses boy?

Nothing at all, for scenario writers simply refuse to believe it could happen although you and I know it does and much too often, too.

All alone by the telephone that doesn't ring ... with only the racy tapes for company ... it's the tantalizing dance rhythms that come out of the loudspeaker serving only as a poignant reminder of how you've been overlooked ... nobody to take you out dancing or to come in and dance with you ... perfectly swell music just being wasted while you wonder why he hasn't called you again ... .

Frankly, I hadn't thought that such a "forgotten girl" could exist in this day and age when presumably every modern miss knows all the answers. But she does, and Benny Goodman, the swing magician, got me to thinking about her.

Sometime ago I dropped in to see him at the Pennsylvania Hotel's Manhattan Room where the younger crowd was making merry to his mad music. "Seems like everyone in town is here," I said, "and I suppose those that aren't here are listening in. Say, it's quite a thought to know that all over the country boys and girls are dancing to this same music and having just as much fun out of getting it by radio as this crowd has in getting it in person."

"It if could only be sure everyone listening in was dancing, I'd be happy," Benny replied, "but I'm wondering how many are hearing this music with heavy hearts, wondering why they are listening alone. They are girls, of course, unwanted for the night and ignorant of why. Stick around until intermission and I'll tell you what I mean."

Naturally I was bursting with curiosity when Benny finally came over to my table. He noticed it and grinned, And like a good scout, he didn't keep me long in suspense.

"You know, we orchestra leaders see a lot of what's going on," he began, "and I'm sure if you question the other boys with the baton, they could give you some unexpected lowdown on the ways of a girl with her 'date.' When a fellow dances past with his girl, we've a ringside view on how he reacts to her charms, and more than once I've spotted a budding romance. From the same spot I can also see when the going is not so good and I've come to the conclusion that in a majority of cases the girl herself is her own romance-wrecker. The pity of it is that she so seldom realizes it."

"Take the case of the couple that brought all of this on. He and she were a grand looking pair, I saw them when they first entered the room and I could tell that they hadn't known each other long but that they would like to. He was most attentive at dinner and she was a little darling. Sort of hung on every word he said. Then they got up to dance. They were good dancers; their steps matched perfectly. But, and this is a big but, she was a head-on-the-shoulder dancer. And she hadn't paid particular attention to her cosmetics. All through the dance he kept trying to rub the stuff off his coat lapel and the grips of the people around, who saw what he was doing, actually made him miserable.

Of course he shouldn't have been so sensitive but the fact remains that he was. So much so that he cut short the evening and probably cut out that girl forever. I just saw him with someone else. In the meantime, the first girl is probably at home listening alone to the radio, brokenhearted, wondering what happened. I wish I could tell her. Say, maybe you could write an article about it!"

What Benny Goodman had to say was certainly food for thought. Since then I talked to many other boys with the baton, orchestra leaders you've come to know and like as friends who come into your home via radio, and set your toes to tapping with their tingling tunes. What they had to say more than bore Benny's contention. These radio friends of yours have observed and now pass on to you many unexpected reasons why girl loses boy. And they have found the romance-wreckers make no matter where they played—the supper clubs of Hollywood, the night spots of New York, or college dances—human nature appears to be the same everywhere.

Now this, if you've been out for one-date-only with a boy you particularly liked and he hasn't asked for another, if you'll be honest with yourself you may find out why right here. Of course it may be too late to do anything about the flame that just went out of your life, but, you don't have to let history repeat itself, when the next likely lad comes along.

For, according to Rudy Vallee, "There's a girl a fellow takes out once—just once—and never again. She may be as pretty as a picture and wear clothes like a model, but if she embarrasses him in public, she's through. Why an otherwise smart and sensible girl thinks it necessary to coo and simper, is beyond me. A fellow may not want to talk in a store and he may not really want to talk to him on the dance floor so that other couples stop and giggle, he wants to do a fade-out. In fact, I'd say don't talk while dancing; it spoils your glamour. And for heaven's sake, don't, don't tell him and the last time you were at this place and with whom. He'll resent playing stewpige to your memories. More girls talk themselves out of a date than by any other single thing they do."

Well, that certainly is getting it straight from the shoulder, from Rudy to you. The moral would be to save up the chatter for when you are alone and concentrate on dancing when you get up to dance.

On the other hand, don't go to extremes. That's just as bad. "Don't be such a swing enthusiast," warns Tommy Dorsey, "that you insist upon your partner joining you in fancy steps. He may not know any and won't enjoy being shown. Even a poor dancer thinks he is good. It's best to leave him in his blissful ignorance."

I once saw a man leave the floor in a rage because his girl insisted upon showing him a trick step and emphasized it by telling him how beautifully another fellow did it. If you don't like his dancing, you needn't go again. In that case you will have the satisfaction of saying no to him instead of finding that he has dropped you. An evening isn't a lifetime. Why not be a good sport for a couple of hours?"

And this business of being a good sport extends in several other directions, as Ben Bernie points out: "I think flirting with other men in the room burns the boy friend up faster than anything else. Don't let your eyes wander from him to everyone else in the room so that he gets the impression you're bored. That might be all right in a movie plot, but it doesn't draw dividends in real life. And don't make a play for the musicians. I've seen many a girl deliberately stall in front of the band and flirt with one of the boys who just has to keep on smiling even though her partner looks murderous. The boys call that being used as 'jealousy bait'
but there's nothing they can do about it. Certainly the girl ought to be courteous enough to the fellow who is trying to give her a good time, by paying some attention to him.

Lack of consideration for her escort's physical comfort was stressed by three leaders of dance orchestras—Raymond Paige, Russ Morgan, and Emery Deutsch—as a good reason why a girl doesn't get asked out a second time. And from the way they put it, it sounds reasonable. See if you don't agree.

Says Raymond Paige, "One of the best ways to alienate your boy friend is to carry a miniature wardrobe trunk onto the dance floor and then ask him to 'hold my bag if you don't mind.' He may say he doesn't mind but he certainly does and forever after he'll tab you as the girl who loaded him down like a porter when dancing. Surely no sane girl wants a boy to have such a 'heavy thought' about her."

"Don't use perfume to the point where it works against you," cautions Russ who makes music-in-the-Morgan manner. "I've seen many a young man go through a dance in a death-like struggle for some fresh air. And if he's been nice enough to send you flowers, why keep him at arm's length to preserve a corsage that must inevitably be crushed? You can be sure he'll regret having sent them if he's compelled to preserve them at the expense of hogging a crowded dance floor."

In the opinion of Emery Deutsch, one of the unwritten laws of romance is an attitude of appreciation. "Don't be afraid to let your boy friend know you are having a good time," he advises. "Tell him so. But above all, be considerate of his tomorrow. Don't insist upon staying for just a few more dances when he is dying on his feet and thinking of how early he has to be up the next morning. A fellow is apt to think a girl is greedy if she can't leave before getting through last dance, and from that he may get the idea that she is grasping in other things as well, and fight shy of her."

Well, my dear, have you seen your reflection in any of these pictures? There are others, too, that may hint to you of how you got off the right track.

Take moods, for instance. Men are very much in earnest about their moods. Have you spoiled one of his tender ones? That's serious, according to Guy Lombardo, who states: "When her heart is feeling dreamy and sentimental, why does a girl break the spell? Instead of remaining the sweet, natural girl he knows in the sunlight, she becomes a changeling under electric lights and floors him with a sophisticated swagger and a line of chatter fit for a Noel Coward heroine. Chances are he'll get to thinking she is a hard-boiled baby and will write her off as a mistake he'll not make again."

Maybe it's drinking—or not taking a drink—that caused the rift. Both have to be handled gracefully and can be, if you pay attention to Glen Gray who cautions: "Don't [Continued on page 66]"
William Stevenson, Ginger Rogers, James Ellison and Martha Walsh in the strange attitudes of "Shag," with the kick and all. Ginger thinks the squat is funny.

TF YOU would become an actress, first learn how to dance. Is that the lesson to be learned from the startling success of Ginger Rogers? There is much to buttress the argument that dancing gives poise and fluidity to a performer, teaches him or her how to walk and what to do with awkward hands, teaches timing, suggests gracefulness and builds up a pantomime repertoire that is of vast value in acting. Certainly Ginger Rogers owes much to dancing, for if it had not been for winning a Texas Charleston contest she would not have reached vaudeville, and if she had not reached vaudeville she never would have graduated to a distinguished partnership with Fred Astaire.
Ginger in "Vivacious Lady." She now rates as an actress, too. It was dancing that gave her assurance, without which all stagecraft is hopelessly lost.

The Public Is "Big Applings!"
The Screen Goes In For The Ballet, Everybody Is Dancing, And Ginger Rogers Is To Blame.

Ginger is not the only dancer who has graduated to loftier things as the result of a dancing background. Jeanette MacDonald started as a chorus girl under Ned Wayburn, on the stage of the Capitol Theatre, New York. Joan Crawford started out as a dancer in the Club Richman, at New York. So did Barbara Stanwyck, at Club Anatole. Jim Cagney was a hooper, so was Joan Blondell, so were George Rail, Ricardo Cortez, Cesar Romero and George Stove. Alice Faye started as a Chicsler Hale dancing girl at the Capitol Theatre, the same stage which spurred Jeanette MacDonald into the big-time.

There's plenty of evidence to support the idea that dancing gives a vital something to a performer. Myrna Loy started as a Fanchon and Marco chorine, on the stage of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, here in Hollywood. John Barrymore was a dancing juvenile in such shows as "Stubborn Cinderella," before he became an emotional performer. Judy Garland was noted for her dancing, long before she grew famous as a singer. Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Carole Lombard and Marlene Dietrich are four of the smoothest dancers in the picture colony.

What, exactly, does dancing give to a person? I'd say the most important asset any dancer receives is assurance, and all acting is predicated on the assurance of a performer. If you have sat in a theatre and suffered as a tyro struggles to do something on a stage, you will understand what I'm driving at. A performer who can't convey assurance and authority is the most frightful misfit in the theatre. So dancing gives the keystones of stagecraft.

It gives a performer another vital thing—tempo. The stage is predicated on tempo. Lines must be read in tempo, or they might better not be read at all. Shakespeare, who was a wise one on the stage, said it all, when he had Hamlet tell the strolling players: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of you players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

"Trippingly," said Shakespeare, and there he told a later stage generation about the necessity for tempo in acting. Dancing gives a performer a natural tempo, and teaches him also not to "saw the air," but to act smoothly, so it can be said that dancing teaches a person what to do, and also the things NOT to do.

What it did for Ginger Rogers, I think, was to discipline her body when she was young. It gave her a fine pair of legs, a body that is pleasant to look upon, a graceful carriage. All of these are fundamental things if you wish to go on the stage, and fundamentals are important. The profession acknowledges its debt to Terpsichore in full.

Having admitted so much, however, let us not go overboard and say that dancing dancing gives the in its contribution to acting, for I seriously doubt it. I'd say, for instance, that of the men, Charles Laughton, Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy are the most accomplished and versatile actors in Hollywood. Not one of them can dance a lick and be dubbed a "big-time." Shakespeare, on the other hand, would insure Laughton's lie or limbs if he ever took a whirl at "The Big Apple." Greta Garbo is one of the first actresses of Hollywood. She does not dance. Eleanor Powell, a GREAT dancer, is a very poor actress, if you wish further to defeat the idea.

No, I'll admit that dancing can aid a performer in getting started, but the evidence is overpowering that it is not indispensable. Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Ina Claire, Lynn Fontanne, Elizabeth Berger—these are better than average actresses but I doubt that the five of them, dancing in relays, could ever manage to win a dancing prize.

What you can believe is
that when a person turns to dancing, he or she is expressing an oblique desire for the stage, and so it is not surprising that, later, you see them gratifying that desire by becoming actors or actresses.

The most important factor in the success of Ginger Rogers, I would say, is in her head and heart, for there is intelligence in the one and courage in the other. Intelligence to guide ambition, and courage to keep ambition alive. In the possession of those two assets, intelligence and heart, she resembles most closely that other Charleston dancer, Joan Crawford. You could take the careers of these two girls and draw a parallel that would be fairly astonishing, even to the accident of birth that started them both out from Missouri and Texas. The same high courage is present in both of them and you can believe that they would have been comparably successful in anything they attempted.

I've started out a lot of young performers on the road to stardom. I say that in all modesty because calling attention to talent is one of the obligations of a columnist. The point I'm making is that if a performer is NOT intelligent, it is better to ignore him, or her, because all the attention-calling in the world will not aid a stupid person. Stupid people are never successful, in any line, and the stage and the screen is no exception.

It was the mental alertness of Ginger Rogers that made possible her fine performance in "Stage Door." For it was mental alertness that made her note certain things while working with Fred Astaire, and store them away in her mind for reference. She learned something about comedy from him, she learned certain capping tricks that are invaluable. When she went into that picture, she carried before the camera an air of authority that she needed opposite Katharine Hepburn. If you will think back to the picture, you'll recall that Miss Rogers, in scenes with Miss Hepburn, didn't yield to her, and there are few young actresses out here who can hold attention on the screen while K. Hepburn is occupying it with them.

So it is the same quality that made Ginger Rogers successful as a dancer that has made her successful as an actress, and determination is not the least of the assembly. Ginger has travelled a long way from the stage of the Majestic Theatre, in Fort Worth, Texas, where she won the Charleston contest that qualified her to compete in the finals at Dallas. The prize for winning was several weeks' booking on the Inter-State Circuit through Texas, but by that time, the stage bug had bitten her deeply and she was booked in Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh and other vaudeville towns. The act was called "Ginger Rogers and the Redheads" and while audiences did not tear down ceilings, it was a good small-time act. Not too good, at that, because her companion redheads got tired of the stage and went back to Texas. Had her courage faltered then, Ginger would have quit with them, but she didn't.

As a single act, Ginger continued on to Memphis and St. Louis and then got a wire from Paul Ash to join him at the Paramount Theatre, in New York City. A less courageous kid would have turned down that important offer, because Ash wanted her to replace Helen Kane, whose "Boop-a-Doop" style of singing had Broadway on its ear. Significant again that Ginger decided to "follow" Helen Kane.

Compared to riotous Helen Kane, Ginger was just mildly successful in the New York and Brooklyn houses of Paramount, but Broadway is Astaire's, and Ginger found a great showcase for any performer, and Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby signed her for a bit part in "Top Speed," a musical comedy. This led to "Girl Crazy" and she was on the way to a picture contract with Pathé. This led to a contract with Warner's, but after using her for one big close-up in "Gold Diggers of 1933," they let her go.

Then Fred Astaire came to the movies. The girl who was to be selected as his partner was headed for stardom in a big way. Luck played a big part in her selec-

[Continued on page 61]
To CLARK GABLE

ALL the misguided promotion ideas that usually leave the actor booked for Oblivion were tried on Clark Gable, but he outlasted them all. He was Great-Lovered and Parnelled, but he is still one of the best bets at the box-office. Whether he is cast in a part like Christian on the Bounty or a lead in "It Happened One Night," he does his darndest and leaves it up to you. And there is his secret—he gives you all he's got, and who can give more?

In The Lists Of The "Ten Best," Clark Gable Is Always Among Those Present.

Is it in the deep mystery of her eyes that Olympe Bradna's glamour lies? Doris Weston. Her charm is in her infectious smile. The clear gray eyes of June Lang are her chief attraction.

(MAGNETISM OF BEAUTY)

A Lovely Woman Radiates Charm!

Among the thousands of audiences that nightly attend the picture shows are scattered the prettiest girls in the world. How they have dreamed of a future in the movies—a lifetime of fame, of comfort, of luxury! The picture ends and the dreams slip away, but still the one nagging question haunts them, "What have they got that I haven't got?"

There are dozens of answers, all correct. The screen girls have beautiful faces, but with their comeliness there is also the mysterious quality of allure, glamour or charm, or whatever you choose to call it. Loretta Young has a wistful appeal.
(Top, left) There is tenderness in the face of Claudette Colbert. (Top, right) In the beauty of Mamo Clarke is expressed all the mystery of the South Seas. (Above, left) Penny Singleton is the effervescent type. (Above) Joan Perry has heavy-lidded eyes that give her an exotic look. (Left) Ann Sheridan. The oval of her face has a tempting quality.
Sentimental customs are dear to the men of the army. Dorothy Lamour is surprised to learn that she has been selected as the "Sweetheart of the Regiment," whatever that is. Lieutenant M. A. Hoguewood of the Expendables, famous Los Angeles regiment of the Army Reserve Corps, brings the documents. Now what?

THE imagination of millions of people is intrigued when something happens to one of the well-known stars. Wherever he goes, or whatever he does, the great gallery, the public, is always right there eager for a word or a look-see. So cameras are everywhere and the players move about upon their appointed ways to the accompaniment of flashing lights, happy in the thought that the public is still interested.

Because of the lurking cameras a player must not drink too much nor can he row with his wife in public. There are disadvantages to being good copy for the news reels.

Olympe Brodno holding a crown valued at $200,000. It is a replica made by a New York jeweler of a crown included among the Russian Crown jewels. Jack Roth, studio police officer, is assigned to guard it, along with four other policemen. The thief who steals it will get crowned!
Cameras Made This City Famous And the Reputations Of Its Colorful Citizens Are Developed In The Dark Rooms Of Photographers.

Joon Crawford discovered Frances McElroney on the set of "Manequin" and saw to it that she got her a close-up. Through Joon's intervention, Frances has been selected for one of the leads in "Modeling for Money." Aside from sponsoring her, Joon is coaching her in her part.

Pat O'Brien's mother and father, with his aunt and uncle, pose for the camera in the beautiful Beverly Hills home of the Warner Brothers star. An improvement on the spiritual quality of one Irish clan has never been discovered and in the blood of all of Pat's people pulses the pride of family as well as a drop or two of the River Shannon.

Norma Shearer with Hunt Stromberg, who is bringing Marie Antoinette to the screen, and Director W. S. Van Dyke. Norma's gown, which was designed by Adrian, is an authentic replica of one worn by the French queen. It is called the rocket gown because its design was inspired by fireworks so popular with the French people during the 18th Century.

Irvin Cobb, the author of some of America's greatest stories—"The Belied Buzzard," for example—reads his latest effort to Director Eddie Cline. Musical Director Raymond Paige seems fascinated by Irv's plot.

Dorothea Kent and Tom Brown becoming emotional in "Goodbye Broadway."
COME, fill the cup," sang the Persian Tentmaker, and so, as Spring comes round the lads and lassies of the picture-making world put their heads together to register the tender passion. It is the crucial test, and sad is the lot of the actor who cannot express the worshipful gentleness of a man in love.
MAID IN AMERICA

All The World Over She Is Praised For Her Good Taste And Smart Appearance.
EVEN Paris, that proud fashion-center of the world, snatches a glance across the ocean these days to see what the American girl is wearing. For it recently has come to realize that Hollywood is a competitor to be reckoned with.

Seasoned travellers are always the first to admit that no matter how chic the Continental woman may be, the American girl has nothing to fear by contrast. And no matter how little she has to spend she seems to have a knack of looking tremendously smart and as fresh as the morning breeze.

The Hollywood designers, realizing that America combines so many races in one, subtly borrow ideas from other lands with splendid results. As you can see from these illustrations, there is an infinite variety of styles and no suggestion of monotony. No wonder Paris views us with admiration, or, should we say, with alarm?

(Above, right) For warm afternoons Barbara Read keeps cool in white silk jersey with a colorful flower and bird design worn with a heavy crepe sash of deep green and blue. Frances Robinson chooses crepe with a delicate yellow background and a leaf design in rich brown, red and green. (Below) Cynthia Westlake in a wrap-around Tahitian print in hand-blocked cotton. Muted rose and off-grey tones are combined with great success.

Three of the late Spring chapeaux. Priscilla Lane (above) in a white felt kettle brim sailor accented with navy blue grosgrain. (Below) Terracotta felt combined with a natural straw cone-shaped crown, with alphabet ribbon band, is the designer’s choice for Joan Blondell. (Left) Burnt yellow straw with matching spider web veil tied in a perky bow on the infinitesimal crown makes Mary Brodell look quaint and ultra-feminine.

Warner Baxter and Arleen Whelan in "Kidnapped."

Lewis Stone and Olympia Bradna in "Stolen Holiday."

Claude Rains, Fay Bainter and Banita Granville in "White Banners."

Robert Montgomery and Binnie Barnes in "The First Hundred Years."

Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Robert Taylor in "Three Comrades."
Charles Winninger and Alice Brady in "Goodbye Broadway."

John Litel and Frank McHugh in "Little Lady Luck."

Rudy Vallee and Allen Jenkins in "Gold-diggers in Paris."

George Irving and Sally Eilers in "Condemned Women."

Loretta Young and Richard Greene in "Four Men And A Prayer."

Paul Kelly and Lola Lane in "Torchy Blane in Panama."
Joan Blondell arouses the sleeping lion in Melvyn Douglas. The fair charmer appeals to his kind heart or something. But drawing herself up to her full height she sends the lion back to the zoo.

Phyllis Brooks makes every photographer seem smarter. The emotions that distort her lovely face are just as sincere as love in the heart of a mother-in-law.

"Ask the lamp on the corner if I haven't told him I love you," sings Tito Guizar as "Tropic Holiday" starts on its joyous way. "The Lamp on the Corner." Swell name for a bar. What'll you have?
Fred MacMurray in his off moments (just slightly off, of course) enjoys a snappy swim in his pool.

The life raft is only a mattress ... in case he feels a nap coming on.

What a moment to lose S.A.

*[Stocking Appeal]*

They couldn’t help noticing Betty’s great big RUN ... 

Poor Betty! Just as she had captured the two most attractive men in the room, that awful run had to pop. It made her look so dowdy ... killed S. A.*

Why not cut down runs ... guard S. A. ... with Lux? Lux saves the elasticity of stockings so the silk can stretch without snapping so easily — then spring back into shape. You cut down runs, avoid wrinkles, wobbly seams.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity, rob you of S. A. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the big box for extra economy.
A Sense Of Humor In Hollywood Means Money In The Bank.

The Screen is Now A Clown Circus

Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins in "Goldiggers in Paris." Hugh's comedy is styled, unique—he's a personality clown. Our old friend Jenkins is good, too.

Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn with the leopard who is "baby" to them. Anything for a laugh. (Right) Victor McLaglen and Esther Muir in "Brother of Broadway." The fun seems one-sided.

(Left) Alan Mowbray has clicked in comedy. He's terrific!

HIGH-POWERED drama is gasping on the ropes, for comedy has made good in the picture ring. No matter how screwy the stories the movie theatres resound with laughter, and even reviewers have difficulty in not bursting right out laughing. People seem to find grins and giggles more entertaining than tears. Only temporarily, however. Soon we will be biting our nails again in dramatic suspense.
Sh-Sh-h-h! DON'T TELL A SOUL!...

CAROLE LOMBARD and FERNAND GRAVET

ARE SIMPLY "FOOLS FOR SCANDAL"

AND SO ARE RALPH BELLAMY

Their romance is scandalicious, scandalovely, scandalirious!

ALLEN JENKINS • ISABEL JEANS
MARIE WILSON • MARCIA RALSTON

A Mervyn LeRoy Production

Screen Play by Herbert Fields and Joseph Fields
Additional Dialogue by Frank Frazer
From the play, "Belle of the Nineties" by Harry Leon Wilson, James Gilmour, and Rosemary DeCamp.
Music and Lyrics by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart

A First National Picture presented by Warner Bros.
Every Hour in Hollywood Leads Up to the Time When the Cameras Start Turning.

Better than a movie is a movie in the making. The crowd thinks so, anyway, as they watch Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy do a scene for "Test Pilot" at Lindbergh Field in San Diego.

Director Fritz Lang crouches down to smooth Sylvia Sidney's make-up. Ceaseless care makes good pictures.

Harold Lloyd and Lionel Stander at work in "Professor Beware." Raymond Walburn watches from the automobile while Director Nugent looks on.

(Above, right) Borrah Minnevitch's life hangs by a thread and Jane Withers has designs on that. Fortunately her knife is only rubber. (Right) Freddie Bartholomew, Warner Baxter, Arleen Whalen and Reginald Owen between shots of "Kidnapped."

(Lef) Gangway! The Mauch Twins hear the call to lunch.
They Called Her Beautiful
But Dumb—Yet She
Wowed Them Just The
Same!

"What you don't know about
New York debutantes will fill a
couple of libraries! Now listen."

Illustrated by
Lloyd Wright

VACANT LOTTIE!

By Frederic and Fanny Hatton

J O E ROSS, wreathed in his own importance and the smoke of his specially-made cigar, watched through this dual haze the effect his words were having on Nicholas Martin, a playwright newly arrived in the West from that land of arcane descent known as Broadway.

They were seated in the restaurant of the Hollywood studio of Excelsior Pictures, Inc., an organization known as widely for this young executive's personal fame as for its success in the independent field. Though Joe Ross was no longer a striping he still liked to hear himself referred to as the Boy Wonder of the Cinema.

The author from Manhattan seemed to be suffering an acute form of mental indigestion. As a matter of fact he was trying to rid his brain of the producer's suggestion that Carlotta Lee be starred in the talking picture version of his recent stage success, "The Dizzy Age." He was tempted at the moment to take this illiterate prodigy over his knee and spank him. He smiled bitterly instead.

Carlotta Lee indeed! The typical beautiful-but-dumb girl of the screen. Her butt of a thousand-and-one Hollywood jokes. Vacant Lottie! Symbol of the empty mind from coast to coast!

Ross glanced up and saw a pretty, red-haired girl walk into the dining room. "Why here's my sweetheart right now," he waved his hand and called out, "Honey, come over here."

Carlotta Lee sauntered across, "'Lo, Joe, what's on your mind?"

"I want you to meet Mr. Martin, the famous author from Broadway."

The girl's languid lack of interest stiffened to obvious artificiality. Taking the chair the producer drew out for her she nodded haughtily to Martin and then talked across his chest to her employer.

"Who'd you say your friend was?"

"Nicholas Martin, THE Martin. You know, the guy that wrote 'The Dizzy Age,' which is to be your next picture."

"Oh yeah? Well, what am I supposed to do? Burst out singin' or somethin'?"

The playwright cringed. The girl's high, wry drawl, her self-conscious pose, her garish garments, set his whole being on edge. He didn't believe anything lived so crude and impossible. She was soon on her feet again, tossing a "See you sometime" to Ross. Evidently she had forgotten that the author existed.

She posed as if before a very large audience, gathering her exceptional fox scarf about her white throat; and then moved off in a mannequin-like progress to another table. To Martin she seemed like a statue carved out of flagrantly colored ice cream and sprinkled with salt, cold and inedible.

The producer turned a shrewd eye on his sowling guest.

"I know what you're thinkin', but you're wrong. You figure her heroine is a swell Park Avenue Gwendolyn and that Lottie is just a day-bloomin' Hollywood cactus. But don't worry, Miss Manning will take care of all that."

"And who is Miss Manning?"

"Elsie Manning, the old Broadway star of the long-ago before you and me, I found her out here a few years ago tryin' to get extra work. I hired her, figurin' it wouldn't do Lottie no harm to have a set of brains handy. Manning rehearses my little star for every piece and kinda hypnotizes her into the role."

Martin shrugged his shoulders. "It will take more than hypnosis to make a New York Junior Leaguer out of Miss Lee!"

"All right," Ross agreed, "if you don't want Lottie you don't have to harp her. Hollywood is lousy with girls. We'll find somebody else. Tell you what you do, ride up with me to Santa Barbara this evening. I've got a company up there that's gone sour on location. We'll talk cast on the way."

The producer signed the check and left Martin at the table. As he passed Carlotta Lee he leaned down and whispered in her ear. "I want to see you in about ten minutes."

Back in his office Ross sat down at a continent of Circassian walnut desk and punched a couple. He was answered at once by his chief secretary on the communicator.

"Cancel all my appointments for this afternoon and have Miss Manning in here pronto. Shoo off all the directors and writers and any other tripe that's on my trail. I'm goin' to Santa Barbara."

A moment later he was talking through the same instrument to Milton Browne, his most dependable staff writer.

"Say, Milt, stop workin' on whatever you're doin' and be ready to take charge of young Martin, the bird that wrote 'The Dizzy
Age,' Pack him off to Catalina or Arrowhead for about ten days and see if you can knock out a script and dialogue continuity."

"Okay, Boss,' Brown's voice came back.

"I'll make the dash to Santa Barbara with me today. He's just bad enough out of his mind to do something foolish. And Milt, don't mention Lottie Lee's name in his presence. She gives him cramps!"

Elbie Mangum walked into his office as Ross turned away from the communicator.

"Sit down, Sister, I've got a little job for you."

The gray-haired actress took the chair he indicated.

"Do you think you can make what a new New Yorker would call a lady outta Lottie Lee in ten days?"

A quick smile broke over Miss Manning's lined face. "There were never any female apostles, Mr. Ross, and the age of miracles has passed."

He grinned at her confidently. "Listen, you haven't flopped on me yet and I want to make this 'Dizzy Age' a smash in the east and the west! And this over-the-Almighty was a man and only used up one day fashionin' the first woman. A smart girl like you ought to be able to make a lady in ten!"

"Flatterer! Well, after that bouquet, I'll have to try. But it will take all of my time—and all of Carlotta's."

"Sure, Mike. Now this is what I want you to do.

He leaned over close to her and murmured his instructions. When Miss Manning rose to go she had agreed to everything he asked, as she always did. Glancing around as she went to the ante-

room she saw Carlotta Lee slipping into the office through the private entrance from the back stairway.

"Say, Brainless," the producer began without ceremony, "you suppose got off on the wrong foot with young Martin? What was the idea of that tandem city Ritz you pulled on him just now down in the cafe?"

She dropped into a chair and started to explain. "I was just acting like a New York debutante so he could get an idea of the swell way I'm going to act his opera for him."

"Yeah? Well, what you don't know about New York debutantes would fill a volume of the Bible! Now listen with both your brain cells and get what I'm goin' to tell you. I've ordered Miss Manning to carry and comb you and pull the burrs outa your back hair,"

Carlotta's red hair bristled away from the edges of her trick hat, but Ross continued. "And you do what the old gal tells you or I'll knock your dumb dome into the original mortar and saw-dust!"

"Say, that's a hell of a way to talk to a lady!"

"That's just the trouble—you ain't no lady! But you gotta be in ten days! Get me?"

"Joe, you are probably the rudest and cruelest man in the motion picture business, which makes you the international champion in both respects!"

"All right, Sweetheart, I may be a little rough with you now and then, but my one idea from the first day I saw you has been to make you the biggest star in the business. And if you're honest you'll admit I never kicked you without kickin' you up."

He paused and looked her over carefully. "You're goin' to be a brassette for this number. No class to blondes. I want to see you dark and slinky, quiet, slow, three seconds between every move, voice low and easy on the r's. Manning will tell you all about it."

"But what will I say when I meet Mr. Martin again?"

"I'll tell him you Miss Manning saw him. He won't know you with a black mane anyway. We'll introduce you to him under another name and it will be up to you to vamp him before he gets the bad news."

Late in the afternoon the producer's long English car was rolling as evenly as a Pullman over the concrete of the Roosevelt Highway beside the blue Pacific, well on the way to Santa Barbara.

Joe Ross glanced at Nicholas Martin and knew just what was going through the author's mind. "People come out from the East and hate California until they get a flash of this."

Martin drew in a long breath of the haunted breeze. "I can understand that. I've never seen a more beautiful stretch of water. And that air is tinged with a spicy something. It all seems like a huge stage set, with real mountains and a living ocean. But no union electrician could catch that light effect."

The sun was already beginning to sink through lilac bands of mist toward the remote sea edge, taking on incredible shapes as it dropped down. Now it looked like a huge Japanese lantern of gold, top and base flattened; again it took the outline of a Grecian urn; then it collapsed to a coppery bar that tossed for a moment on the serrate horizon line before it abruptly disappeared.

Joe Ross lit one of his long cigars and began to recall the past.

"Funny the way things break. Six years ago I was nothin' but a lousy assistant director gettin' seventy-five a week when I was workin'—and mostly I wasn't. Now that is just about tobacco money."

He nursed his cigar a little and then went on. "I remember one noon summin' myself with other unemployed talent in front of a bank in Hollywood, where a lot of directors and producers had accounts, hopin' somebody would notice me and say, 'Joe, you're just the man I'm lookin' for.'"

"All of a sudden I got my twin spots on a lens natural. She had that flanny, half-starved look that a castin' director would have caught half a block off. I braced her with, 'Don't get me wrong kid, but are you in the pictures?' She gave me a sharp, quick look outa a pair of big lamps that was just naturally framed to give the camera a mean jolt and snapped back at me, 'What's that to you?'"

"I knew I had it connin' to me, hein' on the set as you might say without no pass from the gateeman, but I was intrigued enough to keep in the closeup. 'I ain't no gom-aw-week director,' I told
her,' but maybe I can help towards a career if you're interested. I got connections and I can make good.'

"All right, Mister Lasky-Metro De Mille,' she cracked back, 'where do we go from here?'

"So I grabbed her by the elbow and piloted her into a beany. In half an hour she had satisfied her hunger and I had her signature to a five-year option on her professional services written out on the o.p. side of the hash list.

"As luck would have I ran into Eddie Collins the same afternoon. He was producin' on his own down in that part of Hollywood they called Death Valley and needed somethin' like Clara Bow for seventy-five a week. Well, to take a few sequences out of a long story me and my find both went on the pay roll. She had picked a fancy moniker for herself and was expectin' to flirt with fame as Dolores Jocelyn Beaumont but when the flicker went to the small-fry exhibitors Collins billed her as Carlotta Lee and the same stuck. The five-reeler was made in twelve workin' days at a print cost of $7,500 and grossed Eddie over $25,000 when all the returns were in.

"Lottie was just camera fodder, photograhin' like a million dollars. We strung along with Collins for a while and the gal was meek as Mary's little ba-ba, I was sittin' pretty, particularly as I went and got a smart lawyer to draw up a real contract with Lottie that she signed when our agreement down in Death Valley ran out. By that time Lottie was learnin' that there were reviews in newspapers as well as comic strips. I worked her up into the second-string studios on single picture arrangements and at the end of the year all the big boys were узнавали 'bout her and talkin' options with me. But I took my time and waited for the right kind of offer. Sammy Fishbein, president of the Excelsior outfit, finally came across with it and I signed Lottie up with him for $2,500 a week, with increases every six months up to $5,000.

"I went in as supervisor on all of Lottie's pictures at a salary I never dreamed of gettin' when I hit Hollywood. I guess the kid realized what I had gotten for her, because when we came out of the Excelsior office she signed up after the second nice to me. But that didn't last long. Funny what $2,500 a week will do to a green kid. Pretty soon Lottie was so ornery I couldn't do a thing with her. First thing I knew she was regardin' me as a bally-breaker and a leak in the pipe of prosperity and I sure took to watchin' my step. One day Sammy Fishbein appeared on the stage where we were workin' and something told me the big sock was comin' my way.

"Sammy sailed right up to me. 'Mr. Ross,' he began, 'your contract with Miss Lee is no good. She signed with you when she was under legal age. We'll just tear your agreement up and in the future I will look after this little gal, personally!'

"'Oh yes?' I asked, 'Well, laugh this off first!' With which I pulled out of my inside coat pocket a little paper my lawyer boy friend had dug up for me and Lottie's home town. I've seen Sammy Fishbein's face when he read that stamped and sealed copy of the gal's birth certificate. She was past twenty-two when my first paper with her was signed.

"But this was one of those cases where you lose by winnin'. From then on I was poison ivy to Lottie and she broke out all over everywhere she saw me. I kept out the studio for a while, but I collected her checks, account to the contract and waited for her to come after her dough when she did she patched up a truce for the sake of the old career, but did she hate one Joe Ross?"

The producer paused in his story and stared a little nervously. He glanced about as if to assure himself that the trying days he had been telling about were safely in the past. The car was now between Ventura and Santa Barbara. The twilight had slipped off over the ocean before the dusky face of night. After a silence broken only by the singing of tires and the hollow mutter of the surf Ross began to speak again.

"And then came the big break when the Warner Brothers spilled the movie apple cart with sound pictures. Sammy Fishbein was ready to sell out for a song. I saw a chance and let every dollar I had saved up into his Excelsior stock. But I thought Lottie was all washed up and everybody in Hollywood agreed with me. But breaks are made like lightning and you never know where they're goin' to hit. One day Miss Manning got hold of me, a light in her eyes like she had seen a miracle. We argued for hours, but she finally sold me the idea of producin' a talkin' quickie.

"I jumped to it while the rest of the companies were tryin' to put bombs under the Warners' studio to keep 'em from goin' further with the poisonous novelty. I enquired some cutters and made men away with big salary bribes, shanghaied a loose sound truck and began shootin'. We made up the story as we went along. Manning feedin' the lines to Lottie with a spoon. When the picture was finished it sounded like a cross between the Battle of the Somme and an earthquake in a chop-suey joint, but we made enough profit off it to build our first sound stage. And maybe Sammy Fishbein wasn't wild about all the Excelsior stock he had sold to me. He went crazier when the company decided I knew what the talkies were all about and made me producer manager.

"As for Lee bein' the Vacant Lottie of the universe, any Jane that can start with a hundred-word vocabulary and run it up into $1000 a week is thick like an owl. Anyhow, I think the dumbness of a lot of these gals is what them score-cellers call a protective color job."

Joe Ross paused and turned a little apologetically to the author.

"I haven't talked so much about myself since I hit this kind of game. But you're sure a great audience."

"Your part of the story fascinated me," Martin confided, "but what Carlotta Lee was, is, or will be, doesn't interest me."

"From your angle you're dead right," Ross agreed. frank.

"But this life has kinda been my life work. Maybe it's just a bumm dream, but I've been thinkin' that some day I might get her smoothed out and shaped up so she would be human. And, if that ever happened, that she might take a tumble to herself and realize all I've done for her. I don't believe any woman could fight a man as steady as she has me unless she was afraid. [Continued on page 65]"
You'll Be Surprised At The Things Feg Murray Has Found Out About The Stars.

"NOW, in this scene," declared the director, "we'll have Rosalind Russell chewing gum and William Powell inhaling a cigarette."

"Yes," said the assistant director, "Yes," said the assistant to the assistant director.

"Yes," said the script girl.

"Yes," said the cameraman.

"Never, never," mumbled a man at the rear of the set.

"Mutiny," stormed the director.

"Well, then, why not? And who said 'never, never' anyway?"

"You can't do that," explained the rebel, "because William Powell has never inhaled cigarette smoke and Rosalind Russell has never chewed gum."

As for seeing whom his opposition was, the director shouldn't have had too much difficulty. The man stood a foot taller than anyone else on the set and looked to be 200 pounds of good muscle.

His name was Feg Murray, and in the town of Hollywood, famous for its "yes" men, he is unique. One of his stocks in trade is collecting things the movie and radio stars "never" do.

"How do you know they 'never'?

"Because that's my business," explained Murray.

And indeed that is his business, as an impromptu interview conducted right then and there on the set revealed.

Feg Murray is Hollywood's own Robert Ripley. The things film stars never do, along with other idiosyncrasies and interesting facts about them, are the basis for his daily cartoons about Hollywood personalities, and, more recently, a weekly radio broadcast over NBC.

One wonders how the tall, blond and handsome Young man avoided becoming one of those Hollywood personalities himself. With the figure of an Adonis and a face which rivals Arthur William Brown's best "every-girl's dream heroes," Feg had been doing the studios for four years, collecting data on the glamorous—most of whom fail to stack up with his own amazing success story.

But, despite the fact that this fellow can boast of being a descendant of those Murays of the famous Murray Hill section in New York, of holding for fourteen years the low-balance record of the world, of being twice Olympic track star for the United States, Feg will defer any further bosses for himself and delve with a real pride and enthusiasm into some of his store of "unbelievables" about the stars.

"Getting back to that pair who started all this," he grins, "Miss Russell not only never chewed gum, but she's never slept in a dark room and never worn shoes in a scene where her feet did not show.

"William Powell has never ridden on a horse; never chewed tobacco, never inhaled a cigarette, never seen a baseball game, and never witnessed a traffic accident. And I guess, to prove he's the perfect sophisticate," said Murray, his blue eyes twinkling, "he's never seen a surprise."

Murray continued his amazing recital.

"Greta Garbo has never seen nor answered her fan letters, has never accepted presents, has never met her leading men until her first scene with them, and has never eaten ice cream.

"And Gable? Well, for one thing, he's never eaten oysters. Funny, too, there's an 'R' in his name," Murray chuckled.

"You'll probably be surprised to know that Anita Louise has never had a drink of coffee and has never ridden on a street car."

"Jeanette MacDonald has never worn a tailored suit."

"Gregory Ratoff's career was twice-different. He's a dancer by profession, but he's never danced on the screen, and he's never practiced law although he studied the subject for five years."

"I feel kind of sorry for Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. They've never seen a
circuit. And for that matter, Spencer Tracy has missed a gastronomical treat—sauer-kraut. Robert Young not only has never tasted watermelon, he doesn't want to.

"Lionel Barrymore has made a fortune on the stage and screen, but he's never used any trunk except the battered old stage trunk which accompanied him during his early trouping days.

"Jimmy Stewart is pretty much of a little boy, still. He continues to make toy airplanes and locomotives and he's never smoked a cigar since his first disastrous attempt.

"There's one good reason why Sonja Henie never worries about accidents while skating. She never lets anyone else sharpen her skates.

"Loretta Young never makes an expensive purchase without first consulting her mother.

"Mishka Auer doesn't live up to his acting reputation in private life. Despite his Thespian qualities, he's never told a lie and gotten away with it.

"For all of Irene Dunne's madcap characterizations on the screen recently, she's never ridden a roller coaster or drunk a bottle of soda pop.

"Stuart Erwin is the model husband. He's never failed to kiss his wife each morning.

"Johnny Weissmuller, for all his physical prowess, has never done setting up exercises, and Nelson Eddy has never gone fishing." Murray concluded sympathetically.

Murray could have spent the rest of the day relating his fund of stories about the Hollywood stars. But his own job and he himself provide too much color to be ignored.

"Where do I get my information?" Murray repeated the question.

"Generally it's a tip from a friend. Sometimes a soda jerker or a gasoline station attendant will give me the lead on an item.

"Once, another newshawk who interviewed Hollywood stars, heard an incident which he thought would make better material for my cartoons than it would for his own story on the star. He telephoned the information which I used. That tip cost me a luncheon.

"Routine information can be supplied by press agents and publicity writers. Many times the subject of the cartoon gives me the facts, himself."

Murray has an enviable record for his Hollywood "star-gazing." He's drawn more than 1500 cartoons, some involving as many as six personalities, without so much as angering a star.

In his studio, where he works with an assistant and secretary, he keeps a card file containing names and information about practically every person in the film industry, and, more recently, the field of radio. The cards are cross-indexed for hobbies and sports, but most of Murray's cataloging is kept in his own mind.

Voluntarily, he keeps fairly regular hours at his drawing board. Under pressure, he can produce two or three sketches a day, although he prefers to follow a one-a-day schedule.

Murray takes his relaxing almost as seriously as he does his business. His enthusiasm for sporting events which brought him fame as an Olympic champion is concentrated at present on badminton and tennis. Murray plays both games well and it's a very crowded day that he doesn't manage a fast game on the courts.

"Rumania" was the first English grammar published in New York in 1866.

"What finally happened was this," Murray explained. "Rumania did not accept the Gregorian calendar (which makes the provision for leap years) until 1919. Negulesco was born in Rumania."

That was one time Murray almost broke one of his own "never, never," but he resisted the temptation, and he didn't "yah, yah, I told you so."
The Well Paid Stars Can Indulge Every Whim, But There Is Nothing They Buy That Is Half So Much Fun As The Annual Present For Mother.

Mother's Day in Hollywood, is a gala day for many, a day of sadness for some, but a thoughtful day for all. Our screen players may have many faults, but neglecting "mother" is decidedly not one of them. As a matter of fact, being extremely good to their mothers, not only Mother's Day, but every day in the year, is a sort of creed in this colorful spot the world knows as Hollywood.

That's as it should be too, for, in countless instances, these same mothers have been a very leading factor in the success of their now famous sons and daughters. They have coached them, urged them on and, in some cases, literally pushed them right up the ladder of success.

To be sure, in the early "silent" days of films, studio officials were sometimes wont to regard the star's mother as something between an ogre and a tyrant. But we must remember that in those days there was no grand array of go-getting agents and managers, as there are today, to represent the up-and-coming young player. And it is safe to say that if it hadn't been for the valiant efforts of many mothers there would be many stellar favorites of today bemoaning their fate in obscurity.

Today, however, "mother" generally stays at home. She has rare occasion for even visiting the studio, but her influence is just as essential as always and her advice as eagerly sought.

Tyrone Power's meteoric rise to screen fame seems less phenomenal when one considers the early coaching in dramatics and stage technique of his clever mother, Mrs. Patia Power. She was celebrated, in her own right, as a stage actress and, later, as a dramatic teacher in Cincinnati, until Tyrone urged her to come to Hollywood and live with him.

Incidentally, Tyrone's mother declares her son's almost over-night hit in "Lloyds of London" and other films must have made him so enthusiastic that he forgot, for the time being anyway, his own strength. Anyhow, last Mother's Day Tyrone cost her just three broken ribs plus many sleepless nights! For, on that gala day, he rushed to hug his mother just as she rushed at him. The net result was three cracked ribs for her and yards of adhesive tape for weeks on end! But that didn't prevent her from sitting day

(Top) Eleanor Powell and her mother celebrate the day together. (Above) Warner Baxter and his young looking mother. (Left) Jane Withers honors her fond parent in her own particular way.

MOTHER'S DAY

By

Gordon R. Silver

Joel McCrea's mother will never forget the day she received a rose of a new variety—named for her!
after day in various Hollywood theaters gazing up at her son's screen success.

"At that, I guess no other star's mother can boast of being hugged so hard last Mother's Day that she had three ribs cracked!" laughed Mrs. Power in recalling the odd accident.

From the time Eleanor Powell was eleven, her mother has been her bodyguard, manager, agent, pal, big sister and biggest booster all rolled into one. She follows Eleanor daily to the studio set, still finds time to run the Powell household, look after the fan mail and even to break in her dancing daughter's tap shoes! But there is no "stage mother" attitude, Mrs. Blanche Powell is a refined, cultured woman who keeps in the background when her daughter is working. But every Mother's Day, Eleanor refuses to let "MOM" stay in the background and shows her off to all and sundry! These two always end the day's celebration by having their picture taken together.

Robert Taylor treats his mother as though she were a goddess. From the fruits of his grand success he has given her a beautiful home just a few blocks from his own, a large car, no end of watches, diamonds, fur coats and the like.

As one day recently what she liked best about her famous son, Mrs. Brugh replied: "The fact that he treats me like his best girl friend—and as if EVERY day in the year was Mother's day!"

If you ever ask Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan Fontaine, if they live with their mother, just listen to the way they exclaim, in unison, "OF COURSE!" As a matter of fact, their mother once casually mentioned to them that, as they are now both famous screen actresses, they might want to leave the parental nest for a little apartment over bungalow of their own? Olivia and Joan nearly jumped out of their skins in indignation. You'd have thought Mrs. de Havilland had asked them if they didn't want to commit suicide! After the weepings were all over, they made "mother" promise never, NEVER to refer to the matter of separation again.

"We have only one complaint about Mother," smiled Olivia, "and that is she doesn't—look up to us girls! She doesn't think of us as movie stars at all!"

"That's right," chirped up Joan, "but Mother certainly gets excited over other stars, whether she sees them on the street, in a restaurant or at the studio. 'But, Mother,' we once declared, 'WE are in films, too. Stars aren't really much different from us!' "PAH!" came back Mother, loudly and smilingly, 'you're only my two darling baby bears, so rush up!' And then she never wrenched her neck off trying to catch a better glimpse of Hugh Herbert!"

When Mother's Day rolls around each May, Pat O'Brien and

(Above, left) Mrs. Patia Power was a celebrated actress and Tyrone has much to thank her for. (Above) Sally Eilers' three year old calls it Mummy's Day. (Right) Olivia de Havilland, whose mother must be quite happy over the whole thing.

Ginger Rogers would rather give up her film career entirely than lose the presence of her mother in her Beverly Hills home. Ginger and Mrs. Lela Rogers came to Hollywood together, and without a doubt will remain together until the latter is a great-grandmother! Every Mother's Day, Ginger takes her mother away on a day, all-day trip to Catalina Island, Palm Springs, or some such interesting place, and denies herself to everyone but "mother."

Many playerselibate with original celebrations to honor the day—and mother. Consider Joel McCrea. He commissioned a local horticulturist to evolve a brand new rose for his mother which was named for her—and the "plant artist" was paid to forget the recipe that there might never be any counterparts.

Claudette Colbert always presents her mother, Madame Chauchoin with some rare bit of jewelry, plus a nice fat check. Madame Chauchoin has often been described by her lovely daughter as the real inspiration behind her hard work on the screen.

Last Mother's Day, Robert Armstrong thought up a new idea and hastened to have it carried out. Says he will do it every year. He had a huge cake made and in the center was a perfect likeness of his mother—made of frosting! "Mrs. I took good enough to eat!" beamed Mrs. Armstrong when he gave it to her. And eat herself she did!

This Mother's Day, Sonja Henie plans to give her mother a gorgeous painting of herself, besides other things. The death, last year, of Wilhelm Henie, her father, has drawn Sonja and her [Continued on page 86]
NOT far ahead, is a romantic month—June. That month marks a milestone for many. Thousands of girls will graduate from high school, college and special courses. Many more will March the strains of Mendelssohn up the altar to their heart's desire. Graduate or bride, you define a very special chapter to one phase of your life and begin another. Do record these big moments photographically. A portrait, by all means, if possible; if not, then have the best amateur photographer in your town do full justice to you. However you do it, these photographs are important. Your grandchildren may some day inherit them, and it will always give you real pleasure to relive important events through your pictures.

Today even, there is probably no better indoor fun than getting out the old album, and especially are pictures that record definite changes in clothes fashions and hair-dos very entertaining. Though we may not laugh and enjoy them in a spirit of fun, the poor photographer always hurts a little. Therefore, the next time you face a camera lens, show it your best self. You, by all means, but you at your best.

A good photograph demands special make-up for the camera. This type is marked largely by a skin foundation of the grease paint type, but lighter and far easier to apply. The tones are especially created for the camera, and the preparation gives the skin a soft, smooth neutral tone, so necessary for black and white recording. Few unadorned skins take well. Lines, roughness of texture, tiny blemishes and freckles stare at you in amazing reality, when you look at yourself. The purpose of such foundations is quickly understood if you try a "before" and "after" picture. Lip rouge is also of a shade to record your mouth in soft alluring tones, rather than harsh black, which you often get from an ordinary lipstick. A variety of liners or colors do wonderful things in shadowing the eyes and subdividing or accenting any bad or good point of facial contour. Few faces are naturally camera-proportion perfect. Sylvia Sidney's facial proportions, however, are said to be perfect.

For the professional or amateur photographer or model, there is the Miner's Camera Craft Make-up Kit, very new, inexpensive and very complete. With it comes a booklet describing exactly how to use the preparations, how to subdue, to accent and generally dramatize your face for its very best effect. You will thoroughly enjoy your experiments and be surprised and delighted with its splendid effects.

Then there is Screen and Stage Make-up by Elizabeth Arden, which offers a series of preparations especially for portrait photography. You can get this in styles from the Student's Make-up Box, inexpensive and complete, to very de luxe versions.

If you were to wander into the Screen and Stage Make-up section of Miss Arden's salon, you would see pretty girl after pretty girl enter. These are photographic models, You would watch some of the most skilled of all actors, for they are the individual characteristics of each are truly defined. They will be even more so in their photographs. Many of the smart de-

Although June Lang is a natural beauty, she devotes time and thought to her make-up before facing the tell-tale lens. After applying mascara she curls her long lashes upward with the useful little gadget shown just above.

be professionally dressed for a portrait, unless you do a perfect job. That perfectly groomed, every-hair-in-place look is a point that makes the modern photograph art.

Now and then when you look at old pictures of your favorite stars, you realize that hair a la nature, as it was often worn in the old days, is one of the great contrasts with their fine pictures of today.

Clarity of line in brow and mouth is important. Keep that eyebrow crayon sharp pointed for a fine line, and use this crayon to accent brows, if you need it, and to smooth and possibly to extend the outer ends. Perc Westmore, ace make-up man of Hollywood, says the perfect brow is arched and the length of the eye, and this light outer extension with pencil is often just the touch that is needed. Be careful with mascara. Use a smooth, silky one like our old friend, Wine. Brunettes, of course, need black, but blondes get a better effect with brown, I think. The brown in Winx is a particularly good shade. It's tear-and-run-proof, easy to use when you keep your brush clean, for then it will not droop. For a perfectly natural effect, when the mascara is dry, brush or comb lashes with the little eyelash gadgets that come for this purpose. Winx also makes a little eyelash comb and mascara applicator that does a double job of applying and combing at the same time. Then, there's kurlash, that curls lashes in sweeping curves. You'll find this on practically every star's dressing-table.

Downward lines in eye and mouth make-up should be avoided for ordinary as well as picture use. For the lines of age, weariness and care. The very competent person in charge of Miss Arden's special make-up called a model over one time and illustrated a graphic lesson. The model's brows extended, then drooped slightly at the outer corner. The expert shook her head, then placing one finger over the end of that brow said, "Look at the change." The model appeared younger, her eyes more sparkling. When you try a downward brow drop was eliminated. You can try this on yourself and see what happens. So if you extend brows, keep the line firmly curved on an almost straight, as the brow goes. Perc Westmore used to call the drooping mouth a "depression mouth." Some mouths naturally drop. In that case, when you rouge your upper lip, give the lipstick or rouge brush the tiniest upward flick at the upper corners. This lifts the mouth, gives you a slightly smiling expression and changes your whole face.

Brushes are a help in applying your photographic and your ordinary make-up. Miss Arden makes them for removing surplus powder and for lip rouge. Suppose, however, that either graduate or bride, you aren't being photographed now. Then save this page for when you are. And as to make-up touches for these events alone, she suggests nothing. The bride in white keeps her make-up soft, and faint, but make-up she positively needs, because times like this drain color from the face, and the color must be lovely, poised and serene in appearance, no matter how her heart pit-a-pats. Nail lacquer, too, should be of the milder sort. The brassy, bright metallic finishes are glaringly floral in keeping with her bouquet or corsage. E. T. Ukraine's Muguet (lily-of-the-valley) is a perfect choice, as it is for general occasions, too.

PHOTOGRAPHS

DEMAND

SPECIAL

MAKE-UP

By Mary Lee

58
HE'S a success on a number one radio show.
He's under personal contract to Mervyn Le
Roy, a number one producer who recently
switched from Warners to MGM.
He's rated among the number one singers in show
business.

But who knows Kenny Baker?
Oh, of course, you are familiar with his name, and
his singing-stooge act with Jack Benny every Sun-
day. And you've seen him, rather unsuccessfully, try
to transpose that singing stooge act to pictures. I say
unsuccessfully, knowing that Kenny will agree with me.
For he told me that Jack Benny is the only person
who can put him over in that particular brand of
humor. It has been tried in films and at benefits and
other shows without hitting the magic Benny formula.

In "The Goldwyn Follies," young Mr. Baker played
himself. And it is as himself that he will appear in
the two forthcoming Mervyn Le Roy pictures at MGM.

You undoubtedly have the same vague picture of
Kenny Baker that I had when I was asked to interview
him. I had talked with the so-called timid tenor, on
studio sets, very briefly about fishing. I had seen him
several times at radio rehearsals, with his wife sitting
in the front row and staying on for the show (a weekly
habit of hers). I had been told that he was a retiring
sort of guy and was more silent than verbose, the
type of person who might be described as colorless
among fan magazine writers.

I knew I'd have to paint Kenny in colors other than
wissy-waisy pastels, but I never, in my wildest flights of
fancy, dreamed that he not only was as colorful a
person as a number one guy should be, but was
perfectly willing to paint the picture himself.

My first shock came when Kenny walked into the
NBC interview room at the Melrose Studios, with his
secretary- accompanist, Price Dunlavy. His shirt vied
with the worst of the famed Bing Crosby ones. It
was broadly and horizontally striped in yellow, tan
and white. Over it he wore a powder blue sweater.
Yellow socks were clearly visible beneath brown pants
and his brown shoes were scuffed. "This is an awful
outfit to wear for an interview," Kenny apologized,
"but I feel more comfortable in these clothes. I like
shoes my feet can crawl around in." I discovered that
the expensive wardrobe he owns (Mervyn Le Roy
made him go to the best tailor in town) is consid-
ered simply as an investment and retained for public
appearances. Since Mr. Baker doesn't care for night-
clubs (he worked in the Coconut Grove and had his
fill of smoke and noise) and prefers quiet poker parties
at home to social functions, he has little use for good
clothes, other than for business.

I was most curious about Kenny's future so we
started right in with that. I knew his contract option
with Jack Benny was up in June and that Kenny
would be up for Metro's "Good News of 1938" show
since Mervyn Le Roy had taken him along to that
studio. "So what now?" I asked. "First of all, what
about the Benny show?"
"Well, naturally, I want
my option taken up on
Jack's show," said Kenny
straightforwardly. "That's
my primary interest, of
course."

"Will you go on the
Metro show perma-
nently?"
"No, I expect I'll make
guest appearances but so
tar there isn't any plan
to put me on every
week."

"Haven't you any air-plans other than
what you are doing now?"
"Yes, I want to do my own show, sing-
ing semi-classical and classical numbers. I
wouldn't think of the comic stuff but
just be myself. I have some very definite
plans, but I can't tell you any more about it.
(What can you do with a guy like
that?) I'm making a lot of records but
can't say for whom, and I'm planning a
concert tour also of semi-classical songs, but
I can't tell you any more about that
either."

"Your ambitions are noticeably on the
serious side," I remarked.
"Yes, I admire John Charles Thomas
very much, and hope to
sing on the concert stage
and with the great sym-
phony orchestras like he
cares."

"Presumably you prac-
tice along with your radio
program, for the day
when you may do this."
"Yes, I practice two
hours every morning."

"Which reminds me,
Kenny, of my second
point. All this about your
being retiring, what do
you do for amusement?"

At twenty-six, Kenny is "in the money." He picks it out
of the air, but he puts something back in its place. Five
years ago he didn't have a nickel.

ONE OF THE
BEST

Kenny Baker Visits Your
Loudspeaker Frequently
And He Is Welcome In
Millions Of Homes.

By
Phyllis-Marie Arthur

How do you spend your time? I never see you in restaurants, or at parties.

You bet you don't," he said. "I like to eat at home, in the kitchen. Restaurants
always seem pretty expensive. And I hate
parties."

"Suppose you tell me what you have been doing today. Maybe that will give
us an idea about your passing hours."

"All right. I try out my voice every
morning, the minute I wake up, to see if it
works. After breakfast, during which I read
the newspapers to my wife's disgust, I de-
vote some time to reading the classics."

[Continued on page 61]
THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST
THAT QUAIN OLD MELODRAMA--SET TO BEAUTIFUL MUSIC--MGM
JEANETTE MACDONALD and Nelson Eddy are teamed again, much to the ecstatic pleasure of their fans, in this story of early California which used to bring gooseflesh and tears to a past generation. Jeanette plays "Gal," who very efficiently runs the Poker, a saloon and gambling joint, during the week and sings like an angel in the Monterey choir on Sundays. Nelson of course is the romantic bandit who becomes an honest man, and Walter Pidgeon is this year's Sheriff Jack Rance.

The scene where the drops of blood fall on the sheriff's hand is still there—and so is the scene where Gal plays a little stud poker with Sheriff Jack for her lover's life. Gosh, how our parents went for that.

The picture is lavishly produced, photographed in sepia, and has perfectly thrilling outdoor scenery. But the high spots are the songs. Jeanette sings Gounod's "Ave Maria" and Lis's "Liebesliebe." Nelson sings "Soldiers of Fortune" and "Senorita." Alone and together they sing, "Shadows on the Moon," "Who Are We to Say?" and "The Wind and the Trees." There's a very exciting spectacular number called the "Marrachi."

In the supporting cast are Buddy Ebsen, Noah Beery, Priscilla Lawson and Brandon Tynan. H. B. Warner again makes an excellent Padre.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM
A 1928 VERSION OF THIS CHILDHOOD FAVORITE--20TH CENTURY-Fox
WELL, you'd never know the old Farm now. And it's a cinch the author, Kate Douglas Wiggin, would never recognize it. For Hollywood's Number One Box Office star, little Miss Shirley Temple, the old Farm has been equipped with a broadcasting station and a whole sheen of new characters.

The story has to do with Randy Scott's endeavors to sign Shirley on a radio contract as "Little Miss America" of the Crackly Grain Flakes radio hour. Despite the efforts of Shirley's Aunt Miranda, played by Helen Westley, and her vulgar step-father, played by William Demarest, Randy succeeds in signing her, and naturally she is the sensation of the air waves. Shirley is excellent in all her song and dance routines—especially noteworthy being her rendition of "An Old Straw Hat," Crackly Grain Flakes," and a specialty where she sits at the piano and reminisces about all her old songs. She had the preview audience in stitches when she brought a few fast steps of the Susy Q and the Big Apple into the "Toy Trumpet Finale," which she danced with Bill Robinson.

Phyllis Brooks and Gloria Stuart, both in love with Randy, are there for love complications. Greatly assisting in the comedy are Jack Haley, Slim Summerville and Franklin Pangborn.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC
YOU WILL WANT TO SET THROUGH THIS TWICE--DEANNA DURBIN'S newest picture is really something to tear your shirt about. It is the best of the Durbin pictures, which is certainly not faint praise inasmuch as they have all been smash hits. But this time Deanna proves that she is a very talented, emotional actress and that her success in pictures doesn't depend upon her ability to sing. She does sing four songs in the picture, "I Love to Whistle," "Chapel Bells," "Ave Maria," and "Serenade to the Stars"—but this time the play is the thing.

Herbert Marshall is splendid as the composer, Gail Patrick is warmly sympathetic
as the movie star mother of Deanna. Excellent in the supporting cast are Marcia Mae Jones as Deanna’s chum, Jackie Moran as her shy boy friend, Elizabeth Risdon and Nana Bryant as her teachers, William Frawley as a manager, and Arthur Treacher as a valet. This is one of those please-don’t-miss pictures.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS
Young Marriage On the Skids—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce play a young married couple with conflicting careers. Virginia wants to continue her agency job in New York, and Bob wants to build ships in Connecticut. Virginia says they can see each other on week-ends but Bob isn’t content with a week-end wife.

So what? So they seek a legal separation. Bob tries to forget about Virginia with clothes owned by a pawnbroker. He manages to get himself a job as chef in Carole’s London house, which involves her in a fine scandal, and then when he has won her from the phlegmatic Bel-lama he announces quite casually that he is a marquis.

The story, unfortunately, is not all it should be and Carole and Monsignor Gravet have to work awfully hard to cover up the plot. Carole proves again that she is one of the screen’s top comedienne.

For no reason whatsoever there are two songs interpolated in the picture, “How Can You Forget” and “Food for Scandal.” In the supporting cast are Isabel Jeans and Marcia Ralston as catty English ladies. Marc Wilson as Carole’s maid, and Allen Jenkins as Gravet’s stooge.

JEZEBEL
Good Solid Drama of the Old South—WB

Bette Davis is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who doesn’t care whether or not she plays saccharine and sympathetic ladies on the screen, with every wave in place. She is also one of the few actresses in Hollywood (Barbara Stanwyck is another) who can really act. The meaner the character, the better she can tear into it.

As the New Orleans Jezebel of 1870 Bette is magnificent. She plays a spoiled, self-willed young girl of that romantic period in America when convention demanded that unmarried ladies wear only white at parties. So, at the big Mardi Gras ball, Bette wears red.

When the man she loves marries a “Yankee” girl she sets out to win him back no matter what the cost. Spiritually she instigates a duel which goes awry and ends in death. After that the few friends she has left turn against her quite definitely. But the close of the picture finds her on her way to redemption. For it is she, not the wife, who accompanies the man she loves to the dreaded Lazenette Island where the victims of yellow fever await their doom.

Henry Fonda plays the young man Bette loves so passionately, and George Brent plays “Buck,” a kindly young Southerner whose death in a duel is the result of Bette’s spiritlessness. Richard Cromwell is outstanding as Fonda’s younger brother and the scene in which he tells off Bette brought applause from the preview audience. Margaret Lindsay is excellent as the bewildered young bride from the North. Fay Bainter is petition itself as Bette’s aunt, a gentle Southern woman who alone seems to understand her reckless, rebellious niece. The gruesome scenes depicting the fever hysteria in superstitious New Orleans are particularly effective.
When Entertaining Your Fellow-Members It Is Interesting To Experiment With New And Novel Dishes.

By Ruth Corbin
(All recipes pre-tested)

At this time of the year we usually like to put our best foot forward with a gaiety and freshness to match this best loved of all seasons, Spring. These club luncheon specials will do for either parties or every day meals. This first one is really quite substantial.

**Broiled Filet Mignon**
Cut 3/4 inch thick filets from beef tenderloin, 1 per person. Place filets on center of broiling rack about 3 inches from flame. Leave oven door partly open. Brown on one side, season with salt and pepper, turn and brown on other side. Season second side and serve immediately from kitchen on individual plates with broiled tomatoes, prepared by slicing the stem off the tomatoes and sprinkling with buttered bread crumbs mixed with a little tomato pulp. The whole is then sprinkled with Parmesan cheese and paprika; and asparagus tips with either melted butter or cheese sauce. If you prefer you may use stuffed tomatoes instead of broiled. Ten minutes is required for broiling a rare steak, 15 for medium and about 18 minutes for well done.

**Cheese Sauce**
This is nothing but plain white sauce into which Kraft's American Cheese has been grated and allowed to melt.

**Stuffed Tomatoes**
Slice off stem end from as many tomatoes as needed. Scoop out centers. Put a little butter in skillet. Fry in this about 2 slices minced onion and a ring or two of chopped green pepper. Add tomato pulp, bread crumbs (about 3/4 to 6 tomatoes), salt, pepper and celery seed. Simmer until the whole comes thick and thicken sufficiently to fill tomato cups. Sprinkle a few bread crumbs over top of each tomato and bake until top is lightly browned.

**Royal Pineapple**
A dessert fit for a king—or a queen. Slice off top from a pineapple and cut out pulp without damaging shell. Break up pineapple with a fork or scoop, add other fresh fruit such as dessert peas and grapes, sprinkle with sugar. Pour about 1/2 a cup of kirsch over it. Allow to macerate several hours. Fill pineapple shell with fruit, top with dome of whipped cream and decorate around edge with purple grapes and glacé cherries.

An unusual luncheon combination is spinach and salami with egg garnish and potato and cheese puff. Pineapple pie is served for dessert. Spinach is prepared and cooked as usual. Never use water in cooking spinach. It destroys much of the natural flavor. When spinach is done season with salt, pepper and a little butter. Add salami in strips or diced and heat spinach thoroughly.

**Potato and Cheese Puffs**
2 cups hot riced potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 cup hot milk
1/2 cup grated cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
2 eggs slightly beaten
Mix all ingredients. Put into greased muffin tins or, preferably, individual custard cups. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 90 minutes. Serve immediately.

**Pineapple Pie**
1 1/2 cups milk
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 eggs
2 tablespoons Domino 4X Sugar
1/2 cup buttered grated sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup Del Monte crushed pineapple
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
I once won a prize with this pie and you may too. If you make it. Heat milk. Mix sugar, salt and cornstarch and add hot milk slowly. Cook in double boiler until thick and cornstarch is thoroughly cooked, about 50 minutes. Pour this mixture over beaten egg yolks, return to double boiler and cook until egg thickens—about 5 minutes. Cool and add well-drained crushed pineapple and vanilla. Pour into baked pie shell and cover with meringue made of stiffly beaten whites and powdered sugar. If granulated sugar is used 2 level tablespoons are required for each white. Brown quickly in hot oven. Just now the markets are full of strawberries and pineapples and when and wherever possible use them in your menus for salads, desserts and even as a garnish or seasoning for main dishes. Another well balanced combination consists of chicken and fresh pineapple salad, Chinese eggs and strawberry shortcake.

**Chinese Eggs**
1/2 cup rice
2 hard cooked eggs
2 tablespoons chopped green peppers
1 tbsp. canned tomatoes or Crosse and Blackwell Tomato juice
Salt and pepper
1/2 cup grated cheese
1 tbsp. chopped onion
1/2 cup milk
Cook rice in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain well. Season salt and pepper and spread on a Pyrex baking dish. Cut hard-cooked eggs lengthwise, remove yolks and mix with about 1/4 cup cheese, green pepper, onion, tomato pulp or juice and seasonings to taste. Stuff white and arrange on rice. Pour around each egg a sauce made with remaining cheese and milk, cooked in double boiler until cheese is melted. Place dish in moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 minutes or until well heated and eggs begin to brown.

**Chicken and Fresh Pine-Apple Salad**
1 1/2 cups cooked, diced chicken
1 cup diced celery
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup fresh pineapple
1/2 cup Kraft's Mayonnaise
Toss all ingredients, except mayonnaise, together lightly and chill. Before serving add mayonnaise. Serve on crisp romaine and garnish with ripe olives and additional mayonnaise.

**Old-Fashioned Strawberry Shortcake**
1 1/2 cups sifted Gold Medal Flour
1 1/2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
Sugared strawberries
1/2 cup Crisco
1 well beaten egg
1 tablespoon milk
Soft butter
Whipped cream
Mix and sift dry ingredients, cut in shortening, add egg and milk to make a soft dough. Pat or roll into a equal size rounds. Brush one round with soft butter, cover with other round and bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Split, spread with butter, put strawberries and whipped cream between layers and on top. Dot generously with more berries and pour over and around each serving a little of the juice. If you prefer sponge cake instead of the old-fashioned shortcake biscuit it will be simpler to buy it from your bakery and continue as above.

Maureen O'Sullivan tries her luck with strawberry shortcake. She's expecting some guests for luncheon.
Today—more and more women are using this new cream with "Skin-Vitamin"

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

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

For years, leading doctors have known how this "skin-vitamin" heals skin faster when applied to wounds or burns. And also how skin may grow rough and subject to infections when there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet!

Then we tested it in Pond's Creams! In animal tests, skin that had been rough, dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks!

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

**Same jars, same labels, same price**

Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Pond's, Dept. 788-US, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with sample of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $1.00 to cover postage and packing.

**SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM!**

**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

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

Lady Margaret Douglas-Home

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

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

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

"KEEPS MY SKIN FINER..." Pond's new Cold Cream keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Joan Belmont, Mrs. Ellsworth N. Bailey

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

The Countess de la Falaise

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

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Name

Street

City

State

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Silver Screen 63
beloved

[Continued from page 20]

I wanted to know what classics.
"Oh, trout culture, and about bees," was the

I "I want a ranch some-

time and I want to be able to stock it, intelligently." (The guy plans and works

for everything. But more about that later.)

I "I vocalize (the word is his) from
ten until lunch time. Go over the songs

two Benny shows with my arranger. Today

I dictated some letters answering those from

As long as I play for two or

two, then we were over some plans with

Kenny likes to speak Spanish

with this gardener, whose name is Gu-

zales, but with a melancholy song of

gazoula. "At three I had an interview with

you. At four (his very ingenious way of

telling me how much time I might have)

I'll be back in her conference with my

gardener about some trees I'm planting. At

six there'll be dinner. At seven I'll listen to

the radio, and later some friends will prob-

ably drop in for poker." (He doesn't con-

sider that penny ante is gambling.) "And

if I'm lucky my tortoise shell cat, Checkers,

will have kittens. That cat is so prolific I

call her the sweetheart of San Fernando

Valley," he concluded.

Who said Baker was colorless. Huh!

"Aren't you going to Hawaii?

"Yes, a two-story American Colonial on

Mulholland Drive. You'll be able to see a

beautiful view from every possible direc-

tion. I'm working on the decorating now."

It may have occurred to you as it did to

me, that a twenty-six year old young

man who, five years ago, didn't have a
daughter, who slept in a quiet,

way, to be building a new home, supporting

a wife and child (another child is expected),

owning three automobiles and counting

other expensive possessions. So why third

"How come" was how did he manage?

"I save money to spend," said Kenny.

"Budgets.

"Not exactly. The bank takes care of

everything. You see I came from practically

no salary to a four figure one. There wasn't

any change in my personal habits. I'm just

keeping up to the proper control of finances, I

was broke, then all of a sudden had plenty.

What, after an income reaches a certain size

it's very commonplace. If you try to keep

your own books you get jumbled. So I put

all my assets into a trust fund. The bank

pays my bills and gives me $50 a month

as living expenses. I of course pay for me-

tax.

The bank hands me a state-

ment at the end of the year and I send it in
to the government with the money in the
accounts. So I haven't any financial

worries at all."

"I couldn't refrain from commenting on

his remarkable level-headedness. "Did Mer-

vy Le Roy help you attain this clear-

sighted attitude toward Hollywood?"

"Oh sure, Mervyn has guided me in

stories and through the intricate steps of

making a career here. And they are plenty

intricate."

I reflected that they were in his case,

Kenny Baker, one of the few radio amatures

to make good, won a successful audition

by rehearsing a month with a guarantee of

one week. His professional work began

on K Q F..."

I gave one performance on Madame

Jennie's Hour, free of charge. In 1942, he

appeared with the Novis signature troupe.

This engagement got him an Easter service

in Montana, two services for ten dollars. He

cracked on high notes at both perform-

ances. Then, the popular Red Blem

of K F O X into giving him a quarter of

an hour twice a week for the experience.

He did this for six months.

In 1949 Kenny joined the Cardinal Oor

tet at California Christian College, singing

on K H J, K F A C and K N X. He quit

this quartet in February, 1954, and had

his orchestra on Hollywood Hotel, The Texas

contest program on K H J, work as soloist with

Marvin Herrick and, finally, his winning

the Eddie Duchin contest over 800 Cali-

fornia entrants concludes a brief glance at

his radio beginnings.

Today, with guest appearances on

the radio to his credit, Kenny Baker still prays

every time he sings, still hates visible audi-

ences, still gets nervous that he must

be able to get him to sing, and says that he

scared every time he goes on the air than the

time before. He's very temperamental. Neve

sings a song the same way twice. Won't

listen to any of his own records, to

think he's quite ready for that show of

his own he's planning. Wants to do shows

different than the Benny program. Attributes

his success to sticktoitiveness of purpose and

admits his philosophy is "keep at it, never

give up."

Kenny sleeps in flannel pajamas in a

Mexican hamock... he never, never

gambles, but he has a slot machine in his

own home and plays it with slugs... he

tan away to get money... he once

wanted to be a sailor... O'Neill is his

favorite playwright but Baker spells it

"O'Neal..." he remembers his wedding

anniversary by date... he has a pool in

his swimming pool in the winter and

sometimes swims in the coldest weather... he

terribly into juggling... he list his violin and piano playing as

"idiosyncrasies..." he never carries enough

money and is always finding himself

in embarrassing situations and he

He answered "No" to the question "Are

you an extrovert or an introvert."

He doesn't care what happens as long as

he can sing somewhere... he's remembered for his singing and acting (pi-

ures, he feels, send up his radio stock.)

When asked "What epitaph would you

like on your tombstone," he said "I'd like
to be able to see any."

Agility—Joy—And

Ginger!

[Continued from page 31]

...but it wasn't luck that continued the

patronage. The public liked the team.

attended that it be continued, and Ginger

Rogers had completed the trip to the

Majestic Theatre, in Fort Worth, to Holly-

wood standum.

Apart from Irene and Vernon Castle, no

team ever did so much to make the world

dance-crazy as this partnership of Fred

Astaire and Ginger. When they came to the

Tell us a dance, Gingerflower. Dine-a-dance-places never did the

business they experienced at that precise

moment. Night clubs and hotels reported

the increase. Dance bands that hadn't

worked regularly in years suddenly were in

great demand.

At Madison Square Garden, as M. C. of

The Harvest Moon Ball, I received

convinced proof of Ginger Rogers' enorm-

ous popularity. I'd introduced Mayor La

Gardner, Jack Dempsey, and many celebri-

ties to the audience of 20,000 dance fan.

Then I introduced Ginger Rogers and the

ovation that broke loose was almost terrify-

ing. From the corner of my eye I noticed

a sign that read "Please acknowledge the

applause of 20,000 New Yorkers, of her

first timid appearance in New York, at the

Paramount Theatre. I know that I was.
HELP WANTED
... WOMEN!

Neglect of Intimate Cleanliness may cost a Woman all her Happiness

Women . . . any woman . . . you . . . are foolish to risk offending by neglect of personal daintiness. Your happiness, and even the security of your home may rest on a dependable method of intimate feminine hygiene. Use the "Lysol" method.

Often the very nicest and loveliest women are at fault. How horrified they'd be if they knew! No one warns you. The offense is too personal. Yet so many women would benefit by giving this subject honest thought. Ask any experienced family doctor.

The fact often is—your fussiest bathing, your loveliest beauty aids, just cannot make you completely clean, sweetly nice. People may notice; your husband surely will. And may think you are carelessly neglectful. To be sure of not offending, use a more thorough method of feminine hygiene. Use the wholesome, efficient method that many doctors and nurses recommend—the use of "Lysol" disinfectant in proper dilution with water.

Thousands of happy women every day thank "Lysol" for its assurance of thorough intimate cleanliness. Many doctors and nurses, clinics and hospitals prescribe this effective antiseptic douche as a method of feminine hygiene. You can buy "Lysol" disinfectant in any drug store—with detailed directions for use on every bottle.

You must surely read these six reasons why "Lysol" is recommended for your intimate hygiene—to give you assurance of intimate cleanliness.

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for both, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. S-S, S., Evanston, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of Lysol.

Name:__________________
Street:__________________
City:__________________

Copyright 1934 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Band Leaders Know the Answers

[Continued from page 91]

drink too much and don’t pretend to get drunk at the smell of a cork. That’s kid stuff and shows you haven’t been around much. And if you are trying to restrain yourself from not wanting to decline one yourself, don’t freeze him with a foreclosing-on-the-old-homestead voice. Just chill will get you no strength in action. There really isn’t anything to take the place of a gracious ‘I’m really not a good drinker,’ when you want to bow out of the next round.

Here then, neatly packed, are some of the big reasons for the lack of repeat dates. If you’ll read them carefully, you’ll find that perhaps in one of them lies the key of your own wrecked romance. As to what to do next, these men who would rather that you were dancing to than sitting out their music, sum it all up in two words—BE YOURSELF. After all, the original pattern must have been pretty interesting or he wouldn’t have asked you out in the first place. Then, why change, and thereby run the risk of spoiling the original attractive design?

So here’s a prayer for a speedy exit from the one-date only class, into the repeat date stage with someone who will ask you to be his steady date forever after. Here’s hoping your picture finishes well, and that the way that you are dancing while dancing, to the music of one of these fine orchestras.

True Story of a Hollywood Girl

[Continued from page 21]

average was around $200 a year.

By this time, I was pretty discouraged, I'd had chances handed me on a silver platter during the early days of my career, and the fact that I wasn't unlucky, remember that. I was just getting the breaks the average Hollywood aspirant gets. I never felt sorry for myself, because I saw the same thing going on all around me.

And, another thing. During the years I was extra, with the scores of pictures in which I worked, with my wide acquaintance and my "contract" background and public- ility, no director ever singled me out in a scene and said: "Here's the last of the girls—"Here's your big chance, girlie." There was another thing that "did me no good." In the early days of my career, one of the major studios brought to the coast a rising young star from the stage. It seemed funny that two people from different parts of the world, who had never then met, and have not to this day, could look so much alike and have almost the same mannerisms. But that is just what happened.

I did not realize just how much we resembled each other until one evening, going into the Ambassador Peanut Grove, I was accosted by little Miss little tap dancer. Turning around I saw a pretty little girl of about 15 on crutches and obviously a hopeless cripple. Her parents had brought her to the warm sunshine of California, hoping against hope for a cure. The child called me by the name of the young stage star, whose picture was out on the boards, and a huge success—and asked for an autograph.

Somehow, I didn’t believe the star would mind this masquerade just once. So, I signed the autograph book and she went away beaming.

However, this did not benefit my career—everywhere I heard: "You look so much like Miss So-and-So." To this day it is not generally known that it was Dixie Davis who poked in the world, not that "Jean DeMille," my publicity campaign instead of the star, who was not available that day.

Here’s a warning—don’t come to Hollywood—because the girls don’t look like some reigning favorite. You’ll find a further handicap added to the long list which is so apparent in the story I’m telling.

About three years ago, I stopped waiting for calls, stopped rushing around aimlessly, stopped hoping and seeing success just growing out of thin air. Instead I sought out the head of a major studio, and I wanted him as assistant secretary for a publicity man. Then, I went back into the agency business as a secretary. Occasionally I earned extra money modeling in fashion shows. My dream of becoming a glamorous screen star was no more.

In December of 1946 a friend of mine talked to Cecil B. DeMille about me. On Christmas Eve of that year he summoned me, offered me the position of field secretary for an extra script girl. Two weeks later, I went to work.

Mr. DeMille, with a staff of writers, was working on "The Buccaneer" script. I sat in on all story conferences. I learned how noting who said what, endeavored to read as much as I could on the subject of "Jean Lafitte." When Mr. DeMille, accompanied by his staff, went into the marshes and bayous of Louisiana to conduct further research work and look for locations, I went along with them, not as a member of anything he said.

For the first time I began to realize what we went back of a camera, I saw a picture grow from an idea in a man’s mind—to script form—to actual filming—to preview—
to release. For the first time I realized how it felt to share in a small way in a great accomplishment, to become part of an organization headed by a man who knew his business thoroughly and completely. Mr. DeMille's fine devotion to detail, his painstaking search for accuracy makes it a joy to be associated with him.

He is a real task-master. What work! He talked and thought of nothing but "The Buccaneer." My day started very early in the morning and ended long after the average "Mr. Citizen's" dinner hour. Then there were private showings of films at Mr. DeMille's house for the purpose of studying and seeing players, and various other purposes.

And so, I wind up behind the camera. My work today is vitally interesting, completely satisfying and lucrative—so, why should I envy anyone else?

If I hadn't had the acting side of it, I'd probably still be wild to get a break and might even be striking poses in front of Mr. DeMille until he banished me from the office.

Where do I go from here?

I'd like to be a writer.

My conversations with other script girls have shown me that most of them have this same ambition. It is a desire which is seldom gratified, yet enough of the girls have done it to make it possible. After all, why shouldn't we turn naturally to writing?

Consider Dorothy Karnes, once a script girl. Today I understand she is in New York City, a successful writer, credited with "Death Takes a Holiday." Then there is Virginia Van Up, the titian-haired ex-child star with a background of work in agents' offices, casting offices—even as I—who today is working at Paramount as a writer, credited with work on such a screenplay as "Swing High, Swing Low," with

Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, and other productions. Then there's Isobel Stuart, who still holds script, but who has found her experiences so interesting she has written about them for national magazines.

Sarah Mason is also a successful writer, married to Victor Hermann, once a director, now also a writer. And Mary Gibson, who writes magazine articles and fiction, and Louise Long and Ethel Doberts, who have teamed to write novels and short stories. Close to writers and directors it is natural that we should absorb technique and turn to creative work.

While there is a school which says "once a script girl always a script girl," nothing could be farther from the truth. Dorothy Arzner, famous as the director of "Craig's Wife," and other productions, was first a script girl. She came to the attention of James Cruze, who made her a film cutter and she finally took the next step, that of director. Eda Warren, now one of the best known film editors in Hollywood, was once a script girl. Margaret Booth, also a graduate of the script ranks, today is an associate producer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Frances Marion, famous for "The Champ" and other pictures—she has been one of the highest paid writers in Hollywood for years—began as a script girl many years ago. Jane Loring, assistant to Pandro Berman, the man who runs R-K-O studios, once held script.

In the DeMille organization, girls have had exceptional opportunities. Anne Bau-
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SILVER SCREEN

Elmer Fryer, the photographer, pushes and pulls
Kay Francis about to get one of those arty poses.

chens is now cutting film for Mr. DeMille. Emily Barrye acts as an assistant director in big mob scenes, such as were seen in "The King of Kings," watching the action of the women in these scenes. She also does writing and research with Harold Lamb. So I am simply surrounded with opportunity, as you can see.

Do script girls ever marry players? There is one case, and that is an exception to the rule. A couple have married directors-Miss Mason, mentioned above, is an example—as the result of being closely associated. A script girl often chats with the various players—I am told the players are much more human, tolerant and unimpressed with themselves these days than they were years ago—but the conversation never seems to take a romantic turn. The truth is that only a small percentage of script girls are married.

The reason for this is that their hours are uncertain, they work very hard, concentrate on their business, and don't have much time for romance.

This brings us to the hours which the girls work. Until they organized, forming the Script Clerk's Guild, unaffiliated with any labor organization, they had a working week of sixty hours, paid $20, and no overtime—just over the life of the picture, which was termed "the end" of the picture. The guild has secured a 45-hour week, with base pay of $30 and straight overtime, except on Sundays, when it is time and a quarter.

The guild, of which I am not a member, because I am doing special script work for Mr. DeMille at present, and have additional duties, has 110 members, of which approximately 90 are active today. There are more than a score of men employed as script clerks, most of them being at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where they function almost as assistant directors, with girls doing the actual clerical work.

The duties of a script girl on the job are very hard. One of the main attributes is diplomacy. In proof of this, I offer the fact that a masculine clerk is now in the diplomatic service in China. His name is Bronson Howard. Nerves are strained and moments are tense on the set. A tactless person hasn't a chance of making good. One must speak at just the right time.

Script girls closely watch background action. This means the movements of the extras. If, at the end of a scene, a group of extras are on the right side of the stage, they must be there when the next scene is made, not out playing cards or on the left side of the stage. They watch foreground action, making sure that the action and dialogue of the principals is the same in the long shots and the close-ups. In the course of the picture a script girl gets to know nearly every line of every part. One girl, a born mimic, even rehearses the lines of such players as Mae West and Marlene Dietrich, and gets a lot of laughs.

It is not only necessary to watch dialog, background and foreground action, lighting and a few other odds and ends, but costumes, make-up and properties. If a man has been soaked in a scene he can't show up dry in the scene following unless there has been a time lapse, and a change of costume. If a player has a black eye or a mole on the left cheek, or a grease-stained face, he must have this in the next scene. A davenport mightn't miraculously move from one side of the room to another. Furthermore, a director must be watched, so that he gets all of his needed scenes. Consider all the things he has on his mind and the fact also that he doesn't shoot in continuity, but darts around in his script because of production difficulties and arrangements, and you realize how easy it is to forget.

I have told you how I turned from acting to script work. I think I've also given you an idea of what a fascinating job holding script is, and the opportunities which it affords. I haven't mentioned the fact that not all script girls work regularly, and that many are not on original pictures which are actually in production, but all manage to work fairly steadily. The marriage rate proves that, for only about fifteen percent of the girls have had time to get married.

They usually marry technicians—sound men, property men, and cameramen, rather than the players. The only explanation I can give for this phenomenon is that to the script girl the player has very little glamour.

Now, is it possible to go from script work to acting, as girls have gone into writing and executive positions? The answer is an emphatic "yes!" But I have been unable to find a case where a director needing someone for a scene has pointed to a script girl and has said:

"You are the girl to play this part!"

Nor is there any record of sudden success, as the result of such a fantastic situation.

However, from time to time studios have decided to give the girls on the sets an opportunity. They've run tests of secretaries, script girls, stenographers, typists and receptionists at various times. Alice White was given such a test when she was at First National working as a script girl and she reached stardom. Another example is Dorothy Wilson, picked from the ranks of the script holders at R-K-O. She also made good in a big way.

Having had all that early experience as an actress I'm afraid I'll dodge tests of any kind. But I'll try writing any time.
Vacant Lottie!

[Continued from page 53]

she might like him if she stopped scrappin'.

"Nicholas Martin did not wear Carlotta Lee's name mentioned again until two weeks later when he returned from Arrowhead with Milton Browne, the staff writer. The collaboration on the script had been a surprisingly pleasant experience. An extensive array of acting talent was at once marshalled by the casting director and Elsie Manning for the playwright's inspection. His criticisms as to the cast were listened to respectfully and when he dismissed all the candidates for the lead not even a low moan was to be heard seeping from the close walls of the Excelsior studio.

Joe Ross called Martin into his office and told him not to worry any more about the lead for a day or two. "Maybe you'll run across somebody outside who'll just fit into the star role. I'll take an unknown if you have confidence in her."

Elsie Manning was waiting for the playwright when he came out into the ante-room. "Oh, Mr. Martin," she said, "I wonder if you'd come out to Malibu tonight and have dinner with me? I've a little friend I want you to meet. Perhaps she could do one of the bits."

The old actress, taking no chances, picked up the playwright that night at his hotel and drove him out to the beach in her small roadster. As they entered the snug cottage a remarkably pretty girl, who had been sitting in front of the grate fire, rose and was presented to Martin as Dora Parsons. She was a brunette with an unpretentious but effective bob. He noted approvingly her charming dark gown and the necklace of small, matched pearls which he felt, instinctively, were real. The girl looked like some one he had seen before, but he couldn't trace down the resemblance for the moment.

"Miss Manning at once excused herself. "I must go to the kitchen and find out what that heathen of mine is doing about dinner. I'll leave care to entertain Mr. Martin, Dora. He doesn't bite even if he is an author."

He glanced down and saw a copy of his play on the table.

"Who's been reading my opus?" He picked up the script.

"I have for one, " the girl answered.

"How did you like it?"

"It's delightful, but don't you think it's a little too subtle for our blunt and blundering friends of the cinema?" She suddenly realized he was staring at her intently and asked him why.

He hesitated a moment and then said, "I hope you won't be insulted when I tell you I've just realized that you look very much like Carlotta Lee."

"I know I do," she agreed. "Everyone says that. But, of course, I'm a brunette and she's very blonde."

He hastened to reassure her. "There's far more difference than that. You're charming and Carlotta Lee is--" He broke off, not knowing just what to say.

"Poor Miss Lee," she commented. "I can see that you don't care much for her."

"I only met her once. Joe Ross tried to palm her off on me for the lead in my picture, but I promptly put an end to that. She was absolutely impossible."

"What a wretched hostess I am. I forgot to ask you Question Number One in our western book of etiquette--how do you like California?"

She gave him a highly flattering glance.

"I didn't care for it much on my arrival, but it seems to be improving rapidly."

"He gave her an admiring look. "Why you might be Diana Corbett speaking right out of the pages of 'The Dizzy Age.' Mar-

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tin took the play, opened the script and handed it to the girl. "Please read that scene at the end of the second act."

Carlotta forgot she was angry and remembered only the hours of work she had put in on the play under the iron mind of her coach. She scarcely glanced at the lines as she acted out the scene. At the end Martin shouted excitedly, "Miss Manning! Oh Miss Manning! I've found her!"

His hostess, very calm, appeared in the doorway to the living room. "Well, why be so excited about it? I knew it all the time."

Anxiety settled on the author's countenance. "But what about Joe Ross?"

Miss Manning dismissed that worry with an airy gesture. "I'll take care of him. And now, my children, let's eat."

After dinner Carlotta and the author vanished to the beach with a blanket and a couple of soft pillows.

The girl silently arranged the blanket on a smooth patch of sand and then stretched herself out on her back, looking up intently at the sky and listening to the lazy swish of the surf. Martin settled down beside her and in anything but bright Manhattanite mannered, "A penny for your thoughts."

Carlotta answered a little bitterly. "When you know me better you'll learn that I'm not supposed to have thoughts."

"Don't fence with me," he begged, looking down at her with a dizzy feeling that the world was falling away from them. "Your face is very beautiful down there. "He leaned closer over her, "I can see the stars reflected in your eyes."

And then it all happened. He went into a red haze through which he was conscious only of her lips. He finally heard a voice and realized with some surprise that it was his own—and full of self-reproach and apology.

And then she said, "It doesn't matter. I've been kissed before."

"But I can't bear you to think that I'm the sort of person who goes about kissing people he's just met."

His sincerity impressed her. She dropped slim fingers on the back of his hand.

"After all," she confessed, "you are rather nice. And I thought I was going to detect you. I mean you're a very important person and you can make or break me."

He hastened to reassure her. "You've nothing to worry about. You're not going to get that lead in the play away from you!"

"Is that a man's promise? No matter what happens?"

"Word of honor," he took her hands and pressed them convincingly.

Joe Ross was at the cottage when they returned. Martin preparations made that confusion. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Ross, do you know Miss Parsons?"

"Sure I know her. We've even considered her for that part in your picture, but I felt you'd insist on a big star."

"I want Miss Parsons. I think she is exactly it."

"You're sure of that?"

"Absolutely! She read the most important scene perfectly."

"Really?" Ross shrugged his shoulders. "But remember that you picked this girl out yourself and I don't want to hear any thanks if the camera and the mike don't fall for her the way you do. And now I want you to drive back to town with me in my car."

When the men had gone Carlotta dropped into a chair and ceased to be a lady.

"Sweet Mamie! Am I glad that's over? By the way, Elsie, just what does 'arid' mean?"

"The Dizzy Age" was rushed into production without the usual studio fanfare. So quietly were the preparations made that even the head of the press department did
not know that the picture was in work. Nor was Martin, for shooting was in progress until Joe Ross had seen and heard enough of the rushes to be sure that Carlotta’s work was up to the high mark he had set for the picture. Only then was the playwright asked to report on the set. Though cast and staff had been duly warned a camera man forgot himself after a final take of the big scene of the day and exclaimed enthusiastically:

“Gee, I never saw Miss Lee troop off footage better’n that! She’ll wow ’em in this! And how that change to the brunette top helps her on the gelatine!”

Martin, suddenly suspicious, turned on the camera man. “I didn’t know there was anyone named Lee in this cast.”

“Nor I, fellah, who else would be playin’ a lead on this lout but Carlotta Lee?”

Martin raged up and down the set, protesting wildly. But no one seemed the least interested in his agitation. Authors, suddenly gone mad, were no novelty in the Excelsior studio.

Somehow the playwright lived through the night and arose the next morning, sane and much chastened. He was on the set early and when the star appeared he greeted her with a smile and held out his hand.

“ Permit me to congratulate you, Miss Lee, on the splendid work you’re doing in my picture.”

“Then you know?” She seemed much relieved.

“Of course, from the first,” he was determined to save his face. “When I heard you read the scene that night at Miss Manning’s I realized you were the only one for the part. And I enjoyed the little deception as much as the rest of you did.”

Carlotta gave him an admiring smile. “Big Boy, you’re sure game. Come back to my dressing van. I’ve got to get a ton or two off my chest.”

She guided him back through dark sets to the little house on wheels which followed her from stage to stage and as they entered said: “I want you to know that the idea was not mine. Joe Ross gyped me into it, though I’ll confess I’d committed anything short of murder to nail down this part. Please—try to forgive me.”

He found her very courtly—and very lovely. She reached out her hands and he took them in his. He was much shaken to discover that Carlotta Lee thrilled him just as thoroughly as Dora Parsons did.

“I promise I’ve been crazy if I ever thought you couldn’t handle this part,” he said. “You’re wonderful in it.”

She gave him a smile which extracted the last sliver of iron from his soul. “Joe Ross wouldn’t be pleased to hear you saying such sweet things to me. But he won’t bother us today. He’s flying to New York.”

Martin’s face fell. “How can he leave now right in the middle of our picture?”

“He isn’t worried about that any more,” she assured him. “There’s a big fight on over Excelsior stock. Sammy Fishbein’s trying to get a lot of Wall Street money behind him and have Joe thrown out on his ear.”

“When ‘The Dizzy Age’ was previewed several weeks later at a suburban theater Carlotta invited the now thoroughly infatuated playwright to accompany her. She was sorry to think the picture was over and done with. She liked this young man from New York a lot.

The preview was a glittering success. After the showing Excelsior minions flocked out to the curb and congratulated each other. Martin went off to find Carlotta’s chauffeur, while the assistant production manager whispered cautiously in the star’s ear.

“Joe is back,” he informed her. “But don’t let anybody know what I’m going to tell...
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In “Swiss Miss,” Stan Laurel laments Oliver Hardy’s mastery over the affections of Della Lind.

You. Sammy Fishbein is out and our boy friend has lined up the Wall Street crowd for himself.

“Of course you’re sitting pretty, Lottie, but the fur is going to fly when the boss begins prying all the Fishbein nephews and cousins away from the pay-roll.”

Carlotta thrilled to a realization of this news. “That makes Joe Ross one of the biggest frogs in the picture pudding!”

“King of the independents, that’s all! And his Excelsior stock is worth just about five millions more than it was last week!”

The playwright, still glowing over the splendid reception of his picture, did not notice how detached and absent-minded the star was as he got into her car beside her. All that he could think of was that Carlotta was a lovely creature—and quite close to him. As soon as the motor reached open country he put his arm around her and drew her in against his shoulder.

“What a wonderful time you and I could have in New York,” he began, dreaming out loud. “I’d write plays for you and you’d make successes of them—and we’d have a great old life!”

“Listen, Big Boy, are you propositioning me or what?” She turned in his arm and looked up at him.

“I’m asking you to be my wife.”

She drew away from him, but took his hand and held it in both of hers.

“Nick, you’re grand and I wouldn’t hurt you for anything, but you’re a lot too good for me. I’m cabbage underneath and you’d soon find it out. I’d get mad some night and bust a bottle over the head of one of your girl friends.” He looked incredulous.

“Well, I did it once—at the Ambassador—when a fresh dame made a play for Joe. You’ll go back to New York and forget about me and marry some nice little girl from Park Avenue.”

When they reached her house she kissed him good-bye as a mother would a son she didn’t expect to see again for a long while. She cried a little, feeling that the scene called for tears, and he went away sadly pleased with the fuss she had made over him.

In the living room Carlotta found Joe Ross waiting for her. She rushed up to him and threw her arms about him.

He looked at her wet eyes. “What’s the matter, Kid? Was the picture a flop?”

“No, it was swell, I’m just crying because I’m so glad to see you again!” She buried her face in his coat. “Oh Joe, I’ve missed you like hell!”

“Yeah!” He tilted up her head, “That’s fine. Well, Lottie, I’ve got a grand piece of news for you.”

“Not half as grand as I’ve got for you, Joe. I’ve gone and fallen in love!”

“With what pair of pants this time?” he growled.

She glanced up at him with all the lure she possessed—and it was more than enough.

“Don’t you call yourself names, you big stupid! Don’t you know I mean you?”

He stared at her. “You’re in love with me? Honest?”

She nodded. With a smothered exclamation of relief he gathered her in and forgot for a few minutes what he had come to tell her. Finally he found his voice again.

“When do we get spliced? Beautiful?”

“The sooner the better. Let’s fly to Nevada and take the sentence tomorrow. We’d have to wait three days in California. Now what’s your big news, Joe?”

He told her. Somehow she didn’t seem much impressed. She seemed to prefer coddling up in his arms to being told that he was the one big shot in the Excelsior Film Company. She whispered Hollywood chat in his ear while he made up his mind all over again that he didn’t understand women.

They were interrupted by the arrival of the production assistant who had stopped by to drive home with Joe. It took him some time to get the producer away from Carlotta. As they climbed into the car Joe’s beatific grin aroused the assistant’s curiosity.

“What’s happened to you, Boss? You look as if you had lapped up a quart of cream.”

“Better than that, Lottie has just promised to middle-side it with me!”

“That’s no surprise to me,” the assistant commented. “That dame is just crazy about you. You ought to have seen her face when she heard you had gotten control of the company.”

Joe leamed forward. “When did you tell her?”

“Tonight. at the preview.”

A curious expression came over the producer’s face. “Why she exact little so-and-so?” He seemed to be talking to himself. “So she knew it all the time. And they say she’s dumb! Yeah, dumb like a fox!”

“Why Joe, you don’t think Lottie’s marrying you for your money, do you?”

Ross chuckled.

“I know damned well she is! And what’s more—she’ll get it!”

Stars of stage and screen, and fashidious girls everywhere, prefer Sitroux Tissues, because they’re soft as a flower petal, yet so much stronger they won’t “come apart” in the hand. Give your skin better care with these delightful, fine-quality tissues. Look for the attractive gold-and-blue box!

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used to ride for me, so for purely sentimental reasons, I bet on it.

That is Walter's merit and misfortune, as he admits—sentimentality. It often overrules his judgment, but his love for horses is so deep and so sincere, that it is difficult for him not to be swayed by sentiment. For example, he will never bet on a horse called "Veil of Tears"—and for a definite reason. Some time ago, he had a horse, "Little Ina," who was running a great race, but cracked up while in third place. She had to be destroyed. And, somehow, "Veil of Tears" is just too morbid.

"Little Ina," said Walter, "had so much promise. Even in the race in which she cracked up, she was going great guns. And then—seeing her killed—I'll never forget that as long as I live." He pealed momentarily and swallowed hard. "Speaking of Little Ina, my wife decided to go to Del Mar for the races. She was late and was anxious to place a bet on Little Ina. Well, five miles from the track she was arrested for speeding. She argued with the officer, and got off taking a ticket. At last she got to the track. She happened to meet a friend of hers. 'How soon before the second race starts?' she asked. 'I want to put a bet on Walter's Little Ina, though I don't think she'll win.' Her friend smiled and said, 'The second race is just over, and Little Ina won.'" Walter lit a cigarette and blew into space. "Yep, she was a great little horse."

Hollywood's cut-ups and the most mysterious people, when they want to be, are putting up a swell "whodunit" all of their own. Naturally, I'm speaking of Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. One day, a horse named "Clarcarol" appeared from nowhere on the listings. It only took about half a guess to find out who owned this animal. As yet, the proud hope of Lombard-Gable Inc., hasn't had a real tryout, but if it has half the spirit of its co-owners, who somehow can't talk about "Clarcarol," the little beastie is sure to go places. Of course, Clark is no newcomer to the game, for he had "Beverly Hills" After dismal attempts to get the horse to win or even place in a race, Clark decided to turn her into an actress. But before he had time to put her into the picture, "Saratoga," she was with foal and had to retire. Yet E. Brown, the polo, ball sponsor, the football enthusiast, the follower of ice skating, roller skating, rugby, soccer, and—oh, why go on. Presenting Joe E. Brown! Another Hollywood race enthusiast! And an owner himself. Joe E. has been wearing an unusually broad grin recently, for his three-year-old, "Kay Em Bee," aptly named after his wife, and another horse, "Barnsley," have been going to town. But win or lose—Joe is at the track rooting. He'd sooner watch a horse race than eat. Of course, he likes it better if his colors pass the finish line first.

You may think there can't be many more Hollywood names to this list. But here's the surprise. The list is only beginning. In fact, I could go on for days. However, you'd soon get tired of reading names, I'd get tired of writing them, and anyway the editor would cut the story besides.

To begin with, Robert Montgomery has been attending large racing meets in the East, and he is now threatening to bring some horses of his own to the tracks. John Meehan, noted screen writer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has already several thoroughbreds in training. Harry Cohn, president of Columbia studios, has also crashed the winning mark with his "Highness".
The fear of going stale keeps half of Hollywood awake nights. For the brightest star becomes a falling star... once freshness fades.

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

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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscapes, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.
Dress Up and Live
[Continued from page 19]

that that was the first topless evening frock to appear in a picture—and who am I to argue? There certainly have been enough of them since—witness Lily Pons' dresses in ’Hitting a New High.’ Lily, it seemed, liked the things.

Orly hasn't perpetrated one of those since del Rio's. One of his loveliest numbers, to date, is the trailing black chignon dress with the beaded bodice which Kay Francis wears in 'This Woman is Dangerous.' And there are only a few inches of the bare Kay Francis visible at any time!

I was interested in what Norma Shearer had to say of her costumes in 'Marie Antoinette.' You'd think that they would be trying to wear powdered wigs and beauty patches and enormous metal hoops under the panniers. She has had to have special doors cut in her portable dressing room so that she may go in and out comfortably. But she loves 'em!

"Every woman in the company feels the same way," she said. "These absurd skirts, these wigs, the glittery jewels, the tiny ornaments for the powdered hair—they're all exciting and romantic. When we take them off to go home life becomes a drab, somehow. You know, in that period, when life became really serious, the skirts collapsed—the fun was over!"

Into her hands these women are delivered. Your Orly Kelly, your Edward Stevenson, your Adrian, your Royer, your Frank Banton. You view the glamorous ladies with critical and helpful eyes. You may imagine one of them saying, "Look, Toots! Your hipline is just a bit—eh—too, some. Now a peplum might help ..."

Glamorous lady immediately has tantrum.

Psychology and symbolism come into these matters too. Frisnance, the severe frock with the cowl neckline, which Garbo wore in 'Conquest' when Napoleon visited her unexpectedly, expressed the num-like life she had been living and to which she had (she thought) dedicated herself. Maybe you thought it wasn't a very pretty dress and maybe Madame Walewska would have agreed with you. But she probably thought that she wasn't leading a very gay life, either! Anyhow, it established her mood.

Do remember the butterfly white nightgown, with the heartshaped bodice and the flowing skirt that Anita Louise wore in 'Tovarich!' A thing to make your mouth water, if you were seventeen—or even if you were a slim twenty. Wait until you see Irene Dunne in that silver "bangle" thing in 'The Jew of London!' And Joan Crawford's white, bountiful net in 'The Milkman Rings Twice.' (This one has a shiny sort of clip that will do something to you.)

Let me get back for a moment to the gentlemen who design these concoctions. They are earnest men, sincere artists. They see the lovely ladies of the screen in terms of so many legs, arms, tor- soes, necks, shoulders, some easy to dress, some difficult. The character in the picture must be interpreted, of course, that always the woman must be enhanced ... the woman who is to wear the creation.

If her figure permits, they cover her with shimmering, form-fitting satin. Sometimes they swathe her in puzzling swirls of gauze. Orly Kelly is giving his lovely ladies linen evening frocks (which look like silk but are more difficult to design) Stevenson is doing a lot of things with cotton and organdie. Adrian is recommending rich fabrics with ornate trimmings.

But they are all saying, "Cover yourself, my dears! From your collarbones to your toes—cover yourselves!"

And these are the gentlemen who are paid large salaries for creating and preserving glamour in Hollywood.
Projection of Don Ameche

(Continued from page 22)

Probably the most fascinating thing about Don Ameche, aside from his versatile voice, is his amazing "slow-take" personality. When you meet Don for the first time—let him tell you the story of location when he was playing Alessandro in "Ramon—he makes no particular impression on you. Just another nice young actor, with the woods are all full of questions. Then, he begins to sneak up on you. Suddenly, that "slow-take" personality goes to work and gradually makes in on you. And he creep to the man himself. Get if you are wondering how you ever got along before you met him. Suddenly he will let loose that famous Don Ameche smile at you, and from then on you're a rabid Don Ameche fan!

There's something magic about the Ameche smile. And does Don take advantage of it! One of his former teachers, the Reverend Maurice S. Sheeny, has said of him. "There may have been some opportunities for mischief with escaped Don during his days at Columbia Academy, but, if so, I do not recall them. The mischief, however, was never anything. He told me a story to his smile, which melts the strongest defenses of the heart." But it is definitely a "prop" smile. It is natural and sincere like the former teacher's, but it is his best friends, also says of him, "During fifteen years' association with students I have never met anyone more honest and fairly frank, at all times and under all conditions, than Dominic Ameche."

Don's chief fault is forgetfulness. He can be counted on to forget practically anything except his lines on a set or before the microphone. Only the other day Mrs. Ameche had to call up a local department store quite frantically and beg them to bring out a pair of shoes to the Valley. For Don, it seems, had gone to a party that night and his feet were almost on the ground, despite the fact that she had been telling him for weeks that he needed shoes. Don is not one of the party-loving types of Hollywood, but just sends himself to dine and dance at fashionable restaurants. Every Sunday night he and Honoré can be found among the young people at the Tocadero. Undoubtedly Don will be devouing a thick rare steak, with an entree of spaghetti, He hates lettuce almost as much as he does tomatoes.

Don's complete lack of fear never ceases to amaze the technical crew on his pictures. With the exception of Clark Gable they'll tell you that they have never worked with a guy before who was so nervy. "He's no sissy," they say, and proceed to tell you tales illustrating the Ameche gift. The favorite seems to be the time when the "Ramon" company was on location down near Elsinore and Don was stung by a sting-ray.

The sting-ray's hit the blood stream it means death. There was much-a-do by the whole company—Loretta Young screamed—a hairdresser fainted—chief director dashed to the telephone to tell the studio to send specialists down by plane! In the midst of all the excitement Don emerged from his dressing room smiling quite casually, "What's the fuss about?" he said. "The doc have here sewed up my foot's only a scratch!"

This complete lack of fear must have been "born in' Don Ameche for the Rev. Maurice S. Sheeny has this to say about his former pupil: "Recently I was asked whether there was anything in Don's school days which presaged his success as a motion picture actor. He never walked, he always ran. One day to my horror I saw
Now—with the active
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A CREAM that is powder base and nourishing cream in one! The new Pond's Vanishing Cream is a revelation to many women.

It is positively not a grease cream...It positively does not come out again in a "goo"...It holds your powder faithfully...And—it contains that blessed "skin-vitamin" which nourishes the skin and improves it.

The new Pond's Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it is grand as ever for melting away little roughnesses and smoothing your skin for powder. And is never drying. Use it for overnight after cleansing and in the daytime under your powder. Now every jar of Pond's Vanishing Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Pond's Vanishing Cream with "skin-vitamin" is nourishing your skin while it is holding your powder! Its use helps to make skin finer and lovelier, fresher.

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Pond's, Dept. 758-V2, Clinton, Conn. Each special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder, enclose 90c to cover postage and packing.

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Miss Margaret Biddle

"I always did love Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base. But now as nourishing cream, it is too perfect for words. Such a light, greaseless cream to use on your face at night?"

Send for the New Cream!

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Silver Screen

77
Even my dentist was delighted at the improvement in my teeth and my gums!

Forhan's gum massage makes teeth brighter and helps make gums healthy. For a real tube, send 10¢ to Forhan's, Dept. 523, New Brunswick, N. J.

Gracie Allen and Edward Everett Horton in "College Swing" give a demonstration of the literary quality of "Yawn With The Wind."
Kendor Productions, Inc. have arranged with W. Ray Cozine to make a limited number of screen tests. Mr. Cozine has made hundreds of screen tests including those for Kay Francis, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire, Johnny Weissmuller, Margaret Sullivan, Helen Hayes, Burns and Allen, Veree Teasdale, The Marx Brothers, Herbert Marshall, and Ginger Rogers. Mr. Cozine makes your test, we guarantee that it will be shown to major picture companies and the producers pass upon your merits.

It is a well known fact that Hollywood is besieged with potential stars, who are unable to get a job as an extra, and if they do, the chances are 10,000 to 1 they will never be noticed. Here is your opportunity to show your ability as an actor, singer, or dancer. From this test the men in power can judge your individual merits.

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Reservations will be made in the order in which the replies are received. This is the only way we know of that guarantees your appearance before the movie makers as an individual. Write for complete information. Tests including coaching and rehearsals cost from $175.00.

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IN EYE MAKE-UP WHEN NEW LOTION CLEARS EYES

Tired, dull eyes...veined and red...ruin make-up. Now, enjoy new advance in eye lotions clears up dull, veined look due to fatigue, exposure, etc. In seconds eyes look thrillingly bright, white, and through large! Use Eye-Gene before eye make-up...for sparkling new eye beauty! Two drops soothe and refresh tired, irritated eyes wonderfully! No other eye lotion like Eye-Gene! Purse size at any $5 and 10c store. Economy size at all drug stores.

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SILVER SCREEN

79
SHUNNED AT SCHOOL BECAUSE OF PIMPLES?

Take steps to free your blood of skin-defiling poisons

Stop being the victim of ugly blemishes. Don’t be shamefully laughed at. Give right to the root of the trouble. It may be poisons in your blood.

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

You want to rid your blood of these skin-irritating poisons. Thousands have succeeded — just by eating Fleischmann’s Yeast. 3 cans a day. The millions of tiny, livey plants in each cake help you keep these poisons out of your blood, give you clearer, smoother skin.

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

The advice the attend girl can give about her skin, her health. She wants them to feel on their own, wants the public to feel that they are. She lives on a convenient ranch and it was to her cottage that Pat and Gora were rushed upon arrival.

“Take off your Eastern clothes!” cried Lola. RED BEAUTY: a galaxy of green pajamas and Pat soon retorts, “You must put on California manners now.” The opportunity of living out in the country was too much for Pat who moved into a California ranch-house near to Lola. There they have a swimming pool and their horses. Lola doesn’t care for water or for riding. “But, speaking for Rosemary, too,” chimes in Pat, “we’re in our element. I contemplate raising live-stock as soon as I can get around to it. Any first one we want.”

But night-clubbing, and all those ultra-sophisticated kicks? “That doesn’t appeal to us,” retorts Rosemary, meaning it. “We’ve only been in the Tinsel Town once. When we enjoy here is the fresh air, the trees, the green grass. Country life is elegant!”

Wayne Morris is thanking Providence that he always could sit a horse better than he could truck on down, anyway.

Regarding her intentions towards Wayne, Pat won’t say yes or no. “I think marriage can wait until she stars.” In the stars, “I’m certainly not going to stay single for seven years.” That’s the time limit on her movie contract. Rosemary isn’t so sure of her impulsiveness. Her schedule, “I don’t see how, when a girl is so occupied, marriage can be very successful. You’d have to learn to do in the things you want to attend to yourself.”

Rosemary’s radio program, requiring rehearsals in her spare time, keeps her dashing. “In New York you’re a shoe out bed before eleven.” When Lola vowed we’d be going to bed at nine we laughed. But we know now. When we get up at six in the morning we’re worn out by nine at night.”

“I’ve always roomed together, Rosemary and Pat continue to do so, even though they’ve been a guest house to boot. ‘We split when we’re studying our scripts. One of us,’ admits Rosemary, ‘has the key and sits and shuts the door.’ They act out their scenes for the morrow, deliberately. They have a rule, incidentally, never to borrow without first asking if it’ll ‘fit’ themselves. A rule, do not, is a major hint for first-class harmony.

The youngest Lanes haven’t gone on a shopping spree. They’re saving their money. They already had one fur coat apiece and why get illusions? They did want a big car like Lola’s, but bought Fords instead. They wish “the duchess”—Leota, their opera-bound sister—could visit them on their ranch and see the studio as their guest. Martha, the only sister who wasn’t consequently wanted an automobile, is now with them for a month’s stay. Martha is the wife of a professor at the University of Illinois.

Astonishingly, Perc Westmore, make-up chieftain at Warners, didn’t pluck eyebrows or attempt to change their faces around. The legend about directors yelling at players is a passé story, says Perc. “As we’re so excited whenever we see any of the stars,” announces Pat. “Olivia De Havilland was the latest to say.”

Maybe it was coincidence; maybe it was fate pointing out a moral to me. For Olivia shortly after passed the table where the Lanes and Pat were gazing, our Hollywood’s three smarter girls with respect. Who, given the chance, wouldn’t?

mother even closer together if that’s possible. Whenever she is visited on the studio set by “mother,” Sonja unashamedly climbs up to the piano and plays songs on “Mama’s” theme. “I love her no matter who may be around!” She may be the world’s greatest ice skater to her public, but she’s just a precious little girl to Mama.”

Mrs. Isabel Eddy, mother of handsome but girl-shy, 57-year-old Newer, is another of those Hollywood mothers beloved by the offsprings. They positively couldn’t get along without her. “Until I find someone at least half as fine as she is, I shall never marry,” he says, and means it, too. Mrs. Eddy is the first to dub him from unwelcome feminine visitors, giving Nelson all the comforts of a wife-run establishment. Usually on Mother’s Day, if it is warm, they go to the beach and have a grand time.

Mildred and Harold Lloyd give the usual family dinner party in honor of their two mothers, Mrs. Howard Davis and Mrs. Elizabeth Lloyd—and top that off by running a couple of popular films in the family theater room.

Warner Baxter never fails to give his annual dinner party for his mother, William Powell, who, by the way, even today signs his mother’s name. He usually takes her for a long motor trip. Last Mother’s Day, Shirley Temple surprised her mother by appearing at the side of her bed bright-eyed, adorably dressed with dust-cap and apron, and exclaiming: “Mumie, you have to stay in bed all day today.”

“Why, what on earth for, darling?” demanded Mrs. Temple.

“Because,” said Shirley, with the barest trace of a grin on her face, “it’s Mother’s Day and I don’t want you to do any work—and if you’re in bed I’m sure you won’t be able to do any! I’m going to do all the work today and I’m even going to fix my own hair! You just rest like a good little mummy!”

Of course, Mrs. Temple didn’t stay in bed all day long but, nevertheless, her little girl’s attitude both pleased and amused her.

Nobody, though, loves their mother any more than little Jane Waiders does her charming, nearly-always-smiling mother.

Mrs. Withers’ every thought concerns Jane and her welfare and that little “monkey of all monkeys” — and how she realizes it fully and comes right back with all the devotion in the world for “mother.”

About a week before each Mother’s Day comes, Jane secretly gets out the colored paper, paints and bits of lace and makes the lady-who-loves-her-best-of-all one of the most gorgeous greeting cards you and I could ever hope to find—and is Mrs. Withers thrilled and tickled when she receives it, together with a dozen bear-hugs and some useful gifts she’s wanted.

Sally Eilers will never forget the first visit of her son, Poochie, aged 3, to a movie set. She was doing a dramatic scene in which she was threatening a marionet with a gun during a jail-break. And right in the middle of the shot the three-year-old came in and said, “Be careful of that gun, mummy, or it’ll hurt you and then Poochie have no mummy for mummy’s day!” That broke up the scene and Sally Waiders rustled out the room and she sent the child to his nurse in her dressing room.

So you see, don’t you, Hollywood thrives on the little ones. Adults or little tykes, they all sincerely and whole-heartedly cherish their mothers.

MOTHER’S DAY

(Continued from page 57)
Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 15]

Lane. Personally, I prefer Priscilla but it's difference of opinion that makes horse-racing.

Cogitating on this profound truism, I turn my steps to—

M-G-M

TWO pictures here but "Marie Antoinette" I'll tell you about later. The other is "Three Comrades" starring Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young.

This, too, is near the beginning of things. The three boys run an auto repair shop. Although, no mention of Germany is made, this is another in the cycle of books written by Erich Maria Remarque and takes up where "The Road Back" left off. Things are tough for the boys and Franchot and Young are in Alfons' bar reviving their drooping spirits when Taylor dashes in and hands Franchot a check that makes his eyes bulge.

"Who's this man?" Tone demands. "What'd you hit him with? What'd you do with his body?"

"I sold the limousine (an old Mercedes)," Taylor announces nonchalantly.

"Did you say his name was Napoleon?" Young interjects.

"Schultz—and Frau Schultz," Taylor explains, airily flicking an ash from his cigarette.

"Two thousand marks apiece!" Young murmurs. "Two thousand marks worth of help for our country."

"It's your money, Gottfried—" Tone begins.

"Yes, I know—" Young replies abstractedly.

"We could buy a taxi," Tone suggests. "There's one being auctioned off today—" at Schmidt's." Taylor supplies. "Why a taxi?" Young asks.

"Because it's an income in addition to the shop," the practical Tone explains. "Because it's a source of security—for the three of us—"

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Young queries after a short pause.

Tone grins and slaps his shoulder, speaking to Taylor: "Go tell Baby to move over—she's going to have company."

So Tone and Young leave to buy the taxi and Taylor goes to the phone to call the girl in the case so Romance can start to have its fling.

And that about winds us up for this month because, although there are five pictures shocking at 20th Century-Fox, I've already told you about "Four Men and A Prayer," starring Loretta Young, and "Kentucky Moonshine." The others, "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and another big musical, are on location and "Little Miss Broadway" starring Shirley Temple is closed to visitors.

Hence, until this time next month, Adios!

"Say sis—how did they ever get along without Kleenex?"

Everybody's using Kleenex Disposable Tissues for handkerchief washing. Use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all. Buy Kleenex in the Serv-a-Tissue box today and end tissue waste and mess. Only Kleenex has it... box of 200 sheets now 2 for 25c—handy size for every room and for your car!
Ponce de Leon sought the Fountain of Youth. But the famous Hollywood screen stars found it! Read about this miracle of Hollywood...
Chesterfields are made of mild ripe tobaccos... rolled in pure cigarette paper... the best ingredients a cigarette can have

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

They Satisfy
Healthful Double Mint gum shows you this doubly lovely way to charm and popularity

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

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

Left, exquisite Double Mint gum dress produced in New York by Valentina, original creator of modern classic design—modeled for you in Hollywood by the gorgeous star of stage and screen, Gloria Swanson. Made available to you by Double Mint gum in Simplicity Pattern 2784. As nearly all good Department, Dry Goods or Variety Stores you can buy this pattern. Or, write Double Mint Dress Pattern Dept., 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.
Well, I'm Elected——
I've got "Pink Tooth Brush" now!

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

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

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

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

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

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

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

*   *   *

DOUSLE DUTY—Perfected with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush is especially designed to make gum massage easy and more effective.

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

ROBERT TAYLOR
MARGARET SULLAVAN
FRANCHOT TONE
ROBERT YOUNG

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

Three Comrades

with GUY KIBBEE • LIONEL ATWILL • HENRY HULL

A FRANK BORZAGE Production • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
Screenplay by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore

Silver Screen
The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

Are you in the mood for a “fish” story today? What with spring, and the opening of the tuna season, and the mating of the yellowtail at Catalina, Hollywood has become extremely fish-conscious lately.

Clark Gable, mad as hell because he didn’t bag a lion on his recent hunting trip in Mexico, decided that rod and reel would be more fun and, with Carole Lombard and the Buster Colliers, rented a boat and went fishing off San Diego the other day.

Clark brought back twenty-six fish—but Carole brought back one of the most revolting fish stories I’ve ever heard. Carole never suffers from ‘mal de mer’ until she sees someone else suffering, and she was just congratulating herself on being with splendidly organized people when what should plop down on the deck of the small boat but a seagull. “My, my,” said Carole, “what a pretty bird. Here gullie, here gullie, want a sandwich?” The seagull seemed a bit indifferent to the Lombard lure but finally waddled over, took one look at the sandwich, and got seasick. Carole turned green, and finished the entire trip under wraps.

Dick Powell is the most hearty of the Hollywood Old Salts and barely a week-end passes but he runs up the sails on his beautiful boat, the Galatea, and heads for the open sea for a fishing trip. Sometimes he takes the little wife (Joan Blondell) along, and sometimes she just can’t face it. But Joan wants to be sporting about it, so the other week-end when Dick planned to fish off Catalina she and Normie went along to help Daddy Dick pull them in.

Normie is at that age now when he doesn’t want to be bothered with a woman, even if she is his mother, so as soon as the Galatea was underway young Normie announced, “Cabins are for the ladies, Mommy. You better go below. Only men can stay on deck.”

It was hot down there, and Miss Blondell’s stomach isn’t too strong on the sea at best. Soon she was having that old feeling, “Hello, Mommy.” Normie yelled down the hatch, “having a fine time?” “No,” moaned Joan weakly, “I must come up and get some air.” "Oh, no,” called back Normie, “ladies must stay downstairs. We men are fishing.” Joan swear she has gone on her last fishing trip—and she hopes her next child is a girl and a sissy.
HAVE THEY THE RIGHT TO LOVE ON PAROLE?

Have this man and woman paid the debt of their tattered past in full, now the prison gates have opened for them? Have they the right to hope, to dream, to make their dreams come true? Have they the right to love on parole? They place their case before you, ask you to be their judge and jury. Read these pages. See the flaming story of their battle for life, for love in Paramount's daring drama of the mighty parole problem. Then search your heart and speak your honest answer!
Helen (Sylvia Sidney), an parolee, gets similar job.

Soon they are daring to speak of love, of marriage.

Happy in their new love, they face the world together.

Again Joe is fleeing the law...

Must they again pay the terrible price?

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

Sylvia SIDNEY · George RAFT

"YOU AND ME"

Barton MacLane · Harry Carey · Roscoe Karns
George E. Stone · Warren Hymer · Robert Cummings

Produced and Directed by FRITZ LANG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
GLAMOUR—elusive enchantment—did you know that "your eyes have it!" more than any other feature? Don't let it blemish there—touch Maybelline Mascara to those neglected lashes with a few simple upward strokes of the dainty Maybelline brush. Deepen the mascara at the outer edges to make your eyes appear larger, farther apart, more expressive. Then see what long, dark, silky, luxurious lashes you have. Maybelline is harmless, tear-proof and non-smudging.

• Next—eyebrows. They hold the secret to your individual expression and charm. Specially compounded—youth-smoothing—marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil.

• Then—a bit of creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow on your upper eyelids—blends it from the center outward toward your temples for the most delightful effect.

• At night—gently smooth a bit of Maybelline Eye Cream into the sensitive, tender skin around your eyes. It will help ward off those persistent little crow's feet and eye wrinkles that mar one's beauty.

• Discriminating women all over the world rely on these exquisite Maybelline aids to glamour. You, too, will be delighted with the added charm, beauty and expression they will give you.

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold metal vanity . . . 7c, Retail . . . 35c. Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in handy upper case . . . 75c. Both come in Black, Brown, Blue, Maybelline Eye Liner Pencil, in Black, Brown, Blue (blue named as eye-liner), Maybelline Eye Shadow, in Blue, Bluegray, Brown, Green, Violet. Maybelline Special Eye Crème. Price same of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at 100 stores, list, 65c Maybelline.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Fine. Although this infectious comedy suffers a bit by comparison with Ernst Lubitsch's many excellent romances, it is so far from a complete failure that pictures that we have to commend it highly. Gary Cooper is cast as the modern Bluebeard (if you can imagine that) and the lovely Claudette Colbert, after becoming his eighth spouse, is the one who teaches him what we call "a lesson." The settings are in Paris and on the Riviera.

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—Good. A breezy comedy of manners about the Golden Age which takes a huge flop (only temporarily, of course) when Vivien Leigh, the lovely heroine, unites upon coming her husband's steps and Bob Montgomery, the indigent husband, puts thumbs down on the proposition. Yes, that's a happy ending. (Dinnie Barnes, Leo Bowman.)

GO CHASE YOURSELF—Good. If you are a pushover for the kind of daily flattery that F. C. Penner is guilty of, then this is your night's entertainment. Joe wins a trailer through a lottery and is spending about the house gaily until pursued by bank robbers who use him as a blind. Lucille Ball plays his wife and proves herself a fine comedienne.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—Good. There are some who will think this melodrama of the Old West a bit quaint, and they'll be right. But, it teams that grand romantic team of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, always a pleasure to watch and always a pleasure to hear, so what more can you ask, and they do sing divinely, both singly and duets.

HEART OF ARIZONA—Good. No need to tell you that this is a red-blooded western yarn; the title gives that away. Eddy does want you to know that it features the extremely popular and ready hero, Hopalong Cassidy, who has won so many fans for himself this past year. (William Boyd, George Hayes, Lane Chandler, Dorothy Short.)

JUDGE HARDY'S CHILDREN—Fine. This is one of a series of feature length films woven around the same main set of characters, Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and Cecilia Parker. In this one the plots take them to Washington, where Mickey gives his father (Stone) a tip on how to outsmart some political shepherds. Even the so-hard-to-please will fall for this grand comedy.

LAW OF THE UNDERWORLD—Good. Chester Morris plays the leader of a large underworld gang, but is gentleman enough to sturdily ingratever himself with important leaders on the legitimate side of the fence. The plot is highly dramatic and has a stirring climax. In cast, Anne Shirley, Walter Abel, Edward G. Robinson, Richard Bond.

LIFE DANCES ON—Excellent. A French language film which won several notable awards on its home plate, and is certainly deserving of much credit here. It is really a story of the disengagement of a very lovely woman in her late thirties, who, widowed and deserted, sets out to recapture the lost happiness of her youth and balls. The action is necessarily simple but the characterization are admirably drawn.

MR. MOTO'S DIARY—Fine. Again Peter Lorre plays the extreme Japanese character, a crime doctor who heads this absorbing series of mystery films. The plot of this one concerns the solving of a mystery murder, and the action is highlighted by plenty of comedy as well as plenty of running good drama of the sports' ring. (Kaye Luke, Jayne Regan.)

MAD ABOUT MUSIC—Excellent. You will want to sit through this twice. It is really that delightful. Deanna Durbin comes through again with a charming performance as the schoolgirl in Switzerland who "makes up" a fictitious father with whom to silence her smug school chums. As he turns out to be the attractive Herbert Marshall, we feel that Deanna was not so dumb. (Gail Patrick.)

NURSE FROM BROOKLYN—A cops and robbers plot, with Paul Kelly cast as the gentle policeman who gets wounded by a gangster's bullet. At the hospital he meets nurse Sally Edwards and then the romance complications begin to set in. Good only on a dual program.

ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE—Good. An historical romance held in Mexico about a hundred years ago and replete with a fair assortment of melodramatic action, comedy and music with a captivating native lilt. The cast includes John Carroll, who has an excellent voice, Morita, Antonio Moreno and Lina Basquette.

LEBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM—Excellent. You're bound to enjoy this latest Shirley Temple opus. That's kid's really something. But don't expect an authentic adaptation of that old childhood classic. Oh, no, this is a de luxe 1938 version (and good, too) with radio and tap-dancing interpolated. AND Bill Robinson. (Glora Stuart, Randolph Scott.)

TIP-OFF GIRLS—Good. If it's thrills and excitement you're looking for this fast-moving story of hucksters and G-men ought to raise your blood pressure enough to satisfy you for one evening. Lucille Ball does the work of a real cowboy; the man is the steering gangster, as usual. (Mary Carlisle, Larry Crable, Evelyn Brent.)

TO THE VICTOR—Fine. This pastoral screen film, produced in England, was adapted from an unforgettable Scotch story, read when we were still in school, called "Rob, Son of Battle." Bob, lest you forget, is that marvelous sheep dog who succumbs in uniting his master with "the woman he loves." The rural Scotch atmosphere is compelling in mood and simplicity. (John Loder, Margaret Lockwood.)

TRIP TO PARIS—A—Fine. Another full-length film in the wholesome Joneses' series, featuring Fred Prouty and Spring Byington as the parents who celebrate their silver wedding anniversary by taking their whole family to Paris, where they run into a bit of romance as well as some unexpected underworld excitement. (Shirley Deane, Russell Gleason, Florence Roberts, etc.)

TORCHY BLANE IN PANAMA—Good. Torchy, if you follow your "series films" (and they are becoming that popular) in the wise-cracking little girl reporter who has a penchant for getting involved in the grandest messes, Lois Lane plays Torchy this round, instead of the curt Genda Farrell, but the role suits her just as vigorously under the change. (Paul Kelly.)

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT—Fair. One of those smooth productions with an evenly smooth cast of characters, but which never seems to "come off." Kay Francis, perhaps, is miscast as the astute dancer who is engaged from her husband (Pat O'Brien) when she tries to help him out in his advertising business. Of course they are reunited at the end. That's where the title comes in.
"I could have told you that a year ago!"

"Aren't you floored! Janet losing Tod?"

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

"Of course! It practically eased her out of the Bridge Club. But you'd think Tod would have sort of tactfully given her a bottle of Listerine."

"You'd think so. But men never seem to tell their wives when they're slipping."

IT'S FATAL

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

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

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

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

FROM PLAIN JANE AT $18 PER TO "GLAMOUR GIRL" AT $100.00 A WEEK

AS TOLD BY WALTER THORNTON, THE MAN WHO PICKS THE BEAUTIES FOR STUDIO, STAGE & SCREEN

I'M A STENOGRAPHER OUT OF WORK AND DESPERATE. I WANT TO BE A MODEL, MR. THORNTON.

YOUR FACE IS GOOD. FIGURE, TOO. BUT FRANKLY, YOU DON'T MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF. LET ME SHOW YOU....

THE MERCHANT OF VENUS is what they call it here. Walter Thornton in New York. Every year he interviews thousands of beauties. If they pass his critical inspection, he sends them to commercial studios, the stage, and movie box.

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

BECAUSE...

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

THREE WEEKS LATER

WALTER THORNTON HAS SHOWN ME HOW TO STAND... HOW TO WEAR MY HEAD... HOW TO MAKE UP... AND ESPECIALLY HOW TO BRIGHTEN MY SMILE—with LISTERINE TOOTHPASTE! AND I'VE LANDED MY FIRST MODELLING JOB!

A FEW MONTHS LATER

CONGRATULATIONS! ANOTHER $100.00, THAT'S THE SIXTH WEEK YOU'VE BEEN IN THE BIG MONEY—AND HEADED FOR HOLLYWOOD, TOO.

THANKS TO YOU... AND TO LISTERINE TOOTHPASTE

CHANGE TO LISTERINE TOOTHPASTE

It's a change for the better

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

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

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

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

Lambert Pharmacal Co.

Silver Screen 9
"Thrilling with Spring Costume colors," says
JOAN BENNETT
charming star of I Met My Love Again
Congo is fascinating... utterly feminine... in tune with Fashion! Congo
is Glazo's newest nail polish success
an enchanting deep orchid-rose
picked by stylists to harmonize with
the season's blues, grays and beige.

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

GLAZO'S NEW
Perfected Polish

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

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

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

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

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

"Sinners in Paradise." They
find that a desert island
whips up the appetite.
(L. to R.) Gene
Lockhart, Marion
Martin, Charlotte
Wynners, Bruce
Cabot, Madge
Evan, Don Barry and
John Boles.

At Universal
A GALA mouth for me, my chickadees,
because it marks the return of Madge
Evans to pictures from the radio. Universal
has finally wakened to Madge's
potentials and brought her back to the
screen in an opus called "Sinners in Par-
adise."

It seems that a giant airship, bound for
China and, of course, carrying an oddly
assorted group of passengers, including the
beautiful, selfish and fabulously wealthy
Charlotte Wynners, Madge (a married
dame, dissatisfied with her lot, who is going
to try amusing the Orient), Nana Bylina
(en route to China to visit a son she has
not seen in years and yeats), Marion Martin
(a fugitive from a gambling investiga-
tion), Bruce Cabot (a racketeer—and why
don't you reform in at least one picture,
Bruce?) and Milburn Stone and Morgan
Conway, who plan to sell guns and am-
munitions to rival warring groups in China.

Do I have to tell you the plane is wrecked
and falls into the ocean near an uncharted
island? Everyone is saved but when they
reach shore they find the uncharted island
inhabited by John Boles and his Chinese
servant, Willie Fung.

You may well imagine that one servant
can't be expected to cope with such an in-
flux of visitors, particularly uninvited
guests. Besides that, since there are no stores,
dance halls, beer joints or anything else
on the island Willie's wages wouldn't do
him one jot of good so there's no sense to
his continuing "in service." The result is,
the castaways have to pitch in and do their
share. They gang up on Charlotte because
he's rich and has never had to work. They
altruistically want to show her how the
other half lives. And so we pick them up
as they sit down to lunch. Mr. Cabot, who
should know better, because he founded the
exclusive Embassy Club in Hollywood, yells,
"Let's get at that food!"

Gene Lockhart (who plays a licentious
old senator) whispers to Charlotte (who
is serving the lunch) "I'll tell you after lunch.
We'll be off this island in a week."

"Come on, Thelma," one of the gang
yells at Charlotte, "the food should have
been on the table by now."

Charlotte shoots him a dirty look and
starts serving as the gang already have
their mouths full of the food that was
already on the table.

"Ya know," Cabot observes with
his mouth chock full, "when I was a kid
I had a job at one of the big packing com-
panies in Chicago—and it gave me an idea.
When the storm season comes along it's
gonna be pretty tough fishing, ain't it? And
maybe it won't be so hot for our vegetable
garden. Suppose I built a smoke oven?"

Charlotte has been dishing it out (the
food, I mean) to various guests. When she
gets to Bruce she notices his place is empty
so she beeps an extra large second portion
on it. He looks up at her gratefully. There
is a promise of something very pleasant
in the smile she favors him with. (It always
seems to me the Hav's office strains at a
great and swallows a camel—the things
they pass and the things they red-pencil.)

Well, anyhow, Charlotte moves along and
presently she comes to Marion Martin.
She portions off an extremely meager
amount for Marion's second helping.
"Hey!" yaps Marion angrily. "What's the
idea? Is this all I get?"

"I'm thinking of your figure, dear,"
Charlotte replies sweetly. "You're getting
awfully plump." And that is what you might call the squelch elegant—neat but not dainty.

Mr. Boles and Miss Evans, although in this scene are not of it. They're sitting at the far end of the table where I can't get to them. John waves a big hello and Mr. Whale, the director, looks as though he'd had an acute attack of indigestion at the thought of anyone on one of his sets speaking to anyone else. So I leave because, after all, there is no sense in deliberately making anyone sick to his stomach.

The next set is occupied by a picture with the rather startling title, "Hell's Kitchen." Of course, everyone knows that's a district in New York but, being an old-fashioned boy (good Lord! How old do they grow when he comes from) I always feel startled when I see that word in print. They say the title will be changed so I suppose I'm getting all steamed up over nothing.

There isn't much to the scene I see. It's a very fashionable night club (remember when they were carefree?) and Mr. William Gargan is dancing with Miss Beatrice Roberts. William is the only one in the joint who isn't in evening dress but, if it doesn't seem to faze him a iota. Beverly keeps smiling at someone at a table and waving to him and Willie is apparently trying to intimate to the party of the third part that she should be on his way. When his scowl and grimaces fail to take effect he grabs Beverly's closer and starts "Dancing Check to Check."

This little number is being directed by Ray McCarey, Ray, along with Joseph Santley at RKO, is one of my favorite directors—a lad who should be doing bigger and better things. They only give him little pictures to direct but he turns out good ones and they always make money for the company. Now, if Ray had been directing "Sinners In Paradise"—oh, what the use. Nobody ever listens to me anyhow.

The last picture on this lot this month is one of Universal's most important productions of the year for it marks the American debut of Danielle Darrieux—at long last. Opposite her are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Louis Hayward and I think that's a pretty good break for a gal who's just starting in, so to speak.

I don't understand the furnishings on this set. The chintz or dressing table are strictly modernistic but the chairs and lamps are Victorian and there are shelves filled with old-fashioned china ornaments.

The people on the set tell me frankly they haven't the foggiest (as we say in Merrie England) what it's all about. If they didn't know I don't see why I should worry. I only know Danielle and Doug, Jr., are in pajamas and lounging roles.

"I hope that's all," Doug hopes sarcastically.

But it isn't. "I'd like a glass of water," Danielle counters, sparring for time.

"You can get a glass of water by taking the top off that carafe, tilting it this way and holding the glass under it," he explains patiently—too patiently.

"This?" she asks meekly, indicating the carafe.

"Yes, that!" he rejoins. "And if you want a cigarette, all you have to do is this (picking one out of a box) and this (striking a light)."

"No, thanks," she smiles innocently, "I don't smoke."

"Well, if there's anything else you want, will you speak now or forever give me that look?" he keeps her.

"No thanks," she repeats, "I think I'll look out of the window. I hope you don't mind," she adds sarcastically as she leaves out.

Watch the Pores on Your Nose!

Largest Pores on Your Body—A Stern Test of Your Cleansing Methods

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

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

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

Make this Free Test

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

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

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

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

Name ____________________________

Address ___________________________

City ____________________________ State __________

(Silver Screen)

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
HELEN WILSON
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND - BASIL RATHBONE - CLAUDE RAINS
PATRIC KNOWLES - EUGENE PALLETTE
ALAN HALE - MELVILLE COOPER
IAN HUNTER - UNA O'CONNOR

Directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller • Based Upon Ancient Robin Hood Legends • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold • A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
NOW PAINTS
THEIR DASHING DEEDS TO LIVE FOR THE AGES!

Loving, roistering, battling ... blazing their deeds of daring into the legends of the world! History's most beloved rogue and all his merry men come fighting again for Richard, King of the Lion's Heart! Come galloping out of their outlaws' forest to storm and take forever the castle of romance!

The Adventures of Robin Hood

Presented by
WARNER BROS. in
TECHNICOLOR
"Not at all," he assures her. "That comes with the room."

It isn't exactly what I'd call a seismi-
tilting scene but the picture is being
directed by John Stahl and I've never
known Mr. Stahl to turn out a poor pic-
ture so I'm sure it'll work in somewhere.
And a lot, if not all, of the dialogue was
contributed by Frank Rowan. And there
is no one funnier than Frank when he
wants to be. Wasn't it he who slipped up
behind me in New York one morning and
started screaming at the top of his voice
that Seventh Avenue would have to be re-
painted and the Park Central Hotel done
over in cerise and apple green immedi-
ately? It may not sound funny to tell but the
effect was startling—on me, at any rate—and
some of the passersby edged away from
Frank and moved toward the protecting
arm of the traffic cop. And the cop didn't
look too all-fired nonchalant, either.

I stop a moment to chat with Doug.
We reminisce about the old days when I
first interviewed him, when he was a fledg-
ing star at Warner Brothers, teamed with
Loretta Young. Times have changed since
then for both of us. Mr. Fairbanks now
gets $100,000 a picture and I'm even closer
to the poorhouse than I was.

Over at Republic

I THINK as long as I'm out this way I
might as well dash out to Republic and
see what's doing because it's been a long
time since I've been there. And whom do you
suppose I run into out there? None other
than Richard Arlen and Beverly Roberts.
I haven't seen either of them in weeks and
weeks because, first, I was away and
later Mr. Arlen was away playing in golf
tournaments (expensively, but unsuccess-
fully) and Miss Roberts—well, Garbo has
nothing on Beverly when it comes to cov-
ering her tracks.

This epic is called "Thunder In Alaska"
and, as you may have guessed, is a saga
of the great Northwest—another "Call of
the Wild." It's a long, long story. Beverly
is a writer gathering material in a small
Eskimo village. All of them are facing star-
vation due to the depredations of packs of
wild dogs and wolves which are killing all
available game. Swill Lightning (half dog,
half wolf) is the leader of the wild dogs.

Three game wardens are sent to the dis-

PENSODENT

ends their rift!

In germ-killing power...

1 BOTTLE

PENSODENT ANTI-SEPTIC

EQUALS 3 BOTTLES

OF ORDINARY KINDS

Even when diluted with 2
parts water, still kills
germs in seconds...

Lasts 3 times as long!

MAKES YOUR
MONEY GO 3 TIMES AS FAR!

PENSODENT

ANTI-SEPTIC

keeps your
MOUTH and BREATH
SWETER
HOURS LONGER

Pensodaent and Lula Lane. The picture is
named "Mr. Chump." Must refer to the title writer.
spell. He looks up quickly. A few feet away are Firefly and Swift Lightning come back to lead them to safety.

But there is more—much more—before it is all over and LOVE has conquered all.

When the scene is finished we get together for a gab fest with Dick going into minute explanations as to exactly why he didn’t win the four tournaments up north and Beverly (at my insistence) telling Dick the joke she told me at our first meeting. Only, instead of practically breaking his jaw with a snark, as she did mine, she gives him a gentle shove that robs the joke of its point. Then, just as we’re really settling down to business and asking each other, “Have you heard this one?” the script girl comes up and says, “I’m sorry but I’ve got to rehearse you two in your lines for the next scene.”

Humph! I’ve often said—and I say it again—no one has to drop a ton of bricks on my head before I can take a hint. I just say, “well, don’t let me hold you up. I’ll just have a snack at the corner and charge it to the company, the same as if we were all eating together.” And off I go to—

RKO

ALAS and alack. Only one picture shooting here—“Blind Ali!”—and that’s on location. There is a dog in it—a grandson of Strongheart. Most of you probably won’t remember Strongheart but, as grandpa recalls, he was the first of the trained dogs in pictures. The young lady who goes around the lot with me tells me about a scene in the picture where the dog is supposed to get a man down. They made the scene, all right, and the man’s coat and even the lining were torn to ribbons and the man wasn’t even scratched. All I can say is that’s more faith in a dog’s intelligence than I’d have.

It’s only a stone’s throw, well, practically, from RKO to—

Columbia

SO I go there next. Again only one picture shooting but it’s a hooray. It’s called “Holiday” and was Ann Harding’s greatest success. Personally I preferred her in “Paris Bound” but the public didn’t so “Holiday” still stands as her best. Only now, instead of the delectable Miss Harding they have Katharine Hepburn. They also have Cary Grant and Lew Ayres. Also, they have George Cukor directing.

The story, briefly, is that Cary has worked hard most of his life and doesn’t know how to play. He meets Katharine at a mountain resort under unusual circumstances and persuades her to show him how to play. When it is time for her to return to New York he asks her to be his playmate for life. (Little does he reck what he’s letting himself in for.) There is a reception. Lew is the drunken brother and Doris Nolan is the sister.

Lew is standing in a corner, behind a palm tree, a half consumed drink in his hand. He has obviously had quite a bit to drink but is not yet drunk. (Give him time.) Lew is consumed in with Cary.

“Did you speak to Linda (Linda being Katharine)?” she asks Lew.

But Lew ignores her question. He turns to Cary. “Did you like Cousins Sonny (Henry Daniell) and Laura (Binnie Barnes), Johnny? It’s a great privilege to meet them, don’t you think? (Did I tell you Linda comes from a fine family, obscurely wealthy?) And they called you by your first name, too, I hope you appreciate that?”

Doris, being tact personified, tries to soft-pedal the Linda question. “What did Linda say to you?”

But Lew ignores her again, and continues to Cary: “Cheer up, Johnny. If you

[Continued on page 79]
Jeepers Creepers! Wait'll you see those Ritzes as imitation hillbillies on a rampage in the corn likker country! They've cooked up the con-sarndest mess of fun since Grampaw shot the galluses off n that revenooer! "Life Begins In College" was just a warm-up for Public Maniacs No.'s 1, 2 and 3!

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

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

The Ritz Brothers in Kentucky Moonshine

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

Tony Martin • Marjorie Weaver

Slim Summerville • John Carradine • Wally Vernon

Berton Churchill • Eddie Collins

Directed by David Butler

Pollack and Mitchell's tunefuller, swingin'est, best!

Songs!

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Art Arthur and M. M. Musselman • Original story by M. M. Musselman and Jack Lait, Jr. Additional Dialogue and Comedy Songs by Sid Kuller and Ray Golden

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production
handed her a package.

"Miss Livingston," he blurted out, breathless and embarrassed. "I sympathize with you when they razz your poems because I used to write some awful ones, too. But I got better after a while and I think you will improve also. I think we have a lot in common and I want you to have this book of poems I wrote especially for you. If you want to get in touch with me, my address is—"

"Meet my husband, Mister—er—" said Mary, politely turning to Jack who was standing just behind her. Apparently the boy didn't know she was Mrs. Benny because he suddenly got quite white, turned, and ran away.

All the way home Jack razzed Mary about her reluctant Romeo.

"Aha! Getting sympathy for your literary efforts, are you?"

When she finally opened the package she found, on pages bordered by entwined hearts and curlicue roses, sappy stanzas on spring trees, and rippling brooks. No one was about her personally and she got Lifting mad. "The big gyp," she cried, "I always wanted someone to write a poem about me. Do I have to be a breeze or a bird to get myself in rhyme? Taint right, it just ain't right!"

Special precautions are taken to protect the stars from pan-handlers in the guise of fans. In fact, Virginia Bruce says that the distinguishing characteristic between the Stage Door Johnny of yore and the 1938 model is that the former came bearing gifts while the latter usually wants an autograph, a picture, a meal, a ride, a ticket, or whatever.

That sounds a bit harsh, but it brings to mind the experience Lionel Barrymore had, the memory of which still brings a chuckle. As soon as he left the radio studio, he was surrounded by a group of autograph hunters. While he was writing his name, a man came up to him. By his breath and his waving motions, Barrymore said that he was more than a little drunk.

"Got a quarter, bud?" the stranger asked.

Lionel looked up and said, "I beg your pardon?"

At which the drunk asked, "For what?"

"I thought you asked me for a quarter," replied the actor.

"Sorry, kiddo," answered the inebriated one as he wavered onward, "I never give money to strangers."

For a while Lily Pons had a persistent Stage Door Johnny who became the Mystery Man of Radio Row. Every time she left the studio she found a very impressive limousine complete with chauffeur, parked directly behind her car. Standing beside the open door of the limousine was a middle-aged man in dinner clothes who bowed and asked if he might drive her to her destination. Lily smiled to him the first time, thanked him and said that she preferred to use her own car. Since then he never asked her again, although he was there each week. He merely bowed deeply, murmured "Good night, Miss Pons," and the chauffeur drove away with him.

When this had been going on for a couple of months, Lily told some friends about it at a party. One of the girls present said she would find out who the elderly beau was. So, after the next broadcast, she followed his car in a taxi. She had expected that he would be driven to one of the city's leading men's clubs or to a fashionable apartment house. Instead, he was taken to one of those renting places where you can hire a limousine by the hour.

Lived chauffeur included. She saw him pay the charges and depart on foot. Either he sensed that he was being followed and so was ashamed to return, or else his funds gave out, for he never came back again to give Lily from a respectful distance.

When Priscilla and Rosemary Lane were broadcasting with the Fred Waring band, theirs was the biggest stall line in any theatre alley. Of course it flattered the girls to have such a string of admirers waiting to present them with an occasional orchid or the ever-present autograph book for signature. In fact, they had quite a number of regulars who waited for them each week. But beyond a brief "hello," they never got any friendlier with the boys, much to the latter's disappointment.

Imagine the surprise of the stagehands when Rosemary came out one night, spirited a great big cowboy in the crowd, ran up to her, and embraced him right in front of everybody. Later they found out he was an old friend who worked on a ranch where the Lane girls used to spend their summers and he used to take special care of Rosemary. He had just come in town to ride in the rodeo and had learned of her broadcast too late to get a ticket of admission. So he did the best he could. He decided to present himself [Continued on page 23]
I think that all of us can stop, once in a while, and look back at our big moments. Today we are apt to be busier than is really necessary. Distractions try to seize us. Attempting to please everybody, aiming to accomplish in too many different fields, we get into fine muddles. Then, eventually, when we have worried and asked advice, we are suddenly left alone. The answers to our confusion, we discover, have to be found in ourselves. When we finally use our heads, instead of all the alibis we can muster up, we get back to the old sound principle of cause and effect. Yesterday's experiences brought us today's dilemmas—or happiness.

Mistakes don't haunt me. I don't wake up in the middle of the night, clutched by regrets. If I have had an unsatisfactory day I know it is because I slipped up somewhere. Somewhere specifically. I think back. So that was what led me into the wrong situation. Well, never again for that bone. And then, having searched for the root of the trouble, and having realized how I had wandered from my course, I forget the whole episode. It is finished, done with. Should anyone mention the matter I admit frankly that yes, it was my mistake. It was pretty stupid of me to have misjudged like that. But I hope to profit by the happening. Today I have new problems. I am concerned with them alone. Only, if the same opportunity to figure foolishly comes up I believe I will know better.

Maybe this all sounds too philosophical. A bit too "profound" for an actor in motion pictures. But Hollywood really is not as dizzy as it has been painted. At least, I haven't seen it in that light. I have met the glamorous stars of this entertainment world and to me they are all men and women who have had to work out individual destinies. You have watched their fight for fame. Being here I have had a chance to observe their even more important struggle, their realization that their evolution depends on their personal growth.

When I have a little time to myself I like to mount my favorite horse and start riding toward the hills. My ranch is a half hour's drive from Hollywood, but it seems much farther. It is quiet. It's a place where I can feel completely natural once more. The business of acting is a phantom and here I am alive to the elements of living. The air is so fresh I can feel it. The sun has a warmth from which I get new energy. My dogs follow me around and their faithfulness thrills me.

I like to head for the hills that aren't far away. I can gallop for miles, and then I gradually slow down to a walk. My mind, then, wants to remember the good things that have been coming my way. I end up by speculating on how I can make more good things mine.

But yesterday, when I had been riding in just this way, I was surprised. For some strange reason I wanted to size up my big moments in life so far. I seemed to have a perspective on myself. The constant succession of incidents seemed to grow dim and just a few experiences stood out strongly. I could isolate five, altogether.

The green meadow with its giant oaks was gone. I was nine years old again and the snowstorm outside our house in Beatrice, Nebraska, had clouded out the afternoon. It was warm there in the kitchen and I was glad to be home from school. My mother was going to stir up some chocolate and she had a batch of cookies I was going to demolish. It was too much like a blizzard to hurry on over to Joe's. The gang wouldn't be there with a storm going into high.

"Your father is going to have to get home tonight from away out in the country," my mother said. There was an anxiety in her tone I had never noticed before. "Mrs. Roberts is having another baby." I wasn't impressed by that; Dad was the best doctor in the whole town. But maybe he would have a terrible job getting through the drifts that were piling up. The electric light flickered. My mother handed me the cup of hot chocolate, the plate of cookies, and the tone of her voice had a wonderful affection in it. She told me, then, of how Dad had altered his entire life to save hers. She had always been delicate. No doctor could give her the right cure. So, for love of her, after they were married, my father had given up his...
business and had begun over again for her sake. He had become a doctor, primarily, to help her. He had gone to college, a grown man with a young wife and a baby, and somehow he had managed to earn the knowledge which meant their happiness. He had taken me into his classes with him, when I was a baby, when she was too weak to take care of me. It had been a magnificent, a noble gamble for love—and he had won. It was dark outside, but he would return safe and sound to us. I knew so. I knew that afternoon was my first great experience, too, for it taught me what love between a man and a woman can be. It imprinted in me an ideal of love which, I believe, I still have.

Then time whizzed past. I was going to high school and I had Speedy roadsters and friends who were fun. Soon I was a regular college man, at Doane. Weekends I came home, of course, but a particular week-end in the spring of my sophomore year is the one that is sharply etched. I had decided I wanted to transfer West. There was a fire in the front room, because it was cool in the evenings yet. Mother and dad and I had been talking. They were always interested in everything I did.

I remember it was exactly ten o'clock that Saturday night—I chanced to glance over at the clock, when I got around to my proposal—when I told them I wanted to leave Doane and go to California, to Pomona College. They said certainly I could make the change if I wished. There was no disapproval of my plan nor argument against it. They treated me as though I had plenty of common sense. They trusted me. I appreciated that respect they displayed, that trust. I had taken their understanding and devotion matter-of-factly until then, I'm afraid. When they agreed I was to choose as I thought best, even though I had counted on them saying yes, I saw like a flash how lucky I was. I recalled how few others had parents as considerate. Funny, but I can remember looking at the clock when we'd finished talking. It was five minutes to midnight as I turned out the lights. I resolved that, when I could, I'd also give breaks like that. Respect the other person's inspirations and intelligence. Why, if they hadn't behaved as they did that spring night I wouldn't have come to California, and owe my being in pictures to being scouted in a play at Pomona.

The preliminaries in Hollywood are jumbled. There was the six months of trying for a contract, when I didn't so much as have a single date. There was the coaching when I was given my probationary period. The first roles, the first lead, the first preview. It was the second morning after the preview of my first attempt at a real lead that stands out as my third greatest experience. I was called to the office of the producer of the picture. He said the preview cards had all asked who I was. He said this was proof that the applause had been sincere. I guess I looked awfully blank; whenever I'm deeply moved I freeze on the surface! But what a moment that was! When someone who's tops tells you that you aren't off on a wild goose chase, it's an experience worth all the effort you have had to make. It's a labourious, a solid encouragement, when you later meet more disappointments. You can chalk off the disappointments to an error and give a sigh of relief at knowing you can still deliver.

A year and a half ago I was able to return home, in some measure a success, and I would be a liar if I didn't admit, frankly, that the "home-coming" was more of a highspot than even playing opposite Garbo. After all, it is these personal, human things which affect us the most, and I'm just small-town enough to get a huge wallop out of going back to see all my old friends, and going in the fashion I'd never dared dream about. I was up at six, for a full day's work opposite Garbo, I remember. Then the rush to the airport at Burbank. There weren't any sleepers, so I dozed off and on all night. Then in the morning, when we landed in Lincoln, there was that crowd. We caravanned by automobiles to Beatrice. The precise moment which lingers is that one when I saw the sign saying "Beatrice—City Limits." Everyone seemed so glad for me to be back, honestly so. And was I bowled over at such evidence of my luck! Kind words, recognition—they're swell, but never so grand as when expressed by the people you grew up with. Then a fellow knows he has to buckle down, that there are folks who do give a hoot whether he's a man or a mouse.

Since then I have had one more great experience. It is knowing Barbara Stanwyck.
Gertrude Niesen and Frank Shields surprised at something. Dolores Del Rio and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, admire the photographs in the celebrity room at El Morocco. (Second row) Bob Benchley, wit, has something to say to Helen Hayes' husband, Charles MacArthur, writer. Mrs. Gary Cooper whispers something private to her famous husband. (Above) Lovely Merle Oberon with socialite Stuart Scheftel.

SWATHED in a blue veil which was caught to her hair by a diamond clip, Gary Cooper's wife entered El Morocco with a party of friends and was immediately the center of all eyes. She dresses unusually, not with chic but with a whimsical quality which is highly effective. I had seen her a few nights before with a nonsense on her head that looked like a little fountain of glass rain drops.

This particular evening her handsome husband joined her. He has the shyest way of entering a room, as if almost in apology for coming in, but in those eyes there is quick humor and intelligence. He is one of those men in whose mind all the lights are always kept burning. When they got up to dance together I went in hot pursuit. Photos of dancing couples taken unawares are rarely successful as one face is almost always sacrificed. Mrs. Cooper was whispering to her husband when I took a snap and they both jumped. "What a brilliant flash!" they laughed, but in my mind I wondered if I hadn't startled them in the middle of some personal story.

Zorina, the new Goldwyn star, is an easier dancing subject, as in a waltz, she keeps a distance from her partner. A little like the English, of whom it has been said that no matter with whom they are dancing they always dance a solo. Zorina loves New York night life and is seen regularly dancing at all the fashionable spots with either Eddie Edelson, the play broker, or Orson...
Wells, the season's acting sensation, as her partner.

Gloria Swanson has come to New York to make her permanent home, and her large place in Beverly Hills is dismantled and for rent. Her apartment here is in a building with windows facing on Central Park. The day I first went to see her she had only just moved in and many things hadn't arrived yet. She was sitting on a plain pine table, that temporarily served in the dining room, and surveying the quantities of freshly unpacked objects that lay everywhere around her feet. Crystal sconces, ash trays, piles of beautiful china all waiting to be assigned to their proper niche. From there we went into the library where a magnificent seventeenth-century map of Paris was only partly put up. Gloria is as excited as a child with a new doll about moving east and rediscovering old friends and meeting many interesting new ones.

That night I saw her out at dinner with Lucius Beebe, America's best dressed, and certainly most charming columnist, Fredric and Florence March and producer Alfred de Liagre, Jr. They all discussed the theatre and summer stock companies. Strange the hold that the theatre has for those who have had great success in the movies. Sylvia Sidney, Frances Farmer, Wallace Ford and Elissa Landi all came to Broadway this past season. [Continued on page 66]
IT IS high time that somebody filled with high resolve, and a dash of brandy, ended, for all time, the innumerable hot air that have been written around "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor." I have read, in my time, no less than fifty such stories, and, in the passage of years, it has become a legend that the cutting rooms of Hollywood are the closest things to the torture chambers of the Spanish Inquisition. In these cutting rooms, they would have you believe, career after career has been snipped in the bud by hawk-faced movie executives, who have ordered the cutters to snip out any scene in which an ambitious youngsters attracts attention.

'Nobody ever has thought to ask the writers of these stories "Why?" Nobody ever has been logical enough to refute the "Face on the Cutting Room Floor" legend by pointing out that Andrea Leeds, Wayne Morris, James Stewart, Phyllis Kennedy, Jane Bryan, Bob Hope, Dorothy Jordan, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Bob Hope, Frank Jenks, Florence Rice and Marjorie Weaver are just a few of the youngsters who have passed through the cutting room and come out intact pointed for stardom.

If the stories about the fiendish activities of the cutting room specialists were true, why weren't these left as faces on the cutting room floor?

Authors of repute, who should know better, have twisted the facts out of all proportion in order to write tear-jerking stories of the injustices worked in the Hollywood cutting rooms. Now I've been in Hollywood for seven months, and, in browsing around, I've sat in with Darryl Zanuck and other biggies while they cut pictures, and I can tell you truthfully that "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor" is the silliest lieb ever perpetrated at the expense of a much-nailguned town. Am I writing this story in the hope that it will put an end to the nonsense and twaddle which we have been reading for years.

Let us start at the beginning, as the cat said who swallowed the ball of twine. Make believe that you are stepping into the cutting room at Warner's, with Director Michael Curtiz, who has just completed the picture of Robin Hood. In the cans stacked in the projection room are thousands of feet of developed film. Curtiz must trim that acreage of film down to 10,000 feet, and even at that length, the completed film will run two hours, which is unusually long. So Curtiz, as a starter, must cut thousands of feet of film. When you get that thought in your mind, you understand the rot that has been written about "The Face on the Cutting Room Floor." It is inevitable that in cutting out so many feet of film, a lot of faces will be scissorsed out of a picture but keep this in mind; most of the faces cut out will be the faces of STARS, not extra players. In "Adventures of Robin Hood," of the great amount of negative exposed, the largest percentage consisted of close-ups, medium shots and long shots of the star, Errol Flynn, What the scissors did to him was a caution.

The problem of a cutting room is to cut down a picture to playing length. Producers and directors are just as reluctant to cut scenes and people out of a picture as a writer is to shorten his article, or a speaker is to abbreviate his speech. It just naturally goes against the grain. Zanuck cut one scene from "In Old Chicago" that cost $75,000 to shoot, but he had to do it. The picture was too long. Theatre managers don't want long pictures as the principle of theatre business is to empty a theatre and get a turnover as quickly as possible.

Inevitably, there must be heartaches resulting from a cutting room. Performers' vanities are hurt if their parts are shortened. But I tell you that no pictures ever has been damaged professionally in the cutting room. For this reason: If an actor or actress catches attention in the cutting room, even though he or she was shrewd out of the film, the producer would mark him or her down immediately for future reference. So the performer would not have lost his big chance, but rather gained what he or she was after. And you'd be surprised how often they are, in this town, to any unusual talent or quality on the screen. If a performer registers just once, he's in.

The point I'm making is that because of the manner in which a picture is made, with the cameras resting mainly on the stars, it is the star, not the bit player, who most often feels the cutting room scissors. A bit player, by the very nature of his position in the cast, is not often photographed and generally, if the camera is trained on him, it is because the story calls for it. The minute a player is photographed in a sequence that advances the plot, he is safe from the scissors. They'll cut everything but STORY in the final trim.

To go back to "Adventures of Robin Hood," when they started to trim this exciting film down to the playing length of 10,000 feet, the scissors snapped most sharply at the classic profile of Errol Flynn, because as the star he appeared in the bulk of the footage. The one who next felt the brunt of the scissors was Olivia De Havilland, who shared with Flynn the bulk of the close-ups and medium shots. Bit players, employed in scenes that advance the action of the story, never are cut up as the stars are. Of the high percentage of negative exposed to record Flynn, about 7,000 feet will appear in the completed picture.

John Miljan is one of the few players who can truly say that he was completely cut out of a picture, and left to give his performance in the cutting room. That was in "Of Human Hearts." The battle scenes had to be shortened and Miljan appeared only in those scenes. He had worked for two weeks, received his salary and the studio was burned up because they could not use the battle sequences. Just as the editor of this magazine would be burned up, if he paid for a story, and then found that because of limitations of space, he could not use it. Juggler Stan Kavanaugh comes closest to Miljan. In "The Big Broadcast," the one in which Jack Benny appeared, Kavanaugh did a juggling sequence with Gracie Allen. When the picture

(Left) John Miljan is one player who can't laugh at the cutting room guillotine. He was cut out of one picture entirely. (Above) Ray Bolger did a clever dance for "Rosalie" but no eye will ever see it!
The Sob Sisters Have Worked One Legend To Death. It's The Myth Of The Film Cutters Who Ruthlessly Snip Careers In The Bud.

By Ed Sullivan

Ray Bolger has suffered more from the cutting room scissors than any unknown player. In "Rosalie," a complete Bolger dance routine was eliminated, in the scene in which he is sitting on the powder leg. In "Girl of the Golden West," his dance routine in the Polka Saloon was cut out, because of footage problems.

Any dancer or specialty performer is vulnerable to cutting, as, when they start to trim a picture, anything not bearing directly on the story goes out first. If a bit player has two lines which help tell the story, he is a lot safer from cutting than the star of the piece who is in a scene that is colorful, but without story-plot. The two lines will be retained, but the star's static scene will be trimmed out.

In "The Great Ziegfeld," Harriet Heston's ballet dance with two lions, which the studio believed would be sensational, was cut out because the film was a mess of reels too long. Her dance with the ponies was retained. In "Conquest," the family dinner at Elba was eliminated, because it could be removed without altering the story. In "Night Must Fall," the prologue-opening showing the hotel and events leading up to the murder were completely eliminated. The picture instead started with Robert Montgomery hiding the remains of his victim. It saved 800 feet, and the saving in footage was vital.

In "One In a Million," Darryl Zanuck reluctantly scissored one big musical sequence with Sonja Henie and the Ritz Brothers. The sequence was staged in a barn, filled with cows, chickens, ducks and horses. Sonja did a folk dance and the Ritz Brothers burlesqued a ballet dance, and it was loaded with laughs. It had to be cut, and it didn't matter that Miss Henie and the Ritz Brothers were in it, for out it came.

In Walter Wanger's "Vogues," they cut the scene where Warner Baxter bids an adieu to Alma Kruger. It was a question whether to cut this scene or a big musical number, and the musical number, filmed in color, was too beautiful to ignore. It mattered not that Baxter is a star; he was scissored. In "House of Rothschild," a mob scene was cut out in favor of a closeup showing an aged woman being trampled to death. Not that Director Alfred Werker had any grudge against the hundreds of extras in the mob scene, but simply because the agony expressed by the aged woman was more powerful.

Now you can believe me that when a studio ever cuts out a mob scene, the waste of good money cuts the studio auditors to the [continued on page 62]
Seris And Pictures In Series Are Pulling In The Cash Customers. Once You Start You're Caught For The Season.

By Maud Cheatham

SERIALS and pictures in series, are being spotlighted on the screen as never before.

With each installment packed with mystery and suspense, serials have always been popular entertainment and the intriguing "Continued in our next" never fails as a teaser in building enthusiastic audiences. Action serials were among the most successful of the early motion pictures, then, with the coming of the talkies, there was a brief lull, but today, with the advantage of sound to speed up thrills and add audible shudders to menace, these productions are taking on new importance. Perhaps, it was radio's sensational success with serials that convinced the studios they might be missing a good bet for now. It is estimated, there are twelve serials, each with fifteen episodes, being made annually in Hollywood.

Chapter-pictures like Republic's "The Lone Ranger" and "Dick Tracy Returns," and Columbia's "The Secret of Treasure Island" are steady money-makers, bringing joy to both producer and exhibitor as audiences crowd into theatres week after week to follow the stalwart hero's exciting adventures. Also, the several groups of pictures in series, which carry the same cast through many episodes, but round out a complete drama in each one, such as the Twentieth Century-Fox famous "Charlie Chan," "Jones Family" and "Mr. Moto," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new venture with "Judge Hardy's Family" and Republic's "The Three Mesquiteers," bring in a steady stream of shekels that does much toward keeping the studio home fires burning while it gambles with colossal million dollar spectacles.

These serial adventure films, and the warm, human interest dramas are far less costly than the Grade A pictures and while they may not always hit the Metropolitan cinema palaces, they certainly find a hearty welcome in thousands of theatres throughout the world. The real wonder is that studios do not concentrate more actively in these fields and cut down on the superspecials.

Republic scored a triumph when they secured the rights to make a film version of the radio serial "The Lone Ranger," which for four years has been pouring the thrilling

"Flash Gordon's Trip To Mars" with Beatrice Roberts, Larry "Buster" Crabbe and Charles Middleton. Scientific! (Above) Good old Charlie Chan in Monte Carlo. Warner Oland explains what a meal ticket is. He should know!

adventures of the masked rider through the nation's loudspeakers to an estimated audience of seventeen million listeners. This provides a ready-made screen audience of huge proportions for it is reasonable to suppose that every radio fan will hasten to the neighborhood movie theatre to see the Masked Rider, the beautiful white stallion, Silver, the friendly Indian Chief, and the collection of gallant Texas Rangers and villainous outlaws in action before their eyes. No other picture ever enjoyed such a build-up. It will profit, too, from the largest juvenile fan club ever organized, numbering over a million and a half of Lone Ranger radio fans who will become boosters for the screen version.

This is the most expensive and elaborate Western serial ever produced. The studio writers conferred with Fran Striker, author and originator of the radio program and have carried out in the
picture, the theme and thrills of the radio show. The hero remains masked until the final scenes in the fifteenth chapter, consequently the actor's name is kept a secret. This much is known, however. He is the son of a wealthy banker in Long Beach, California, and was studying mining engineering at a Colorado College when his singing attracted the attention of a visiting orchestra leader, who immediately put him under contract and made him a star. The "Jones Family" seems to grow closer and closer until you feel they belong to you or you to them.

Next Week

brought him to Hollywood. He appeared in several Little Theatre stage plays, then, because of his remarkable voice, splendid physique, and his ability to ride like the wind, he was given the starring role in "The Lone Ranger." I'm told he is very handsome and, when he finally lifts his mask, he's destined to become one of the screen's real Heart-throbs.

William Farnum, once the romantic lover of stage and screen, plays the kindly priest, Father McKim, and Frank Glynn appears briefly as Lincoln. Tonto is played by a real Cherokee Indian Chief, Thunder-Cloud, who was chosen by the Santa Fe Railroad as the typical American Indian and is used as their emblem. Also, the Trans-Western Airways adopted his profile as emblem for their Sky-Chief transport planes which are so popular.

"The Jones Family" seems to grow closer and closer until you feel they belong to you or you to them.

"The Lone Ranger" gallops across Texas once a week and still nobody knows who he is. Here's the posse in hot pursuit.
WHEN Sylvia Sidney returned to Hollywood recently, after a fling at the New York stage, a columnist who doesn't like Sylvia wrote in her column: "Sylvia Sidney arrived in town today without causing a ripple.

The same could be said of Jane Withers' arrival in Hollywood, early in the morning of March 10, 1942. Jane, then not quite six, was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Walter Withers of Atlanta, Georgia, who in turn was accompanied by two books full of press clippings and a whole sheaf of "letters of introduction" to studio executives.

There were no bands at the Southern Pacific station in Los Angeles when Jane and her mother rather timidly climbed down from the Sunset Limited, no banners, no hand-shaking press agents, no questioning newspaper men, no photographers with flashing bulbs. Colossal Hollywood was colossally unimpressed by Jane's arrival—which, like Sylvia Sidney's, hadn't caused a ripple.

"We'll have breakfast here at the station," Mrs. Withers told little Jane, and then we'll ride out to Hollywood where we'll rent a small apartment, and then the rest of the day we will call on these people we have letters to at the studios. Maybe we can have lunch at the Brown Derby and you can see Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Ronald Colman."

Jane and her mother, accustomed to the rather cozy southern city of Atlanta, were amazed at the vast distance between Los Angeles and Hollywood, and Hollywood and the studios: they were amazed by the high rents, the low foods, and the open markets; but most of all they were amazed to discover that all the studio officials to whom they had "letters of introduction" from the theatre managers and radio directors back in Atlanta were "out of town."

After taking dreary buses from Hollywood to Culver City to Burbank to Universal City to Hollywood, after being told for the fifth time by dignified secretaries, who looked like Joan Crawford, that Mr. So-and-So was "out of town," Mrs. Withers and Jane returned wearily to their inexpensive little apartment. It was a day they would long remember.

As a matter of fact they have never forgotten it. Every March 10th Jane and her mother drive down to the depot in Los Angeles, eat their breakfast in the station dining room, and proceed to do over again everything they did that first day. They visit that first cheap apartment, the Five-and-Ten where they bought wash clothes, the cafeteria where they lunched, and all the studios that gave them the freezing-out treatment. March 10th is an anniversary with Jane and her mother. And it is also one of the things that makes them keep their feet firmly on the ground. No Withers has ever been accused of "going Hollywood."

America's Number One juvenile character actress, who, at the age of eleven, has won her place as sixth ranking box-office star in Hollywood, was born at 1139 Gordon Street, S.W., Atlanta, Georgia, on April 12, 1931. She celebrated her twelfth birthday recently by becoming a full-fledged Girl Scout. She is the daughter of Walter Withers, former manager of the Goodrich company in Atlanta, and Ruth Elise Withers of Louisville, Kentucky. She has a grandmother living in Louisville, and another living in Atlanta.

Jane's career was decided for her long before she was born. Ruth Withers had always wanted to be an actress, ever since she could remember, but little ladies in Louisville didn't become actresses, her parents informed her, and they duly thwarted her every attempt to appear on a stage. "If I ever have a baby," said Ruth, "I'll see to it that she has a theatrical career, so help me."

When little Jane was born she was given the name "Jane" by her mother because it sounded like a good stage name and was brief enough to fit a marquee. That's thinking ahead. Jane was educated in private professional schools, then Boston Academy in Atlanta, which she attended from the age of two and a half years, and later the Lawler Professional School in Hollywood. She took ballet, tap and character dancing at the Academy in Atlanta, was the pride and joy of her class, and won nearly all the "amateur night" prizes given in and around the southern city.

She was hardly out of her cradle before her mother noticed that she had an ear for music, and at three she had mastered the song "Little Pat" and sang it with such effect at the Ponce de Leon theatre in Atlanta that she brought down the house.

The first motion picture she saw was Will Rogers and Fifi Dorsay in "Business and Pleasure" and when she came home that afternoon she floored her family and the neighbors by her impersonation of Fifi singing "You're Simply Delish." She did the impersonation the following week over her regular broadcast from station WGST, and the station received six hundred letters requesting more impersonations. For two years little Jane attended a movie a week and impersonated the star of the picture over the air. Atlanta went mad over Baby Jane. Station WGST advertised her as "Dixie's Dainty Dewdrop" and "Atlanta's Sweetheart." She was elected mascot for the Georgia Tech football team in 1941 and appeared at the Saturday afternoon games in a yellow and white Tech jacket with the pup "Susy Q" because of its wriggles.

(Right) Between scenes Mrs. Withers plays games with Jane in her dressing room.

JANE REHEARSING A DANCE ROUTINE.

By Elizabeth Wilson

PROJECTION OF JANE WITHERS
sweater and cap, a gift from the boys. When she sang, "I'm a Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech" between the halves she wowed 'em.

When she was five people began to say, "Mrs. Withers, you ought to take Jane to Hollywood. With her talents and personality she'd be a hit in pictures." Secretly, Mrs. Withers thought so too. In fact she was so convinced that Hollywood would snatch at Jane like a drowning man at a straw that she refused to buy a round trip ticket when Mr. Withers finally gave his consent. "Six months," said Mr. Withers, "and if Jane hasn't clicked by then I think you'd better come back. After all, our home is in Atlanta, my job is here, and all your friends live here." Six months, thought Mrs. Withers, when they read these letters and see Jane they'll sign her to a contract the first day!

Six months—it was two and a half years before "Atlanta's Sweetheart" got a break. They were long, weary lonely years to Mrs. Withers. She missed her friends. And the cordial, genial Southern folk she had always known. In all the days she had spent sitting in casting offices waiting, waiting, waiting, only one person had taken the trouble to speak a kind word to her. "I'm Mrs. Johnson," a woman said to her one day, very friendlylike, "and I think your little Jane is one of the brightest, most talented little children I've ever seen. Don't get discouraged. She'll be discovered one of these days." Mrs. Wynonah Johnson, Mrs. Withers learned later, was the mother of nine, all trying to make a go of it in pictures. Today you will rarely see a Jane Withers picture without one or more little Johnsons in it. A Withers never forgets.

Between the daily, and vain, visits to the studios Jane did a little act with "Prince," a Siamese cat and her parents' dog, at the children's matinées of neighborhood theatres. She modeled children's dresses at various department stores and fashionable hotel and club teas. She appeared as benefactor for the convalescent patients at Pottinger Sanitarium, the Old Soldiers Home, the annual newsboys Christmas party, in fact she appeared in more benefits than she or her mother can remember, in the hope that somebody would recognize [Continued on page 65]
NATURE has come to the aid of Walter Wanger in producing a picture showing the reason why a world of beauty one day can be turned into a shambles the next, and this time it has not been the warm California sunshine but rather the torrential California rain that has been the movie-maker's helpmate. Several days ago Director William Dieterle brought three actors and a technical crew of 68 men and three women to Brent's Craggs, some 35 miles from the base of operations—the United Artists studios—to make scenes for "The Adventuress," depicting the pastoral beauty and the peacefulness of the rolling hills all bright green with early grain fields looking like an inland lake, as gentle winds from the sea blow rows of wheat to and fro. Following several days of light showers the hills were framed by beautiful fluffy clouds in the sky and budding trees; and two hundred sheep brought in by truck from Calabassas, ten miles away grazed and gave fat at Mr. Wanger's expense as the cameraman ground off a mile of film recording the rare beauty of it all—a Mauve painting come to life.

The second trip to the location was to make brief scenes showing the same terrain as a battlefield, the farmers piling sand bags along the river's edge as protection for their defensive gunfire, the formerly quiet hills teeming with the excitement of families fleeing from their homes, tiny children trudging along, sobbing as they tugged at mothers' skirts. Overnight a rainfall of over 11 inches had turned a lazy, six-foot stream into a raging mountain torrent ten times its normal width, and curtaining waters had gouged out deep ravines and upturned trees, flooded grain fields and helped studio experts create a battlefield of intensely dramatic appearance.

But let "The Adventuress" (the plot of which concerns Spain today) tell its own story on the screen. Our visit to location was to obtain some of the color of off-stage picture making that Silver Screen readers cannot well visualize but are eager to learn more about.

The miracles movie-makers perform are never more interestingly created than on location. Yesterday this Brent's Craggs location was a portion of Joe Hunter's beautiful rancho, once a part of the huge land grant of the Sepulveda family, a gift from a Spanish king, the scene of a few minor skirmishes between early settlers and Mexicans and, during the last 75 years, a very productive grain and orchard country. But, for the most part it could be seen from the Los Angeles-San Francisco highway and seldom won more than a fleeting glance from a whizzing motor or motor bus passenger.

While the powder man went about his task with enough dynamite to blow up a building in his knapsack electricians pulled a huge generator set into a camouflaged shelter, ran heavy inch cables through fields and around trees to the camera "dolly," and others levelled off the road so that the camera would not bump up and down as it was pulled backwards as actors marched from the river bottom up the edge of the knoll into the foreground.

Once before the same men had done pretty much the same to photograph two lumbering oxen (brought from old Mexico because none could be had in Hollywood) pulling Madeleine Carroll's damaged car along the road with Leo Carrillo driving from a fender seat and Henry Fonda at the steering wheel pouring out his philosophy of life to the delight of his fair accident victim.

But, as we said before, today the Spanish civil war had come to California and the peaceful Hunter rancho was an exciting place.
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Santa Monica canyon he
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OF AT
By
Mark Dowling

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you must include at least
notoriously clique-conscious.
set, which includes Jerry
and Barbara Stanwick, Francis
ishout (Continued on page 68)
TO DICK POWELL

He's A Born Entertainer And Is As Much At Home Before The Mike As Before A Camera. Yet, In All Hollywood, He Is The Least Conceited.

Mount View, Arkansas, did all right when on November 14, 1904, it sponsored an infant's opening chorus. There must have been a certain quality in that voice for it has now been heard and liked the world over.

Dick is six feet tall and broke into pictures by way of the sound track. Every picture he is in reflects his own sparkling personality.

Some critics do not like him in some of his roles and Dick agrees with them. He really believes that fans may tire of hearing him sing. We hasten to reassure him that we enjoy his voice. That's what he's there for, and our gang numbers eleven million fans.
Girls Are What Hollywood Deals In And This Season The Type Has Changed.

[TOP] Frances Gifford, who is in "Having Wonderful Time."
The chorine above is Ethelreda Leopold as she appears in "Gold Diggers of 1938."
[Above, right] Alexandro Dean, a Fox hopeful, and below her is Peggy Moran, who will be seen in "Little Lady Luck."

Where Are The Blondes?

(Above) Olympe Bradna. Her lovely face has become familiar to you this year, no doubt. (Below) Arleen Whelan plays opposite Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped."

(Top, left) Olympe Bradna. Her lovely face has become familiar to you this year, no doubt. (Above, left) There's mischief in Ann Rutherford's eyes. (Left) Lois Lindsey and Lorraine Grey also dance in "Gold Diggers."

The girl of the year is dark—a brunette. Her mouth is small, her eyes are dark and far apart. Her hair, which is arranged in soft curls, frames the oval of her face as her fur collar did last winter. There are no languorous half-closed eyes nor hairline eyebrows. Miss 1938 looks straight through you till she finds your heart.
Ogleps Of The Lavish Homes Of The Stars Where Their Off-Stage Lives Are Spent In An Atmosphere As Unreal As The Fantasies Of The Scenario Spinners.

Much has been written of the gluttony of the tax collector and of the dumb and charming natures of the picture headliners, but as a matter of fact the stars are unusually clever people and getting hold of money and getting full value for what they spend is instinctive with them, for they're a canny lot.
They live in palaces and enjoy it. And why shouldn't they? Wouldn't you?
The impressive mansion of Mrs. Joel Pressman (Claudette Colbert) in Holmby Hills. C. Aubrey Smith's estate commands one of the most beautiful views of Hollywood. A corner of the sumptuous living room of Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter. Note the priceless tapestry on the rear wall. Maureen O'Sullivan's playroom—decorated in the modern manner. In James Cagney's den are many valuable prints and trophies. After a hard day's work Victor McLaglen relaxes on his cheerful veranda.
Dorothy Belle Dugan wearing a BVD swim suit of Heim fabric and print with a half-skirt effect. (Right) Maria Shelton reclines gracefully in her bro and trunks of sea-green figured satin, shaded by her large straw sun hat. (Below) Jacqueline Wells in a smartly fitted lounge coat of unbleached muslin bordered in henna and orange, with poke bonnet to match.

Plus-fours of white Toyo cloth—Barbara Read's choice for gardenir—contrasted with a blouse of the sar material in chartreuse. A sma brimmed Panama protects her complexion. (Below-center) Three B's swim suits—Eadie Adams in Egypt printed sea satin, with fantom ski and adjustable shoulder brows, Ma Howard in a nasegay Maillot rough finish sea satin, and Priscil Lawson in a Maillot in fish net sea satin with dual control adjuster and shirred bodice.

The Screen Colony Heeds Fashion's Call
Summer-time is Play-time But Your Days Can Be More Delightful If Your Clothes Reflect The Evanescent Moods Of Cheerful King Sol.

(Left) Charming for golf is this high-waisted skirt of deep heather-toned tweed belted in soft tan leather (to match her odd cylinder bag) and topped off with a sweater cut like a blouse in a delicate wood-violet tone. (Center) Lovely Olivia de Havilland looks fetching in a three-piece play suit, consisting of shorts, a trickily cut blouse and a fastened down the front wrap around skirt, all made of roman striped cotton in red, white and black.

(Right) Florence Rice is trim in a bolero play suit of pink angel-skin with a dull blue gros-grain sash. (Below) Frances Mercer covers her bathing suit with a candy striped Dirndl robe in a brilliant combination of greens, and, at right, Diana Gibson half covers her vivid velour bathing suit of red and white with a white cotton waffle pique appliqued with red.

All girls love this warm weather season, especially so if they are young and slim. Then they can shed the conventional trappings of every-day life and relax their bodies under the health-giving rays of the sun.

Some girls, particularly those of medium height and under, look entrancingly lovely in shorts, others find slacks or plus-fours or swinging lounge coats more effective, and still others show their figures to the best advantage in the briefest of swim suits. The fashion world opens wide its doors to them all—there are no stern “must dos.” Wear what is most flattering to your own type this year and be guided by no other mirror than your own.

On the following pages will be found some casual afternoon models, as well as two simple evening costumes. These should interest the girl who under no circumstances at all can be inveigled into abbreviated sport clothes, or for the girl whose social obligations demand conventional but simple apparel.

(Continued on next page)
When the sun sets Rita Hayworth goes softly feminine in this mousseline de soie bouffant frock, with its creamy background and clusters of flowers in pastel shades. A tiny bolero appliqued with a flower design of matching fabric may come in handy when the evening gets cooler. (Below) Jacqueline Wells remains tailored in dinner pajamas of dark blue silk with a pin dot, over which she wears a brocaded bolero patterned in red, green, blue and yellow. (Right) For cool summer days and nights this short box coat of white broadtail comes in very handy, claims Florence George. With it she wears a halo hat of white panama.

(For left) A circular powder blue linen skirt is favored by Barbara Reed, topped by a white handkerchief linen blouse fastened with suspenders of peasant sign in blue, red and white. Her beret is powder blue angora felt. (Below) Flattering versions of the large picture hats are sponsored by Merle Oberon and Margaret Lindsay. Merle’s, a combination of leghorn and Nile green taffeta ribbon, is definitely the garden party type. While Margaret’s, of blue shiny straw with a pale pink cluster of flowers tucked under the brim, is suit to informal afternoon and dinner wear.
Florence George in a casual, spectator sports frock of sage green sharkskin, worn with a natural colored balibuntle straw halo with red and green raffia trimming. Her natural linen handbag of huge dimensions has the same raffia trimmings. Rita Hayworth dons a navy woolen short-sleeved redingote with patent leather belt over a simple white pique sports frock with halter neckline. Remove the coat and she's ready for the tennis court. Her large brimmed hat is of white felt, with chin strap of Mexican red. Olivia de Havilland in a striking black and chalk white tunic dress with lipstick red kid belt and a gracefully draped black chiffon hanky tucked into the breast pocket.

Gloria Stuart in a typical peasant girl costume in printed cotton in two shades of dull blue, with large blue denim apron with capacious pockets. The popular Dalmation kerchief is worn far back on her curls. The “Bush Jacket” worn by Rita Hayworth was fashioned by the natives of Guatemala. The background is coffee brown and the hand-sewn pattern is in gay yellow, red and green. Doris Nolan’s Gibson girl ensemble, consisting of pleated black silk skirt and full-sleeved white blouse becomes an ultra modern affair when she tops it with this cartwheel of black straw with its becoming chin strap.
Joe Penner and Lucille Ball in "Ga Chase Yourself."

Sally Eilers and Paul Kelly in "Nurse From Brooklyn."

Joan Valerie and Ken Howell in "A Trip to Paris."

Jane Darwell and Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Broadway."

Phyllis Welch and Harold Lloyd in "Professor, Beware!"
NEW FILMS

Entertainment for Summer Screens.

Sylvia Sidney and George Raft in "You And Me."

Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce in "Yellow Jack."

Kay Francis and Emmet Vagen in "Secrets of an Actress."

Ray Milland and Martha Raye in "Tropic Holiday."

Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday."

Don Ameche and Alice Faye in "Alexander's Ragtime Band."
Mickey Rooney teaches Jacqueline Laurent new steps including the "Suzy Q," "Swing Step," "Back Kick" and the "Side Strut." They dance the Big Apple in "Judge Hardy's Children." (Below) Sylvia Sidney and a bit player in a moment from "You and Me" when the treachery of former convicts seems to be threatening her slim chance for happiness.

(Top) Eve Arden and Ben Blue in "Coconut Grove." Ben starts off in the character of Joe Lemmo but ends up in a dilemma. (Left) Ray Milland and Bob Burns in "Tropic Holiday." Bob's help on the scenario is negligible, if not of manifest undesirability. (Below) More shots from "You and Me." Before the burglary, George Stone and George Raft disconnect the alarm system.
(Right) Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in "Holiday." A kiss, said Cyrano, is a dot on the i in loving.

SEQUENCES FROM CURRENT PICTURES

(Continued on next page)
(Below) Spring Byington as a temperamental portrait painter in "You Can't Take It With You." She studies her sitter, discerns, describes and despairs.

(Above) In three easy lessons, Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris demonstrate the events leading up to the fade-out in "Men Are Such Fools."
Back in her closet goes Connie's perspiring dress

**Oh Connie, I'm so whiffy—I need Luxing**

Perspiration odor clings to dresses—Don't Offend

**DRESSES** like undies, absorb perspiration—offend other people before you realize it. Don't take chances—Lux your dresses often. Lux removes perspiration odor completely, as other cleaning methods too often don't. Saves color and fit, too. Any dress safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux. Buy the big package for extra economy.

**Lux dresses often...**
Seven men needed—director, assistant director, cameraman, assistant cameraman, electrician, sound engineer and dialogue expert—for this "take" of Alice Faye singing to Don Ameche's accompaniment in "Alexander's Ragtime Band." See result on page 45.

**HOW THEY DO IT!**

The Important Quality Is The Unseen Atmosphere Of Reality.

A short sequence showing how Fred MacMurray and his orchestra travel in "Cocoanut Grove." For this scene Paramount hired ten miles of a railroad and built a camera car out of a motor car.

(Top) Making a scene for "Go Chase Yourself." Joe Penner has to stand just there. The tape measure puts him in focus. (Above) Director Frits Lang acts out a speech in "You and Me" so George Raft will do it his way.

Over Merle Oberon's head the assistant holds three plain surfaces. If they photograph evenly the light is O.K. for Technicolor. It's for "Over the Moon." (Left) Colin Tapley and Suratna Asmara portraying a scene for "Boo-loo." Most of the film is actually taken in Malay, but not this scene which shows the cement studio floor.
NO RETAKES
IN LOVE

The Romance Of A
Movie Girl Who Went
On Location And
Stayed.

By
Frederic Mertz

(Illustrated By Lloyd Wright)

The Khyber Pass scenes of "Caravan Girl" were filmed on location, a half hour's steady drive into the hills from Pete Thatcher's ranch below the Little Sandows. You remember the layout—a British garrison, with a polo field in it because of the sequence where the border chieftain was overawed by the sight of English officers at play while revolt seethed all about them along the Afghan frontier. It didn't make sense, but it helped make a super-epic. And it started Pete Thatcher upvalley, late one afternoon, to find out how the job was going.

Of course, with the ranch on his hands, Pete wasn't mixed up in studio business any more. He drove out to the "Caravan Girl" location because there was a stampede of wild horses in the film—though most of it was left afterward on the cutting-room floor. Resolute Pictures didn't send all those horses out to the valley; they rented them from the ranchers around Bolsa Verde. Pete Thatcher took the narrow dirt road into the foothills for no other reason than to see how the Resolute outfit was handling his stock.

On the "Caravan Girl" location, there were corrals and tents and trailers. There were sound trucks, power generators, and rolling platforms intricately scaffolded for the sake of camera angles. There was a big commissary barracks, and a portable bungalow for Sandra Joslyn. There was an assistant technical director who guided Pete around, showing him these wonders and talking about horses.

The assistant director was leading Pete Thatcher somewhere for a drink, when Pete noticed the girl coming toward them. She was wearing slacks and a buff pull-over and a pair of those braided slippers that they sell around Caliente and Palm Springs. One of her arms was lifted to shadow her eyes against the sunset. Her burnished, dark hair, loose about her face, was stroked back a little by the breeze. And the way she walked, in her woven Mexican huaraches, made Pete think of ponies running on upland pastures, their manes free in the wind.

"Joslyn," the assistant director muttered in a swift aside.

She was quite near now, smiling at Pete. And the closer she came, the deeper were those ripples of memory stirring his mind, obscuring the outlines of an image so long present that he had stopped noticing it.

"Hello, Pete Thatcher," she said. Her warm, dark voice had a husky note that he didn't remember at all.

The assistant director announced, with an air of unique discovery, "You know each other?"

"He doesn't," said the girl. "But I do."

She slipped a hand under Pete's arm, and fell into step beside him. "Pardner," she said, "the stage coach has plumb broke down, and I must get to Oakwood Gulch tonight."

The surface of crinkled, elusive memories smoothed out in Pete Thatcher's mind. He was jerked back ten years—to Mannie Stein's crazy, one-camera outfit in Hollywood's Poverty Row; to outdoor takes in dusty, brush-choked canyons that were swimming-pooled estates now. He recalled the gangling, sixteen-year-old saddle bun he had been then—riding, roping, and doubling in long-shot stunts for those actors whom Mannie Stein reluctantly paid more than coffee-and-doughnuts money for the day.

And he remembered a pale, thin-legged child crazily involved in the serial thrillers that Mannie was always rushing through...
with somebody else’s bottom dollar. “Dina,” he said now, “Dina Gage.”

Her answer caught the tone of his own story, considered speech, “I hope to tell you, pardner.”

The assistant director said, with nicely unpressed deference, “I was just asking Mr. Thatcher about dinner. Unless he has some special reason for hurrying back to his ranch—”

“He’s staying,” the girl asserted. “He and I used to make quickies together.”

The assistant director didn’t exactly back away bowing. But the effect was the same. He said to Pete, almost ceremoniously, “Hope I’ll be seeing you later, old man. I’d like to get a price on one of your ponies.”

Already Dina was walking Pete Thatcher back toward the bungalow that Resolute Pictures provided for her on location because she was Sandra Jossin. She wasn’t much taller than she had been, years ago, working for Mannie Stein. But things had happened since then—to her voice and her eyebrows, to the way she moved and to the color of her hair. Everything was different about her disturbingly lovely face. Everything was different except her wide-set gray eyes, and whatever it was that looked out from behind them at Pete Thatcher.

“So now you’ve got a ranch,” Dina said, in the new voice that time and Resolute’s dramatic coaches had given her. “And you’ve got horses to sell.” She tugged like an eager child at his arm. “Pete, let me come over to your place with Gracie Esmond before we’re sent back to Hollywood.”

Pete said incredulously, “Don’t tell me that Gracie Esmond is in this picture, too!”

Dina shook her head. “Didn’t you know? She’s out of pictures. She’s sort of my secretary and bungalow alarm.”

He couldn’t stretch his imagination far enough to include Gracie Esmond as a secretary—the big, open-handed redhead who had played leads for Mannie Stein. She had taken on Pete’s hospital bills, the time he and a roan pony had tangled in a leap down a ravine that was a Boulevard now. Most of Pete’s wages had gone to pay her back, in those first three years as ranch hand on the acres which were now mostly tax and mortgage deadline, and the failing health of the old rancher who had urged him to a partnership. But the financial shoestring had lengthened and toughened. It wasn’t a shoestring any longer, but more like a rawhide diata, it was strong enough so that he could walk here quietly now, remembering things he had not thought of for a long time, and watching the slant of sunset against Dina Gage’s darkened hair.

“You’ve changed,” he told Dina. “You’ve a couple of thin braids wrapped around your head. Blonde curls.”

“We’re all changed, I guess.”

She spoke with a quiet, oddly touching acceptance of him, as if this meeting picked up a thread of talk interrupted only a moment ago. She continued, “Gracie has this scar down the side of her face—you won’t notice it too much, will you? She was cut. Afternoon’s some howling ranch speeding car. And afterward, when she saw how things were going to be, she didn’t put on an act. She was so darn brave—joking about it.”

Her voice had trailed to a whisper, because they were almost at the door of the bungalow.

He said, “I take it back, about your having changed, Dina. You’re still the same nice kid.”

A quarter hour later, he had lost whatever strangeness he might have felt at seeing these two again. Already he was accustomed to the sight of Gracie Esmond as a stout, aging woman occupied in knitting a jersey dress. The paraphernalia for this job occupied, with Gracie, most of a love-seat. She brought a highball for Pete, and studied him calmly through horn-rimmed spectacles that broke the line of a thin scar running the length of one cheek.

“I turn Good looking,” she reported to Dina, who perched beside her on the arm of the love-seat.

“He has a place of his own,” said Dina. “We’ll drive over there tomorrow.”

She came for an instant to put her hand on his shoulders. “Don’t go away,” she said. “There’s somebody I want you to meet.” She crossed to the house door, walking lightly in her Mexican bronzad, and Pete saw her presently outside, her arm raised as a shield against the last of the sunset. Out there, the drone of airplane motors made a sounding-board of the Sandovals.

Pete Thatcher was only half listening. He finished his drink, and let the slow warmth of it find words for things he was beginning to remember.

“What became of Dina’s mother, Gracie?”

“She’s down at Palm Springs, resting.”

“She needed it.” He recalled that small, dense woman forever sitting on the side-lines in Mannie Stein’s crate-like studio. “Funny,” he said. “I guess I’d never have stuck it out on that ranch deal if it hadn’t been for those two. Dina and Mrs. Gage. They always looked so damn hungry—and they were, I guess. It used to scare me that maybe some day a woman of mine or a kid of mine might get that look. So I got into the habit of working like hell. You and those two did a lot for me, Gracie.”

“You’re a good guy,” said Gracie. “You turned out to be the only conservative investment I ever made.”

He set aside the empty glass, and watched the knitting needles in the hands of that weathered, heavy-bodied woman who had once played leads for Mannie Stein. “Something’s got you bothered,” he said.

She regarded him judicially through her horn-rimmed glasses, watching him find his cigarettes and matches. “What bothers me is that most things happen on the wrong cue.”

She laid aside her knitting, to look out at the fantastically glowing world beyond the bungalow’s open windows. In an abrupt silence, a descending plane slanted into view and taxied over the flat ground behind the horse corral. Pete went over to the window to watch.

“Nice landing,” he reported to Gracie presently. “He came in fast and perfect.”

“That seems to be the general idea,” said Gracie. “For everything he does. Next year he’ll be twenty-five—and guess what happens then! He inherits seven million dollars. All because he’s smart enough to be Russell Hendickson IV.”

A leathered figure waved a flourishing salute over the plane’s side, and rumbled down to meet Dina Gage. In midfield, he took her into his arms.

Pete Thatcher asked, “Is this the somebody I’m waiting to meet?”

Gracie nodded. “She was look-
ing out of the window, expecting him. That's how she happened to see you. He owns a stable full of hunters and jumpers and blue ribbons, back in Pennsylvania. He's got architects and landscape gardeners working on the old homestead. Background for Sandra Jodlyn, That's Dina, in case you don't remember."

Pete snubbed out his cigarette against the window screen. There wasn't any reason at all for his feeling shaken and sweaty inside, like a half-broke pony wheeled suddenly to face a forgotten landmark.

"She'll fit into that," he said. "I always figured that was what the kid needed. Some sort of a hacienda set-up."

He could see them coming off the field—Dina with her beautiful, flowing stride, and the tall young man whose grin flashed agreeably in a sunburnt face. "They look fine together," said Pete.

"He thinks so, too." Gracie's tone held a latent irony. "He thinks she'll go lovely with his family silver and his dogs and the rose garden his great-grandmother started. He's sent home for the architect's drawings, so Dina can see how perfect everything is going to turn out."

Features set to a poker-playing blankness, Pete Thatcher observed a cloudless sky above the peaks of the Sandovals. "Guess I'd better be pushing back to the ranch, after all," he said, "On account of it looks like it might be going to rain somewhere, maybe."

Gracie's mouth tightened a little. "You scared to meet this Hendrickson?"

"No," said Pete, "but I'll wait for him anyhow."

He lounged back to his chair, and sat with Gracie in silence until Dina and Russell Hendrickson IV came into the dusk-filled room.

Afterward, when he reached home, he didn't get out of the car right away. One leg hooked over the steering wheel, he stared through the smoke of a cigarette at what was to see of the ranch-house under its spread of live-oaks. Until tonight, he hadn't questioned the direction in which things were moving. He had even been a little proud of these past few years. But now he saw his achievement as something shrunk and humble. Luck had been with him, no less than with Russ Hendrickson.

The only difference was that Hendrickson's luck made it possible to do the right things for Dina Gage.

He hadn't just been shooting off his mouth, talking to Gracie about Dina and her mother. What had steadied him, turning him from a rambling, shiftless kid to whatever he was now, remained somehow fixed in his mind as a picture of two faces—Dina's, child-like and pinched; and the face of Mrs. Gage, so like what Dina's would be after years of bucking Poverty Row for a break.

Only, things hadn't turned out that way. Mrs. Gage was at Palm Springs, and Dina was Sandra Jodlyn, with only her wide-set eyes to bring back the time when she had been a child actress in Mannie Stein's Jerry-built thrillers. And Hendrickson was fixing up his Pennsylvanian show-place to make it Sandra Jodlyn's background.

And Pete Thatcher owned a ranch. It all worked out, somehow. 

He drove the car around past the small bunk-house where his two ranch hands slept. Since the death of his partner less than a year ago, Pete lived alone in the ranch-house, except for quince-faced old Charley Yee, who cooked his meals. Without knowing exactly why, Pete went in and turned on the lamp beside his big, roll-top desk at one end of the living-room. He pulled out account books, and began to go over them.

Long before midnight, he had done all the figuring that there was to do. The uphill pull had levelled off during those past three years. Now he was breaking better than ever. But as he studied the final column, he could hear the coyotes jeering, off there in the foothills under a rust-colored moon. And their thin, yapping snicker was with him while he faced the knowledge that—for him—Dina Gage would always be over the mountains in more ways than one.

He was still sitting there, half asleep, when the surprised old Chinese shuffled in with breakfast. Pete Thatcher gulped down his coffee, studying the record as it lay before him on the balance sheet. Momentarily he was tempted to make another examination of his accounts, to see if he had overlooked something favorable. But he knew better. He slammed the roll-top, and went on down to the horse corrals. What waited down there would snap him back to business.

It was a slim, satin-shouldered two-year-old, hating saddles and hackamores and freshly ground. By those mysterious processes of character appraisal that sometimes determine the naming of a horse, she had been christened Quen Sabé. Some day, Pete Thatcher guessed, she might make such a pony as he had never owned before. But so far, she was just a nimble-legged uncertainty, hooved with dynamite.

Pete worked her for a couple of hours, first under saddle and later on the hackamore lead rope. Then, shaken and dust-

[Continued on page 72]
Poor Ponce de Leon! He spent so much time in a fruitless search for the Fountain of Youth in Florida, when, in reality, he might have found it centuries later on the Pacific coast--in Hollywood.

Consider the last decade in Cine-land. Stars who appeared to be in their late twenties in the late twenties look no more than in their early twenties now in the late thirties. California sunshine may have something to do with this bloom of youth, but since in each case the causes have varied, I cannot be positive of this. Generally speaking, everybody lives an outdoor life in California, especially the film stars. They all have their own swimming pools, and use them. Most of them go in for strenuous sets of tennis on their own courts. Exercise is the elixir of life in Hollywood.

The important factor is that, regardless of ability or talent, as long as a star remains young and beautiful she can hold her place in the film world. It is her job to retain her youth, just as it is necessary for a stenographer to improve her speed or a housewife to learn new and attractive ways of preparing old dishes.

Scientific dietitians make it possible for stars to remain slim without losing vitality. Make-up experts have studied facial contours, hair lines, etc., until it is impossible for any star to fall short of perfection.

In 1927 Myrna Loy was photographed beside her fireplace in her home. In those days, of course, Myrna was not the successful star that she is today. She was still in her almond-eyed period on the screen. This picture was taken to convince the studio that she was quite as interesting (as herself) as the screen personality they had given her. But the producers must have been deaf, or dumb, or blind, for they paid no heed and continued casting her in vampish roles. It was six years before they gave the real Myrna a chance.

Maladjustment can work havoc with one's nerves, and Myrna was no exception. To say that she was unhappy in her seductive days on the screen is putting it mildly. When her years of fighting to become herself finally brought victory, Myrna at last was able to relax. No more taut nerves. Her entire outlook brightened. She gained self-confidence and repose and the satisfaction of knowing that her job was well done. Now, eleven years later, she emerges looking younger and prettier than before.

Behold Joan Crawford back in 1929 during her "dancing daughter" days. Though, a short time after this, Joan went in for dramatic roles in a big way and her life took on a more serious aspect, there is no question that she looks as young today as she did nine years ago.

Granted that beauty is only skin deep, character is always revealed in the face. In the early days of her career, Joan was too occupied fighting her way up to stardom--and hers was a difficult struggle--to give much attention to other things in life. It was not until she gained a foothold that she gave vent to other interests. She studied music and dancing, not merely to further her career, but more as a spiritual development. However, the outstanding virtue in Joan's character is her understanding and faith in human nature. Her is almost a cheerful confidence. She is essentially a loyal friend and one of the most charitable people in the film colony. One cannot enumerate her Lady Bountiful acts. All this shines in her face, along with her complete naturalness and lack of artifice.

There is no comparison between the Marlene Dietrich who

arrived in this country in 1929 and the Marlene Dietrich of today. The dark-haired German star's principle claim to fame was her beautiful legs. The exquisite individuality she has attained and retained eight years later is the result of make-up men and expert beauticians. First it was necessary to lose Teutonic plumpness, never popular in this country since the gay nineties, by strict dieting.

By Alyce Shupper

(Left) Dolores Del Rio's recent portrait shows her classic features in all their perfection.

(Below) The fresh and vital face of Loretta Young, as she appears to us today.

An early picture of Marlene Dietrich, revealing her shapely legs of course.
TIME STANDS STILL

(Below) Marlene has added glamour to her list of charms. (Below, right) Carole Lombard. How she has improved in appearance!

They then changed the arrangement and color of her hair. They studied her face, lifted her eyebrows and went into a thorough job of remodeling to produce the glamorous star we know.

My conscience cringes at the thought of including Loretta Young, as she is only twenty-five years old now. This photograph, taken in 1929, shows Loretta at sweet sixteen. Surely there is no period in a woman’s life when she undergoes a more complete change than during these intervening years; yet here we see Loretta looking as young and fresh today as the blossoms she holds in her hand, and certainly far more glamorous.

Of course, Loretta has bobbed her hair since the first photograph, which always tends to give a more youthful appearance. In spite of her popularity with Hollywood’s bachelors, Loretta never permits her social life to interfere with her rest, which is the essential factor for her keeping fit. During her working time, she manages to sleep around the clock every fortnight or so.

The two Hollywood stars who have probably undergone the greatest change—and for the better—are [Continued on page 62]
HINTS FOR SUMMER BEAUTIES

By Mary Lee

June Lang lazily reclines on a beach mattress beside her pool, her back and shoulders protected from the hot sun so that they won't show that "sunburn line" when she gets into evening dress.

SUMMER brings the glamour months. This season creates the setting and the situation to which every one of us brings new roles. And that has always seemed to me the first advantage of being a star. The movie stars play at all sides of life. They never confine themselves strictly to the part of a business girl or a home girl. And so their lives are varied, full of color. Take Bette Davis, for example. Behind the scenes, there probably isn't a happier, more sensible young wife in Hollywood. Yet much of Bette's life goes into feeling and acting the part of a brittle young woman with a glint in her eye. One who knows what she wants and goes after it—regardless.

Though our individual parts are never as public and as prominent as the stars', warm weather brings an expansion of activities and pleasures that actually make us seem someone else. There are country weekend, if you are a city girl, when you can dress up in a dirndl and tie a kerchief over your curls in peasant manner. Of course that makes you feel different. You can go sailing, if you're lucky enough to know boat lovers, all seaman-like in slacks and sweater, your skin loved by salt spray.

You can feel like Miss America on any beach, if you have a reasonably good figure, a smart swimsuit, or you can get that all "Gone with the Wind" appeal in pastel organdie or mouseline de soe ruana-ting atop some roof garden to Spanish music. A little budget and a big imagination, and for moments, at least, the world is yours. The costumes I leave you to, but from the very personal viewpoint, hair, skin, make-up and perfume, let me answer some questions of general appeal that have come in recently.

Some of the girls say they have normally nice hair but they want that under-tone of life and shimmer that makes any hair beautiful, regardless of its color. The new Clairol color-accenting-shampoo is one answer. It shampoo, reconditions and highlights, all at the same operation. Clairol does not change basic hair color, but it seems to release the brilliancy that lies submerged in much hair. When your hair is freshly shampooed and you are in bright sunlight, you often see this lovely evasive suggestion of color, and wish you could capture and keep it always. Clairol seems to do just this. Use it like any liquid shampoo, but when you have washed up a rich lather, comb it through your hair several times from scalp to the very ends. Leave on a few minutes and rinse off. You'll discover your hair as you've dreamed of. Clairol is personalized—that is, it comes in special combinations for the basic hair tones, such as gold or silver blonde, copper and so on. You may use Clairol at home or have a professional shampoo with it in your beauty shop.

Rouge has a way of perplexing us in summer, because skin tones change. What, ask many, is a practically safe tone for all? Happily, there is an answer—Po-Go Brique (orange naturale), an impalpably fine, French imported dry rouge. It blends so softly, so naturally that you cannot detect it on the cheek, and it really stays on. Now and then we find a rouge or lipstick so perfectly blended and balanced in tone that it is as charming on the fragile blonde as on the vibrant brunette. Po-Go belongs in this class, and vacationists will find it a boon, when a mild complexion returns from beach or mountains with an almost tropical tone.

Most of us have become adept at eye make-up. What we do with mascara and shadow is an artistic feat. But—and this causes a few hearts now and then—what can we do without normal brows and lashes to work on? When they are scanty, short, contrary, make-up is only part of the answer. The other is Kurlene—by all means, Kurlene. It's a cream to be brushed or smoothed on preferably at night, if you wish to stimulate these small, important hairs, to make them healthier and stronger and generally to aid their growth. These small hairs grow slowly, so Kurlene takes time, but its faithful we will produce gratifying results. If you are blessed with good brows and lashes, you will find Kurlene a grand day-time grooming idea. Brush a little onto brows and lashes. It will give a brilliance and sheen that is charming.

and this is a special tip for the dark girl who does not need mascara. I like the brush idea because Kurlene is applied more neatly in this manner and for stimulating you can brush it right to the lash or brow roots, where it does its good work.

A vital summer hint, keep that powder puff immaculate. Then your powder will spread smoothly and your skin will benefit generally. Buy powder puffs that launder as easy as hankies, like the Hygienol pure lambs' wool pulls. They are of soft, velvety texture, blend your powder on skin evenly, and now come in a leather-weight cellulose acetate container, clean and convenient for home or purse use. And last, a perfume of romance. There are many. In fact, all perfumes seem romantic to me, but one that is certainly all moonlight and roses and soft music is Corday's Chevre Feuille (honeysuckle), a true scent, glamorous, soft, warm. You can buy it by the dram or in lovely bottles. The scent is very clinging, too.
HER JUNGLE LOVE

FOR THOSE WHO FLOAT ON "MELLER-DRAMA"—Par.

BEAUTIFULLY done up in Technicolor this bit of South Sea Island saga simply reeks with good hokum. And unless you are too, too sophisticatesd for words, you forgetter-bearer you, you'll find it all a hell of a lot of fun.

Decidedly on the asset side of the picture are Dorothy Lamour's legs, a precocious chimpanzee named Gaga (the late Jiggs) and a very cute bon cub called Meoway. Ray Milland and Lynne Overman play a couple of aviators who crash in a plane on a pacific isle—and there they find Dorothy in her sarong and in no time at all Dorothy, the fairest flower of the tropics, becomes fluent in English and kissing.

RASCALS

IN WHICH JANE WITHERS RESCUES THE UNHAPPY HEIRESSES—20th Century-Fox

THAT most talented of juvenile character actresses, little Miss Jane Withers, sings and acts and dances her way through her newest picture in a most engaging manner. This time Jane plays the leader of a band of gypsy rovers, and, with Boris Minn- vich and his harmonica players in the gang, what a gay time the gypsies have.

Rochelle Hudson, playing a society girl who has lost her memory in an automobile accident, is adopted by the friendly gypsies and she in time becomes their favorite fortune teller, displacing Steffi Duna. She falls in love with Robert Wilcox, another non-gypsy in the band, and everything is fun and laughter until Rochelle, operated on with money raised by her gypsy pals, recovers her memory and once more becomes a society belle with a scheming mother and Baron fiancé.

But Jane fixes all that, too, and Rochelle is rescued right at the altar in time for a happy ending. The plot is weaker than the previous Jane Withers pictures—but if you're a Withers fan, and aren't we all, you'll find Jane even more entertaining than ever before.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN

SCREWWAL COMEDY AT ITS BEST—Col.

IF YOU went slightly daffy over "The Thin Man" you will go completely nuts over this newest hilarious comedy of married life mixed with a couple of cheerful murders. Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas, at their maddest and best, take the prize for being the most amusing and likable young married couple on the screen.

Because of a lack of clients Melvyn, in despair, gives up his detective agency and goes back to his old job for $75 a week with the district attorney. But wise Joan, a screwball de luxe, is made of sterner stuff, and so she proceeds to carry on the agency in direct competition to the D. A.'s office and her sleuthing spouse.

Right away she gets a Social Register client, Mary Astor, and shortly after a real honest-to-goodness murdered corpse. From then on the story deals with the rivalry between husband and wife for the clues to the murder, with Joan constantly barging in where she isn't wanted and giving things the "woman's touch." One side-splitting comedy scene stacks up on top of another with a vengeance and even though you live to be a hundred you'll never see anything as funny as the scene in which Joan is subjected to a terrific iron-grill grilling and retains her lovely freshness, with lipstick and powder puff, while the detectives collapse, victims to the devices of her husband.

Joan and Melvyn, of course, take all the comedy honors but they are ably supported by Mary Astor, Frances Drake and Jerome Cowan. You won't want to miss this one.

THE JOY OF LIVING

WHICH MAY FURNISH A FEW POINTS IN YOUR SCHEME OF THINGS—RAO

THE beautiful and glamorous Irene Dunne returns to the screen, fresh from her spectacular triumphs in "The Awful Truth," in a new comedy formerly called "The Joy of Loving" but now called the "Joy of Living" because the Hays office doesn't approve of "Loving." Well, you know how the Hays office is.

Irene plays a young stage and radio star who has reached the top of her profession by sheer hard work and has a gross income of some $10,000 a week. Burdened with a parasitic family, taxes, and a liking for rich furs and real jewels she finds that she hasn't a penny to call her own. Her career is a very serious thing with her and she must keep slaving away day after day for her family, her taxes, and her extravagant clothes. She can't remember ever having any fun.

But, one night, she is rescued from an insulting bunch of autograph seekers by Douglas Fairbanks, jr., a wealthy young man from Boston who believes that life is something to be enjoyed, and that she is destined to enjoy it with him. She thinks him fresh, has him arrested, and is most amused to learn that the court has appointed her his probation officer and that he must report to her twice weekly.

During the "reportings," however, she falls in love and there follows a wild assortment of adventures with him—including a beer header at a holbroau house with a trip to the rollerdrone in an attempt to sober up on skates—which will have you in
DANDRUFF?

4 Minute Treatment Stops Dandruff Itch
And Kills Nasty Scalp Odor

Dandruff is the sign of a diseased, unclean scalp. Through neglect, the tiny sebaceous glands (oil glands) fail to work as they should and become clogged with scales and dirt. The scalp becomes infected by germs and fungi, and the condition spreads.

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment for dandruff must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing the germs that spread infection; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of scalp to prevent dryness.

The Zonite Antiseptic Scalp Treatment Does These 4 Things

WHAT TO DO: Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution—2 tablespoons Zonite to 1 quart of water. Use this same solution for shampoo with any good soap. Rinse very thoroughly. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (For complete details of treatment, read folder in Zonite package.)

It is vitally important to use this treatment regularly (twice every week at first) to keep dandruff under control and keep germs from spreading. Because reinfection constantly takes place from hats, bed-pillows, combs and brushes.

If you're faithful, you'll be delighted with the way this treatment leaves your scalp clean and healthy—a free from itch and natty scalp odor.

At all U.S. and Canadian drug stores.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 616 New Brunswick, New Jersey U.S.A.


The next time you're in a drug store, be sure to use ZONITE for:

- DANDRUFF
- BAND BREATH
- SORE THROAT
- CUTS & WOUNDS
- FEMININE CLEANING
- ATHLETE'S FOOT

Special Offer: Get this measure, plus 14 extra Zonite, and 14 one-cent stamps, a free package folder for mail order.

ZONITE 9.3 Times More Active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests.

PORT OF SEVEN SEAS
A CHARMING FILM, FOLLOWING A PATTERN ALL ITS OWN—MGM

The plot concerns a group of simple, kindly people who live in the seaport town of Marseilles. It is beautifully translated from the Marcel Pagnol play and makes a plan, and a decided charm with its happy blending of wisdom and childish naiveté.

John Beal plays a boy who is torn between his love for the sea and his love for a girl, Maureen O'Sullivan. The sea wins, and he sails away on a long voyage, not knowing that the girl is going to have his baby.

Maureen marries an elderly suitor, Frank Morgan, who knows all about the baby and is only too eager to provide for it and protect her. Several years later John returns from his ocean voyage, and claims his girl and his baby, but in the meantime Maureen has made plans of her own. There is a most unusual but satisfactory ending.

Wallace Beery plays the boy's father, a gentle childlike soul, and this stands out as one of Beery's greatest performances, though entirely different from what he has played before. It's an unusually sensitive picture, acted and directed with great restraint.

LITTLE MISS ROUGHNECK
PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT FOR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATRES—Col.

Not to be outdone by Universal's Deanna Durbin and Twentieth-Century's Jane Withers, Columbia trots out Edith Fellows, another little thirteen year old who acts and sings, and pleasantly too. Edith who is best remembered as the bad-tempered, spoiled brat in "She Married Her Boss" has evidently been taking her music lessons seriously for she gives out with several operatic numbers and a rendition of "La Golondrina" which is quite delightful.

She plays a precocious child whose mamma and manager are hell-bent upon her becoming a movie star, but she runs away from Hollywood and takes up with Leo Carrillo, a Mexican miner, and his wife Inez Palange, who know nothing about Hollywood careers and care less. The plot goes definitely "Captains Courageous." Margaret Irving plays the determined movie-mother, Scott Colton the actor's agent, and Jocuquin Wells a sympathetic older sister.

Brian Donlevy and Victor McLaglen in "The Battle of Broadway," Louise Hovick (Gypsy Rose Lee) is the cause of the outbreak.
A new cream that puts the necessary "skin-vitamin" right into skin!—The vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue—which aids in keeping skin beautiful!

Since Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was announced, hundreds of women have tried it!

In this advertisement we are repeating the words of some of the first to try it—"A great advance"—" keeps my skin better than ever"—"gives better color"—"keeps my skin finer and softer in spite of all my sports."

Exposure dries the "skin-vitamin" out of skin... Exposure is constantly drying this "skin-vitamin" out of the skin. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become under-nourished, rough and subject to infections.

Suppose you see what putting the "skin-vitamin" directly into your skin will do for it? In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again—in only 3 weeks.

Use the new Pond's Cold Cream in your regular way for cleansing and before make-up. Put it in. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance. Do this faithfully for 2 or 3 weeks. Some women reported enthusiastically within that time!

Some jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

Send for test it in 9 treatments

Pond's, Dept. 7SS-CT, Clifton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City
State

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

Silver Screen
**FROZEN DESSERTS**

_by Ruth Corbin_  

ighted delicacy known as

Mother's Delight.

**BUTTERSCOTCH PARFAIT**

\( \frac{2}{3} \) cup Domino Brown sugar  
2 teaspoons butter  
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup water  
2 egg yolks  
1 cup heavy cream  
2 teaspoons Sunbeam Vanilla  

Melt sugar and butter in sauce pan, stir to prevent burning and boil 1 minute. Add water and cook until smooth and syrupy. Beat egg yolks, add butterscotch syrup slowly and continue beating. Cook over hot water until light and fluffy. Chill, whip cream. Add salt and vanilla, Combine with egg mixture. Turn into tray and freeze without stirring. Serve in parfait glasses topped with whipped cream. A pleasing variation is to fill glasses with alternate layers of butterscotch mixture and vanilla ice cream and top with whipped cream.

**MARSHMALLOW Pudding**

Beat the whites of 6 eggs. Add vanilla to taste, 1 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons Knox gelatin dissolved in a little water. Pour into a mold and place in refrigerator until ready to serve. Slice and serve with either whipped cream or boiled custard. A colorful effect may be achieved by dividing the mixture into 2 parts, leaving 1 part white and coloring the other 2 parts.

**ANGEL PARFAIT**

This is an entirely new recipe. Beat together 1 cup sugar and \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup water until it spins a thread. Pour over stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Let cool. Fold in 2 cups whipped cream and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze 3 to 4 hours. Chopped candied fruits and nuts may be used if desired. Add whipped cream to each glass in serving.

**MOTHER'S DELIGHT**

3 eggs  
1 cup sugar  
Dole's Pineapple Cubes  
Pecans  
1 pint sweet milk  
1 package Knox gelatin  
Bananas  
Del Monte Peaches  

Beat eggs and sugar, pour in milk and cook about 10 minutes. Then add gelatin which has been thoroughly dissolved in \( \frac{1}{4} \) cup cold water. Cool slightly: add fruits and pecans cut in small pieces. Put in mould and let stand in refrigerator until firm. Unmould and serve with whipped cream. This is a new and never before published recipe.

---

**EGG NOG PIE**

2 teaspoons Knox gelatin  
1 teaspoon nutmeg  
\( \frac{3}{4} \) cup Borden's Evaporated milk  
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup cream, whipped  
3 teaspoons cold water  
\( \frac{3}{4} \) cup hot water  
2 eggs  
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon salt  
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup sugar

Combine milk and hot water and heat. Dissolve gelatin in cold water, add to hot milk and water. Beat egg yolks with sugar and salt added and stir into hot mixture. Return to double boiler and stir until it thickens. Remove from stove and put in refrigerator until cool. Then beat, add rum to taste and fold in beaten egg whites and whipped cream. Pour in baked shell and chill. Jell-O can be used instead by using more and omitting rum.

**STRAWBERRY SURPRISE PIE**

\( \frac{1}{2} \) cups heavy cream  
2 tablespoons Domino Confectioners Sugar  
1 package Royal Strawberry Gelatin  
Few grains salt  
Rusk Crumb Crust  
1 pint strawberries  
\( \frac{1}{2} \) teaspoon Sunbeam Vanilla

Whip 1 cup cream; add sugar, vanilla and salt. Spread mixture over shell made of rusk crumbs in a Pyrex pie dish. Wash, hull and halve strawberries. Arrange in rows on cream. Dissolve gelatin according to directions on package. Chill 1/2 cup gelatin until syrupy, pour over fruit. Chill 4 to 5 hours. Whip remaining cream, force through pastry tube in mound edge of pie. Make swirled mound of whipped cream in center and place a whole berry on top.
A Bride Now...

will she keep Romance?

"Don't let Cosmetic Skin develop—rob YOU of love"

Claudette Colbert

LOVELY SKIN WINS ROMANCE. SO WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH UNATTRACTIVE COSMETIC SKIN

COSMETIC SKIN DEVELOPS WHEN PORES ARE CHOKE WITH DUST, DIRT AND STALE COSMETICS. LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER GUARDS AGAINST THIS DANGER

I ALWAYS REMOVE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP. IT'S THE SAFE, EASY WAY TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Silver Screen
The Face On The Cutting Room Floor

[Continued from page 27]

quick. In "Kidnapped," there were 800 extras hired to pack the courtroom in the Scotland scene of 1751. For a single day's shooting, a British Century-Fox paid these extras about $12,000, and it was a mob scene that could not be transposed to some other picture because of the 1751 costumes. Yet when the picture was cut, that $12,000 mob scene was yanked. Zanuck and Werker agreed that while it was spectacular, it smothered the human elements of the story. So they substituted rapid closeups of angry, bitter scowlers. The passion in their faces did more to advance the story than the mob-scene.

The fallacy of those who write sub-stories about the "Cutting Room Floor" is in their premise that Hollywood gets a sadistic pleasure from cutting scenes and performers out of a completed picture. This is a cock-eyed notion, of course. The cutting rooms are the yardsticks of waste in this industry. The minute a studio has to start cutting down a film, it is waste and folly. So the executives of studios dread the cutting room more than the bit-players dread it.

The second false premise of these sub-story writers is that studio executives, for some strange reason, hate young actors and actresses, and snip them out of a film from sheer devilment. The fact of the matter is that every studio out here spends a fortune in looking for young talent. The studios are happier when they find a younger of promise than the kid is, because the studios know that a great young performer can be built up into a million dollar box-office attraction.

Radio fans argue that youngsters have a better chance on the air because radio has no "cutting room." You don't say! Radio has a thousand cutting rooms. Sponsors, sitting around conference tables at auditions, are the cutters. They decide whether or not a young singer has talent, whether a comedian is funny, whether a band will appeal. Radio executives, I have no background of show business to guide their judgment.

Edgar Bergen and Jack Benny are the two head-men of radio, aren't they? The movies gave them both their first chance. Bergen, little more than a year ago, was rejected by the American Broadcasting Company, on the grounds that he had nothing to offer to radio! Jack Benny was released by a major car company from his radio contract because the major car magnate's wife believed that organ music was more dignified. Oh yes, radio has its own cutting rooms, and sponsors who have suddenly cut out two-business are terrible people in their pomposity. Bergen, rejected by radio, was signed by pictures for a series of Warner Brothers pictures. "Benny" goes back a long way in talking pictures at MGM. The movies have much keener showmen than radio.

The next time you read some long-winded story detailing the tragedies that occur on the cutting room floors of Hollywood, make up your mind that the writer of that sad story doesn't know what he is talking about.

As a matter of strict reportorial fact, film is never left on the cutting room floor. Crime, fire departments and insurance laws are very strict on this, and, in addition, a cutter who let film drop to the floor and expect to recut it would find himself out of a job in a hurry. Actually what happens is this: the film, once it is cut, is hung on spikes in a huge metal container cushioned with a protective cloth covering. Later it is rolled and put into metal cans, which are marked and catalogued before they are filed. So every single frame of any Hollywood picture actually is still on file in this town, rather than truncated out of recognition as the legends would have it.

Time Stands Still

[Continued from page 55]

Carole Lombard and Dolores Del Rio.

Here is how Carole looked back in 1929, before she added the "e" to her name and emerged from the ranks of Mack Sennett bathers. Compare the way she appears today. Even though a serious motor accident early in her career threatened her beauty, Carole has overcome the obstacle.

Not only has Carole changed completely in her physical appearance, but there has been as complete a change in her personality. Naturally she is different, but Carole is the direct opposite to the smart, sophisticated woman who walks with dignity and poise before the cameras. Shunning chic clothes which are so much a part of her working hours, she advocates slacks and pyjamas for freedom and comfort. And because she is an even greater comedian in her private life, away from the lenses, it is her sense of humor, her naturalness and love of healthy, outdoor sports which keeps her young and beautiful.

An exact opposite type is the exotic Mexican Dolores Del Rio. The sleek-haired señoritas of 1929 are gone, and in their place we find the more vivacious woman who looks years younger a decade later.

In this instance, Dolores' youthfulness is a matter of having been transplanted to another country and nurtured by new and freer customs. In her home in Mexico, she led the less restricted life that later her station must lead. Her hair was put up when she reached maturity. Her clothes were sedate, as were her surroundings and her friends. Naturally she is different now than when she arrived in this country.

The world of sports was opened to her out here, one which she could not enter in her own country. With this, not only her outlook and attitude, but even her style change. Sports and physical exercise have replaced the formality of her former apparel. After a time, she found the courage to cut her hair and have it waved, which inevitably was followed. Her eyebrows were penciled in, and her cheeks were rouged. Her marriage to Cedric Gibbons fulfilled her happiness and, in the land where gaiety is not considered a breach of etiquette, she learned to laugh, live and stay young.

The last nine years have wrought little or no change in Mary Astor's appearance, as both these photographs prove, even though she has become a mother in that time. She has strong powers of adjustment and has meted out all her frustrations without flinching. Her tendency to conquer difficulty and her philosophy of life have brought her through trials outwardly unchanged. She is not vain in a way that would prevent her from listening to the sound judgment and helpful suggestions made by friends. She is of the opinion that nothing can change her and, with the exception of a slight change of coiffure, she remains the same Mary Astor.

A giant among film celebrities of recent years was Rolfe., disturbing the long-simmered interest of Ponce de Leon, nor have I any desire to disrupt the accepted wisdom. My object is only to raise a bone of contention to be fought out between the Chambers of Commerce in Florida and California. Where is the Fountain of Youth, St. Augustine or Hollywood?
Projection of Jane Withers

[Continued from page 31]

her extremely varied and unusual talents.

One day she tagged along with a little friend and her mother on a "studio interview" and got what seemed to be the "break"—a bit in Fox Films' "Handle with Care." Mrs. Withers in a frenzy of excitement wrote home to everyone in Atlanta to be sure and see the picture, but when it was released Jane was just another face on the cutting room floor. She had been completely cut out by the same studio which a year or so later would make her a star.

There were more bits in pictures, more benefits, more weeks of vaudeville through Southern California, more personal appearances where she gave her famous impersonations of the stars, but no one seemed to be in the least bit of a hurry to "discover" Jane Withers. No contracts were forthcoming.

Then Jane returned to her first love—radio. She was selected from among five hundred children to star in KFWB's Juvenile Revue, in which she was known as "The Pest" and "The Nuisance," singing and gagging with the master of ceremonies. Her flexible voice brought her several inconspicuous film roles when she was chosen to dub the voices from anywhere from two to six characters in Warner Brothers' "Luney Tunes" and for thirteen of the "Willie Whopper" series for Animated Cartoons. So you movie-goers heard Jane on the screen long before you saw her.

And then came October 1934. And the first real "break," Mrs. Withers, hearing that David Butler was looking for a little girl to play a brat in a Shirley Temple picture, hurried over to the Fox Studio where Casting Director James Ryan was doing the "interview." The most promising youngsters were sent in to see David Butler, and in the batch was Jane. Mrs. Butler glanced hastily at Jane, told Mrs. Withers she liked her little girl and to "stand by" for a studio call. "Stand by," as Mrs. Withers knew, was just another form of the studio run-around.

"What did Mr. Butler say?" Mr. Ryan asked her when she and Jane returned to the casting office.

"He told me to stand by," said Mrs. Withers rather bitterly, "I've been standing by for two and a half years now, Mr. Ryan, and I can't get Jane a chance to show what she can do. How can anybody get started if no one will give them the break?" (How often, oh how often, has that been said in Hollywood!)

Seeing the sorrow and exasperation in her mother's face little Jane thought it was time for her to take over.

"Would you like to see my impersonations?" she asked Mr. Ryan, and before he could stop her she had gone into her "act."

Two minutes later Mr. Ryan was shouting, "Does Mr. Butler know she can do all this?" Grabbing Jane by her arm he rushed her into the inner office and said, "Jane, do your stuff."

When Jane had finished, the surprised David Butler exclaimed, "Is there anything you can't do?" Jane admitted that there wasn't. She got the part.

So Jane Withers pitched Shirley Temple in "Bright Eyes" and immediately became a star. When the fan mail and rave press reviews started coming in Fox Films yanked out a contract at once for Mrs. Withers to sign. Jane next appeared with Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife"—and ever since then has been the star of her own pictures. Among her better pictures have been "Ginger," "Gentle Julia," "Pepper," "The Holy Terror," "Angel's Holiday," "45 Fathers," "Checkers," and "Gypsy."

Irvin S. Cobb once said of Jane, "If Jane Withers is a sample of what a movie career
Now millions praise
the new
SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED
EX-LAX
FOR YEARS, millions of mothers have given their children Ex-Lax to relieve constipation... "It's just the thing for youngsters," they said, "gentle, effective, and yet so easy to take"... And now the word is spreading. Ex-Lax has been Scientifically Improved! America's most popular family laxative is even better than before! Better in 3 important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate flavor. It tastes even better than before!

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is now even more effective! Empties the bowels thoroughly and more smoothly in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!
Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ask for the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax at your druggist's. The lax to the same in always, but the contents are better than ever! 10¢ and 25¢.

Hollywood GLAMOUR in EVERYDAY MAKE-UP!
That 'come hither' complexion, irresistible to men... envied by all girls... heretofore exclusive with screen stars, can be yours with the new MINER'S THEATRICAL MAKE-UP FOR STREET WEAR
A startling new make-up that imparts natural satiny-smoothness to your skin... velvety...luminous...lasts hours. Use it and have a "star's" complexion of your own.

Enclosed find 10¢ for Miner's Theatrical Make-up set you asked for.

Name
Address

Check this desired: TEACH | RACHEL | BRUNETTE

Don Ameche
Simone Simon and
Robert Young.
They are "jo-
settes," but this is a moment of re-
 laxation.
California, with her mother and her teacher, to "really join the circus as a clown." All dressed up in the clothes and sandy wig of Doodles de Mars, the world's only living feminine clown, liberally smeared with red-spotted white paint, Jane was already to go into the ring when the question of a labor permit came up. The answer was "No" and Jane cried until long distance telephone calls granted her permission to go to Santa Barbara the following night and perform.

Without any publicity, Jane appeared in the ring as "Jane, De Toe," with a buggie in which rode the circus quintuplet dogs. At the end, she appeared with the entire circus band, vocally imitating the neighing of a horse in monotonous musical silences and ad libbing action which brought cheers from the audience. What a thrilling night that was. And how breathlessly her pals listened to her colorful account of it. A performer in a real circus. What could be more wonderful? Jane's pals are Jane Arnold, daughter of Edward Arnold; Barbara Bletcher, Donald and Phyllis Henderson, non-professionals, Jackie Searl, and David Mathers, a neighbor and son of a minister.

Jane is simply mad about animals, all animals, and her ten-room home in Westwood (only last year did the unsung Withers give up their inexpensive apartment) is fortunately surrounded by two acres of hillside which she has converted into a menagerie. Let Jane describe her pets:

"My live pets have special places to live. We have a knotty pine chicken house, where my 10 turkeys, and 2 white Leghorn chickens, and two Chinese Silkees (they're hens, too) and 10 pheasants and the baby bantams live. And we have little houses and run-ways where my dogs—'Rex,' a Belgian police; 'Lord Redfield, Jr.,' a champion Irish setter; 'Shadow,' a Scottie, and two cocker Spaniels—'Buddy' and 'Tippy,' play. My four cats—the three Ritz Brothers and 'Snow White,' a pure white Persian—are all over the house and very good friends of the dogs. 'Senorita,' the parrot, who talks and cries if you don't talk to her, lives in her cage in the patio of the living room; 'Ranger' and 'Maud,' the big turtles who live in my cactus garden, eat lettuce out of my hand. I used to have 'Dizzy' and 'Daffy,' baby goats, a guinea pig, and a real live bay fox, until the neighbors objected, so some friends of mine are taking care of them for me. The last time I counted, there were 189 tropical fish in our pond, but they multiply and move so fast it's pretty hard to count them.

"Then there are my horses, 'Red Fox,' a chestnut sorrel, and 'Bingo,' the Buckskin pony I got from Jackie Searl. 'Bingo' is probably the smartest horse in the world. If I ask him if he's met you, he shakes his head 'no' from side to side, and if I ask him if he'd like to meet you, he nods his head up and down to say 'yes.' If I ask him how much 2 and 5 are or how many days in the week, he taps his left fore-paw the right number of times, and when I thank him and tell him his answers were correct, he takes a bow. Then, if I pretend I'm too tired to walk and ask him what to do about it, he nuzzles his head into my back and pushes me over to where his saddle is kept, and I saddle him and away we ride!"

The most recent newcomer to the Withers homestead is a cute little Peke who was given to Jane in Chicago by two admiring fans, Eugene and Edward Johnson. Jane promptly named him "Suzy Q" because he wiggled so much. She took him on the stage one day with her in Chicago and discovered that he was very talented at taking bows, so now she has made him a part of her "act." She pays him a regular salary every time he makes a personal appearance, and
the money she puts in a Christmas fund for him. "Sure Q" immediately took over the prettiest basket in her doll nursery when he arrived in Westwood. "Sure Q" feels that the best is none too good for "Sure Q."

A year ago, Jane started a fund to educate a talented little orphan of her own age. Climaxing her Mother's Day talk from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church of Hollywood, she gave a check for $100 to Dr. Stewart MacGovern, and promised to add to it regularly so that the education and talents of the chosen child will be taken care of adequately until she reaches maturity. The child chosen as recipient of Jane Withers' fund is a twelve-year-old Geraldine Coker, daughter of a widowed waitress with four daughters to support. Geraldine wants to become a concert pianist, so Jane bought her a big new piano, and arranged for her music lessons. Geraldine's music instructor had a recital for his pupils at the Town House in Los Angeles recently and Jane was right there in the front row applauding furiously.

Jane sings in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday. She also has the honor and distinction of bringing more new members to the Church than anyone else. During a recent trip downtown she brought in fifty members one Sunday morning. "But how did you do it, Jane?" her Sunday School teacher asked her. "Oh," she said, "it was easy. All I did was to go to someone's home, ring the bell, and whoever came to the door I said, "Won't you please go to church with me next Sunday?" Very few people it seemed could resist a personal invitation from Jane Withers to go to church with her.

Says Jane about her schoolwork, "Miss Lola Figuiglew, head of my school, has pronounced me to the high seventh grade. She went with Mummy and me on my personal appearance tour. We have been on my school work three hours a day no matter where I am, even though I'm 4 years ahead at lessons. I have history, arithmetic, spelling, English literature, grammar and composition, history, French, Spanish, and drawing."

Jane's astonishing memory naturally keeps her ahead of her age in school studies. Merle Oberon was hardly off the Conte di Stolpi before she was off to dance with Stuart Scheckel, one of the more popular men-about-town, as her escort. She wore a silver lame evening dress and her coar was of ermine with sleeves of mink. The next night she wore a dress that was a mist of grey tulle, and had tiny diamond clips in her ears. The Allan Jones (Irene Hervey) went sliding across the room from her, with Kitty Carlisle.

That morning I had gone to the Waldorf-Astoria where the Jones' had one of the tower suites, thirty-six floors up. There was a heavy fog outside and it was impossible to see the street below. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones were immensely interested in the stories in the papers about their arrival and were reading one of them when I took their picture. While he was East, Allan Jones went down to his native town of Scotran, P., where the Mayor received him and there was a public celebration in his honor. Which must have been quite a kick for a twenty-four year old returning home.

I have always thought, and still think, that Dolores del Rio is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Nine years ago, when I had just gotten out of college, she posed for a water color sketch that is one of my favorite pictures. She and her husband, Cedric Gibbons, came back from Europe recently and were given a round of parties. One night I saw them with the James Forrestals and Winston Guest, the polo player. There is no question but that the top rank Hollywood players have a definite position in New York's cosmopolitan smart set. Bruce Cabot, Paulette Goddard, Randolph Scott, Gladys Swarthout, William Powell are others beside the Gary Cooper's, Irene Dunne and the Fredric Marches whom I've already mentioned, who certainly "belong."

When you get three such wits as Robert Benchley, Donald Ogden Stewart's corner when I finally caught up with them. By "they" I mean Hal, Mary Brian and hostess Dorothy Sothern.

Another star who has been having a whirl is Irene Dunne, with her husband, Dr. Griffith. He, like all good doctors, avoids the camera like the plague, and only once have I caught him. That was the picture which I took of him and his wife at the Trocadero in Hollywood last summer. One of Irene Dunne's best friends is that international socialite Beth Leary who has been called the "Uncrowned Queen" of Biarritz. With them, the night the photo was taken, was Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., the writer, whose mother is still the acknowledged leader of that social set. Neil turned his back on even before he wrote "Farewell to Fifth Avenue."

Flashshots

[Continued from page 25]

Jon Hall came back to town for a week and duplicated his great personal success of some months ago. The high point was undoubtedly the grand cocktail party given for him by his friend, Mrs. Dorothy Sperber. Most of New York's bright young people turned out to meet "Hurricane" Hall and every room in the apartment was crowded with people. Which explains why they were over at a corner when I finally caught up with them. By "they" I mean Hal, Mary Brian and hostess Dorothy Sperber.

Another star who has been having a whirl is Irene Dunne, with her husband, Dr. Griffith. He, like all good doctors, avoids the camera like the plague, and only once have I caught him. That was the picture which I took of him and his wife at the Trocadero in Hollywood last summer. One of Irene Dunne's best friends is that international socialite Beth Leary who has been called the "Uncrowned Queen" of Biarritz. With them, the night the photo was taken, was Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., the writer, whose mother is still the acknowledged leader of that social set. Neil turned his back on even before he wrote "Farewell to Fifth Avenue."

Scene from "Gold Diggers in Paris." Rudy Vallee and Rosemary Lane filled with pop de vie.
Not much of an artist
but

His ancient picture-writings tell us today how he lived, what he ate. Scientists say his tough, primitive foods kept his teeth strong and healthy. Our soft modern foods give teeth too little real exercise.

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP
TEETH HEALTHY

Try Dentyne—notice how its specially firm consistency starts you chewing more vigorously—exercises mouth and teeth and makes your mouth feel cleansed and refreshed! Helps keep your teeth stronger, whiter!

IT'S SPICY FLAVOR IS RIGHTLY POPULAR!

One taste—and you know why thousands cheer for Dentyne's delicious flavor! Slip a package into your pocket or purse—it's flat, convenient shape is an attractive feature exclusive with Dentyne.

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

SILVER SCREEN 67
Here's an innovation to change your whole outlook on that matter of "tweezing." An eyebrow tweez with scissors handles! Ingeniously curved to let you see what you're doing! Tweezers, made by Kurlash, costs only 25 cents... So why use the old-fashioned kind?

Learn what shades of eye makeup are becoming to you—how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. 66; receive—free—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

**THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.**

*Rochester, New York.
Canada: Toronto, 3*

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made two false starts on the screen before the studio discovered, after testing twenty actors, that Olav was the real Charlie Chan, and he created the Oriental impression wholly without make-up. It's all in his expression; he droops his mouth, pushes his eyes together, and presto! This Scandinavian actor looks so Chinese that half of his fans believe he comes from China.

Keye Luke, the young Chinese born American, became Charlie's first son in the seventh picture and has continued in this part, the two playing together in charming harmony that makes the relationship wholly believable.

The "Mr. Moto" series, featuring clever Peter Lorre, while very successful has struck a snag because of the hero's being a Japanese, and at present the fate of these pictures is a bit uncertain.

Paramount has the "Hopalong Cassity"-glamorous Westerns with good-looking Bill Boyd ridin' and shootin' and lovin' his way through a series of stirring adventures, set amid some of California's most gorgeous scenery. This studio also sponsors the "Bull-dog Drummond" detective yarns of Scotland Yard, and these have done much toward re-establishing John Barrymore to his rightful place on the screen.

Universal's faith in serials has never waned and each year four of these thrillers are produced. This year's newest, "Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars," starring Buster Crabbe, rates such high approval for both adult and juvenile audiences, that it is being booked in the big houses and theatres throughout the country. With this feather in its cap, Universal is giving its historical chap-stories, "Hunting Frontiers," with Jack Mack Brown, an elaborate and careful production to continue this miracle booking, if possible.

Columbia puts out four serials each year and recently completed a most ambitious production of "The Secret of Treasure Island." This is a fantastic story pointed especially to juvenile audiences, with buried treasure, secret islands, half torn maps, ghosts, and other elements that hit the tops in suspense. Such grand actors as Hobart Bosworth, Grant Withers, Colin Campbell and William Farnum are in the cast.

It takes six weeks to make a serial, on an eight hour day and the ideal is to build up three smashing thrillers to each episode. The director concentrates on the first three chapters for he must be able to create enough interest in these to insure a steady audience for the remaining twenty, or it is a flop.

Columbia's recent "Mysterious Pilot" introduced a novel idea with a set of trailers that accompanied each episode. These carried a complete fifteen-lesson course on the fundamentals of flying and, naturally, this made a hit with men and boys everywhere.

Republic goes in for the picture series with its popular "The Three Mesquiteers," which recently completed its third year with eight pictures each week. Bob Steele, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune have appeared in every film as the trio-powered dynamic heroes who bring fear into the hearts of the baddies. They scatter their efforts with each picture, sometimes battling train robbers, sometimes cavalry, again it will be cattle thieves and other menaces, but they always bring order out of the chaos.

Today, producers, seeing the wide-spread popularity of serials for serials and picture series, are selecting stories of higher quality, and giving them better casts and productions—there's a suspicion growing that audiences enjoy beautiful scenic Westerns, action filled thrillers, and human interest dramas, then applaud the elaborate spectacles. Anyway, the public must be pleased.

THANK YOU—

**THE HUBINGER CO., No. 561, Keokuk, Ia.**

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."
of would-be hostesses who are guilty of such bad manners.

Another horror for the hostess—if you can bear it—is the servant problem, which is different in Hollywood (and worse!) than anywhere else. One star told me, "Cooks collect stars just as other fans collect autographs," and as soon as the whipped-up top of your French pastry grows tired of your pictures, he'll go to work for Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo.

Hollywood still talks of the Warren Williams' dinner for fifty, when the guests were kept waiting one hour for dessert after the main course had been served, seated at small tables around the swimming pool, they watched with amazement when finally the butler came in lugging huge cans containing ice cream packed in salt. His face was red and his eyes despairing, and he explained desperately that the cook had gone berserk in the kitchen, brandished a large carving knife, and refused to let him serve the remainder of the dinner in style!

(For some reason, cooks often go nuts in Hollywood, as Fay Wray could tell you. Maybe it's because the stars honestly can't tell beforehand whether they'll finish work at seven—or at one in the morning!)

Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida, Hollywood's Number One party-givers, go on the theory that "Good food and wine are essentials of a successful party, plus beautifully gowned women and witty men.

Basil told me, "It's much easier to give a large party when you have a "theme" to work around," and he proved this brilliantly with his "Bride and Groom" party, to which everyone came dressed as some famous wedded couple of history.

Following this example were the Jack Oakies, with their "Going With the Wind" party, with everyone in character and Scarlett O'Hara's dominating; the Pat O'Brien's "Gay Nineties" party, and Marion Davies' "Circus Party," all providing guests' paradise.

These famous hosts evidently believe that if your party is large enough, each set will find its own corner and feuds will be kept apart. Marion Davies also arranges a constant parade of talented entertainers to keep the guests amused, and if a feud starts, it is smoothed in the general hilarity.

Costume parties are usually successful, perhaps because they give each starlet a chance to look her most ravishing. Once an actor, always an actor—and the stars to town creating clever characterizations for their one-night performances. Dolores Del Rio is always a dramatic picture at costume parties. Marlene Dietrich looks her best in picture hats and ringslets, Jeanette MacDonald's lovely figure lends itself to laces and furbels.

Confusing to the new hostess in Hollywood is the fact that box office topnotchers do not always shine in the drawing room. Shirley Temple has hardly reached the hostess age. Clark Gable prefers a gun to dancing pumps. Tyrone Power, Wayne Morris, Sonja Henie and other starry newcomers have not joined the social whirl. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are not alone in preferring to hot-dog it rather than putting on the dog. Betty Davis, Kay Francis and others prefer small groups of old friends. Joel McCrea and Frances Dee admit that society bores them. Fred Astaire is almost a hobo, so far as parties go.

Surprisingly, however, the stars are easily entertained—once you have arranged a tactful guest list, rehearsed the servants, and arranged for an orchestra. And this year, Hollywood, like all the rest of the world, chose its favorite entertainer of the moment as its Number One Guest. Yes, we mean that fascinating little dummy—Charlie McCarthy. Be sure he will come, and your party is bound to be a huge success!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**NO DATES IN MARY'S BOOK NO SONG IN MARY'S HEART**

**IT TAKES MORE THAN A BATH—IT TAKES MUM**
REST YOUR EYES
Clear eyes mean lovely eyes

Don't let your eyes get tired from over-exposure to the sun, wind or glaring light. You can never look your best when your eyes are red or squinting.

Take this simple precaution: wear SOLAREX dark lens goggles whenever you face the wind or harsh light. Their darker lenses are scientifically treated to shut out 95% of the sun's harmful infra-red rays, without distorting natural colors. They're soothing to your eyes; flattering with any costume — the smart beauty habit that so many Hollywood stars have adopted. Ask for them by name: SOLAREX — the country's beauty goggles.

In Quest of Atmosphere

(Continued from page 33)

“It's peculiar that I should come back from Europe to act out a role that must have dozens of parallels in Spain itself.” Miss Carroll looked thoughtful and dreamy.

“What a shock it must be to live in a world so peaceful and full of charm like this — which is supposed to be Spain — and then suddenly awake one morning to find airplanes raining bombs and destruction upon you, your friends being killed and maimed for life and a world of love turned into a world of fear — not knowing the reason for it or what purpose can be accomplished by all the bitterness and bloodshed.” And the star closed her eyes and shook her head. “And we call ourselves civilized!” she added.

“In this picture I play a girl who is accused of being a spy because her father, unknown to her, has become the ally of a professional war-making propagandist. In playing the part I naturally give it all of the emotional feeling I can put in Europe there must be many girls playing my character in real life and I shudder to think of their experiences. I love the character because for once I am not expected to be decorative and a clothes-model, I really have a part that demands a good deal of expression and human understanding and each new scene is a challenge. Besides, Mr. Diericke is a splendid director, so pain-taking and so considerate of his people, and Henry and Leo are a lot of fun.”

Before I could ask Miss Carroll for a few of her beauty secrets she was called to the set for more dramatics in the mud and mire of the valley of war. Her maid, however, told me that the beautiful blonde star (and she isn't as blonde as she used to be because she has let her tresses go back to their naturally honey color) trains for a picture much like an athlete. Up at six, a light breakfast after a shower, a two-mile hike along the beach (She lives by the seashore the year round) a fast ride to the studios, a luncheon of cottage cheese with chives and one sliced tomato, a modest dinner in the studio dressing room after work, a massage after her shower and then a quick drive home so that she can be asleep before nine-thirty — that's her routine while working.

“I seldom go for a dip in the ocean,” Miss Carroll told me later in the day, “but when I was raised along the seashore as a child in England and I love the smell of the cold, clear sea air at Malibu. Sometimes the breakers come pounding in like the roar of canons, but after you get used to it you sleep like a log and when you get up in the morning and go outside for a brisk walk the sea air lifts you up and you start off the new day invigorated and thoroughly alive.”

We found Miss Carroll and Mr. Fonda and Mr. Carillo regular folks those days on location. Carrillo didn't know whether he wanted to give up his acting career to heed the cry for him to be a candidate for governor of California or not. “I'll have to give up a quarter of a million dollars to do it,” he explained. “I love my state and all the people in it and I really feel that I might be able to contribute something, but four years from now perhaps things will be different and then if I have any political ambitions I'll run. Right now I think I had better stick to my acting. I can still be a good citizen and help my state in many ways. But, I've had to engage two secretaries to answer the mail I get from folks who want a native son for governor and I've had to cut down on my sleeping to take care of my dictation.” Carrillo fulfilled 17 speaking dates at colleges, banquets and town meetings during the filming of "The Rising Tide.

Say, just a minute,” Fonda called out to me as I prepared to leave the location for home. “Don't you realize you haven't asked to see a picture of my baby all day?”

When I realized I apologized profoundly and Henry snapped open his watch charm and showed me a tiny print of an ever-so-sweet cherub with her mouth wide open in a determined yawn. “I made it when she was six days old,” reminds me of a little bird opening its bill for a piece of trust,” he said with his profoundest grin, and I nodded. Fonda's baby, Jayne Seymour, has given him a double interest in his pet hobby—miniature photography. "I've made over 500 shots of her since she was born," the actor said. "Well, how about giving me one for my paper to print?"

I asked.

"Uh-uh!" replied Henry, wagging his head. "Jayne isn't a publicity baby, you know. My acting business is one thing and my baby—well, she's just our baby, that's all.”

And as we walked toward the car and left Henry looking at the baby picture again we liked him all the more because he meant what he said—acting is one thing and a real, happy homelife is something else.

You really know people when you get down on the ground with 'em and once told me, and it proved true on this location for "The Adventurers."
Stage Door Johnny (Continued from page 21)

at the stage door to greet her when she left. He is a very much surprised cowboy when he turned up in full regalia—boots, spurs, red silk shirt—a horsethief's box in one hand and his ten gallon hat in the other, and doing his dankest to control his furious blushes, only to discover the crowd that was also waiting to see his girl friend.

Nino Martini, the dashy Italian tenor, has a Stage Door Jill he has never seen. Instead of coming herself, she sends a Western Union boy. After everyone of his broadcasts she sends him a note of appreciation and a red rose, both delivered by messenger. After they had been coming for some weeks, Nino asked the boy if he knew the identity of the sender, who never signed her name to the notes. "Mister," replied the boy, "I'm paid to say nothing," and nothing was all Nino found out.

Fannie Brice, who worked on the musical stage when a Stage Door Johnny carried flowers instead of autograph books and invited an actress out to a champagne supper instead of asking her to take him to doughnuts and coffee, once had an experience with a radio S.D.J. that distinctly showed he was no gentleman.

It happened when she was broadcasting from New York to appearing in a musical show at the same time. A chap accosted her as she was leaving the broadcasting stage door to hurry to the theatre stage door. He presented her with a crayon drawing of herself which he said he had made, and in return asked her for her autograph. Pleased and flattered, she graciously signed his name on her proffered pad.

The payoff came the following payday. Fannie found she was minus $6.06 on her paycheck. Inquiry brought to light the fact that the day before a young man had presented a signed note from her for tickets. The young man was undoubtedly the artist who, knowing something about the theatre business, had written "O.K. 2" above Miss Brice's signature, and presented it at the box-office for two $5.00 seats, the best in the house. As Fannie had already used up her quota of weekly passes, she was charged for the seats. Much saddened and wiser, she has since adopted a backhand writing for signing autographs that differs very much from her signature on important papers.

Most of the Stage Door Johnny and Jills are really autograph collectors who come to carry away something rather than bring something to the objects of their affection, and there are many amusing moments. For Eddie Cantor to leave the studio until at least an hour after a broadcast is a physical impossibility. He has to shake hands with two or three hundred people, pose for candid camera fans and sign his name to everything conceivable.

Gracie Allen is besieged by folks who thrust into her hands suggestions for dumb and wise cracks, and by those who insist that she accompany her signature in their albums with a silly autograph. At one time she noticed that a not-too-cleaver little boy had turned up three weeks in succession, clutching a small cactus plant in his hand. Each time he would sit feebly on the fire escape near the stage door and look sadly at the crowd around Gracie. Curiously got the better of her after the third week, and she accosted him. But before she could say a word he said: "Here, this is for you. I heard you say you wanted George to sit on a cactus and this is the sharper I could find," and before she could thank him, he ran away.

After a recent broadcast, Dick Powell accompanied by wife, Joan Blondell, ran out through a secret door. Two girls saw them sprint for their car and followed, Dick

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Silver Screen 71
No Retakes in Love

[Continued from page 53]

smeared but content, he left her with a stocky, sleep-eyed boy known simply as The Mex, and went on to help his other ranch hand, old Shorty Brackett, repair a broken-down pump.

He expected Dina to arrive in almost any way except the way she came—in a battered rooster, with Gracie and Gracie's bag of knitting things. what long those same undescript garments she had worn yesterday, and her hair was tied under a piratical-looking bandana.

"This is home or range," she said, while she and Pete walked out to the corals.

He nodded. "But the deer and the antelope won't play in front of picture actresses. In a dry year, though, we raise quite a crop of discouraging words."

He was astonished and a little confused to find how effortlessly she fitted here. She tried the sturdy work ponies that the Mex saddled for her; and Pete saw that she rode beautifully, with an easy confidence, as if she and the ponies were going together to places they both loved. She watched quietly while he put Queen Sabe through her paces, easing the skittish mare around the corral.

"I like this," she told Pete afterward. "I want Russ to see it."

She felt his features settling to the stillness behind which he always guarded things lying unspoken in his mind. "I haven't had my place long enough to breed the class of saddle stock he'd be interested in."

She grinned at him. "And what class is that?"

"Well—hunters and jumpers. Show horses."

"Did I say anything about hunters? Or jumpers either?"

"No, but—"

Her voice carried a teasing echo of his own slow gravity. "Pardner, it's this way. Back in Pennsylvania there's a big place—anyhow, I hear tell it's big for Pennsylvania. It's got stables where they ought to board a western pony or two. That ribbon could cut in—"

He shook his head. "Not that one."

"She's not for sale?"

"She's not ready. Maybe she'll never be ready."

"I want Russ to see her, anyhow," said Dina. She put up one foot on a fence rail. In the shadow from the paint-faded barn, her eyes held a half-askance look to him to see this place, Pete. He's in San Francisco today, on business. But tomorrow—"

He held his face and voice to the blankness that the moment demanded. "Always glad to see a friend of yours, Dina."

"I suppose Gracie told you about him?"

"She did me seven million dollars."

For the first time now he saw the face of Dina Gage exactly as it had been ten years ago, before she was Sandra Jostyn. Soon heat was mixed up with the memory, smoking upward in thick waves out of the rocks and river sand that always backgrounded the most active scenes in a Manhattan Steak diner. He sidled her out about something; and she had looked at Pete as she was looking now, with that critical mouth held level, and this hurt in her eyes.

"Didn't she tell you anything else, Pete?"

Dina was asking him now, in the muted, bored voice that Resolve Pictures had given her.

"She said he wants everything to be perfect for you. When I heard that, it made him all right with me—even before I saw what he looks like."

---

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Her next words were unexpected. "I suppose you think Mother's got a lot to do with this."

"No."

He spoke the truth. It was astonishing how little he had connected Russ Hendrickson's plan with the plans of a movie mother resting in Palm Springs.

"She's entirely against this," Dina told him. "She says that I'm sacrificing a career."

"Well," Pete tried to be reasonable, "maybe you are. She helped build it, and maybe she hates to see it go—even for as good a man as Hendrickson."

She seemed to hold his answer suspended for a moment in her mind, as if to compare it with the look of Pete Thatcher himself. Then a small, sighing breath came from between her lips. She said, "This isn't the way it would be for other girls—for the ones who are just breaking into pictures at my age. I'm tired, Pete—honestly. I've known what it is to buy fencing lessons and French lessons and flat-saddle riding lessons, when what Mother and I really needed was something to eat. I've made screen tests when I was half dead—because I'd been doing dance routines with a ballet master who happened to have the time free, and gave it to me. I've said other people's words over and over, until I put the meaning into them that somebody else wanted. I know all the hokey in a publicity build-up. This whole business isn't any novelty to me. I'm a veteran. I've smiled and cried and memorized lines for a camera since I was five years old. And now I want my own face and hands again, to do with as I please. Don't you understand that?

He had to take again this sudden acceptance of him, this brushing aside of the years that had turned her into Sandra Jolyn. She was looking at him now as she had looked last night—reclaiming him for the peace she found in her quietness and in the loose-coupled lounging economy of his speech and gestures. He put a hand over the taut fingers she had clamped on the fence rail. "Sure I understand," he said, "A long time ago, I made up my mind that you belonged in sort of a hacienda style. And now you've found it."

Something about those words brought her head around, so that her gray eyes met his in a moment's wonder. She said, almost inaudibly, "Thanks, Pete."

Hours later, long after his morose and solitary supper, he stood leaning against the mantel, staring out at the moon-cut rigazg of the Sandovals. The coyotes yapped and snickered as if they knew all about those meagre, pencilled calculations under the lid of his desk.

Out of such figures recording a stubborn fight to hold these acres, the silent house behind him had been built. Its rooms were scarred by just such living as his own. People had worked here, and had died with their roots in this earth. But nothing was here to touch the future of a girl with her name in lights, and her gray eyes quieting as she spoke of Russ Hendrickson's place in the Pennsylvania deep country.

Pete Thatcher went about ranch matters the next morning in a mood steeled against resentments and surprises. Going back to the house in the early afternoon, he saw that visitors had arrived. A long, black-and-chromium roadster was standing superbly under the live-oaks shadowing the drive-way.

Inside, on the living room table, rolls of architectural plans were spread, Russ Hendrickson's sunburnt grin hailed Pete from over Dina's shoulder.

"I've been hearing about you, Thatcher," he said, reaching across the table to shake hands. "If your stock is as good as Sandra says it is, we'll do business. Though as a rule I don't buy western ponies."

Pete went into the dining room to bring

---

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OUR cigarettes and drinks for his guests, and to yell at old Charley Ye for the best blue Mexican glasses. From there he could see Gracie Esmond, already rocking and knitting beside the front window. He could see Hendrickson’s broad-shouldered length stooping forward a little, listening to Dinz. Today she was wearing a tweed riding coat and jodhpurs and slim, brown boots. “He taught me to ride,” she was saying to Hendrickson. “In the Los Angeles River.” “It’s not really a river,” Pete explained, “except sometimes.”

Mostly,” said Dina, “it’s just a sand pile and a cock-pile combined. Once when we were making a picture there, and the horse stumbled and threw me, Pete picked me up. He said you couldn’t begin to be a rider until you’d fallen off seven times.”

Russ Hendrickson’s face expressed a genuine concern. He said, “Thanks, old man. She’s had some bad days, hasn’t she?”

Pete nodded. He was pouring a drink for Gracie Esmond, and the stuff slopped against his knuckles because he was remembering the thing that hadn’t come clear yesterday. Dust and heat, and no time out for lunch, because they had to grab the light while it was good. His own horse parring a riderless pony almost off its feet, to keep the pony from stumbling again over the kid it had just thrown. And Mannie Stein yelling blue murder because there would have to be a retake.

“Yes,” said Pete, “she’s had some bad days, and now they’re over.”

He took out his visitors presently, and showed them whatever they wanted to see around the place. Old Stumpy, and The Mex, ploughing up pasture for a bean crop, were mute with amazement. Automatically, Pete considered the questions put to him by Hendrickson. And while he made his answers, he guessed what picture of him was forming in Hendrickson’s mind.

An up-country rancher, trying to make out on a quarter section below the brushy foothills guarding the Sandows. A man who raised a little truck and a little live-stock. A horse trader who sold an occasional grade bred pony to low-girl polo players farther down toward the coast. . . . He didn’t make a business of show horses, or own any stock, like those sleek, schooled hunters and jumpers of Hendrickson’s. He didn’t own a thing of interest to Hendrickson, who wanted perfection and could pay for it.

For Sandra Joslyn, who had been Dina Gage, Hendrickson intended that everything should be perfect. Pete Thatcher remembered even if Gracie Esmond hadn’t winked at him, raising her hand in a silent and tronic salute. He didn’t know what brought him back to the living room with Dina. Something about a look at those architectural drawings, while Hendrickson explained modern methods of stabling thoroughbreds to Gracie.

“Peter,” said Dina, “you’ve got to make him see that it’s a place like this I want. Not big stables and an enormous house. With those things, I’d be just what I am now—just Sandra Joslyn in another picture, with a new dialogue to learn, and no chance of retakes if I blew up on any lines. You’ve got to help me make Russ see—”

He said, “Hold everything, Dina.”

He went over to the living room and raked back its lid. He found what he was looking for, and brought it over to the window because the afternoon light was beginning to thicken and chicken among the live-oaks outside.

“Read that,” he said. “Those last figures are what a place like this makes in a good month. You know where you’re going to be, and you know what this Hendrickson is going to inherit. Quit talking like an
actress, Dina. You'll step into this—this hacienda thing that Hendrickson's fixin' over for you. You'll take it and like it!

She held the sheet of paper, but she didn't look at its figured columns.

"I'm glad you told me, Pete."

He wondered at the raw state of his nerves, that they could be so jangled by the sound of a girl's quiet voice. He took the paper out of her unresisting hand, and poked it back on the desk.

"If you hadn't told me this," she was saying, "I think that all my life something would have worried me just a little."

"Why?"

He regretted the question instantly. But since it was spoken he had to wait for the answer.

"I'd never have found out just what this land means to you. If you hadn't told me the way you did now, I'd have imagined things. I'd have imagined that it could add up to so much more. You know, I don't think you've ever really learned how to count, Pete Thatcher."

He knew that no moment of his life would ever top the finality of this one, when he stood in an emptied room, watching her cross the veranda into the thickening flood of this day's sundown. He pulled the desk lid over the account books and the balance sheet that she had brushed back without noticing. His mouth set in a way grin, when he remembered the absorption with which she had listened to Russ Hendrickson explain his architect's drawings.

Hendrickson came in with Gracie, and Pete went through the dining room to tell Charley Yee about coffee. When he came back, Gracie was in the rocker again; and Hendrickson, a glint of amusement in his eyes, was watching old Shorty Brackett herd cows up the drive for the evening's milking. Pete Thatcher brought out fresh glasses, and handed Hendrickson a drink.

"You understand, I'm sure," Hendrickson was saying. "This just happens to be a card where ordinary saddle stock won't do. It has to be something rather special. It's for Sandra."

"Sure," Pete said heavily, "I understand everything."

They were not listening to him. They weren't even looking at him. They stared at something that must have materialized suddenly behind him, in the doorway of the dining room.

The jaunty, sulphur-colored face of Charley Yee was darted out as words he was trying to say. Pete Thatcher caught only single syllables. Horse . . . girl . . . ride—these repetitions helped up in the confusion of Charley's shrill outcry. Then Pete heard something that jerked the breath out of his throat.

*Quiet Myles!*

It seemed to him that all his movements were geared down to the languid, slow-motion clumsiness of nightmares. He bolted through the kitchen, Russ Hendrickson behind him. Old Shorty was stumbling out across the stable yard with a half haltered pinto pony. He swung round as if he had heard something, started Pete run toward him.

"She told The Mex it was your orders," he was yelling, "I'd ought to have known—"

Pete Thatcher grabbed a handful of the pinto's mane, and vaulted to her bare back.

"Kick the gate open. And if that girl gets hurt, tell The Mex to watch out for himself!"

But Shorty had already run ahead, and was clapping at the gate bars.

Beyond, the corral was pooled in long, flat shadows. But above its enriching haricade a dusky cloud plumed. As Pete galloped toward it, he had an instant's glimpse of a swaying figure carried down the field as if by the roll of an unseen breaker. Above the line made by the top rails of the
coral, the body of Dina Gage was lifted waist-high against the hairy sunset, against the jagged crimson of the sandstorms. She could hear Shorty Brackett bawling like a fool, shouting to the girl, "Keep a-rolling if you get thrown! try to keep a-rolling!"

Pete booted his mare in the ribs, leaning forward, trying to push her in one shattering second across the coral, right into the pounding dust storm where a half-broke pony had gone wild enough to ham- mer its rider to pieces, if it had the chance. He was closer now, so close that he was tilting sidewise toward her. But before he could get within arm's reach, something else happened. Quien Sabe lunged forward with a sudden crazy twist, pulling together in an arch, throat against her breast. And when she galloped out of the dust, she was riderless—a slashing, feather-flying pony with hoofs drumming across the coral.

By some miracle of horsemanship, Pete managed to swing his pinto away from the girl's spinning, limp body. He swung to the ground in a stumbling rush.

She was trying to crawl to her knees by the time he reached her. One side of her face was smashed and haggard, trickle from her nostrils and the corner of her mouth. She said in a dead voice, "Get Pete. I want him now."

Then she lurched across Pete Thatcher's arms. With a movement so swift and direct that something savage was in its gentleness, he gathered her up.

The illusion of interminable distance persisted, as if he walked in a slowly mov- ing treadmill rolling away from the open gate. He came through it at last, haldly noticing Hendrickson's stricken stare or the yammering hysterics of Charley Yee. Pete heard his own voice snapping orders to Shorty Brackett and to Gracie, "Get on the phone and call Doc Fielding at Bolsa Verde. If anybody's on the phone, tell them for God's sake to get off till this call's put through!" And then he walked miles again, carrying Dina Gage.

Across the stable yard. Through the kitchen. Into his bedroom. It was getting dark in there. He turned on the light, and blotted the shade clumsily.

Gracie Ensmond came in and spoke to him with a queer, fierce concentration. "We caught that doctor. He's on his way. Russ is going to meet him, and they'll be back in fifteen minutes—with a speed cop if necessary. You keep out of here, Pete. Tell that China boy to stand by with fresh towels and hot water. And if I hear a word about your shooting that horse, I'll sue you."

He went out. Shadows moved across his bedroom window, making his heart kick the way it did when he saw Quien Sabe pitch and sunfish, a while ago in the cor- ral. He walked on to the little bunk house, to hear how this thing had come about. Old Shorty knew just how it all happened. This girl had told The Mex that she'd been riding in western pictures, from the time she was a little girl.

Pete Thatcher went back after a while, through the darkening stable yard. The last warm light was seeping off the Sandovals, and his boundary fences lay in shadow. Those acres of pasture and ploughed land were nothing now except a black thong, stretched along a hand's breadth of mountain skyline. It didn't look like much. Not enough for a man's years to go into—but enough to cripple a girl.

When he came around in front, Doc Fielding's sedan was parked by the veranda steps. Nobody was in the living room ex- cept Gracie Ensmond.

"Well," she said, "you've done it, finally. First you rare and buck and won't stand to be tied. And then you practically tear down the stable to get yourself under saddle."

"You never mind me," he said. "What about Dina?"

She took a maddeningly deliberate mo- ment to answer. "Well, what about her? Can't a girl bend a couple of ribs in peace?"

Pete blinked at her, tongue-tied. She was straightening the cover of the living room table, and he saw now that the roll of architect's plans were gone. He said, "Is Hendrickson in there?"

She walked over to the rocker, and picked up her glasses and her knitting. In the lamplight, Pete could see the thin line scanning one side of her face.

"Hendrickson wouldn't like scars," said Gracie.

Pete spoke slowly, testily, "You mean he's run out—because he thinks she's smashed—?"

"You wouldn't run out," said Gracie. "But you've got her so mad that she's in there crying for Russ to take her away. You certainly can scramble an egg, can't you, son?"

He spoke half to himself. "Somebody's got to go in there and tell her—"

Gracie was letting herself down com-

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think Seton and Laura are dull, wait'll you meet some of the others." He takes a drink.
"In fact, the more you find out about our family, the more impressive it becomes. Father (Henry Kolker) wanted a big family, you know—so Mother had Linda straight off, to oblige him. But Linda was a girl—so she promptly had Julia (Doris). But Julia was a girl, it looked hopeless."
But Lew goes on, "The next year Mother had me—and there was much joy in the land. It was 1936 and the fair name of Scipio would flourish. It must have been a great consolation to Father. He must have been very grateful to Mother. Drink to Mother, Johnny. She tried to be a Seton for awhile, then gave up and died."
You can imagine that all this does nothing to put Cary at his ease. But as Mr. Cukor calls "Cut" everything is very free and easy. Lew puts down his drink, which tastes like tasteless tea (I know because I wasn't overlooking anything and tried it) and he and Cary give me the glad hand.
Even though it's fun on this set I can't spend the day here and, as there's nothing else to view on this lot, I trek on to—

United Artists

Mr. Walter Wanger has a picture shooting on this lot called "The Adventuress," starring Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda. The story briefly: Arriving in Spain after a year of travel, Madeleine finds her father (Vladimir Sokoloff) and his associates have been fomenting hatred and civil war as agents for munitions makers. In a scuffle, Henry kills her father, not knowing what he is. When Madeleine finds out she is at once incontinent and revengeful. She becomes a spy and delivers a message that will blow up the ship bringing food and munitions to the rescue of Henry's town. Then she becomes remorseful and seeks Henry.
"I've come to ask you for help," she confesses, "I need it badly."
"Do you expect me to believe that?" he jeers.
"You must believe it," she replies desperately, "This is no game. People are praying for that ship and I'm sending it to the bottom. I'm a spy, I'll be killed for this and I deserve it. Would I tell you that if it wasn't true?"
"You have changed?" he demands logically.
"Because I've seen—seen the eyes of the women—I've seen the children dying, it's not the war, I've seen the truth. I can't go on," fighting to control her emotion, "I brought a message to someone."
"Have you delivered it?" he asks sharply. She nods, "It's being transmitted to the submarine base to destroy the ship that's coming. I can save it. I know the way to save it. If you'll give me a chance, I know how to get it out."
"To let you get away?" he surmises.
"Do you think I'm lying?" she blazes, "Can't you see?"
"I can't consider your feelings—my own," he replies coldly.
"That ship's out there in the dark," she begins dramatically, "moving closer all the time. And the man's sitting waiting. Let me try! I swear to you, I—"

Henry, struggling with himself, uncertain what to do, finally blurs, "You're free to go."
Of course, the ship is saved, the town is saved, Madeleine is saved and a grateful commandant offers Henry leave of absence so they can be married but they generously spurn it. Duty first and necking afterwards.

Silver Screen
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Inspired by this noble example, I, too, am imbued with a do-or-die spirit and resolve to finish this day's set-trotting or perish in the attempt. I dash for—

20th Century-Fox
MORE pictures shooting here than you can shake a stick at. I finally catch up with "Kids Are Alright." Warner Bros. Baxter isn't working today, Freddie Bartholomew is. The scene is a schoolroom with Halliwell Hobbes presiding as the schoolmaster. He calls Freddie up to the dais on which his desk stands.

"They're only eggheads, sir," Freddie protests, holding out some bedraggled looking objects in his hands.

"Empty your pockets," Halliwell orders sternly and Freddie reluctantly begins to do so. "Hurly!" Hobbes shouts. While Freddie is compiling Hobbes addresses the balance of the class. "Now, before I dismiss you, I want to tell you there is more trouble brewing among us."

I haven't read Robert Louis Stevenson's novel from which this picture is being made so I can't tell how closely the script follows the book. But, would you believe me if I tell you that in the picture precocious Freddie practically stars the war between England and Scotland when the latter was annexed to the British empire?

I also catch up with "Little Miss Broadway" starring Shirley Temple. It is the last day of shooting and Shirley and George Murphy are filming the "Little Miss Broadway" number. It's a catchy song and at the end George does a grand dance-first solo and then with Shirley. It amazes me how that kid keeps step with everyone she dances with and, if you're a Shirley Temple fan, you'll be glad to know that she has never looked prettier than she does in this little spangled dress she wears with a tiara of brilliants in her hair.

Next we come to "The Mysterious Mr. Moto," Karen Soros, Lester Matthews, Mary McGuire, Herbert Wilcoxon and Peter Lorre gape upon the wreckage.

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"Tremendous," says Bellamy, "you boys can always write plays.

"Why not?" Cagney flaps laconically, looking into Bellamy's cigar box and finding it empty. "We never have.

"I have an idea for a play I want to discuss with you sometime," Ralph raves on. "You'll be wild about it. Just one set—simple to produce."

"Terrific!" Cagney chants in a bored tone. "Practically anyone can play it!" Bellamy continues. "Bette Davis will be marvelous as the lady. (Take a box. Bette. Anyone can play it so you'd be marvelous.)"

"Tremendous," Pat encourages him in a bored tone.


"Suspenders!" Pat agrees,
GLORIFY YOUR EYES
WITH AZIZA
PURE EGYPTIAN MASCARA

Express your heart's desires—more eloquently than your lips dare—with eyes as large and mysterious by AZIZA—famous, hand-made, pure Egyptian Mascara. 5 glamorous colors. Will not smudge or run. Waterproof, Non-irritating. Curves, darkens, beautifies lashes. Romantically colors, depth, and expression of eyes. Imported. $1.50 at leading shops.

SPECIAL 50¢ TRIAL SIZE
For a limited time only

To introduce AZIZA we now offer a special trial size, with eyelash brush, 50¢. Specify shade: Black, Blue-Black, Chalma (Cheyenne), or Brown—and send 50¢ in stamps or coin. AZIZA—11 E. 38 St. N. Y. C.

REMOVEx HAIR without razor, liquid paste or powder 25c
Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Colorless, pin-point better than a razor. Baby Touch gels the skin that soft, white appearance of youth and beauty. Satisfaction guaranteed and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five of the Baby Touch Film. Baby Touch Mittens (two sides) 35c each, 5 for $1.00, 25 for $5.00.

BABY TOUCH HAIR REMOVER CO.
2238 Olive Street
St. Louis, Mo.

HOLLYWOOD is no place for neighborliness. Olympe Brada, who's making her starring debut in "Stolen Heaven," tells that she knew Simone Simon when they were in pictures in France, yet they've never encountered each other here.

And it was just the other day that Olympe (pronounced O-lamp) ran across Edgar Bergen and his Charlie McCarthy.

"Remember when we played on the same bill in Sweden, seven years ago?" Olympe asked.

"I certainly do," Bergen agreed.

"Well, I don't!" Charlie interrupted. "Never saw the girl before in my life!"

"You certainly did!" Olympe responded somewhat hotly. "Only you spoke Swedish then, and I think your name was Swenon."

"That," replied Charlie, "was my cousin—a distant one."

"Not so distant," Bergen chided. "He's a lone right now, on a shelf—where you'll be, too, if you aren't more polite."

"But bad," Jimmie amends.

"Listen here, Mr. Friday," B. Furman cuts in angrily. "I ain't in the theatre. What about my picture?"

"Boys, we need a big picture." Mr. Friday Bellamy confides to O-Brien and Cagney, sliding gracefully from the theatre to the hum-drum world of the movies. "Not just a good story. I want to do something full—with sweep, with scope—gripping—but with plenty of comedy—and a little hokey. Something we'll be proud of. Not just another picture but the picture of the year. A sort of 'Charge of the Light Brigade'—but as Kipling would have done it."

His dictograph buzzes and he answers it.

"The mauser and the maunchet are here."

"Send them into the back room," Bellamy orders and rises to end the story conference.

"You don't think we're as good as Kipling?" Pat mocks but the sarcasm is lost on Ralph.

"Not that I think Kipling is a great writer, mind you," Bellamy informs them as a parting shot so they won't get swell-headed. "A story, Pat. Friday, for greatness, give me Proust every time."

Cagney and O'Brien exchange glances. "Proof?" they jee at Friday's departing back.

"The weather'll be warming up pretty soon," Pat encourages me, "and we'll be taking the lid off the barbecue pit. Get your teeth sharpened."

"I'll keep in touch with you," I promise him.

The last picture this month is a re-make of "The Sap from Syracuse" that originally started Stuart Erwin. This time it is called "The Chump" and stars Johnny "Scat" Davis with Lynn Fontanne and a ringer prominently cast. Johnny hasn't started working yet as this is the very first scene in the picture. But Lola and Penny are going full blast. Penny is looking at a folder announcing "Union Falls offers greater opportunities to do big things in a small way, than any other community of its size in the Middle West!"

"Gee!" she ejaculates, "I never knew we lived in such a swell city. Listen to this: The city treasury of Union Falls has never had a deficit since and coming community was incorporated."

Lola grimaces sourly. "A lot of good it does us. We've got a deficit—a big one—with my Ed and me working around here. She scowls as a particularly shrill blast of a trumpet comes through the window. That would be Johnny playing in the barn. "And with that to contend with," Lola goes on. "He's driving me crazy with that commotion. I thought I got rid of it when I wouldn't let him play it in the house but no! He moves to the tool shed and the neighbors are complaining about the horrible noise."

"That's not noise," Penny protests. "That's swing—and very hot, too."

"Well, swing or no swing, I want you to go and stay it right now," Lola announces firmly, as she grabs a carpet sweeper and starts to work.

When the scene is finished Lola tells me she has been delivering on a farm in the San Fernando Valley while she rejuvenated herself and her career. Now that both of them are boon companions the pigs for the flesh-pots of the future, I can tell her that is exactly right and I'm perfectly willing to be Guest No. 1 at her house-warming when she moves back to town. But it seems that wasn't the idea because she was confirming the invitation she only gives me an annoyed look as she goes back for another tussle with the carpet sweeper. And my heart is mournfully and come home for a bout with the typewriter. That's all, folks.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Karin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest properly and what goes in your mouth goes straight through the bowels. Gas bloops up your stomach, you feel sour, and the whole body aches.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get that natural two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmsless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 2c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

SILVER SCREEN

ON TWO NEW
HOLLYWOOD CURLERS

... with spring and holders

If you like curlers with spring end holders, you will like these new HOLLYWOODS. They are designed so that they hold hair ends securely yet do not crimp and will slip off easily without spoiling the curl. Two sizes: with 2" and 2½" curl ends. Give you all the superior, patented features that make HOLLYWOOD CURLERS so easy to use, so quick to dry, so pleasing in results. See the complete HOLLYWOOD line at your variety store...from the new Giant that makes big soft curls to the little Midget that is so useful in controlling short, bobbed, or end.

HOLLYWOOD CURLERS

At 5c and 10c stores and motion picture counters

U.S. PATENTS
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WANTED
ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS
For Immediate Consideration—Send Poems to
JOAN CRAWFORD says she hasn't been as excited in years as she was the day she had a date to meet Shirley Temple—who happens to be Joan's favorite movie star. She was working on the set of "Little Miss Broadway," and George Murphy, her leading man and one of Joan's best friends, had arranged the meet-
ing.

Halfway down Bristol Road in Brentwood Joan discovered that in her excitement she had lost her patent leather slipper on one of the flimsy boudoirs. So back home they had to go. And then when she got out of her car at the studio a dusty spring breeze lifted her big picture hat with the flower garden on it right off her head, and she had to go chasing all over the Twentieth lot after it.

The Crawford poise and confiture were both well ruffled before the introduction, "Hello," said Shirley shyly, and "Hello," said Joan just as shyly. And Star met Star. After watching Shirley go through her dance routines all afternoon Joan says that Shirley earns her money more than any other star in Hollywood.

SYLVIA SIDNEY tells this on herself: "It was while I was in New York for the play I did recently, I slipped into a movie theatre without noticing what was playing. First thing I saw was a panorama of Manhattan. "Min-m-well city!" I said to myself. And then to my genuine amaze-
ment, the screen was filled by a close-up of MY face! It was a trailer for 'Dead End.'

"There she is—crying again!" the woman next to me said in great disgust.

DOLORES DEL RIO arrived back in Hollywood wearing a charm bracelet illustrative of her recent African jaunt. There was a charm from every spot she visited including a tiny Pyramid from Egypt and an enamel zebra from Africa. In the Garden of Allah at Biska, her hus-
band, Cedric Gibbons, drew several objects from which charms may be made at home. Nice way to record a vacation.

ANNOUNCEMENT

New! Starring! Silver Screen pre-
sents for the first time something different in fan magazine covers.

* * *

Suppose you go to Hollywood. You can hire a partner to take you on the exciting rendezvous of the stars!

* * *

Can you tell the right names of the players? They are fascinating to know: Some people believe that changing one's name changes one's luck. Do you?

* * *

Don't miss the story of the sales-
girl who keeps her eyes open and reports what she sees.

* * *

Be sure to look for these and other features in the July issue of Silver Screen, on sale June 10th.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1. In "Gold Is Where You Find It" (abbr.)
2. Star of "Marie Antoinette"
3. Male of the red deer
4. A silk worm
5. Masculine pronoun
6. Mother of "Peer Gynt"
7. Biblical pronoun
8. Collection of facts
9. The constable's daughter in "The Girl Was Young"
10. In "The Lone Wolf in Paris"
11. Now making "Aligres"
12. Eat away
13. Standard of perfection
14. Prefix
15. To flow back
16. English money of account
17. Parrot of food
18. Sun god
19. Reverses
20. Ballerina of "The Goldwyn Follies"
21. River flowing into New York Bay (abbr.)
22. Periods of time (abbr.)
23. Feminine pronoun
24. Piets of the year (abbr.)
25. Degree
26. Mode of transportation
27. Well-known Hollywood cowboy
28. Even (poet.)
29. Perform
30. Affirmative
31. Her latest picture is "Fools for Scandal"
32. In "Hurricane"
33. In "To Every Man of Every S"i
34. Radio and screen comedian
35. Company (abbr.)
36. Addition to one side of a house
37. March
38. East Indies (abbr.)
39. Leads to the solution of a mystery
40. Muteak
41. In the past
42. Kind of cabbage
43. One who edits (abbr.)
44. Don't own a zebra" (poet.)
45. One of the Lone sisters (initials)
46. Postscript (abbr.)
47. Slender stick
48. In "Mercy We Live"
49. Measure of length (abbr.)
50. Neuter pronoun
51. Andrew Jackson in "The Buccaneer"
52. Therefore

DOWN
1. Daffy delights in "Bring Up Baby"
2. Constellation
3. Cabaret singer in "Having a New High"
4. Ocean
5. Every (abbr.)
6. Adventurers in "Paradise for Three"

7. Regarding
8. Wheat-like grain
9. Weed
10. Near (poet.)
11. The daughter in "Everyman Sings"
12. Bachelor father in "Mad About Music"
13. A published form of a literary work
14. The "Bad Man of Brunswick"
15. Pronoun
16. The (Fr.)
17. Delightful regions
18. She appears in "The Big Broadcast of 1938"
19. To bewilder
20. Villain in "The Adventures of Marco Polo"
21. Provided with arms
22. Boy rebel in "Of Human Hearts"
23. Cannon
24. Wife in "A Slight Case of Murder"
25. Hawaiian garment
26. Crow
27. Before
28. One of the sons in "In Old Chicago"
29. With Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady"
30. Title of respect (abbr.)
31. Prefix
32. The "butter" in "A Slight Case of Murder"
33. Take when offered
34. Masculine first name (abbr.)
35. Exist
36. Submit
37. Unpoppable country girl in "Goldwyn Follies"
38. Hero in "Over the Wall"
39. In "Hollywood Hotel" (initials)
40. Year
41. In "Law of the Underworld"
42. Proceed

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle
When work piles up and you're under pressure there's real relief from tension in the use of Beech-Nut Gum! Tests in large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue ... improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.

Tests in a large university show that chewing gum helps lessen fatigue ... improve alertness and mental efficiency. Have a package handy.

Always take Beech-Nut Gum with you in the car ... it adds pleasure to every trip. Gives relief to your nerves when traffic is heavy ... keeps your throat moist and refreshed ... helps you stay awake and alert on long trips and when driving at night.

The use of chewing gum gives your mouth, teeth and gums beneficial exercise. Beech-Nut Oralgene is specially made for this purpose. It is firmer, "chewier" and gives your mouth the exercise it needs.

Opening day - and every day - BEECH-NUT GUM is the password to pleasure

ALWAYS REFRESHING
Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum is so good it is the most popular flavor of gum in America. Beech-Nut Spearmint has a richness you're sure to enjoy.

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES
A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum—in three flavors—Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint—select the kind you like best.

"CHEW WITH A PURPOSE"
Oralgene helps keep teeth clean and fresh-looking ... is a real aid for mouth health.
Miss Alicia Rhett
OF CHARLESTON

An interesting younger artist... with a marked dramatic talent.... she is devoted to the life of outdoor sports.

She is a Rhett, of Charleston. Which means that her "presence is requested" at the St. Cecilia Ball, aristocratic social event. Her forefathers—among them, the founder of Charleston—have borne the titles of Lord Proprietor...Governor...Senator. She, herself, models in clay...does life-size portraits in oils. In studio, at left: "You always smoke Camels, Alicia. Why Camels all the time?" asks Mary French, sitting for her portrait. "They're different," says Miss Rhett. "So different that I can smoke all the Camels I want and they never tire my taste or jangle my nerves. The best way of saying all that I mean to—is Camels agree with me!"

Miss Rhett is shown in costume (above), smoking a Camel backstage at the historic Dock Street Theatre where she has played leading roles. She may soon lend her talent to the long-awaited filming of a Civil War romance! "My dramatic work involves a real test of the voice," says Miss Rhett. "So I smoke nothing but Camels. Camels are mild. And so gentle to my throat!"

Above, Miss Rhett was caught by the photographer as she smoked a Camel on the balcony of the Dock Street Theatre—"America's oldest." Right—she enjoys another Camel on her way to the courts. Note the Sword Gates—famous Charleston landmarks. "After tennis," she says, "I walk straight to my Camels, and smoke as many as I please. It takes healthy nerves to enjoy a life full of activities. So my smoking is confined to Camels. My nerves and Camels 'get along' beautifully!"

CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS BLEND OF FINEST, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOES...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC.

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia + Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
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Mrs. Chisolm Dalhousie Lowthorne, Virginia
Mrs. Jasper Murgatroyd, New York + Mrs. Anna Novell, New York
Mrs. Nicholas G. Powerman III, Baltimore + Miss Le breve Battenkorner, New York
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PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE
THE COSTLIER
TOBACCOES
IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE
LARGEST-SELLING
CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

One smoker tells another:
"CAMELS AGREE
WITH ME!"
TRUE STORY OF A STUNT GIRL

Silver Screen

July

ARE SCREEN SIRENS GOING TOP HAT?

Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in a scene from their latest picture.
If there was hope for Harriet, there must be hope for you

Let's look into Harriet's life a moment. She came to the city and a fair position from a small up-state town. No beauty, she was nevertheless intelligent, full of vivacity, and above the run-of-the-mill in good looks. What happened to her?

The girls at the office were cordial enough at first. Later, their attitude changed. They seldom asked her to lunch, so she usually lunched alone.

"Just a bunch of cats," THOUGHT HARRIET

Men usually found her interesting, yet seldom invited her out. Most of her evenings were spent at home by the radio or at the movies—alone.

"I wish some man were here beside me," SHE SAID

Seeing others of her own age enjoying themselves, she was at a loss to understand why her own life was so empty, so flat. Finally, it began to get her. She wanted friends... attention... later, a husband and children. Yet she was haunted by a vision of herself as an old maid, friendless and lonely.

"Am I going to be one of these?" SHE ASKED HERSelf

Then one day her tired eyes came across an advertisement dealing with halitosis (bad breath) and the success of Listerine in arresting it. She could not get the advertisement out of her mind; it haunted her.

"Maybe that's my trouble," SHE SAID

Fortunately, she had hit upon the exact truth—which no one else had dared to tell her. Now she sensed a reason for the coolness with which others treated her. She made up her mind to begin using Listerine Antiseptic.

"I'll see what happens," SHE MUSED

Well, things did happen. She began to go out more... faced the world with new assurance... made new friends. And men looked at her with new interest and began to ask:

"MAY I CALL YOU UP?"

In less than a year, the empty little engagement book her father had given her began to bulge with "dates." Life began to be the romantic, exciting thing she had hoped it would be. Each day was a new adventure.

A HINT FOR YOU... AND YOU... AND YOU

Don't assume that you never have halitosis (bad breath). Everyone offends at some time or other. The delightful way to make the breath sweeter and purer is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic especially before business and social engagements. Listerine quickly halts food fermentation, a major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves. Nothing but Listerine can give your mouth that priceless feeling of freshness. Ask for Listerine and see that you get it.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Ann took a chance on a bath alone

Underarms need special care that a bath alone can't give!

Clever Joan, popular Joan! No matter how warm the evening—or how late the dance, Joan always has partners galore. Joan dances every dance.

For she never takes chances with underarm odor—the one fault above all others men can't stand. She realizes that a bath takes care only of past perspiration—that it can't prevent odor to come. So Joan never trusts her bath alone.

She follows her bath with Mum—to be sure she's safe from underarm odor. Mum makes the freshness of your bath last all evening long. Don't risk the loss of daintiness, don't spoil your charm for others. Always use Mum, every single day and after every bath!

Mum is quick! Just one-half minute is all Mum takes to apply.

Mum is safe! Even the most delicate skin finds Mum soothing. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

Mum is sure! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening.

Another use for Mum—Use Mum for sanitary napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.

So easy to use Mum! As simple as applying a touch of face cream. And—proof of Mum's gentleness—more nurses use Mum than any other deodorant. They know underarms need special care!

Silver Screen
Luise Rainer as "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.
DEAR BOSS:

Remember all those nasty things I said about Basil Rathbone in a recent letter? Well, I've got to eat my words, at least one of them, and without Hollandaise sauce too. I received the following letter from Basil (oh yes it's Basil and Liza now, so easy-listen) and I accepted the invitation and I haven't met such mad, merry delightful people ever. Basil can point all he wants to and Ouida can wear Marie Antoinette's hairdressing in front of me at previews and I'll just think it's all very cute. Doesn't it make a lot of difference when you like people?

Dear Liza:

But not Liza the House! No, no. Far more appropriate would be Liza the Logical. It's logical and right that you should object to a "finger pointer," but oh dear, oh dear, it's sad that this habit should have caught up with me again. Years ago I was practically thrown out of England for being a "finger pointer." You know how the English dislike any form of individual enthusiasm. (It's considered bad manners over there.) Well, my enthusiasm used to take the form of finger pointing.

So, being unable to cure myself of enthusiasm, I remained a "finger pointer" and left for more democratic shores where one could point at anything with boundless enthusiasm and not get into trouble. So you've just got to forgive me, Liza, because it's logical to be enthusiastic about Bette Davis in anything she does and, as you now must understand, I just can't help pointing under such circumstances.

About Ouida's hat, I am really sorry. Just between you and me, it was a hat! (Wasn't it?) The only reason, I presume, that she kept it on all through the show was because if she had ever taken it off and had to put it on again at the end of the show, in all our enthusiasm, she might have stuck it on back to front. And imagine Ouida at a preview, walking out of the theatre with those feathers blowing up and down over one eye, making her look like Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth."

Anyhow, please do come and have tea with us one day and let us tell you all about the preview of "Jezebel" which our concerted efforts prevented you from seeing.

Sincerely,

Basil.

Isn't he too, too wonderful!
WHY
ACTRESSES
USE A
HOSPITAL-PROVED
CLEANSING CREAM!

Go into the most famous dressing-rooms of Broadway and Hollywood...how often you'll see Albo-lene Solid used for removing make-up! Actresses know they can trust Albo-lene Solid...because it's so pure and effi-
cient that many hospitals—and post-which—have used it for over 20 years!

You'll be simply amazed to see how Albo-lene spreads and penetrates. Made of pure, bland, deli-
sic oils...it dissolves readily...quickly loosens dirt. Albo-lene contains no gummy substances—it leaves your pores clean, your skin soft and silky.

ECONOMICAL! What finer cleanser could you ask than one used by leading hospitals and actres-
s? Get Albo-lene Solid now. Professional pound tin only $1. Big jar, only 50c.

ALBOLENE
SOLID
CLEANSING CREAM

20 FINE PHOTOGRAPHS

of popular movie stars, positively best price, post card size.

Price only $1.00.

Another series of 20 different print will be published in a few months. This is a real treat for star photo collectors. Order your Extra copy today.

BROADWAY POST CARD CO
1472 Broadway, New York.

HOW DO YOU LIKE
OUR NEW COVER?

For The First Time—A Painted Cover Portrait Of A
Movie Star Arranged With A
Photographic Back-
ground.

HERE is something new in a field that has had few enough new ideas. The portrait of a well-liked star, in full color, has always seemed the best cover for SILVER SCREEN. And here is where the new idea comes in. The cover portrait is still there (and Olivia de Havilland's face is lovely enough for any magazine) but, in addition, there is the black and white photograph by the sculptor from her next picture, "Fout's A Crowd," in which she plays with Errol Flynn.

It is Olivia's screen appearance with which we are familiar, and to see her in a still recalls poignantly her screen charm. Because of the photograph of the scene in this new film we think that you will enjoy her portrait the more. This thought is based upon the reality of the photograph which is in such striking contrast to the full color portrait.

When you look upon a sculptured figure mounted on a pedestal against a back-
ground of nature, you have a feeling that the beauty of trees and sky contribute to the perfection of the sculptor's work. We hope that Olivia's portrait will gain in reality by the contrast with the photograph even though it is strikingly as black and white of the scene.

SILVER SCREEN is a pioneering magazine at heart, and this cover, with its many novel and appealing qualities, is new. There are a number of reasons why we like the cover and we hope you feel the same way. As we have mentioned, the cover gives us Olivia's screen personality (not only the actress off stage), and it is the screen per-
sonality that we know and like. Then there is the news angle. Covers usually are just beautiful, but SILVER SCREEN's happy com-
bination cover gives you a portrait of the charming actress, and screen news as well, by the reproduction of an actual situation in her next film.

The next cover will be a portrait in color and again there will be included a screen story. Our new idea will give a boost to good movies, to the fame of some capable actresses and will perhaps even add to our circle of readers.

We should be delighted to hear from you, particularly if you write down some of the ideas and criticisms that pop into your mind—they are so helpful. After all, although we are living on a one way street, and although thousands of copies go out in the mail, there is a mail coming this way, too. Write us, anyway. How do we know what you like unless you write us a letter? So please dash off your opinion of the new cover for our benefit.

And speaking of letters, here are excerpts from two letters we received from the vivacious Olivia who is in England as we are going to press:

"The Normandie is overpoweringly magni-
ficent—the luxuriousness of this extraor-
dinary vessel is positively bewildering. It is a large palace of cafe-au-lait marble, gold
launder, green metal and masses of murals
It is all very gorgeous and slightly dis-
concerting—I feel most at home on the boat
deck, which is always deserted and which has a perfectly plain, simple wholesome un-
affected wooden floor, salt sea air and a
glorious, charming, frothy blue sea to look at.

"One rarely hears English spoken—and listening to French all day long is almost an
education."

"Mother has been gathering herself for her first French sentence—she is suffering
from stage-fright but one of these days out
it will come. I have ordered a bottle of
champagne to smash over her head when the
moment arrives and the sentence is born."

"The High Cliff Hotel, in Lyme Regis,
Dorset, where we are stopping, is an old
Georgian house which unfortunately has
been modernized. Still beautiful, however,
are the long curved windows, and the high
molded ceilings of the oval rooms. The
house is situated on a hill and one looks
over the lawn, through pines and shrub-
bery, to the wide blue sea shining far
below. There is a hidden garden bordered
by apple trees in full bloom. And there is a
look-out, too, where I sit and try vainly
to see the cliffs, rolling down to white cliffs and the sea."

"As you may have guessed, I am
enjoying England enormously—at least
I think so."

"I hope to see our new cover! Do you think she'll like it? Do you?"
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"

The Schnickelfritz Band

Starring
RUDY VALLEE
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 Macaulay, Maurice Leo
From an Idea by Jerry Horwin and James Seymour • Music and Lyrics
by Harry Warren and Al Dubin • A WARNER BROS. PICTURE

SILVER SCREEN
WILL YOU HAVE CURLS in the morning? Yes, if they are set with Nestle Super- set! This wave-lotion keeps your hair beautifully curled and perfectly in place for days.

ALL SET TO GO PLACES, with your hair always well-groomed. You can depend on Super-set, the long lasting, quick-drying wave-set that is never sticky or flaky. Super-set is the superior wave-set lotion that smart women prefer. It moulds the hair in smooth waves and curls; dries in record time; leaves the hair soft and clean. There is no greasy or flaky deposit. Super-set waves last longer, too; your hair is always at its best.

Choose either kind of Super-set - the regular (green) or the new No. 2 (transparent and extra fast-drying). Get the large bottle with the comb-neck dip at all 10-cent stores.10c Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

BATTLE OF BROADWAY—So-so. Another Captain Flags-Sergeant Quart composed of old "pals" are brought together again during the American Legion Convention in New York and their battle, this trip, is over Louise (Gracy Rose Lee) Hoviek, it's a bit on the dull side. You can take it or leave it, I'd leave it.

BLIND ALIBI—Good. Richard Dix, one of our favorite heroes, who has been too long absent from the screen, returns in this tale of a man who, in order to squelch a blackmail plot hatched against him, his sister, pretends to be blind. This picture requires sympathy from all those who, from whom he requires helpful assistance. (Whitney Bourne, Ed. Cinelan).

COLLEGE WAVE—So-so. One of those incomprehensible musical revues that leaves you somewhat baffled and confused. It's full of sound and light, but which will probably amuse some of you if you're in a forgiving mood. Yes, there's a plot, too. Maybe you can figure it out. I couldn't bother. Cast includes Grace Allen, George Burns, Ed. Ev. Horton, Ben Blue, Martha Baye.

CRIME SCHOOL—Excellent. A thoroughly entertaining story is woven around an unfortunate group of East Side hoodlums who are sent to the state reformatory. Their gradual regeneration when a humanitarian is given charge of this school is a fascinating thing to watch. Those marauding "Dead End" boys are all here and prove themselves remarkably fine actors. (Humphrey Bogart-Gale Page).

FIGHT FOR PEACE, THE—Excellent. A compilation, in the form of a newsreel show, that cover the highlights of world history for the past 23 years. Here is the remarkable writer and historian, is responsible for it and we owe him much. This is the greatest documentary evidence against Fascism yet compiled to reach the great masses in film form.

GOLD Diggers IN PARIS—Fine. Another eye-filling musical, lavishly produced according to the best Warner Brothets' traditions, with the setting in Paris for a change. Cast includes Rudy Vallée, Hugh Herbert, Allen Jenkins, Rosemary Lane, Gloria Dickson. There are some excellent songs and beautiful laughter.

GOODBYE BROADWAY—Good. Having to do with a couple of vaudeville stars. Paul and Molly Malloy, who, when their act becomes academic, buy up a large suburban hotel and proceed to show the thing to its vaud-ville-ants. It's really "The Shannons of Broadway" brought up to date. And, to combine requirements, with Alice Brady, Chas. Winninger, Tom Brown and Dorothy Kent.

HUNTED MEN—Fine. A story of the regeneration of a gun man, that will "get" you. Lloyd Nolan, after killing a man, hides out with a wholesome middle-class family, whose respect for law and order generally switches his entire way of thinking. (Mary Carlisle, Johnny Downs, Dorothy Peterson).

LITTLE MISS RUGNECK—Good. Now we have another seen all over East Side, fellows, featured in competition with Jane Withers and Shirley Temple, in an entertaining little film concerning a child star who runs away from Hollywood and seeks refuge with a Mexican miner (Lio Carrillo). It can best be remem-bered for her "bad-tempered brat" role in "She Married Her Husband." (Jackie Bennett, Herman Bing).

MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS—Amusing. Faith Baldwin, the author of this lively offer about the individuality of men, women, marriage and busi-ness getting all tangled up together. The two men in the case are Wayne Morris and Humphrey Bogart, and the girl who tries to handle both is Priscilla Wayne.

MOONLIGHT SONATA—Interesting. This was plans of activity and ended, although the romance is trite and overly sentimental, it is well worth seeing because of the fact that it will introduce to a number of fans the great Ignace Paderewski, the composer-violinist who not only plays his own Minuet but also, and magnificently, a Chopin to its in entirety, as well as the 3rd Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt and the Moonlight Sonata. (Marie Tempest, Charles Farrell).

ONE WILD NIGHT—So-so. This will be accepted readily as a comedy, but if you are not only mind having the dialogue spoken in three languages, French, Italian and English (with inter-politically English captions throughout). It is a comic-tragedy that traces the history of the pearls in the English crown down through several centuries, and is exquisitely told and cogently acted. (Sacha Guitry, Cecile Sorel, Jacqueline Delubac-Lyn Harding).

PORT OF SEVEN SEAS—Fine. This is really one of the charming films to emanate from Hollywood during the past month. It is not exciting, nor sappy, nor melodramatic. It is just a simple tale of boys and girls that are just the right age. It is not fast enough for the smart town of Marseilles, and not enough by a few of the barnyard types, the boys who catch them is, as interesting as it is unexpected. (Marceen O'Sullivan, Wallace Beery, Frank Morgan, John Beal).

PRISON NURSE—Good. This is an interest-ing, although somewhat harrowing story of a bill that beats at the walls of a prison leaving the doomed typhoid in its wake. A convict doctor, imprisoned because of a mercy killing, is finally involved in donating his services towards aiding the typhoid gaol. There's a romance, melodrama—a happy ending! (Henry Wilcoxon, Marva March, John Arledge).

RASCALS—Good. Jane Withers plays the leader of a band of gypsy rovers, comprising, among others, Roselly Minnick and his har- monica players. The romance is furnished by a beautiful heiress (Charlotte Hudson) who has lost her memory and who becomes the gypsy's fortune teller. The plot's not much, but Jane always provides plenty of action, and this is an enjoyable picture.

RELIGIOUS RACKETEER—Good. An ex- pose of the pseudo-supernatural "medium racket" carried on by a couple of Los Angeles, saw it, and Fanchon Royer, in her role of the title's wife, and Lillian Farnham, who also acts in the film are of the old favorites and as Betty Compson, Robert Fraser, etc.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN—Fine. Spectacle consists of a couple of snobbish Blondell and Melvyn Douglas this time play the parts of the harum-scarum married couple whose antics have you "rolling in the aisles" as they call it. (Mary Astor, Frances Drake).
From stage hit to screen sensation in a blaze of glorious romance and heart-lighting laughter! . . . The play that pierced the armor of New York . . . screened in all the punch that kept it running month after month on Broadway! . . . Get your hoped-for thrills from the in the vacation-camp romance adventures you’ve ever dreamed for yourself strange faces! . . .

Don’t let anything keep you away!

Ginger Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. having Wonderful Time

With:

Peggy Conklin - Lucille Ball - Lee Bowman
Richard (Red) Skelton - Ann Miller - Donald Meek

A Pandro S. Berman Production - Directed by Alfred Santell

Silver Screen
Budgeting Your Beauty

How One Secretary Solved This Problem.

By Mary Lee

ACTUAL stories, or case histories as they are called in professional circles, often answer many of our own problems straight to the point. And because the problem of looking lovely and smart on a budget is a very real one, and because no budget, whatever its size, ever seems quite big enough for all we want to do and want to be, let me tell you one typical story of how a girl managed to be an inspiration in appearance, personality and career.

Kay B., is a secretary, about twenty-two.

In coloring, she is a compromise between Janet Gaynor and Jeanette MacDonald; in expression, she reminds you of Margaret Sullivan. Without grooming and make-up, Kay would pass in a crowd unnoticed, as would so many of the red-gold hair type.

Kay's good points are: hair that has the richness and beauty of bronze, a clear, colorless skin, that make-up dramatizes to peaches and cream, and a petite, graceful figure. Her negative points are slightly crowded teeth, normal but thin brows, and a full, irregular mouth. Kay earns the average secretary's salary, contributes generously to her family and has the small balance for her own beauty. How does she do it?

She can't afford weekly visits to the colli- feur, but every now and then she goes to a good one for a trimming and a new ar-rangement. Fortunately, she has natural curls, and these she keeps in the pink of condition by borrowing a grand hair secret from her brother. She uses his Glover's Medicated Soap for a shampoo, and before every shampoo she gives her scalp a good work-out with his Glover's Sarcopotic Mange Medicine. She knows a healthy scalp means beautiful hair, and when a man approves a hair treatment, be sure, it works. With all highly colored hair, beauty lies in its brilliance, sleek and silky texture, and the very reputable Glover's preparations are designed from a medical standpoint to work at the very roots of hair condition—the scalp. If you have any of the usual hair ailments, dry, scaly, scalp, lack-lustre hair, too much oil or dryness, these very practical aids should be your answer.

Kay's skin is paper-thin and fine, and so she finds Lady Esther Four Purpose Cream about takes care of that. This is the way she uses it, and the right way. First, an application to remove make-up and dust, then a fresh application that remains on while she is bathing or doing chores. This cream is ideal for general purposes and when removed, leaves skin slightly moist and ready for make-up. Of course she uses soap on her face, too, balancing the cream and soap to meet skin conditions, and when a big date pops up, she applies a Limit Facial Mask. One box of Limit serves a number of purposes for Kay. Instructions are on the box for this quick, economical and highly effective mask, and Limit in the bath is wonderful for body skin, leaving it smooth and silky.

I spoke of Kay's crowded teeth, still, they are beautiful, so white, so sparkling, and you don't forget her smile. Her cleaner is Forhan's for two good reasons; the beauty of teeth and the health of gums. She knows that if she neglects tooth and gum health, there may be big dentist bills, and besides, she has a little trick of showing some gums when she smiles. When they are pink, firm, they add to the brilliance of a smile; never, if they're dingy and unhealthy looking.

Kay's colorless skin is a perfect canvas for artistic make-up. The Lady Esther Cream serves as sufficient make-up base. She has two make-up color plans—a warm tone when she wears greens, browns, yel-

LOSE Controllable Fat

OHIO NURSE
Lost 47 Lbs.
...tells how!

Would you like to get rid of controllable fat quickly? Then do something about it! You are possibly one of those many overweight people who are embarrassed and made uncomfortable with unsightly fat. Here is a suggestion: do what thousands of others have done, try the easy way to lose this fat, like Mrs. Gladrose Ryer, Registered Nurse, of Dayton, Ohio. She writes: "I had been overweight for 18 years and was getting heavier. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 47 lbs. Results were most satisfactory!" Mrs. J. Fulls, Honey Creek, Ia., writes: "Lost 38 lbs. Delighted!" Mrs. Porter Tyler of Crendon, Wis., writes: "Reduced 47 lbs., felt better from the start." Miss Dorothy Lawrence of Detroit reports reducing 36 lbs. Violet Haskett, Registered Nurse, New York, N.Y., writes: "Lost 27 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS—felt fine ever since. Recommend them to my friends." These letters are typical of the many we receive telling of the wonderful success people have with RE-DUCE-OIDS. Why not follow these Nurses' examples, and try RE-DUCE-OIDS, the modern, easy way? Pleasant to take. Millions of genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by reliable stores for the past 23 years. Sold by your druggist or department store—have him phone his wholesaler for RE-DUCE-OIDS—today.) If unable to obtain RE-DUCE-OIDS write American Medicinal Products, Inc., Dept. S387, 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Margaret Sullivan. Kay is often told that her expression resembles Margaret's—a real compliment.

SILVER SCREEN
low and white; a pinker tone for blues, soft pinks, black and also white. Rouge goes high on her round little checks. She uses a cream form and applies it very lightly. She likes Helena Rubinstein’s Rouge on Creme and Lipstick in two groups, Red Coral for the warmer tones, Red Strawberry for the pinker tones. Peachbloom is the rouge tone that complements the Red Strawberry Lipstick. Madame Rubinstein’s Town and Country Face Powder in Peachbloom gives Kay’s skin just that undertone of radiance it needs.

Kay’s hazel-brown eyes are round, like Janet’s, and so she keeps her brows mildly arched to be in harmony. Had she long, narrow eyes like Kay Francis, the straighter brow would be more becoming. Ruthless Tweezette, the semi-automatic, painless tweezers, does a fine shaping job, and all brows need grooming to a neat line, though that high pencil line is as definitely out as the high, buttoned shoe. If you want to see the amazing difference a real brow makes on a face, compared with that old feathery line, please notice Alice Faye in “In Old Chicago.” She’s twice as attractive with a fuller brow. Kay accentuates her brows with Maybelline mascara and eyebrow pencil—both brown.

Girls like Kay, of course, have a serious summer problem in sunburn and freckles. Dorothy Gray’s Sunburn Cream is Kay’s salvation. She applies it generously on all exposed skin before going out in the sun, wind or glare on an overcast day. She takes her bottle of cream with her, renews it frequently on her skin. This cream is a “must” for sensitive skins in summer. It really works, is fragrant, easy to apply and does not stain or soil clothing. Remember it for the children, too. In case of a touch of burn from over-exposure, Kay finds her Hinds Honey and Almond Cream a splendid skin soother. This is the preparation that keeps her hands lovely, too, throughout the year. A piece of special news, throughout the summer months when you buy the larger size of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, you get with it a gift of a good bandana, in a choice of five colors to match sports or beach costume.

In the way of other accessories, Kay uses Arvid, a dainty cream deodorant that stops perspiration. It is gentle on skin and clothing, works immediately and is greaseless, stainless and soothing. Revlon Nail Enamel in the Rivera shade adorns this secretary’s busy fingertips. The tone is lovely with her skin and all costume colors and the Revlon Enamels have a grand reputation for long wear.

These are just a few of the suggestions culled from one successful girl’s personal habits. For Kay is successful. She is successful in her appearance; you like to look at her. Her brows and her office companions think there is no one quite like her for she knows that rare art of being more interested in others than in herself; at least, her self-interest shows in her appearance, rather than in her words, which is a lesson, in itself, for any girl who would be a success.

To show sincere interest in others is Popularity Secret No. 1, and I believe you can do it best when you feel that you have done all you can to make yourself reasonably attractive to look at. Then, and only then, can you forget yourself enough to give and respond to others!

**CHANGE OF TITLES**

"Enemy Territory" (Virginia Bruce) has been changed to ... "One Woman’s Answer"

"In Every Woman’s Life" (Kay Francis) has been changed to ... "My Bill"

---

**NEW-TYPE ICE DEODORANT**

Is greaseless and actually cooling — checks perspiration 1 to 3 days

NOW, a deodorant that has everything—an ICE DEODORANT!

It’s easy to put on! It’s actually cooling! It’s absolutely greaseless! Its own fresh odor evaporates immediately! It checks perspiration!

The wonderful new Odorono ICE is based on a brand-new principle. A gentle, cooling ICE deodorant that goes on like a vanishing cream and disappears completely. It is not greasy or sticky.

And here’s another thing about this new ICE that will thrall you. It checks perspiration the minute you apply it ... banishes worry over stained dresses and offending odors up to three days!

Its texture, too, is delightful. So light and easy to spread. And its clean, wholesome smell of pure alcohol disappears as soon as it’s on, leaving you fresh, dainty — cool.

After the first application you’ll understand why so many of the women who have tried it prefer the new Odorono ICE. You’ll never have another moment’s uneasiness about underarm odor or perspiration.

Try this sure, easy way of guarding your charms. Get a jar of the new Odorono ICE tomorrow ... only 35c at all Toilet Goods Departments.

• "Safe—cuts down clothing damage, when used carefully according to directions,” says The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 7-588, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2550, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ (12¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ______________________________ State ________________
HOW ABOUT A PICNIC?

Although Claire Trevor's trailer boasts a tricky stove of its own, she enjoys cooking her breakfast on this charcoal grill after camping overnight.

It's Fun To Eat Your Meals Outdoors.

By Ruth Corbin

CHILI CON CARNE
1 pound ground beef Pepper or cayenne
4 onions, chopped 1/2 teaspoon Chili powder
1 tablespoon butter 3-pound cans red No. 3 can tomatoes
1 can mushrooms 2 teaspoons salt

Brown onions and beef in melted butter, cook for 10 minutes. Add beans, tomatoes, salt, chili powder and a dash of pepper or cayenne. Simmer for 15 minutes. Now, here is another and altogether new barbecue serving trick... toast frankfurters and place between finger rolls which have also been toasted. Pour the Chili Con Carne over them and serve at once.

CHOCOLATE CAKE
Here is a new eggless delight. Blend 2
ounces melted Baker's Chocolate, a tablespoon butter and a teaspoon soda dissolved in 1/2 cup milk. If evaporated milk is used try White House and dilute to proper consistency. Add 1-1/2 cups Gold Medal Kitchen Tested Flour, another 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon Sunbeam Vanilla and a pinch of salt. Beat well, pour this thin batter in 2 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake 40 minutes at 350°F. Cool. Fill with a nut cream filling and frost with seven-minute icing.

BUBBLES
A light picnic sweet for any taste. Make a noodle dough by blending an unbeaten egg, 1 tablespoon ice water, 1 cup Pillsbury's Sno-sheen Cake flour sifted with 1/2 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder and a pinch of salt. Knead well but quickly, divide in several parts, roll and pull till paper thin, almost transparent. Cut in squares and fry in Crisco 1/4 an inch deep. This will make Bubbles puff, blister and curl quickly. Drain. Sprinkle with Domino sugar or cinnamon and sugar.

ANY OCCASION PICNIC
Boiled or Fried Chicken
or
*Rolled Fish Fillets, Jardiniere
Mixed Vegetable Salad
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Cantaloupe or Honeydew Melon filled with Fresh Pineapple or Berries
Iced Tea, Coffee or Milk

The chicken may be wrapped in wax paper, and then in a cloth and thick layers of newspapers to keep hot or it may be allowed to cool before packing. For the mixed vegetable salad use the very new Sunbeam brand. It comes in glass jars all ready to serve and it is really delightful.

FISH FILLETS, JARDINIERE
1 cup shredded raw carrots, diced
2 tablespoons Kraft’s Juice 1 lemon
French Dressing Ann Page Salad-Dressing

Shred celery, cabbage, carrots and green peppers, add onion and mix with French Dressing. Spread vegetables on fish, roll and tie with string, or skewer with toothpicks. Place fish rolls in covered pyrex dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper and lemon juice, cover and bake in moderate oven, 325° F., about 25 minutes. Cool and chill in refrigerator. They may be carried to the picnic in dish and carefully removed with a perforated pancake turner to serve with salad dressing.

A cold baked ham, cold cuts, assorted sausages, potato salad, devilled eggs, potted meats, sardines and cheeses are always welcome additions to a picnic. There must be olives and pickles and, of course, sandwiches. Crosse and Blackwell’s Date and Nut Bread spread with Philadelphia Cream Cheese is always nice. Sandwiches can be made up on the spot from the above assortment or prepared at home and packed ready to eat. Here are a few fresh ideas for sandwiches as well as some old timers;

Cheese and chutney spread: cream cheese, shredded pineapple and cherries (cream cheese is adaptable to many combinations with vegetables, fruits, even meats); shrimp or crab meat salad spread; the very new Sunbeam sandwich olive spread which may be used alone and in combination with other foods; corned beef with cold will; shredded raw spinach with chopped egg; celery, onion and seasoning; even the old fashioned ham sandwich may be included.

And here is a new set of fillings for the ever popular and colorful

SANDWICH LOAF
Remove crust from loaf of unsliced sandwich bread and slice lengthwise into four layers. Spread slices of bread with butter then with a Red filling made of finely ground ham or salmon mixed with chopped pimientos; a Yellow filling . . . yokes of hard boiled eggs grated and mixed with Durkee’s Mayonnaise; a Green filling . . . sweet pickles, water cress or parsley, olives and nuts, chopped and mixed with mayonnaise; a White filling . . . cream cheese, grated cucumber mixed with mayonnaise.

Tuna fish or chicken may be also used if desired. Put layers together then wrap loaf tightly with a damp cloth or wax paper and chill in refrigerator. Then cover loaf with a mixture made of cream cheese, Durkee’s Salad Aid and Lee and Perkin Worcestershire Sauce. Garnish with slices of olives, tomatoes, or sprays of parsley. Two kinds of bread may be used for a different taste and effect.

No list of picnic menus could be complete without at least one good cookie recipe.

MOLASSES COOKIES
Cream 1 cup of butter, Crisco or Spry with 1 cup of sugar. Add 2 eggs, 1 cup flour. Rabbit Molasses, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 cup of ice water, 1/2 cups flour, sifted. Mix well and drop by tablespoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet. Kaisers may be added, if desired. Cook in moderate oven, 375° F.

Like magic! Jantzen’s marvelous new Wisp-o-weight suits of pure wool and Lastex yarn smooth and soften unruly curves, slim-line your figure. Just the ideal ratio of two-way stretch achieves the comfortable figure-control of your sleekest fitting girdle. They are amazingly light, exceptionally soft, remarkably rapid-drying. Truly a wisp of weight with pounds of figure control. Try on a smart Jantzen Lastex Wisp-o-weight of luxurious wool with Lastex yarn knitted in by an exclusive Jantzen process. Feel the difference! See the difference on you! Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.
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 · BARTHOLOMEW

in the role you always wanted him to play in his first picture since "Captains Courageous"

ARLEEN WHELAN
the year's emotional discovery in her sensational debut

C. AUBREY SMITH · REGINALD OWEN
JOHN CARRADINE · NIGEL BRUCE · MILES MANDER
RALPH FORBES · H. B. WARNER · ARTHUR HOHL
E. E. CLIVE · HALLIWELL 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!
Topics For Gossips

AND now it is rumored that pretty Anita Louise will marry Buddy Adler. Sylvia Sidney’s friends in New York report that Sylvia and Luther Adler are still deep in the throes of their romance. It looks like a big year for Adders. By the way, Stella Adler of the same family, directed the Los Angeles company of “Golden Boy” and was pronounced quite the most dazzling director the West has ever had.

DESPITE the fact that the Janet Gaynor-Tyrone Power romance has been declared “off” by practically every columnist and commentator in the country it was little Miss Janet who sat at the head of Ty’s birthday table, and cut Ty’s birthday cake, at Ty’s birthday party recently.

THE daily call sheet on the bulletin board of the Publicity Building of the Twentieth Century-Fox studio had the passers-by doubling up with laughter. It read: “Two elephants, two camels, mother Hen, two wild hogs, lion clubs, two keys, two apes, Warner Baxter and Marjorie Weaver.”

MARLENE DIETRICH is writing letters to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. from Europe—but Doug Jr. the gay cavalier, is now hopelessly mad about Loretta Young.

MOST movie stars simply flare-up in temperamental flares and do their best dramatic acting off screen if they aren’t accorded the customary “star courtesies” in Hollywood. But there are two stars, Joel McCrea and Bette Davis, who demand no “courtesies,” and, unlike their fellow thespians, get furious when favors are thrown at them.

Nothing makes Better Davis madder than to arrive at the Tocadero, or any restaurant, and have the head waiter say, “We are crowded tonight, Miss Davis, but for you we can always make room.” And then crowd in a table on the dance floor. “It makes me mad,” says Bette, “because if I happened to be Bette Davis, salesgirl, and not a movie star they wouldn’t have made room for me.” Whenever Bette catches them “putting an extra table on the dance floor” she walks right out of the restaurant.

And the other evening at the revival of “The Sheik,” Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were patiently waiting their turn in line at the box-office when the house manager spied them, and, as house managers always do for movie stars, rushed up and insisted that they follow him right into the theater; sans tickets and sans crowds. “No thanks,” said Joel, “we’ll wait our turn in line. There are other people just as eager to see the pictures as we are.”

I’m telling you, you won’t find many stars in Hollywood like Bette and Joel.

YOU can always tell if W. C. Fields really means it when he invites you to dinner. He sends you a map showing how to get to his house tucked away in the Bel-Air hills.

MARHTA RAYE is becoming famous for her impersonations. When things get dull she does an impersonation of Sonja Henie that will kill you. Her “Snow White” is becoming so famous that they now ask her to do it at Benefic.

JOAN DAVIS had an old gag pulled on her the other day and fell for it hook, line and sinker. During the cowboys number of “Joette,” Joan, urged on by a prop man, drew her six-shooter from her hip holster and fired it into the air. Right after the gun, she was raced by a man of dropped from the rafters right in front of Joan, his face bleeding profusely, “I thought it was a blank cartridge,” mourned Joan, “I’ve killed a man.”

She was just on the verge of fainting when Don Amache and Director Allan Dwan burst out laughing and confessed they had framed her. The electrician wasn’t hurt and the blood was only cut up. Joan Crawford passed out cold the day the gag was played on her.

IT’s success at last for Marjorie Weaver. She has had a hog named after her! The other day she received a letter from a farmer in Perkinston, Indiana, which read:

Dear Miss Weaver—I am naming my best hog after you. I think she will get a prize at the county fair this summer. I will let you know whose name helps the hog. Please send me a picture of yourself to put in the pen at the fair. Sincerely, O. D. Jareck.

AND only the other day Gary Cooper received a fan letter from a woman in Texas who casually asked him to send her several dozen of his latest pictures at once, as she was expecting an heir in seven months and if she surrounded herself with Cooper pictures the baby would resemble Gary. What will they think of next?

GENE RAYMOND grew a mustache while vacationing in New York. Fans, though, seem to be deaeth on facial adornments for their favorite young leading men, so Gene will probably have to remove it before he faces the camera again.

PATRICIA WILDER says she originated the “Big Apple” five years ago in Macon, Ga., when she ran into a horse-dealer’s applecart, up-setting it and scattering the fruit all over the street. The irate hick then threw it made her pick up every single apple, flicking his long horsewhip at her heels to keep her at it. She says the “Big Apple” steps are very much like those she employed in dodging the horsewhip while grabbing for the fruit.

PRINTED silk in vivid shades of cerise and blue is the unusual fabric selected by Sonja Henie for a pair of afternoon sandals chosen for midsummer wear. The skating star had these shoes designed so that the fabric is crossed and wrapped about the instep, and tied in a tiny “bandana” knot at the side of the ankle. Sonja wears these with an all-white afternoon frock, and carries a bag to match.

WHEN a visitor on the set of “The Texans,” asked Joan Bennett’s small daughter, Melinda, if she wanted to be in pictures when she grew up, her reply was “no.” It seems Melinda’s main objection is “that greasy stuff you have to wear on your face.”

THERE are no “yes” women on the staff of Bing Crosby, Inc., their vote for a screen hero reveals their recent Gladys Wayne, Bing’s secretary, confessed that Bing is a swell boss but that Fred MacMurray is her idea of the most romantic screen star. Polly Ballard, another secretary, admitted that she thinks Bing is swell too, but she’ll take George Raft on the screen any time.

“It’s all right with me,” says Bing, “and I’m sure my wife will be glad to hear it.”

IF YOU think the New York critics are satirical you ought to get a load of what the exhibitionaries say about Hollywood pictures. One of the prizes we picked up recently was said by Exhibitor Ely Self of Davenport, Iowa, about Greta Garbo in “Conquest.” Said Mr. Self: “Greta Garbo is often identified by the phrase, ‘I want to be alone,’ We have just finished a three-day run in our theatre of Garbo in ‘Conquest.’ No one bothered her.”

GAYLE HENDRICKS
THE high ceilinged room, with its dark green walls and white curtains and furniture, was buzzing with the animation of arriving guests. Gladys Swarthout in the brightest of watermelon pink dresses with a gold brocade girdle and an equally pink camellia in her hair, had but just gotten there. Florence March in mists of dusty pale green tulle had already come in with handsome husband Fredric, and columnist Lucius Beebe was admiring his reflection in an exquisite Venetian Glass mirror as he mounted the stairs.

It was all as fascinating a group of charming people in the public eye as one could hope to encounter, and almost everyone was not only superb to behold but at the very top of their profession. To be sure, an overly-ambitious and under-helpful press agent added the acid note. The hostess herself, Mrs. George Schlee, better known as Valentina, the dress designer, has a rare and delicate sense of the exotic. Around the walls of her white dining rooms were individual pots of white hyacinths and everywhere...
were great masses of white peonies.

There was fairly loud, happy laughter below stairs and in a few minutes, followed by her dark and adoring husband, Grace Moore came up. She was wearing a crepe dress of vivid green on one side and lighter green on the other. Such a robe as might well have graced the figure of a Grecian Tanagra. As she smiled and shook hands around the room, I wondered how so gracious a person could so often manage to be seen in an unpleasant light.

There have been so many stories about her thoughtlessness toward fellow artists, of bad temper and temperament. I myself had once seen a flash of this, but I had been convinced it was unintentional and certainly this evening at Valentia's she was in very good humor.

The whole evening was a splendid one. After a marvelous buffet dinner and after the liqueurs, Gloria Swanson, Tullio Carminati, Alfred Lunt, Dorothy Gish and the other twenty some odd guests, including the Grand Duchess Marie, heard Swarthout and Moore sing, and fat jovial little Rafael play his concertina like the great artist he is. It was one of those delightful and completely informal evenings that come only too rarely. It had an intimacy that in Hollywood seems strangely difficult to capture.

Not that Basil and Ouida Rathbone's parties are not great and magnificent successes that make those of New York's Elsa Maxwell feeble in comparison, but they are founded on the idea of large group entertaining rather than the [Continued on page 70]
Has this ever happened to you? You hear a funny story. You think it is great. Mentally you resolve to tell it to your friends who are coming to dinner tomorrow night. You know they enjoy Eddie Cantor and miss his program while their radio is being repaired. Gosh, his gags sure give you a big laugh and they ought to giggle when you repeat them.

Yeah...that's what you think!

You tell your tale, remembering every single word of the story. But instead of giggling, everybody groans. As they say in show business, “it laid the egg.” Or even to quote Bing Crosby’s great line, “it laid an angel cake and that’s two dozen eggs.” Believe it or not, many a beautiful friendship has been wrecked because the listener didn’t laugh in the right place. Well, if this has happened to you before, it needn’t again if you are willing to do something about it. And that something is to understand comedy technique, to realize that there is a knack to telling a funny story.

I asked one of the best boys in the business to tell me how they do it. Being a professional comedian isn’t exactly a laughing matter for when it comes to being funny for your friends who are coming to your house, whose silly sallies send you into hysteric are quite serious about their work. But out of their long experience as “telling ‘em in the aisles” they have some excellent suggestions on how to put a story across, to “sell” it to the listener.

“In telling a funny story, it is most important to have the receiving audience in mind” points out Phil Baker. “In other words, are you telling it socially or professionally. Of the two, the social story is harder to tell and that’s the one we’ll deal with. It’s harder to tell because your friends can, and do, talk back to you. On the other hand, in a large audience, there are always a few people who haven’t heard the gag before. And even those who have, unless they have an unusual amount of my heckler Beetle in them, won’t interrupt.

“First of all, memorize the story thoroughly. Nothing spoils the telling more than be brought up short in the middle with a complete lapse of memory and to have to paw the air with a...well, now wait a minute, it’s awfully funny if I can just remember how it goes.”

“Next, devise a means of edging in on the conversation. It’s well if you can work your story in on a common topic. For instance, if everybody is talking about the unexpected summer shower, clear your throat and in a loud commanding voice, say, ‘Speaking of rain, has anyone heard the story of the travelling salesman who was caught in the rain just as he was passing a farm house?’ This is the crucial point. Don’t give your audience a chance to reply. Someone has surely heard it or will claim he has. launch right into the tale without hesitation.

BURNS AND ALLEN ARE A VERY POPULAR TEAM. THEY HAVE TORNED NONSENSE INTO AN ART.

“Then keep on talking. The faintest stammer will bring an interruption from the guy in the corner with the glazed eyes, who has been reminded of a story of his own. He will break in at minute with a ‘Ha! Ha! That’s very good, but did you hear the one about...’

“Once you’ve found it will make them laugh, you can use that story until the crowd walks out on you at the first ‘Speaking of rain...’ or until you’re convinced that the one you look for better or worse really will make good on the threat to commit murder if you tell the story again.”

That’s Phil Baker’s idea. My idea was for him to tell me the story about the travelling salesman caught in the rain, but the raised

EDDIE CANTOR SENSES THE MOMENT WHEN YOUR LAUGHTER WILL BREAK LOOSE.

(Right) Fred Allen ponders over the devastating effect of scrambled words.

TITAH-MA-
OR STRICTLY

eyebrows of his wife showed me he knew it wasn't such a good idea. So sorry, readers.

Next I went to Ben Bernie who, beside sending intriguing tunes into your loud-speaker, also goes in for a bit of bright badinage. A wit, no less. Well, see for yourself.

He, too, believes in sizing up your audience, especially with regard to explanatory details. According to the old Maestro, the worst thing a story-teller can do to spoil his work is to put in so many formulas that you stumble over them and lose the thread of the story. "Still worse is to build up to an anti-climax or to tip off the smash hit before the right spot arrives. The best story I know is the one Bing Crosby told a group of us one day at the race track, about a London bookmaker who was tactless enough to have killed his wife.

"He had to hang, of course. There is simply no beating the rap in England. Having a lot of money and feeling sure he wouldn't need it where he was headed for, he willed his fortune to his assistant, Alf Whitson, whose job it had been to record the bets. "Alf was in the courtyard of the execution-place the morning his boss was to swing, watching the gallows from a considerable distance. The trap dropped and the bookie swung at the end of the rope."

One of the spectators, a little chap who used to place ten-shilling wagers, timidly tapped up to Alf and whispered: 'Now you've got all the bravos, Alf, 'ow's about it for a couple of quid?' To which Alf replied, 'Not a farting until the official goes up!' 'Now to a person ignorant of horse-racing and the customs of the track, Alf's reply wouldn't have meant a thing. But Bing knew his audience and the story was a slugola! You see, when a man is hanged in England, a black flag is raised to the top of the staff when he is pronounced dead. And at the rate track, a red board is put up when the judges have finally decided which horse has won. That's called 'the official.' So Alf, true to his traditions, wasn't parting with any of his money until all the formalities had been complied with.

'Bing might have spoiled the story if he had stopped to explain to his listeners about the flag. He took it for granted that he was talking to wise guys who knew the customs, and the result was a knock-out.'

Incidentally, Ben told me that the gag-making fraternity has its own jargon for labeling jokes. One that brings merely a light laugh is a titick-ina-titick. A hupchadik'hirchadika is a general, resounding laugh. But the gem, the nugget, the pearl of great price, is the slugola. It's the gag that makes the laughter come out in long, loud sustained yowls and things like a 25 per cent salary cut, a prolonged visit from the in-laws, and a hopping toothache—all happening at once—can't check the guffaws!

According to Eddie Cantor, the one big essential in telling a joke is a sense of showmanship. This means knowing how to time yourself so as to pull the punch-line at the right time and catch the listener unaware. So that he has to laugh in spite of himself. According to Eddie, that's the big thing the amateur story-tellers has to learn. All too often he "telegraphs" the answer, that is, he somehow lets the listener know what the end is going to be before it is actually reached.

The sign of the professional, in telling a joke, he insists, is the ability to make new ones out of oldies. "The person who goes in for story-telling will soon find, as we in the business have, that there are all too few original jokes. The thing to do is to develop an imagination that will give a gag an original twist, and at the same time make that twist timely. Thus, even if the start of the gag is old, the fresh treatment of its ending may make it sound like an entirely new story.

"Here's what I mean. There is the old saw of the restaurant patron complaining to the waiter, 'There's a fly in my soup' and the time-worn answer, 'Why worry? How much can a little fly eat?' "Of course it's timely for summer, but it's so old it has a long gray beard. A good switch, especially if you are telling it to a fisherman, is, 'Grab your fork—maybe a trout will come to the surface,' Get what I mean? These changes depend on your own ability. But if you can take old jokes and give them a novel ending that will guarantee to produce belly-laughs, I'll sign you up as a gag-writer. Say, I'm no dope."

In order to get [Continued on page 78]
M going to begin this article by being very clever about the whole thing and winning the undying gratitude of the 1938 crop of tourists who are planning their trip to California, the land of Never-Never Wants A Leave.

There is little doubt in my mind, but what you'll take in Santa Catalina, Santa Barbara, Santa Anita (the Chamber of Commerce extends regrets that there ain't no Santa Claus—but how many have the slightest intention of returning without a stay in Hollywood and at least a glimpse of "Marbo Crawburn?" And right here is where I jeopardize a mighty fine job because I have been inspired to give you something very hot in the way of a tip. It's so simple. All you have to do is to find the most exclusive (pronounced x-pen-siv) complete apparel shop in town, browse through and you'll.Bean your eyes on them.

Of course this little performance on your part will hardly be appreciated but nothing will ever be done about it unless you make the mistake of asking for an autograph—an action which would immediately make you the recipient of a most dignified bum's rush.

If you'll pardon me now, I'll step from the ranks and see what I can do for those unfortunate who won't be amongst us this season.

Suppose I conduct this class by leading with the question: What is the first thing you ask an individual who has recently returned from Hollywood? Why, you actually implore that Public Enemy No. 1 with reverence in your voice—to tell you what so-and-so really looks like off the screen. Así est-ce-jo?

Now I want you to know that I'm basing my whole theory on the absolute authenticity of the immediately preceding paragraph. I am convinced, O ye Followers of my Scribblings, that you'd by far prefer to have a glimpse of your favorite star through the eyes of a close and impartial observer than through those of a highly paid build-upper.

And as long as Shirley Temple was your favorite film star again for '37 I figure she rates to top most anything—so let's begin with her.

She is without a doubt the cutest little doll you ever did see. We, my co-workers and I, haven't seen her since her mother was in the hospital, but she's been to Hawaii, Palm Springs, etc., having well earned vacations between pictures—so we forgive her. The last time I saw her, though, she was all in blue and looked adorable as usual. Her little skirt was just as short as it could be and she had a tiny blue hat set back on her head. Her hair is really golden but instead of affecting the set curls of the renowned Shirley Temple coiffure, it is allowed to fall softly into little ringlets on her neck. The thing that intrigues me, however, is that she looks even younger off the screen and yet she's very adult in her conversation. On one occasion, her reply to my comment that she looked really lovely, was that she felt simply marvelous, too, and couldn't understand it herself ‘cause she really had worked dreadfully hard the day before. Do you wonder that we love her?

She adores Bill Robinson and he carries a watch she gave him which is inscribed on the back—"To Uncle Billy Robinson, Happy Birthday from Shirley." He showed it to me while I was helping him select a gift for her birthday. And if I may say so—I don't blame her. He's very regular. And, do you know that every day of the entire duration of Mrs. Temple's illness, he visited her in the hospital and never failed once to put on a little song and dance for the nurses or patients?

I'm asking you now, am I not a veritable fountain of information and this is only the beginning?

Personally, I just can't resist rolling a current event over a barrel—especially when it points a finger of disaster at my future happiness. This morning's rag insinuated that the early spring had turned Cesar Romero's fancy towards Ethel Merman. Why the idea is preposterous, I hope! Sooner or later the news is bound to get to Mr. Romero that he is the one reason I live and breathe and brush my teeth.

Promise me one thing, please? Don't ever hiss him in a meany role again—no matter how suave and sleek he appears. Because he's really not like that at all. He came into the store during the Christmas season in an old trench coat and with his hair mussed just a little and believe me when I tell you he has the darnedest nicest smile. He'd come to buy his cook's wife a bag (shall me)
A Girl Who Waits On The Stars When They Are Shopping Sees Them As They Really Are.

Would you believe that Anne Shirley is crazy about horse racing? (Left) Cesar Romero has the nicest smile—it gets you.

By A Worker
"Behind The Counter" In An Exclusive Hollywood Shop.

They are all grand girls, but Virginia Bruce is the most beautiful.

and in no time at all he selected one, found several other things that struck his fancy, and left—with my heart following him right down the steps and out the door!

Right here is where you reach the conclusion that I'm really ridiculous but I fool you immediately and relate a little incident concerning the sublime Norma Shearer. I haven't seen her since shortly after the death of her husband and she was really grief-stricken if ever I saw symptoms. She selected a purse, stumbled pitifully over the change, and then left by the front door which struck me as odd because the parking lot is in back, so I stepped to the window to watch her.

After standing on the curb for a moment she crossed against
A revelation to anyone. The author discovers that Marie Wilson's eyelashes are REAL! (Right) Humphrey Bogart looks like anything but a gangster!

the light which is dynamite in any part of California, let alone this particular corner. Then she waited on the next rush, quietly crossed the street against that light, too, and when she was just karscorners from where she started she wheeled on her heel, returned to the store, and sure enough, the signals were against her all the way back. Why, a dozen drivers were scared silly. I was downright slap-happy, and she had never even bared an eye on route? I don't even like to think about it.

Now if my readers will rise, I'll relate to them the incident of the 14th day of the 11th month at approximately 5:30 A.M. Someone stood at our portals with her nose pressed against the glass for so long that I became worried about the shape of it (the nose, I mean), so I strolled down and opened the door. Her eyes, and very pretty blue ones they are, too, got twice as big and Gracie Allen (for it was she) said, as only she could have said it, "Oh, then you are open on Armistice Day!"

Gracie Allen Burns is probably our star customer and is beloved by all. Her two youngsters are adorable and she dropped by my department the other day to tell me that they had recently listened to the broadcast for the first time, and that both were very pained that Georgie said "Quiet, Gracie" so often because they considered her so good that they wanted to hear more. I informed her that we all felt just the same and she was THAT pleased.

Now here's something else again--the well known bitter that accompanies the sweet, so to speak. You see, the males of the species so seldom frequent our little finetraps that I'm really sadly lacking in lowdown concerning them. They all come flocking in at Christmas time but, of course, so does everybody else, and consequently I've no time to absorb personalities nor observe incidents, but for one or two exceptions, and you've read those, I can tell you that Robert Taylor is a knockout but not so much as to warrant babies under his berth; that Tyrone Power is very, very passable and, tie this--the girl that waited on him didn't recognize him; that Don Ameche has a splendid physique; Edgar Bergen barely moves his lips when he's talking to you; Johnny Downs is a serious and thorough shopper; Adolphe Menjou is a sensational dresser; Bing Crosby and his inevitable yachtng cap reminds one of the famed rear admiral of the Swiss navy; Stu Erwin is the only one who'll go shopping with his wife; Franchot Tone looks and carries himself as good stock will. Jimmy Stewart is always a little vague; Humphrey Bogart looks like anything but a gangster.

Dietrich is a glamour gal if I ever saw one. Her skin is and to double back if he became an "also ran." She never told me, however, how much intestinal fortitude one required to follow a system like that. Ah, Anne, the money I've lost--and all 'cause you had a trachy tooth!

Again the columnist in me bobs up so hang on to your hats--here we go! Arlene Judge is the only woman I ever saw who looks damn near as cute during pic nic as she does normally; Joan Crawford has marvelous taste in clothes, but her usual lack of costume kills the effect; Leah Ray has a beautiful mouth and teeth and sports a solid gold chasity belt on her charm bracelet; Joan Blondell is always so jovial and has lovely hair; diregina Glenn-Farrell; Virginia Bruce is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen and she's nice enough aloof; Dorothy Lamour looks better in less clothes--she loses that "ump" in real life!

Una Merkel and Madge Evans are inseparable pals and both are grand girls; Dolores del Rio and Ann Dvorak can either top the list for Hollywood's most beautiful brunettes; we all like Elaine Barrymore and wish you would too--she's really very right; Vera Ellen keeps our most refined dressers and has a handsome man-child; Jean Parker is surprisingly sophisticated; Ann Soothern and Anita Louise tie for second place in the blonde beauty list; Loretta Young looks more wholesome and less fragile in real life; Maureen O'Sullivan has lovely hair and coloring and is always acting a little bit for us; Martha Raye dresses like a million and is very quiet and unassuming; Barbara Stanwyck is charming--smiles all the time; Marie Wilson has eyelashes an inch long and they're her own, too; Irene Dunne's appearance is above reproach; Ginger Rogers goes in for spectator sports apparel but she buys exquisite dancing frocks; and Ruby Keeler has a charm seldom found in Hollywood.

And Paulette Goddard isn't exactly a sphinx but she's built a wall around herself that definitely leaves her public on the outside--me included.

Well, amigos, I'm about through. I just want to close class with a bit of advice for those poor parents whose daughters have "gone Hollywood." Tell them they must wear a nice bright lipstick and good fitting tailored clothes with quiet accessories but--no more rouge--no more daytime eyeshadow--no more bleached heads--no more noticeable powder--and then they'll look like the real McCoy.

Goodbye now--to all of you--from The Salesgirl who looks at the Stars!
NO GLAMOUR, PLEASE!

Luise Rainer Is An Emotional Actress Of Fine Artistic Integrity, Who Prefers To Stand Or Fall As An Artist—Not To Be Propped Up With Adjectives.

The Biltmore Bowl was jammed with a galaxy of stars and celebrities. Outside, softly purring limousines continued driving up to the gate of the swank hotel to discharge their precious cargoes. Gorgeous, lovely, vivacious, provocative ladies alighted with their stiff-shorted, tanned escorts, and were greeted by a barrage of photographic lights and popping bulbs. And as a radio announcer described their charms on a coast to coast hook-up, they swept in through the lobby in all the splendor of their wealth, fame, power. Everybody excited, at his or her best. The film colony was enjoying its tenth annual Academy award banquet.

On that same night Luise Rainer was spending a quiet evening at home with her playwright husband, Clifford Odets of the professorial specs. She had no intention of attending this gala dinner, when, at about 9 o'clock, she received a message from the studio informing her that she had won the award for the best performance of the year by an actress for her role in "The Good Earth."

In a flutter of excitement, she donned a simple pink crepe gown and black velvet cape, and without troubling herself about make-up or even brushing her hair, she hurried to the Bowl with her husband to receive the acclaim of the industry for the second consecutive year.

Mr. Odets, we might remark, wore a business suit, with a scarf wrapped around his neck. They were the last to arrive, and stood out, in that spectacle, with their unpretentious homely simplicity and complete lack of pose.

It was a double triumph for the little Viennese gal with the child-like eyes. No other actress in the history of these famous banquets has won the coveted gold statuette twice.

"How do you feel about it?" we asked her at her home in Brentwood.

"I didn't expect it. I'm very grateful, of course," she said, the color deepening in her sunburnt cheeks. "But," she opened her eyes wide, "I don't feel any different! I wish I could." She gave a little laugh, threw herself into an armchair.

If you were in the street you would never take her for a movie star. She doesn't have that orchidaceous hoity-toity manner, if you know what we mean. She was dressed in slacks and a reddish blouse with short sleeves, and wore monastic sandals. Her skin is of a warm olive tint, and has all the marks of being exposed to the copyrighted California sunshine without benefit of make-up. Her dark rebellious hair never looks combed. She is frail, 5 feet 4, and looks more like an impeccuous Greenwich Village poetess than a vixen of movie glamour. The architecture of her home is severely simple, and has the appearance of a streamlined greenhouse on top of a hill—all windows, air and sun. It gives you a feeling of being high up in the air, and we can imagine Miss Rainer sitting in her living-room and dreaming during the glittering Pacific nights. She lives close to the elements. We noticed bird guides and flower guides on the book shelves that line the walls. And in a bowl there were bananas, apples and grapes.

O-lan in "The Good Earth" remains her favorite role. "It was the most difficult part I've ever played," she explained, patting her Scottie dog on the head. "And the most interesting. I didn't want to do it at first, I was afraid that I might not be able to do it justice."

No other actress of Miss Rainer's age, standing and cinematic reputation would have accepted that role. She was known to the public as a Viennese glamour gal. She had won the Academy award as the sexy Anna Held. [Continued on page 66]
an old theatre wrapper, smeared with grease paint, over a pair of cotton pajamas!

"Isn't it maddening," said Joby Arlen, "Did you make him change it?"

"No," said Ouida, thoughtfully. "I didn't. Maybe I'm wrong—but I don't believe in making husbands change. That goes for everything—not just dressing-gowns.

"When you fall in love with a man, you fall in love with all his defects and traits of character and idiosyncrasies, too. They are the man."

"So why try to change him into someone else? Someone you probably wouldn't like, after you went to all that trouble!"

"Hoorah!" shouted Joby. "You've no idea how that encourages me. You know, all these years I've been secretly kind of miffed with myself for not doing more homework on Arlen. Though maybe it was just my matchless Southern indolence so incongruous to have those classic features of his get together with a cigar. But he would certainly feel deprived if he didn't have one after dinner—and if I were silly enough to fuss about it, he would merely retaliate by smoking them all day, instead of cigarettes."

"Basil loves his pipes, and I love to go places. He never wants to go out during the week, or to have anyone in except perhaps a close friend. So all our gaiety goes on over week-ends, and that is why I give great big parties at intervals—to pay off all our social obligations in one fell swoop. He won't step out of the house to go dancing any more—I love to dance, so I always have an orchestra at our parties, he has to dance, then, and really enjoys it. And both of us are satisfied."

"There is no reason to be a martyr about things—men hate that, too. I think they hate it even more than nagging, if possible. But it isn't fair to try to change anything fundamental about them, simply to suit your own convenience and pleas! Women should learn more about the art of compromise."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh. Frank loves to have his friends come in and form a quartet, or something.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh.

Some Hollywood Wives Tell The Aggravating Habits Of Their Star Husbands—But What To Do About It?

A BUNCH of the girls were whooping it up at Ouida Rathbone's tea-party.

"The girls," in this case, were a group of Hollywood wives. And what do Hollywood wives discuss over a fragrant dish of tea?

Naturally, their husbands.

"Basil," said Ouida, idly juggling teapot, lemon-or-cream, and conversation, "is an ungrateful wretch. Every time there is the slightest excuse for it—birthdays, Christmases, travelling—I buy him a handsome dressing-gown. Really, he is magnificent in a good dressing-gown.

"But do you know what he does with them? Leaves them hanging, still in the original tissue wrapping, in his wardrobe! Last night he came from the studio, tired, and found we had a friend in for dinner. He didn't want to dress.

"So did he come downstairs regal in the magenta poplin, from Sulka? He did not. The creature burst upon my vision in a mud and grease paint, over a pair of cotton pajamas!

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By Ruth Rankin
Ouida Rathbone
and her famous husband, Ouida says...

"Women should learn more about the art of compromise." (Left) Pat O'Brien has two traits that drive his loving spouse mad. (Center) Joby and Richard Arlen. Dick likes to rummage through desk drawers creating havoc as he goes.

onto their chairs—but Pat, he thinks bickety is the soul of wit. At that, he may be right. Nobody ever gave me any medals for the way I tell a story—or a picture contract, either! And anyway, I wouldn't change it for any one of the faults a lot of my friends' husbands have!" Eloise exclaimed, loyally.

"The two little traits that used to get me almost wild," she continued. "But I managed to keep quiet about them, thank goodness, until now I hardly even notice them—were his string-saver and putter-away instincts. He keeps everything that man. Every corner and cupboard in our house is packed full of Pat's junk, stored away lovingly. But neatly. On his days off, he adores to haul it all out—and put it all away again. He fusses even with the kitchen cupboards until the cook can't find anything. We have a very philosophical cook, fortunately. She takes it all in stride, the way I do.

"Another thing that could probably get me down, if I let it, is this: every time the boys come over and start their quartet—Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, and Jimmy Gleason—Pat tries to sing tenor. And can't. They all try to sing tenor—and can't. You could call it a quartet of disappointed tenors, only not to their faces. I suppose," Eloise laughed; "the other wives just have to be brave, too."

"Lads!" piped up Joby—if you can pipe in a drawer—you ain't heard nothin'. That Ahlen is nothing more nor less than a bunted-down barbershop baritone—and what he likes best is to give imitations of Bing Crosby.

"I will say this much for his voice—it keeps the jays and woodpeckers away. We used to have an awful lot of them in our trees and they would wake me up, tapping away, early in the morning. Anyone you know who is troubled with woodpeckers—just tell 'em to send for Ahlen and turn him loose on 'Love in Bloom.'"

"He's a desk-drawer excavator, too. Nothing on this earth excites him so much as the sight of a nice neat desk-drawer, with the cancelled checks rubber-handed in sequence, the current and canceled bills separated, and the personal correspondence all bunched together. He goes mad. Like a bolt from the blue, inspiration comes to him. What was the name, he demands, of that fellow who makes golf clubs? The one who made him the marvellous putter, about three months ago. He wants to order a mashie from him. Right away..."

"No one can recall his name? Well, that's easy, says Ahlen. The name is on a cancelled check, some place in that drawer. Instantly, the checks begin to fly like an unbleached snow-storm. Ahlen, he uses the terrier technique to find things."

"As for putting them back the way he found them—it is too laugh. It is to shriek with glee until... He just is that way, the same as I am this way—and he doesn't try to change me. Noblesse oblige is what I always say. What do you always say?"

"Well, I always say," Eloise summed up, "that the more you try to change your man, the quicker you get the chance to change him for another one. Of course, the system has its advantages if you happen to want to change. I don't. Pat will do for me."

"Come on, Eloise," someone said to Pat O'Brien's wife, "Your turn. Do you make subtle changes in Pat—or take him as he is?"

"Change that stubborn Irishman," laughed Eloise. "I should say not. He's okay the way he is. But, there is one thing... Well, I'll tell you. It's something he used to do when we were engaged, and I thought it was cute, then. So when he does it now, I just hold hard to the thought that what was cute then, must be cute now."

"Pat, you see, is a point killer. He simply can't let me tell a funny story without finishing it for me. I like to build up the suspense and have them holding

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OR ARE THEY GROWING MORE EARTHY?
The Modern, Realistic Picture Girls Have Everything, Including A Date For Friday.

By Howard Barnes

J O A N C R A W F O R D , who has played all sorts of fallen women from a "dancing daughter" and Sadie Thompson to the gal who liked to wear red, won't take the title role in "Shogun's Angel." Bette Davis, the perennial bad girl with a heart of gold, wants to play Sarah Bernhardt on the screen. Even the undulating Ma West has changed a lot since she created Diamond Lil. Few of the youngsters, meanwhile, are to be seen frowning spangles or casting "come hither" looks at the various men in their vicinity.

You can claim that the glamour girls are going good on us. You can put it another way and say that they are creating new characters—characters that we film-goers want them to play, just as much as they want to play them. The point is that we have new ideas on love and love-making. The vampire, for whom men used to go rushing off to perdition, has given way to the girl who "itches woe" (petting to you) or makes a honey of a wife. The sheik who not so long ago galloped off into the desert with his women is now an engaging fellow, who is likely to take his lady love over his knee in a crisis and paddle sense into her.

There is a lot of nonsense talked about the "explosion" that is done by Hollywood. Those people who still think the movies aren't here to stay, like to insist that the top-flight stars are always the same, no matter what the film may be. "It's another Joan Crawford picture," they will say, or "Oh, it's just another Gary Cooper show." As far as I can see, the point they try to make is that Miss Crawford looks like the actress we know as Joan Crawford, whether she is wearing an evening gown or a Tyrolean costume; that Gary Cooper is still recognizable as Mr. Deeds or as Marco Polo and that therefore they aren't really actors.

Marilyn Dietrich hasn't heard about the great reception that real a wet. Tbreaking. She still has the beauty and the legs but her sirens are like the old oaken bucket—most covered.

The point that they overlook is that acting, on the stage or screen, is not merely a matter of make-believe. All the craftsman-ship in the world won't take a player to the top unless he or she has a vivid personality and glamour and knows how to project it to an audience. There are a few really great actors and actresses who can make you forget them completely in their acting for a brief moment. Helen Hayes has been doing it for some time now in her magnificent and cleverly made-up impersonation of Queen Victoria in "Victoria Regina." Paul Muni did it in "The Story of Louis Pasteur" and again in "The Life of Emilie Zola." Those are straight biographical character studies, though, which give a player something real and vital to work with, while the bulk of acting before cameras or footlights, is something else again.

As a matter of fact, Miss Crawford and Mr. Cooper are being paid high compliments when people talk about "their shows." In many cases, it is only because they are appearing in them that they become something to see. They give their personalities, their peculiar ways of talking, doing things and feeling them, to motion pictures and to you as the spectator. If you find them engaging, you will want to see them again. There are few stars who have
not appeared in some pretty dreadful shows, as well as entertaining ones. A measure of their greatness is their ability to carry on persuasively in new shows after set-backs.

Certainly Hollywood "types" many of its stars, but why not? The reason they are stars is because they have that indefinable something which makes them at once extremely individualistic and yet representative of all of us. It would certainly be ridiculous, for example, to have Deanna Durbin put on a white wig and play an old woman although she might very well be able to counterfeit the character. It is quite possible that Robert Taylor could play a bearded rajah or that the Marx Brothers could play three solemn wise men, but I prefer to see them in the portrayals they know best how to do.

At the same time, I have considerable sympathy with Miss Crawford, Miss Davis or a dozen other stars I could name, when they get sick of playing the same old role time after time and fight to get new parts. The militant Miss Davis had done it before. When she came back from England on that occasion, she took her medicine gallantly. The story is that her studio went out of its way to cast her in fallen women roles, from "Marked Woman" to "Jezebel." That didn't stop her for a moment. In both of those films she turned in amazingly fine performances and, in between, she took on a comedy assignment in "It's Love I'm After" opposite Leslie Howard and did a very nice job with that, too.

It is my hunch that the stars are frequently a couple of jumps ahead of their products. It is not only because they want to try their acting talents on new characters that they are turning up their noses at siren and shell impersonations. In part they are reacting to changing public tastes and trying to get their studios to drop cycles which have worn themselves out. For, unless I am mistaken, film-goers are pretty tired of tarnished women and irresistible men. They would like to see their favorite actors and actresses in something a little different—something that strikes closer to the realities of present-day life and feeling.

If you can remember back then you may recall that Norma Shearer once played ladies of ill-repute, before she broke away from type portrayals and finally demonstrated her mature acting power in "Romeo and Juliet." Myrna Loy used to be an Oriental seductress on the screen, before she left all that to be one of the most engaging comedians that there is in Hollywood. The careers of most first-rate veteran players (Continued on page 70)
THE FAN LAW

If You Think That The Fans Are Just The Suckers Who Fill The Money Drawers At The Box-Offices, Think Again. They Are The Law In Hollywood. From Their Verdicts There Is No Appeal.

By Ed Sullivan

FRED ASTAIRE and Ginger Rogers, who wanted to break apart, are back together again on the screen because The Fan Law so ordered it. Warner's, contrary to the studio instinct to get rid of James Cagney, bent the knee and conciliated him because The Fan Law decreed it. Loreta Young, who tried a new coiffure in "Four Men and a Prayer," abandoned it in her next picture because The Fan Law turned thumbs down on the innovation. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy who wanted to dissolve their vocal partnership, have resumed it because The Fan Law handed down a decision from which there was no appeal.

The whole field of newreels was changed, because The Fan Law decreed that the "March of Time" formula was correct.

It is expressed in two ways, this Fan Law that makes the laws of behavior for major studios and major stars—it reaches Hollywood in the direct form of preview cards and letters; it reaches Hollywood indirectly through the box offices of the nation. And there is no appeal from the verdict of the "fan, one. It has been rendered. The "no's" of the fans submerge the "yeses" of the "yes men of Hollywood. You, you, you and you are judge and jury and prosecutor. You may be timid in asking a star for an autograph or a picture, but not so timid as the star in Beverly Hills awaiting your verdict. Because The Fan Law makes 'em and it breaks 'em.

When you read in the Hollywood columns that a Paramount biggie or an RKO biggie or an M-G-M master-mind has been released from a contract, it means that the impact of your letters and your absence from certain pictures has written the victim's sentence. The Fan Law has taken him or her by the snout of the neck and tossed him aside.

"In True Concession," the Paramount comedy starring Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray, is a preview card contender, which you'll recall. Following that, there was a scene in the jury room and, in the midst of the deliberations, one juryman climbed up on top of the table and started selling a patented medicine which he said was a cure for the fan-ache. When the picture was first shown at the studio for the bigwigs of Paramount, that scene exploded the executives into paroxysms of mirth. "That is the funniest thing that's ever been filmed" they told Director Wesley Ruggles. Miss Lombard waved it all away, so did Fred MacMurray.

So the picture was taken to Glendale for the first public preview. The jury room scene flashed on the screen, and the audience, which had been roaring suddenly quieted down completely. It was so quiet in the theatre that you could have heard a Zukor drop. The Paramount officials were flabbergasted, turned hastily to the preview cards which are still another expression of The Fan Law. "The jury room scene is in bad taste," said the first card. "The scene in the jury room is a mockery of American law," said the second. "It is unflinny" read the third. Every preview card had the same decision written on it. The amazing thing to me was that here was an audience recruited from all sectors of the community, different races, different creeds, and from different environments. Yet unanimously they reached the same verdict, experienced the identical reaction to a scene that was looked upon as the most hilarious scene in the picture.

Paramount yanked the offending scene out so quickly that it would ruffle your hair. The Fan Law had handed down a verdict and it would have been idiotic to argue that decision. The scene was junked. Even their "yes men" couldn't persuade the Paramount executives to retain it once the fans had spoken.

It was the same with the last picture which Gladys Swarthout and John Boles made, "Romance in the Dark." The highlight of that film, from a comedy standpoint, was the scene in which Miss Swarthout, singing from the stage, is pelted with ripe tomatoes. At the studio, it was agreed that as a result of her willingness to play such a scene, Gladys Swarthout would become overnight the best liked operatic star in sticklers. It proved, agreed the execs, that she was "regular" and the public would love it.

To their horrified amazement the fans responded Hitlerly to the scene. The fans said unanimously that the tomato-pelting was an insult to a fine artist, a reflection on all women, a conception of such marked bad taste that they couldn't understand the mentality of the makers of the picture.

Note again and again how the public, which is supposed to have the average mentality of a 12-year-old, unerringly points to Bad Taste. The intellectuals of the picture colony profess to sneer at the public, but the public can give them cards and spades in perception of vulgarity. The fans spot these things immediately and react immediately.

Let me tell one on myself to show you how accurate is this Fan Law.

Nelson Eddy is not one of my favorite performers, yet the fans enjoy his work tremendously. When "Relic" was released, I gave it a good scuffling, and pointed out that Eddy was about as believable in the role of a West Point cadet as Charlie McCarthy would have been. The fans deluged me with letters, pointing out that I had completely overlooked—that I should have berated M-G-M for its stupidity in miscasting Eddy, rather than berating him for doing the best he could with a part that was forced upon him. Every letter I received told me of the fans, as evidenced in their letters, given a Hollywood columnist a hearty respect for their powers of perception.

Sometimes, of course, the Fan Law is heart-breaking in its interpretations, and perhaps satisfying. A Robert Montgomery, seeking broader fields of expression, turns from the role of a cocktail-shaking dilettante to the wider emotional range of "Night Must Fall." The fans stay away from the box offices in droves, and Montgomery is bludgeoned back into the character which the fans have become accustomed to. Jim Cagney turns from grapefruit-heaving roles to that of a song and dance man. The fans refuse to go and see him. Cagney is kept back into line. Joan Crawford tries to spread out in "The Gorgeous Hussy" and "The Bride Wore Red," and the fans turn thumbs down so quickly that the Crawford teeth jolt in the Crawford head.

The Fan Law holds that each player must attend to the thing in which he has specialized. It may be unfair, but it is The Law and there is no escape from it. Every performer in this colony has learned that lesson, but the grass always is greener in the other fellow's yard.
What of Robert Montgomery, who, filled with ambition, gave up playboy roles? (Right) Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy with Jack Holt in "San Francisco." The public understood Gable's character in this and forgave him.

An invisible force draws Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald together for their screen lives.

It has been said that major studios make stars. Zanuck, Goldwyn, Mayer, Berman, Wallis and Cohn have been applauded for their daring in introducing new performers. I tell you in all earnestness that no producer and no studio ever has made a star. The studio proposes, but the fan disposes.

Goldwyn it was who tried to ram Anna Sten down the throats of the movie fans. He gave her everything—preparation, production values, a terrific advertising campaign. The fans turned her down. Goldwyn bought up the unexpired balance of her contract. He is a vigorous, self-confident man, but even he would not attempt to dispute the verdict of the fans.

I asked Darryl Zanuck how he came to star Tyrone Power in "Lloyds Of London." The little Swiss genius of celluloid made this remarkable answer: "The fans told me he was a star," he said. "Remember 'Girl's Dormitory,' Ed? Power appeared briefly in that picture, meeting Simone at the railroad station. He made just a casual impression at the studio, but I was struck by the letters that came in after the picture was released nationally. Nearly every girl who wrote wanted to know the name of the boy who had met Simone at the station. (Continued on page 7.)
Shirley Ross and stunt girl, Frances Miles, between takes on "Prison Farm." (Below) A scene from "You and Me," just before the fight starts. Frances, who is between Bob Cummings (foreground) and Bar- ton MacLane (standing), is waiting for the melee. She loves it—danger and all.

The lovely profile of Frances Miles which is in jeopardy at every turn.

Frances Miles once "whipped around" a big town car which Kay Francis was supposed to be driving, and crashed into a curb.

Those automobiles you see careening across the screen, crashing into ditches, over cliffs, into buildings? We drive them—

Those caged animals that spit and claw and charge? We dodge them—

Those wild horses that dash wildly through the westerns? We ride them, fall from them, roll out from under them.

We stab sharks, jump parachutes, brawl in bar rooms, pull hair, perish in airplane crashes, leap from windows, plunge through windshields, rush from burning buildings, dive into lakes, rivers and pools, brave live steam, smash things, get trapped in sinking boats—

We're the stunt women. Today there are thirty-seven of us, on call twenty-four hours a day. We're known as the Riding and Stunt Girls of the Screen, if you want to be formal about it. A division of the Screen Actors' Guild. There used to be sixty-seven of us. Marriages, better jobs, retirements and less than enough work to go around during the recent days of the parlor dramas and the musical romances, the process shots and a wave of sanity which has swept the industry, account for the dwindling ranks.
There Are Thirty-Seven Girls 
In Hollywood Who Actually 
Enjoy The Thrill Of Danger.

OF A 

STUNT 

GIRL

By 

Frances Miles

As told to 

Ed Churchill

The long shots of Carole Lombard in the lake in "True Confession" were made by a stunt girl, but, for the close-ups with Fred MacMurray, Carole herself was dunked. By the way, Carole gets the vote of the stunt girls for being the "most regular fellow."

It's a hell of a life—but we love it. There's something about excitement that gets you. You can't shake it. I guess that's why our organization has Helen Gibson as treasurer, Helen Holmes as head of the complaint committee, and Marlin Sais in its ranks. If you're around thirty-five, or even younger, you remember Helen Holmes as queen of the railroad serials; Helen Gibson as the star of Kalem chapter dramas, and Marlin as the neck-risking wife of Jack Hoxie, once ace of the outdoor epics. These gals went to town for the movie mad millions in the days when trick shots were unknown and what we call "effects" and "transparencies" went under the head of cheating the public.

Also, we have Olive Hatch, Olympic swimming champion, who'll dare anything in water—for a price. Olga Celeste will have her fun with any kind of animal that grows. Jane Reed will train the beasts who don't like to be trained. Mary Wiggins will make a parachute jump, drive a car in a gangster chase. More about the others later—

The point is that we're a bunch of specialists these days.

When I was born in Minneapolis—did I take my bow as president of the Riding and Stunt Girls of the Seven?—on February 24, 1908, I had no idea what was in store for me. Maybe you can blame the adventurous streak in my father, Oscar Martinson, chief of police of that city—sheriff—chief of the Universal City police—police employee at Paramount. He died in 1935, with a record of twenty-eight years as a law enforcement officer.

My mother had no adventurous ideas. Nor has my sister, Sally, now married. Nor Uriel, who is a studio property man. The first outcroppings of what the future held came when I got a lumber classification at Margaret Fuller grammar school in Minneapolis, and at West Side High School. I starred in field meets. Let that be a lesson to you.

Bill Koenig, studio manager at Universal City, asked dad to take charge of Carl Laemmle's gendarmes in 1923, and dad took the job. We drew a house right in Universal City, so I got very close to motion pictures. I hung around, watched, and soon did bits, extra work, and built up a reputation for having nerve. So, at sixteen, I found myself fighting a shark.

I'd done this and that when a temperamental leading woman had gasped: "Oh, my dear—don't ask me to—I realleh couldn't!"

Aileen Sedgwick gave me my first chance. Not by being "broad A" as noted above, for she was regular. But by being slightly enthusiastic about fighting the shark. The sweet little fellow was about 12 feet long, and swam happily and hungrily about in a tank nine feet deep. The portion of the plot that has to do with the story is this:

Bill Desmond, serial star, was trapped in a submarine. Aileen was to dive into the water, he attacked by the shark, kill it, open the conning tower, and save Bill. Oh yes—I was to dive with a knife in my mouth. Bill Koenig had asked my father if I could do it, and everyone was wise when I was brought onto the scene, supposedly to do a little. [Continued on page 72]
D O YOU need an emergency bride—an attractive young woman to act as your wife—an emergency wife you can be proud of? Do you need expert bridge players to fill in for your party because some of your guests didn't turn up? Have you just arrived in Hollywood and want someone to take you to the Hawaiian Paradise, the Tropicadero, Cafe Lamae, the Clover Club, La Golondrina, La Cona, to the races and fights, to Palm Springs and point out the stars to you? Are you lonely and blue and want someone sympathetic and understanding to talk to? There is an escort bureau on Hollywood Boulevard that will supply you with the person you need on a moment's notice, for $10 or $15.

It's run by Cherie Ray, a former actress, and Jack Ellowy, a medical student, and is a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. They have 55 girls and 30 young men on their payroll, all carefully selected, who know Hollywood and the stars, and are accomplished in the social graces. Believe you me when I tell you that a girl can't have a more intriguing and romantic occupation in this intriguing and romantic village of ours than toiling as professional escort. It's the smart thing right now, and quite a few of these lovely escorts don't need the money and do it for the fun of it. As for the young men, paid cavaliering is hardly less exciting, and is at the same time a definite profession, like law or selling insurance. Nearly all have had a college education, for the qualifications required for being a "de luxe" escort are rather high.

But most of us are still old-fashioned and think of these girls as demi-mondaines and of the young men as gigolos, so they are rather chary of publicity. For that reason some of the following names are strictly professional and not the real ones. Others, courageous, defiant souls, see no reason why they should disguise themselves. They even let me photograph them.

Marguerite Bernard, 37, is a veteran in the game, having started over a year ago. (Professional escorting is a new vocation.) She is a titian charmer, a graduate of the University of Southern California, and the widow of a well-known physician who died three years ago. She spent four years in Europe—London, Paris, Rome, Milan—studying music, Sings at private parties, on the radio, and in the Sunday evening concerts of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Works in pictures, is an expert driver, and can pilot a plane, with fifty hours of solo flying to her credit.

There is a modern girl for you!

I asked her why she became a professional escort. "Partly out of curiosity," she said, "and partly because—well, a woman sometimes is in a romantic mood!" she laughed. She made a great deal. "I tried a few other things, experimenting, you know, but was disappointed every time. When I heard about this escort service, I thought I might meet through it the right man, and eventually, I did!" Her first client was a meat packer from Kansas City. He was a patron of arts, and they had something in common to talk about. He was staying at the Biltmore. She called for him in her car, took him to the Caliente, La Olvera, La Golondrina and other quiet, foreign atmosphere places. "He was very charming, had a wife back East, but just wanted somebody to show him the town."

Then Marguerite met her "Big Moment," a Belgian baron and steel magnate, 45, handsome, on a business trip around the world. She took him to different places in Hollywood, showed him the studios, from the outside, and one Sunday drove him to Palm Springs, where they had dinner at the Desert Inn, by candle-light, and he proposed, but she did not accept his offer of marriage. The baron left for China and Japan, hoping she will change her mind, soon. They are corresponding.

As an escort, Marguerite says, "I've always had good luck. Cherie doesn't introduce me to anybody without preliminary investigation. I enjoy my work as an escort very much. It pays for my music lessons."

The fees are paid directly to the bureau, and never to the escort, which puts the relationship on a business-like basis and saves embarrassment. The escort is given half of the fee paid, $5 or $7.50, depending on the clothes she or he has to wear. Five dollars for street clothes, $7.50 for evening gowns or tuxedos. The fee is double when an after-

(Above) The escorts have to point out the screen players—"Oh, there's Tyrone Power." Claudette Colbert is one of the sights of the Cinema City. (Right) Imagine the pride of an escort when Clark Gable appears.
noon and evening are combined. But nearly all the escorts have regular employment during the day and are not dependent on their professional dates for their bread and butter.

These guides know the favorite night spots of the stars, and who is to be seen where. Says Miss Bernard: "Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond rarely go to night clubs. Their hang-out is a dude ranch in Palm Springs. It's a very exclusive place, and most of the guests are society people from the East. You don't hear people talking about pictures there, and that's why Jeanette and Gene like it. They are never dressed up at the ranch. I usually see them in dungarees and loud sport shirts. Jeanette's, especially, are loud. One night I saw them enjoying a barbecue party and cooking their own steak right out on the desert."

A favorite night club with Miss Bernard is the Hawaiian Paradise. "All the movie people go there for dinner. The lighting is very low, and it's a very atmospheric place. There is a rustic bridge in the Lanai Room, where the cover charge is $1.50, and where there is water all around the dance floor, containing turtles and fish. On the backs of the turtles you can read the names of Garbo, Crawford, Ginger Rogers and other stars. The club has a section where you don't have to pay cover charge, and where you can have practically as much fun, but the stars are in the Lanai Room."

Miss Bernard knows, also, the food habits of the stars. For instance, at Clara Bow's "It" Cafe on Vine Street, she can tell that Jeanette MacDonald is sure to order an asparagus omelet, and Gene Raymond a steak. Anita Louise will have curried turkey, Bette Davis, who goes there often, never fails to order pineapple salad.

At the "It" Cafe they have floor shows in the evening, and recently Eleanor Powell's double has been dancing there. Marjorie Gateson and Kerry Conway, Miss Bernard says, are steady customers of the Little Club on Sunset Boulevard. "It's a small, cozy place, where a roaming girl singer will waille your favorite songs."

If a visitor wants to see the Pat O'Briens, she takes him either to the Coconut Grove or the Beverly Wilshire. The latter is featuring Harry Oakes and his orchestra. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor, are also most likely to be found there. The Basil Rathbone's dine and dance to the soft music at the Victor Hugo. Wendy Barrie will take a party of friends to the Beachcombers, a night spot with a South Seas atmosphere just off Hollywood Boulevard.

Dolores Del Rio likes the Olvera Street, in downtown Los Angeles. In this district the two chief night clubs are the Caliente and La Golondrina, frequented also by Ramon Novarro, Ronald Colman and Bill Powell, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. "Caliente is new, and very popular, but La Golondrina is the old stand-by. It has a picturesque [Continued on page 80]"
Ralph Bellamy Owns A Home In Hollywood And A Farm In Connecticut. Oil Gushes Forth From His Louisiana Land But What Beats Everything Is His Growing Screen Reputation.

By Dena Reed

"THE Awful Truth" about Ralph Bellamy is that he is a "Magnificent Lie!

Starting his film career in the latter and achieving his greatest growth in the former, the popular Columbia star has a personality which follows along the same paradoxical lines.

He's both the least—and the most—married man in Hollywood!

He's been on the verge of suicide and on top of the heap! He's at one and the same time the colony's leading sophisticate and its most naive citizen! He's the most temperamental of stars—and the sanest! He's gone hungry in prosperity and struck oil at the depth of the depression!

He's been the most inhibited and the gayest of Hollywood's hell-bent-for-hi-de-ho sons!

And therein lies the awful truth about Bellamy! To know Ralph and the charming Catherine Bellamy is to know Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles in person! Nothing ever seems to bother them very deeply, they're each free to think and act individually and yet there is a oneness of interest and understanding which makes for that ideal state which Myrna Loy and Bill Powell have developed as the model marriage pattern.

"I don't think anyone enjoys single-blessedness, in the best sense, more than Ralph. I always let him have his way," Catherine confided to me recently, "And then I invariably find that his way is wrong. And that makes him a much-married man, you see. It's so much simpler than making a situation out of nothing and having to fight for your rights. I never do. Ralph techs as though he can do whatever he wants—and then wants to be left alone."

"Is it always as simple as that? Don't you ever fight it out on the domestic front if it takes all summer?"

"Oh, sometimes," she admitted, "but then it's usually some-thing big, like buying a house, and it's worth a real sizable blow-up! The little things which break up marriages, things like waking up cross in the morning and sulking at breakfast, or complaining that his shirts aren't stiff enough, or soft enough—those little things never seem to come up."

Naturally it's much easier to be charming and affable with a nice seven year contract in your pocket, and owning four or five estates scattered over the country, than it is when you haven't eaten for days and your future is hate of prospects. That's true. But I knew Bellamy when, if, at that time, he wasn't exactly starving, he was still a long way from the security he now enjoys. There was even a time when suicide seemed preferable than a diet of—water! He told me himself, shuddering at the memory of three meal-less, delirium-ridden days when the prospects of relief from the pangs of hunger and fear and hopelessness seemed preferable to nilchous prospects.

"I needn't tell you," he remarked, "I'm glad I didn't obey that impulse!"

No, he needn't. Since then he's done right well by himself—he's now at the top of the heap. Appearing consistently in films he has steadily accumulated a home in Hollywood, a fifty-two acre farm in Connecticut and a huge hundred and fifty-two acre tract at Palm Springs which he and Charlie Farrell have converted, out of desert land, into a tennis club. So successful has it become that he's going to sell his share to Charlie because it's beginning to take too large chunks [Continued on page 66]
TO

ALICE BRADY

A New Yorker Born And Bred
Who Has Brilliantly Upheld
The Honor Of The Empire State

In recent years, Alice Brady has been cast in silly comedy roles and she has gushed through them as airily as a nitwit. But Mr. Zanuck gave her a real part in "In Old Chicago" and the success of this picture is largely due to her inspired performance as the mother of the three young men. It earned for her the Academy Award, given each year to the actress contributing the best work as a supporting player. Miss Brady, is the daughter of William A. Brady, well-known theatrical producer. She was once married to James L. Crane and is the mother of an eleven year old son.
Myrna Loy recuperates at her home from the exhausting task of receiving the adulation of the fans. (Left) Florence Rice, DeLuxe edition of a flower farmerette. Gardening is her avocation.

The Healthful Rays Of The Summer Sun Rest And Rebuild The Players. It's strange To Think That The Same Rays That Rejuvenate Garbo Also Pep Up Aunt Emma!

Sally Eilers has pretty legs and doesn't care if the whole Pacific Ocean knows it.

This golfing shot of Rosalind Russell is no pose. It is evident that she's a player.
THE world at large labors under the delusion that screen stars are always on vacation. But the stars say: "That's what you think!" They know that the brief rests they enjoy between pictures are best spent visiting New York, seeing the current plays and making a round of the prominent night clubs. "That's good publicity!" say their producers. And good little stars have to obey their producers—or else!

But when summer-time rolls around, the stars put thumbs down on publicity, and go away to seaside or mountain or farm, or, even as you and I, stay in their own back yard, enjoying the thrill of doing exactly what they please.

Dick Powell, carefree and happy, at the tiller of his yawl "beating to wind'ard." No wonder he sings! (Right) Madge Evans tries out the mattress qualities of a couple of bales of hay. (Below) Picnics are a universal relaxation and every hillside may be the background for thousands of snapshots, and the forest dells ring with merry laughter. Lynne Carver takes to the open with the lunch basket. "Oh, wilderness were Paradise now."

(Continued on Next Page)
(Top) The script is getting slight attention from Don Ameche who is making the most of the dappled shade of his town. (Next, below) Ronald Reagan and Margaret Lindsay wave and grin and register joy in their own fashion, for the director wasn’t invited. (Above) Danielle Darrieux trying out the restful qualities of her checkered playsuit. (Left) Rita Hayworth, feeling the Robin Hood influence, doesn’t quite understand about the target yet.
[Left] Warner Baxter, with his wife, enjoying a terrace luncheon at home in summer idleness, but his shadow self is working on a thousand theatre screens. [Top] Gloria Dickson demonstrates a swell way to carry an apple when the Toron urge comes on. [Next, below] Bobby Breen in placid waters, where success has taken him. [Above] Beatrice Roberts and Paul Kelly at Northridge ranch, posing "Bee." The calf was not 24 hours old when this photograph was taken.
FASHION TIPS
FROM HOLLYWOOD

Life In The Country Or Down By The Sea
Demands A Wardrobe That Just Fits The Time,
The Place And The Girl!

At long last vacation time has come
around again, and so, off we bid
ourselves to the wide open spaces
where we can bask in the sunshine, let
our hair blow in the breeze, and just loaf
and loaf to our heart's delight—as long
as the pocketbook holds out.

As trailers have become so popular of
late years, we thought we'd include an
outfit suitable for such a luxurious
method of going "back to nature." How-
ever, we haven't neglected the summer
girl who looks for a bit of romantic
philandering while away from the city,
nor have we forgotten the girl with the
form divine who is anxious to give the
onlookers a treat.

Jantzen modeled the two interesting swim
suits worn by the lovely Brewster twins:
Gloria (at left) wears the Fiesta and Bar-
bara, the Mexicana. They are made of hand
printed Wisp-a-weight fabric in which pure
silk is combined with Lashex yarn. (Center)
After a dip in her swimming pool, lovely
Loretta Young slips into this comfortable
robe of raw silk printed in large multi-
colored plumes.

(Continued on Next Page)
Lucille Ball demonstrates a full day's outfit for the girl who travels by trailer. A quilted red and white taffeta bathing suit for that early dip; a blue and pink dirndl peasant frock for breakfast. For all sports she wears dark blue jersey slacks and blouse, with the addition of a beige cabby coat fastened with huge brown buttons for cool mornings; a riding suit in a brown and white combination for mountain trails; and one "dress-up" outfit, consisting of pale yellow wool suit, a brown silk blouse, and long brown and white checked coat. Her hat is of yellow antelope. For sleeping Lucille wears heavy wash crepe pajamas.

(Above) Ann Miller looks particularly happy in her blue, red and yellow dotted playsuit with its white background, accented by a royal blue cotton bolero jacket. A large white linen sun hat and Mexican huaraches (sandals to you) complete the costume. (Left) Rosemary Lane models a shirtwaist type of playsuit, with buttoned skirt, in striped green and white silk jersey, with play shoes of woven straw in deep green to match her belt.
Hats And Frocks For More Conservative Occasions At The Country Or Beach Club.

(Above—L. to R.) Loretta Young looks cool and contented in her white crepe afternoon frock with its arresting design of prim tulips in pale green and yellow on the bodice panels. Rita Hayworth in a unique spectator sports ensemble, combining a natural pongee frock with halter top and deep hem banding of forest green to complement her smartly cut bolero. Barbara Read borrows an idea from the Gay '90's for her afternoon beach costume of black and white challis. (Opposite—L. to R.) Maureen O'Sullivan in a late afternoon or informal dinner frock of crisp white organdie designed with a cluster of vivid red cherries and bright green leaves. Polka dots highlight her luncheon frock, the box-pleated skirt in a background of navy with gold dots and the blouse just reversed. A saucer-brimmed leghorn hat adds a charming note to this simple costume. Maureen chooses a hand-blocked linen for spectator sports wear. It is in two pieces, and the combination of colors, green, maroon and blue, is distinctly eye-catching. A stitched white felt hat is worn with this.
(More hats, reading L. to R.) June Lang shows how picturesque a huge natural straw hat can be when it is banded by a coarse black net veil over the forehead. A flared off-the-face stitched blue silk hat, accented with a fuschia grosgrain ribbon band is Claire Trevor’s striking choice. Dorothy Lamour likes this carnation turban, with its starched blue face veil.

Frances Robinson in a dusty Pink Milan straw bonnet adorned with a single rose and a black face cob-web veil.
NEW FILMS THAT ARE

Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Howe and Harriet Hilliard in "Cocoanut Grove."

Andrea Leeds, Rita Johnson and Eve Arden in "Letter of Introduction."

George O'Brien and Ed Pawley in "Gun Law."

Pat O'Brien, Marie Wilson and James Cagney in "Boy Meets Girl."

Loretta Young, Spencer Charters, Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore in "Three Blind Mice."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Danielle Darrieux in "The Rage of Paris."
Henry Armetta and Lynn Bori in "Speed to Burn."

Richard Dix, Torben Mayer and Whitney Bourne in "Blind Alibi."

Jack Holt, Russell Hopton and Marcia Ralston in "Crime Takes a Holiday."

Melvyn Douglas and Luise Rainer in "The Toy Wife."

Matthew Boulton and Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff."

Andrew Tombes, Sidney Toloc, June Lang and Dick Baldwin in "Time Out for Murder."
Rudy Vallee and Rosemary Lane hear the call to arms in "Golddiggers in Paris." Rudy smiles in the face of danger and in the third picture moves to consolidate the forces. Is that salute sincere? Or is it acting?

The solitary figure is Leo Carrillo in "City Shadows." First he listens—Then he differs—And his eyes intensely glitter—Now suspicious—"You want mine—Big Apple?—I give 'em shine!"

(Continued on Next Page)
Betty Grable in a dance routine illustrating four million reasons why a dancer with pretty legs should keep in practice—or maybe she is trying out the skating routine that Sonja Henie put over.
I years for marriage:

73% of 60,000 marriages show that most girls marry in their early 20's—59% before they are 24. However, women who are truly charming can marry at any age.

23 and no sign of "middle ailing"?

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... remember it is daintiness that wins.

Avoid Offending

Just one hint of "undie odor" is enough to spoil any romance. Don't risk it! Lux undies every night!

Lux takes away all odor—protects your daintiness. Saves colors, too. Avoid soap with harmful alkali and cake-soap rubbing. These wear out delicate things too fast. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Protect daintiness—Lux lingerie daily

(Top) Ah, the whirl of excitement in Hollywood! Olympe Bradna expresses it in her "whirl away" dance movement. Try it some headache morning.

Walter Pidgeon wrestles with the idea of rolling his own smokers. You put some paper around some tobacco—see! It's very simple; in fact, it's foolish! Gimme my briar!
Making Movies Requires Many Men, Many Ideas And A Lot Of Patience.

Three different scenes from "Four's a Crowd" are being taken at the same time. In foreground, Olivia de Havilland in bed. On the left side, half way up, is Rosalind Russell in an office set. Near the window in back another crew is at work shooting Errol Flynn. Observe the sound engineer at lower right, near corner. (In circle) The "Time Out For Murder" company. The property man dropped the telephone stand on June Long's head eight times before the director was satisfied.

SHOOTING STARS

Director George Cukor showing Doris Nolan and Cary Grant how he wants them to do a scene for "Holiday." Try getting into step, Cary.

(Below) The wind machine gives the touch of realism to the flag. Eleonore Whitney making a publicity still. (Right) How a set looks to show action on three floors. It's for "Letter of Introduction."
As soon as he stopped singing, I said, "Hello. Who are you?"

STABLE-BOY BLUES

In the Racing Game Love Isn't Always In The Money.

By David Manuel

I left the clubhouse and started for the paddock. I knew I would be in for a lively session of abuse from Jimmy when I got back. But I knew I could take it without a word, which would only make him angrier. Sooner or later he would learn not to take girls out, especially me, when he was hunting news for his daily column. Anyway I wanted to see the horses, and I didn't see why, instead, I should trail around with Jimmy Evans finding out who was attending the races with whom, and what the well-dressed movie actor was wearing.

It was bright and sunny; flowers were in bloom; there was a pleasant crunch of gravel as I walked along. I am fond of horses, and I was having a fine time all by myself, going from stall to stall. Suddenly I heard someone singing. I turned in that direction, because the song was one of my own, one I had written recently, and the singer was doing very well by it. On the far side of a freshly-painted fence I discovered a young man singing softly and at the same time putting a dark sleek beautiful horse through his ablutions.

Had you seen this male specimen you would probably have been as surprised as I. He had yellow hair, a very ruddy complexion, dreamy blue eyes, and was built like men you read about—or girls dream about. The fact that his clothes were old and soiled did not make a particle of difference. And there he stood, uninterested as you please, singing my song better than I had ever heard anybody else sing it. I was amazed.

As soon as he stopped singing, I said, "Hello. Who are you?" He looked up from his work and his eyes were a nice combination of curiosity, amusement and independence.
"Nobody you would care about," he said cheerfully. Even in speaking his voice had a nice husky, throaty quality.

"I came out to look at the horses," I said, "but I didn't expect to find a crooner."

His good woman, I'm no crooner, I'm a stable boy. A toiler, I'm. I put this horse what your maid is to you. I take it that you're a damsel who would have a maid—and a string of polo players?"

He grinned.

A rather flipant young man, I thought, I said: "Do you mean you wash horses for a living, with a voice like that?"

"I generally use soap and water," His eyes twinkled as he plied a curry brush. "Anyway I like washing horses, especially this one. And I prefer horses to people. Horses never ask silly questions."

"You can't squeal me," I said.

"Oh, I didn't mean you." His tone was disarming.

"What's his name?"

"Gold Prince. You see, I raised him from a baby, and one day I aim to own him myself."

"How may I ask?"

"I don't know why you'd be interested, but one week from Saturday, in the Santa Anita Handicap, I am betting my little nest egg on him. Nobody appreciates him but me, and this little hangtail ought to pay plenty."

"To make a short story short, after a couple of more races he's going to run right straight into my arms."

"How romantic," I said, "but no horse is that good, except Man o' War, and he doesn't run any more. It would be much more sensible if you'd cash in on that voice of yours while you're still nice to look at."

He didn't seem to care much about this remark, and he frowned slightly. "Excuse me," he said politely, "I'm busy and I'm afraid I don't have time for any small talk."

I stood my ground. I may be a member of the weaker sex, but I have a good head for business. Furthermore, although my own voice was considered good in certain circles, I knew that there were some of my songs I could never hope to put across as well as I thought he might.

"How would you like to make a fifty dollars?" I asked. "That would be a little extra to waste on your baby here."

"Say, who are you? And how can anyone make fifty dollars when he has a full-time job already? You'd better run along, before I take you up."

"Stop being skeptical," I said, "And listen to me. My name is Anne Reid. I don't suppose you've ever heard of me, but a lot of people have. I wrote that song you were singing just now—and I have a radio program—Thursday's from nine to nine-thirty, sponsored by Crawford Soaps. Haven't you ever heard of the soup with a soul? Besides that I have my own club, the Club Stratford, where I sing every night. I'm telling you all this because you don't seem to know anything, except about horses. Well, if you want I'll put you on my program for one night, as a guest—sort of a trial. We'll interview you about your job, and you can sing one song—one of my songs—for all of which I will pay you fifty dollars. Do you want it?"

He accepted this with a tantalizing grin. I began to be a little annoyed.

"Anyway, you write nice music."

"Do you or don't you want it?"

"Sure I want fifty dollars," he said. "Who wouldn't?"

"Fine. This is Tuesday. You come to my apartment tomorrow night for a trial rehearsal. Franklin Arms Apartment, Hollywood. Can I count on you hang your horse bathed and put to bed and arriving about eight?"

"Sure. I'll be there." He gave me a gallant bow, in which there was still a trace of amusement. "And thank you, fair lady, for putting me on the right track."

"I'm not sure you deserve it," I said.

On my way back to the clubhouse I was full of plans for my disposal, whatever name I didn't even know. If I could get him away from that horse, I thought, we'd both make a fortune. His voice and my songs—what a beautiful combination! Why the simpleton didn't seem to realize that if he was a success he could have all the horses he wanted.

For once I was fortunate. Jimmy was talking to a beautiful blonde girl and he merely growled at me that females with faces like mine should not wander unescorted about race tracks. I trust he was, this in a complimentary sense. He introduced me to the blonde. She was Janice Robinson, a girl Jimmy was trying to get into the movies. She was rich and socially prominent, and it seemed she yearned to be connected with the cinema. Jimmy seemed to think she was the greatest find since Garbo, and there was no question about it—she was attractive. For the rest of the afternoon—between races—he elaborated on his plans. How he was going to publicize her in his column, get her picture in all the papers, and finally land a big fat contract for her. Of course, I knew that when that happened Jimmy would step in and take most of the credit.

He said he was bringing her to my club that night, along with a photographer, so that I would cash in a little on the publicity too. But my mind was too busy to pay much attention to his prattling. I wasn't until he was driving me home that I told him what I had done and asked him if he could be on hand the next night to work up an interview. Jimmy was master of ceremonies on my program, and interviewed all the guest stars.

Then I got what I expected. A tirade. "Anne, why in the name of heaven can't you behave like a sensible dignified girl?" Jimmy raved. "And not go around talking to strange people! How do you know anything about this fellow? He might be a criminal, or a bum. How do you know if he can sing better than a mule? What can I possibly interview a stable boy about?"

"Calm yourself, Jimmy. I should think he'd be a novelty—after all those half-baked movie heroines."

"Why don't you let me run the program?" he asked indignantly, "I do—usually."

"Probably he won't even show up. You don't know a thing about this boy!"
"He has nice hair and beautiful eyes," I said. Jimmy snorted uninterestingly.

"I believe you're jealous," I said. "Do you get jealous when you build up blondes for the movies? No. Do you get jealous when you talk to beautiful stars? No. Do I get jealous when I don't see you for a week? No."

"Maybe it would be better if you did," he growled, jamming on his brakes for a traffic light and almost throwing me off the seat. "Then I'd know where I stood with you. Sometimes I think you love me and sometimes I don't."

"That's funny," I said. "Sometimes I think I do, and sometimes I think I don't."

He ranted on for a while, but I just smiled sweetly. When we got home I told him I'd see him and Janice at the club. And that I'd expect him to have some nice questions for my stable boy the next evening.

"If it would make you feel any better," I added, "you can bring a gun along for protection."

He didn't see anything funny in this, and he was scowling darkly when I ran up the steps to my apartment.

At the Club that night Jimmy was somewhat distant. But then he was very busy introducing Janice to all the celebrities he could corner. This routine was familiar to me, for at times Jimmy's desire to be world-known as a newspaperman was all-important. His method was to build people up via his columns and feature stories, and then back in their fame. He was doing much the same thing for Janice that he had done for me the year before. It was through his efforts that I became so successful in Hollywood, even though I was already pretty well known in New York. That was why, when I got my radio program, I rewarded him by getting him on it too.

Jimmy and I usually got along very well, except for the fact that he seemed to have a burning desire—when he wasn't too busy—to protect me from the evils of the world. At times, even I thought he was really in love with me—next to his career, that is. I was ready early the following evening, not being quite sure when to expect either Jimmy or my discovery from the racetrack. I didn't share Jimmy's belief that my protege wouldn't show up. Jimmy's ring came, and I knew by the way he bounded up the steps that things were all right with him. He came bursting in, with the glad tidings that he thought he was about to land a contract for Janice. Her picture was on the front page of the paper he thrust in my face.

"You will notice," he said, "that it says she went to the Club Stratford especially to hear that lovely lady, that charming chanteuse, that gifted composer, none other than Rube Raines. That means you, in case I didn't make myself clear." His dark easter face was near mine, and his excitement was contagious. "That's just to show I have no hard feelings about this race-track guy. "Mighty white of you," I said, rumpus style. "I mean, you know me. This usually annoyed him, but tonight he paid no attention.

"Where's your prodigy?" he asked. "Anyway, let's hope he leaves the stable at the track."

Jimmy began extolling Janice but was interrupted by the arrival of my "race-track guy." My apartment was spacious and attractively decorated in pastel colors, but somehow my stable boy did not look at all out of place. In fact he looked very well. His clothes fit him, were neat and in good taste, and he was just twice as appealing as I had thought.

"Jimmy," I said, "this is — ."

"Paul Reynolds," he supplied, bowing politely. They shook hands, looking each other over. I explained all about Jimmy, but Paul did not seem too impressed. This annoyed Jimmy tremendously.

"Have you had any experience?" Jimmy asked abruptly. I've been around," Paul said defensively.

"You know what I mean—radio experience?"

"No, afraid not. But I guess almost anyone could talk into a gadget."

I grinned at Jimmy and he glanced back. His tactics would have annoyed anybody. "You've never sung in public them, sir?"

"Picnics, Choirs, Barber-shops. While he was speaking he gave me a rather thorough examination. It was as though he had never seen me before. Somehow I felt tremendously flattered.

"Nice to see how the other half lives," he said to me smiling.

"Do you think you're going to like being famous?" I asked, for want of something better to say—"And meeting famous people?"

"I don't want fame: just the fifty dollars. You keep your famous people—l'll stick to my horses. A fellow knows where he stands with them."

"A homespun philosopher," Jimmy said sarcastically. "Don't tell me you whimsically discuss the birds and bees with your horses."

"No," Paul said disarming, "we never discuss anything except gossip columns, radio programs and such important things.

Score one for our side. I thought.

After a little more of such talk Jimmy said, "Now about this broadcast, Anne? I'm to ask Mr. Reynolds a few questions that you think might interest people, and then he's to sing one number. Is that right?"

I nodded. "About a three-minute interview. Did you think up some questions?"

"How about these?" Jimmy continued. "How long have you been connected with the track? What are your duties? Have you always been interested in race horses? . . .

This went on for some time, and between them they worked up a nice little interview. Paul's replies were intelligent, and his nonchalant delivery pleased me no end. Everything was satisfactory. While Jimmy finished the interview I rehearsed Paul in one of my songs. It was one I had never been able to do justice to. It needed a voice like Paul's. He leaned against the piano and sang in his easy careless manner—and the song really came to life. It made me proud of my work.

Paul said he couldn't give the rehearsal next day, but Jimmy told him coldly that it wouldn't be necessary. Their attitude to each other convinced me right there and then that there was going to be trouble—which, with Jimmy's sarcasm and Paul's light-hearted attitude. That night I went to the club happy in the thought that the program would go well, but wondering why a horse should have first claim to a nice boy with such a swell voice.

Thursday evening, at eight-thirty, I was at the broadcasting station waiting for Paul. He was late, which annoyed me, as I had wanted to rehearse him again. But all he said when he arrived was—that Gold Prince had a pull at the last minute or something. However he assured me he didn't need to rehearse any more.

In the studio everyone seemed nervous except Paul. Anyway, I was. There was that expectant hush among Jimmy, the announcer, and the orchestra were all in place. Before I knew it we were on the air and Jimmy was introducing Paul. There was mild applause.

"Are you a college man, Mr. Reynolds?" I [Continued on page 74]
New Names For Old And Perhaps A Lifetime Of Happy Days In Place Of A Destiny Of Disaster.

The name Dorothy Lamour is so descriptive it seems real.

She was born in Brooklyn on July 16, 1907, and her name was Ruby Stevens. She hated it with all her heart and soul, so when she grew up and got her first chance in a Broadway show, "The Noose," she decided to cast away forever the "Ruby" and adopt her favorite girls' name, "Barbara." But what shall I do for a last name?" she mused to herself. Her eyes lighted on an old theatre program on a nearby desk, and a sudden inspiration came. She took a pencil, shut her eyes and brought down the point, making a mark on the program. The mark was opposite the name "James Stannwyck." "That's my new name!" cried little Ruby in glee, "BARBARA STANNWYCK." And sure enough, it brought her fame and fortune.

It is an interesting fact that eight out of ten stars have risen to glory with other names than their own. There are various reasons for this. Sometimes the real name is too long; sometimes it is too hard to spell or pronounce; sometimes it just sounds funny; sometimes it is too common and sometimes numerology enters into the matter.

This shedding of old names for new sometimes gets a person's "goal." Only last summer it completely got the goat, so to speak, of a certain State Representative in Boston and he promptly introduced a bill in the Massachusetts legislature to compel "all actors and actresses to henceforth use their right names or be barred from Massachusetts appearances!" Penalties would be—a $1000 fine for first offenders, a $2000 fine or six months' imprisonment for second offenders, and a statewide ban on performances, either in person or on the screen, for third offenders! But nothing came of this bill, fortunately.

Undoubtedly you have wondered more than once if the names your beloved favorites go by are their very own. If I should ask you to write down the "screen names" of, say—Bill Dunkinfield, Lily Chauchoin, Asa Yochon, Gladys Greene, Fanny Silverstitch, Timothy Noonan, Dorothy Sloton and Lolita Assouno de Martinez, well, it's dollars to doughnuts your exam papers wouldn't rate a 100% perfect. A few might, but I doubt it.

Even if I asked if you knew Richard Ewing Powell, you might shake your head. Yet, that's merely how our old friend, Dick Powell, signs his contracts and legal papers.

Then we have Alice Lepage—how many know this winsome young lady? Her name now happens to be Alice Fay. Born in New York City on May 5, 1915, daughter of a policeman, she changed her name to Faye when her professional career began. She thought that name lucky because Frank Fay was then the top-notch star on old Broadway.

The tragic mystic verse of Edgar Allan Poe so inspired Annabella, the little French star, that she went to one of his saddest stories for the movie name that she uses. As Anne Carpentier, her maiden name, she was playing bit roles a few years ago in French films when she read "Annabel Lee." The poem haunted her so much with its sad beauty that she decided to use Annabel as her trade name. Before she came to Hollywood, she added another "I" to make it more musical.

Actors and actresses don't always name themselves. Sometimes the studio exercises its "say," sometimes other sources come into the matter. Lucile Langhanke became Mary Astor by vote of the dramatic critics of New York newspapers. A fan contest conducted by a magazine gave Joan Crawford her name. Before that she was known as Lucille La Sueur. Her real name was Cassin. Louise Dandridge became Mary Brian because Director Herbert Brenon thought that name better suited to her personality.

Most folks know lovely Jean Arthur by that name only, but Jean has more than once confided to intimates that her real maiden name was Gladys Greene.

Even Charlie McCarthy was "born" with a different name. He started out being called Charlie Mack, named after the woodcutter who fashioned him! Charlie's make-up is the result of long months of experimental work and, incidentally, that led to a new name. He was first painted (oh, the shame of it!) with ordinary house paint! As he moved up in society, in swanky night clubs and such around the metropolis, he needed a more convincing job on his face. Bergen had to find something so his beloved pet's face wouldn't shine so much. All kinds of paints and lacquers were tried out but with little success. At last Bergen hit upon the expedient of mixing powdered pumice with paint, to get a soft skin texture, and it worked out beautifully. Then Ed's eye fell on Charlie and he cried, "Heavens, you're now an Irishman, so I'll have to give you another last name!" He finally hit upon McCarthy, so Charlie McCarthy was born!

Bergen himself then condensed his own name of "Berggren"—thinking it wouldn't look good in electric lights—to "Edgar Bergen."
frightening snarl. Their plan was to hide in an alleyway and when an unsuspecting victim walked past they would step out in the street with the lion on a leash. The results were most gratifying. Women shrieked and fainted dead away on the cobblestones, and not even the most stalwart of men seemed eager to remain in the lion’s vicinity more than the fraction of a second.

But the lion soon lost interest in the game, and what with suppertime coming on his eyes wandered to a butcher shop across the way—zowie, with one bound he was free of his leash and in the shop, his teeth sunk in a juicy leg of lamb. Amid a flurry of “Mon Dieu!” the butcher summoned the gendarmes and the young men, quite content with their experiment, landed in the local police station. And that, dear reader, was the one and only time that handsome, dignified Charles Boyer had been in the hoosegow.

As he grew older, and became an actor on that stage he had watched so greedily as a boy, his obsession continued to be “accuracy in characterization.” To obtain accuracy one must work relentlessly, seriously—and Charles Boyer has never been one to shirk the work he loved so passionately. “I do not want an audience to see me on the stage, or screen,” he has said time and again, “as Charles Boyer. But as the character in the story.” He has been successful in carrying the realism of his roles to the nth degree on the screen because he works hard to transform himself into the character he portrays.

When he prepared for his role in “Thunder in the East” he locked himself in an apartment for three weeks and read Japanese philosophy. For weeks before he played the young psychiatrist in “Private Worlds” (which picture by the way happens to be his favorite) he studied psychiatry and visited institutions.

When he prepared himself to play Napoleon in “Conquest” he read hundreds of volumes on Napoleon. He had a mask made of Napoleon’s face and took endless make-up tests at the studio so that Bonaparte might obliterate Boyer. He spent hours practicing Napoleon’s peculiar manner of walking. And for five and a half months—all the time that “Conquest” was in production—he carried his chin deep in his collar in the manner of the Little Corporal, so that now, as a grim result, he has a double chin.

Boyer really becomes the entity he is creating—he is a Trappist monk, he is Napoleon Bonaparte, he is Prince Mikail Ouratiell of the White Russians, he is Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria.

When he is making a picture Boyer closes his set to visitors and interviewers—not that he has an exalted idea of his own importance but because he does not wish to be recalled to his identity until the production is completed. He feels that he is the character he is portraying, and that he could not remain so if persons having nothing to do with that character should happen to intrude. For instance, a fan writer simply couldn’t ask Napoleon, “Do you like swing music?” But I have seen Napoleon forget about his campaigns and his beautiful Countess long enough to argue, and volubly, with the director about a certain scene. Or am I being fancy?

When you are putting your whole soul and body into being somebody else, and not yourself, I suppose you have a right to demand peace and silence on a set. But whenever I find a set closed and am told I can’t enter it because an actor, or an actress (and this means you, Miss Garbo) is in the throes of Art and portraying a character I always think of the greatest actress of them all—Helen Hayes.

When she was in Hollywood a few years ago Helen Hayes’ set was open to writers, publicity people, and visiting friarman any time of day and night. Neither the crew from a British war-ship anchored off San Pedro, nor the Rotarian Club from Kansas
City could upset her mood. I shall never forget the day I saw her do her famous crying scene in "The White Sister." Helen, lovely in her nun's clothes and looking like something out of another world, was playing a snappy game of "Hearts" on a property table with Clark Gable, a woman from the wardrobe, and a three-fifty a day extra.

"Miss Hayes," said the director who had worked with the Glamorous Ones for many years, "it is time for you to cry. This is your great emotional scene in the picture. Would you like to have a little sad music played on the viola? Don't you think you should be quiet in your dressing room for a while? I'll clear the set."

"Don't bother," said Helen, with a hearty chortle as she passed the Black Queen to Gable, "when you are ready for me to cry I will cry."

But after all we can't all be Helen Hayes, I suppose. And even I am clever enough to realize that there are always two ways, at least, of doing things. And I who worship good acting in my quiet little way would be the last person in the world to belittle Charles Boyer, whose superb acting in "Mayerling" touched me so deeply.

He who would one day express sadness better than any other actor on the screen was born in the small village of Figeac, France, just as the century was beginning to turn. He was an only child, so naturally his parents, Maurice and Louise Boyer, decided that he was the smartest child in France—and they were more right about that than they knew. The Boyers for several generations had been manufacturers of farm machinery, and Charles' father believed that some day his son would inherit the factory in Figeac, and carry on the family heritage. Maurice Boyer died when Charles was ten.

When her husband died Madame Boyer sold the factory but continued to live in their old home in Figeac. She told her son that she sold the factory because her friends advised her to do so—but Boyer, who is, and always has been, very close to his mother, suspects that she would have sold it, advice or no, so that there could be no question of his ever having to take it over. Her son, Madame Boyer had decided, would be a great professor.

But Charles Boyer had other ideas. Grease-paint meant far more to him than a frock coat and scholastic dignities. When he was twelve he announced to his mother that he was going to be an actor when he grew up. What a blow that must have been to Madame Boyer, but she took it very sensibly. "You are young," she said, "you will finish your school work here and enter the Sorbonne and win your license as I have always wanted you to do. And then, if you still desire to become an actor, you will have my blessing and my hope that you will succeed."

The course at the Sorbonne finished, young Boyer was presented with his license by the worthy doctors, and that night he and his mother, who had come to Paris for the occasion, had a very serious talk. Her son had kept his part of the bargain, it was now up to her to keep hers.

So Boyer entered the Conservatoire de Dramat in Paris, and at the end of the first year there won the second prize. And then he had the "break" which all actors hope for. It was not according to the rules of the Conservatoire for a student to take part in a professional production, but now and again such a thing was overlooked. M. Genier was directing "Les Jardins de Mire" and at the very last moment the leading man fell ill. No one could learn the lengthy script by the following night—that is, no one except Charles Boyer who was famous for his remarkable memory. He learned the entire part in less than twelve hours!

His success in "Les Jardin de Muriel" started him off on a long, uninterrupted chain of successes.

When pictures learned to talk he made a talkie in Germany for Ufa, shortly after which M-G-M asked him to come to Hollywood to make French versions for them. There followed a period in Boyer's life which he would sincerely like to forget. His first visit to Hollywood was in the nature of a tragedy. After he got there the studio decided not to make French versions after all, so they gave the idol of France a bit part in "Red Headed Woman" starring Jean Harlow.

Perhaps you recall it—it was the part of the chauffeur. He was hauled out by the director, and kicked around on the set like an old piece of prop furniture. Though I recall both Jean Harlow and Una Merkel telling me at the time what an excellent actor he was and what a pity it was he was being made to play a bit. Boyer couldn't stand it very long so he broke his contract and returned to Paris, where he made pictures in French—and studied English diligently.

When "La Bataille" (released here as "Thunder In The East") was released Fox Films decided that the young Frenchman with the sad face had possibilities so they called him to return to Hollywood for the lead in "Caravan." For a second time Boyer crossed an ocean, and a desert, to try his luck in Hollywood, but a second time he lost.

"I can explain my return only by admitting that my previous failure rankled," Boyer has said, "it was an unhappy and unlaid ghost that haunted me. 'Caravan' was ridiculous for me. I am not the type to wear black curls and play mad music in the moon-light. I felt a fool. Again I asked for my release and got it."

But a few days before he was to catch the Chief he met producer Walter Wanger. Wanger induced him to co-star with his fellow-countrywoman, Claudette Colbert, in "Private Worlds," and following the release of that picture Boyer and Wanger got together on a long term contract.

Charles Boyer was thirty-five before he fell in love, deeply and seriously, for the first time. He met Pat Paterson, a young English actress, at a Hollywood party, and it was another case of love at first sight, which must have surprised him no end. The marriage was as unexpected as their meeting. Arriving at a movie one evening they discovered that the house was sold out. As they stood in the lobby, debating where to go, Boyer suddenly said, "Let's get married." Within an hour they were aboard a chartered plane, en route to Yuma, Arizona, Hollywood's Gretta Green.
THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD

COLORFUL ROMANCE THAT SHOULD PLEASE EVERYONE—WB

After all there is nothing like high romance and exciting adventure, now is there, and the newest version of the Robin Hood legends abounds in plenty of both. Done in Technicolor, and lavishly produced, it is one of the most beautiful and thrilling pictures you'll ever see. If there's a spark of romance in you you'll simply glow with joy. Errol Flynn is excellent as the swashbuckling Robin of some seven hundred years ago—and so dashing.

Told in picturesque episodes, with much fanfare and pageantry, the story concerns the attempts of villainous Prince John to seize the throne of his brother, Richard the Lion-Hearted of England, while Richard is away on a Crusade against the Saracens. The Saxons, taxed beyond endurance and tortured mercilessly by evil Prince John and his Norman lords, turn to Robin Hood to save them from their oppressors, which he proceeds to do in a most daring and delightful manner.

There's comedy, and there's intrigue, and there's a flawless cast of characters. Lovely Olivia de Havilland plays Maid Marian and no princess ever looked more beautiful and romantic on her balcony than Olivia. Basil Rathbone's performance as the deadly and dastardly Sir Guy is perfection itself, as always, and his duel with Robin is quite the most thrilling duel ever screened.

Stand-outs are Claude Rains as the scheming Prince John, Melville Cooper as the cowardly Bishop of Nottingham, Ian Hunter as the stalwart Richard, Alan Hale as tough Little John, Eugene Palette as martial Friar Tuck, Patric Knowles as loyal Will Scarlett, and Una O'Connor quite priceless as Maid Marian's maid in the throes of a romance with Will Scarlett. You'll long remember the new Robin Hood as the most colorful and dashing of pictures.

VIVACIOUS LADY

IN WHICH ACADEMIC LEARNING TAKES A GOOD SPOOFING—RKO

Ginger Rogers' new picture, without Fred Astaire, is a quaint sort of comedy with hilarious moments—and such a relief after all that slap-happy, screwball stuff we've been subjected to lately.

Ginger plays a New York night club dancer who falls in love quite suddenly with James Stewart, Jimmy is an associate college professor, the son and grandson of college presidents, and if there's anything the family doesn't want it's a night club dancer. Besides, Jimmy has a nice, hometown fiancée, Frances Mercer. So the newlyweds aren't particularly welcomed at home, and it's all pretty upsetting to Ginger who is a swell kid. But, before there can be a divorce, her mother-in-law rallies to her side and gradually wins over the father and the whole town.

Beulah Bondi as the mother and Charles Coburn as the father stand out as tops in an excellent cast. The scene in which Ginger and Jimmy Ellison teach Beulah to dance the "Big Apple" is a grand bit of comedy that will have you in hysteric Jimmy Ellison, by the way, is simply excellent. You ought not to miss this one. It's swell entertainment.
SOMETIMES this is grimly tragic, sometimes it's delightfully humorous, but at all times it is extremely well acted by a capable cast headed by lovely Loretta Young (What hats, Loretta, my eye—what hats) and that very handsome English importation Richard Greene, who is supposed to be Twentieth Century's rival to Metro's Robert Taylor.

Whether the girls go mad about Mr. Greene as they did about Mr. Taylor is something we shall soon find out. He's very effective in his American debut.

Briefly the story is about four fine young Britisheers, George Sanders, David Niven, Richard Greene and William Henry, who set out to remove the stain of dishonor from their father's dishonorable discharge from the British army in India, and clear the mystery surrounding his death. C. Aubrey Smith plays the father and is magnificent as usual in his few scenes.

Their search for the guilty parties leads them from India to South America to Alexandria, where all kinds of things befall them, including a dandy little revolution.

Loretta plays the rich and spoiled American girl who is so much in love with Richard that she follows him from country to country—and eventually discovers to her dismay that her father, a munitions magnate they seek, is the villain. But due apologies are made for him (after all he is the heroine's father) and the blame is put on a munitions salesman, Alan Hale, who can take it.

Berton Churchill, Reginald Denny, Edward Brophy and John Carradine complete the excellent cast.

THE SAINT IN NEW YORK
A FINE MYSTERY NOVEL BECOMES AN
UNEQUIVOCALLY FINE MYSTERY FILM—RKO

The Saint, created by Leslie Charteris, is a modern Robin Hood, whose exciting adventures in the underworld have been read eagerly by thrill-lovers for a number of years. Thank goodness, he has at last arrived on the screen, and perfectly portrayed by Louis Hayward. The Saint's pet philosophy is direct action without the least regard for legal procedure, and so when the New York police department becomes hopelessly stymied by red tape in fighting a crime wave the Saint is called in and given carte blanche to take over. Charming, debonair and fearless he becomes a lone wolf and strikes with unerring aim.

It's thrilling, and it's fun. Here's hoping there'll be more "Saint" stories adapted to the screen, and with Louis Hayward playing the lead. In the cast are Kay Sutton as the gal who loves the Saint and often saves his life, Paul Guittolfe as a gun man with a sense of humor, and Sig Rumann as a deadly gangster who can crack a joke as well as a skull.

SWISS MISS
A NEW LAUREL AND HARDY FARCE—MGM

If YOU are fans of this team there are three sequences in their new musical film which will roll you in the aisles. Stan Laurel trying to wheelie a leg of brandy from a stuffy St. Bernard. Laurel and Hardy trying to move a piano over a rope bridge which spans a mountain chasm, and a pipe organ blowing bubbles—these are the funniest sequences to be found in any picture this year.

But, unfortunately, there are sagging moments in between. Laurel and Hardy play a couple of mousetrap salesmen who go to Switzerland because the cheese is most plentiful there. At a resort hotel they meet Walter Woolf King who is trying to get away from Della Lind long enough to compose an opera. Round Oliver immediately falls for Miss Lind and becomes her cat's paw.

Miss Lind, a recent European importation, sings exceedingly well, and so does Mr. King, so the picture is vocally most pleasant. Their best song number is "I Can't Get Over the Alps."

STOLEN HEAVEN
MUSIC LOVERS WILL ENJOY THIS—Par.

OLYMPE BRAIN, a seventeen year old French girl who is both talented and charming, plays her first lead in this picture and proves beyond a doubt that she can take her place right up there with the Glamour Girls.

The picture, which is done in sort of a light opera vein, concerns the exciting adventures of Europe's most daring jewel thieves who, disguised as musicians, go in for big time robberies. The members of the band are Olympe, Gene Raymond, Claudia Cardinale, and Peter Hall, and a finer bunch of screen crooks you never saw.

With the police on their heels after a sensational necklace robbery, they take refuge one night in the lonely cottage of Lewis Stone, a once famous concert pianist who lives to give one more concert, but doubles his failing abilities. He is taken in completely by the "musicians" and in time comes to depend helplessly upon the inspiration given him by the charming Olympe.

A concert appearance is arranged for him and of course the thieves know that they

James Stewart meets the "Vivacious Lady," (Ginger Rogers) in a night club.
will be recognized at once as just another one of the plot. But Olympe and Gene, who love each other, will not desert the aged musician in his crisis—and are captured. The offer a chance to the interpolation of Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody, his Liebestraum, a Chopin waltz and a Strauss medley, played beautifully. If you went for "The Miracle Man" you'll go for this.

TEST PILOT
A SPLENDID DRAMA OF AVIATION—MGM

CLARK GABLE, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy star in this grand story of the air, which is without a doubt the greatest entertainment that any studio has produced in a long, long time. The picture has everything—a human story with just the right amount of brilliant comedy, a magnificent air spectacle, and three of the most popular stars in Hollywood. What more can you ask?

The story involves an unusual triangle: Three souls who constantly fight the tragedy of death in the sky. Clark Gable, in the finest performance of his career, plays the daring, wise-cracking hard-drinking young test pilot who continually risks his life in the interests of aviation.

Myrna Loy gives a vivid portrayal of the tortured, hysterical, but ever-loving wife who "doesn't become alive until her husband lands his plane safely."

Spencer Tracy plays, as only Spencer Tracy can, the inarticulate and devoted friend who has to worry over both his test pilot buddy and the young wife. His death in a plane crash practically crushes the heart out of you, it is so intensely real.

In the strong supporting cast are Lionel Barrymore as a builder of airships, Gloria Holden as a test pilot widow, and Marjorie Main as a landlady with a sense of humor. The power dives of the Army pursuit planes and the magnificent, wheeling flight of the new Army bomber are breathtakingly thrilling. It's a picture no one wants to miss.

DR. RHYTHM
A MUSICAL WITH A PLOT 'N' EVERYTHING—PQ

BING CROSBY's new picture is most important in that it brings back to the screen the pixilated Bea Lillie, the cleverest of all comedians. Her elegant drolleries will have you in stitches. Long a favorite with theatre-goers in New York and London Miss Lillie (Lady Peel to you social climbers) now proves that her inimitable humor can be tossed off on the screen with equal hilarity.

Adapted, but loosely, from O. Henry's "The Badge of Policeman O'Room," the picture tells of the misadventures of a nice young doctor when, to save a job for a plastered friend, he disguises himself as a policeman and becomes the bodyguard of an eccentric social leader and her romantic young niece.

Bing, of course, is the doctor turned cop, Mary Carlisle is the niece, and Miss Lillie is the eccentric Mrs. Dodd-Blodgett. Andy Devine is the cop on a bender, Fred Kats hit the gangster in love with Mary, and Laura Hope it one of the doctor's patients trying to reduce.

Bing sings several song hits, among them, "On the Sentimental Side." The picture, unfortunately, has quite a few love spots, and one sort of waits for Bea Lillie to return with her priceless absurdities.

SINNERS IN PARADISE
A "DESERT ISLAND" MELODRAMA—U

MAYBE this is the desert island picture to end all desert island pictures, but I guess we can't be that optimistic.

A giant airliner, flying from California to China, crashes well off its course in mid-ocean and bursts into flame. The passengers and one member of the crew escape and find themselves, later, washed up on the shores of a—desert island.

The passengers are Madge Evans, who plays a young woman tired of married life and on her way to become a nurse in China, Charlotte Wynters, one of the richest girls in the world, Marion Martin, a fugitive from a gambling investigation, Bruce Cabot, a racketeer and gunman, Nana Bryant, a mother on a visit to her son, Gene Lockhart, a pompous senator, Milburn Stone and Morgan Conway, two ammunition salesmen.

This oddly-assorted group of passengers find the island inhabited by a man of mystery, John Boles, and his faithful servant, Willie Fung. There's comedy, and intrigue, and melodrama, and assault and battery. We've got our little group gets away from the island. The love story between Madge and John is sadly neglected, which is a shame as both of them are such excellent actors when given a chance.

A "Desert Island" harbors the airliner's stranded passengers, while the plot hatches—in "Sinners in Paradise." Madge Evans in the foreground.
Survey of the Sets
By
S. R. Mook
INCLUDING A REPORT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE M-G-M STUDIO
By Maureen O'Sullivan

WHAT a beautiful world it is, my little fishie-wishes, as Billie Burke murmured in "Merrily We Live." I waken with a feeling of foreboding and then suddenly remember it is Der Tag—the day to cover the sets. But, lo and behold! The doorbell rings and it is Maureen O'Sullivan's chauffeur holding out a huge envelope. At first I think it may be an invitation to dinner. Then I realize no invitation could be that heavy, unless she was scolding the dinner by mail. Next I think perhaps she has made up a schedule of all her free evenings so I can take my pick.

By this time I have the envelope ripped open and the contents of the envelope are even better than an invitation to dinner. That blessed child has kept her word and covered the sets at M-G-M for me, as she promised she would before she went to England, to do "A Yank At Oxford!" So, ladies and gents, permit me to introduce a girl who, as an actress, needs no introduction and whom you truly and Silver Screen are proud to present in her debut as a writer—Miss Maureen O'Sullivan.

Frank Albertson, Jessie Ralph, Dennis O'Keefe, Fay Holden, Phillip Terry and Maureen O'Sullivan. A scene for "Hold That Kiss."

Many amusing situations throughout the picture. But to explain today's scene. Jessie Ralph, who plays my Aunt Lucy, is a housekeeper for some very wealthy people. As they are out of town she decides to give a dinner party for my family to meet Dennis. She nonchalantly invites us all to the penthouse where she works and pastes if off as her own. She thinks a penthouse more suitable to entertain the supposedly wealthy Dennis than the rather squalid apartment in which we all live.

I have a large, crazy family comprised of Ma (Fay Holden), Steve, my brother (Frank Albertson), Chick, another brother (Mickey Rooney) and Ted, still another brother (Phillip Terry).

Just before dinner Jessie finds the silver is missing, which isn't strange because Frank has pawned it to raise money to bet on the horses. Consequently, we have no knives or forks. Nothing daunted, Jessie, with her knowledge of society, gleaned, no doubt, from reading the etiquette columns, says, "All right, we'll serve the turkey 'chow mein' and use chopsticks like the Vanderpool party last month."

It is now 9:00 AM. We have all just finished breakfast but we have to work the dinner sequence in the picture. We sit down to the table and stare moodily at some rather dreadful sticky mess—chow mein of some kind—which we are going to have to eat and pretend we like it!

Dennis is late on the set so we sit around the table talking. Fay Holden says she had an awful dream last night. She dreamt she was on the stage and when the curtain went up she suddenly could not remember a word of what she was supposed to say!
We all agree that, at one time or another, we have had the same dream—sort of an actor's nightmare.

Jessie Ralph goes her one better and says she dreamt she, likewise, was doing a play and when they got to the third act she could not remember anything at all about the play. She asked the director to give her a script so she could read it hurriedly, get an idea of the scene, and take it—making up her own dialogue. He gave her the script and when she tried to read it, found she could not open her eyes.

Another popular dream of actors seems to be finding oneself in front of the audience inadequately clad! Never having been on the stage my nightmares are less terrifying because, in pictures, one can always make another take!

Dennis finally arrives and after a couple of rehearsals we are ready for a take. Despite our various nightmares, we have no trouble remembering our dialogue. Our butler for the evening is a little colored boy who runs the elevator and is helping us out. He has found himself a mandarin coat and is wearing it, much to our consternation as he looks frightful and most un-Chinese. He also insists upon saying "Come right up" to every request. The dinner starts and none of us can manage our chopsticks.

"What's the idea of the chopsticks?" Phil Terry grumbles.

"The Chinese didn't use knives and forks," Ma answers politely.

"Then how did they eat?" Phil persists.

"With their mouths, with their mouths," Frank informs him. But by this time even Frank is bailed up by the chopsticks, "How do you use these things?" he queries.

"Like they did in The Good Earth," Phil comes back.

"I didn't see the picture," Frank counters.

"What am I going to do?"

Aunt Lucy comes to the rescue. "Show him how, Mr. Bradford," she urges Dennis.

"I'm sure you've had experience with them."

"Oh, yes," Dennis bluffs, "on my last trip to the Orient, You take them between the two fingers of your right hand—"

"I'm left-handed," Frank objects. "Guess I'd better get a bunch of bread." For this remark I reward him with a beautiful kick—under the table.

At this moment there is a terrific blare from a loud speaker, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen—!" It is Mickey Rooney, the youngest member of our family. Mickey, who has a band, is hoping the wealthy Mr. Bradford will like his music, get him some society engagements and, accordingly, has wired a loud speaker to the floral centerpiece on the table.

Emarrassed, we shout above the din.

"That's Chick. He wanted you to hear his band, Mr. Bradford."

"Don't think you'll have any trouble!" Phil yells.

"Mother spoils that boy," I scream.

"Gives him everything he wants—bands, loud speakers."

"Loud speakers," Mr. Bradford repeats in a daze.

Ma determinedly attacks her chow mein. A large piece of turkey flies from between the chopsticks into the finger bowl.

"Now I understand why they have fans in China." Frank mutters disgustedly, putting down his chopsticks.

That is the end of the scene and we are all very pleased at having got through the first time. But we haven't quite pleased our director who calls for "one more." This time Phil spoils some Chow mein on his vest and spoils the take.

"You should have worn your tweed suit," Frank Jens. "Then it wouldn't show."

Twice more and we have it right. "Now we'll do Mickey's close-up," they tell us.

"Mickey is going into another picture so we have to finish with him first."

So, while they're working with Mickey, I shall go call on Robert Montgomery and Virginia Bruce, who are working in "Yellow Jack," and also on Freddie Bartholomew who is doing "Lord Jeff."

As I walk on the stage where "Yellow Jack" is shooting, I hear a piano and voices singing. It is Virginia Bruce playing and harmonizing with the director and assistant director. She looks very beautiful in her nurse's uniform, vintage of 1900.

This is her seventh time as a nurse in pictures.

Virginia is one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen—even more so off-screen. She seems very happy—probably because she is still a bride and, perhaps, also, because she has finished work for the day.

The property man is putting some nasty looking mosquitoes in a jar. "Watch this scene," Bob invites.

"I'm a writer," I warn him. "I'm really Dick Mook in disguise."

"Well, you can stay anyway," he concedes. (I guess that's a compliment, Dick.)

They rehearse only once or twice, just for camera positions because you can't rehearse mosquitoes. Bob is a soldier in Quemados near Havana where the dread

**Pauline Moore, Marjorie Weaver and Loretta Young in the opening scene of "Three Blind Mice."**

disease known as the "Yellow Jack" runs rife. Unable to determine the cause of this sickness, which they think may be carried by mosquitoes, a man volunteer to be the "guinea pig" and allow himself to be bitten by them. He contracts the disease and dies. This, however, is not conclusive proof, so Bob becomes the second volunteer.

"Ready for a fly," the director calls.

Bob sets the jar which is full of *stegomyia* (mosquitoes to you—AND me) on the bed, which is boxed in by a net covering. He is clad in a pair of shorts, although they also made a take with a shirt on! He rips the gauze off the jar and gently shakes the mosquitoes out. "Come on out, girls. I'll buy you a drink," he urges them. We hear them drone as they fly out until there are more left in the air. Bob lies back on the bed. One settles on his side. While he is looking at it another settles on his back. Involuntarily he starts to slap it—then checks himself, "I can stand it if you can—have a good time," he murmurs.

He lies quiet and seems to drop into a sort of coma. We hear him occasionally mutter an incoherent word. As the mosquitoes spiral, we see the sunlight stream through the window and catches the gleam of their wings.

I think Bob is a brave man. I'd hate to be in there! When the scene is over I ask him if the mosquitoes had a good time but he says no, he put some stuff on to stop them. "I thought if I find he is wrong in just a few minutes, though, because they seemed awfully hungry and settled on him as though they really meant business.

I haven't much time left as I have to go over and call on Freddie Bartholomew before going back to work, so I say goodbye to Bob and on my way to Stage I wonder how they can possibly manage to get the mosquitoes land in the same place.

Stage 9 has a "No Visitors" sign on the door but I walk right in. "No visitors," says the doorman who doesn't recognize me. "Press," I retort and, looking a bit puzzled, he lets me through! Freddie is rehearsing but he sees me and says "Hello, Dora. Use my chair." He still calls me Dora from the part I played in my first screen picture—"David Copperfield."

The scene takes place in the superintendent's office of M. Barnardo's home. This is one of the institutions founded by M. Barnardo in England for orphan boys and girls. Freddie is an orphan who fell in with crooks after the death of his parents in a railway crash. They make him pose as

**Lord Gregory.** After a robbery in Bond Street in which Freddie is used as a pawn, he is arrested and the crooks escape. The court sends him to this home where they hope to make a better boy out of him as he is a spoiled, obnoxious brat.

"Geoffrey, we are going to be friends," says the kindly superintendent (Charles Coburn). Freddie ignores him. "Very well, then, I shall be yours," Mr. Coburn conti- nues. "That is the spirit of our founder. The work he started has betrothed more than 12,000 boys and girls."

"Oh! Charity!" Freddie remarks in dismay.

"No," Mr. Coburn corrects him. "not charity—friendship. Every boy needs help to be put on the right path to becoming a useful citizen and, when you are a man, to earn your own way...to learn a trade so you can become self-reliant.

"You teach boys to become tradespeople," Freddie is completely horrified. "I want to be a gentleman!"

"The first quality of a gentleman is to pull his own weight," the superintendent goes on unperturbed. "I would like you to choose what you want to become—a farmer, or a carpenter or a printer—almost anything.

I'd rather go to jail," Freddie announces.

"All right, since you won't make the choice, I will. There are no limits to which a man may rise in the Merchant Marine." Mr. Coburn says. He goes on to tell Freddie more about it and that's the end of the scene.

Freddie comes over to talk to me. He is very tall now and his voice can't quite make up its mind whether to be a tenor or a bass. I have not really spoken much to him since "David Copperfield" and the change in him since then is quite amazing! Aunt Cissy is very pleased and proud of him. "Isn't he a big boy now?" she exclaims.

I think it is nice because many parents of screen children long for them to stay small and childish—but not Aunt Cissy! "He's going to be very tall, I think," she tells me. I ask him how he likes playing such a bad boy.

"I like it," he replies. "Charles Laughton told me he always enjoyed playing people he hated because he hated them so much he did them well! I rather hated this boy at first but he gets in the nice end so that makes it just right. Mickey Rooney's to be in this picture, too."

Speaking of Mickey reminds me I ought to be getting back to my own set. So I say goodbye to Aunt Cissy and Freddie.

Back on my own set they are still fussing with Mickey's close-up (the eleventh take) so I go out of my dressing room and Cooper is sitting this. "What are you writing Sully?" Frank Albertson asks, I tell him. And then I lie down as I'm exhausted. I never knew being a writer (was) such a strenuous job!

Mook speaking, I should give you a raspberry. Maureen, because you've done a job I'll never be able to live up to—all the intimate little details of picture-making that I think, the fact that I will know about and which years of set-trotting have caused me to take for granted and over-look reporting. But you've taken such a hold on my shoulders and turned out such a masterpiece I'm going to call up Hal- chester and tell him to send his whole staff for anyhow and see what you can also going to change my will and make you the beneficiary, hoping the three coin silver spoons I own and which you'll fall heir to, to match your service. Thanks, Angel.

* M-G-M having been thoroughly covered, we'll proceed to—

**20th Century-Fox**

**PLIENTY** doing here all right and no Maureen to do it for me. After all, I realize, there's only one Maureen and she's either studio, to get out of "Three Blind Mice." It's the opening scene of the picture which stars Loretta Young.

"Oh, I come on to the stage my guide introduces me to Marjorie Weaver. "Oh, I know him," Marge smiles.

"Why did you ask me to the me in the Brown Derby the other night?" I tease her.

"I didn't F" she asks blankly. Then she recites her poem and smiles. "I'm sorry. But you see, I'm the sort of person who, if she hasn't got you on her mind, you don't exist." When Marge smiles you forget everything else and it is not until late—much later—I realize the poet of Marge's words and understand how little he stands for in her life.

Just then Bill Seiter, the director, calls her for a shot. Loretta, Marge and Pauline Moore (who is married to Jefferson Macha- toone, cartoonist) are on a drab Kansas farm. There is no romance in their lives—no glamour—no excitement. So they draw straws to see which is to sit. I sit in the bell of the tree and the other two are to constitute her retinue. Loretta is the lucky girl. Marge is to be her maid of the moment. (Always phlegmatic with) and Polly is the secretary in her sparse moments. Just now her time is largely occupied canning eggs.

"Ah, Moira," Loretta is saying to Marge. "for the dance tonight—please lay out my chiffon wrap."

It is a strange picture and a stranger scene that follows. Each girl is, in speech and attitude, so perfect in her part—Loretta as the mistress of a fashionable home, Marge as a maid, and Pauline Moore, secretary, each so authentic, verbally, is it not their talk that seems incongruous but their actions, attitude and background. It's a long scene and despite the fact that no one blew up in her lines it doesn't suit M. Seiter. He calls for another take. And then another. I'm going to have no choice but to make myself a part of her life or to chat with Loretta so I move on to—

"Always Goodbye." This stars Barbara Stanwyck—and high time it is, too. That Barbara was back on the screen. This also stars the presence of Fred Marshall. I have never been one of Mr. M's admirers but since seeing him in "Mad About Music" I have done an about-face. He is much more human feeling around with Deanna
Durbin than he is with Marlene Dietrich or Gloria Swanson.

With a studio's usual prescience, 20th Century-Fox have taken a bestselling book and completely re-written the story so that naught remains of the original save that the hero is still a doctor. As it stands now, Barbara is an unwed mother. Doc Marshall befriends her, has her baby adopted by two old friends (Ian Hunter and his wife), Doc goes further and gets Babs a job with Blanche Barnes who runs a fashionable dress shop. Years pass. Babs becomes almost the head of the shop. Marshall has gone junketing off on a steam steamer. When he returns Babs is just leaving on a buying trip... Paris in the spring. In gay Paree she meets Cesar (whom his friends call "Butch") Romero. Butch Romero confides that both his brothers married for money but that he is going to be different. He's going to marry for LOVE—and Babs is it!

"You are the most feminine, the most mysterious, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," he goes on ardently, "I am in love with you. I fell in love with you at first sight. Madly in love.

Well! I must say! I've listened to musing in my time but never anything as palpable as this and if that's the kind of type Butch goes around peddling to females it's no wonder he remains single in a town where you're not considered sophisticated until you've been married and divorced.

Somewhere else on the lot, "I'll Give A Million" is being directed by Walter Lang which should insure it's being a good picture. This one stars Warner Baxter.

Warner is a millionaire who divests of his money to find a man with a dream. No one on the yacht sees him dive so the yacht proceeds and Warner has to drag the man to shore. It suddenly occurs to him that no one loves him for himself alone. While the tramp is asleep Warner changes clothes and saunters off. The police pick up the tramp, want to know where he got all the cash, etc. To protect himself the tramp fabricates a story, saying that Warner gave them to him and also said he would give them a lot more if they helped him without knowing who he was. He adds that Warner is dressed like a tramp, so everyone in the country starts believing tramps in the hope that one of them is Warner.

Knowing nothing of all this, Warner is sauntering down the street and stops to look at a poster in the window of a shop.

It reads (in French) "Cirque Primrose." His eyes light up. The girl of his dreams (I think it's Arleen Whelan and if it is I don't blame him) works for that circus. The proprietor of the shop (Eddie Conrad) has been watching Warner through the window. Now, he rushes out to Warner excitedly.

"My friend," he beams, "what will you have?" indicating the window, "an eclairs—a cream puff, with whipped cream—macaroons?"

"I wasn't thinking of food," Warner observes thoughtfully.

"Anything, monsieur," Eddie gestures, "anything in my shop! And no change, whatever.

"Forgive me," Warner begs him, "but—is there an epidemic of some sort in this town?"

"Ah, Monsieur will have his little joke," Eddie laughs, returning to his shop as Warner shakes his head in perplexity and saunters down the street.

I can't much blame him. In all the years I've been befriending mankind no one has ever thrust a five cent piece into my hand free, gratis, for nothing.

I move on to the next set. It's Jane Withers in "Hello, Hollywood." I love Jane and her ma is one of the very few movie mothers of whom I wholeheartedly approve, although I must say the others don't seem to be losing weight over my disapproval.

Well, Jane's uncle (in the picture) is Henry Wilcoxon who is a down-and-out director. Jane runs away from home to find him. She finds him before she knows who he is. He's in a cocktail lounge stewed to the gills. The girl in the case (it used to be Marlene Dietrich) named Rudy Fisher (a rare Lang) sends Jane in to haul him out.

Jane draws back her arm and prepares to swing at him.

"Don't hit at him, Jane," the director interposes. "You can kick and scratch."

"She always wants to get in that sack," Mrs. Withers sighs.

I sigh, too, but for a different reason. I suddenly remember it's late and I'm only through with two studios. So I start for—

Warner Bros.

There are three pictures here—"Garden of the Moon" starring Jimmie Fidler, Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay, "Valley of the Giants" with Wayne Morris, Claire Trevor; and Kay Francis in "In Every Woman's Life." I'll tell you about the first two next month as they're just starting.

I have never seen Kay in such high spirits as she is on this picture. Whether it's because she's in love or because it's next to the last picture on her contract I don't know. But she sure is gay.

We sit and chat for hours and she tells me when she finishes her contract she'll retire. "I don't say I'll never make another picture," she explains, "but I do say I'll never sign another contract. If a part is offered me that I like I'll take it. But from now on, doing the things I've always wanted to do is going to be paramount in my life.

Ah, me. Everything seems suddenly to have turned to gall and wormwood. When the scene is finished Kay seems to shake it off. But I can't. I'm in "A Sentimental Mood."

But, anyhow, you've made the acquaintance of Maureen O'Sullivan as a writer and that alone should justify this month's column because Maureen has shown me that the quality of mercy is not strained. I hope the lesson I have learned this month will manifest itself in next month's issue. Don't miss it.
No Glamour, Please!

[Continued from page 23]

in "The Great Ziegfeld." She had the most beautiful eyes in Europe, the publicity department maintained. She had umph, and puh-teny of it, on the screen. But it is a measure of Miss Rainer's artistic niggery that she became a Chinese peasant, mother of a starving brood, bowed down with the cares of Oriental womanhood, and graying into old age. Can you imagine your Garbos and Dietrichs and Crawfords playing O-lan? It was an unforfeitable performance.

We were curious to know how she prepared for that role. Did she steep herself in the civilization of China as Paul Muni did? Miss Rainer describes every character given him with the systematic zest of the great naturalistic novelist. Did she live with a Chinese family, did she devour a library of books on China?

She did nothing of the sort. "I play from the inside," she asserted, putting her hands on her heart. "I try to give you that inside feeling. I felt I was O-lan. I don't know how to explain myself." There was an expression of despair in her face. We assured her we understood what she meant.

"You see," she added earnestly, "I never play with the idea that I am Luise Rainer, an actress. No! No!

She shook her head when we asked her about Anna Held. "I did not care for it. I want human, and not glamorous parts. You may see in her, her distaste for the artificialities of Hollywood extends to conventional roles in the boy-meets girl photo-dramas of juvenilephantasy.

She has a sense of humor, definitely. "I want to go back to the theatre. I think I'll get permission from the studio to do a stage play next season. Oh, I love the theatre!" Another glimpse of her character from the very beginning. Her star rapidly rose under Max Reinhardt's guidance, and not only her native Vienna, but Paris and London acclaimed her as an emotional actress of the first calibre. In spite of her extreme youth, she played a variety of mature roles. She is 25 as of now.

"I don't come from a theatrical family," she said. "My father, Heinz Rainer, is a merchant. He lived in America for many years. He became a naturalized citizen before returning to Europe and setting up a business of his own." Her mother recently came over from Brussels and now lives with her, but her father used to employ her.

"I was very unhappy during my first few months in Hollywood," she recalled. "I was not Rainer's, and this grated on the studio. I would have to have a change of scenery before they would ever give me a part. I was so lonely I used to cry." For six or seven months Hollywood did not know she existed. Her name was never mentioned at the studio. When Myrna Loy struck for higher wages and treated herself to a vacation in Europe, Miss Rainer finally got her break. "I met someone in Europe, and he talked me into "Escapade." It was a gamble for the studio, as she was totally unknown to American audiences, and, as we went, had no film experience. But she nearly stole the show from the versatile Mr. Powell, and when "Escapade" was previewed, Hollywood realized a new star was born.

She won a reputation as a rebel, as one who would not conform, and her artistic sensibilities were interpreted as eccentricities. She refused to play the glamour game, and was the publicist's department. An interview was an ordeal for her, and as a matter of fact, still is. Writers couldn't see her and had to write "interpretive" articles. She did not care for any publicity ballyhoo. Her ignorance of the Hollywood vulgate combined with her utter sincerity was the cause of considerable misunderstanding. Today she speaks a fluent, even though accented and at times highly original English. She is a quiet, lovable character, and you never resent her for being almost as elusive as Garbo, and as unpredictable. This is one of the very few interviews she has given in her home, and spoken freely, as long as the interviewee desired!

You never see her in our celebrated nocturnal salons, during premières and other festive occasions of the film society. She lives in Hollywood, but is not of Holly-

-Walker Fidgeon joins two casties on the "Showmen Angel" set and limbers up his old dance routine. He used to be a popular song and dance man.

wood. What does she do when she isn't working, how does she pass her days? He'll walk to walk," she said. "I walk every day for at least an hour. Sometimes two or three hours. Walking is my relaxation. I become very clear about things when I go for a walk. I am never given to music, play the piano, read. My days aren't long enough. I regret only one thing—sleep at night. If I could have my way I would do the things I have to do and nothing else, but I am very really inside.

She has a special passion for music. There are magnificent stacks of records in her living room. Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Debussy, Gershwin. We expressed our admiration for her library. "These are only the beginning" she said. "The other half is in New York."

She seldom goes to a movie, and her friends aren't in pictures. They are doctors, artists, painters, musicians, writers. "My husband's friends are also my friends. I like to be in a different environment when I am not working."

"Don't you miss Vienna?" we asked her.

"No, I don't. I don't miss anything. My country is where I can create. I love Vienna and I love Europe, but I also love America. America is a woman, and I am the wife of an American," she stated with obvious pride.

Miss Rainer and Clifford Odets were quietly married on the stage of a silent picture, a romance that began when the brilliant young playwright with a Cause saw her in "The Great Ziegfeld." It's a first marriage for them. Two romantic novices. One found each other, and it's a very tender relationship.

And He Enjoys It

[Continued from page 34]

out of a busy movie star's time!

And oh yes, there's that land in Louisiana which he bought up—the recession kid—who started in what Westbrook Pegler calls "the era of beautiful nonsense."

"My best friends," Ralph relates, "the ones who are never upset, I call you, vanished. Now your luck's going to change," they caroled, "with a depression, there you going your money into some gold—forsaken land which you, alone, oil, wouldn't be seen near."

"I felt pretty low about it. And then what do you think? Two guesses developed they haven't made me exactly a millionaire, we're doing okay."

Because he's so impulsive—and Catherine is like him—he frequently gives the impression of complete naiveté. But don't be fooled by it. He's as naive as Noel Coward. He has a hot affection for real things and an intuitive knowingness about people and situations which is the synthesis of sophistication. Ralph doesn't find it easy.

He numbers among his friends doctors, actors and studio carpenters and one of his lifelong buddies is a WPA art teacher whom he considers one of the most gifted and "luckiest" men in the world! He probably knows more about art than any other star in Hollywood, excepting perhaps his wife, Carole Lombard. He is a devotee of music, literature and other cultural pursuits, you see.

Nowadays the heroes of our columns are the bad little boys with whom we are indulgent. Ralph plays that hero to the life! Temperamental—rash? He has the same expressiveness as an Italian. He has only English, French, Belgian and American forebears—Edward Bellamy, artist of the same. Looking Backward," being one of his more famous ancestors. One minute he'll be deep in the throes of a Russian historical novel, and is Catherine relieved! But the next he'll be rummaging the ice-box because he suddenly has developed a yen to cook—and she thinks he has gone suddenly mad.

"Ralph likes to throw some eggs together and then make a sauce for them which will include everything in the refrigerator except the motor, beer, sugar andDebeers. He's like a real painter, everything he does comes under the head of 'fun.'"

Everything does.

Ralph's got a lot of real values. The one thing he really becomes exercised over is injustice. He can get into a lather because some fourth assistant electrician has been called down unfairly during one of his close-ups. Most stars would find that entirely beneath their notice. Ralph doesn't.

"Ralph never gets so worked up over anything that affects me. Catherine explained," as when he sees a poor, underprivileged guy hauled over the coals for some reason he doesn't, or even does, deserve. I think he'd break a blood-vessel if
"SKIN-VITAMIN" SCORES HIT WITH WOMEN

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

New York! Tested in Pond's Cold Cream, the "skin-vitamin" brings definite results! Slides thrown on screen show skin of animals is rough, scaly, when diet lacks "skin-vitamin"—show 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 Rodd, III; MRS. ALEXANDER C. FORBES, grandniece 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 and smooth."

Druggists—answering increasing requests from women for Pond's Cold Cream with the "skin-vitamin" in it—explain to them that it comes in the very same jars, with the same labels, at the same price.

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," Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Silver Screen 67
his sense of humor didn't, eventually, break the tension."

But he does more than "get worked up." Being unusually sensitive, he feels the simple expedient of looking angry and bellowing—and so accomplishing his ends. His impulsive little bovyness, his youthful enthusiasm and his really mature quality of responsibility make up his unique personality, the quintessence of paradoxes.

Recently the Bellamys rented a house, figuring they had finally had an option to buy. Would they or wouldn't they buy it? They alternated each day, right up to the very minute when it was either wrap it up or walk out.

Eventually they took it over, as denuded as a barn because they felt they were being asked to do so much of the turning. And how do you suppose they solved their problem, temporarily? They moved in all their own furniture and divided it among several rooms. It was somewhat irregular but Ralph was satisfied. He hadn't been taken in—no bood he.

"Do you know, Ralph," I confessions, "I was thrilled and considerably surprised at the shag scene in 'The Awful Truth."' When you led Irene Dunne through the intricacies of that dance I simply doubled up with laughter. This is the high point of the picture. Knowing your aversion to parties and meeting people, you may say so, your self-consciousness in crowds, I was absolutely bowled over.

"I couldn't have played that scene straight to save my soul," he admitted. "I wouldn't have bought a good imitation of a wooden Indian and stuck out all over the place. But the minute I kicked up and played it 'big' I just forgot about everything." Ralph lasses about going to large gatherings, Catherine reminded me, "but he always manages to grab the life of the party. Once he loses himself in crowning he's all right—even if it's simulated."

"Maybe it's the real you coming out—craving the stage lights and layers of inimitations," I told him. Ralph laughed, lustily, and there's a lot of sound and fury about a deep-settled Bel- lamy laugh.

"I shouldn't be surprised," he answered, "but I never thought about it that way. You may have something there!"

"Maybe a few more releases will prove it."

"Well there are several coming along," he suggested. "Take your choice; There's 'Boy with a Button,' a story of a blind boy, and one about Sunnitra, or one of those zany tiddums called 'Trees for Scandal' with Carole Lombard; and a grand role, one just cut to my measurements in 'Boy Meets Girl,'" with Jimmy Cagney. As a Hollywood producer I have a really marvelous opportunity."

That's true. Then, there'll be a role in the next Astaire-Rogers film that's not to be scoffed at! It's called 'Carefree,'"

You'd think that lad was just starting out. But let's not overlook the other side of the illustrious Bellamys when Ralph looks backward he's really looking forward, and to further confuse the issue, vice versa. But let's not overlook to us gals who soon whenever he appears on the screen, the awful truth about Ralph Bellamy isn't half as bad as the terrible uncertainty of not knowing what he's all about!

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**Lucky Names**

[Continued from page 55]

Bette Davis! She who played Jezebel.

What do you think of Richard Van Mattimore? And how much do you like Muni Weissfreund, Jack Millane, Merna Williams Hornblow, Fanny Boroch and Anne McKinn? Never heard of them? Maybe not. Yet each is a well-known film player. Van Mattimore is merely Dick Ar- len's true name. Weissfreund is Paul Muni, Jack Millane is the true Irish title of Ray Milland, Merna Hornblow is Myrna Loy, Fanny Boroch you know as Fanny Brice (Baby Snooks!) and the McKinn gal is soon pal Ann Dvorak!

Claudette Colbert's real name happens to be Lily Chuchoin; W. C. Fields is Wil- lbye as well as John and Lionel Barry- more.

Down in old Mexico they give them names. If you didn't look up the first name of one they gave Dolores Del Rio—Lolita Dolores Ansuno de Martinez. And Gilbert Roland's is just as hard to rattle off—it's Luis Amantino del Rio.

You've heard Garbo's real name many a time, haven't you? She's really Greta Gust- taiason. And Ethel Brent used to be simply Elizabeth Kegg. "Bette" Post is really George Belden and Jack Oakie's is really "Ollie."

Hope Hampton, who has a nice contract with Universal, used to sign her name "Mary Elizabeth," and once upon a time there wasn't a Ricardo Cortez but in his place was a lad named Reginald Denny. Eventually he's really a Dandy—yes, that's his last name. Marion Davies was born Marian Douras, and Lane had a good word to write out in life by signing her name of Robert Cimton Oakes.

That's plenty, say the stars—the difference perhaps being in name only a problem of publica- tion. No wonder they change them, no new ones, shedding old ones like laid eggshells.

Long ago Al Jolson used his true one—Asa Yoelsen—and proceeded to change the name conscious of Al Jolson. Likewise, many moons ago Douglas Ulman disguised the last part of his name and became to the world—Douglas Fair- bank's!"

Thinking his true name of Christian Ru- dolph Ebsen too "sissy," and hard to write, Christian changed it and became simply "Buddy Ebsen." Likewise ebou-euned Theodore Lincoln Perry shed the "whole works" and took unto himself the catchy nom de plume, "Stepin Fetchit."

Many think Tyrone Power is an assumed name. He's not. He's one of the few who stuck to his true name derived from County Tyrone, Ireland, from whence his ancestors came. Three generations have now borne that name. Tyrone Power was a famed Irish comedian. The film star's own dad was a noted Shakespearean actor of stage and silent screen. It is a strange coincidence that the three most noted the Irish county became famous. Those in the family bearing other names never did!

Even though most stars' names are just assumed, still there are many others scattered around the world with names just like their screen ones. The answer to this is simple. It's just because it's the style nowadays to adopt a stage name from a movie star! Thus, we find Claudette Colbert with a total of 299 children named after her—ranging from G-1 to J-5. Corp Jones to Claudette Colbert Ginsberg. Carol Lombard has 241 named after her. Gary Cooper has them by the score, so has Gable. Fred MacMurray is in a class of his own, being only a few years in films.

Rather oddly, few people name their kiddies after comedians, Perhaps they think it might influence so de Aloung! The Ruggles has only one child named after him that he knows about, his nephew.

There are, of course, plenty of Shirley Temple Junes and Robert Taylor browns and Jane Withers Clarks and Jane Withers Smiths.

A funny business, this taking and giving and dropping of names.
A doubly lovely you
this healthful Double Mint way...

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

Add loveliness to your smile • The daily enjoyment of delicious Double Mint gum, in this soft food era, supplies beneficial chewing exercise...In a normal, natural way, this double-lasting mint-flavored gum firms sleepy face muscles and saggy chin lines, keeping facial contours young. It gives an easy, gentle chewing exercise which safely massages your gums, stimulating healthy circulation—helps mold round, shapely lips and whitens your teeth. The added loveliness of your smile is apparent and friends like you better. Enjoy Double Mint gum any place. Buy several packages today.

Be alert to new fashions • Through Double Mint gum you can dress beautifully, flatteringy, in the most advanced style. Below left, is an attractive, new dress of real feminine appeal. Below right, is the new Snow White Double Mint party frock. To make these dresses available to you, Double Mint gum has had them put into McCall Patterns.

"Oh yes," you say, "I now see how Double Mint gum adds to my Smile and Style." Enjoy healthful, delicious Double Mint gum. Millions do. It aids digestion, relieves tense nerves, assures you pleasant, inoffensive breath also. It satisfies craving for sweets, yet is not fattening. Be alert to new fashions today.

For Travel, Schoolwear, Business, be your charming best in this smart DOUBLE MINT dress, designed in NEW YORK and made available to you by Double Mint gum in McCall Pattern 9758, (Sizes 12-20) You can buy pattern at local department stores. Or write to McCall Double Mint Patterns, 230 Park Ave., New York.

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Flashshots

[Continued from page 17]

perfection of smaller intimacy which this party so perfectly illustrated.

The very next night Marlene Dietrich arrived in town. The first evening she was with the Countess di Frasso’s brother, Bertram Taylor, and his wife, also the Countess Vandelles Whitneys and Jerry Gordon. The second night, wearing a gold metal pleated dress with a gold pailette bodice, she was just with Jerry Gordon. She was off the following night and wanted to do the rounds of the town, and did. From “21” for dinner, to El Morocco for an hour, and then on in quick succession to the Rubian Bleu, with its French and South American entertainment, on to the Casa Mamana, La Coma and finally to Reuben’s for a sandwich. A full evening in anyone’s language.

At El Morocco she arrived just as a zebra, which Frank Buck had brought over from the Circus to present to John Perona, was being fed back to its stable. As all the trenches at El Morocco are covered in zebra cloth, Buck thought that the animal would feel quite at home. He looked at the smart crowd with supreme indifference and clearly showed he’d had enough of Cafe Society. He had only been taken out through the front door when Dietrich arrived, and the glimmer of her gold dress caught the beast’s attention and he gazed at her in fascinated delight. When I asked Marlene if she’d pose with him she replied, “Certainly not! Let him steal my thunder!” And so, his brief moment of possible glory having passed, the zebra went home.

Some nights later I spotted Ray Milland looking very woebegone in the lobby. Things in Hollywood had gone all wrong for him. He said he’d stayed away from it all, “only to find himself in New York without knowing anyone. Dejectedly he’d gone from place to place feeling more unhappy and lonely all the time. It seems incredible that Milland, whom John Engstead at Paramount tells me has enormous fan mail, could go to New York and not be recognized and swamped by admirers. After a miserable night he called up some friends and so by the time I saw him he was with one of them. And when I last noted him he was laughing and once again in good humor.

Chester Morris was another fugitive from the Hollywoodlands, and his companion one evening was Clare Luce, who has made a smash hit as the lead in the play “Of Mice and Men.” Chester has a great memory for names and faces, and will recognize instantly people he hasn’t seen for years, and then only known slightly. A very rare quality in a movie actor, and certainly a sure way of making friends.

Wendy Barrie’s admirers in Hollywood must have known where she was going to be the night of her birthday, for there was a large stack of telegrams waiting for her at El Morocco the first night she arrived in town. Wendy was present with the traditional and very foolish looking large tray of uncooked vegetables, and after her party drank a toast to her health and Ernie Hohls’s orchestra played “Happy Birthday to Wendy,” she kissed everyone all around. Many there that evening had not seen her since, very starry-eyed and hopeful she had gone out four years before to try and make a success in American films.

The same night Florence Rice came in with a friend. The first time I saw Florence was a chilly fall afternoon in New Haven ten years ago. I was going back to my rooms in the Freshman oval when I noticed a group of four handsome young men. The one in the middle had a cap pulled too far over his eyes, his trousers were a little baggy and the raccoon coat much too large. This badly dressed figure was introduced to me, and turning up his long face, turned out to be Florence Rice. Girls were not allowed in the Oval and on a bet she dressed herself up and walked around the square three days without eating or sleeping. Today she is every bit as lovely as she was as a sub-debutante.

Last month I wrote of the Allan Jones’ trip East and I saw them once again before they went back to the Coast, This time Kitty Carlisle, star of “The Three Walters,” was with them.

There was one good photo I missed. One evening I was giving a small dinner myself, and not paying much attention to anyone except those in my own party, when Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond came in with Irene Dunne and her hus-

Arte Screen Sirens Going Top Hat?

[Continued from page 27]
today are marked by the same tug-of-war between an old and tested impersonation and something a little new.

There is scarcely a star today who will not at times be portraying something a little new is his or her secret and sometimes public ambition. Lunching with Gary Cooper recently, I asked him point-blank whether he knew when he had been appearing. He is not a great talker and he hesitated some time before he finally answered.

“Sometimes I like them a lot,” he said. “Sometimes I feel as though I were just parading around in front of the cameras. It’s a funny thing, but you have to believe in the role you are playing to feel as though you were contributing anything important to the film.

All honesty to him that I thought he contributed more than a little to any movie in which he appeared. To my mind, he is one of the most engaging and convincing extras in the business. He has a list of screen notables. In any case there was quite a wait again before he said: “The trouble is that producers make one picture which is a big hit and then
they want to go on remaking it forever. Once I have Joe Dunks, say, in a contemporary comedy, I can't do much more with that role. I've been lucky in my material. Look at the variety in 'Souls at Sea,' 'Bluebeard's Eighth Wife' and 'The Adventures of Marco Polo.' Just the same, I'd like to cut away a bit from the general character I've been portraying, grasped that I could do it. Maybe I'll have to wait until I get considerably older and turn character actor.

Sometimes the attempt to change inevitable typing is too violent for as popular a medium as the cinema. When Robert Montgomery changed from a pleasant playboy to a sinister killer in "Night Must Fall," he probably confounded a good many of his fans and a good many spectators who wandered in to see that film. I, myself, think he did a great job with "Night Must Fall" and that it marked him surely for big things in motion pictures. Nevertheless I can see that he may have been a bit too abrupt in dropping a familiar role and taking on a new and strangely different one.

The same problem confronts Jimmy Cagney at the moment. He climbed to his eminence position as an actor behind a machine gun, a deadly punch, a gut and a cold ruthlessness. He was the perfect gangster in the sound and by far the best cycle of gangster films, in which public enemies were shown to be the rats they really are.

There can be little question that he must have become extremely weary of the same old gangster role. The point is that he changed over into other portrayals gradually. First he became the hard-hitting, straight-shooting government agent. When spectators had become accustomed to seeing him as something other than a racketeer, he was able to try a song and dance role in "Something to Sing About." From that the transition was easy to "Boy Meets Girl." Now he wants to be hero of a Western. He should be able to pull it off with flying colors.

On the other hand, consider Marlene Dietrich. When I first saw her on the screen, she was vivid, versatile and real. That was in "Blue Angel," when she demonstrated that beautiful legs and a winning personality were coin of the realm as far as the movies were concerned. Since then, she has let her eyelashes grow longer, while adopting a set series of gestures as a femme fatale. She has continued the tradition of the siren, perhaps, but the difficulty is that the old-style siren is definitely old-fashioned. She has stuck to it, I see, when the type itself became as dead as the dodo.

Unless I am badly mistaken, the Misses Davis and Crawford and the screen's leading men are quite right in turning thumbs down on those old, hokey impersonations. If anyone might have tried to recreate the Rudolph Valentino fascination, it was Robert Taylor. He has been much wiser in appearing in a show such as "A Yank at Oxford" as a likable, understandable modern youth, who goes through understandable experiences. After that engaging and convincing portrayal, he should be able to escape the lampeting restrictions of being typed with the greatest of ease.

A number of my friends thought that Spencer Tracy was crazy to play a Portuguese fisherman in "Captains Courageous," a film which didn't even have a feminine principal in the cast. The fact is that he not only turned in an engrossing performance, but won the Academy Award with it. From that role he has been able to turn to a completely different impersonation in "Test Pilot." In case anyone didn't know it all along, he has shown that he is an actor of great range and power. It is difficult to imagine him being typed at this point.

The most curious thing about the way characters shift over a period of years is the fact that it is the public which determines those shifts. It is because you and your friends have grown tired of sultry sirens and sleek-haired sheiks that they have given way to the new types of the screen. It is because you like love-making to be repurposed the way it actually takes place in this land and this day, that a hero and heroine can act more naturally.

Without the public acceptance of these changes, the danger of typing would still be extremely serious, particularly for those youngsters who are carving out careers for themselves. As it is, they have a remarkable chance of roles. The lovely Ginger Rogers has been able to turn from dancing to straight acting and Katharine Hepburn has had the chance to turn away from tragic parts and play comedy. Jimmy Stewart, Audrey Leeds, or Wayne Morris, to mention only a few of the rising stars, have the opportunity of appearing in all sorts of different parts if they really want to.

I am quite certain that they will sometimes have to fight for their chances. Producers are almost certain to think of Mr. Morris if they have the role of a prize-fighter to fill, while Miss Leeds is likely to be cast several times again as a young woman. The important point is that if they don't want to become typed they can do something about it. They may not be able to make themselves as a character, but they can avoid getting deep in a rut. It is the public that has made this possible. It is because you, as film-goers, welcome new portrayals and new material on the screen, that motion picture acting is becoming really important acting. A militant Miss Davis and an aware and sympathetic audience will do more than anything else to make talk about Hollywood typing plain silly.
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True Story of a Stunt Girl

[Continued from page 31]

swimming, I didn’t guess.

I didn’t have enough brains to be scared. I was just a little gal wanting to make good. I think I’d been boasting a little bit.

So in I went. The shark was tired after his long trip from Balboa where he’d been caught. I made short work of him, swam through blood, opened the conning tower, swam to the side of the tank. It was dragged out. I immediately relented into a horizontal position.

The joke was on me. The shark’s jaws had been wired. I should have known.

Have I been afraid?

The answer is yes, as I’ve indicated. The worst scare I ever got, however, was making a serial with Pete Morrison for Universal in 1926.

But 1926 is twelve years ago. We’d better begin getting modern. Let’s just write off those years by saying that Bill Koenig made me a leading woman in serials, that I rode, fell off horses, drove racing cars, leaped from windows, lived and breathed a fine old time of it for a couple of years, and found a husband. A baby—Buster Miles, now to, kept me out of pictures until late in 1928. Buster’s a boy. He was named after the film star Bucey Dunne in “No Other Woman,” worked with Lee Tracy, and recently was up for a role in “Men With Wings” — which he didn’t quite make.

Yes, I’ve been hurt, Joe Bonomo threw a bottle which hit me just above the elbow, cut a gash in my right arm. There isn’t even a scar today. And Joe didn’t mean to do it, naturally.

To be frank, I’ve been hurt worse than that. It was a real inferno. For me that picture had a perfect title. Unless you called it “Frances Inferno.”

Spencer Tracy, a merry soul, Fox made it. Maybe you remember the fire on the ship. I was on a burning balcony. Beneath, fighting extras were melting, claving at each other, struggling, things.

I was to jump eight feet to the floor, hit a break-away table, and be picked up by a “catch man.” A fellow assigned to see that I wasn’t trampled.

I jumped. The table wasn’t there. The catch man had been pushed away by the surging inferno. I hit the floor. Hurt my spine, I fell to the floor. The mob closed in. The catch man saw me go under, fought to get me, picked me up. Things were getting hot there and I was stuck in the fire, my clothes, my suit, my shoes, my mob. He fell four different times. About this time the smoke pots which were supposed to smoke only, exploded. That added to the panic. Somebody swung something, hit my rescuer on the back of the neck. We both went down. I hit the side of my face and head.

I was in the hospital for two days.

Most of the girls,—myself included,—have been making much of our money in recent years by playing ourselves. Instead of doubling a leading player, we are assigned to small parts in a picture. Outstanding bits. I got a role like that in “Central Airport,” which Frank Oppenheimer directed. We were doing it, the whole cast, and I was the mother of a child of ten, Betty Graham. I got the role because it would be tough, very tough, and Bill knew I could take it. Betty and I, along with other passengers, were to be forced down at sea in a plane.

That was a great picture. I just missed taking one of the ships flown in the picture. Howard Bate, one of the best pilots on the coast, came in low because the red obstruction lights at the end of the field were out, snagged high tension wires, snapped poles—and still made a safe landing! I saw it happen. My fellow-stunters were very pale and gray as they alighted from the dreadfully damaged tri-motor. I’ve doubled stars, too. I think that Carole Lombard gets the vote of the stunt girls as being the most regular fellow. After you’ve done something cold, or uncomfortable, or dangerous, Carole goes out of her way to make you feel that you’ve helped her a little bit, put something into the picture that’s worth while.

On “True Conession,” Carole had to go through some rather rough scenes—and she took it. She dipped and dipped and dipped, and never lost her way. One day Carole got kicked, pushed into the bathtub, whacked and chased in Sennett comedies. She’s a trouper. Loretta Rush, who did the horseback scenes for Jennette MacDonald in “The Girl of the Golden West,” did the long shots in the water. Not because Carole wouldn’t, but because the studio insisted on getting $500,000 for Carole’s talent, why risk it by having the heroine take cold?

It isn’t often that we see our principals. We usually work as a “second unit.” We come along and do the long shots one day and then the director looks at the “ruses” and this progresses in accordance with our actions—or vice-versa.

Sometimes we work after the principals are all through and away on vacations. The only time you ever see our underrone is when you see the stunters making their postulations. Chops, lights, machine gummings, chases and brails, I did the dirty work. In “The Sign of the Cross” I was Glaudelette Colbert for Hedy Lamarr. Arabella, I met her boy friend, Fredric March, when she was being hauled about by four Nubians. She rode in a chair on their backs. She was loaded down, heavy, and knocked over the Nubians. I was in the chair. I disappeared right after that and the real Colbert did it.

Have you seen “Wide Open Faces,” starring Joe E. Brown, yet? Maybe you remember that Joe captured the gangsters, riding in five cars with their “molls,” by tossings smoke pots into their cars. The smoke blinded the gang drivers and all the cars plunged into ditch.

I was in one of the cars and I hit one of the ditches. We had a raw driver but a solidly built car, so we didn’t worry much. The cars are all built alike. You have a safety belt anchored soundly to the body of the car—not to the seat. Then you make your own hand holds. There are two straps, one for each shoulder.

It’s a good plan that when you hit you take the force of inertia in your arms. Sometimes you have to hold. Candy glass is used in the window. It breaks like real glass, but doesn’t cut. You feel better if you’re wearing a hat. Sometimes you can put a little padding in it. That breaks the shock if you bump your head. And you do better if you have one foot in front of the other, instead of both together. Remember that if you see a stunt coming you have to look for the highway. It isn’t the unexpected that hurts you. It’s the unexpected. Take the case of Marcelle Arnold, a stunt girl killed recently—the car carried the director.

Her death resulted in a ruling at that studio that girls are not to be used any more in auto chases. Mary Wiggins, the parachute jumper I mentioned, who also makes money in the summer time by crashing cars in state fairs, was driving the first car in a three-car chase around Side-Curve, in Pasadena. A man was at the wheel of the second car. Both cars hit the curve, made powerful skids and cleared it safely several times. Then the stunters relaxed a bit.

“Let’s make it just once more to be sure we’ve got it,” was the director ordered.

The car Marcelle was in did the unex-
I've not only ridden in crash cars—I've crashed them. Not long ago I whipped around a big town car which Kay Francis was supposed to be driving, sent it crashing into a curbing, jumped out, leaped a hedge in front of a country estate. Jobs like that we call "pick ups," quick jobs which pay well and are over quickly.

Right now I'm a stand-by. I work in "Prison Farm," with Shirley Ross. As a stand-by, I'm ready to do any rough stuff which might be too tough for Miss Ross, but she's willing and ready to take it. Should she decide that things are too hard for her, she bows out and I get a pay adjustment to the $35 minimum. Personally, I'd rather know that Shirley is game and a good fellow than have my pay upped. That's what I've found out.

Yesterday we reported for work at 9 a.m. Shirley and the other girls and I were in blue and white striped cotton dresses—about fifteen of us—working in the prison laundry. When the whistle blew to end work, we attacked the matron because she made us work too hard. Around us were the implements of a good fight. Dirty, wet clothes, Washboards. Soap. Hot water. We really turned on a fight. I watched Shirley get drenched, kicked around. Later, Porter Hall, playing a villain—the warden of the prison farm—came in and turned live steam on. We fought, choked and gasped through that. We worked from nine o'clock in the morning to eleven o'clock at night. Shirley was soaked through to the skin several times, dunked in washtub, hit, knocked down, but she always came back for more. This morning she was back on the job, ready to go through with it again, at nine o'clock. Shirley burns and stays a lot of the time she isn't working. Just informally. She has a lovely voice and we girls love her for it.

Thirty-five dollars a day sounds like a lot of money. But we don't get it every day. For being kicked, socked, trampled on, riding horses, driving cars and otherwise performing with the idea of putting the theatre-goers on the edge of their seats, I turned up about $2500 in 1937. Things have been slack so far in 1938, and right now it looks as if we—I say we for myself and the 36 others for we all average about the same—will do well to hit $1500.

This isn't bad pay when you consider that most of us are married to studio technicians or stunt men and minor actors. I'm married again, this time to Duke York, actor and stunt man who manages to do very well for himself taking chances for the male heroes of the screen.

When girls ask me how much I think they should get for stunts which are over the minimum, I reply:

"It's your neck, honey. You know how much it's worth."

Usually, we figure that common rough stuff is worth $5 a day. This includes any kind of a small fall. For instance, you are shot and drop to the floor. You're pushed over a chair. Or knocked down in a fight. Long falls are worth more. Net falls bring as high as $200 and you go as high as $75 feet. The net part means that you land in a net at the bottom.

Tone Reed got an odder job recently. She understands animals, so she was signed to go on a jungle expedition to work in a short subject. A job like that is a plum.

Mary Wiggins got $50, the standard rate, for her parachute jump in "Central Airport." I get the minimum for doubling Ann Rutherford, who worked with Richard Dix in "The Devil Is Driving." I drove a car to within a few feet of a cliff, jammed on the brakes, stopped within inches. The car

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Eat 3 cakes a day—one before each meal—until your skin is clear and fresh again.

was jerked over by cable after I got out, a dummy at the wheel—thank heaven! That's a job when you have a car chasing you, a camera car shooting you. You've got to have your wits about you. You can't get scared, and you can't think "if." If you do, you either don't do the stunt, or you get hurt. One of the main things is to know you'll make it all right, then you do. I did all the driving. And I was supposed to do all the way through this picture.

In the early days I did a great deal of horseback work. Today, I have put the "pick-ups" behind me. I am trying to allow someone to grab you and pull you onto a speeding horse. You know the old western rider who jumps onto them, and all those things. The reason I don't go for this now is that we have several expert horsewomen who specialize in handling the horse while they are on their mounts. They have the jobs coming to them. The last time I did anything akin to western work was when I "stood by" as a cowgirl with Bing Crosby, Martha Raye and Bob Burns in "Rhythm on the Range." I wasn't needed. Any time Martha Raye needs a cowboy, I will be wrong with her. Did you see the sungodago dance she did in "Mountain Music?" She was tossed around like a badminton bird. I watched that break into the big time in that picture. Bob doesn't need a double, either. He did all the fish stuff in "Tropic Holiday," which was something.

Dorothy, but she had to have a double when she came to a sintering a boat on which she and George Raft rode in "Swamp Heat." Miss Mc-Lister drew that job. She went to Ralbosa, swam out to the boat, climbed aboard, pulled the plug, turned over with the boat and then threw it back in. She got an extra check for that.

Now and then you see me on the screen—but never long enough for it to mean anything. If you will get a glimpse of me in a scene with Barton Mac- Lane, Bob Cummings and George Raft in "You and Me," I get such roles because they're rough, as you'll see. The difference between me and an actress is that I get paid for being rough and can act passably, while an actress, if you see what I mean. As far as I know, none of us aspires to acting. If we do, we keep it a deep secret. We'd rather have the thrills. A glance at the story shows that a few of us have been actresses and have come to stunting. But, as far as I know, no stunner has ever developed into an actress. We get worse as we grow up. I'm one of these, as Jimmy's face was extremely bland—too bland. Paul's expression changed to one of surprise. He funneled and hesitated a moment, then he said, "Why, yes, Miss Evans, a grammar school diploma is all you need to be a stable boy." A slight titter ran through the audience. I saw with relief that Paul had regained his voice, and his manner. I felt better, at the same time calling Jimmy all sorts of names under my breath.

Would you say there are many gentlemen working around horses?" Jimmy continued—"Say in your capacity?"

This time Paul did not hesitate. "I find, Mr. Evans, that you have all walks of life—even in the newspaper business—"

"Jiminy flushed and the audience roarved. I breathed easy when the interview was over and Paul began to sing. Three strikes on Jimmy and a home-run for Paul, I thought gleefully. Paul gave my song every- thing he had, getting in all the things I had tried to put over while writing it. In short, he brought down the house. The applause was loud and spontaneous, and I asked him to sing again, cutting out one of my own numbers.

The broadcast over, Paul was the center of attention. During the commercial breaks to pour out my wrath, but he had slipped out.

"Paul," I said, outside, "you were won- derful. Better men than you have cracked under a trick like that."

"Thanks," I didn't mind the switch. It made me forget how nervous I was. That was the only exception is Esther Rolston, who came from a circus family into dramatic work on the screen and went from there to stardom.

Right now, I feel sorry for the horse- women. Dress extras get $15 a day and stunt horsewomen $16.50. The horsewoman works a lot harder for her money. Not that the dress extras don't earn and lose their pay. For instance, Mary Hurley is getting the $16.50 right now for driving horses and doing stunts.

"The Texans."

Well, that's about all.

Here I am, thirty years old, waiting for Direction. I need to have Shirley Ross get into a brawl so that I'll get the minimum instead of stand by money.

I'm not there, I don't know who'll play. I think I'm good for at least ten years yet. Ten years of getting and giving thrills. So I'll keep right on, just as long as my health lasts, and it don't start to crack when I fall or crack when I get hit by a "breakaway" chair.

You say you get fun when you watch me?

Think of the fun I'm having. I heard Jimmy ask. I looked up quickly from my script and saw that Jimmy's face was extremely bland—too bland. Paul's expression changed to one of surprise. He funneled and hesitated a moment, then he said, "Why, yes, Miss Evans, a grammar school diploma is all you need to be a stable boy." A slight titter ran through the audience. I saw with relief that Paul had regained his voice, and his manner. I felt better, at the same time calling Jimmy all sorts of names under my breath.

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duced Paul at his coming up to the little platform. He received an ovation. It appeared that most of the people had heard him on the air. He repeated the two numbers, singing in the same sensational manner, and when he finished the applause was deafening.

Jimmy appeared abruptly from some place. Ignoring the cold glare I gave him he went directly to Paul. "Remy," he said, "I apologize. That was a dirty trick I played on you. But I'm not sorry, for it convinced me that you have the stuff." His manner was so genuine and sincere that Paul, after a moment's hesitation, opened a clenched fist, relaxed, smiled and shook hands.

"I didn't mind," he said, "No hard feelings."

Jimmy was sitting at a large table with Janice Robinson and a group of society people. He said that his friends wanted to meet Paul so we all joined the party. I was a bit leery about this, for I was afraid Jimmy might be up to something again. Paul would be a new novelty for Jimmy's rich friends—"My dear, a singing stable boy. what could be quaintier?" and all that. But I decided that Paul had shown he could take care of himself.

We sat down and immediately all the people made a tremendous fuss over Paul. There were about a dozen of them, all very smart and very expensively dressed. In a few minutes, led by Jimmy, they were all plying Paul with ridiculous questions, I began to get angrier and angrier, and Paul was becoming red in the face. Usually, I'd tell them about your culture, philosophy, "Paul," I heard Jimmy say, and all the people clamored for Paul to take the floor. Jimmy looked at me and grinned, as much as to say, "This is what he gets for being so smart, I could do nothing but glare and mutter under my breath. Just then Janice, Jimmy's blonde gal, came to Paul's rescue, dragging him out on the dance floor. He certainly looked grateful, and I kicked myself for not having thought of it first.

For the rest of the evening Janice kept Paul under her protecting wing, and I must say he seemed to like it there. Under her guidance he gained confidence in his retorts, and pretty soon condescension changed to admiration in most of the party. I don't think Paul realized that Jimmy had done all this for revenge, but I do know that Jimmy was pretty disgruntled—after Paul, at Janice and at me.

Paul's naturalness and carefree frankness had made quite a hit, and once again Jimmy's plans had backfired. Janice monopolized Paul and I heard him promise to show his around the track the next day. Janice had certainly moved in on him, I thought. Why didn't I think of things like that? I didn't dislike Janice, but she was a predatory type of rich girl for whom instinctively I have never had much use.

After a word or two with my manager, I managed to corner Paul.

"How would you like to be a regular singer here?" I asked. "At an attractive figure?"

"I'd like to," he said, "but I have my job, and anyway after the Santa Clara Handicap next Saturday we go to a new track. By that time Gold Prince will be my meal ticket—I hope."

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**SILVER SCREEN**

75
"Then make it for a week," I said, not to be denied. "Until next Friday. That racetrack job is nothing. Here you can make a name for yourself. Who cares about a lot of snotty old horses!"

"I do, Anne!" He said my name without any formality, I liked it. "I do expect to make a name for myself," he went on, "but not singing."

"You could use the money," I suggested. "And these people are begging for you. No reason why you can't have two jobs. Besides, you'll get your horse sooner."

He began to weaken. Finally he agreed to sign up for a week. "Maybe," I told him, "after a week we'll all be tired of you anyway," although I didn't believe it for a minute. I was pleased. Paul could do a lot for my songs in a week. And maybe by that time he'd change his mind. There was also the pleasant prospect of seeing him every day. I had never realized before how much I liked yellow hair and blue eyes. When my manager announced Paul's engagement, the applause was enough to make me jealous. Only it didn't. But I caught a glimpse of a thoroughly disgusted Jimmy Evans.

Paul had agreed to come to my apartment every evening to rehearse, as that was the only chance he had. These rehearsals assured me that I had made no mistake about having the right person. He was, Jimmy, direct, honest way never failed to amuse me; except when it made me have a queer fluttering feeling. The only trouble was that no matter what we talked about, he always wound up on Gold Prince. But I suppose there are worse things than having a horse for a rival.

One evening he said, "Anne, I still can't understand why you took an interest in me."

"Business at the Club Stratford is excellent," I said, "but isn't enough that you've been a marvelous boon to the box office?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "What gets me is how lately everyone in Hollywood seems to think that being a stable boy is a most romantic job. And at first they were surprised that I even admitted I was one." I laughed. "That's Hollywood for you." "Did I tell you that yesterday Gold Prince," he began... I interrupted: "You've told me so much about that horse that I could write his biography myself."

I was dying to bring Janice into the conversation, but I had no opening. Paul always seemed clear of mentioning her somehow. Now he just grinned and went right on about Gold Prince. I had to content myself with listening to the sound of his voice and watching his face, and wondering if he preferred tall blondes like Janice to small, brown-haired girls—meaning me.

On Friday, Paul's last day as my employee, Jimmy ran an interview with Janice in his column. It was the usual stuff: impressions of Hollywood, how happy and thrilled she was: how much she liked the Club Stratford; how interested she was in her screen work. Then Jimmy went on with a few remarks of his own: how fascinating she found the racetrack: how she was thinking of acquiring a stable of her own; how this might be fine for Paul, who, in case they got married, could do it for her. Jimmy hinted Gold Prince might be her first buy, providing the horse won the next day.

There was more, but I couldn't read it. I was furious with Jimmy. He might just as well have said that Janice was buying Paul. I spent most of the day trying not to cry, or arguing with myself that this was just another one of Jimmy's publicity stories. That afternoon Jimmy called me on the telephone.

"Tough luck, kid," he said.

"About what? Your stable boy. But don't mind, maybe he's not worth it." I made a face at the telephone—so Jimmy had suspected that my interest in Paul was more than professional.

"I don't know that you're talking about," I said, trying to keep a stiff upper lip. "Win or lose you lose him," he said, trying to pretend now that he meant it professionally. "If his horse wins Saturday Paul's going to quit singing, and if the horse loses he's going to marry Janice. So he gets his horse either way."

"I don't believe it. Who told you?"

"Janice," he said. "He told Jimmy away from me."

"But he didn't take you away from me," Jimmy went on. "That's all I was worried about."

Paul didn't come to my apartment that evening at all, and at ten I left for the Club feeling as low as a bass singer's broken bottom, and for the first time I noticed for me, looking glum, "Where's Paul?" he asked.

"I don't know, but you should, being such a small newspaperman. Janice isn't here either, if that's any comfort."

"It isn't."

"You haven't changed your mind, have you, Anne?"

"No," I said, "I haven't."

"Then, "Nice of you to practically propose for Janice in your own column. Now there's nothing left for her to do but marry him."

Jimmy was annoyed. "Well, if she's going to buy Gold Prince she might as well buy Paul—according to you, one wouldn't be very good without the other."

I turned on my heel and walked away. Presently Paul came in with Janice. He looked as depressed as I felt. In a few minutes he went on, and he sang just as well as ever. Afterwards he came back to my dressing room instead of rejoining Janice. He said nothing about not showing up for rehearsal, so neither did I. All he could talk about was the race the next day, and for the first time I noticed he seemed worried about the outcome. I couldn't help wondering what he and Janice had been up to, but naturally I said nothing.

He left after she was off to the jockey club before I had a chance to wish him luck. Jimmy insisted on driving me home, and when we left I saw that Janice had gone too. Jimmy was depressed and kept saying he didn't have a right to give him a break. I just told him he made me sick.

In Jimmy's column the next morning he had a hot tip on a sure thing in the Santa Clara Handicap; Gold Prince. I didn't realize it at the time, but this was a sure way of bringing the odds on Gold Prince down to practically nothing. Jimmy's idea, of course, was to deliver Paul safely into Janice's hand, win or lose, and I figured that out over a tomato sandwich.

I decided I couldn't stand seeing the race, or Paul either; and not even to listen on the radio. To try to occupy my mind I stayed at home, finishing the afternoons working on a new song, having first sent the maid house so I would be alone. I was in a melancholy mood, and I thought that for what I turned out was, I realized, one of my best songs. It was a little number entitled "Stable Boy Blues," and I don't believe I ever heard a jockey, it certainly showed how I felt.

It was suddenly dark and I thought about the race for the first time all afternoon. Was Jimmy's tip sure? The adrenaline was still there. I had been able to do was pour out my heart in a popular song, like the little fool that I was. He couldn't hear to finishing who had won the race, so I mechanically hunted up something to eat, and bathed and..."
Wherever you go
BEECH-NUT GUM

gives extra pleasure and refreshment

Always worth stopping for.
The Fan Law

[Continued from page 29]

That was good enough for me. When they wanted a leading man for 'Loy's of London,' I asked that Power be given the role. They told me that he lacked experience but I told them that the fans liked him, which was true. He got the role and the rest is movie history."

It was the same with Robert Taylor. The fans made him, not the studio or anyone in it. M-G-M was making a series of shorts under the general heading of "Crime Doesn't Pay." To lend added authenticity to the pictures, the actors who played the parts were not listed on the credit sheet. Taylor appeared in one of these shorts. Immediately there was an explosion of fan mail asking his name, suggesting in addition that the studio should give him fatter parts. Leo the Lion roared over that mail, for when the fans speak, it means that a star is born.

Myrna Loy, Sonja Henie, Shirley Temple, Hugh Herbert, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper and Betty Hutton of the fans. The letters of the fans say that Myrna is the national conception of the ideally happy young American wife; that Sonja Henie is the clean, good-natured kid sister of the country; that Shirley Temple is the cute little girl who is Mr. and Mrs. America's daughter or niece; that Hugh Herbert is the latest reincarnation of Uncle Wiggly; that Loretta Young is the favorite of every American family; that Loretta Young is a concentrate of American Hampshires; that Gary Cooper is the range country boy who refuses to be taken in by the city slickers; that Betty Davis is every girl standing up for her rights. They see, characterize each player as representing someone the letter-writers know, and that is the secret of their appeal.

The Fan Law was feared when M-G-M made "San Francisco." Spencer Tracy, playing the part of the priest, was struck savagely by Clark Gable. The studio feared that the scene might ruin Gable's career instanter, and you can understand that apprehension. First they asked several Los Angeles priests to script. The priests agreed that the portrait of the priest was painted reverently, and that there was no offense when Gable, in the heat of anger, lashed out at the fan. Thought the scene was too. Audiences gasped when Gable struck the priest, but did not resent it. Quick to resent the tomato-pelting of Gladys Swarthout, but, because of the "frowning" of the scene for a laugh, the fans just as quickly sidekicked Gable punching the priest because the drama was on the level. And they say that the national I.Q. reaction is that of a 12-year old!!

For obvious reasons, there is one angle of this Fan Law which I'd rather not discuss, because there's no point in kicking people who are down. That is the Fan Law as it passes sentence on those players who transgress certain studio conventions. While the fans extend unusual liberality to movie performers in their private lives, there are certain things which they will not tolerate. Gable's "事件" of stars who have passed out of the spotlight in the past five years, stars who were comparatively young and who suddenly disappeared. You'll find that they were twice and thrice divorced, or that they mocked at marriage and went openly with other married men. The Fan Law disciplined and made powerful as it now is because of the organization of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish boards of film supervision, drives films that do not meet the fan's requirements into retirement quickly. That the power is used sparingly is a tribute to you, you, and you.

Titah-Ma-Titah—or Strictly Slugola!

[Continued from page 10]

a funny situation across, it is sometimes better to give the best lines to others. That's Jack Benny's method. If you will notice, he always plays the patsy: the pleasant old strutting down the street, so sure that he's making a tremendous impression, until he steps on a banana peel. When he takes a fall, you laugh at him but you pity him a little too. That audience sympathy, known as "honey in the horn," is sure-fire.

Jack doesn't depend on the conventional question-and-answer routine to get a laugh; it is very incidental with him. "Gags die, but humor lives on forever" is his motto and he never uses a gag for a gag's sake. Instead he starts with a situation that is funny in itself—his effort to sell his Maxwell well, a car that nobody in his right mind would buy; the idea that he is a virtuoso on the violin; or the absurdity of trying to palm himself off as a sheriff of the old school—and sprinkles gags through these situations, as they may be needed.

Playing himself, he might go into a spiel about his wonderful automobile and how much pleasure he gets out of it in the summertime. Then Mary Livingstone would interrupt to say he's got a good-looking trailer, Trailer? Jack says he has no trailer to his car. "Oh, yes, you have," snaps back Mary. "Somebody from the Finance Company." While the resulting laugh is on Jack, he's also got the sympathy of his listeners because probably they all recall their own difficulties meeting payments on their own cars.

After the laughter on that one, he could pull the same gag in his Sheriff Buck Benny routine. Explaining the hazardous life a law officer leads, he might mention the fact that in tune with the times he has turned to his trusty piano for a car. "Yeah, but what do you want with that ugly trailer?" asks Fran Mary Livingstone. Trailer? The sheriff declares he has nary a one. "Oh yes you have," assuages Mary, "and that plug-ugly banglet told me that when he finishes training you, Buck Benny will be full of buckshot."
Fred Allen, on the other hand, doesn't go in for such situations. What he relies on for laughs is his peculiar choice of words. For example, he would never dream of saying "forget". To him it becomes "bi-focals on a stick." When someone offers him the cold shoulder, he returns a "chilled flank." To show how he tosses vocabulary around and makes it come up smiling, listen in on his interview with a lady iceman.

In the first place, he called her "a concealed water hostess." Then, questioning her about her work, he asked: "Is it difficult to catapult a 100-pound numbed cube into the refrigerator?"

Lady Iceman: "Not always. Sometimes my daughter helps me."

Allen: "In that case, I shall call her a Lorelei of the solidified H₂O."

That's how these two jests of the airwaves garner grins. George Burns, on the other hand, because he has Gracie Allen both on his hands and on his mind at the same time, has to go in for goody gags.

Says George, "When you try to tell a joke with Gracie mixed up in it, there's no right or wrong way. Gracie's sense of humor is thrown a little off-balance by a dizzly sense of logic, which is also thrown off-balance by her dizzy little brain. However, I have to make a living telling jokes with Gracie, so I use a system that is a great deal like a man going fishing with a fishing pole, a gun, a mousetrap, a butterfly net and a few sheets of fly paper. He's ready for most anything. So am I.

"For instance, here's the way a joke usually works out with Gracie. I lead with my chin by saying, 'Well, Gracie, just mention a word and I'll make up a sentence with it.' She suggests the word pencil and I say, 'I have to wear suspenders or my pencil will fall down.' Gracie laughs and says she can do it too. That's a bad sign, but I go ahead and suggest the word razor. Gracie thinks out loud and fast and says, 'Razor? Listen to this. A girl fell down. Who'll pick her up?'

"I say, 'Gracie, where's the razor?' Then she explains that her daddy has pawned it so that they can buy shaving cream. Stubbornly I try to explain, showing that she nearly had it right but instead of saying 'Who'll pick her up?' what should you have said:

"Before her mammoth mind stages a mutiny she comes back with, 'I guess I should have said that she winked her eye."

"This gets me excited. 'Winked her eye,' I shout, a trifle impatient. 'Certainly,' she interrupts, 'when a girl wants someone to pick her up, the best thing she can do is wink her eye.'"

"'Gracie,' I plead, 'I showed you how it's done. I made up a sentence with pencil, didn't I?' That's nothing,' bellittles Gracie, 'my brother made up a whole paragraph with a pencil and he made up this whole poem with a fountain pen.'

"Well, for some people there might be a right and a wrong way to tell a joke. But take it from me, the absolutely wrong way for anybody to tell a joke is to Gracie. I hope you see what I mean."

"I might add that I hope this has all been a lesson to you for at this point the class is about to be dismissed with a final caution. Telling a joke like a big-time comedian calls for nothing more nor less than being word-perfect in the story, knowing your audience, and timing the lines for proper climax. The best way to get this all down pat is to study the professional funsters as they do their stuff on the screen and on the radio.

"Once you master their technique, you'll find that your stuff brings forth terrific, tremendous, colossal laughter. In short, you'll be strictly Jurgens. That, my friends, is how to tell a joke."

---

**MOTHER:**

When your baby is suffering

**KNOW what to do!**

Don't be helpless when an emergency arises! Every mother should know what to do. Don't trust to luck that your household will escape emergencies. You may be next. Be prepared!

At your drug store you can now get (while they last) a copy of Dr. Allan Roy Dafos's new book—free with a purchase of "Lysol" disinfectant. Few doctors have had to deal with home emergencies as Dr. Dafos has. Great distances, hard travel, in the Canadian back country forced him to teach his people what to do in emergencies till he got there. Now the benefit of this experience is yours, free! Accept "Lysol's" offer of first-aid facts. Ask, when you buy "Lysol", for your copy of Dr. Dafos's book.

FREE! Dr. Dafos's Book on Home Emergencies, 32 pages, 53 sections. Do you know how to ... Dress a wound? Treat animal bites? Give artificial respiration? Relieve sudden illness? Stop hiccups? Revive an asphyxiated person? These are just a few of many subjects this book covers, in clear, simple language anyone can understand. Free with any purchase of "Lysol", for a limited time.

**Silver Screen**

79
Partners For Rent

[Continued from page 33]

Do you get “poodle permanents”? Hair all frizzy? Bristle, dry hair is usually the cause. You can overcome this by a simple home treatment. First, stop using all alkaline, soda-ing chemicals. Instead, try proved oil and scalp tonic treatment. Try Admiration Snowtrip Shampoo. It not only cleans the hair safely and thoroughly but does not steal the natural scalp oils that keep your hair strong, elastic and healthy. Admiration is a beauty treat- ment approved by thousands of beauticians. If you'd like to have a sample, send three 3-cent stamps.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly and easily remove corns.

NO MORE CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Says Everybody is Hypnotized

If there is one fault hidden in your life—if you suffer from nervousness, fear, doubt, dis- appointment, disease, disordered habits of living—if your life is not a con- ciliation of health, success, wealth and happiness—why, then, find out about the method of mind and body con- trol that leads to luminous powers never before experienced. Dr. E. C. Culver, of Minneapolis, is the inventor of this hypnotistic art. He tells his method of mind and body con- trol that leads to luminous powers never before experienced.

The Institute of Mentalphysics, Dept. 463
213 So. Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Silver Screen
again, and they went to the races. He has been taking her out regularly a week. The rules forbid romantic attachments, but human nature being what it is, they cannot be altogether avoided.

As a professional escort, he was at first embarrassed. It was a strange experience for him. To let a woman do the spending, made him uncomfortable. “But here is the way I look at it now,” he says. “Every year thousands of girls and single women come to Hollywood for a vacation. They are regular people, there is nothing queer about them. They just want to see the town and movie stars. But they don’t know a soul out here to take them around. If you have been in a hotel in a strange city you know what a lonely experience it is. A woman can’t go places alone like a man can. They are up against it. They need somebody who knows the town and they can rely on. Hence, professional escorts like me. It’s strict business with us. We are bodyguards.”

Another Dartmouth graduate is Robert W. Young. He is in his prime age for the men—and has traveled extensively. He knows all the hot spots in Hollywood, the hidden, secret places frequented by a number of movie stars of strong Scholastic tastes. Robert took the premedical course at Dartmouth, and has made women his special field of scientific study. He hopes to write books about them, and has already lectured before women’s clubs about them. During the day, he is a highly successful salesmen at beauty shop supplies. His experiences in swan-land would make a volume which Boccacio, Balzac and Dumas could have used as source material.

Robertson E. Thomas came to Hollywood after two years in the University of Minnesota to try his luck in pictures. No luck. He clinks in a leading department store, and earns at nights. He is 23, has wavy blonde hair, blue eyes, is a good dresser and good talker. Lives with his mother, who, too, has a fine position, and they are both. He became an escort because he likes to go out and meet people. “The ideal of this organization is very high,” he said. “It’s an honest business proposition and not a racket. It’s something Hollywood needs. I am not a gigolo. I am an entertainer. By far the most important thing for success in this business is the ability to carry on good conversation.

His first professional date was particularly interesting. “I was a little nervous. She sent her chauffeur and I was driven to her home in Beverly Hills in a luxurious Packard, which made quite an impression on me. I was wondering what kind of a woman she was. She turned out to be very attractive, about 32 years old, wearing a dark evening gown with a corsage of gardenias. She was a blonde widow. Her husband, a stock broker in New York, had died, and she was living alone. We went to the Trocadero for dinner.

“We went around to several night spots, and she spent freely. At 3 a.m. we dropped the chauffeur and went to the beach, to watch the ocean. A gray dawn was creeping over the Pacific. It was beautiful.

“She decided to go on a world cruise, and wanted me to go along. She had plenty of money and wanted to see the world. Her husband was a drab gentleman and spent most of his time piling up money. But she had been faithful to him. He had friends, but of a different sort, and what she craved was romance, which she hoped I would be able to give her. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, like being offered a gold mine. But I thought it over and decided just to take it. She was hurt, didn’t call me again. The last I heard she was in London.”

Question: What’s the use being a reporter? I’m going to apply for a job as a professional escort in Hollywood!
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle
By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1 In "Divorce of Lady X" (abbr.)
2 "The Buccaneer" (abbr.)
3 Operatic tenor in "Romance in the Dark"
4 Habitable
5 Musical drama
6 To be shot
7 Aunt in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
8 She was born in Covington, Ky.
9 Something owned
10 Dismal
11 Scene
12 Fodder
13 Common place of abode
14 In "Tip-off Girls"
15 Star of "Adventures of Robin Hood"
16 An establishment for rearing cattle
17 Small country make
18 Biblical brooch
19 Frequently (poet.)
20 Dinner (abbr.)
21 Crv of a dove
22 Comedian in "Josette"
23 Perform
24 Behold
25 Bill of fare
26 Decigram (abbr.)
27 Penetrating lover in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"
28 New England state (abbr.)
29 To whom Charlie McCarthy owes all (initials)
30 To prosecute
31 Ripen
32 Regarding (abbr.)
33 In "Condemned Women"
34 Any open space
35 Slave
36 Took precedence
37 In "Big Broadcast of 1938"
38 Bleach
39 Princess in "Marco Polo"
40 Singing in "Everybody Sings"
41 Small or insignificant mark
42 "Girl in the Golden West" (abbr.)
43 Part of the verb "to be"
44 Mineral spring
45 Theatre box
46 Single thing
47 Nevertheless
48 Down
1 The "Girl of the Golden West"
2 Now at work in "The Texan"
3 Measure of weight (abbr.)
4 Every (abbr.)
5 Encounter
6 In "Judges' Hardy's Children"
7 Cultivated
8 For
9 Litter
10 Young barrister in "Divorce of Lady X"

ANNOUNCEMENT

Why not go to Hollywood on your vacation! When you read how inexpensive this trip can be you will want to pack your bag and be off at once. You can stay in Hollywood and see everything, including the big stars and important personalities at small cost. Next month Silver Screen gives all the details. Don't miss this article.

The fascination of the high-tensioned life of the screen colony varies from our monthly fiction story. All of us welcome romance and you will find plenty of it here.

The gifted Norma Shearer and the gifted Elizabeth Wilson are collaborating sort of on a story for Silver Screen. Norma has lived and is living one of the quietest but most dramatic lives in Hollywood. Miss Wilson has taken what gets her grace and will tell the story in her next Project.

The True Stories of girls for whom the going has been tough in the many varied joys of picture-making have aroused considerable interest. These girls are necessary to the studios and it is time they had a little recognition. Watch for the next True Story in this series.

All these absorbing features as well as many others will appear in our August issue, on sale July 15th.

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle

HOLT SHEARER STAG
ERI THE AYE YAN PIL	 BEAMT LLEDER
GOVER ERODE IDEA
R  UBBR ATEE NA
NR YRS SHE MOSID
EL TIMA EEN TWS
YES LOMBARD JON
ANT ALBRA BRN
CEW ERR AGO KALE
PS ROD NANNY YD
TI TOSHER NS SO

THE SUNOCO PRESS, INC., U.S.A.
The New Universal proudly presents The American Debut of

**DANIELLE DARRIEUX**

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 DARRIEUX • DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.**

in

"**THE RAGE OF PARIS**"

with

**MISCHA AUER • HELEN BRODERICK • LOUIS 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!
Spirit of '38

fall in with the army of happy smokers who know that Chesterfield's milder and better taste really satisfies

Chesterfield

... the right cigarette for MORE PLEASURE
RUE STORY OF A BEAUTY CONTEST WINNER

SEE HOLLYWOOD AT SMALL COST
TOGETHER again!

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!

Warner Bros. Presents
BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK'S

"BOY MEETS GIRL"

Directed by LLOYD BACON
SCREEN PLAY BY BELLA AND SAMUEL SPEWACK
MAKE A DATE FOR "BOY MEETS GIRL" AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

Starring
JAMES CAGNEY  PAT O'BRIEN
with
MARIE WILSON  RALPH BELLAMY
FRANK MCHUGH • DICK FORAN

STAGE PLAY PRODUCED BY GEORGE ABBOTT
A girl smiles—her face glows with a touch of splendor. (Dazzling, bright teeth—firm, healthy gums help create that lovely moment.) Another girl smiles, and her charm vanishes. (Dingy teeth and tender gums halt your attention, tragic evidence of carelessness and neglect.)

It's a shame when a girl ignores "pink tooth brush" and risks the beauty of her smile! True, "pink tooth brush" is only a warning—but when you see it—see your dentist. Let him decide.

Usually, however, he'll tell you that yours is just another case of lazy gums, gums robbed of exercise by modern soft, creamy foods. Probably he’ll advise more work for your gums, more exercise. And, like so many dentists, he'll probably suggest the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed not only to keep teeth bright and sparkling but to help the health of gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens within the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Start today with Ipana and massage. Let this modern dental health routine help you to a more attractive smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to clean teeth thoroughly.

Does your date book say—

"You'd be more popular if you had a lovelier smile!"
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
The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:
You'll die laughing when you hear what I did the first morning of my vacation! Here I've been griping and complaining about movie stars and pictures for months and can hardly wait to get my bags in the back of the car and say 'gypsy-in-me, take over.' Well, I had been 'away from it all' for about two hours, and kept saying to myself that Garbo had the right idea and admiring the trees, which were real live oaks and not papier-mache put together with wires. California never looked lovelier and I never felt better—no previews for two weeks, no life and loves of the glamour girls, no problems—when just ahead of me I saw a large sign with an arrow which read: 'Warner Brothers Ranch. Company on Location.' I don't know why, but I was a surprise to me, but the next thing I knew I was following two large trucks full of lights and props, right along that narrow lane. I much prefer to think that it was the material in me, it was nearing lunch time, for after all the swapping I have done it would never do for me to be caught taking a postman's holiday.

The company shooting, I discovered, was "For Lovers Only," co-starring Olivia de Havilland and Dick Powell, and as I drive up they were doing a most amusing scene. "Get a load of her," yelled Dick, quite handsome in a gasoline station uniform, "trying to slip away. The little dead-head." With that he yanked the screaming Olivia right out of her car (Olivia, it seems, is a rich girl who is running away from home and in her haste forgot her pocketbook. She has just bought $2.50 worth of gas from Dick, and Dick is the kind of a guy who likes to be paid in cash and not in promises.) Doubtless, one of the 57 varieties of "It Happened One Night." Lunch was declared immediately and Dick and Olivia tossed one of those famous box lunches at me (which are the curse of locations) and assured me that I brought it on myself.

In a sun of 105 and with flies swarming over me I ravenously devoured every crumb—al who always scorned location food before. Dick decided it would be a good day to reduce and drank a glass of milk. Olivia picked daintily at a piece of chicken and an orange. She—not I—should have eaten the cake and ice cream, for Olivia only weighs 101 and loses pounds even quicker than I can put them on. I tore myself away finally, and all the way up the Coast Road kept looking with more than my usual smallness for signs saying "Company on Location." The gypsy in me is as mad as hell.

Liza
Gloria Stuart seems to be the recipient of bad news, and little Jane Withers is pretty much concerned about it all, in "Keep Smiling."

BLEND CHEAT—Fair, Derricott plays the handsome young English actor who achieved deserved popularity from his acting with Noël Coward in "The Girl Was Young," plays the lead in this light entertainment picture of our own Joan Fontaine. The plot is not too British and may be a bit hard to take.

CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY—Good. Jack Holt plays the role of a rugged district attorney who successfully rounds up a gang of racketeers who are menacing his district. There's nothing new or novel about the plot, but it is done with such a flourish that it is diverting enough to sit on a dual bill. (Marcia Ralston, Douglas Dumbrille, Wanda McKay, Don Hoyal.)

DEVIL'S PARTY, THE—Good. Grinly melodrama is this tale of a group of men and women who knew each other as children in that part of New York known ecclesiastically as Hell's Kitchen. They all meet again as adults and between them sprout some pretty romances, although, situations. (Victor McLaglen, Wm. Gargan, Paul Kelly, Frank Jenks, Beatrice Roberts.

GENERALS WITHOUT BONNETS—Excellent. A pro亿吨ous youngsters have always given you a pain in the neck on the screen, by all means go to see this masterly French production (with English dialogue) in which you will find as out standing a group of talented youngsters as one ever hopes to meet up with. The plot concerns an ancient feud between tribes which is carried on by school children in a military fashion that is as frightening as it is sometimes amusing.

GUN LAW—Good. More and more people are beginning to realize that there is a law every day, and when they are as well produced as this one we can understand why London's O'Brien plays the role of a Federal Officer who mops up a frontier town infested with outlaws—a thrilling plot, but ingeniously worked out. (Rita Oehman.)

GREAT JOHN ERISSON, THE—Fine. You'll like this tale, and will, and when you're through the doors, and see this advertised at your local art theatre, take time to see it. Produced in Sweden, with English subtitles, it informs you in dramatic fashion what a huge part the Swedes played in developing our country. Hitherto most of us have given all the credit to the Dutch and English.

GIRL IN THE STREET—Only fair. Anna Neagle, the English actress who gave us the price less "Queen Victoria," is here cast as a girl who rises from an organ-grinder's assistant to the most powerful woman of the town. Tullio Carminati plays the nice diplomat who helps her out on the way. (Rita Oehman.)

HIGHWAY PATROL—Fine. This deals with the head of an oil refinery, who refuses to meet the demands of racketeers, and is turned upon by his own company, "Action town." Of course he has a beautiful, spoiled daughter who naturally falls in love with the rough and ready cowboy copper there after (Robert Paige, Jacqueline Wells).

HOLD THAT KISS—Fine. A very slight plot structure is needed to handle the melodrama that is emerging as first-class film fare, light, frothy and gay. Maurice O'Sullivan stars as a dress model who poses as a photographer, and Denis O'Keefe (a ticket salesman for a ship line), also does a bit of super-believing, whereas the domestic work is handled by Mickey Rooney, Jessie Ralph.

KEEP SMILING—Fine. One of the best of Jane Withers' films. As an orphan kept in an exclusive girls' school, Jane gets the idea of traveling to Hollywood to renew relations with an uncle, and finds herself in a situation that is likely to make her a very popular film star. (Gloria Stuart, Henry Wilcoxon.)

KIDNAPPED—Good. Even though that master of adventure yarns, Robert Louis Stevenson, wrote the original of this story, it proves to be somewhat synthetic film fare. Perhaps too many adapters robbed it of its original color and excitement. If you're not a stickler for "true adaptations" you may like it. Cast includes Frank Barbara, Warner Baxter, Arlene Whelan, C. Aubrey Smith.

LADY IN THE MORGUE, THE—Good. You have the sort of pictures that blend humor of the macabre sort with action, and you should accept it for this year's film entertainment, as some of the scenes take place in a morgue (ahh!) and others in a graveyard (more). (Cast includes Patricia Ellis, Preston Foster, Frank Jenks.)

MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO—Fine. Another entertaining picture in this series about the famous Japanese criminologist, played so dapperly by Peter Lorre. Mr. Moto's latest mystery takes him to London where he works with Scotland Yard. (Henry Wilcoxon, Mary Maugham.)

THREE COMRADES—Excellent. Erich Maria Remarque's story has been adapted for the screen by three young German soldiers who try to make a go of things in a disillusioned Germany. Is his Hitler) is effectively transported to the screen, with Franz Josef, Robert Young and Robert Taylor giving fine performances. And Margaret Sullavan proves to be a plot well worth the trouble they take in her behalf.

THREE ON A WEEKEND—Fine. From Great Britain comes this thoroughly enjoyable satire about the English working class who go to a resort, somewhat reminiscent of our own Comic Relief, during their brief weekends. In spite of some dramatic overtones, it is all very jolly and will accord you an hour or more of solid fun, in kaledoscopic fashion. (John Lodge, Margaret Lockwood, Rene Ray.)

VIVACIOUS LADY—Fine. One of those frothy comedies that have been so much in demand lately. Sophisticated, without being stodgy, farcical, without being absurd, it is really delightful entertainment. The setting is a college town and the realm of higher learning is neatly spoofed throughout. (Ginger Rogers, Jimmy Stewart, Benish Bondi.)

WHEN WERE YOU BORN—So-so. A murder mystery is here solved by the means of astrology. At first it is rather amusing, but, after a while, the movements of the planets and their so-called effect upon mankind becomes a bit tiresome and so does the plot. (Anna May Wong, Lola Lane, Margaret Lindsay.)

YELLOW JACK—Fine. Just after the Spanish American war, a famous scientist, Major Walter Reed, went to Cuba with an expedition to try to solve the desperate battle against yellow fever, which had killed off so many soldiers. This dramatic story of his research is as engrossing as that of Louis Pasteur. (Cast includes Lewis Stone, Bob Montgomery, Virginia Bruce.)
"Hollywood's Make-Up will accent Your Beauty"

There's something different about the make-up created for the stars of motion pictures by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. The secret is color harmony shades of powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize with your individual complexion. Once you try it, you'll be amazed that make-up could make you look so much more attractive. Note coupon for special make-up test.

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Choose your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Powder... then note how perfectly flattering the color is to your skin. Smooth and soft, too... hours later your make-up will still look lovely... $1.

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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... 50c.

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★★★ 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.

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Mail Purest Box of Powder and Rouge for every color harmony shade, Max Factor Color Foundation to precisely match your complexion. We also send illustrated Instruction Book, "How to Get the Jolie Look," $1.00. 

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Let Kurlash give you a natural beauty point worth "suning." Kurlash curls eyelashes in 30 seconds without heat or cosmetics... so they catch rainbows—cast entrancing shadows. More light enters your eyes, making them starry bright. So hats off to Kurlash!

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you—how to apply them skilfully! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. C-5; receive—free—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

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WARM WEATHER MENUS

By Ruth Corbin

(All recipes pretested)

Cold Beverages Call for
A Variation Of The Usual
Luncheon And Dinner
Recipes.

Valerie Hobart, the English star, shaking
up the delectable drink so aptly called
Hearts' Delight Apricot Nectar.

Did you ever try planning a meal backward? It's lots of fun and you'll be surprised at how many opportunities for a beverage substitute for tea or coffee you have been passing up. Of course, tea and coffee, iced and hot, are standard drinks everywhere. They can also be used as the basis of other delightful combinations. Here is a menu with a new dish built around Tender Leaf Tea.

**Jellied Bouillon**
- *Crab Meat Chow Mein*
- Pineapple Wedges
- Almond Cookies or Preserved Lichee Nuts
- Hot Tea

**CRAB MEAT CHOW MEIN**
1 large can White Rose Crab Meat
1 onion
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 can bean sprouts (optional)
2 tablespoons butter
1 bunch celery
1 cup water
1 teaspoon Argo Cornstarch
2 tablespoons Cisco
1/2 pound fresh or 1 can Jacobs mushroom buttons

Few grains cayenne
1 can LaChoy Fried Noodles Soy Sauce

Remove tendrils from crab meat. Cook 5 minutes in boiling pan with butter. Add water mixed with cornstarch. Simmer 3 minutes. Put Cisco and finely cut onion in another boiling pan and cook 3 minutes. Add celery cut in fine 2 inch long strips, mushrooms cut in slices and cook another 3 minutes. Combine mixtures, add salt, pepper and cayenne. If bean sprouts are used they must be cooked with celery mixture. Pour over warmed noodles and serve with soy sauce.

For an unusual breakfast, served with either hot tea or steaming Maxwell House Coffee try—

**SWEET OMELETTE**
Beat as many eggs as needed to a froth, whisking in, at the last, Jack Frost powdered sugar... for 1 eggs, a tablespoonful. Heat 1 tablespoon of butter in frying pan, pour in eggs and shake with an easy, regular motion, always in same direction—from side to side or, to and from you, until omelette is set and begins to curl at edges in line of motion. Draw to side of stove, cover quickly with Cisco and Blackwell currant jelly and roll up as you would a sheet of paper. Lay on hot dish, sit over with powdered sugar and serve at once.

A few simple luncheon or dinner menus follow:

- *Chilled Fruit with Minted Dressing*
- *Debiled Cheese Rounds*
- *Frosted Iced Tea*

**MINTED DRESSING**
2 dozen after dinner mints
1 tablespoon hot water
1/2 cup Ann Page Salad Dressing
1/2 cup whipped cream

Dissolve mints in hot water, add dressing, stirring until well mixed. Chill. Fold in cream just before serving. Use with several kinds of fruit, prepared and thoroughly chilled in separate containers in refrigerator. Try cantaloupe slices, watermelon and honeydew balls, orange sections, and fresh pineapple wedges.

**DEVILED CHEESE ROUNDS**
Mix soft, grated Borden's cheese, any preferred kind, with a little Coleman's mustard, cayenne and Lea and Perrins sauce. Moisten with Miracle Whip. Spread rounds of bread with cheese mixture, brown lightly under broiler. Serve at once.

To frost tea use half a lemon from which juice has been squeezed, wipe round rim of glass, moistening slightly inside and outside edges about 1/2 inch down. Dip rim of glass in bowl of powdered sugar. Sugar will stick to moistened rim and look cool and frosty. A sprig of mint will acquire a lovely frosted look if dusted with powdered sugar. Old fashioned butter aide may be substituted for Frosted Tea.

* Rum Tum Ditty
  - Stuffed Tomatoes
  - Celery
  - Parker House Rolls

*Iced Coffee*
RUM TUM DITTY

1/2 cup water
1 can Campbell’s Tomato Soup
2 medium-sized onions
1 pound Kraft’s American cheese
tea spoon each paprika, Worchester- 
shire, salt, Coleman’s mustard
1/2 teaspoon white pepper
3 eggs, separated


REFRIGERATOR PIE

Here’s a very new and timely ice box pie which can change dress as often as you desire and still continue in popularity. The pastry can be made of lemon snaps (about 40 for a 9-inch pie), vanilla wafers (about 25), graham crackers (about 18). To these crackers, crumble fine, add a scant 1/2 pound of butter. Cut in well with a knife. Moisten with sufficient cold water to form and line bottom and sides of pie pan dish.

Whip 1/2 pint of cream, add a few grains salt, a few drops vanilla, 1 teaspoon Knox Gelatin dissolved in a little water, and 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Spread over chilled pastry. Wash, hull and slice a pint of strawberries. Don’t use on cream mixture.

Soak 1 package Royal Strawberry Gelatin in water, stir in 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon Knox Gelatin as directed on package. Chill until it begins to congeal. Pour over the strawberry and cream pie. Chill in refrigerator several hours. With pastry bag and rose tube garnish pie with cream and tiny bits of strawberries. Instead of this combination omit the cream and try alternate layers of bananas and white cherries, seeded, end- ing with bananas. Pour over this a cherry gelatin and chill.

DIPPED STRAWBERRIES

1/4 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup sugar
1 pint Welch’s Grape Juice
1 ounce bottle Hoffman’s Ginger Ale
Orange and lemon slices

Pour tea over ice cubes. Add sugar and fruit juices. Add ginger ale. Garnish with orange and lemon slices.

PINK LADY

Mix juice of 1 lemon with juice of 1 lime and 4 cups water. Freeze 1 pint grape juice in refrigerator trays without partitions, to a mush. Fill glasses with crushed ice, pour over lemon-lime mixture and top each glass with spoonful of frozen grape juice.

For any of above 3 drinks the menu should be chicken-vegetable salad, cheese waters and Danish pastry.

Here is something new in milk drinks . . . take Hearts Delight Apricot Nectar, fill a glass half and half with milk and nectar, shake well and, yummy, what a thrill. Milk drinks go well with cookies and sandwiches.
**Blondes! Avoid Sun "Tarnished" Hair**

A vacation's no fun without a good coat of tan. But don't let your hair get that dried-out, "tarnished" look from salt water and excessive exposure to sun. Because most shampoos are too drying, some 987 beauty editors suggest Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo. It is easier to use than ordinary shampoos. Admiration cleanses each hair fibre... but it does not rob hair and scalp of the essential natural oils that keep your hair healthy. Come back home with that burnished beauty look in your hair... use Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo. Sold with a money-back guarantee. For a trial sample send three 3-cent stamps—Dept. 31, Admiration, Harrison, N. J.

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**Easily set to any size or shape**

Instantly Stops Pain Caused by Shoe Pressure, Friction

Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTTEX on corns, toe toes, callouses, bunions or tender spots on feet or toes caused by new shoes—pain stops! Removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Cartridge velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster to any desired size or shape and apply it. Flesh color. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. FREE Sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet. Write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago.

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DOROTHY PAGE

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**How To Look And Feel Fresh As A Daisy In Mid-Summer.**

**Cool AND CRISP!**

Mary Lou Lender, Harold Lloyd's new leading lady, thinks there is nothing sodain as white organdy when the thermometer soars into the 90's.

By Mary Lee

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By Mary Lee
for complete immaculacy of any wearing apparel that can stand water alone.

Though these ideas are the groundwork for that priceless cool look, they are not all! Hair arrangement, make-up and clothes finish the picture.

Summer hair needs more frequent shampooing than winter hair, because of its exposure to dust and perspiration. That dank, flat look that hair gets when it’s plastered down with heat, does nothing for you. Everyone I know who has tried the new Drene for Dry Hair seems delighted. Regular Drene is used for oily or normal hair, but it has been my experience that there is much more dry hair in summer than in winter, because the hatless vogue exposes it to the sun, which rapidly dries it. Drene for Dry Hair softens the parched texture of summer hair, leaves it beautifully clean, shining and manageable. Another advantage, it may be used in warm or cool water, which is a great convenience in the country or out-of-the-way places, when the hot water heater may not be on the job. As to arrangement, the up idea is splendid, if becoming, It makes you both look and feel cooler. How ever you wear your hair, keep the line groomed and neat, except for play purposes. It will add im-measurably to your grooming.

Work over-time, if you must, to keep your make-up fresh. Most of us need at least a one-tone deeper face powder for summer, because all skin deepens somewhat in color. Powder lightly in summer but evenly and smoothly all over, and renew frequently. Those lotion-saturated cleansing pads are so easy and quick to use and are a warm weather blessing. I don’t think I’ve ever talked to a star about make-up but what she emphasized the importance of fresh make-up, which means removing the old and applying new. Don’t use too much rouge, or you’ll look too flushed, and do use a lipstick that stays neatly in place.

The Coty Sub-Deb Lipstick is a good idea, for this lipstick clings like an old friend and the colors are lovely. A perfect lip-line adds composed, cool beauty to any face. Another make-up idea I think you’ll like is the new Camille Cream Mascara, which comes in a tube to be applied with either a moist or dry brush. Tube and brush are fitted into a plastic container that fits into a corner of your purse and prevents spilling. A particularly good idea for the traveler who wants to retouch lashes but cannot find water at hand.

Last minute bathing beauties, please note. You may know about Lydia O’Leary’s Covermark Cream, that life saver that enables you to conceal discolored facial birthmarks and scars so perfectly no one could ever guess. It’s wonderful for broken veins in the legs or body discolorations, too, when you don your bathing suit, and is now available in a trial size at a price much less than the former size.

As to costumes, wear colors that are cool—white, navy, pastels and so on. Hang aside the black crepes for a while. Let’s take advantage of the lovely cotton, linens, rayons and silks while we can. The summer season isn’t long, so gather your rosebuds while you may.

CHANGE OF TITLES

“Ground Crew” (Richard Dix)
has been changed to
“Northern Flight”

“Going Places” (Jane Withers)
has been changed to
“Keep Smiling”

“The Clean-Up” (Chester Morris)
has been changed to
“Smashing the Rackets”

THIS NEW GREASELESS ODOMORO ICE IS SIMPLY A DELIGHT TO USE

YES—AND IT KEEPS YOUR UNDERARM ABSOLUTELY DRY AND IT LASTS AS LONG AS 3 DAYS

NEW ICE DEODORANT is cooling, vanishes completely, checks perspiration instantly

HERE’S the last word in underarm daintiness made to order for busy, fastidious moderns! The new Odorono ICE meets all the requirements—quick application, greaseless, cooling, checks perspiration!

Based on an entirely new principle—this new ICE deodorant disappears as you put it on. Leaves your underarm cool and refreshed, yet checks perspiration instantly! You can forget about offending odors and embarrassing stains for as much as three whole days. Use Odorono ICE according to directions on the label of the jar.

Protect your feminine charm—the friendships that are your natural right! Get a jar of Odorono ICE today! Only 35¢ at all toilet-goods departments.

“The National Association of Dyers and Cleaners, after making intensive laboratory tests of Odorono Preparations,

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.,
Dept. 880, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(to Canada, address P. O. Box 447, Montreal)
I enclose 10¢ (5¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

Name:
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Try the NEW different
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
the dental discovery of the century

GET ACQUAINTED OFFER
1c SALE
PAY ONLY 1c
FOR BIG 25c TUBE
of the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste

WHEN YOU BUY ANOTHER AT REGULAR PRICE
For the sole purpose of letting you discover for yourself the benefits of the Improved NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, we make this big 1c-sale bargain offer. Now at all drug counters. The supply is limited—act quickly. If after giving the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste a thorough trial, you are not satisfied, return the partially used tube with the unused tube, and we will refund purchase price.

Money back if not satisfied

At all drug counters NOW!
Offer good only while dealer's supply lasts

Supercharged WITH
LUSTER-FOAM
(C14H27O5S Na)

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.

Luster-Foam (C14H27O5S 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.

IT'S NEW!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
JEANETTE MACDONALD is wearing a compact clip. If you haven't seen them, start searching. Jeanette's is her pride and joy and so handy. It is no bigger than a dollar—which is not very big these days—is silver, with modernistic design. It holds a tiny magnifying mirror and flat puff and just enough powder for that last minute dab before keeping an important date or a business interview. It is worn clipped to the coat lapel and saves all that digging around in the handbag when in a hurry.

CHARLES FARRELL, who's now about to essay a film comeback, tells one on a star whose success had gone to his head.

"Two youngsters waylaid the star at a preview," Farrell recounts. "They asked for autographs. He signed, but one of the youths looked discontented.

"Why, what's the matter, little man?" he asked. 'You ought to be very happy about getting the autograph of a big star.'

"Nuts to that!" the boy countered. 'I just bet Elmer over there a quarter you couldn't write.'

A WATCH salesman was hounding Bob Burns. "This crystal positively will not come out," he told Bob. "And every time it does I'll give you another one absolutely free."

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., thought of something new in the way of parties recently when he entertained for his mother and stepfather, Beth and Jack Whiting. After dinner, with the wind blowing a terrific gale outside, Doug turned out all the lights and everyone had to tell a ghost story. Among the gals who were so petrified with fear that they were afraid to go home were Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, and Hedda Hopper.

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent have found each other again after all these years. The rediscovery took place at the farewell party given the Darryl Zanucks by the William Goetzes, and neither Loretta nor George seemed to desire anyone else's company the entire evening.

MAE WEST says that the trouble with most of the Hollywood leading men is that they are all kissed out when they get on the screen.

MYRNA LOY is wearing a new type of page boy hair dress for her next picture. And Norma Shearer has decided that Garbo had the right idea and is now wearing her hair in a Garbo bob. She loathes sitting so long under a dryer, so she shampoos her hair herself, and has her maid curl up the ends. Although Norma went blonde for "Marie Antoinette" she has now gone back to her natural brown color. Merle Oberon, her best friend, persuaded her to.

TO THE question: "What do you do with your old clothes?" Barbara Stanwyck, filling out a publicity questionnaire in her dressing room, wrote: "I wear them."

SUE TRACY, Spencer's little daughter, visited her famous father's studio the other day, and at lunch in the commissary met Victor Fleming, who directed Spencer's last picture, "Test Pilot." When he asked Sue how she liked the picture she said, "Don't you like my pop? That's the second time you've killed him."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S studio will have you believe that little Miss Temple is writing a book. All her leading characters are princes and princesses, but the slaves and hunchies are Hollywood actors. In the big coronation chapter the Prince walks in, views the cherishing multitudes and yells, "Quiet, kids. This is a take." Well, at that it will probably be far more interesting than most stories written about Hollywood.

ALTHOUGH Tyrone Power still takes Janet Gaynor to the previews—she was his girl at the swank preview of his last picture, "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—and dances check-to-check with Sonja Henie at Hollywood parties, his close friends will tell you that June Wilkins, a stock girl at his studio, is his one true love.

It's Irving Hoffman's story and it's our pet movie story of the month. Two men were discussing a writer.

"How did he ever get to Hollywood?" one of them asked. "Well, it's a strange story," the other one said. "He used to be an insurance salesman. He sold a policy to a producer once and the producer thinking it was a script, filmed it, and it turned out to be a big hit."

NORMA SHEARER is superstitious about dresses. If she has a bad time in a dress she will never wear it again, no matter how expensive or pretty it is. And Adolph Menjou is terribly superstitious about dying in a picture. He always turns down screen roles that call on him to die.

THE favorite indoor sport in Hollywood right now is to go see the revival of "The Shiek" and laugh heartily at Rudolph Valentino and Agnes Ayres. But remember, Glamour Girls and Boys, as you rock in your seats, a new generation will be laughing at your revival fifteen years from now.

DON AMELCHE is taking rumba lessons and cutting quite a figure these evenings. Not that Don wants to muscle in on Cesar Romero, the rumba leader of Hollywood, but he not only has to dance it in his next picture but also has to teach it to Arleen Whelan.
By Louise Small
As told to
Ed Churchill

There are more beautiful faces, arms, legs, backs and teeth in Hollywood than in any place else in the world. In pictures? No. In sandwich stands, behind counters, carrying trays, slugging typewriters and answering telephones, there used to be a lot more, but owners have gotten sense and they've gone home. But the heartbreaking procession continues in and out of the film capital.

You see them come in proudly, confidently, bravely—and you see them go out broken and disillusioned. And you can't blame Hollywood. You have to blame Pumpkin Center and Stickville and Podunk. You have to blame the girls themselves and their friends. You have to blame enthusiastic but dumb advisors.

How do I know? I'm a beauty contest winner in Hollywood. I won my first contest when my mother pulled me out of the water and made me enter at a G-man picnic at Abita Springs, Louisiana, when I was fourteen years old. I won hands down, too. I was Miss New Orleans in 1933, Miss Louisiana and Miss America in 1934. From the time I collected my first cup, friends, well-meaning and enthusiastic, said:

"You ought to go to Hollywood. You'd be a wonder!"

I was smart. I didn't listen to such advice. I followed a rule which I laid down almost immediately. It was not to make a pass at Hollywood until I got a contract. I held to that rule. I came to Hollywood at the expense of a studio, spent a year of heartbreak, watched others have their brief crack at fame and fade out—then went out myself.

Every year, just about this time, there are hundreds of beauty contests held in all parts of the United States. Every year there are hundreds of winners who hear, from thousands of people:

"You ought to go to Hollywood."

Some of the girls go. That's just too bad. Because, honestly, a beautiful face and a beautiful form and a beautiful back, or what have you, are just a part of the tools you need to get ahead in Hollywood. Just what you might call a background.

Some of the girls are smart. There was B---- P------. She was "Miss Something or Other" from out in the sticks. She came in with the promise of a role in a picture. She played that role.

You May Be "Miss America" At A World's Fair, But In Hollywood Beauty Doesn't Always Open The Studio Doors.

Mary Astor entered the movies via the beauty contest route and is one of the few who is still going strong.

Ray Milland tried to be helpful, and was, too.
She was pretty. She had corn-silk hair, a beautiful face, a remarkably good figure. After her work was done, she tried bits. She ended working in a file room.

"If this is glamour," she said, finally, "I don't want any part of it. I've found out I don't know enough to be an actress."

She walked out that day.

She walked right down to the offices of the registrar at the University of Southern California, enrolled, and began to study. B— is one in a thousand. Well equipped to earn a decent living she'll step out some day, get herself a real job and amount to something.

For the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, who haven't that ambition, and can't shake off the glamour of it all, there's a sadder fate. They hang around until money is gone, vanished!

Or, consider the case of M—— J———. This girl, a contest winner in the east, was "scouted" by a talent seeker.

"I can't sign you here," the scout told her. "But if you'll go to Hollywood, I'll be out there in a few days and I'll see that you're given a contract."

The man was a legitimate scout, employed by a major studio, and meant what he said. But he never went back to Hollywood. He was fired the day after the beauty winner, with her scant savings and her mother, left for fame and glory. When the scout failed to show up, the girl took her mother to the studio, told her story.

"We're sorry this happened," she was told. "We have no responsibility. However, we will give you work."

Luckily the girl had studied stenography. She got a job as a clerk. She held that job for months. And she was very, very lucky. In most cases, such a girl would have been turned away, left to starve, or go on relief, or in some way find her way back home.

The other day I went into one of these drive-in stands. The girl who waited on me was very pretty.

"You ought to be in pictures," I suggested.

The girl smiled ruefully.

"That's what they told me back in D——," she replied. "I came out here full of hopes. I started to save my dough to go back, when I found I couldn't get inside a studio. I met a fellow, and we got married. I spent my savings and he left me. It's just as hard to save up to go home—when you've got a youngster to support."

It's safe to say that three out of five young girls you find in the extra ranks, making less than $500 a year, have listened to that siren song of the soothsayers. I've talked to fifty girls who have been "Miss Something or Other" during my days at the studios. Most of them wish they were back home.

"The climate is swell," they say, "but you can't live on it."

And they wish they were back with parents and with loved ones. But here's another tragedy.

They've received such a build-up from the well-meaning townsfolk that they're afraid to go home and confess they've failed.

I didn't have to come to Hollywood. It was my own idea.

I was born in New Orleans. My father was salesman for a bakery there and is now sales-manager. My mother is interested in social work. I attended public schools there, and later went to Sophia Wright High School. I started out with equipment that the average beauty winner doesn't have. I could sing.

At 16, I was in children's programs on the radio. At 17 I was singing with orchestras around New Orleans, always chaperoned by my mother or brother, and had my own radio program. At 19, my fame, such as it was, had spread locally and I was singing in night clubs, at banquets.

When I was 15—I was born December 8, 1917—I became "Miss New Orleans." The next year I was "Miss America," chosen at the World's Fair at Chicago. And if you [Continued on page 73].
Arlene Judge with her millionaire sportsman husband, Dan Topping. Dan must be worrying about the bill.

Paul Lukas and Ralph Bellamy framing Mme. Frances, the dress designer, in private life Mrs. Nate Spingold.

David Niven more than usually relaxed. He is off for a vacation in England.

Hedda Hopper of the movies, and now a witty newspaper columnist, with two friends.

Ruth Hillard, now Mrs. James Ritz, revisits El Morocco where she was once a hat-check girl.

Joe Schenck does a mean rhumba with Mrs. Billy Wilkerson, wife of a Hollywood publisher.
Will Rogers' little girl, Mary, with pianist Jack Munroe and Miss Virginia Sinclair.

Phillips Holmes has a tall one with Mrs. George Kaufman, wife of the playwright.

Zorina, a sensation in the musical show "I Married An Angel," with Georges Balanchine.

Richard Arlen in a serious conversation with Hiller Innis, young Paramount executive.

Miss Hilliard was very beautiful, but had an ugly disfiguring scar on the side of her neck. That very night William B. Leeds, who inherited a great fortune from his father, and whose mother by a third marriage became Her Royal Highness Princess Anastasia of Greece, was at El Morocco dining with John Peron, Morocco's handsome owner. Leeds remarked about the girl's beauty and the tragedy of her scar, asked her mother's phone number and the next day with great generosity arranged to pay all expenses for a plastic surgery job to restore her full beauty.

And so it came to pass that when Ruth Hilliard, now Mrs. Jimmy Ritz, returned to El Morocco where she had once been the hat-check girl, with her husband, there was not even the slightest sign of a scar to disfigure the ivory column of her neck.

When I heard Richard Arlen was in the

NO PRINCESS of a reigning house ever traveled with more people in attendance while on a shopping tour than Lily Pons. I chanced on her in a fashionable Fifth Avenue shop in New York with three women (secretary, press agent and companion) all dancing attendance, not to mention two salesgirls and a most attentive floorwalker. She had just married Andre Kostelanetz and was off for a European honeymoon in a day or so. When not in Hollywood Lily lives in an enchanting farmhouse up in Silvermine, Conn. When she left the shop, the salesgirl turned to me and said, 'Can you imagine anyone traveling with so many people around them? I'd call it a traveling circus.'

When Jimmy Ritz of those incredible Ritz Brothers walked into El Morocco with his beautiful new wife, it recalled to mind one of the most fascinating and romantic stories in the history of New York night club life. Some years ago the hat-check girl at El Morocco was ill and she asked a girl friend Ruth Hilliard to take her place.

Jerome Zerbe's Flashshots

club one night, I tracked him down in the men’s dressing room and photographed him before he had a chance to see me. Arlen is an amiable but serious enough fellow who is as serious about acting as he is about golf. He was very earnestly discussing the movie industry that night with Hurrel Innis, the blonde young Paramount executive who might well appear before instead of behind the cameras.

I have always considered Hedda Hopper as one of the most fascinating women in all Hollywood, in the movies she has always played society women parts, and she is ideally suited to them for she has often been called “The First Lady of Hollywood.” She entertains charmingly and simply in her Fairfax Road house in Hollywood. She is one of the few actresses of the screen who insists on keeping her phone number in the telephone book, and she is wise enough as a mother to let her son Bill Hopper follow his own career as an actor without trying to push him. She is the very opposite of the movie mother, probably because she is so important as a personage herself. Witty, gay and with charm etched with acid, today, in addition to her acting, does a weekly gossip column for the Sunday Los Angeles Times. She was in New York for only a day or two on a publishers’ convention and had all the newspapermen literally worshipping at her feet.

Four years ago there blew into New York from England an amusing and engaging Englishman with a little money, good social connections and a keen desire to have a good time. He was a great success but soon tired and, after visiting in Palm Beach, he headed out to see friends in Hollywood. Shortly afterwards everyone was surprised to hear that David Niven had been given a term contract by Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn had not him at several parties and, impressed by his ready and expressive wit, offered him a screen test. In fact he had two screen tests and, since Niven was semi-conscious and frightened, they were both bad. Goldwyn, who was certain that he had what it takes, insisted on a third. Niven by this time was a mass of nerves and just before the test went out and got tight, and somehow that worked the trick, for this third test was good and Niven got his contract.

Today all the country is dancing to “I Married An Angel,” and to those who have seen the play that angel will always be Vera Zorina. To the stage she has brought that fresh beauty which added fire to the Goldwyn Follies. A rare trait for a one-time ballerina, Zorina likes modern dancing, late hours and night clubs. She dresses very simply, usually her evening gowns are white, and it is predicted that this simplicity and tremendous grace will be reflected in young women of America within the next two years. Georges Ralston, who is in the photo with her, is a famous ballet dancer and teacher himself.

Whenever Joseph Schenck enters a place the wistful, hopeful eyes of all the young beauties are turned toward him, hoping he will notice and “discover” them. He is a beautiful rhumba dancer.

One cannot help but wonder why Phillips Holmes isn’t in more movies. Good looking and an undeniably good actor, one cannot help but believe that there must be a very definite place for him. With him is Mrs. George Kaufman, the wife of the playwright. Mary Rogers, need it be said, is Will Rogers’ daughter. She has come naturally by her love for the outdoors and much prefers snapit sports jackets and tree-lined to evening clothes.

Arlene Judge seems so happy in her role of mother and wife that her friends say they doubt if she will ever return to the screen. Certainly she and her millionaire husband have been leading a charmed existence, spending much of their time in sunny California and in Honolulu.

With the coming of summer, when the sidewalks of New York begin to stir and on week-ends it looks like a great city of the dead, the movie stars, along with everyone else who can, flee from the city, and if they are East at all it is at the summer stock companies that one can find them, somewhere in Connecticut or in the Cape, and it is on summer stock that I hope to do my next article.
PROJECTION OF NORMA SHEARER

By Elizabeth Wilson

Up until two o’clock of a certain day of June, 1936, I had merely thought of Norma Shearer as a great star. I treated her with the utmost deference and respect, and even when chatting amiably with myself I called her Miss Shearer. Joan Crawford might be Joanie and Myrna Loy might be Minnie but Miss Shearer was definitely Miss Shearer.

She was the wife of the Big Boss; her pictures were always Events, and she was generally conceded to be the arbiter of Hollywood society.

But on that certain day in June, 1936, I found myself lunching at the Santa Monica beach house of the Douglas Fairbanks’, Sr., and completely surrounded by all the socially right people in Hollywood. Miss Shearer, beautiful and immaculate in a white sports dress, sat directly across from me. I don’t know how I got there. I’m sure it was a mistake, but anyway there I was quite miserable and horribly depressed about the whole thing. They were gabling away like mad about dear Kay’s party and as I hadn’t been to dear Kay’s party I had nothing to contribute, so with a sigh of resignation I applied myself to my food. I must have applied myself with unusual gusto for the moment my knife and fork touched my lamb chop it flew through the air with the greatest of ease, closely trailed by a bevy of peas, and landed with magnificently aplomb right in Miss Shearer’s lap. She couldn’t have been more surprised if someone had suddenly presented her with the head of John the Baptist on a silver tray. I, of course, died a thousand deaths then and there. Now, Miss Shearer could have been very, very angry; she could have been freezingly polite; she could have given it the grand luge and gone home to change her dress. But she didn’t. She took one look at my horrified face and broke into the merriest, gayer laughter I have ever heard.

“This,” she said extending my poor chop towards me, “is a little something I found that must belong to you. Now you’d think, wouldn’t you, that Sylvia could afford tender cuts.” And then, taking in everyone at the table, “Did I ever tell you about the time I spilled gravy down the stiffly starched shirt from of H. G. Wells?”

And immediately everyone had a pet story to tell about the time she spilled such and such in the lap of so and so. Now I’m pretty sure that Norma has never spilled anything on H. G. Wells, or anyone else, but believe me, I never appreciated a white lie more. When luncheon was over, and I could go home, I told her once more how sorry.

“Think nothing of it,” said Norma with a grand smile, “When I like a dress I always buy several just like it. And the party really was dull, you know, until you broke the ice.”

I was never invited back to the Douglas Fairbanks’, Sr., but I was invited two weeks later to Norma Shearer’s—and she expressed great disappointment when I managed to keep everything under control on my plate. Slightly on the mad side herself, I discovered, she has the kind of sense of humor that I am a pushover for. She likes fun, and she likes laughter, and she doesn’t see why one should be glum and serious when one can be pleasantly insane. Today I am among her most admiring fans. I never eat a lamb chop without thinking of her. And even when chatting amiably with myself I call her Norma.

The second best way of calling yourself to Norma’s attention—the first of course is dropping aCheck-in on her lap—to stand on your head and balance a Ming vase on one foot, and a Louis Quatorze chandelier on the other. She simply adores parade tricks. With the slightest encouragement she will balance a glass of water on her forehead, lie down on the floor, and get up again disappear, and all kinds of dizzy things.

She is an exhibitionist only when it comes to tricks. When it comes to games she is a rank escapist. She usually escapes to the dining room and grabs herself a sandwich.

At her own parties she very carefully sees to it that there are no games. After dinner she likes to have several musicians in to play and sing for her guests, and when their encore has all been duly applauded, everyone is invited into her private projection room to see a picture. She adores pictures and only shows them to one in which, much to the disgust of her guests who do not always share her passion for the cinema. She is so crazy about pictures that she hardly ever misses a preview or a premiere and, I suppose, is the best informed person in Hollywood as to who played what-in-what.

She is one star at least who gets a kick out of being mobbed by her public. “If all I had to sign were autograph books I’d be very happy.” Norma will tell you with a laugh, “It’s signing checks that gets me down. There’s something about signing a check that brings out the beast in me. I set aside one day a month for that ordeal.”
For some strange reason which she has never figured out she becomes very anti-social when it comes to talking over the telephone. Even when her closest friends call she will say to her maid or butler, "Tell her I'm having my hair done..." "Tell her I'm having a music lesson..." "Tell her I'm not home yet..." etc., etc.

Norma is the despair of her lawyer and her secretary because she is constantly throwing away valuable papers. For no apparent reason—she has a hundred things to do, a fitting waiting for her at the studio, an appointment at the hairdresser—she will suddenly decide one fine morning that she must tidy up her desk and her drawers. (Like all very feminine women she keeps more legal papers under her handkerchiefs and stockings than she does in her desk.) Into the waste basket will go, helter skelter, bills, receipts, canceled checks, contracts, invitations, and insurance policies. Recently she and her secretary spent weeks looking for an important document concerning her income tax, when she blithely recalled that she had personally conveyed it to the garbage can during her last tidy spell. What a woman!

No matter what she wears Norma is always the most-spotless looking person in a room. Her face always looks as if she had just scrubbed it with soap and water—as a matter of fact, an Englishman might say of her, "Miss Shearer's face is so clean you could eat ice cream off of it."

She hates traveling and has much rather spend all her vacations quite comfortably with two children at her Santa Monica beach house. She likes to do things unexpectedly that have not been planned and her idea of heaven is a place where she can get up in the morning and find a date pad without a mark on it. Unlike most Hollywood celebrities she abores going to formal affairs and is grudging in her speeches—she thinks maybe this is a bit of sadism in her, but she's not sure. Personally, she can't bear to make a speech. But she makes very nice speeches when she has to.

She hates meeting new people and will avoid it as long as possible. She can't stand an open door. The minute she comes into a room she closes all the doors and opens all the windows. She has a lot of friends, but surprisingly few close friends. Merle Oberon is her best friend and when Merle is in Hollywood Norma scarcely goes any place without her.

She who possesses the most beautiful and perfect profile on the screen was born on August the tenth in Westmount, a suburb of Montreal, Canada, at 507 Grosvenor Avenue. She has two sisters, Athole, who is now the wife of film director Howard Hawks, and one brother, Douglas, who is the chief recording engineer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is of English, Scotch and Irish descent. Her great-grandfather, James Shearer, crossed over from Scotland in 1843 and established in Montreal the Shearer Construction Company of which Norma's father was president at the time.

When she was eight years old her mother insisted that she study music, and although very naughty about it at first, she soon discovered to her surprise, that she was practicing two hours a day of her own free will and making great plans to become a concert pianist. But the nearest she ever got to the concert stage was as a song-plugger in a cheap movie theatre. When her father's business in Montreal failed as an aftermath of the World War her mother decided she and her two daughters, talented in the art of mimicry, might storm New York and try to get jobs on the stage. They sold the family piano to raise money enough to make the trip.

Fourteen at the time, Norma will never forget her first trip to New York. "New York was an exciting experience," she says. "We rented cheap rooms at Ninth and 2nd Street. The elevated trains roared past our windows like dragons, every dull, yellow light a blinking eye. Sleep, for the first few nights, was impossible. We cooked our coffee on a tin of stereo and ate breakfast off the top of a trunk. It was all so strange. Somehow we weren't in the least discouraged, in spite of the fact that none of us knew the first thing about the theatrical profession.

The first year in New York was disillusioning. No one seemed to be at all impressed with the name of Norma Shearer which now opens doors like magic. It opened no door then. Though, eventually, she did meet the great Ziegfeld who told her that she couldn't sing and couldn't dance and was much too small for a chorus girl. This verdict was repeated by practically every producer in New York. Determination to show them that there was a place for her in the theatre became an obsession.

And when Norma gets her determination up—she has the greatest determination of any person I ever met—look out!

With the little stock of money practically depleted Norma and Athole got their first jobs, at five dollars a day, as extras in a movie company that was shooting in Mt. Vernon. Nowadays Norma arrives at the Metro studio in a Rolls, puts her make-up on in a large luxurious dressing room while dozens of people flit around waiting on her and saying, "Yes, Miss Shearer." But not so in those days. "We would scramble out of bed in the darkness of early winter mornings," says Norma, "gulp a hasty breakfast and dash for the Grand Central station. There we would board snow-piled cars for the studio in the suburbs. We dressed in a long room with cracks around the windows through which ice blasts blew continually. We borrowed frozen sticks of greasepaint from other girls and spread the thick pink substance upon our frightened faces with cold, stiff fingers. The industry has changed since then. Leading men and women are no longer accountable to anyone. Sometimes we sat all day, waiting for them, shivering in the dressing rooms, watching the minutes slowly slip into hours. Sometimes they didn't show up at all."

But while the job was neither easy nor remunerative it gave Norma and (Left) Norma with her close friend, Merle Oberon. (Above) The role of the rustling, glittering Marie Antoinette marks Norma Shearer's return to pictures. (Right) Count Fersen (Tyrone Power) and the ill-fated queen—the most famous lovers of all French History.
Athole their treasured pass key. Now they could declare to anyone and everyone who cared to listen, "We are experienced."

In her second picture, "The Flapper" with Olive Thomas, Norma received the grand sum of one hundred dollars a week—simply because she had the nerve to ask for it. But she went back to her old salary of five dollars a day, and glad to get it, when after several months of no work at all she finally managed to become an extra in a Lillian Gish picture "Way Down East" which was made at the Mamaroneck Studio. This, she knew, would be her Big Chance.

For the Director of "Way Down East" was David Wark Griffith, the great star-maker. She finally managed to call herself to his attention and pleaded with him for a screen test. But the great Griffith merely smiled at her and said, "If I were you, I'd go home. Those Irish blue eyes of yours will never photograph."

Norma went sick all over. A girl with less determination would have given up then and there. "I'll show them," she said when she could rid herself of that dreadful sinking feeling, "I'll show them."

But in the meantime their little money gave out, neither Mr. Shearer nor Douglas was able to send them any more, so trying to be very gay about it all the mother and two daughters decided that if they had to starve it might be more comfortable to starve at home. But hardly were they back in Montreal than Norma received a wire from her agent announcing a lead for her in "Flapper." The star had walked out and highly elated she and her mother rushed back to New York.

But the star of the picture recovered from her fit of temperament and Norma again found herself without a sign of a job in New York City. It was then she played a piano in a cheap movie house, read the want ads, and finally, down to her last dime, got herself a job with a commercial photographer. From then on things seemed to get better.

And then the Most Unexpected happened! One day the officials in the office of Universal Pictures in New York, much to their surprise, received a telegram from their Hollywood studio instructing them to engage a girl by the name of Norma Shearer. The telegram was signed, Irving Thalberg.

Norma had never met Irving Thalberg, she had never even heard of him, so when Universal tracked her down through her agent the wire was as much of a mystery to her as it was to them. (Several years later she learned that Mr. Thalberg had seen her on the screen in a bit at the preview of "The Leather Pushers" and had jotted her name down in his notebook as being potential star material.) The Universal office in New York, however, had mind at all telling her that they had no idea who she was, but the boss wanted her and orders were orders.

While her agent was arranging her contract with Universal another most surprising thing happened. The New York office of the Hal Roach company offered her a contract to make pictures in Hollywood. This she refused at once because they asked her to change her name. And hardly had she recovered from that surprise than she received a third offer from Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She had an awful feeling that somebody was playing a cruel joke on her, but the Metro office in New York, equally as surprised as Universal had been, assured her that everything was quite legal and bona fide. The Mayer offer was for $150 a week, more than the other two offers, and transported her mother and herself. She signed the contract, and still in a trance left for Hollywood, the city of her dreams.

Four days later she made her first "entrance" into Hollywood, and for the first and last time she arrived unheralded and unpublished. There was neither a photographer nor a flower at the train to greet her. It has never happened since.

When she first met Irving Thalberg at the studio she mistook him for an office boy. Embarrassed by her mistake she hastily told him all about her work in the East. When she finished he thanked her for coming and said with a sort of calm amusement, "We'll call you when the studio is ready for you."

She saw little of Irving Thalberg in the months that followed. There seemed to be no haste in putting her in a picture and it was all somewhat of a blow to an ambitious young lady who had been offered three contracts in less than a [Continued on page 75]
Paramount Takes Advantage Of Corona Del Mar's Realistic Waterfront To Make Scenes For "Spawn Of The North."

On the shores of the balmy winter resort, Corona Del Mar, 60 miles south of Hollywood, 250 people are making realistic salt water scenes which, oddly enough, will bring to the screen for the first time the romance of the great salmon run that each spring makes Ketchikan, Alaska, the scene of a dramatic war between packers and pirates.

As we near the location for "Spawn Of The North" an erstwhile bath house is noticed. This is now a combination mess hall and quarters for the large company which numbers among its members George Raft, Dorothy Lamour, Henry Fonda, John Barrymore and Louise Platt.

Henry Hathaway is directorial king of this "northern" fishing village sheltering in the 90 degree sunshine of Southern California. The only means of access by land is a road of boards laid over the sand from the distant pavement. The place looks rough and weather beaten; a community whose inhabitants wrest a hard living from the sea.

The actors are dressed in rough homespuns and calicos of the 1908 period. But they're having roast turkey for lunch, catered by one of the swankier Beverly Hills cafes.

After lunch Dorothy Lamour and George Raft are made up—that is, made up to look a bit smeared and weather-beaten, and prepared to depict a tender love scene in which George is going to take a beating. He must take a beating for two rehearsals before Director Hathaway shouts "Action!" for the cameras.

Up to his neck in the Pacific Ocean, he is trying to hang onto a float ladder while Dorothy Lamour hits him on the head with a two-foot salmon. This happens six times, for as many "takes" of the picture, and he finally registers a protest.

"What are you kicking for? That doesn't hurt." says Director Hathaway, "Look." And turning to Dorothy he uncoils his head and says, "Hit me."

(Top) Dorothy Lamour plays a girl of the Far North, with not a sarong in sight. (Above) With Henry Fonda in a scene from the picture. (Right) An emotional interlude, between George Raft and Dorothy.
So Dorothy winds up and socks him on the head with the fish—hard. Hathaway staggers, slips and goes down.

"Oh, you can't take it, eh?" says Raft. And the whole company howls.

Hathaway has his revenge however. He makes Raft undergo another "take."

During this scene Dorothy is bundled up in a fur parka. With the thermometer around 90 degrees and the strenuous exercise of swinging the huge salmon she is all but suffocated. Even the chilling fear of being typed as a sarong-draped "jungle girl" wilts in this atmosphere.

John Barrymore, seated out of the scene and swathed in a natty suit of the 1908 vintage, with high collar, voluminous vest and stout tan shoes, recalled that Dorothy was swimming in the Pacific in mid-January clad in a sarong. Dorothy retorts that either Alaskans should wear sarongs or Hollywood should make its northern epics, requiring fur-clad maidens, in mid-winter.

The next few scenes are long shots of George Raft on the deck of a small fishing schooner several yards off shore. By this time engagement at the famed Cocoanut Grove while Dorothy was working at this distant location. Three nights a week Dorothy sang with the orchestra. On the other nights, weary as she must have been, she was seen gaily decorating a ringside table, to help insure Herbie's success at the Grove. This loyalty meant that she must arise at 4:30 each morning, drive to the studio for makeup and then the sixty miles to location where she would report for work at 8 o'clock.

The second day's shooting was mainly concerned with the high-diving activities of "Butch," the trained seal. Butch was supposed to dive from a second story window of the fishing village set while Dorothy and George looked on. The scene was all set to shoot while Butch's trainer looked on with alarm. After all, Butch came from the Pacific and given half a chance would probably return to it. He therefore insisted upon precautions.

So a little corset was made for the seal with an attachment for a long leash. But Butch refused to perform in it. Harnessed, he just stood there and looked up at the trainer pitifully. Obviously, something else had to be done.

Therefore a wide net was stretched under the water into which Butch was to jump. Then he was poised in the window and urged to take a dive. Now it was his turn to survey the setup with alarm. To begin with the window was too high. Butch wouldn't jump. Finally a prop man took the situation in hand and threw Butch out the window and into the Blue Pacific.

Now the fun began. Butch got clear of the net before it could be drawn taut and with a bark of joy he headed for the open sea. The background fishing fleet took off in hot pursuit. But every time the boat got close, Butch would dive in and come up laughing.

The rest of the company, on shore, behaved like a crowd at the midget auto races.

However, at last he was captured and brought ashore, tired but happy. It was all in fun anyway.

Back now at Paramount Studio and out on the Big T Tank, is a huge canvas enclosed arena in which reposes a replica of an old whaling ship converted into a dance hall. At the entrance is noticed an Indian totem pole and in inquiry it is divulged that the pole was brought from Alaska by John Barrymore when he cruised the northern waters several years ago in the yacht "In- fant." Hearing that Director Hathaway was looking for an authentic totem pole Barrymore got in touch with Dolores Costello, the former Mrs. Barrymore, at whose [Continued on page 76]
Hollywood Is The Rainbow's End For Many A Talented Youngster. And, Nowadays, Their Guardians Can Be Relied Upon To Preserve The Greater Portion Of Their Earnings.

"WHAT is happening to the money of Hollywood's talented screen children—the money they have earned in the past and the money they are earning more or less continually right along?" "Is it being carefully saved, or is it being spent as fast as it's received?" "Is part of it being laid away for a 'rainy day' or is the whole sum-substance being squandered on this-and-that by perhaps well-meaning but ill- advised parents?"

These are momentous questions. They are questions that are on everyone's lips at this time.

Following Jackie Coogan's sensational suit against his mother and step-father to regain control of his fortune, the spotlight swept down on Hollywood in all its brilliancy—and set everybody thinking and thinking hard.

Jackie, whom thousands of fans must remember as a small lad with great brown eyes, known as "The Kid" and star of "Peck's Bad Boy" and many other films, is now 23 and happily married to lovely Betty Grable. He estimated he had made $4,000,000 during his youthful career, but his mother, Mrs. Bernstein, said her son should go back to school and learn adding for his fortune was never that high. Anyway, she maintained whatever it was it belonged rightfully and legally to her.

Up until the trial, practically all the money Jackie had received out of the estate was a measly $1,000 bill. Now, one grand note aren't exactly to be sneezed at these days, but, of course, between one thousand and the bulk of the Coogan funds there's as much difference say, as between Shirley Temple and Hugh Herbert!

Naturally, Hollywood—plus the world—now sits back on its haunches and begins to consider other starlets and their huge earnings. It parents take their children's money, what shall the children do? It's quite a question. Some, of course, might even go so far as to consider a sit-down strike, eh, what?

Movie kids' money has undeniably brought them much happiness in varied forms. On the other hand, there are those to whom it has brought much misery and many heartaches.

For instance, take Baby Peggy, Baby Marie Osborne, Virginia Lee Corbin, Davey Lee and Mary Miles Minter. Mary wasn't exactly a baby starlet, but she was under age—about 15 or 16—when she was
piling up her thousands. But since coming of age, she seems to have had one legal battle after another with her mother—all over her money. All this has, of course, lessened the original Minter fortune so that today it looks more like a mole-hill than a mountain.

The Freddie Bartholomew case is recent enough to be recalled by all. Freddie's sudden "coming into the money" was the incentive needed to start the ball rolling. Mrs. Bartholomew thought Freddie should come back to her (he has lived nearly all his life with his Aunt Millie), Mr. Bartholomew thought he should take care of the finances, Freddie's two older sisters thought they should be in pictures, too. And everyone, it seemed, thought they should have a slice of the Bartholomew earnings! Consequently, a fortune was spent paying lawyers so Freddie could continue living with his adored "Aunt Cissie." Under the court's ruling, the aunt was made guardian of Freddie and his fortunes. The 14-year-old lad got up in court and explained he wouldn't be able to save much money during 1928, what with lawsuits and taxes and everything, but that last year his aunt had saved for him and

Jane Withers is the star of "Hello Hollywood." She gets top billing in her bank book, too. That's Henry Wilcoxon with her.

Jane. Less than a fifth of this allowance is spent on herself, however; most of the money going to buy ice cream, hot dogs and other "fancies" for friends. She can't pass a newsboy or magazine carrier without making a purchase, and she has a weakness for dime stores that has her frankly worried!

Jane's mother is bringing her up in an extremely wise manner. She has to make her own bed, do housework on certain days, and even "run errands." No spoiled young movie starlet is Mrs. Withers' small daughter! On the contrary, she is one of the nicest kids you could ever hope to find—anywhere! If she has any idea of her great importance, she keeps it to herself—and her weekly thousands roll off her back just as water off a duck's!

Mickey Rooney's mother, Mrs. Nell Penley, says that her son has an investment trust that will net him between $10,000 and $20,000. Besides that, he possesses two 15-year endowment policies. At the age of 21 he will receive $10,000 (and no one can get this but Mickey), and at 25 he gets another $20,000 to do with as he chooses.

Golden-voiced Deanna Durbin earns a pretty good stipend [Continued on page 77]
So YOU want to come to Hollywood! Well, who doesn't? Wanting to come to Hollywood is a national disease and the only cure seems to be to come to Hollywood. Now this article is not addressed to the thousands of young hopefuls, both girls and boys, to whom Hollywood spells movie stardom. For them I merely breathe a prayer and wish them luck. They'll need it! Neither is this a story of warning and advice to the movie strick—there have been hundreds of such articles.

But this story is directed to the thousands of young women who want to come to Hollywood to spend that precious two or three weeks' vacation in the most glamorous city on earth. And who want to live cheaply, see as much as they can in that time and be in the center of Hollywood itself.

You, Mrs. Well-to-Do, pass this up. You won't be very interested. And you lassies who are undecided whether to stay at the Ambassador in Los Angeles or the Roosevelt in Hollywood, just turn the page, too. Both of these hotels are exceptionally fine and very popular, but this article is for those to whom hotel rates are a bit prohibitive. For you who start saving right after Christmas for your vacation. Two weeks with pay. Maybe three, if the boss is good-humored and generous. You want to know where you can live cheaply; where to go; what to see; little secret means of cutting down expenditures without cutting down on fun; and you can't afford a chauffeured car to take you on a Cook's tour, either.

All right, here goes. Here are the suggestions I am passing on to you: discoveries that I made myself and that friends have passed on to me; and tips from various organizations. When you have finished this article I think you will feel that you will have your bearings when you arrive in Hollywood.

I have been in Hollywood three years and have seen almost all there is to see but I feel I have retained enough of the newcomer's attitude to know just what

See Hollywood at Small Cost
By Rowena Devine
you are most anxious to find out about Filmland. I repeat, this is not for society debts. This is a working gal’s tour of Hollywood. How to see the most for the least.

Naturally if you have a little extra nest egg or Aunt Mathilda breaks down at the last minute and writes you out a check for fifty dollars, you will be able to augment your pleasures. But if you have saved until you have your round-trip ticket paid for and have your two weeks’ salary plus your small savings left for board, room and sightseeing, take my hand and I will escort little Alice through Movieland.

First of all you want to live right in Hollywood. Naturally. You want the thrill of writing back home to the folks and your own intimate group of friends and giving your return address as Hollywood! Here is a secret I have never dared confess. I still get a kick out of that and after three years, too. Just an old glamour glutton at heart!

The train pulls into Los Angeles. (There is no railroad station in Hollywood.) You are counting pennies so, unless you are extravagant, you don’t take a cab to Hollywood, a distance of about nine miles. Once on the street with one small overnight bag in hand (check all other baggage at the station until you are located), you will find an obliging car starter standing in front of the line of street cars directing strangers to the proper car. Tell him you want to go to the Subway Terminal. He will point out the car; you drop seven cents in the box on entering and ask the conductor to tell you when you near the Subway Terminal. You will have a short ride and when you reach Fifth and Hill streets, the obliging conductor will call out “Subway Terminal” and that is your exit cue. You can’t miss the building one-half block away. It is big and grey and has a huge lighted sign “Subway Terminal.” The terminal is a depot for street cars running to Hollywood, Glendale, Santa Monica and other adjoining towns. Walk straight through to the rear where a large sign will direct you to the Hollywood entrance gate. You CAN’T miss. There are several signs prominently placed. (Even I didn’t get mixed up and I’m a notorious direction-mixer-upper.)

At the Hollywood gate is an attendant who will sell you a ticket to Hollywood for ten cents. Pay him your fare, walk through the gate and down the incline to the red Hollywood street car at the bottom. That also has a prominent Hollywood Boulevard sign. Keep your ticket until the conductor collects it. He will punch it when you first are scared and will collect it when you are in the bounds of Hollywood. These may all seem trivial things to you, but I know how embarrassing it is not to know just the procedure followed by street railways in different cities, and no one wants to admit he is a Hollywood tourist. Read and heed and you will be as nonchalant as a daily commuter.

Shortly after you reach the boundaries of Hollywood you are riding along Hollywood Boulevard and if you don’t get a thrill out of the neon signs, thousands of people and flood lights rainbowing the sky, you are not a dyed-in-the-wool movie fan. Hollywood Boulevard and Vine street is the heart of the film capital and you can get off any time after you have reached this section. Perhaps you would like to drop in at one of the many famous cocktail lounges or restaurants dotting the boulevard, before retiring. And when you are ready to call it a night, any taxi-cab driver will take you to the Hollywood W.C.A. or to one of Hollywood’s many fine hotels. Be honest with him; tell him just about what you want to spend for a night’s lodging and he’ll direct you. Have a refreshing night’s sleep and next day start looking for your room, bungalow or apartment; whichever you prefer. It is so tiring to arrive in town and start immediately on a lodging hunt. Besides, you won’t know a thing about the city.

Next morning you will awaken to the glorious California sunshine. (Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, please note!) To palm trees gently waving and to birds singing, Hollywood! After breakfast, stroll down to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce for city maps. Especially Hollywood and Beverly Hills maps. You will find them invaluable and so easy to follow.

The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce is such a pretty building with pepper trees luxuriously unshading it. It is on famous Sunset Boulevard and your hotel clerk will direct you. Don’t at any time be afraid to ask questions. People are always glad to be helpful. On your way you will pass the beauty salon of the Westmore brothers, Hollywood’s famous make-up artists.

The daily papers [Continued on page 78]
Lloyd Nolan, a villain who will cast a menacing shadow over "Prison Farm." (Right) The tough boys who appeared in "Dead End" and "Crime School" are doing pretty good for themselves. Humphrey Bogart went good on us in the latter picture.

The speaker was Basil Rathbone, born in South Africa, educated in England and forced to lead a skulking, sinister life on Hollywood celluloid: "In Tale of Two Cities, I rode down some children and killed them. I have beaten little Freddie Bartholomew. In Anna Karenina, I gave Greta Garbo the heave-o out of the house. In another picture I made friends with a very nice old lady, and then, having won her confidence, stole all of her paintings and murdered her, to boot. In still another picture, as the butler of a huge home, I made all other servants pay me ten per cent of their meagre wages and when one old chap begged be not to take the percentage, because his wife had to go to a hospital for an operation, I said, falsetto-key, 'That does not interest me. Hand over the money.' I have been a cad and a bounder, a sinister, skulking villain who has forced unwelcome attentions upon Garbo, Colbert, Sigrid Gurie, Loretta Young, Olivia de Havilland. I am Public Enemy No. 1, an offense to decent nostrils, and I am fed up with it. I'd like to lead a respectable life on the screen."

Rathbone went on to explain the social repercussions of his screen villainies. If he steps into a department store elevator, women cover against the rear wall of what he calls the "lift" and hide their affrighted children under their skirts. He believes firmly that the only reason women are wearing longer skirts is because the abbreviated skirts did not permit them to hide their affrighted progeny. When he walks along the boulevards, policemen trail him in radio cars. Old men turn pale and cover their beards when they see him, fearful that he will tear their bushy eyebrows and perhaps sink a knife between their aged shoulder blades. At Santa Anita and Inglewood racetracks, when he appears at a window to place a bet, the pari-mutuel men hastily hide the money and keep a wary eye on him until he departs.

Yet Rathbone will admit that his file of crime and brutality on the screen has paid handsome dividends. Virtue may be its own reward, but the illustrious Rogues Gallery of the screen indicates that it pays well to beat the aged, steal from the blind, kick the crutches from under the amputees of theiform, torture the helpless, abuse the weak, blackmail the indigent and commit murder with knife or gun or poison.

I submit that the movies, in proving that villains are better remembered than Pollyannas, have proved nothing new. Cassius, who stabbed Caesar, rode to fame.

Porter Hall, a different type, but still a villain. (Right) Bonita Granville plays so many "mean" parts it is as if "These Three" went on forever.
on that murder. Of all the apostles, the name that comes most readily to mind is that of Judas, who betrayed His Master for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold is another traitor who has his own peculiar niche in history, and the world still writes about John Wilkes Booth, not because he was an actor, but because he assassinated Lincoln. Of all the characters in Uncle Tom's Cabin, the most readily remembered is Simon Legree.

So if you want to make history, there are two routes open to you: become a great hero or a great villain. It is this latter route which has been pursued successfully by Charles Laughton, Basil Rathbone, Peter Lorre, the late Lon Chaney, Bela Lugosi, Akim Tamiroff, Boris Karloff, Edward G. Robinson, Charles Bickford, Claude Rains, Humphrey Bogart, Lloyd Nolan, John Carradine, George Ratti, Ian Keith, Joseph Callela, J. Carroll Naish, Porter Hall, Ivan Lebedeff, Brian Donlevy, Warren Hayer, Walter Pidgeon, Bruce Cabot and others of the Rogues' Gallery of the cinema. Rogues Gallery, indeed, for they have explored the gamut of rascality from murder to manacles. "Wanted, Dead or Alive" has hung over each one of them.

There is a co-ed phase to villainy, of course. Bette Davis, who heckled crippled Leslie Howard in "Ol' Human Bondage," vaulted to stardom because of that performance. In "Jezebel," she added more twigs of laurel by sending George Brent to his death in a duel that she provoked. Bonita Granville is a junior member of the rogues, proving that there's more ways of skinning a cat than Shirley Temple has suggested. Bette and Bonita indicate that vinegar is as potent as honey.

We hear Cecil B. De Mille on the radio, or in person at a banquet, when he unloads his sophistries, you'd get the impression that here indeed was a mild little man, good to his folks and wishing evil to no man. Yet De Mille, subscribing heartily to the slogan that a producer must shock movie audiences, has thrown more Christians to the lions in his spectacles than any single Hollywood individual. For all his seeming mildness, De Mille is a blood-thirsty fellow. In "Buccaneer," you will remember that his villain killed by sword, cannon and fire; forced little Franciska Gaal to walk the plank, and in other sequences strangled actors with bare hands.

What is the most horrifying or shocking scene you've ever shuddered at, on celluloid? My choice would be that scalp-crinkler in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," when Douglas Dumbrille, as the Mohammed Khan, drives pointed sticks under the fingernails of Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone, and then sets the sticks ablaze. The closeup showed the beads of sweat on Cooper's forehead. If the camera had panned to the loge section where I was seated, it would have found equal beads on my own forehead.

In "Mutiny on the Bounty," Charles Laughton hit a new high in horror when he had a deserter flogged until dead. Remember Bruce Cabot, in "Let Us Have It," (I think that was the picture), when he stripped the bandages from his face and you saw his name cut into the flesh? Or the picture in which the gangsters took Cagney from the hospital, killed him, propped him against the door of his home? When his mother opened the door, the body of her son crashed to the floor? John Carradine, as the brutal jailer in "Hurricane," was a horrible character. In "Marco Polo," Basil Rathbone either had his chained villains released to peer out the eyes of captives, or, if he felt mellow, tossed them to the lions for an a la carte luncheon.

Karloff, Tamiroff and Lugosi have done some very nice work in their screen careers, scaring ushers out of theatres, giving old ladies nightmares at Bank Nights and otherwise amusing them. [Continued on page 86]
HOLLYWOOD is no city in the usual sense. Although it is probably better known by more people than any other settlement since the beginning of time, it is not for the place, but for the personalities.

Rome is renowned for its churches; Venice for its canals; New York for its soaring skyscrapers, while other proud cities boast of their universities, their art collections, their architecture or their archives. The center of the film industry, on the other hand, is not even one metropolis with Hollywood for a postmark, but a group of towns dedicated to movie make-believe. It can claim little fame for its physical front, but from Timbuktu to Omsk it is spoken of in many languages as the magical spot from which come those flickering images on the screen which can make one laugh or cry and can transport one into a world of fantasy and illusion.

Revisiting Hollywood after a year, I was tremendously impressed by the fact that it was not a place I was seeing again, but a group of fascinating individuals. I went through all the great studios with their vast equipment for making movies. I attended sneak previews and regular previews at many different playhouses. In addition, I went to such spots of relaxation for film-workers as the Trocadero, the new night club called Selznick's, the Cock 'n' Bull, Dave Chasen's, the Ven-

done and the Brown Derby.

But neither these nor Sunset Boulevard, nor the beach at Santa Monica, nor the cluster of lights that is Beverly Hills at night, spelled Hollywood. It was the varied assortment of talented artists who have gathered together on the Pacific Coast to produce films. They and they alone make up the things we mean when we say Hollywood.

Many of them I saw in their homes; others on sets, made up in strange disguises and curious costumes; some I met seek-
night with a noted director, a group of top-flight writers and a star, who told me what they thought were the most important aspects in the making of pictures. That I spent a day listening to Walt Disney outline his fascinating plans for new animated cartoons. Or that I foraged with scores of other great people of the screen, sometimes by appointment, sometimes, as in the case of W. C. Fields, by chance.

Studio cars took me from one place to another, as is the custom with visiting film critics or "visiting firemen," as we are known. I am certain that in the course of these drives I saw just about everything there is to see in the way of Hollywood externals, from the handsome, palm-lined avenues of Beverly Hills to the orange groves of the San Fernando Valley. I brought away very few memories of actual places, though, unless these places happened to be the backgrounds for the stars and other screen workers with whom I spent my time.

The fact remains that the whole history of the screen, as we know it, is bounded by the low-lying hills and the Pacific Ocean, which mark the vague boundaries of the film industry. As a screen reviewer, it has been my opportunity to see most of the top-flight artisans of the movies as they have passed through New York on vacations or business. We have talked about films and film-making. They are curiously different, though, from the same people seen on their home grounds—Hollywood.

You must go there, linger on sets, talk to directors, writers, producers and stars to realize just how powerful this can be. It is one thing seeing Norma Shearer in a Manhattan hotel or restaurant, talking on the variety of subjects which intrigue a visitor to New York, from the theatre to baseball games. It is quite another thing to see her caught up in the prevailing excitement which filled the set when I was watching final scenes on "Marie Antoinette" being shot.

No one is free from this almost occult and brooding force. I chatted with Danielle Darrieux, the young French actress, who will go far in films unless I am mistaken. She was appearing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but was resting while close-ups were made of her co-star. We talked of Paris, of French filmmaking and for a few moments I thought that I was no longer in Hollywood. Suddenly the director called: "Ready, Miss Darrieux." The young lady ceased to be a charming Parisian, reminiscent about a lovely city. She became the very apotheosis of Hollywood—one of the countless craftsmen who represent all of the best aspect of motion picture fashioning. The charge is still brought against Hollywood that it is aggressively provincial, that movie people do nothing but eat, sleep and talk movies there. The charge is true enough. Whether I was talking to Leo McCarey, the Academy Award winner, for his direction of "The Awful Truth," in a restaurant, driving along the Pacific coastline with Robert Montgomery or sitting in a projection room with Walt Disney, there was always one all-important subject for discussion—films.

This is true Hollywood—this concentration of gifted people working toward the common goal of making better and still better films, is what one visits and not a collection of far-flung studios, palatial homes and cafes. I might have stayed for months there and felt myself a complete alien, had I not met some of those artists with whom I had spent time a year ago, and the new ones who are always coming up to take the places of those who leave or go under in the stern competition which film producing implies.

It is a strange and curiously satisfying experience to see a city in this manner. There may be no Taj Mahal to make one gaze with wonder, but there is a fierce and unfadin current to living which is to be found in few places of the world. Joan Crawford lunching in a commissary, Robert Taylor waiting for long minutes to play his scene, W. C. Fields discussing his new picture, Sonja Henie skating through graceful figures or Mr. Disney describing the intricacies of translating drawings to the screen make up as vivid memories for me as the outer show of the great cities of the world which I have visited.

There have been changes in this Hollywood of personalities in the course of a year. Familiar faces are missing and new figures are in the ascendency. What is more important is the fact that new or old, screen workers are all of them more and more eager to find out the fundamental values in motion pictures and exploit them to the best of their abilities.

But the reason for this time that the screen has felt the recession and that producers and their assistants in film-making are faced with one of the most momentous crises that the cinema has ever experienced. Adolph Menjou, (Continued on page 68)
EASY
DIDN'T
DO IT

They'd Fight And Kiss On The Set
And Kiss And Fight Off Stage, But
They Kissed Once Too Often.

By
David Manuel

She looked up at me tenderly, "I love you, . . . I love you, my darling," she said teasingly. "My life is but—is but . . . Oh nuts!"

"Cut!" Mr. Cameron said sharply. The cameras stopped rolling. Everybody on the set laughed. I took a deep breath as Mr. Cameron got up and came over to us. He was disgusted.

He levelled his forefinger at Vicki. "Young lady, this is the fifth time today you've blown up in your lines. For heaven's sake what's the matter with you?"

Her smoky-blue eyes flashed. "How do you expect me to say lines with this lug standing on my foot?" she pointed at me accusingly.

"What about it, Alan?"

"Was that her foot I was standing on?" I asked innocently.

"Why I had no idea . . ."

"Liar!" she snapped.

"Listen, you two children," Mr. Cameron said. "I've just about had enough of this dog-and-cat business. Go get some lunch and be back on the set at one-thirty. I'll give you both one more chance. And that's all." He turned abruptly and walked away.

Next time, Miss Lee," I said, "maybe you won't mug so much. No blonde cutie is going to steal scenes from me."

She shook her mop of gold hair, nearly speechless with fury. I grinned at her. Then Jake Krall called from the other side of the set that he wanted to see me. I joined him and we went outside and across the lot to my two-by-four dressing room. I loosened the coat of my uniform, sat down and lit a cigarette. Jake tilted his hat back on his head and chewed thoughtfully on a matchstick. As usual he was sombre; Jake never smiled.

"What's on your mind?" I asked. "What fiendish schemes are the publicity department up to now?"

"Listen pal. We been friends how long? Six-seven months? Sure. Now we ain't going to let a little thing like this come between us. Are we?"

"Not if you say so, Jake." This was his usual line. He always liked to be mysterious.

"Alright. This is how it is, see. You know about you and La Lee. They been grooming you two to be a team. Like, say, Loreta Young and Ty-rome Power. You know that, I know it. Everybody knows it."

"Sure. So what?"

"So I'm coming to it. He shifted the matchstick from one corner of his mouth to the other. His eyes were small in his fat face. He was developing a paunch. "You been making B pictures. Four-five of 'em."

"You mean we've been making the same story over and over again for months. I'm getting tired of it. Same story—different costumes. First it's the navy; then it's the marines; then it's football—and now look at me . . ."

I indicated the fancy uniform I was wearing. "Now they got us in a mythical kingdom."

"Yeah, yeah, I know. Thassa way it goes."

"Next if'll be the boy scouts. When they going to cut out the quickie's and give us a good production?"

"That's what I'm coming to. They been building you up. You too. Now they got you where they want you. Your next is gonna be a million-dollar production."

He said this as if a million dollars was fifty cents.

"When do I get a raise?"

"If your next big picture clicks, you'll both be in the money."

I began to get suspicious. "Listen, Jake, what's going on? Stop talking in circles and tell me."

"Take it easy, pal. Now this is it. We gotta build you up a little more, see. For the fans. We're gonna give 'em the old
stuff. Romance, you and La Lee. It's a natural."

"Oh no you don't. No box-office romances for me. And especially not with Vicki Lee. Besides, I'm engaged to be married. Or didn't you know that?"

"That don't make no difference. Now don't be difficult, pal. I had enough trouble persuading La Lee to do it. I ain't gonna have trouble with you now, am I?"

"You mean Vicki agreed to do it?"

"Agreed perhaps ain't the right word. But she's gonna do it."

I shook my head. "Not me, you're not. You're not going to rope me in on anything like this. Say, I've got enough troubles already."

"That's for me, that Vicki. Plenty guys would jump at a chance like this."

"Plenty of other guys, maybe. Anyway she hates the sight of me."

"No she don't. That's just because you're always needlin' her."

"What about her needling me?"

"Purely self-defense."

"Maybe. Well, what if I won't do it?"

"They'll turn on the heat, pal. You better do it if you don't want to be out in the cold."

This was a fine state of affairs. I hesitated. "I wouldn't mind so much, Jake, if it wasn't for Sandra. You see, we're engaged. She's a Pasadena society girl, Jake. And she's got no use for movies or movie people. Except me. What would I tell her?"

"I can't help that. That's your problem. All I got to say is she must be a sourpuss dame if she don't like movies."

I saw there was no use arguing. "Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Sunday night you take Vicki to the Troc. I'll be there and get a couple of pictures, see."

"Nothing doing, Jake. I'm taking Sandra Knight to the Tocadero Sunday evening. I've been trying to get her there for months. And she finally agreed. I can't turn her down after all that. I tell you I had one big job getting her to go at all. She thinks Hollywood is for tourists and ham actors."

"She ain't the only one, pal."

"Tell me, Jake, why did I ever want to be an actor?"

"You've got me there. But you ain't the only one this gets in a jam. He, too. La Lee, Vicki the Vixen."

"How do you mean?"

"She's got herself a new boy friend. A big-shot. And you know how darnes go for big-shots. Most darnes are too ambitious for their own good. Well, this feller's a writer. Two-and-a-half-grand-a-week guy. And you know, pal, that ain't hay. La Lee reserves all her Sunday nights for him. So you and her are in the same boat."

"Who's the sap?"

"Guy named Ben Powers, Know him?"

"Yeah, I know him. A little corny, isn't he?"

"Right off the cob. But he's in the money."

"That's what Vicki goes for."

"That's what all cornies go for. But you got Vicki all wrong, pal. She's really a sweet kid. She's ambitious, sure, but she's worked hard and she deserves anything she gets. You oughter treat her nice. She's got a heart as big as an actor's head. You're the only one don't like her."

"She doesn't like me any better."

"You treat her too rough. To handle a dame, you've got to be nice to them. They can't take it when you give 'em too much double-talk."

"She can dish it out too."

"Like I was sayin', pal—self-defense."

There was only about half an hour till I had to be back on the set again, so we went to the commissary and I had a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Jake kept haranguing me all the time I ate. Finally I told him all right, I'd do it, if he'd figure out some way of explaining things to Sandra.

"All you have to do is to be at the Troc with Vicki," he said. "So we can get pictures. We got the cops written up already. Bring the girl friend along; that's what La Lee's gonna do with Powers. You'll have to be with Vicki, sure, but you'll have your ever-lovin' fiancé along too, see?"

"Oh sure, that fixes everything. Just swell, Dandy."

"Don't worry, pal. Just take things easy."

"This Powers is a big fellow, isn't he?"

"Yeah."

"Suppose he thinks I'm cut-
ing him out with Vicki?"

"That's one angle I overlooked."

"Great."

"But I'll be there, pal. Don't worry. Don't forget now, you'll get to go through with this. If either you or Vicki reneges, that one is gonna get into trouble."

"Say that again."

He said it again.

"I get it," I said. "If Vicki backs out I'm not to blame."

Jake got it too, "Listen, pal, don't do anything I'm gonna regret. Just remember, easy does it."

I left the studio about six o'clock. All the necessary tasks had been cleaned up without any more trouble. I drove out Wilshire to Westwood where I had a small apartment. Then I called Sandra.

"Listen, honey," I said, "about Sunday night..."

I explained what was going to happen. Just as I had expected, she didn't like it. But by talking nice I persuaded her not to back out of her agreement.

"I'll do it—just this once," she said.

"It won't happen again—I hope."

"Oh so that's how it is. Every time I go any place with you you'll have to have that mascaraed darling of the screen along."

"Now Sandra, I love you, only you—so what difference does anything else make?"

But the time I convinced her that everything would be all right I felt worn out. I had tried to pretend that the whole thing would be over in a few days. But I knew better. I realized it would probably go on for months—until Vicki's and my first big picture was released.

Friday night I went to the Legion fights with Jake. Saturday I did some shopping and inspected several used-car bargains. I spent all day Sunday on the beach, worrying.

The set-up for Sunday night was this. I was to take Sandra to the Trocadero and leave her in Jake's hands. Then I was to go and call for Vicki. Which was what I did.

At about nine I drove my car into the driveway of the Knight's palatial Pasadena home. The butler admitted me with his usual air of distaste. No member of the family was in evidence. How those Knights despised actors! Sandra came down the great stairway looking tall and beautiful. Her tanned olive skin showed dark against the whiteness of her dress. Her hair was softly black, and her eyes lustrous. She smiled and I kissed her.

It was about ten when we got to the Trocadero. Jake met us at the entrance and escorted Sandra inside. I parked my car and then got a taxi. At a parking lot on Vine, where I had left it, I picked up my purchase of the previous afternoon—an ancient jaspoph that had set me back twenty-five bucks. It had no top, very little paint and it made a noise like a cement-mixer. At Vicki's apartment house on Rossmore I sent up my name. She sent word she'd be down in a moment so I went out and sat in the model-I, much to the disgust of the doorman.

In maybe ten minutes Vicki appeared. She really did look lovely, her hair glistening like burnished copper, her slim body shrouded in black velvet.

She gave one look at me sitting there and stood in the middle of the sidewalk almost bursting with annoyance.

I smiled agreeably. "Lovely evening," I said.

It appeared that she didn't agree with me. "If you expect me to ride in that," she said haughtily, "you're very much mistaken."

"That'll be okay with me."

She looked at me and her eyes narrowed. "I see," she said.

"Well, if you think I'm going to take the rap for not going through with this nonsense, you're very much mistaken."

She swept into the car beside me, and sat very straight and very dignified.

Out Sunset we roared at a speed of ten miles per hour. Vicki looked neither to the right nor to the left. Returning to notice the attention we were attracting suddenly her manner changed. "Alas," she said sweetly, "why do you have to do things like this to me? Why can't we be friends?"

"No reason," I said suspiciously.

"Let's be friends then."

"All right. But first tell me what your little scheme is?"

She turned and scowled. All the sweetness went out of her countenance. "I hate you and I'll get even with you for doing a thing like this."

"That's what I thought," I said.

When we were led to our table Ben Powers was already there, deep in earnest conversation with Sandra. He rose and we shook hands. Sandra and Vicki greeted each other cordily. In a few minutes things were so frigid that I decided I should have worn winter woolens. Across from me Sandra studied Vicki disdainingly. I felt a little sorry for Vicki; she wasn't used to being treated in this boisterous manner, and she didn't quite know what to do about it.

Vicki was not an outdoor girl, like Sandra. Neither was she one of the Four Hundred. [Continued on page 60]
With Jack Haley in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Her surprising dancing skill drew the limelight to Bill Robinson. From "The Littlest Rebel."

Adolphe Menjou and Shirley in the history making "Little Miss Marker."

TO SHIRLEY TEMPLE

The Number One Box Office Star Is Now An Experienced Trouper And Glories In The Nickname "One Take Temple."

SHIRLEY now is nine years old and she has been on the screen for five years. There are many other little girls in pictures, and clever ones too, but the magic of Shirley's charm has never been equalled. There is growing up an army of little girls who are a little better and a little brighter because of our famous little charmer.

(Left) In "Little Miss Broadway." (her latest) supported by Charles Williams, Edward Ellis and Phyllis Brooks. (Right) Mr. and Mrs. George Temple, very proud of the fact that the whole world joins them in loving Shirley.
(Above) Sigrid Gurie, whose first chance was in the "Adventures of Marco Polo." And so well did she acquit herself that she went right into "Algiers." (Right) Arleen Whelan. Her first big chance was a success. Now watch her! (Left) Ellen Drew's second picture finds her cast with Ronald Colman in "If I Were King."

The role Richard Greene played in "Four Men and a Prayer" won for him the lead opposite Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star." (Left) Ilona Massey is now going to co-star in "Love Carnival" with Nelson Eddy. Her first bit in "Rosalie" was so promising!
All Set!

One Picture Doesn't Make A Trouper—it's The Second Chance That Spells Money Or Misery.

After the first opportunity has come and gone—then what? It is the toughest period in a picture career. For the decision will be final and the player knows it will be an honest one. Gone is the time when "I stood 'em up in Des Moines" is of any interest.

The picture with the crucial "first part" is showing in many cities; critics are panning or praising; fan letters are arriving. The player who gets a second chance knows that he made good! And now for a career!

The famous radio voice of Jimmy Fidler brought him to the attention of the movie moguls. He's in "Garden of the Moon."


In "Boy Meets Girl," Marie Wilson plays with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and Ralph Bellamy. This is her first really important part. Next she will have one of the leading roles in "Three Girls on Broadway."
Mr. Moto Takes A Chance.

Peter Lorre and two nameless extras who are taking a chance in the movies.

William Boyd, as Hopalong Cassidy, Charlotte Field and Russell Hayden in "Pride of the West"—a "B." It isn't only the budget that gets squeezed.


THE studios were up against the "Double Feature" problem and so they turned out some pictures to be paired with the super-colossal "A" pictures. Eager writers on small salaries were given a chance and the casts were made up of players who had more talent than glamour. And then, to everyone's surprise, they clicked!

You do not write good stuff because you wield a gold pen. Though the budget is pinched, there is plenty of freedom for talent and imagination, and "B" pictures have often proved to have more entertainment value than the "A's."

After all, gold is where you find it.

"Men Are Such Fools" with Marcia Ralston and Humphrey Bogart developing the theme.

In "Mr. Chump," Johnny Davis starts Penny Singleton to swinging. (Above) Shirley Ross and J. Carrol Naish in "Prison Farm."
Midsummer Sirens

[Left] Gail Patrick travels in an extremely effective three piece suit of light weight wool jersey. The graceful cape is a soft, muted blue striped with white to match the fitted jacket, which is fastened with a white zipper and belted with the plain material boosting a striped buckle. The skirt is straight and extremely simple. Her pancake hat has a muted blue underbrim and light blue felt top, adorned with a navy veil. Her bag and gloves are white, and her shoes are a matching muted blue suede.

[Right] A rough straw picture hat is chosen by Ginger Rogers. It is the color of ripe wheat and is brightened by a huge nosegay of pastel field flowers.

[Below] A "pilgrim" hat of black stitched taffeta outlined at the headline with a ruching of lace is most flattering to Rita Hayworth.

[At bottom] Mary Carlisle wears a tailored natural straw hat with high crown banded by swirled red linen dotted in white. And Cecilia Parker dons a stitched white crepe beret trimmed with navy grosgrain.
At this time of the year one is always indulging in weekend journeys (that is, if one is tied down to an office desk or a domestic routine five days a week) and for those quick trips it is nice to have at least one costume on hand for the train or boat ride back and forth. A costume that looks conservative, yet is beautifully cut, one that is complimentary to blue skies and vivid sunshine and yet is not too flimsy should cool winds blow forth. Any one of the four ensembles illustrated on these two pages should answer the purpose. Or so we think!

(Left) Light weight beige wool cut on and encrusted with silver nailheads on the borders of the coat, sleeves and slit skirt hem is used for this amazingly attractive suit worn by Jacqueline Wells. A facing of powder blue woolen under the nailheads odds an effective touch. A beige felt "rancho" hat tied under the chin with powder blue grosgrain, and beige accessories complete the costume. (Right) Ideal for summer is this black and white checked Roshanoro crepe suit dress worn by Rita Johnson. Her panama is banded with black patent leather to match her shoes and belt. (Below-left) Chervreus wool with luggage brown accessories is eye-catching when worn by Anita Louise. The suit jacket has a slide fastener. The matching easy-to-slip-into top coat is three quarter length. Her loose antelope gantlets of matching doeskin are very smart.

[Continued on next page]

If you are tired of the sameness of your stocking wardrobe, and have courage enough to go in for novelty, here are four suggestions offered by Rita Oehmen. (Right) A sheer black silk zipped up the back. (Below) Suitable for evening wear are these velvet heeled stockings with the back seams feather-stitched in velvet. (Below-right) Metallic bronze derbies accent these sun-ton hose, while, at extreme left, waffle weave checks are eye-arresting. Both of these designs are excellent for sports wear.
(Above) Seed pearls embroidered on a heavy flesh-toned faille taffeta that has the lustrous quality of rich narrow-weaved corduroy makes Merle Oberon look like a princess in a fairy tale. (Below) Danielle Darrieux looking chic in a striking gown, the skirt of which is made of fringe in a vivid flower pattern on a background of white. The bodice is of citron yellow crepe, with fringed sleeves.

(Right) Two shimmering net frocks. Doris Nolan in black with deep V decolletage at front and back held up at shoulder-line by soft flesh coloured satin. A short train makes this very distinctive. Joan Fontaine borrows from the Grecians to capture the artistic simplicity of her flowing white gown. Delicate silver sequins fashion the shoulder straps and also outline the puffed square-cut bodice. The trained full skirt, so flattering when held up while waltzing, glitters with sequins that resemble so many stars! A filet of white roses is worn in her hair.
Filmy Flattery For That
"Invitation To The Party."

(For left) To show the importance of fringe this season, Mary Astor had this beautifully cut midnight blue crepe lavishly bordered with it in a matching tone. The horizontal shoulder drapes can be swirled around to act as a wrap when necessary. (Left) For garden parties, weddings or informal dinner and dancing, Rita Johnson wears this adaptable flower-sprigged organdy, with a nosegay of French flowers at the V neckline and French blue velvet used as a sash around the flared skirt with its ruffled hemline. (Right) Ann Rutherford copied a frock that cost $185 for something less than $20. Isn't she clever? Here you see the result, of periwinkle blue organdy with matching taffeta petticoats. The capped sleeves and frilled neckline are caught with narrow matching blue velvet ribbon. (Below) Ultra-sophisticated is Gail Patrick's strapless flowered taffeta dance frock with matching chiffon scarf voluminous enough to be used for a light wrap. The color motif is yellow on black. (Next) Barbara O'Neill shows how charming the more mature woman can look in silver-grey lace.
New Pictures For

Joan Davis, Gloria Brewster, Sonja Henie and Patricia Wilder in "My Lucky Star."

Sarah Padden and Herbert Marshall in "One Woman's Answer."

Frances Mercer, Allan Lane and Inez Courtney in "Crime Ring."

Warner Baxter, Marjorie Weaver and Georges Renavent in "I'll Give A Million."

Pat O'Brien, Margaret Lindsay and John Payne in "Garden of the Moon."

Chester Morris, Richard Dix and Harry Carey in "Northern Flight."
Martha Raye, Jack Whiting, Clarence Kolb in "Give Me A Sailor."

Charles Bayer, Stanley Fields and Alan Hale in "Algiers."

Jack LaRue, Claire Trevor and Charles Bickford in "Valley of the Giants."

Margaret Sullivan and Walter Pidgeon in "Shapworn Angel."

Robert Barrat, May Rabson and Joan Bennett in "The Texans."

Cesar Romero, Barbara Stanwyck, Victor Delinsky and Lurline Uller in "Always Goodbye."
“Come on, Wayne,” says Priscilla Lane. “Don’t mind me. Diving is over my head.”
Robert Taylor prepares Frank Morgan for a few fast rounds while Maureen O'Sullivan coaches Edward Arnold. The left jab is quite a shock for Arnold, but Morgan always says horseshoes are lucky, considerably more so than Edward. (Left) Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy are making so much money that James Cagney tries to do the trick with Marie Wilson as his woodenhead. "What can I lose?" asks Marie.

(Continued on next page)
(Above, and right) Anita Louise walks in swing time. A good walk is as graceful as a dance step. (Center) Things to remember when posing. Cecilia Parker demonstrates how to look your best. First, the hand is in the wrong position. Second, turning the hand away from the camera gives hand and arm a graceful appearance. Third, rolling the eyes is grotesque. The whole position of the head is incorrect. Fourth, looking into the lens is advisable for a portrait. Fifth, do not hunch forward. Sixth, sitting erect with head properly balanced is correct way to pose for portrait.

(Above) The events leading up to the tragedy! Jane Wyman teaches Lionel Stander to play croquet. At first Lionel didn’t understand. Then he caught the idea on his toe and —Hey! Lionel! Be careful. You’ll break the mallet!
When it comes to hazards Ann Sheridan knows her iron—one shot and she's out of the trap, and as a peacock. And no wonder!
HOME ON A HILLTOP

MYRNA LOY and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, have built a new home. The spreading two-story residence looks down upon the terraced mountainside. Just below the house is the tennis court and swimming pool (shown above). A curving driveway leads to the main entrance (above, right). (Right) No detail on her estate escapes Myrna’s notice and probably the tractor pilot has a favorite screen star.
OLYMPIE BRADNA, THE PETITE FRENCH GIRL, BRAFTS A NEW AND DELIGHTFUL CHARM TO THE SCREEN. W'EST-CE-PAS?

Scene: A few tables around the floor of the French Casino night club.

Time: Just after the first floor show. Around 10 p.m.

Fanfare from the orchestra! A hush falls over the audience. And now we present a little lady from France—a very little lady in fact—Olympe Bradna in her sensational dance specialty.

The audience is tense. Vibrant. Waiting for something different.

The white beacon falls upon a petite figure as she appears on the floor. Her face is wreathed in a broad smile. She bows. The audience, caught up in her spell, applauds enthusiastically. The music begins. The dance is on!

The tiny body on the floor goes through all sorts of intricate acrobatics. Bones apparently have no place in the little magic of perfect rhythm. Difficult turns, back breaking gyrations. On and on, increasing in intensity with the steady thrrob of the orchestra. The audience is silent. Watching. Wondering.

Then suddenly the music stops. The child bows, and, like a fairy, runs off. Continued applause calls her back. She bows again, and, like a wisp of wind, she is gone.

"What a marvelous dancer!"

"Why, she's only a child!"

"But—did you get that personality? She's got everything!"

"Personality, did you say? And how! And so charmingly naive about it all!"

And thus the tide of conversation sweeps around the floor. Buzz Buzz Buzz.

The scene switches. Back stage. Dressing room.

Time: About ten minutes after the dance.

Characters: Olympe Bradna and members of the troupe.

(A heavy odor of flying powder and of grease paint floats back and forth. The room is noisy... excitement reigns. Olympe sits in her corner... putting added touches on her make-up for her next number.)

First Girl: I could have slapped that old fossil out there tonight. He's the freshest guy.

Second Girl: Yeah, Me, too.

First Girl: Why fibber about that? Did you notice how our little French girl clicked tonight?

First Girl: I'll say! For a kid only 14 years old, she sure is a trooper.

Second Girl: Olympe! We're talkin' about ya.

Olympe: I hope it's something nice.

Third Girl: It is. We're talkin' about that swell act of yours.

Olympe: Thank you. I'm verve glad you like it.

(A knock on the door interrupts the conversation. First Girl answers.)

First Girl: Yeah?

Voice: Wire for Olympe Bradna.

First Girl: Olympe: Thanks. (She closes door and goes to Olympe.) Wire for you, kid.

Olympe: Thank you.

Voice: (There is a momentary silence. All eyes are turned towards the little French girl. Finally, the girls can contain themselves no longer.)

First Girl: What is it?

Olympe: I do not know. It is a telegram from Paramount. He says he wants to see me. Maybe he wants me to appear in the Paramount Theatre.

First Girl: Did you say—Paramount? Let me at that wire! (She takes the telegram, reads it.) Theatre nothin'! This fellow's from Paramount Studios. Kid, you're a hit! A scout's after you!

Olympe: Scout? You mean—

First Girl: Yeah—a kind of a guy that goes around findin' girls for pictures.

Olympe: You mean they want to take me to—to Hollywood—for pictures?

All: You guessed it!

Thus, with apologies to Noel Coward, Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, and others, I end my little thumbnail sketch of the entrance into pictures of one Olympe Bradna. Olympe did not know the guy who had no idea she was only 14. After three months study in English, she did take the test, more for fun than anything else. And she did come to Hollywood. Anyone who saw her in "Souls at Sea" can testify to that. And Olympe is making a hit for herself in pictures now, even though she began doing little more than bits.

Now, just barely 17, Olympe, who was so named because she was born between the matinee and evening shows at the Olympic Theatre in Paris on August 12, has forged right ahead in "Stolen Heaven," with Gene Raymond.

I realize when I say Olympe struck me as being naive and natural, I'm using the old line applied to almost every star in the business. And I know that when I say Olympe is really a child, one who enjoys the simplest kinds of pleasures, I am apt to be called a little waxed by the verbosity of press agents. But, regardless of all that, I do say Olympe is naive and natural. I do say she is really a little girl, in spite of all her theatrical experience. If you don't believe me, you should see her for yourself. Even in interviews, you can recognize a put-on act when you see it. But Olympe is different—she's herself.

As I entered her dressing room at Paramount, I was a little surprised. In make up and in a plain blue flannel robe stood Olympe. She did look young, and the minute I began talking to her, I knew her extreme youth. (Continued on page 65)
Bing Crosby's Talent For Song Has Swept Across The World But His Personality Remains Unspoiled. His Entire Family Benefits From His Good Fortune.

Bing Crosby is thirty-four now, in his prime, in his chosen field he is supreme. Hollywood rates him the number one box-office draw among all its musically-inclined heroes. On the radio, and on records he's also tops in his line.

As a man Bing has succeeded in ironing out the conflicting urges of his early youth. Once every move he made seemed to precipitate a mess. But he is, at last, at peace within himself. This is his real accomplishment.

So why should he go on being a movie star? Bing would rather play golf than act, any day. He'd rather train his horses than show off. He certainly prefers eating heartily to having to remember that he's supposed to have a torso for the screen.

He has no burning passion for the theatre. In high school he essayed the title role in "Julius Caesar" but, when properly stabbed, nonchalantly stood up immediately—so the descending curtain wouldn't land on him. Not strictly Art, but to Bing not so dumb, either.

The demands of the glamorous experts have slid off his broad shoulders as simply. Perhaps the Gables and Taylor's and Powers do steer clear of being regular husbands. Bing alone never resorted to a maybe pose for the women who like him. From the start he's scored that sort of suspense, been frankly devoted to his pretty wife. Other idols may be mysteriously dashing, but Bing is proud of being the father of four children. He even declines to dress swankily. He admits he's too lazy to bother about a lot of tricks other people bother about.

He's neither rich nor poor. He's made his impulsive love marriage into an ideal home set-up. Why shouldn't he spend all his time now on his family and on the hobbies he's earned?

I went straight to Bing for the absolute answer, to settle all the current talk that he'll quit work.

He is not going to retire! Because he can't. He'll go on conforming to schedules when he hates routine of any kind. He'll write scripts and new songs although it's gory detective stories that actually entice. He'll continue to work a lot more hours each week than the union man does. He'll not be doing exactly what he wants, when he could be.

For Bing has put his family into the business of running the Bing Crosby surprise-gold mine, and if he should quit his family would suffer. Their happiness might collapse.

Due to his progress, Dad Crosby, and brothers Everett and Larry are all high-powered executives. Their skillful handling of the unique Crosby corporation has taken them from everyday mediocrity to stimulating comfort. Their lives have been transformed by the fine jobs Bing's work has enabled them to create.

"They merely required," states Bing firmly, "a crack at decent breaks. Some of my luck," he added, "Investigate for yourself."

So I did. With his personal assistance.

The new, two-story Crosby Building is on Hollywood's elegant Sunset Strip. Bing met me at Larry's office, half of a store next door.

Bing was exceptionally cherubic in his orange sweater, Larry grizzled. Bing finally threw his old orange sweater into the incinerator. Then he went right out and bought this duplicate?" The stellar weakness for loud colors, is, one gathers, a family trait.

This was the third time Bing had visited his organization's new quarters, and it's been functioning for four months there.

"We don't miss him," ex-

plained Larry, the oldest brother, and as down-to-earth as Bing is, "When you leave he'll begin missing us up. He's not systematic himself; he doesn't know what the word system means. But Bing sees desk drawers and files and he can't hold back. He has to check, like a whirlwind. He's

the original built in the china shop!"

Larry's been working for Bing for four years. A newspaper man, with a good understanding of music, he turned down the job of business manager when the crooner was one of the 3 Rhythm Boys.

The three came to Spokane and said they were tired of tramping. They liked California and wanted to get into pictures. Larry said, "You're awful hammy, scum. Maybe you can click, but I've got a wife and baby to support meanwhile. You go on and try for a contract and then I'll join you."

Everett, the next eldest, being in Los Angeles and out of a job, assumed the managerial task. Bing moved in to board, but having sold autos and tractors Ev had a knack and soon had him on his way up.

Bing pulled his pipe as Larry amplified, "Ev sets all deals and I take care of all details, including his fan mail. Incidentally, Bing has every single letter answered politely and he receives as much as all the other Paramount players altogether! I also take care of his golf tournaments and visits to Spokan..."
Mrs. (Dixie Lee) Crosby and her good natured husband. The four youngsters cannot be far away.

(Right) The Crosby Building, where in his father and brothers wrestle with his many problems.

"The crooner perked up at what sounded like a wisecrack, "some tournament manager you are!"

Larry grinned. "Perhaps you wonder if we ever get into any arguments. Well, yes, we do. The Crosbys, excepting Dad, all are very opinionated people."

"Yeh," interpolated Bing complacently. "Irish,"

Practically all vocal communication with Bing is spur-of-the-moment. "I've tried to arrange business-like meetings," Larry lamented. "We might all sit down like a board of directors should. But we've never had a regular meeting yet; and, anyway, when we all argue we'd all be sure to get mad! Ix and I meet, make preliminary plans for Bing's pictures, radio program, and investments. We assemble the data and try to enable him to have some pleasant home life and time for recreation. Then Bing okays our ideas or rips them to bits. He has a memory like an elephant. He never troubles with notes, but he remembers whatever he's mentioned."

"Ex advises me of the various deals under fire and then I make the necessary memos for Bing. Dad is our treasurer, and the go-between. Dad sees Bing every night, stopping in on his way home with a folder full. There are checks for Bing to sign, photographs to autograph, letters to answer. Dad picks up everything with Bing's suggestions, in the morning. The way he's improving Bing might develop some business sense at that! But we'd much rather send our reports out to him than have him burst in and mix us all up here."

Dad Crosby is well equipped to be treasurer, having been an auditor in Spokane. He's been employed by Bing for five years, ever since his old job petered out.

"Here's a funny twist. You know how little thought Bing gives to his own clothes? Well, he's always after me about my appearance. Wants me to dress up. And he raised so much fuss about the hats I wore that I don't wear any anymore. They were always too dark, too drab. The last one got shot! We were duck hunting on his ranch near San Diego; he grabbed my hat in disgust, threw it, and filled it full of buckshot. Then he turns up at his broadcasts in a Hawaiian gimp. At least that's what I call those loud shirts of his that look like a thousand U's and hang outside of his pants."

"I try," concluded Larry, "to leave him an out when he disagrees. You have to be honest; he can detect a sales talk too fast. So I give him the lowdown and an out; then in half a day he may change his no."

[Continued on page 66]
Built Up Sets In The Studios Change For Each Picture And Every Month We Visit Places New And Interesting With

S. R. Mook

Oh, SOLE MIO! Here we go, around the studios and then I'm off to the sunny South. Or should I say "The Torrid South" at this time of the year. Never mind. Here we go. First stop is—

20th Century-Fox

Of course, the biggest thing going out here is the new Sonja Henie picture—"My Lucky Star." It seems she works in a Fifth Avenue department store but her ambition is to finish college. Junior Trent (alias "Butch" Romero) is the profligate son of the store owner. He learns of her ambition when he discovers her skating in the store's winter department. He dates her, innocently getting her involved with his gold-digging wife from whom he's separated. When his wife threatens to sue for divorce, naming poor little Sonja as co-respondent big-hearted Butch sends her to Plymouth College on the excuse she is to wear Fifth Avenue clothes and advertise their store.

Sonja promptly falls in love with the captain of the hockey team (Richard Greene—soth-Fox's answer to Robert Taylor, and you can look for a Henie-Greene romance any day now). He also falls for her, which isn't strange. Sonja gets her picture in the paper. Butch's wife sees it and immediately cracks down with her suit on Butch. Butch immediately goes to Plymouth to send Sonja away where she can't be found but Sonja refuses to go.

Sonja begs her with a very sad smile, "He'd like it better if you said it yourself." Joan replies, "I'd rather not," Sonja comes back. "I'd better go away quietly—without seeing anyone. Goodbye, Mary." "Cut!" calls the director.

The way Sonja has developed as an actress is amazing. I honestly believe she could get by as a picture personality without her skating—and that is praise, indeed.

It seems funny to cover this lot and not find either Jane Withers or Claire Trevor working but such is the case, my loved ones. So we make the best of it and proceed to the next set, which is—well, strike me pink! That's all there is over here! Muffling my disappointment (?) as best I can, I shoot over to—

Paramount

Would you believe me if I told you there is only one picture here you haven't already heard about? But, cheer up! That one is worth a half dozen ordinary pictures. It marks the return of Groaner Crosby to the screen after the racing season. The picture is titled "Sung, You Sinners" and was concocted and adapted by that eminent scenarist, Claude Binyon.

"What are you doing on the set?" Mr. B demands as he espies me.

"I have come to give you...

There is a misunderstanding when Mr. Greene overhears part of the conversation between Sonja and Butch. Of course, nothing matters after that. Sonja prepares to leave. She is sitting in her room with her room-mate—Joan Davis (and I hope Miss Davis remembers to thank God in her prayers every night for Fannie Brice).

"Did Buddy take all the other bags?" Sonja asks forlornly.

"Yes, he's got the taxi at the side entrance," Joan answers.

"Say goodbye to Larry (Greene) for me."

"A Letter Of Introduction" with Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Eve Arden, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, the old scene stealer. (Right) The three Lane sisters and Gale Page with Claude Rains in "Sister Act."
"We don't want that kind of publicity," Claude grins.

"All right, then," I agree, resolving not to be drawn into an argument. "I'll give you the other kind—which is worse."

"Thank you," says Claude. "We still prefer the other kind because nothing—absolutely nothing—untied you—could be worse than your kind."

"Enough of this twiddle-twaddle," I interrupt him. "If you will tell me the plot of your story—if there is any—I will repay your kindness by mentioning you in my column."

"Pray do," says Claude, "and don't forget that my middle initial is 'H.'"

For 'Hellion?' I suggest.

Claude ignores the inference and continues loathly: "Bing, Fred MacMurray and a little kid named O'Connor all have good voices and they come from a musical family—but they hate music. Fred is the solver, indolent one who is engaged to Ellen Drew—Ellen, may I present Dick Mool? He's a Venetian and he can't write, but he's susceptible and if you smile at him he'll write something nice about you and there may be a few misguided souls about the country who put stock in what he says—Bing is the indolent member of the family."

"What a remarkable bit of casting," I interject but once again Fred ignores my remark.

"He has a passion for swapping. The little kid, whose name is O'Connor, is the third member of the family and he's sure to turn out like Bing. Elizabeth Patterson is the mother of this misguided crew. Fred has to be continually putting off his marriage to Ellen because he has to support the family because none of them will work."

Finally Bing has a stroke of conscience, decides Fred will never get anywhere as long as he Bing is around so he takes the kid and they light out for Los Angeles. Through a fluke of luck he strikes a lucky day at the races and makes enough to rent a swap shop and rent a mansion for a month. Then he sends money.

By the time she arrives he has swapped the swap shop for a race horse named 'Uncle Gus.' Uncle Gus isn't doing so well and neither is Bing. But his Pat writes Fred that they're doing swell. So Fred says (in substance) to Ellen, "It looks like this is it, too. At least Bing is making a go of things and we can get saddled with each other."

And high time, too," says Ellen. "A girl doesn't stay young all her life and I've turned down many a good offer for you."

Fred chooses to ignore this and rambles along: "What say we strike out for Los Angeles and get married in the old homestead, which we've had for three weeks now and which, according to Mom, boasts eight bedrooms, nine baths, to say nothing of a solarium, playroom, bar, dining room, etc., etc."

"It sounds like the McCom." Ellen agree.

"I have my lipstick and toothbrush right here in my reticule, let's go."

So off they go. And what do you suppose happens? No sooner do they arrive in Los Angeles than they find Bing has swapped the swap shop for 'Uncle Gus.' Doesn't win a race since he was foaled (are you surening, Mr. Crosby?). The family has only three more days to go in their mansion and everything is in just one helluva fix. (If this wasn't a family magazine I wouldn't have to be whimsical and I could just come right out and say hell of a fix.)

Fred tells Ellen they'll have to postpone their marriage again and she flounces off in a huff. So then the three boys get a job singing in a night club on the waterfront—"Exactly where it is?" I demand of Claude.

"Oh, somewhere around Los Angeles," he replies vaguely.

"But where?" I insist.

"What does it matter?" he asks in annoyance. "It's a waterfront night club. That's enough."

"It's not enough," I retort hotly. "That's what's the matter with pictures. They're never definite."

"Paramount accepted it as a waterfront cafe' and you'll take it that way and like it," he squelches me. "And that's where you are now. Watch this scene."

So I watch.

"We also have a swell fight scene in this," Claude H. Bixton annexes, "and don't forget to mention that that super artist, Wesley Ruggles, is directing, and don't forget to [Continued on next page]"
[Continued from preceding page]
mention Miss Ellen Drew (I'll say I won't. This is her first speaking part and if she acts half as well as she looks a new star is born)."

"What goes?" Mr. Crosby inquires politely when the scene is finished.

But I am too lost in admiration of Mr. Crosby's new figure to indulge in persiflage, "Mr. C," I gasp, "you should always wear dinner jackets. Why, you look positively stylish—from the rear."

"Fush!" exclaims Bing modestly. "It just goes to show you what the juice of the fruit will do for you. I've been on a diet."

I might have known there'd be a catch in it.

Well, that's all, brother. We'll proceed to—

Columbia

Only one picture going here—"You Can't Take It With You." Next stop—

United Artists

One picture here—"Algiers" (tentative title) being produced by Walter Wanger. This plot is just too complicated. Charles Boyer is a jewel thick, hiding in the native quarter of Algiers—a place called the "Casbah." Nobody—not even native officers—arrests anyone there, for the Casbah guards is own. Sigrid Gurie (yes, you're to meet her again) lives there and falls in love with Boyer. In a skirmish with the police (Joseph Calca is the head) he is slightly wounded in the arm and she is whisked into an adjacent house. A moment later Boyer enters from the roof and is introduced to her. He is more pressed with her jewels than with her but she falls like a ton of asphalt. So they meet—and love.

I find them walking along one of the narrow streets of the Casbah. Ah, would I had the pen of a poet to describe this scene to you. It's as dirty as the technical crew can possibly make it. Cigarette butts and bits of paper are strewn all over. There is a mist hanging over everything but the sunlight shines through. There are baskets (huge baskets) of fruit and vegetables in front of shop doors. There are no windows to these shops. There are real Algerians sitting cross-legged in front of their stores. All the squalor and color of Africa has been caught and reflected in this scene.

The floor of the stage, of course, is level but the set has been built so that it is full of rise. You can walk for just a minute or two and find yourself fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the stage.

Mob scenes always interest me. The extras are just as carefully rehearsed as the principals. The extras you see walking aimlessly by or pausing to look into a shop window, have all been signalled by the assistant director as to what they are to do.

So now we find Boyer and Hedy Lamarr strolling down this crowded street, with its sulcogula (lemonade men), burros mincing daintily along under their packs, the natives eying them knowingly. They turn into a cafe and are immediately shown into a private dining room. Everyone here knows Boyer. They seat themselves at a table.

"You're beautiful," Boyer murmurs.

"That's easy to say. Maybe somebody told you—but what I'm telling you is different. (Oh, sure). For me, you're more than that. For two years (that's how long he's been in the Casbah) I've been lost-like walking in my sleep. Suddenly I wake up—that's you! (What a line!) I don't know how I went on all that time waiting for you and not knowing it. You know what you are to me? Paris! The whole town! A spring morning in Paris! You're lovely—you're marvelous!" He leans towards her, his voice caressing softly. "Do you know what you remind me of? The subway?" She smiles and he leans closer, his face against hers as he continues: "Shut your eyes—listen! Can you hear it?"

"That's my heart beating," she whispers softly.

It's really a beautiful scene and if I seem to scoff a little, it's only because when I ladle out mush like that, all I get is a horse-laugh.

Next stop is—

Universal

Only one picture shooting here, too. But it's a biggie—"A Letter of Introduction" with Adolph Menjou, Andrea Leeds, Edgar Bergen and Mons. Charlie McCarthy, George Murphy, Rita Johnson, Ann Sheridan and Eve Arden. Some cast, eh? Did you Dolphes well, that's what his friends call him—is a matinee idol, Andrea is his daughter, though he little suspects. You can say all you please. "It's a wise child that knows its own father," I say, "It's a wiser father that knows his own
child?" I don't know who said that.

When he finds out who Andrea really is, he's fit to be tied, although I should think any man would be tickled to death, to find Andrea was his daughter. But not Dolphe. He has young ideas. Ann Sheridan is one of them. So he promises Andrea the lead in his new play if she'll keep quiet about this father and daughter business. Andrea is willing because she is in love with George Murphy—and he with her. And all any of the clique thinks when she makes a date with Dolphe is, "She's getting a break."

So we meet them in the hallway of the house where they live—Andrea, George, Eve Arden and Rita Johnson. I should have said, everyone but George is satisfied.

"Logic or no logic," he is saying to Andrea, "if that guy Maunng makes a play for you—"

And that's where Rita and Eve come in.

"What's all the delay?" Eve queries. "Are we, or are we not, going to eat?"

"Mr. Maunng (Menjou) wants me to have dinner with him." Andrea explains. "Will you call me names if I go?"

"Of course not." Rita recognizes a chance when she sees one. "There are plenty of other nights."

"Would you be taking us?" the practical Arden asks.

"To the-," Andrea answers. I can't read my notes, but it's swank.

"Argh!" Eve is impressed.

"Good gracious!" Andrea exclaims hopefully. "I just happened to think—I haven't a thing to wear!" (And where've I heard that before?)

"Honey'll lend you something, won't you, Honey?" Murphy puts it up to Rita.

"Yes—of course," Honey agrees unenthusiastically.

"Oh, I couldn't!" Andrea protests hopefully.

"My new white chiffon'll fit you swell," Rita raves, having got her second wind.

"But that's your new dancing costume," Andrea protests again. Suppose something should happen to it?"

"Nothing'll happen to it," Rita hopes. "Wait a minute—I'll get it for you."

"I'll dig you up a wrap." Arden promises, not to be outdone.

Mr. Menjou is not working in this scene. Neither is Mr. Bergen. After eight years of set-trotting and thirty-six introductions, Mr. Menjou and I are still brand new to each other. And I can bear it. I have only been introduced to Mr. Bergen once. He was too languid to get up or shake hands. I can bear that, too. I'll still be set-trotting when Bergen and McCarthy are gone and forgotten. Maybe!

(Left) A studio group talking things over before they start shooting "You Can't Take It With You." Frank Capra, the director, is putting Jean Arthur and James Stewart through their paces. The others in the cast are (L. to R.) Lillian Yarbo, Eddie Anderson, Dub Taylor, Donald Meek, Sam Hinds, Hal Iwell Hobbs, Ann Miller, Mischa Auer, Edward Arnold, Mary Forbes, Spring Byington and Lionel Barrymore. (Above) Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan in "The Crowd Roars."

But Andrea? Ah, there's a girl! She never forgets and no matter how strenuous the day she always has time to chat. She'll be here when I'm gone and forgotten for that girl has what it takes!

But we mustn't get morbid. There's still

Warner Bros.

Of course, just to spoil my day and make me late getting started on my trip, they would have to have a flock of pictures shooting. I guess the most important is—" Garden of the Moon." This marks the return of JIMMIE FDLER (The Hollywood Tatler) to the screen. Eight-five years ago (or thereabouts), come next Michaelmas. Jimmie was acting at Paramount. But no one remembers it except me. Since then he has been the best publicity agent (or public relations counsel, as they're now called) Hollywood has ever known. And following that, he was a magazine writer, then a radio commentator and now he returns to the screen as a full-fledged star. Well, [Continued on page 81]
W. E. MAY as well face it, Hollywood's heroes are being bored from within!

Disturbing as such an assertion may be, it has—let us hasten to explain—nothing to do with ennui. What is even better, it has nothing on us! There is, moreover, no connection with the slight tear of goatee which Charlie McCarthy (knock on wood) is recovering from.

I don't want to alarm you, but the Gable menace, the Taylor threat, the Power peril is none other than our favorite actor with the wild curls and slightly insane antics, Mr. Herbert—and I do mean Hugh!

"Yes," admitted Hugh (pronounced 'woo-woo') Herbert fearlessly when I cornered him during our interview—for this is his Real Untold Story in his very own words—"I was born!" From that time on Mr. Herbert's cells just kept on multiplying, or is it dividing, and what with this and that—and no one more so than Mr. Herbert—today he is a man!

" Couldn't we just play? " he asked, smiling and waving to me genially. "So you're a Warner Brothers' star? Was it you who recently won that beautiful big gold loving cup as New York's favorite comedian?"

"Just a minute, Mister Herbert, " I said. "Take this chair and I'll take yours. We seem to be mixed up here.

"Oh yes indeed, yes indeed," he laughed gaily, clapping his hands. "I certainly am glad to get your viewpoint."

"Do you realize, Mr. Herbert, that millions of fans are literally running out of the theatres during those Big Love Scenes just to answer your thrilling woo-woo?"

"Running out of theatres," he answered with a vaguely troubled look, dicking his tongue, "I'm certainly sorry to hear that. I hope I get paid this week..."

"Obviously we were getting Nowhere and having a wonderful time (wish you were there).

Before Hugh went into pictures, becoming wilder and woozier as the years roll on, he was a vaudeville character actor. He'd write the skits and then star in them—trunkfuls of them—a Scotchman who usually essayed the role of Jewish character comedian because of the perfection of his dialect! In the days of the silent film he became, in a manner of speaking, the Voice of Experience. That is, motion picture experience. Carefully secreted behind a high screen in a small movie house he'd be "doubled" vocally for all the male characters in the film!

It was during his barn-storming days that he teamed up with a stunning and statuesque brunette, who, becoming Mrs. Herbert, has been on the receiving end of his bafflement for over twenty years. They have known bad days and good—reading from left to right. But when it was bad, he recalls, it was simply horrid! So much so that he went into the business of writing. Following the merry circles which the Herbert luck runs, it brought him right back to acting again!

His induction into pictures occurred back in 1926 and he later co-authored "Lights of New York," the first full-length talking picture, which gleamed so brightly that he went right on writing other opuses like Von Stroheim's "The Great Gabbo" and a lot of others. He also became a director.

It was "Danger Lights," for which he had written the comic sequences, that first saw that delightfully racy, will-o'-the-wisp creature on the screen. But, as yet, his trade-marked warble hadn't echoed 'round the world.

"Just what is this 'woo-woo', " I ventured to ask, "the Ignorates mating oo or the battle cry of freedom?"

"It's just sort of an Indian love call, I guess," he explained wistfully, "you see it so happened I was frightened early in my career by a thudding heart director. It all began years ago when Wheeler and Woolsey were making 'The Diplomats' somewhere on location, Louis Calhern and I were in the cast and in that wilderness the days, which doubtless were translated from the Scandinavian, lasted for weeks, or maybe only seemed to. Having nothing to do, and so much space not to do it in, we decided to throw a little party for all the actors and production staff. The next morning that director sent us up into a live oak tree—alive, it was kicking—which left me about 35 or 40 feet from the ground. I grabbed the branch with one hand, my stomach with the other and yelled a few lusty "woo-woo's." Soon thousands of Indians who were rehearsing for the scene started yelling 'woo-woo' back at me until the air was thick with them. Several just hung on. And they've seemed to express everything I've wanted to say since—all the frustration and bafflement which have wrecked my life and given me practically everything a man could ask for."

"Woo-woo to you!" I shouted somewhat giddily, falling into the spirit of the thing.

"Heaven alive," he warned me, "never woo-woo over your right knee or when the stars are crossing against lights, they're apt to get run over."

"Don't tell me you're superstitious," I chided, praying he wouldn't walk under that ladder over there.

"Well," he laughed uncivilly, "outside of a peacock on the curtain, a yellow costume or drop, the playing of 'Home Sweet Home' in a theatre where I'm appearing and the rest, I practically never think about it, which reminds me of the time Rose (Mrs. Herbert) and I were playing one of the circuits.

"We had just finished the first performance of a week's engagement. Feeling pretty happy I walked from the stage into our dressing room whistling. Catching sight of myself in the mirror I got so nervous I yelled back at the reflection, 'For heaven's sake don't whistle in the dressing room!' And no sooner had I said that when a knock was heard at the door.

"It was the manager. 'You're through,' he told me,—'right now! Why,' he exclaimed as he stormed out indignantly, 'the same act
played here only two weeks ago with different performers!

"I did a little private sleuthing and soon discovered another couple had copied our act—which, incidentally, I had written—and were getting into towns ahead of us. Now, although I whistle while I work, I make good and sure it's not in the dressing room!!"

He is, in case you haven't heard tell, His Hizzoner, the Mayor of Studio City, where the Herberts live quietly (!) on their ten-acre farm. The house, a low rambling affair, was designed according to Hugh's own idea of what constitutes a home, the one typical touch being a glassed-in room in the center of which is a fountain and pool where lilies bloom and goldfish flick the water.

He has just completed roles in "Four's a Crowd" and "Gold Diggers in Paris," in the latter playing a Frenchman with what he calls a "demi-tasse" accent.

"Paris was very nice, very nice," he assured me, "except on the voyage over I got a little seasick."

"Why Mister Herbert," I reminded him, "that picture was made right at Burbank, California!"

"Oh was it?" he said, surprised, "well, well, what a coincidence, what a coincidence!"

Recently he returned from his first vacation home in four years, having seen all the Broadway floor shows (he said he found it too hard sitting there and just had to use a chair), gone shopping, broadcast over the networks twice and had a swell time, generally, browsing around in some of his old haunts. It was, however, he is relieved to say, somewhat less exciting than his earlier visit. This time he used lozenges.

The two parts which Mr. Herbert informs the waiting world he definitely will not play (and no wheedling now!) are Rhett Butler and Hamlet. That much, at least, we may be sure of—let Taylor and Gable make the most of it! Actually he frightens easy, for he can't bear to watch himself on the screen. "I always run out on that guy Herbert," he told me, confidentially, "It's a great joke, but don't tell him I told you—a sensitive chap..."

...But the casual mumo-jumbo of Hugh Herbert's delightful insanities, all carefully blueprinted for laughs, is as canny a bit of showmanship as one might ever hope to see. Having written and directed he knows the precise combination of words and action that produce the maximum effect, and, as an actor, he projects his knowledge with timing that is sheer genius. His characters are clear, sympathetic, lovable, completely free of stv innuendo.

"Gold Diggers in Paris." The gang's all here, even though the gangplank is a stairway. Can you find Gloria Dickson, Fritz Feld, Hugh Herbert, Mabel Todd, Allen Jenkins, Rosemary Lane and Rudy Vallee without looking at their passports?

"Far Distance?" "Yep."
"Come closer, I can't hear you."

Scene from "Four's a Crowd."
IN THE early days of the movies one of the most shopworn gags about the film industry was the number of relatives in the business. They used to tell how producers would spread the cost of supporting relatives by putting the not-too-dumb ones on the payroll in the hope that they might manage to do a little something to justify their salaries. Some did and more didn’t, but the phrase, “a relative in the business” hung on.

Today there are still a lot of relatives in the business but most of them are related by marriage—as husband and wife (joke). The odd part, however, is that while many a miser and misus individually perform before the cameras, they seldom act together or even work for the same company. Newlyweds Jeannette MacDonald and Gene Raymond park their makeup kits at rival studios, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell do get their pay envelopes from the same boss, but not for portraying in reel life what they are to each other in real life. It was only after they were divorced that Carole Lombard and William Powell got together on the screen in “My Man Godfrey,” and in “The Gorgeous Hussy.” Franchot Tone played a small part opposite Joan Crawford.

It took 20th Century-Fox to realize the full-size romantic possibilities of casting husband and wife together when they centered the major love interest of “Sally, Irene and Mary” in Alice Faye and Tony Martin. Oddly enough, though Alice and Tony came to the movies from radio, they never have done a broadcast together. It took the screen to unite them at work. For in practically every case the husbands-and-wives who consistently appear together on the screen are couples who were enlisted from the radio ranks where they made their reputation as a twosome. The best known of such twosomes are George Burns and Gracie Allen, Tim and Irene, and Fibber McGee and Molly.

The reason given for not casting more husbands and wives together is “they’re not the type.” Say, maybe the film directors have something there. In radio, however, conditions are just the opposite. Many a married couple who may never get together in front of the same movie camera, can be heard doing their stuff via the same microphone. An official of the National Broadcasting Company says they encourage such teaming up for it helps spread an authentic family atmosphere to those listening in at home.

Most of these husband and wife combinations go in for heckling comedy routines, with the wife receiving the panning. Maybe a psychologist could work out some theory to show that the reason these teams are so successful is that the listener recognizes in the stingers something he himself would like to tell his better half—if he only had the nerve—and maybe the actress- spouse who utters those lines puts a lot of genuine feeling in what he says because it gives him a chance to get a lead off his chest. But that psychologist would be wrong...

On the air, as on the screen, George Burns doesn’t think too highly of Gracie Allen’s mental powers. In a few well-chosen words he usually makes it plain that Gracie and moron are one and the same, except that a moron has sense enough to come in out of the rain. But, coming from the radio and movie studios, George will tell you that there isn’t a cleverer and shrewder woman than his Googie, the object of his aggravation.

“In our old vaudeville days, before we ever thought of radio or movies,” he says, “It was Googie who kept my spirits up when the going was mostly downhill. She pinched pennies here and there so that we would look well and managed to hypnotize the

A RELATIVE IN THE BUSINESS

By Ruth Arell
In The Movies This Always Was A Joke, But Radio Executives And Fans Have Come To Take Relativity Seriously.

Ozzie Nelson hired Harriet Hilliard to vocalize and got her to say "Yes." All's well with the Ozzies. (Below) Fibber McGee and Molly are air scrappers with Molly having the last word.

Leslie Howard and his daughter, Leslie Ruth. (Below—Right) The Straw Twins switch personalities when the mule goes dead—just to make it harder.

agents into giving us better booking schedules. She's the financial giant in our family and could make a good living as an actor's representative, the way she wangles the best terms in a contract.

Thus, while George ridicules his wife's intelligence and has a good time at her expense while they are working, at home he willingly lets her wear the pants of the family, so to speak.

"And those are my sentiments, too," echoes Tim Ryan about his wife and partner, Irene Nobletie. These two have appeared in a number of comedy shorts, confining most of their work to the airwaves where Tim does a neat bit of belittling at Irene's expense. Actually, their happy marriage and subsequent smooth working together rose out of a violent hate at first sight.

When they met, she was leading lady for a stock company and he was its press agent. He thought she stuck up and she took a hearty dislike to the "fresh guy who runs the entire company as well as the publicity." Their battles were famous up and down the country. They did everything but fight with their fists and they might just as well have, for they gave each other furious tongue-lashings. One day they forgot to flare up at each other and discovered they were in love. After their marriage a short time later Tim deserted his typewriter for grease paint and

At last word.
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
A REALLY GRAND MUSICAL THAT PACKS AN EMOTIONAL WALLOPP—20TH CENTURY-FOX

HERE'S one of the finest musical films ever to come out of the Hollywood workshop. The picture is a sort of monument to Irving Berlin who, starting some thirty years ago with the never-to-be-forgotten "Alexander's Ragtime Band," has composed music so distinctive that his songs are a record of three colorful periods in American life.

The story has no bearing on Mr. Berlin's life, but the songs are all his, more than twenty-five in number, and presented for the most part in the order written. What fun it is to hear "Everybody's Doing It," "When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabama," "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "All Alone," "Remember," "Easter Parade" and dozens of others.

The film begins in a San Francisco honky-tonk several years before the War and here we find Tyrone Power, a young aristocrat from Nob Hill, organizing his first band with Don Ameche as his piano player, and Jack Haley with the drums. In their excitement over their first try-out the boys forget their music and the only music available in the cheap dive is a brand new song, fresh from New York, brought there by Alice Faye, a common little singer who has had plenty of hard knocks. The boys grasp the spirit of the new syncopation, Alice sings the lyrics, and Alexander's Ragtime Band is born.

With their new rag numbers the band is a huge success and goes from dive to cafe to the swanky Cliff House in San Francisco where Alice, now remodelled to suit Tyron's and Nob Hill's standards, meets the great producer, Charles Dillingham, and goes with him to New York to become his star. Tyrone, jealous and insanely in love with Alice, disbands the band.

Then comes the war sequence and Tyrone's return from the trenches only to discover that Alice has married Don Ameche, who has become a popular composer. Coaxed by Jack Haley and Ethel Merman, Tyrone organizes another band, with Ethel in Alice's spot, which immediately becomes the most popular band in Europe and America. After heart-break on Alice's part she and Tyrone are finally united on the stage of the famous Carnegie Hall in New York where Alexander's Ragtime Band is giving the first "swing" concert.

Alice Faye and Ethel Merman have never sung better. In the supporting cast are Helen Westley, Jean Hersholt, Paul Hurst and John Carradine in a taxi sequence that is a stand-out. It's a picture you don't want to miss.

THREE BLIND MICE
A SPARKLING, HIGHLY POLISHED 1938 VERSION OF THE CINDERELLA THEME—20TH CENTURY-FOX

THREE beautiful sisters on a Kansas chicken farm receive a small legacy and set forth to gamble it all on one fling among the millionaires.

Loretta Young is the sister selected to marry a rich husband for the benefit of all. One sister is poised as her secretary and one as her maid. Joel McCrea and David Niven are excellent and Stuart Erwin is swell as the gold-digger hating waiter.

Binnie Barnes as Niven's unconventional sister is a superb comedienne. Marjorie Weaver and Pauline Moore are intriguing as the self-effacing sisters.
tending to be rich and socially prominent although she is in truth penniless. (The "Rage" comes in when Danielle finds out that she is the same plot as Lorettas "Three Blind Mice.")

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is the wrong man, of course. Both he and Louis Hayward give good performances and Helen Broderick and Missa Auer provide fine comedy touches.

The French actress is the best box-office bet to hit the screen for sometime.

COWBOY FROM BROOKLYN
Plenty Of Good, Wholesome Entertainment Here—II B

This picture is one that most audiences will like. Lloyd Bacon directed and his touch has lost none of its cunning since "And Street," which started the whole thing.

There is supposed to be a deep vamour in the breasts of all fans for "Westerns," so Warner Brothers put a ten gallon hat on Dick Powell and shoved him off. Dick does all right, too. Not only with the songs, which are natural for him, but he is the sort who can take a role in which he is made a fool of and still wind up with another theatre full of fan friends. We particularly liked the sincere way that Dick sang "Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride."

The plot has to do with a Brooklyn crooner who gets kicked off the freight train in Wyoming. He and his band are heading for Hollywood. However, fast-talking Pat O'Brien is a manager from New York and he signs up the cowboy and takes him back to Broadway, where he "wins em."

Then he is exposed by Dick Foran, who is a real singing cowboy. Priscilla Lane is a pleasant event and Ann Sheridan clicks. James Stephenson does well by the hypnotist who lobs up Dick Powells courage until he conquers all and wins Priscilla as a reward—very delectable!

THE TOY WIFE
Not A Pet Name, But
An Accusation!—MG1

THE days before the Civil War, the life in New Orleans was richly colorful with cavaliers and graces. Ladies Luise Rainer plays the lady lovable and frivolous (based on the old play "Made-moielle Frou Frou") and gives a splendid performance.

She marries a serious minded lawyer, gives him a son and a dicy home (Left) Louis Hayward, Danielle Darrieux, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mischa Auer and Helen Broderick in a scene from "The Rage of Paris." (Below) Johnny Pirrone, Henry Armetta and Lynn Bari in "Speed to Burn."

not do

HOLIDAY
Or One Man's Unique Design for Living—Col.

EIGHT years ago this picture was a smash hit with Ann Harding, Robert Ames and Monroe Owsley (both Robert Ames and Monroe Owsley have since died) playing the leads, and it does look as if history were going to repeat itself, for the 1948 version has all the earmarks of being what we want on our screens these days.

This time it's true what they say about Hepburn: plays Linda and her acting is delightful and shaded with fine feeling throughout. Cary Grant forgets his frothy form of acting for this picture and gives a grand natural performance of Johnny, the young idealist, who had rather have fun than make money.

Doris Nolan is also the younger sister who prefers riches on Fifth Avenue to love in a flat, and Lee Ayres gives a restrained and outstanding portrayal of the continually souseled brother. Completing the cast are such excellent performers as Eddie Everett Horton, Jean Dixon and Henry Kolker.

The futility of riches is the theme of the play and it seems much more timely against the economic and social background today than when previously filmed eight years ago. So don't think for one minute that it's dated. Rows are in order for George Cukor, who has done a grand job of directing.

BLOCKADE
A Romance Told Against the Ten Background of Spain's Civil War—Col.

Dealing with history in the making rather than taking its inspiration from past wars, this dramatic picture reveals the methods and the duplicity of men who make war through propaganda. Without employing a single battlefield spectacle or any of the time worn tricks of most war
"Alexander's Ragtime Band," the song practically everyone remembers, now becomes an historic document. Alice Faye, Don Ameche and Tyrone Power are co-starred.

WIVES UNDER SUSPICION
A Courthouse Drama-U

THE plot brings out the avenging fury of Warren William, the District Attorney. He believes that all murderers should be given the chair and he is making ready to punish Ralph Morgan, who killed his faultless wife. When the D. A. sees how the prisoner came to kill, he realizes that he, too, is very jealous of his wife, Gail Patrick. That's different.

Warren William is excellent, particularly in the scenes of dramatic tension. Gail Patrick makes the neglected wife understandable and Constance Moore and William Lundigan give a creditable performance of the young lovers.

SPEED TO BURN
You Can Gamble Your Money On This—20th Century-Fox

When it comes to hoss-racing, you have to approach the subject with wide-eyed surprise. The location of this particular track is shrouded in doubt and it's just as well or you would soon lose faith in your pet longshot. Henry Armetta comes under the wire with a load of comedy, and it's no photo finish, either.

Do we have to tell you that a stolen race horse is going to be in the big handicap? Yep. Anyhow, the cops who are out to punish the wicked, succeed in getting their money down on the ringer. And then the jockey is kidnapped! Armetta finds the horse in his barn and he takes a hand against the crooks.

Michael Whalen is good, and Lynn Bari and Sidney Blackmer finish in the money.

JOSEtte
Entertainment Of The Light And Breezy Sort—20th Century-Fox

SIMONE SIMON, the pretty French actress who gives gold keys to her box friends, proves herself to be quite a cute little trick in her latest picture. She plays a good little choir girl, way down South in New Orleans, who, by a fluke, is introduced one evening in a night club as the famous chanteuse Josette, a most notorious French gold-digger.

She is mistaken for the cabaret singer by two wealthy young Southern gentlemen, Don Ameche and Bob Young, who think she is after papa's money. They both fall for her and there is much fun and hilarity. Of course it all comes out eventually that she isn't the notorious Josette, that she isn't a gold-digger, and that she isn't in love with papa—she's just a nice girl and to prove it she swims home from a boat ride with Bob.

Don and Bob, as the two brothers, romp through their roles and Bob, a flippant chaser, almost steals the picture. Don is the serious member of the family but he makes his role stand out like a diamond solitaire. William Collier, Sr., plays papa, and Tala Birell is the real Josette. Joan Davis as a man-hunting maid, Bert Lahr as a night club owner, and Paul Hurst as a bumbling playwright, and William Demarest and Ruth Gillette as managers of a fish joint complete the excellent cast. It's light and fluffy and entertaining. Simone sings several songs very charmingly, especially the catchy "May I Drop a Petal in Your Glass of Wine."

WHITE BANNERS
A Picture That Will Give You That Much-Needed "Lift"—WB

CLAUDE RAINS plays an academy professor who seeks to lift his family from the verge of poverty by an invention he has been tinkering with for years. Just as things look bleak and hopeless a strange woman, a house to house peddler, arrives one day and with her philosophy of life she brings hope and happiness to the professor and his family. Fay Bainter gives one of the most wonderful performances ever to be seen on the screen as the stranger who becomes a servant in the professor's household so that she might help them, and also be near her own son, who has adopted, unknown to him, the town's banker. Jackie Cooper is excellent as the boy whose life is straightened out by his unsuspected mother, and his scenes with Bonita Granville are a real high spot.
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ed. They soon found 
keeping such perfect
HOLLYWOOD'S beauty bath makes you sure of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's
ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust
and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis,
Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux
Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin
smooth and fragrant. You'll love this Hollywood way of
insuring daintiness!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
“DANDRUFF ITCH?”

Use This Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Skin specialists generally agree that effective treatment must include (1) regular cleansing of scalp; (2) killing germs that spread infec-
tion; (3) stimulating circulation of the scalp; (4) lubrication of the scalp to prevent dryness.

To Accomplish This Is Easy With the Zonite Antiseptic Treatment

Just add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin . . . Then do this:—

1. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. (This gives hair and scalp an antiseptic cleansing—stimu-
lates scalp—kills all germs at contact.)

2. Lather head with any good soap shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (This cuts oil and grease in hair and scalp—loosens dirt and dandruff scales.)

3. Rinse very thoroughly. (Your head is now clean—your scalp free from scales.)

4. If scalp is dry, massage in any preferred scalp oil. (This relieves dryness.)

RESULTS: By using this simple antiseptic shampoo treatment regularly (twice every week at first) you do what skin specialists say is necessary, if you want to rid yourself of dandruff itch and nasty scalp odors. We believe that if you are faithful, you will be delighted with results.

TRIAL OFFER—For a real trial bottle of Zonite, mailed to you postpaid, send 10¢ to Zonite 816 New Brunswick, U.S.A.

Temperamental City

[Continued from page 31]

who has been playing in films for more than two decades, told me that not since 1929, when photographs people so anxious about the future of the medium. Like most of his colleagues, though, he is confident that Hollywood will rise to the emergency. "For a while, with the production, there was far less going on than there was in the early summer of 1957, but don't think for a moment that the wheels had really stopped, even temporarily.

If you have the idea that Hollywood is check-mated by a run of poor box-office re-
turns, you are mistaken. On the contrary I have never heard a brighter period of activity with more enthusiasm and optimism about the work they were engaged in.

"Sure, we've felt the depression," Darryl Zanuck said to me. We were having lunch in his handsome private dining room on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, with several of his top assistants and directors ranged around the table. "Bad pictures aren't making any money. But good films are making more than they ever did.

Look at the receipts for films right now. What we need most right now is original writing for the screen. We are not going to have so many so-called B films as in the past, per-
haps that's a good thing. But we are going to be defi-
nitely worth seeing."

This is what two great producers say. Now listen to an actor.

"An actor has never had a better chance in the movies than at present. You've got to do something more than just get out in front of the camera. Anyone who wants to do it and has the talent can go as far as he or she desires." It was tall, slow-
spoken Gary Cooper talking, Joan Bennett, who had stopped writing for the screen. "In the conimissary at Warner's, surrounded by stars, writers, musicians and all the other craftsmen who pool their skill on a film. I know a Miss Hillard, who had recently finished "Robin Hood." In his funny, broken English, he summed up the general feeling that you will find in Hollywood:

"The films have been standing still for a while. Now they are going to go ahead again—and how. If a motion picture like "The Life of Emile Zola" can be as good as it is and also be a big box office hit, Hollywood hasn't got anything to worry about. We're going to keep making pictures. I think movie people have plenty of that."

This searching for new values is deadly serious for those people who turn out films. If you have ever been in a movie theater, you have seen the push of the first day and then another in the desire to achieve some objective, you will have a slight notion of how Hollywood is like today. To me, a "visiting fire-
man," it proved vastly exciting. When I talked to Norma Shearer, it was less about her particular part in "Pantane," than about the whole future of the films.

So long as this is true, I don't see how one can feel too worried about that future. Hollywood is the production of vivid personalities and talented artists. I'll wager that they will not only pull the films out of whatever slump affected them, but will go on making more films than one might have imagined possible after the enormous strides that the screen has already made.

Next time be sure to use ZONITE for

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BAD DERMATITIS
CUTS AND WOUNDS
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ZONITE is 9.3 Times More Active than any other popular, non-paonous antiseptic—by standard laboratory tests.
Easy Didn't Do It

[Continued from page 31]

She probably didn't even know what Four Hundred meant. But both girls did look lovely—Sandra tanned and aristocratic; Vicki fair and glamorous. Vicki caught me studying her and she gave me a smile, one that said—"someone thinks you're a heel, and I am she!"

Sitting next to Sandra, Ben Powers seemed to be taking things quite well. He was big (bigger even than I had thought)—a baldish man with a tanned, young-looking face and cold pale-blue eyes. I had heard he was something of a screw-ball—that is, he was always up to some silly kind of nonsense. A prankster, I didn't like him. You can have all people who have a passion for practical jokes.

Ignoring Vicki and me, Sandra and Powers continued their conversation, which consisted of their agreeing on the merits of writers like George Moore and Proust, and sneering at the current hard-boiled school. This was something of a joke, because Powers had made his reputation by doing imitations of Ernest Hemingway. I saw that he had sized up Sandra and was trying to be very high-brow for her benefit, and that she was falling for it, and he was falling for her falling for it. I looked at Vicki in disgust. She gave me the same little smile over again.

"Having a good time, dear?" I said.

"Actors are a despicable breed." She yawned slightly.

"That's right, dear. Where did you read that?"

"What's it to you?"

"I didn't know you could read, dear."

"I have a good notion to sock you right on that beautiful nose of yours." She glared through her beautiful, long dark lashes.

"Let's not get sentimental, dear."

Just then Jake Knott come up with a photographer. "Hold it," he said. Vicki and I both smiled fixedly and the photographer shot off about six flash bulbs, nearly blinding us completely.

Jake scowled and left. Sandra and Powers exchanged glances clearly indicating that they thought the proceedings extremely vulgar.

"Do you think our public will like the pictures, dear?" I said to Vicki.

"Not if you're in them—darling." After the entertainment was over we ordered some food. Sandra dabbled at a salad, while Vicki wholeheartedly attacked a steak.

It was very easy to see that Sandra couldn't forgive Vicki for being natural, colorful, talented, and a bit hard-boiled. And Vicki couldn't excuse Sandra for being rich, snobby, and a little cold-blooded. Sandra did have a self-assured intelligence that was easy to misinterpret; and Vicki's impulsiveness and ambition were sometimes

AW, MOM... I ONLY TOLD HIM
HE HAS BAD BREATH!

Mr. Reed Takes Jimmie's Tip

Tests show that most bad breath comes from decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth that aren't cleaned properly. I recommend Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits, and that's why...

Colgate Dental Cream Combats Bad Breath

Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!

Colgate Dental Cream

Later—Thanks to Colgate's

Boy! This glove'll knock the team's eyes out, Mr. Reed! I'm sure glad you're going to be my uncle!

No Bad Breath Behind His Sparkling Smile!

...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!

Colgate Dental Cream

Large Size 20c

Small Size 15c

SILVER SCREEN 69
mistaken for gymn-like temperament.

I caught Powers staring at me over his drink. He didn't seem very friendly. "Sorry to exclude you two from the conversation," he said sarcastically, meaning Vicki and me, "but sometimes one gets bored talking shop all the time."

"Doesn't one?" I said. Sandra gave me a look of annoyance.

"Yes," he went on, "I find that Sandra here, and I, have a great deal in common."

"Funny," I said. "I wouldn't have suspected it."

Vicki suppressed a snicker. Sandra leaned forward defensively. "I'm glad to know there are some intelligent people in Hollywood, Alan."

"I'm surprised, Powers," I said, "that anyone so highbrow would think of working in Hollywood."

He flushed. "Of course Hollywood is an interesting study."

"It wouldn't be the money, would it?"

"I hate Hollywood—and especially the people."

I turned to Vicki. "That wouldn't be anything personal, would it, dear?"

Sandra was watching us coldly. I didn't care. I didn't see why people should look down on Hollywood.

Vicki said: "Ben is inclined to be highbrow with women—especially if he thinks they're in the upper brackets."

"Ouch!" Ben and Vicki glared at each other. She wasn't appreciating his act with Sandra either. Sandra's nose went an inch higher. And so things went, back and forth, until I began to feel as though I were sitting on top of a volcano.

At about the fifth exchange of insults Sandra rose. "Would you mind seeing me home, Mr. Powers, and then we can let our synthetic lovebirds bicker in peace."

He got up and the two of them, without another word, departed.

"What's got into them?" I asked lankily.

"I don't know—dear." Vicki said acidly.

"It couldn't have been on account of you, could it?"

"You were great tonight, pales," Jake said, coming up. He consulted a notebook. "Tuesday night you'll have dinner together at the Beverly Derby, and then go to the premiere of Souls in Summer at the Chinese."

And so it went. Premiers, dinners, luncheons, suppers: The Famous Door, Lamerée's, Victor Hugh's, Chasen's, The Tropics, and I can't remember how many more. And in the meanwhile things were pretty dicey between me and Sandra, and I suspected a similar condition with Vicki and Ben. I was worried sick.

"Why aren't you the way you were in Hawaii?" I asked Sandra one night as we drove across the bridge to Pasadena.

"Why, what do you mean?"

But she knew what I meant all right. In Hawaii, where we had met the summer before, everything had been moonlight and music and romance.

"You know what I mean. Under that Honolulu moon things were different than they are now. Now, when we play golf and tennis or go horseback riding, it's almost as if you didn't quite approve of me."

"Don't be silly, Alan."

"You're cool to me. I can't understand it," Sandra turned her head away and didn't answer.

"I can't help it, Sandra. About this silly box-office romance. You wouldn't want me to get fired, would you?"

We drove the rest of the way home in silence. Once in awhile I glanced at her lovely profile, and I kept wishing we were back at Waikiki.

About a week later Vicki and I were lunching at the Vine Street Derby. As usual Jake was there with a photographer. After that ritual was finished we were in peace—and in silence.

Over coffee and cigarettes Vicki said, "Do you really expect to marry that little snob from Pasadena?"

"If, by any chance, you're talking about Sandra—of course." I said.

"I pity your kiddies. A hare-brained actor for an old man; and a lah-de-dah—she pretended to look at me through a lorgnette—"debut-tramp for a nana. I ask you, what chance are the little ones going to have?"

"Rave on, Snooks," I said. "By the way, I never set any little playmate Ben Powers around anymore. Did he take a powder?"

"What's it to you?"

"Nothing, dear." I allowed my eyes to wander about the Derby. Everyone was smiling hopefully at everyone else. At the last booth I was brought up with a joke.

"Don't look now, dear," I said, "but there's Benny now."

Vicki turned quickly. "Well, I'll be... " Steady, Snooks."

Then we stared at each other. The girl with Ben Powers was Sandra.

"That's fine," Vicki snorted. "That's lovely. That's ducky. Here we sit getting a lot of cheap publicity, and your girlfriend up and swoops my man, says, 'I'll teach that ruddy powderpuff to go around stealing things from me. Who does she think she is, anyway?"

"It wasn't revenge," I said. "I could have willingly traded her at that moment for a brouser." Vicki's eyes smoldered. "You did this," she swung out contemptuously. "I delib-

erately schemed with that girl to bust up things between Benny and me."

"You're sneaky. Why should I do that?"

"How should I know? Why do you do any of the ridiculous things you do?"

"It's the dreamer in me, dear."

"Well, don't sit there, Do something," I added. "I called the waiter, and ordered a drink. "There, how's that?"

She scowled.

Rita Johnson made a beach selection that is very smart. It is a coolie outfit in wine, white and green.
"That isn't pretty, dear."
"I despise you—you..."
"That makes it mutual."
"Wait till I see that Jake Krall—I'll wring his neck."

I nodded and glanced toward the corner booth. It was empty. "The birds have flown," I muttered. I stood up and then sat down again.

"And I suppose that isn't your fault."
"This is no time for harsh words."

Jake Krall came up out of breath. "Hello, kiddies," he said. "I've got some bad news for you."

"You're always bad news," I said.
"This isn't my fault, so help me, pal."
"Well, what is it?"
"You won't hold it against me, will you?"

"Jake Krall stop being so stupid," Vicki said impatiently. "What is it?"

He pulled a copy of the Hollywood Reporter from his pocket and held it up for me, perusing a paragraph. I stared at the paper and my mouth fell open. Out loud I read. "What prominent writer is marrying what Pasadena society girl in Santa Barbara this afternoon?"

Vicki got white, and I knew I did too.

"It must be two other people," I said weakly. "Benny and Sandra were just in here."

"Sure they were, Jake," Vicki said. "Both of them. Right over there in the corner."

"Yeah, I know, kiddies. But if it ain't them, why did I just hear Benny tell someone he was on his way to Santa Barbara?"

"Quick," I said, "we've got to stop them."

A few minutes later we were in my car streaking out Sunset toward the coast highway. We had left Jake behind, to pay the check.

Sunset winds all around and it was pretty difficult to make much speed. Vicki fretted beside me, calling me a variety of names. I had to give her credit, she could certainly think up names. She took off her hat and her blonde hair was whipped back by the wind. The top was down and sunlight made her hair gleam. When I glanced at her she gave me vicious looks with her smoky-blue eyes.

"Don't worry," I said. "We'll catch them."

I still couldn't believe it was true. I thought we'd get to Santa Barbara and find out the whole thing was a joke. But there kept arising, annoyingly, the sneaking suspicion that maybe it was true.

We turned to the right at the coast highway. The sun was shimmering on the surface of the blue Pacific. Vicki was nervous as a cat. When I wasn't feeling sorry for myself, I felt sorry for her. But I knew she felt little sympathy for me. She thought it was all my fault. Maybe it was.

Maybe I should have acted different that first night at the Troc.

We went past Malibu so fast that it was just a blur. Then the road began to wind, and we had to go slower. We passed car after car, but no sign of Sandra and Ben. As we finally came into Santa Barbara I began to wonder where to go first. "Where do you suppose we'll find them?"

"Well, they won't be at the movies stupid," Vicki retorted.

I suddenly had an idea. I saw a cop and stopped and asked him where we could get married. He pointed to a church a block or so away and said that he reckoned that was a good place as somebody was being married there right then.

As we turned the corner I saw four people coming out of the rectory. Two were throwing rice. The other two were Ben and Sandra. I jammed on the brakes. What was the use of having a lot of names? Vicki and I sat there, dejected, deflated and completely demolished.

"Fine thing," I muttered.
"That double-crossing, back-biting little..."
Vicki laughed uncontrollably. "It wasn't my fault. It just upset. It was funny.

"You have a depraved sense of humor," she said.

"You have in some mind—to let little things disturb you."

Mr. Cameron was standing in front of us, hands on his hips. "Children, children, cut out the bickering. That was just an unfortunate accident."

"Accident nothing. She upset it on purpose."

"Why, I did not."

"She snagged my hand."

"Ouch!" I grabbed her and turned her over. She knew I was intervening, seized me roughly and threw me off the chair. Vicki fell on top of me, screaming. "You stay out of this! Cameron looked at her; she was shouting at him.

Jake Krall had rushed over and was helping us to our feet.

"You see, Mr. Cameron," I explained, struggling to rise, "Vicki and I were married yesterday."

Vicki threw her arms around my neck. "Dad! I hurt you."

"No," I said, "but we better get some water, I think Jake and Mr. Cameron are going to be ill.

Protection of Norma Shearer

[Continued from page 21]

mouth's time. One day, considerably ticked by his consistent failure to be impressed with her, Norma blurted, "Mr. Thalberg, I want you to know that I didn't have to accept your offer in the first place. There were two others before I accepted yours."

"You had a contract from Universal, I believe," he said, putting his hand over his face to hide a smile.

Norma nodded in surprise.

"And another from Hal Roach," he continued.

"That's right," said Norma in complete amazement. "How did you know?"

"I know because I sent both those offers," said Irving Thalberg, "As well as the third."

From that time on Norma abandoned the idea of "putting on airs." Her one determination from then on was to improve herself truly. She could act, and her screen ability was gradually promoted to the ranks of stardom.

It was three years after her first arrival in Hollywood before Irving Thalberg, the general production manager of the studio, showed the slightest personal interest in her. Out of a blue sky one day, as she was resting in her dressing room before returning to the set, the phone rang and Mr. Thalberg's secretary asked if Miss Shearer would care to accompany Mr. Thalberg to the premiere of a new Chaplin picture. Miss Shearer was delighted. A year later they were married and moved to the Santa Monica area, where Norma still lives—and where Irving Thalberg died, two years ago, mourned heart-breakingly by his widow, her two small children, his many friends, and the entire film industry.

The year before his death Norma Shearer said in an interview, "I think of no more delightful experience than having a love story and a career all mixed up together. And I will never cease to be grateful for the fact that the first man who ever noticed me was such a strong, cool, and direct man who would make a good wife as well."
think winning isn't a job, and if you think it isn't something to be proud of, you should go through the city-wide contest, the state-wide semi-finals and finals, and then go into the national competition.

That's one of the troubles which grows out of being a contest winner. A lot of people cheer you—and you figure they can't be wrong. Certainly, you're destined to go to fame. Let me digress a minute to mention Dorothy Lamour, "Miss New Orleans" before I was, and Dorothy Dell, who tragically died when being featured in Paramount pictures after she'd become "Miss Universe."

Dorothy Lamour, quite the same sweet, unaffected girl I knew, never profited from her beauty—as beauty! After winning her title and making a vaudeville tour, she found that beauty didn't mean anything to Hollywood, and was forced to work in a department store in Chicago as an elevator operator.

Subsequently she became a singer with Herb Kay's orchestra.

Her voice—not her beauty—got her the contract.

Dorothy Dell had genuine dramatic ability—which was far more valuable to her than her beauty!

That's always the story.

But, in my case—I believed I had talent. Others did, too. When I returned to New Orleans with my new title, I started getting $50 an appearance and a song or two where I'd gotten only half that much before. I was in demand to sing on the radio and at night clubs. I went as far from home as Pensacola, Florida, and I appeared at the Blue Room at the Roosevelt, the Club Forest, and the Chez Paris in New Orleans, averaging $100 a week.

Ben Piazza, a Paramount talent scout, heard me sing over station WWL at New Orleans. Here, again, it was ability rather than beauty which attracted his attention—because he couldn't see me. Later, he did see me, and I was given the regulation $50 per week studio contract.

On January 5, 1936—two years and a half ago—I arrived in Hollywood with my brother. I had come to stay.

What a thrill to walk out onto the Paramount lot! I saw George Raft, who later gave me a lot of good advice about how to act and how to conduct myself in Hollywood.

"Kid," George would say, "save your money. Don't waste it. You may need it. Hollywood's tough."

And Ray Milland, who told me: "Watch the other players and watch the screen. You'll catch on quickly that way."

Edward Arnold and Donald Meek are cast in "You Can't Take It With You."

The photograph of themselves is a terrible shock to their sensitive souls.

Lovely Patricia Ellis protects the freshness that first won her a successful screen test. She's 5 feet 3, weighs 110. She 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, gleamed 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. In a star or a cigarette, freshness gives you an extra thrill that no other quality provides!

Old Gold spends a fortune to bring you the flavor-thrill of prize crop tobaccos at the peak of appealing freshness; each pack protected against dampness, dryness, dust, by two jackets 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 real freshness means—in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

Tune in on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-oscopes, Tuesday and Thursday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.
My first job was going to dramatic classes under Phyllis Loughnane. That lasted a month and a half. There was a bunch of young hopefuls in that class. I was not one of them, but I will say that none has reached stardom. Any place near it.

Of a group of ten standard contract players, one is confined today to a sanitarium to slowly recover from an illness, two have married and have left pictures, two are not married, one is engaged to a bit player, there are out of work, and one has gone to the Orient. It is safe to say that the "stock players" have little chance. Not one out of twenty makes a success in pictures—after being placed under contract.

Of course, I thought I was set! I spoke of the youngsters coming in with high confidence, with pride. Add dreams to that.

I saw the whole Paramount roster—Crosby, Lombard, and Colbert, and Beery, and many others—and had my dreams of being what they were and where they were.

My first job was in "Florida Special." And I was thrilled! I had a part of a bride. The groom and I were in a tram. Not only the groom, but Jack Oakie, Sally Eilers, Kent Taylor and Frances Drake. I was right up in the big time, all set to dazzle the director, Ralph Murphy.

The groom called to me.

I stuck my head out of the berth.

"Yes, dear!" I replied.

"They're showing motion pictures in the observation car," he said.

"You go. Good night!" I retorted.

That was that. I didn't get one of those Oskars, as they call the Academy awards, for my acting. Nobody paid any attention, including the director. I began to look around, found that I was just one of a lot of hopefuls, and started asking questions. I was one of the 96 crop. Where were the 95's? Oh—-they just weren't around any more. I asked more questions. Yes, about a hundred contract players—stock company classification—were signed by the studios every year, some of them made good. Who? Oh—-let's see—

Joel McCrea had been a stock player at R.K.O. Jean Harlow had been, too, John Howard, Cecilia Parker, Phyllis Brooks, Betty Davis, Janet Gaynor, at Universal. June Lang, Bette Davis. One or two others. I counted back. Twenty years at the rate of one hundred a year meant that two thousand youngsters had been under contract, where on earth had they gone?

Nobody seemed to know...

"Any beauty contest winners?" I asked. It is noted that beauty contest winners had done better in the silent days, when dramatic acting didn't count. No lines to read. Lois Wilson started then, and Mary Astor. But others who had come out full of aspirations hadn't lasted.

Of all the girls who have gotten on to stock contract lists and who have been beauty winners, only one that I can find is coming along today. That's the erstwhile Terry Ray, who has dropped her name, her reputation as a beauty winner, and is now a real actress. She's Ellen Drew, had a lead in "Sing You Sinners," with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray, and will be in "If I Were King," with Ronald Colman. After being a beauty winner, she struggled all the way, worked in five-and-tens, did everything—before she finally made stock. Then nobody paid any attention to her for two years.

But, you say, "sometimes the movie studios themselves have contests, and there's a sure chance—"

That's what you think. Paramount sought a Panther Woman several years ago, and hundreds of thousands of entries were received. No one has heard of them since. But, you say, "There is Search for Beauty." Thirty-two players were signed only a few years ago. Ann Sheridan, now under contract to Warner Brothers, and going places, is the only one who survived that group, as far as I know.

But to go on with my story, I continued to get parts. Each one meant less to me because I didn't seem to progress. I remember the day B—-H—-one of the girls, came running to me with tears of happiness in her eyes.

"Director H—-is going to give me second lead in his next picture!" she exclaimed "Isn't it wonderful!"

It was, until special tests were made and it was found she didn't photograph well for the part. She drifted away when opportunity came up. I've not seen her since.

I worked in "Sk Paradise," in "Thirteen Hours By Air" with Fred MacMurray and Jean Bennett, in "Too Many Parents" in College Holiday," "Swing High, Swing Low," with Fred MacMurray and Carole-

The Ritz Brothers are either exercising the three ponies—Juliet, Desdemona and Cleopatra—or the ponies are exercising Al, Harry and Jimmy.
Lombard and Dorothy Lamour. Each time I went to the previews, always expecting to see my name on the cast sheet. My importance, or sense of it, soon faded. My name wasn't even on the screen!

Now, remember, I had been playing the game cannily. I hadn't come to Hollywood until I'd had a contract, which put me ahead of thousands of youngsters who have haunted the casting offices and Central Casting Bureau—those pretty kids, some of them. I'm sure, prettier than I am, who never had gotten a break. Not only that, but I'd entered the forbidden portals. To my friends in New Orleans I was a success and it was just a matter of time until...

But until never came.

I passed one option. That experience is terrible. For a month or so, when the studio has the right to pick up your option, nobody tells you whether you are out or in. Sometimes you find out good news—more often bad.

Then came the second one.

Jack Votion sent for me.

"It's my job," he said, in a very kindly way, "to tell you that—well, that you aren't with us any more."

I had dreaded this moment. Like a hundred other girls I staged a fine display of hysterics.

"Listen, Jack!" I finally pleaded, "I don't care about money. I don't care about being on the payroll. I just want to act. I can sing. I can learn to dance. I'm studying dramatics. I'm sure I can make good—"

I know now, that Jack had had this most painful job many times before. This was no news to him. And, in the face of his discomfort, he was very kind.

"I'm sorry, Louise," he said, "I'd like to do that. I'll try to see that you're used on other pictures. Or I might even send you over to LeRoy Prinz, and get you a job as a dancer.""

"I don't want to dance," I said. I knew about that already. Once you were a dancer, you were a dancer, and that was that. Not any chance to go places. "I haven't had a chance. I haven't had a break. If you would only let me show you what I can do—"

He looked at me for quite a while.

"There are thousands of youngsters who say that. They say it on street corners and in bars and every place else," he told me. I realized, suddenly, that he was right. My ambitions were all right, but I was merely telling him something he'd heard too many times before.

I left Paramount with an ache in my heart. I left, not with the feeling that I'd been mistreated, but that fate just hadn't been right to me. I love Paramount today. It's an awful lot of fun, going on the lot, saving hello to people, having them say hello to me stopping for a moment to recall those glorious days of a couple of years ago.

Here I was, in Hollywood, a beauty without even a contract.

There was a long time when I didn't have any work. I had dropped everything—and found a few jobs after a while. But in those months, I was glad of two things. The first was that I had brought my brother with me—he was employed as a salesman—and the second was that I had saved my money. Few girls do this. The result is that they haven't even a car fare home and, if their parents can't send it, they're stuck here—for better or for worse, and usually worse. I pride myself on the fact that while I've been in Hollywood I've bought everything I needed, few things I haven't needed, and that I've never had to ask my father for a cent.

Finally, I got a break or two. I played leading roles in independent pictures, opposite Phillip Reed, Fred Scott, and Bob Allen. I guess if any beginning girl got a break like that, she'd be thrilled to death.

SMILE, AZTEC PRINCESS!

This Aztec princess had a beautiful smile—her teeth were kept well-exercised, polished and healthy by tough, chewy foods. Modern soft foods give our teeth too little healthful exercise.

DENTYNE — MODERN AID TO SOUND WHITE TEETH

Dentyne's specially firm consistency gives your teeth and gums the exercise they need. It stimulates healthful circulation of the blood in gums and mouth tissues. It also helps keep your mouth clean and refreshed—your teeth sound and sparkling.

ITS FLAVOR IS DISTINCTIVE!

Because of its spicy, unusual flavor, Dentyne is a popular favorite all over the country. Notice the smartly flat shape of the package (it is an attractive feature exclusive with Dentyne)—and so conveniently carried in pocket or purse.
For "Shopworn Angel," in which she is cast with James Stewart and Walter Pidgeon, lovely Margaret Sullivan is being fixed up by her hairdresser and a wardrobe assistant.

Adventures on Location (Continued from page 29)
Guarding Their Pots of Gold

(Continued from page 25)

every week and out of it she hands $800 to her father to put in life insurance and real estate in her name. And, knowing her father, she knows that he carefully puts every cent of that sum away for her.

"I'd trust Dad and Mother with every penny I have in the world," says Deanna. "And no one could ask for two better financial managers."

Mrs. Bigelow, the mother of Jackie Cooper, has always been a hard-working, sensible type of woman. Even when Jackie was a little fellow just starting out—before he was making any large sums of money—she carefully deposited at least something of his earnings in the bank. Later, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "discovered" him, there was just that much more to deposit in his name. Today, Mrs. Bigelow puts 50 per cent of his weekly pay check into a trust fund for him alone. Their house, car, furniture—indeed, everything, is all in his name.

Shirley Temple's father, being an executive of note, knows just how to protect his beautiful little daughter's money in the best possible manner.

"My husband and I have always been so sensitive about this question of money that we have practically bent over backwards," says Mrs. Temple. "Shirley's daddy carefully invests most of her money in trusts, annuities and government bonds. He will eventually get every cent of her money. We ourselves, can't touch it. Moreover, we have fixed it up so that even Shirley won't be able to get it all at one time in a huge lump sum. She will, instead, receive payments at the age of 20, 30, 40 and 50. In a way, too, this will serve to guard against anyone marrying her for her money. But, there's no danger of Shirley ever wanting for money—she is extremely well taken care of—for any rainy day in the future!"

With her own insurances, plus what the studio has on her, Shirley is undoubtedly the most insured person in Hollywood these days. This small stream-lined blonde is so valuable to 20th Century-Fox that they have life insurance totalling $20,000,000 on her. It's divided between four companies and it makes little "Shir" one of the most expensive young ladies that ever lived.

Despite her great wealth, Shirley is still on an allowance of $8.25 a week and here's the way she usually accounts for it: "Candy—$1.50; Toy bank in dressing room—1.50; Fruit—50¢; New Games and Toys (usually from the 5-and-ten stores)—75¢; Church—50¢; Treating friends—50¢; Sodas—20¢; Soda Pop—15¢."

Janet Quigley's folks put most of her screen money in the bank in her name.

Virginia Weidler's mother does likewise.

Virginia is another one of your absolutely unspoiled youngsters. She gets one dollar a week spending money and earns part of it by daily watering the lawn and garden for her folks. Virginia told me, "Spending money is fun, I think, but climbing trees is even more so! I like to earn money 'cause once in a while I see a darling party dress or something that takes my fancy."

What's happening to movie kids' money?

Well, you can see that in the past, at least some of it's been saved and used to good advantage by the ones who earned it. And today, more than ever, in practically nine cases out of ten, the salary of each little movie starlet is carefully guarded.

Hollywood, never anxious for publicity of the poorer sort, wants no more Coogan or Minter cases! And what's more, few indeed, believe that she will have them.

---

The Word That Carol Never Hears Is..."DARLING"

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

She meets nice men—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 easy to talk to! And she thinks she's careful about her person. After all, doesn't she bathe every day?

Foolish Carol—to trust a bath alone to keep her sweet. For underarms must have special care. Underarms need Mum. A bath only takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents odor to come. With Mum you never risk offending those you want for friends.

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

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

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum banishes every trace of odor for a full day or evening. To be a girl means 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?

Use Mum this way, too!

Avoid worry and embarrassment by using Mum on sanitary napkins. It's gentle, safe, sure.

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration

Silver Screen
See Hollywood at Small Cost

[Continued from page 27]

will list Hollywood rooms, apartments and bungalows for rent and the Hollywood Citizen-News, Hollywood's only daily news-

coper, the only newspaper they will be glad to give you. Ask them to check centrally-located places and then you set out to familiarize yourself with Hollywood streets, and find your lodgings.

If there are two or more of you I would suggest renting a bungalow or apartment. For example, you will find a typical Hollywood bungalow counts; a double row of gayly painted doll-size houses, all very close together, the two rows facing each other. These usually include a living-room, kitchen, bath and dressing room, wall bed if it is a single apartment, and bedroom if it is a double. Rents range from about $5 to $7, a month, depending on furnishings and location. Lights and gas are often paid for by the owner, but if not, you can pay for these during the summer months.

If you are alone (but DO try and persuade a friend to join you, it doubles your fun!) you may find an apartment rather too much for you. A double room in a hotel is much more economical, and you and your host family would be your best solution. If you are

are centrally-located around Hollywood Boulevard and Vine street you can be sure you are living in the heart of things. You will find

Columbia, Paramount and RKO studios within a mile's distance. The American Legion Hall where the stars attend the fights, is even closer. Now who could ask for more?

Hollywood's famous theaters are along the boulevard and trouble will be found in finding them for you'll be a daily stroller along the boulevard if you are at all Holly-

wood-wise. You can't help but see stars if you parade fairly fast and direct (I just leaned on my typewriter for a coke at the drug store on Hollywood and Vine and bumped into John Blondell coming out of a shop heard Jack Oakie discussing the fights and saw George Raft whistle by in his shiny black car. All for the price of a coke!)

Watch the billboards for new ads, new triumphs, the first announcements of previews. The night of a preview, the theatre will unfurl a banner announcing preview night and you can have the fun of attending a feature and eagerly await-

ing the new picture to be shown after the regular feature. It is something like a grab bag. You never know what you're going to get, but you don't know just what you are going to see. At the previews you will often spot

the stars, on hand to see what their fellow players are like in this picture. Expect to pay around seventy-five cents on preview night. Other nights, fifty-five cents at first-run houses. There are a great many smaller theaters on the boulevard where you can see second-run pictures for from twenty to forty cents.

Friday night is fight night in Hollywood and you simply mustn't miss it. That is, if you want to see stars. The American Legion stadium is right off Hollywood Boulevard on the west side of the black hat circle of Vine. Put on comfortable shoes, grab your autograph book if you are an autograph hound, and be at the stadium by 6:30 o'clock. Of course the fights don't begin until 8:30 but the crowd of fans awaiting the arrival of the stars is always large, and if you are among those at the very front of the crowd, you will need an early start.

Either side of the entrance is roped off and if you can't types you've seen before for the evening, for the stars must pass

within arm's reach. I have seen practically every big star in Hollywood at these popular fights and most of them are friendly

and obliging to most autograph seekers.

Mac West never misses a bout. Neither does George Raft, and Pat O'Brien, Frank McHugh, Gary Cooper, Lup and Johnny Weismuller, Bing Crosby, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are just a few among the regular fight fans. In any other place in Hollywood you can see so many stars all at one time. And it costs only a few cents. Of course if you are a fight yarn right on, you will want to be in the box-office window and help the Legion boys along by buying a ticket. You'll have to be there by 3:30 if you want to still attend the match. And there is always the thrilling expectancy of being seated next to Clark Gable or Wayne Mor-

ions. Many of Hollywood's big lights are out at 10:30 when they again have a chance of catching a glimpse of their idols, and for Hollywood social life, that is, night life. Of course, from a faithful follower of your movie magazines, you are familiar with the Trocadero, Sadie's, the Roosevelt, Cinegrill and various other famous night spots in filmland. You want to know, though, just what to wear to each place and what the approximate cost of an even-

ging's entertainment is.

The Trocadero is swanky, no doubt, and you girls can get out your lovely new evening dress if you have planned an evening at the troc. You can, but you want one evening of swank and splendor among the film great, and you will glad. Your escort can figure about an eight dollar bill for each girl, but you forget to tip generously. Remember you are mingling with the thousand dollar a week crowd.

For good food and a glimpse of the stars, don't pass up the Brown Derby, just below Hollywood Boulevard on Vine, and Sadie's at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. For a pleasant evening of nightlife, clubbing drop into some of the many fascinating little night spots dotting the broadcasting and entertainment district. Night clubs appear and disappear so quickly in Hollywood that if I were to list several of my favorites for you today, you might arrive in a couple of months to find most of them gone.

Within the past year there has developed a theatre for the esthetic minded. Practically every big radio program emanating from Hollywood features a movie player as its star or uses the film-famous as guest stars. If such a program is one of your house words of seeing your favorite in person, and in action. Block-long lines of fans are seen trying to get seats at CBS' television theatre on Hollywood Boulevard (where the Lux program is broadcast each Monday); the NBC studios near the RKO studios (where Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche and scores of other stars broadcast); and the Vine street Playhouse, just off Hollywood Boulevard (the stage for the Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner and Hollywood Hotel shows, among others). Represented are radio fans, movie fans, autograph seekers, radio watching people. Youngsters station themselves at all four corners, a block from the radio station, stopping each passerby with the same ques-

tion: "Do you go to Hollywood radio-

casts?" Hollywood isn't just movie-mad, it's radio-mad, too!

The National Broadcasting Company says that the time when many people want to attend, are, quite naturally, the ones everyone else wants to see too, and therefore the demand for them is greater. The prices are very heavy. They suggest that you write the sponsor of whatever program you wish to see, or the advertising agency handling that shows, for passes to the shows months before you plan on arriving in Hollywood. Tell them exactly what dates of the month you will be in Hollywood so that tickets can be mailed you for a per-
formance to be held during your visit. If you wish, you may address the sponsor in care of the NBC studios and your request will be forwarded to the proper office level.

The Columbia Broadcasting Company will cooperate with you to the fullest extent in making arrangements for you to attend a broadcast.

Bring light clothes for summer, of course, but don't forget a warm coat. California nights are cool. You can leave your umbrella at home, however. We don't have summer rains. Dark sun glasses are almost a necessity. The California sun is brilliant and you will need the glasses. Better buy them before you leave home, as they are practically indispensable on your trip out here, too.

If you have plenty of time and are debating whether to drive or come by train, I would suggest driving. The railroads are offering marvelous rates and are providing the most comfortable and reasonable travel accommodations ever known, but you can see so much more of lovely Southern California if you have a car to transport you around. I do advise you bringing a car. However, if your vacation is of but two weeks' duration, come by train. You will save extra days that would otherwise be spent on the way.

Street car accommodations are splendid in Los Angeles and you can hop on a red car in Hollywood and ride to the beach and to the nearly cities all for about forty cents. If the budget permits you can rent a car and explore Hollywood yourself. The telephone directory lists all the studios for you and you can drive past them and catch glimpses of sets through the high walls.

It is practically impossible to get into a studio. A studio policeman guards the gate rigorously and even the stars must show their passes when arriving for work! But don't be down-hearted. Here is one little secret that may prove helpful.

Go to your leading motion picture theatre and explain to the manager that your life's ambition is to see the inside of a studio. Ask him to write a nice letter on his letterhead, requesting the film company, from which he buys the majority of his pictures to admit you. You may be a customer of the studio and sometimes such a letter is graciously received and someone from the studio escorts you around the lot. This is NOT an infallible rule, however, and I don't want you to feel that because you are carrying such a letter, you can roam the grounds of any big studio. You MAY be allowed to follow a guide around the lot; possibly see a scene filmed, but on the other hand, your request may be refused. I merely mention this as a possible hope.

If you know someone employed in a studio, get in touch with him and ask if it would be possible for you to visit the studio. The situation isn't quite so dismal as some writers would have you believe. I am no Pollyanna, but I do believe if you show some ingenuity you can get a peek inside one studio, at least. And I don't mean by resorting to climbing fences. One glance at the sturdy walls surrounding every studio will convince you of that impossibility.

Approach the smaller independent studios in Hollywood. Your chances of being admitted may be a trifle better, for the reason that the lesser-known studios are not as bothered with sight-seers as the more famous ones. Best of luck to you in this venture. You have a real thrill in store for you when you first step foot on the lot.

Remember! You don't need a mint of money to spend your vacation in Hollywood. Fruits and vegetables abound in colorful display at the fascinating Hollywood outdoor markets—and they are so very cheap. You will want to live on fruits and vegetables when you first arrive. You

There's a knitted witchery in B. V. D.'s "String Bean" maillot. Just a slender length of accordion rib knit in your hand—but a sleek and silhouetteing suit when worn. Perfectly cut in every size, it clings with a willowy, "poured-in" look that modern mermaids adore. Cable-halter and belt in rainbow colors. $5.95.

For a more beautiful YOU

...we designed these B. V. D. beauty-line Swim Suits!

- That flash of slim grace is you—that beauty line is yours—in one of these B. V. D. Swim Suits. For B. V. D.'s superbly fitting fabrics and alluring fashions make every girl a goddess in her swim suit.

B. V. D.'s "Crew's Nest" skirted suit (right) fits like a dream. It gives you the triumphs of B. V. D. design as the new "Crosstride" stitch, self-adjusting elastic uplift and extra seat-fullness. The heart-shaped bra is smoothly lined (all B. V. D. skirted models feature bust-lining—maillots are fully lined). $5.95.

"Egyptian" (below) — gay hieroglyphics leave their imprint of beauty on this shimmering "Sea Satin by B. V. D." Lovelier than ever in texture, and in colors that defy fading in sun or salt water. Designed with B. V. D.'s exclusive Fantom Skirt—a slim panel attached to front to give a smooth and slenderizing line. $8.95.
Don't let fat ... ugly, unromantic fat ... make you look years older than you are! Fat is inexcusable; get rid of it now with this new, modern method of weight conditioning. It's so easy and you will feel so much better with that excess weight gone.

**TEST IT AT YOUR EXPENSE!**

So sure are we that you will be delighted with results ... that we offer to send you one month's supply, C.O.D. with a guarantee to return your money if you are not satisfied in every way. Then take contain no thyroid ... no dinitrophenol ... no aiding. To prove the absolute harmlessness of the THINTAB Method, we will gladly send a copy of this ethical formula to your doctor upon request.

**EXCESS FAT MAY BE DANGEROUS!**

Heavy layers of fat often weaken the abdominal muscles, allowing the stomach and intestines to drop, thus forming caus- ing digestive ills. Insurance companies hesitate to insure a middle aged person who is much overweight. Don't take chances with your health ... get rid of that dangerous fat!

**BE ALLURING! ACT NOW!**

Reduce those hips, thighs, waist and other over-fat parts of your body this new, safe way NOW! Send coupon today for $1 bottle of THINTABS to—THINTAB Company 853 7th Ave., New York.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

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[Continued from page 29]

**Hiss-s-s-s!**

Chester Morris, Joan Fontaine and Richard Dix head the cast of "Northern Flight."

**SILVER SCREEN**

will find restaurants of all prices all over the town, from the stars' expensive haunts to the extras' nickel beany.

It is impossible to set down any certain figure and say "that is enough for a trip to Hollywood." Modes of living differ and, of course, the length of time you plan on staying here enters into the matter. But with apartment rentals ranging around $50, you can fairly well figure out just what your expenditures will be.

The All-Year Round club of California and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce will be glad to send you booklets containing information about bus tours, historical spots, mountain resorts, beach resorts and all the other interesting things connected with a trip to this sunny southland. Don't hesitate to write them for information on anything. This article is strictly limited to Hollywood information and contains the answers to all the questions that have been put to me by friends and acquaintances in the middle western states, since I first arrived here.

Hollywood, fascinating though it is, must not completely overshadow all the many other attractions in Southern California and vicinity. Visit colorful Olvera street, the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles; and don't forget to see ————. There I go, after announcing this a strictly Hollywood article! Send for booklets. Map out your itinerary. And don't dare miss one place you want to see.

Settle down for your Hollywood stay. Get into a pair of slacks (they will give you that Hollywood feeling!). Stop in at a drive-in sandwich stand, sink your teeth into a big, juicy hamburger. (Ginger Rogers will probably be sitting right next to you doing the same thing). And listen to the sandwich standradio blare out—California, Here I Come!}

For that matter, any rough, raucous or villainous actor to kick in the movies or on the stage. The abnormality of such parts insures the success of the actor playing the role. Recall if you can any actor who ever has been cast in the part of a rascal. These are the actor-proof roles, and many a bad actor has become famous because his studio so typed him.

Take, for instance, the "Dead End" kids, and contrast them to Bobbie Breen, if you wish a pertinent illustration of my contention that villainy is most palatable screen fare than sweetness and light. The "Dead End" group of juvenile delinquents abuse their parents, heckle the cops, lie, steal and cheat and as a result get steady employment in the movies. Yet they are vastly more entertaining and believable in their misbehavior than the saccharine Master Breen is in his sugar-coated characterizations.

If I have failed to win you over to my side, take "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Even Disney had to compromise and introduce a wicked Queen, an old lady who went about the countryside placing Mickey Finns in apples.

There is one angle to this Rogue Gallery article that should be touched upon, in a world which has become propaganda-conscious, Italy, Germany, Spain and the South American countries refuse to permit an American picture to play their theatres, if the villain of the piece is identified by name or speech or mannerisms as one of their nationals. As a result, all screen villains must be Americans or English. Over the course of years, this has had its effect. Throughout the world, the impression has been broadcast that Americans and Englishmen have a monopoly on villainy.

This dates back as far as the first Chaplin comedies, when Mack Swain played the rogue parts. Swain, a big fellow, was Golluth to Chaplin's David and in the end, using his cane as a sling-shot, Charlie always brought the partly Swain to grief.

Even in their treatment of villains, the movies always insist that in the last reel, the malafactor must be killed or placed behind bars. He can murder or maim, strangfe or poison his victims for seven reels, but it is written in the book that in reel 8 (if it is an 8-reeler), he must be disposed of by the forces of law and order. The Will Hays office would not have it otherwise, and it is only on this condition that Mr. Hays and his attaches un latch the cells of Rogues' Gallery.
whenever Jim gets what he desires. He has succeeded in the face of the most persistent and terrific opposition I have ever seen thrown in anyone's way. I've known Jim Johnson through and up. He was the very first person I met on my arrival in Hollywood and I glory in his success. But enough of O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay are also in this opus, as well as Mable Todd. Also in the cast is John Payne (who married my favorite ingenue—Anne Shirley). John is playing the part Dick Powell walked out on. It's a break for John but I don't blame Dick.'

Muttering to myself over what a fall guy I always am, I proceed to "Sister Act." This stars the Lane Sisters. The fourth Lane, Leota, is in training for the Metropolitan Opera and can't be bothered at the moment with pictures so they've got Gale Page to take her place.

It's the opening scene in the picture. Claude Rains is the father of the four girls. He's an accomplished musician and is trying to make an orchestra out of his four daughters but they're terrible. The sequence is cute as a bug's ear but there's no dialogue.

"Look what they've whittled me down to," Lola buries in the scene as she is, as she puts her hands on her hips and swings around. And I don't blame her. She's really sumptuous.

Next we come to "The Valley of the Giants," starring Wayne Morris and Claire Trevor. I'm glad to see Wayne in such good company and I'm glad to see Claire finally getting a decent break.

This is a story of the gold-rush days. I don't know the story because it isn't finished but Wayne is being wooed out. Gary is filing claims to land they haven't seen and selling the claims to the villain in the play. Wayne has gone to Sacramento to see what can be done about it. He finds out nothing can be done so he comes despondently back. But when he gets into the land office he finds some skull-duggy going on, calls the cops, gets them and gets handsomely beat up for his pains.

"This scene is a director's delight," Bill Keighley, the director, whispers. Wayne doesn't look too pleased.

So I beat a dignified retreat and proceeded to the last set.

"The Racket Busters." This features George Brent and Humphrey Bogart. This story, too, is incomplete and I can't even get an inkling of what it's about. George and a couple of G-men or police brass come in, set upon Humphrey, there's a fight, they knock over a table and when the rumpus is over they've clapped handcuffs on Humphrey and are taking him away.

And that's all there is to Warner Bros. But there's still—

M-G-M

Three pictures going here—"The Crowd Roars," starring Robert Taylor with Maureen O'Sullivan and Humphrey Bogart. "Shoeshine Angel" with James Stewart and Margaret Sullivan, and "Marie Antoinette" starring Norma Shearer with practically every actor and movie star who wasn't already working in some other picture.

**P.S.**

MADAME's la Shearer is in a besieged mood today so I am permitted on the set. It is well worth going on that set. The scene is a ball where Lionel Barrymore as the aging King Louis of France is presenting his mistress, the Du Barry (Glenda Goodbar) to Shearer, who is the wife of Louis XVI. Henri to the French throne. Shearer is breath-takingly lovely in a simple gown and very few jewels. Everyone is whispering, speculating whether she will speak to Du Barry.

"I am late, Madame," George begins very elegantly, "but with His Majesty's permission—a slight headache."

"I am sorry, Madame," Shearer replies.

"It was a pleasure delayed."

"I love to meet people of broad experience," Shearer continues.

"Do you know?" she rushes on to George. "I've never walked the streets of Paris. I'm sure you could tell me something about that."

Miss George lets out a roar, her face crimson, her plumes shaking. Barrymore averts the threatened insults by offering her his arm and saying in a sharp voice that brooks no denial, "You will prefer to leave, Madame—as I do."

They leave.

It was quite a scene while it lasted.

The next picture, "The Crowd Roars," is just starting and in true movie fashion they are shooting the very end of the picture first. It is a wedding scene. Bob Taylor is getting married to Maureen O'Sullivan. When Dick O'Sullivan walks down the aisle on the arm of his father, M. Connolly, there is no dialogue. A choir of boys is singing. She comes up to Bob, slips her arm through his and they turn to face the minister. Bob glances down at her, smiles at her, turns and walks at one of the choir boys. He has a winking smile. Never have I seen a bride so beautiful as Maureen. And she, too, has cause to be pleased because I don't know a nicer chap anywhere than Robert Taylor.

The last picture of the month is "Shoeshine Angel." "Tis a simple little scene I witness, Maggie Sullivan plays a pretty but worldly chorus girl. When her car knocks Jimmie Stewart down (it's during the days of the world war) the cop makes her drive him to the station. Next morning he calls, only to learn from her that she isn't feeling very well. Very much concerned he rushes over to her hotel bearing flowers and candy. She is finally beginning to respond but she can't tell him that. Her lover, and the backer of her show (Walter Pidgeon) is there when Jimmy arrives. He moves directly on Maggie and notices Pidge. "I came as soon as I could, when I heard you were sick," he begins.

"Thanks," she replies dryly and glances at Pidgeon who now regards her jealously. "This is Mr. Bailey, my business manager."

Mr. Pidgeon glances at her startled but she refers to him as "you two," when he turns to Jim: "So you're Bill Pettigrew? I'm pleased to meet you. Any friend of Daisy's is a friend of mine, as we say."

"Don't stand up, you make me nervous," Maggie interrupts irritably. The scene plays better than it reads. It's as cute as can be. The air on the set is pleasant. Jim is always agreeable, Miss Sullivan has changed her tactics and is now being very sweet and gracious to everyone, including newspapermen (as long as they don't get too close) and Mr. Pidgeon seems to have completely recovered from "The Girl of the Golden West."

The net result of all this affability is that I become affable, too. I think I had better leave before the mood wears off and I show myself in my true colors—again. So, as we say on the radio, "That's all, brother. That's all for today."
**A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle**

By Charlotte Herbert

**ACROSS**

1. Comedian in 'Broadcast of 1938' (abbr.)
2. Son of Mohammed
3. Recap for carrying bricks
4. Skillful (abbr.)
5. Inadvisable article
6. Quarrels between families
7. Weapons made of wood
8. River in Lithuania
9. Within
10. Masculine first name (abbr.)
11. Star of 'My Bill' (abbr.)
12. Mrs.
13. Fifty-five (Rom.)
14. Possessing the characteristics of a true man
15. Month of the year
16. With Gene Raymond in 'Stolen Heaven'
17. Reply (abbr.)
18. Jen
19. Ever
20. She was excellent in 'Jezebel'
21. The wife in 'Test Pilot'
22. Mode of transportation (abbr.)
23. Man's name
24. Noted dancing star
25. Remember 'Dracula'?
26. Concerning (abbr.)
27. Remnants of food
28. Speech of broadcast
29. Plants
30. Star of 'Hawaii Calls'
31. In 'Professor Beware'
32. Dignitaries
33. Garden tool
34. Sell
35. Perform
36. In 'Cowboys from Brooklyn'
37. Makes her American debut in 'The Rage of Paris'
38. Old English (abbr.)
39. Hero in 'To the Victor'
40. North River (abbr.)
41. A high priest (abbr.)
42. Steamer (abbr.)
43. Popular western star (initials)
44. In 'Four Men and a Prayer'
45. In 'Battle of Broadway'
46. Ever (noet.)
47. Conjunction
48. And (Fr.)
49. Drunken brother in 'Holiday'

**DOWN**

1. In 'Joy of Living'
2. Tally
3. Well-known stage actress (initials)
4. Star of 'Mud About Music'
5. The girl in 'Three Comrades'
6. Request
7. Feast
8. In 'Crime School'
9. Her latest picture is 'Over the Moon'
10. Doctor of Science (abbr.)
11. Sal

**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

MERLE MARCH BOLES
A ABASE U OPERA W
CAL WESTLEY U DUN
DOR D DEER D EAR
ODOR M PET E B EST
NOLAN ERROL RANCH
ASP Y YE OFF BA COO
LAHR DO O LOM EN
DG SUMMERVILLE C
LB SUE DAGE
LEL LONE DANE
OD ESN D L ED RROSS
WHITE DURIE JONES
IOTA PIGEON CEN
SPA LOGE UNIT YET

THE CUNED PRESS, INC., N. D. A.
Let refreshing Double Mint gum keep you cool and doubly lovely

The fickle male has an eye for girls who are not only good dressers but who have a taking smile as well. And now healthful Double Mint gum gives you both — style and smile. Millions enjoy this double-lasting mint-flavored gum. It helps assure sweet breath, relaxes tense nerves, makes your mouth feel cool and refreshed — whereby your whole self seems lovelier. Then too, chewing is nature's way to wake up sleepy face muscles (promoting young contours) and to brighten your teeth so that your smile reflects a new loveliness to attract friends.

However, it is smile plus style that wins. A perfect example is lovely Sonja Henie, acclaimed world famous artistic skater and distinguished Hollywood star. Asked by Double Mint gum Sonja Henie has designed for you this delightful, cool looking dress, left — adapted from her applause-getting Norwegian skating costume which she also designed. Smart. Becoming. And by Double Mint made available to you in a Simplicity Pattern. SO, you see how delicious Double Mint gum keeps you cool and doubly lovely. Daily enjoy this non-fattening sweet. Also remember it aids digestion. Sold everywhere. Buy several packages today.

Left, Sonja Henie Double Mint gum dress. Designed and modeled for you by enchanting, lovely SONJA HENIE whose flashing grace made her 10 times World Champion and 3 times Olympic Champion. Photographed in Hollywood by Hurrell. Made available to you by DOUBLE MINT gum in SIMPLICITY Pattern 2349. 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.
Miss Jane Alva Johnson
dughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew W. Johnson of Saint Louis
leads a vivid and interesting life

She is a distinguished horsewoman

Riding, hunting, and horse shows are "an old story" to Jane Alva Johnson. While at Fermata School, she was a whip in the Aiken drag hunts. Her horses have won many trophies and ribbons. And she has even run off a show of her own! Above, Jane chats with Olive Cawley (left). "I don't have to look to see what cigarette you're smoking, Jane. Camels again! Why is it that you smoke nothing but Camels?" asks Miss Cawley.

Jane's reply is quite emphatic: "Camels are delightfully different. They never tire my taste. I depend upon having healthy nerves — and Camels never jangle my nerves. They are always gentle to my throat too. In fact, in so many ways, Camels agree with me!"

One of the most attractive post-debutantes in Saint Louis is Jane Alva Johnson. She is whole-hearted in her enthusiasms — "loves" horse shows, entertaining, and smoking Camels. "Most of my friends smoke Camels, too," she says, "and they know I smoke nothing else. Even though I smoke quite steadily, I'm always ready for another Camel. Which is one of the nicest things I could ever say about a cigarette!"

A gracious hostess

...and a charming Veiled Prophets' Queen

Miss Johnson had the exciting experience of being chosen Queen of the Veiled Prophet's Ball—a signal honor in the social life of Saint Louis. Above, a fashionable artist's portrayal of Miss Johnson, regal in her court gown of lamb's and sable. Throughout the excitement of parties, travels, and an active sports life, Jane turns to Camels: "When I'm tired, smoking Camels gives me a 'lift'! And that delicate Camel flavor always tastes just right."

Among the many distinguished women who find Camels delightfully different:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia • Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York • Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston • Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia • Mrs. Chisholm Dobbes Langhorne, Virginia • Miss Alice Rhett, Charleston
Miss LeBrun Blandlader, New York • Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York • Mrs. Rufus Fairbank, Pasadena • Mrs. Louis Smith, Jr., Chicago • Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr., Philadelphia

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and Domestic

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ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER

"Camels agree with me"
ON LOCATION WITH THE "QUINTS"
CLARK
GABLE
"TOO HOT
TO HANDLE"
MYRNA
LOY

The best news since "Test Pilot" with that rare pair of romancers, M-G-M's tantalizing twosome. Clark's a daredevil newsreel man—Myrna's an airdevil aviatrix...Action! Heart-pumping paradise for thrill and fun-loving picture fans!

with WALTER PIDGEON • WALTER CONNOLLY
LEO CARRILLO • Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and Laurence Stallings
Directed by Jack Conway • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
"PARDON US, SALLY!
WE ALL HAVE DATES WITH ANOTHER GIRL—"

You can't offend with underarm odor and still win out with men

She's doomed to unpopularity right from the start—the girl with underarm odor! When there's a dance, she'll probably stay at home. Men will be introduced to her—but it's the other girl that they'll take out. Why should they want to be near a girl who isn't really sweet?

Of course, no girl would knowingly let underarm odor spoil her charm. Yet any girl can offend this way if she depends on a bath alone to keep her fresh.

For a bath removes only past perspiration, it can't prevent odor to come. That's why underarms always need Mum's sure care. Mum prevents all risk of offending—Mum makes odor impossible.

It's a smart girl—and a popular one—who takes the simple precaution of using Mum after every bath and before every date. Just a quick touch of Mum under each arm and you're sure of your charm—sure you'll never offend those you want for friends. And Mum has all the things you like in a deodorant—

MUM IS QUICK! There's always time to apply Mum. Just half a minute is all you need to be free from underarm odor.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to every fabric—safe to apply even after you're dressed. Mum actually soothes the skin. You can use it right after shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum stops all odor—does not stop perspiration. Mum keeps you nice to be near all day or all evening long.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know it's gentle, safe, and sure!

Mum makes your bath last all evening long

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration
A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

For weeks and weeks now there has been a Greek chorus going around Hollywood with strange utterances, such as, "Tsch, Tsch, poar Oakey" and "Have you seen Kelly?" "Look at Liza!" So I'm afraid some body ought to tell her." Well, Jack and Patsy, being bright children, finally caught on and did something about it, but you know, always the escapists, so it was quite some time before I realized people were talking. Now I'm telling you it's bad enough being the only person in Hollywood for 28, I certainly didn't want to be the only fat person too, so I decided to get a good preview of the Oakie and Kelly chasis, and see if this diet business was all it was cracked up to be.

I found Miss Kelly, of the New York Keep-Em-Off-the-Streets Kelly's, on the set of "There Goes My Heart" doing a swell scene with Nancy Carroll, who is still the prettiest redhead in pictures. In seven weeks Patsy went from 165 to 125, and I must say she looks grand. How did she do it? "I took a look at myself on the screen in 'Merrily We Live,'" said Patsy, curling up in chair with the grace of a Lena. "and I said to myself, 'One more pound, Kelly, and you can play mob scenes all by yourself.' So I took myself off to a clinic and they stuck water-packed fruit down me until I felt like a drowned peach. If that wasn't bad enough they brought on a little bashed rug garnished with lettuce. Say, I ate so much lettuce my nose started to twitch. One day I got so mad I went to the head of the place and said, 'See here now, I've been in the theatre business ever since I was a kid and I've tramped all over the place and eaten in the cheapest joints in the United States but I've never tasted food like this. What do you want to do, poison me?' Then one day the pounds started dropping off, so I stopped crying, I never felt better in my life. Say, you ought to do something about that double chin!"

Jack Oakie, on the set of "The Affairs of Andre," was equally enthusiastic about his loss of pounds. "I was sitting on a sofa one morning after a merry party," said Jack, "and suddenly noticed my stomach sticking way out there. 'Oakie, my boy,' I said, 'now is the time.' So I went to a hospital for a physical examination but the doctor couldn't find anything wrong with me except that I'd been eating too much. So I stayed in the hospital and on a strict diet for two weeks, and I started to lose weight right away. You have no idea how glad I was to get rid of those chins. When I got out of the hospital I kept on the diet. I cut out sugar, and I quit eating bread and cakes, and nothing to drink except skimmed milk. I came down from 220 to 180 and I'm still losing. And I've never felt so good. Say, why don't you do something about that double chin?"

So I did. The other night I ran into Patsy Kelly at a preview. Miss Kelly did a double take. "A few more pounds off," she said, "and the glamour girls might just as well stop hinting for covers on your magazine. You'll put yourself on."
AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL—Amazing. A broody love film of the motion picture industry, in satirical fashion. Annabel, played by Lucile Hall, very capably directed by a young star whose agent (Jack Oakie) tries to reintegrate her in the public favor by launching a series of enemy publicity stunts. (Ruth Donnelly, Thurston Hall).

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND—Splendid. One of the most engrossing musicals ever to be made. The score by Berlin contains all the songs, some of which should be familiar to a generation which, as Robert Benchley says, "Oh, How I Hated To Get Up In The Morning," and "All Alone." There's a plot that has nothing to do with Berlioz's career, although the theme covered is contemporary with his rise to fame. Carroll O'Connor, Jean Harlow.

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Good. Once upon a time, a not so long ago either, this story was called Gallant Lady and had Asta and a very good Otto Kruger and Tullio Carminati in the cast. Now it has been remade and retitled and boasts the always interesting Herbert Marshall, Ian Hunter and Barbara Stanwyck in the same roles. The female of the species will "adore" it, but the male minds it so tremendously. Oh, yes, Binnie Barnes is in the cast.

BLOCKADE—Interesting. Although this is a story of World War II, you may not see any harrowing battle scenes. While it tries to make a play for peace (not taking sides) it gives you an idea how wars are actually fought and prolonged by the powers "behind the lines" and not to your faith in humanity. (Henry Fonda, Madeleine Carroll, John Halliday, Reginald Denny, Donald Crisp."

BORDER G-MAN—Good. A Western, starring popular George O'Brien, who has a plot that is distinctly un-Western. It's a case of a G-Man endeavoring to run down a nefarious scheme to smuggle ammunition and horses to warring countries, in direct violation of the Neutrality Act. It has plenty of high-speed action, some excellent songs, and romance with a capital R. (Laraine Johnson, John Miljan, Rita LaRoy).

COWBOY FROM BROOKELYN—Good. With westerners, and popular agents, we are now returned to the vision of Dick Powell, the popular romantic singer, who is lost and lonely and delightfully uncomfortable in it, too. However, there's a fairly good cast of spotty singing and dancing and Pat O'Brien, Dick Foran and Frisco Lane to round out the cast.

CRIME RING—Fair. This will be an awful let-down for the androgynous people (females mostly) who spend plenty of time and money having their fortunes told. It is an expose of what is known as the fortune-telling racket. The plot has its many amusing angles, and is played to the hilt by such reliable performers as Allan Lane, Frances Mercer, Clara Blandick, Inez Courtney, et al.

GOLD MINES IN THE SKY—Good. Gene Autry makes his return to films in this romantic western, after setting his long dispute with his producers. He will get a re-ft for the first time from many fans. He sings as engagingly as ever and handles the comedy that of the manager of a ranch owned by a spoiled heiress—as in Autry fashion. The girl is Carol Hughes.

GREAT JOHN ERISSON, THE—Fine. When you're in a thoughtful mood, and see this advertised at your local art theater, take time to see it. Produced in Sweden, with English subtitles, it informs you in dramatic fashion what a highly significant drama really is. It is played from the early history of our country—Hiller and his men have given all the credit to the English and Dutch.

HOLIDAY—Excellent. This is one of those films that are placed. It has everything, including the very blase Carly Grant cast as a modern young man with a unique design for breaking up the British fashion. Katherine Hepburn as the unhappy rich girl who secretly loves him, Doris Nolan, her sister, who is engaged to Carly but doesn't appreciate his theories. It's all very well; the brother who drowns his discouragement in liquor.

I'LL GIVE A MILLION—Good. An imaginative comedy, in which a rich man has to do some hilarious situations that are simply priceless. The theme concerns a millionaire, whose deliberate disappearance in search of the Utopian life leads to a strange medley of events. Excellent cast is headed by Warner Baxter, Peter Lorre, Marjorie Weaver, Jean Harlow, John Carradine.

LITTLE TOUGH GUY—Fair. Those rogues so decadently and viciously are again cast in a story of the slums, demonstrating the effect that such living conditions has upon their young. In addition, we again meet Jackie Coogan, as a kid squawking along with Robert Wilcox, Helen Parrish and Ed Pawley. This plot getting a bit thin around the edges.

LORD JEFF—Good. There's a lot of flag-waving in this, theoretically speaking. But the stars and stripes this time, though— but the good old English Union Jack. Freddie Bartholomew plays the juvenile member of a gang of jewel thieves, is apprehended, sent to a reform school and then to a famous musical institution where he learns how the English Navy conducts itself. Swell cast includes Mickey Rooney, Herbert Mundin, Gale Sondergaard.

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—Excellent. This last to be filmed film in the Judge Hardy series is top-notch entertainment. In this one Andy (Mickey Rooney) becomes entangled with two pretty girls and is Grindrly, though it is hilarious, time getting fine. If you want some romantic laughs, see this by all means. (Lana Turner, Cecilia Parker, Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Lewis Stone as the Judge, of course).

PASSPORT HUSBAND—Good. One of these pretentious comedy films that get no publicity hollars but which are endearingly satisfying when you run across them inadvertently at your neighborhood playhouse. This one, Stuart Erwin plays a wide-eyed bus boy in love with a glamorous foreign dancer (Joan Woodbury) who marries him in order to avoid the emigration authorities. The dialogue is amusing, and the film has plenty of sparkle and dash.

REFORMATORY—Fair. The background of this is a corrective school for unruly boys, in which the honest system is used with some good results. There's plenty of sinister action showing the scatty side of life as known by these youngsters. The story is not so new that you can't easily find it has been told many times before, but regeneration is the subject. (Jack Holt, Bobby Jordan, Frankie Darro).

RAVE OF PARIS, THE—Good. The theme of Danielle Darrieux and Zina's film is the familiar one of the poor girl putting on an act in order to suit a rich husband. But, it is handled so artfully and so naturally that one feels it is entirely new—which is paying real tribute to the producers. Danielle makes an admirable comedienne and is ably supported by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Louis Hayward, Helen Broderick and Misscha Auer.

SPEED TO BURN—Amusing. You can't be bored, and there is a lot of laughter because cause it is chock full of action, plop and the kind of excitement that gets into your blood when the naps are about to take off. The romance is handled, quite capably, too, by Michael Whalen and Lynn Bari, and that old mainie, Sidney Blackmer, is among those present.

THREE BLIND MICE—Good. A sparkling, high-grade comedy, with cast of four which is masterfully directed by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, who, with their two sisters, inherit a small newspaper which is run by their brother. It is an attempt to lend a millionaire. With one sister policing as her secretary and one as her maid, the situations are bound to be amusing. The men in their lives are David Niven, Joel McCrea and Stuart Erwin. Not bad, eh?

TOY WIFE, THE—Fair. The period is colorful New Orleans just before the Civil War and the settings and costumes are something to write home about. The story, however, leaves much to be desired, with Lusie Rainer fluttering about in rather irritating fashion as the Brocks leaving, Melyn Douglass somewhat ill at ease as the stern husband and Robert Young waiting around eagerly to snatch her from his arms.

TROPIC HOLIDAY—Good. If you are thrilled by languorous music of the dreamy, exotic type, you will enjoy this film, the setting of which is Mexico, Dorothy Lamour, mauns a foreigner, for the first time, plays the parts which Ray Milland, an American writer, falls in love. Others in the cast include Binnie Barnes, Bob Burns, Martha Raye (who is in as funny a sequence as you're likely to see in a year of comedies) and Binnie Barnes.

THREE ON A WEEKEND—Fine. From Great Britain comes this thoroughly enjoyable satire about the English public schools and those who go to a resort, somewhat reminiscent of our own Cape May Island, during the summer. In spite of some dramatic overtones, it is all very jolly, and will afford you an hour or more of solid fun, in lekeadogetic fashion. (John Lodge, Marguerite Lockwood, Rene Ray).

WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH—Fine. Made in England, with Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy cast as the male leads opposite the popular British comedienne. Grace Fields, this is really a very entertaining film. The story is laid during the '80's, in Australia and So. Africa, and is brisk and robust film fare of the hearty pioneering variety. Grace will certainly find a generous share of laughs here.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN—Interesting. Life in a small, wealthy community can be made pretty terrible to the second wife of one of its leading citizens, especially when his divorced first wife makes a complete martyr of herself and is as close as possible to the close relations of the couple. The outcome of such a sad situation is to be a tragic event. Excellent performances are given by Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce, May Avon, Janet Beecher, and Jannita Outley.
GREAT AS THE ACCLAIM THAT HAS GREETED IT!

Irving Berlin

ALEXANDER RAGTIME

Tyrone Power • Alice
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"!

DE R'S E BAND
Cavalcade

E FAYE • DON AMECE

ETHEL
MERMAN • HALEY

JEAN HERSHOLT • HELEN WESTLEY
JOHN CARRADINE • PAUL HURST
WALLY VERNON • RUTH TERRY
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • EDDIE COLLINS

CHICK CHANDLER

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Kathryn Scola and Lamar Trotti • Adaptation by Richard Sherman

Featuring a pageant of Irving Berlin songs including 26 favorites of yesteryear and 2 hits of tomorrow

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
**EYES THAT SPARKLE**

Never Neglect Your Eyes If You Wish To Be Attractive.

By Mary Lee

Once upon a time, you had to be born with beautiful eyes or you were out of beauty competition. Today, no matter how nature has treated you, you can certainly make those eyes most attractive, if not strictly beautiful. This, because of the many splendid cosmetic aids for the eyes.

Real eye beauty, like all other beauty, begins with health. Good body health is necessary for that sparkle, that alive, alert look. You get that natural sparkle and twinkle from sufficient sleep, reasonable care, and a cheerful, pleasant out look on life. Make-up does the rest for you.

For natural beauty, get sufficient sleep. The amount varies with many of us, but enough means that you awake refreshed, glad to face another day. When you study, read, sew or do anything that requires concentrated eye work, be sure your light is right. Faulty lighting causes terrible eye abuse. The Mazda lamp bulbs have been highly developed to give exactly the needed degree of light for certain purposes. For instance, in the average reading lamp you need at least one 100 watt bulb or two 60 watt bulbs. Better are the new I. E. S. three-light lamps which give three levels of lighting—100, 200 or 300 watts to suit your mood or the task you are working on. Try never to sit facing a direct light with glare in your eyes. This causes unnecessary, undue strain. Light should fall on your reading or work not into your eyes. White or near-white shades reflect the best light. If you read in bed—probably your pet luxury—be sure your bedside light is easy on your eyes, and when you slip off to sleep, try this. Close your eyes very gently, think of something pleasant as you fade out of consciousness. This will relax your whole face prevent that taut expression that causes premature lines around the eyes and mouth.

A good eye wash is a necessity. These washes cleanse, soothe and refresh the eyes. It is well to use them in the morning, to awaken the eyes; at night, to cleanse them of the day's dust, and after travel, sports or exposure to dust and glare. There is Eye-Gene, a clear liquid that comes with a dropper. Two drops make dull, tired, veined eyes clear and sparkling in a jiffy, and make your eyes feel so good. I-Bath is another good product of this kind, and once you've used it, you'll probably consider it as necessary as that awake, fresh feeling as your body bath.

Murine, also, has been used by many of the stars and always gets a big hand. Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein and most of the makers of fine cosmetic lines have a good eye tonic or bath. And, believe it or not, tears are also a fine wash—nature's eye wash. If you snuffle and sob and distort your face, you'll look pretty sad, but if a few tears trickle now and then, the kind that Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple draw so well, and you wipe them gently away in protective darkness, you'll probably emerge from the theatre to have your escort mention something about your endearing eyes. Gentle tears wash out the eyes, leave them clear and sparkling.

Now we come to exciting make-up. I say "exciting," because when you reshape or accent a brow, apply shadow or mascara, you see instant change and it is thrilling. So let's begin with brows and work downward. I'll pass on a few good ideas from Percy Westmore, famous studio authority, because I don't know anyone who can work the eye magic that Percy can. He believes that your brows should be the length of your eyes or extended a tiny bit, never...
shorter, and that they should conform in line to the general shape of your eyes. Long eyes, like Kay Francis' and Dorothy Lamour's, need long brows, not too curved. Round or curved eyes need an arched brow, while the rare almond eye needs a slight Oriental slant in brow.

The end of the brow should taper away, and if you can't persuade the brows to grow in this manner, then taper the ends with an eyebrow crayon. I've just received some new ones from Maybelline, black and brown, neat pencils with metal protectors over the tip. For best results, keep the tip well pointed, then you can draw a neat line instead of a smudge.

If you want to accent your whole brow color, do as Joan Crawford once showed me: make a series of short strokes in the direction the brow hairs grow, then brush into place. This is more natural looking than a hard, firm line. If you still cling to the old, hairline brow, try letting it grow just a little thicker. I think you'll like the change and from a fashion point it is better now. Of course every brow needs a clear, definite line, and for this you'll find Kurlash Twissors, tweezers ends and scissors handles, just about the handiest gadget you can find. Twissors enable you to get a firm grasp and see exactly what you're doing because they're curved.

Shadow, cleverly used, is a means of re-creating the same, besides adding depth, emotion and increasing color. Richard Hudnut has done a clever job in a make-up ensemble, which considers eyes as your dominating color scheme. Accordingly, the Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup has been worked out for blue, gray, brown and hazel eyes. Powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize, and thus has been solved a trying solution for many—that of color make-up type. The products are fine, and you will enjoy using them and knowing that you are a color symphony and not a result of haphazard choosing.

Maybelline has just done some smart re-creating of some of its shadows. There is a new gray that is divine. There is light and life in it and it will go magnificently with make-up of a pinkish cast and the blue-reds you will see this Autumn. It is a smart, soft and altogether beautiful tone. Some blue has been added to the Maybelline former green shadow, giving soft mystery to the eyes. I have a weakness for green shadow, since it seems to go with many colors in eyes and costumes, and here is a green that really will. There are six tones in Maybelline shadow and you'd be smart to have them all for a regular shadow "wardrobe," to go with moods and costumes. They're most reasonably priced in your chain stores. One more news flash from Maybelline—a blue lining crayon, which to line the lid just above the upper lash line. It gives a professional beauty touch. Though it's a pencil, it's for lining only.

Next to lipstick, mascara is undoubtedly our greatest make-up blessing. Your good, modern mascara does not harm eyes or lashes; in fact, some mascaras have an ingredient that helps keep lashes in good condition. What has a fine mascara that is hard to detect on the lashes, yet accent them to new, blooming beauty. Maybelline is just another name for a fine lash beautifier, as users all know, and Max Factor, of course, makes the mascara of the stars.

Aziza is a new-comer to us from Paris, beautiful on the lashes, and in two unusual tones, aside from the regular ones—blue-black and chatain (chestnut). This chatain is beautiful on the auburn and red-gold hair types.

In spite of outward appeal, nothing can give your eyes that look that others love and trust but you. Eyes are truly the windows of your soul and others can see through them.

Have you tried chewing gum while you're driving?

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

3 KINDS OF BEECHIES
A package full of candy-coated individual pieces of gum...in three flavors...Peppermint, Pepsin and Spearmint. Select the kind you like.

BEECH-NUT GUM is always refreshing

P.S. Have you tried RUMMIES, the new Beech-Nut Candy with the different and delicious flavor?
Try These New Recipes

They Are Bound To Tempt Even The Most Jaded Appetite.

(All recipes pre-tested)

By Ruth Corbin

Glenda Farrell places her Peach Mousse in the refrigerator until time to serve.

I LIKE to make kitchen work as light and as easy as possible in the summer. However, it is a mistake to limit your menu to cold dishes exclusively no matter how torrid the day. What we need in hot weather is food that satisfies but is easy to prepare. Packaged goods and refrigerator short cuts are two important factors toward making this possible.

FROZEN CHEESE SALAD

¼ cup Roquefort Cheese (Borden)
1 package Philadelphia Cream Cheese
2 teaspoons each chopped green pepper, pimento, walnut meat
1 teaspoon chopped chives
½ cup whipping cream
Shred Tomatoes
Kraft's French Dressing

Cream Roquefort and Cream Cheese to smooth mass. Add vegetables and nuts. Fold in whipped cream. Place mixture in refrigerator tray until frozen. Dip slices of tomatoes in French dressing and place a slice on a lettuce leaf on each plate. Scoop out balls of cheese mixture and place one on each tomato slice. Garnish with cooked salad dressing.

BAKED TOMATOES
(with cheese sauce)

6 tomatoes
2 tablespoons Crisco
2 tablespoons Pillsbury's flour
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup grated Kraft's American cheese
Few grains pepper

Take out blossom ends of tomatoes and make slight gashes across top. Bake until tender. Heat Crisco, add flour and mix until smooth. Add milk gradually and cook 8 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add salt, pepper and cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Pour over baked tomatoes. Serve alone, with strips of toast spread with salami paste or devilled ham or with fluffed mashed potatoes and—

CHICKEN MUSHROOM LOAF
1 tablespoon Knox's plain gelatine
3 egg yolks
½ cup cooked White Rose Mushroom caps
1 cup whipping cream
Pepper
½ cup cold water
1 cup chicken stock
1 cup Richardson & Robbins canned chicken
Paprika

This is a new, original and excitingly delicious recipe which I have just developed. Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly; add chicken stock, made by dissolving 2 Herb-Ox Bouillon cubes in 1 cup of warm water slowly and cool over hot water until mixture begins to thicken. Season . . . no salt is needed, the canned chicken and bouillon being sufficiently salted. Add gelatine and dissolve thoroughly. Add mushrooms and diced chicken. Remove and chill. When mixture begins to set fold in cream whipped to a soft Crawford thickness. Pack into individual moulds and chill 2 hours. Unmold to serve.

Warm weather just naturally calls for jellied bouillon. The simplicity with which it is made makes it ideal for summer. Just add 3 tablespoons Knox's plain gelatine to each quart of hot bouillon (4 to 5 Sterno cubes are required for each quart). Chill in either a small dish or refrigerator tray, cut in cubes and serve in cups. Vegetables, diced left over meats, canned pimento forced through a sieve and flavored with a little sherry or lemon juice all make excellent and tasty variations of plain consommé or jellied bouillon.

BANANA NUT SALAD

Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on salad plates. Peel 2 oranges, remove pits and cut into slices about ¼ inch thick. Lay one on
LEMON DELICACY

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
Grated rind 1/2 a lemon
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
2 eggs

This is another new recipe which you are sure to like. Cream butter, add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add beaten egg yolks, flour, lemon juice and rind. Mix thoroughly and add to stiffly beaten whites. Pour into greased baking dish. Set in pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes. A delicate golden crust will form on top and pudding will develop its own delicious sauce.

ENGLISH BEEF STEW

11/2 pounds flank steak
2 tablespoons Crisco
3 each onions, carrots, potatoes, medium size
1 cup boiling water
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
1/2 teaspoon salt
Few grains pepper
8 whole cloves
Flour
Cut steak in cubes and brown in Crisco. Add whole vegetables, water, Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, cloves tied in small piece cheese cloth. Cover, simmer 1 1/2 hours. Drain off and measure liquid; thicken with 1 tablespoon flour, mixed with an equal amount of cold water, for each cup liquid.

In making any stew remember it is the seasoning and simmering which makes them different . . . stews do not need fast cooking. If you cook them in a dutch oven or a heavy iron skillet you can almost forget about them during the required cooking period. Sometimes vary the carrot-onion-potato formula with green beans, baby limas and cauliflower, especially in the vegetable season. If you brown meat in fat first you'll find the stew has a grand color.

CHICKEN SALAD

This recipe has been in my family since Civil War days. Whenever I serve this dish it always wins me compliments. Put 2 cups Heinz tomato juice, 1 small onion cut and chopped stalk celery, a piece of lemon rind and 1/2 a teaspoon salt in a saucepan. Bring slowly to simmering point and simmer 5 minutes. Strain this into 1 heaped tablespoon Knox's gelatine which has been soaking in 1/2 cup lemon juice and 1/2 cup cold water. Stir until dissolved. Turn into a wetted border mold, place on ice until set. Unmold on lettuce leaves and fill center with 1 cup diced R. & R. canned chicken and Dole's Pineapple cubes, mixed with 1/2 cup shredded, grilled almonds; season with salt and paprika, moisten with 1/2 cup whipped cream and a cup of mayonnaise mixed together and thoroughly chilled.

For an unbeatable quick cake with a home touch buy cake layers from your baker and fill generously with a Creole Butter Icing. Cover top and sides with halved and broken bits of pecan meats. With frozen desserts, fruits or even alone this cake is supreme.

CREOLE BUTTER FILLING

Cream 2 1/2 tablespoons butter. Sift 3 cups Domino Confectioners sugar, 1 1/4 tablespoons Bakers Breakfast Cocoa and a dash of salt together. Add part of this mixture gradually to butter, blending well. Add remaining sugar mixture alternately with 1/2 tablespoons strong coffee (about), until of right consistency to spread, beat after each addition until smooth. Add 2 tablespoons Sunbeam Vanilla. Place between layers, around sides and on top.

A mouse which fairly melts in the mouth can be quickly made by combining peach pulp with an equal amount of whipped cream and a little gelatine and allowing to cool until ready. Also, try putting peaches through a sieve (about 6) and mix with the beaten whites of 3 eggs. Bake as a souffle and serve with a custard sauce made with the egg yolks. You'll find peaches to be the handiest fruit on your shopping list. Combine with almost any standard dessert, salad, pudding or even with main dishes and you will have something superlative in flavor and appetite-appeal.

SHRIMP WIGGLE

1 tablespoon butter
2 teaspoons minced onion
1 green pepper, minced
1/2 pounds mushrooms sliced
1 No. 2 can White Rose Shrimp
1 1/2 cups cream sauce
1 egg yolk
Cooked rice

Melt butter in heavy saucepan; add onion, green pepper and mushrooms. Cover, cook slowly until onion is yellow but not brown. Add shrimps, cook a minute longer to heat through. Combine with a cream sauce; bring to steaming point. Pour shrimp mixture over a slightly beaten egg yolk. Return to heat; cook and stir for a minute to set egg. Pour over flaky cooked rice and serve.

HAIR THAT THRILLS!

Here's the Hollywood* Way to Beautiful Hair

*The Rage In Hollywood

In Hollywood, city of glamorous movie stars, a recent survey conducted by Hollywood gossip released startling figures giving weight to the boasting that more women growing Drene Shampoo hair are the most beautiful than any the hair of other leading shampoos combined.

WHAT a thrilling surprise awaits you the first time you use Drene—Procter & Gamble's amazing shampoo discovery. For you will find, as millions of women already have, that Drene leaves hair manageable, radiant, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams. Drene performs this beauty miracle because it magically removes dulling film left on hair by previous shampoos. Drene is not a soap—not an oil. Contains no harmful chemicals. It cannot leave a beauty-clouding film on hair to dull natural lustre; nor a greasy oil film to clog pores. Drene cleans and conditions hair more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle, yet so active, that dirt, grease, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes—are washed away with a single washing and thorough rinsing. Hair is left sparkling clean this mild, safe way. Gloriously brilliant without a thing added. Hair performs even more marvelously when you also use Drene Toilet Cream.

Today, you can give your hair a shampoo specifically designed to bring out its full individual beauty. For there are now two kinds of Drene; Special Drene for Dry Hair—Regular Drene for normal and oily hair.

Get Drene from drug, department or 5/10 stores. Better beauty shows everywhere feature this shampoo marved. A single shampoo will both amaze and thrill you.

To Remove Dullling Film
That Clouds Hair Beauty—

Drene Shampoo

SPECIAL for Dry Hair
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair

SILVER SCREEN

11
"What cleanliness! What luster! with the NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!"

Luster-Foam’s dainty, gentle “bubble bath” surges into tiny cracks, pits, and fissures seldom properly cleansed, where various dental authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts. Women’s Consumer Jury crazy about Luster-Foam.

Think of a tooth paste that may reduce dental troubles amazingly . . . that cleanses danger areas where even water seldom enters . . . that swiftly combats dangerous decay-causing acids and sweeps away germs that accompany them.

These are the benefits you get with the new, energized tooth paste . . . the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam (C16 H27 O5 S Na).

Luster-Foam detergent is not a soap yet it has penetrating power far beyond that of soap . . . beyond that of water.

That is why it gets into those tiny danger areas between the teeth, at the gum line, on bite surfaces, and cleanses them so effectively. You yourself can see what such super-cleansing might mean, over the years, in reducing dental troubles.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, this magic Luster-Foam detergent foams into a dainty, fragrant “bubble bath” (20,000 bubbles to the square inch), faintly perceptible, but, oh, how effective! Surging over and between the teeth, it performs an unfelt, but none the less real miracle of cleansing.

Then Luster-Foam surges into remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, even water, may never reach . . . the 60 “blind spots” between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of decay starts.

Now Luster-Foam reaches them . . . and because it does, dental trouble may be reduced. Get the modern, new Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter. In economical 25¢ and 40¢ sizes.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

"Never anything like Luster-Foam," says glamorous Athalia Ponsell, lovely New York Model.

WOMEN’S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women’s Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men’s consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women’s results slightly. The comments below are typical:

COULD SEE AND FEEL THE DIFFERENCE IN MY TEETH AFTER ONE WEEKS USE OF THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

NEVER SAW SUCH CLEANING AND LUSTER AS THRILLING LUSTER-FOAM GIVES

NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

25¢ REGULAR SIZE DOUBLE SIZE 40¢
JANE WITHERS recently was invited by a member of the press to do a guest interview on one of her favorite actors. She decided to tackle Rhett Butler Gable on account she seems to share the universal feminine enthusiasm for him. The date was set and Jane was escorted to Clark's dressing room wearing her very best dress and prettiest hat. She was introduced, and opened her mouth to speak. Not a sound came out. The interviewer was stricken dumb. Such is the Gable power over women! So Clark had to ask the questions as well as supply the answers.

BING CROSBY has the bulkiest luck of his colleagues. Last week, he was the first to win a long shot race. And you'd be surprised to know the number of movie folk who carry around a horse's head.

THE Blondell-Powell baby has blue eyes and looks like Dick from its eyes up and like Joan from its mouth down. But the parents aren't quite sure about it. It's a little bit squacky yet and neither of them will claim it. The baby will be called Ellen unless the parents change their mind.

STRAWBERRIES, so large, so luscious that James Cagney proudly gives one to each of his friends while the dew is still undisturbed. They were air-mailed to him from his farm in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., and they are "the berries."

ISA MIRANDA, injured recently in an automobile accident, was forced to withdraw from "Zaza." It was to have been her first American picture. However, Miss Miranda retained her sporting spirit and sent a bouquet of American Beauty roses to Claudette Colbert, who has taken the "Zaza" part, to wish "Good luck to you and Zaza."

THE bar in Cary Grant's home is decorated with streamliner posters—he has a passion for traveling but never seems to get nearer the ocean than Santa Monica. Cary Cooper is another of the boys who is always planning a long trip. He dotes on collecting folders and posters and makes elaborate plans for his itinerary.

IN ONE scene in "The Lady and the Cowboy," Merle Oberon fashioned a makeshift suit out of one of Gary Cooper's cowboy shirts, and looks so cute rouping around in it that we fear on the release of the picture that girls all over the world will be swiping their boy friends' shirts to make suiting. It'll probably be a fad.

James Cagney, Claudette Colbert, Joan Blondell

NO MORE gas week ends, swimming and playing tennis and sun-tanning, for Jeanette MacDonald until she finishes "Sweethearts." The picture is being done in technicolor which means that Jeanette even gets so much as a dash of sunscreen she'll look funny on the screen. When a star starts a technicolor picture she might as well reconcile herself to sitting at home and knitting until it's over.

HUGH HERBERT is a friendly sort of guy and always believes in speaking to people he knows when he meets them out. The other day he saw Luise Rainer in a Hollywood shop and, inasmuch as he had done a lot of scenes with her in "The Great Waltz," now in production, Hugh went over to her and said, "Hello." But imagine his amazement, not to mention embarrassment, when Miss Rainer covered her face with her hands, pulled up her coat collar, and whispered, "Do not speak to me—except on the set." And they say this isn't the first time La Rainer has acted so rudely. Since her separation from Clifford Odets she is becoming more of a Garbo than ever.

DIFFERENT indeed was Robert Taylor's last trip to New York from that first visit when girls hid under his bed and answered newswomen called him "pretty boy" and asked him if he had any hair on his chest. While he was in New York recently, having flown there to see the Louis-Schmelling fight, he was appointed Hollywood representative of the committee to bring the next world's heavyweight bout to Los Angeles. And this time the press boys slapped him on the back and pronounced him a regular fellow.

SIX years ago when Don and Honore Ameche were married the finances were quite low and they weren't able to go on a honeymoon. "But some day," said Don, "I'll give you a grand honeymoon in Europe." So recently, when the last day's work on "Ellis Island" was finished Don and Honore, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chester Laude (Lyn of Lulu and Alfer), left for that belated European honeymoon.

FRANCHOT TONE. Bruce Cabot, Gene Raymond and Bill Henry are the newest members of the mustache brigade.

THOUGH they have never seen her on the screen, the Dionne Quintuplets have a favorite motion picture actress—according to Jean Hersholt who was recently in Canada. Ontario, making another picture with the world's most famous babies. It is Joan Crawford. "I am forced to sue for toleration of affections," Mr. Hersholt recently wrote Joan. "On the birth-day of the Quints they were allowed to look at pictures of movie stars. They returned all the photographs to their nurse except one of you which they put on their dresser. Previously, mine was the only picture they had on their dresser, but now I share honors with you."

WHILE there was much gossip about Janet Gaynor running around with Richard Carlson, New York actor now under contract to Selznick, it's really Joan Valerie he's flailing about. Joan is the pretty young thing whose first role was a menace in the Jones Family's "A Trip to Paris." But she played so sweetly in the rushes that the studio hastily rewrote the script and made her a sympathetic lead. Janet and Tyrone Power have made up after a misunderstanding and once more are a romancing couple.

THAT lace fan which Anita Louise carries in "Marie Antoinette" is an antique which the actress picked up in a London shop several years ago. It was once owned by a French beauty of Louis XIV's court, and is heavily insured. Anita carried it home in its case every night after production for fear something would happen to her most valuable antique.

LORETTA YOUNG says the George Brent romance isn't, it's just friendly companionship. Recently George has been escorting Merle Oberon to Hollywood parties at premiers, but it will have to stop soon as George has to go to Pensacola, Florida, with the "Wings of the Navy" company. Olivia de Havilland also goes on this long distance location, and with Florida moons and starry nights it will probably be the beginning of a romance. Right at present Olivia's favorite boy friend seems to be the very entertaining and attractive Billy Bakewell. Poor Billy had better start worrying about Florida.

13
ON LOCATION WITH THE "QUINTS"

At Callander, Ontario, The Five Star Special Crew Which Is Filming "Five Of A Kind" Finds The Dionne Children Willing To "Give."

By Frank Perrett

Photographs Copyright 1937 NEA Service, Inc.

Emilie, Annette, Yvonne, Marie and Cecile are perfectly normal kids and their world-wide fame hasn't, apparently, spoiled them yet.

The strangest location trip Hollywood makes is that which takes a complete 20th Century-Fox unit from the walled fastness of Movietone City, overlooking California's Santa Monica Bay, to the barbed wire four-acre enclosure two miles out from Callander in the north country, home of the four-year-old Dionne quintuplets.

The Hollywood folk have just finished their third visit to Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie Dionne, this time to film "Five Of A Kind," a comedy with music. In it the quintuplets sing two songs and do a dance. A marked departure from both "The Country Doctor" and "Reunion," the new picture is strictly light and romantic with the tiny mademoiselles supported by Jean Hersholt, Claire Trevor, Cesar Romero, Joan Davis, Slim Summerville and John Qualen.

Each chubby, brown-haired and brown-eyed quint was paid a little more than $1,000 an hour for her time before the camera. The total pay check was $100,000.

The world's most famous five little girls have little in common with fellow stars in Hollywood.

They've never seen themselves on the screen.

They didn't sign a contract.

They worked only an hour a day.

They didn't go to Hollywood — Hollywood came to them.

A scene from the picture showing the "Quints" in their adorable little dance frocks. Everything is given to them "five of a kind."

Note their toys.
They didn’t read a script but they made plenty of changes in the one that was written for them.
They have no liveryed chauffeurs. In fact they’ve never been in an automobile. The only thing purchased was an armchair in the arms of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and nurses to their present abode from the two-story frame house across the road where they were born.

At the same time they maintain a staff of 14 persons and pay for the upkeep of their nursery at a cost of about $26,000 a year.

They’ve never seen money, not even so much as one of those oversized Canadian pennies, but they’re worth between $600,000 and $800,000.

Dr. Dafoe, their physician and friend since the day they were born, says the quint will have to

Jean Hersholt plays the part of the famous Dr. Dafoe and has no hesitation in stealing the limelight from him—if only temporarily. (Left) In Tyrolean costume the children sing “Frere Jacques” for a sequence in this year’s picture.

came to me and asked me to come into the nursery while she was preparing Yvonne for her lunch and nap. Yvonne was crying because her Doctor Luke was leaving and before her tears would cease I had to promise that I would be sure to come to see her sisters and herself the next morning. No man could be strong enough to resist such flattery from Yvonne.”

Herbert I. Leeds, 20th Century-Fox’ youngest director, was deeply impressed by the youngsters.

“I heard so many conflicting stories about the Dionne quintuplets that I didn’t know what to expect,” he said “After spending a month in Callander I had very definite impressions.

“First, from a physical standpoint, they’re good, healthy little girls. They come of sturdy northern Ontario-French-Canadian stock and I’m sure that by now they have overcome the great handicap of their premature multiple birth. Stop and think, the five of them, at birth, weighed 12 pounds.

“Full credit is due Dr. Dafoe and his nurses for the inspired care which kept the five babies alive from moment to moment during their early days and weeks. But a debt also is due the training the children have received since, training based on the most modern knowledge, tempered by the invaluable horse sense of a little country doctor.

“The quint are as straight as little Indians. Their hearts and lungs are sound and the Toronto experts who examined them during our stay pronounced their eyes and teeth perfect. Their weight is normal and their appetites to be envied.

“Smart? At the age of four those youngsters are ready for kindergarten work. Thanks to several years abroad I am able to speak and understand French without trouble and this enabled me to make a personal test with my French speaking stars. I kept a close check during my month with them and found that they have a vocabulary of approximately 250 to 300 words. Remember that the average adult uses no more than 500 words and then draw your own conclusions.”

There can be no doubt about the sincerity of the sorrow of the Mademoiselles Dionne at the departure of their friends when the location work was ended.

Filming started at 10:30 each day and ended at 11:30. Invariably the little girls would stop several times on leaving the playground or the playroom—scenes of their daily work to turn and call out: “Good day, M’sien Leeds. Good day, Doctor Luke, we will see you tomorrow.”

One of the reasons for this warm feeling no doubt lies in the fact that Leeds, aided by the nurses, made a game of the things they wanted them to do before the camera. They got off to a good start on the first day. Because it was cloudy filming started indoors. At 10 o’clock the quint came in from their playground and there 2000 tourists saw them through one-way screens.

Miss LeVaughn Larson, in charge of the $3,500 studio designed wardrobe, was there to help the nurses get them into little red

but any privacy they will ever enjoy and for this reason he favors their appearance on the screen and in endorsements of automobiles. The only thing purchased was an armchair in the arms of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and nurses to their present abode from the two-story frame house across the road where they were born.

At the same time they maintain a staff of 14 persons and pay for the upkeep of their nursery at a cost of about $26,000 a year.

They’ve never seen money, not even so much as one of those oversized Canadian pennies, but they’re worth between $600,000 and $800,000.

Dr. Dafoe, their physician and friend since the day they were born, says the quint will have to
dresses. This was simple because dress, underskirt and shorts were all sewed together and the whole thing was fastened with a zipper. White socks and patent leather slippers plus white hair ribbons completed the outfit. While the dresses were being donned forty or fifty long brown curls were being given the proper touch.

Running into the nursery they paid no attention whatever to the cameras, the soft blue lights, or the director and camera crew attired in hospital garb and wearing hospital masks. Yvonne and her sisters were aware only that the nursery had been completely transformed. On the walls, in different colors, were Donald Ducks, Mickey Mouses, rabbits and birds, and right there before them were five doll beds with a doll in each one. In the middle of the floor was a little wash tub and beside it towels and cakes of soap, and a clothes line and clothes pins.

The quints knew what to do with all that equipment. They took up the dolls, undressed them, bathed and dried them, put pajamas on them, made the beds over, fed the "babies" with tiny nippled milk bottles, and tucked their charges under the covers. Then they washed clothes, hung them out, and used carpet sweepers on the floor. Of course, a bed went overboard once or twice and Marie tried to sweep a rabbit from the wall with her carpet sweeper, but those were only trifles.

Emilie got Annette's doll by mistake after the nurses had moved the beds for a closer shot but Emilie proved that she knew which doll was which and there was no real trouble. Each doll bore the initial of its respective owner. The quints all know their names when they see them written and they also know their initials. Their initials are on all their clothes and toys.

Yvonne put her doll to bed but it wouldn't close its eyes. Yvonne picked it up and said, "If you don't go to sleep right away I'll have to make you take your nap alone on the porch." She gave the doll a little shake and its eyes closed.

The only hitch came when Leeds sought to utilize the trick by which he expected to effect an exit by the quints.

"All right," he called, "that's all, children, you can go to lunch now."

But the children paid no heed. They were engaged in keeping house and they had no intention of stopping. M'sieu Leeds did NOT get the exit. After the hour's work Dr. Dalton recorded temperatures and pulses. Both were normal. At lunch all five had two extra helpings and that night they slept as though a sound night's rest would induce Santa Claus to make a midsummer visit.

The next day the sequence was continued with but one slight hitch. Yvonne declined to follow Leeds' request that she, like her sisters, kiss her doll and put it to bed. Shaking her head, she continued to arrange her doll's hair ribbon.

The explanation offered by a nurse was that she and the other nurses had for two days promised the children that on the following morning Doctor Luke would bring five puppies for them to see—and he hadn't brought them. The reason they hadn't been brought lay in the fact that the puppet scene required sunshine and the northern skies had provided none.

"If you'd promise the puppies tomorrow..." suggested the nurse.

But Leeds refused to make a promise he wasn't sure he could keep—and Yvonne didn't kiss the doll and put it to bed.

But two days later the sun reappeared and when the quints came out of the nursery onto the lawn they were met by Jean Hersholt carrying a clothes basket covered by a little pink blanket. The girls, who had never in their lives seen pets of any kind, had been prepared for the event by the nurses.

Hersholt removed the blanket and the puppies put their paws on the edge of the basket and looked out. The quints stopped in a row on the top step and looked, and looked, and looked some more.

"Come and see what I have for you," Hersholt said. But not a quint moved.

"Come on," Herscholt urged again.

Without more hesitation little Marie [Continued on page 72]
PROJECTION OF

BOB BURNS

By Elizabeth Wilson

FROM out of the hills of Arkansas has come a quiet sort of man with a sly grin, a chuckle, and a drawl that has made him America's favorite story-teller. And judging from his fan mail—now he receives well over ten thousand letters a month—he is on his way to becoming America's favorite screen actor. Paramount, his studio, can take a hint, and we can call an avalanche of fan letters a pretty good hint, so in his next picture, "The Arkansas Traveler," he will be a full-fledged star. When asked how it feels to reach such a high pinnacle of success, he answers, "Well, I guess I feel different from most people. High places make most people dizzy, but I had to be dizzy to get here."

Bob Burns—he was born Robin but quickly disposed of that bit of whimsy—is quite the nicest thing that has happened to Hollywood in the last few years. He, more than anyone else, has come closer to filling the void left by the sad deaths of those two fellows, human people, Marie Dressler and Will Rogers. He has the same gentleness and modesty, the same matter of fact humor, the same homespun philosophy, and most of all the same earthiness, without which no man or woman need ever hope for greatness. He is one of us. And in this fabulous dream world of screenland, with all the girls whose innermost thoughts are as obvious and artificial as cellophane you have no idea what a relief it is to be able to point at Bob Burns and say, "There is a human being."

Though frequently accused by the finger-bowl set of being a hill billy, he isn't a hill billy at all. His father was a civil engineer and a surveyor of Crawford County, Arkansas, and when he used to go back into the mountains to survey farms young Bob would accompany him. He had the usual schooling and once matriculated at the University of Arkansas, but a minstrel show happened in town about that time and Bob and his hoozak left. Van Beuren, never to return except for short visits. Bob himself, however, would be the last to deny the accusations of being a hill billy. Of the people he knew as a boy in the Ozarks he says, "I've traveled over a lot of the world and met people ranging from kings to doughboys, but nowhere in the world have I met anybody who was more warm-hearted, more honest, God friendly, and finer than your Arkansas hill billy. He may not be able to read, but if you'd ride up to his door in the mountains in the middle of the night, he'd give you the best he had."

Meeting Bob Burns for the first time you particularly notice his honest face, his masculine ruggedness, and his neat, well-tailored clothes. He always talks with a drawl, but his English is as good as yours or mine, much better than mine as a matter of fact. Extremely well informed on world affairs he is an intelligent, interesting talker, flavoring everything he says with a dash of homespun philosophy. The very second he begins one of his Van Beuren "relative" stories, famous both on the air and the screen, he automatically reverts to a dialect. At these "relatives" he has plucked out of the Ozarks he once said, "In Hollywood I notice all the actors are busy working for their relatives. I guess I'm the only actor smart enough to make my relatives work for me."

On the thirtieth of May, 1937, a year after the death of his first wife, he married his secretary, Harriet Foster, in Las Vegas, Nevada. Martha Raye married the same day and the publicity department of Paramount was in such a state that the poor employees were cheated out of their holiday. This is probably the most thoughtless thing Bob Burns ever did. Early this year he moved into the first house he has had since he left Van Beuren,
a comfortable but unpretentious house which the late California flood did its best to remove. The house, he claims, belongs to his wife, his son, and the newest member of the family, Barbara Ann, born in April. His own special property is a log cabin which he built in the backyard and it is here that he relaxes, stretches out in the sun, and thinks up things to say on his radio program. He doesn't go for tennis or any of those Hollywood sports—his favorite pastime is fishing and whenever he can get a week. And he allowed his wife rent a small boat and angle for bass off Catalina.

Unlike Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, and George Burns and Gracie Allen, who used to be in vaudeville with him in the old days, he has never gone Hollywood. Premiers never find him in white tie and tails, his little woman swathed in orchids; and among those lacking at the Trocadero on Sunday nights are the Bob Burns. An acquaintance tells this on him, "Bob was very eager to get in touch with a newspaper man from New York whom he had known in France. He called all over town but couldn't find the man. It was Sunday night and no one was at home. Finally he called me. 'What,' he asked, 'is the name of that dump out on Sunset Boulevard where the producers dance on Sunday night?' "The Trocadero?" I said, 'Yeah,' said Bob, 'that's it. Maybe I can find him there.'

The professional career of the only actor in Hollywood who doesn't know the name of the Trocadero (the showcase of our city in case you've just come in) began at the King's Opera House in Van Beuren when he was thirteen years old. In his imitable manner Bob tells about it, "Besides playing the mandolin in our string band and the trombone in the Queen City band, my uncle had taught me to play a piece on the piano. It was 'I'm Goin' Back to Texas,' and it was the first piece I ever played where I used both hands. One day Colonel King, who owned King's Opera House, came to my house and said he heard I played the piano. He had 'The Squaw Man' playing there that night and he wanted some music between the acts. I told him that I couldn't play good enough for that but he said he didn't know anybody else that could play at all and my playing would be better than nothing and that he'd pay me $2 for it.

"Well, that night I just kept pounding away, repeating the piece over and over again. After the show I went out front and Mr. King gave me $1. I reminded him that he'd promised to pay me $2 and he said that's all it was worth. I said to him it'd be bad and he said 'yes, but I didn't know it would be that bad.'

"But I always have had a soft spot in my heart for the opera house because that's where I got my start in the show business. When I was signed up on the Bing Crosby program and given a part in his picture 'Rhythm on the Range' I stopped off at Van Beuren on the way to California and they gave me a big homecoming. All the way to Van Beuren I was dreaming about playing the bazooka and talking to the people in that old opera house. Well, they met me at the train with four bands, several thousand people and several hundred dogs and we had a parade down Main Street with ex-teams and covered wagons. Everything was great, but I was a little disappointed when they took me to the high school auditorium to pull off the homecoming ceremonies. After it was over I asked Mayor Tom English why he didn't let me talk in the opera house on account of that's where I got my start and he says, 'Bob, it's stored plumb full of hay.'

"Do you want to hear how the bazooka was born? That's what most folks seem to want to know about me. One night I was practicing with the string band which was made up of my brother and me and other kids in the town in the back of Hayman's plumbing shop. In those days I played the mandolin on all one-steps and fox-trots, but on waltzes I was playing bass laying my finger on the edge of the table and brooch stick across my finger. Well, that night we played the 'Over the Waves Waltz' so much that my finger got pretty hot and I was just fooling around waiting for my finger to cool and I picked up a piece of gas pipe about two feet long and blew it into the end of it and my lips happened to catch and made a bass note. That gave me an idea. I picked up a piece of muscle and rolled it up and slid it inside the gas pipe. I found I could make about three fuzzy bass notes. The boys all laughed and I suppose I was just like other boys—if you laugh at them they'll do it again. I spent the rest of the night fiddling out the bazooka. I found another smaller piece of gas pipe and slid it inside the other one and then I soldered a whiskey funnel on the end of it.

"I remember the other boys thought it was kind of silly for me to start my lip for a trombone to play on that homemade contraption, but I was always proud of it. But proud as I was I never dreamed that some day General Pershing and the King of Spain would get blue in the face from trying to blow the same instrument—and that it would land me in a dressing room de luxe between Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard. Have you seen my dressing room? It's the prettiest thing I ever saw. The carpet is so thick that the first time I stepped inside it scared me to death. I thought I'd stepped on a cat.'

About 1911 Bob joined a minstrel show and toured all through Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas playing the bazooka. The show broke up in Shreveport, Louisiana, and Bob went on to New Orleans where he got a job carrying bananas down at the dock for twenty-five cents an hour. His brother joined him with his guitar and they got a job playing the theatres in New Orleans for seven dollars a week. By that time the two boys thought they were pretty good so they had visions of New York and big time vaudeville. They rode the rails as far as Birmingham, Alabama, where they went into bankruptcy and had to live on their instruments. They got a job on an engineering party surveying for the Alabama Power and Light Company and stayed on for two months until they had enough money to get their musical instruments out of lock. Then they grabbed a freight train which took them as far north as Norfolk, Virginia, where they went into bankruptcy again. Here Bob sold silver polish for a while and then got himself a job running a street car while his brother checked peanuts. When the scenery and the peanuts got too monotonous for the boys they got a job as waiters on a boat that docked at Norfolk.

"But when you've seen one wave you've seen them all" as Bob puts it, so the boys took their savings and finished their trip to New York, where they registered at a hotel—for thirty cents a night. His brother got a job in vaudeville and went on the road, and Bob, alone and friendless in New York, got a great yearning for the wide open spaces so the next thing he knew he was putting up hay and herding cattle with his Uncle Rob in California.
Hugo, Oklahoma. But he and his Uncle Rob had a fight about a mule so Bob hit out for Salt Lake City where he joined an engineering party building a substation for the Utah Light Company. He stayed there until the job was finished and then he took all his money and organized a vaudeville troupe called "Three Smilers and Nix."

"It was an awful act," says Bob. "The last time we played was in Logan, Utah. By that time my money had run out and none of the others ever had any. We started this thumbing a ride business but we did our hitch-hiking in farmers' wagons. Twenty years later to the week I appeared in Logan and apologized to the people for the act I had done there on my previous appearance. One of the citizens holstered out from the audience, 'don't forget to come back in twenty years and apologize for this one.'"

Cured of the theatrical yen for the time being Bob went into advertising and soon landed a good job on the Chicago Herald. But when America entered the war in 1918 Bob was the first man on the paper to enlist. He enlisted in the Marine Corps but it was sixteen months before he got to France—all on account of he was such a good shot that the government kept him at Paris Island and made a rifle instructor out of him, "I was always a good rifle shot," says Bob, "I remember one time when I was about nine years old I'd been out squirrel hunting in Van Beuren and I had nine big squirrels tied to my belt. But tears were streaming down my face. I met a man from the city and he said, 'Kid, what are you crying about?' and I said, 'Papa's gonna give me the dickens when I get home for not hitting this big red squirrel here in the eye.' The man said, 'Why you've got enough squirrels there. Why don't you throw the red one away and your papa won't know the difference.' And I said, 'Oh yes, he will, too, because when I left home this morning he gave me nine bullets.'"

It was the bazooka that finally got Bob to France. The government seemed to think that his bazooka playing might cheer the boys up at the front. It was in Tours that General Pershing first saw the bazooka and asked Bob to let him play it. He tried to blow it but he didn't even get one note out of it to console him for his temporary loss of dignity." Later, Bob met General Pershing again at Le Mons, France, when the general pinned a gold medal on Bob for winning the A. E. F. rifle championship. Next to his bazooka it is his most treasured possession.

Back in New York after the war he played in various night clubs, and from there he went into the carnival and concession business. [Continued on page 70]

The great quiet that has descended on Hollywood, and work in the summer theatres of Connecticut or Cape Cod, brought many movie people to New York and the summer heat drove them as quickly out of town as they could go.

It was a sultry, stifling day when I went to the Hotel Ambassador to see Richard Barthelmess. He had come East, not for summer stock acting, but to meet his wife and children home from a winter in Europe, and also to receive an honorary degree from Trinity College in
By Jerome Zerbe

Hartford where twenty years before he had gone, but from which he had never graduated. Naturally he was flattered and pleased at his Alma Mater's recognition of his success in life. We discussed the current trend towards revivals, which is the terror of the stars, because manners and mannerisms of acting change, the technique of yesterday is entirely different from that of today, and what then was the accepted formula of greatness seems mighty like ham to us.

The success of "The Sheik" revival was in spite of the movie itself (at which audiences howled) and because of the peculiar fascination of Valentino, which transcended the film, and appears as great now as it was twelve years ago. Personally, Barthelmess is very hopeful that "Broken Blossoms" will not be revived.

Fay Wray was in a blue and white drawing room at the Hotel Pierre studying her script for her first part in summer stock, at which she will be busy until Fall. Fay was one of the first of the movie stars to want to get experience from the legitimate stage, and three years ago she made plans to do it, but some film work interfered and she had to give it up. Most of the big stars have at one time had some stage experience. Norma Shearer and Myrna Loy being the most notable exceptions. Fay feels that the technique of the theatre can give one's acting a roundness that no film work can, and so, like a trouper, she is spending the summer in one play after another at the summer theatres.

Sylvia Sidney also has joined the bandwagon, although originally she went to the movies from the stage.

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J ust what would YOU do if your son or daughter or father or mother or aunt or uncle or cousin or—well, anyway—some relative of yours was in the movies? Not an extra, but a popular player of note? Would you shower the lucky one with praise and honeyed words, or would you madden him (or her) with sourulent criticism and words of derision? Or would you strike a sort of half-way measure between the two extremes?

It's rather hard to imagine having a movie star in the family, but it, but I can tell you how a few folks have reacted in the past—and are reacting right along—about having stellar relations in the ever-glamorous movies.

For instance, Jon Hall's father, Felix Locher, saw his son's fine performance in "Hurricane" and then-and-there became the most ardent fan imaginable of Jon's.

The Goldwyn studio force had some idea of Locher's pride and joy in his son when he ordered and paid for several hundred dollars' worth of tickets for the opening night. But, certainly, a grateful Samuel Goldwyn and staff was hardly prepared for the high-powered salutanship thereafter displayed by Jon's dad.

At the Carthay Circle theatre, where "Hurricane" had its premiere, Mr. Locher from the very first day became an enthusiastic figure. After each show he would stand outside to greet the cash customers as they emerged. Even the postcard stand in the foyer, where postcards bearing Jon's likeness were mailed to patrons' friends free of charge, came under the watchful eye of the fond parent. And whenever he felt a certain foreign country was not receiving its full quota of postcards, Mr. Locher was "Johnny-on-the-spot," personnel mailing out hundreds of the cards himself. And, incidentally, he'd always write on each one, "This boy Hall is a wonder! Be sure to see his next film!"

On the other side of the fence, so to speak, there's the 13-year-old brother-in-law of Raymond Milland, who, apparently, just cannot "see" Ray as a popular idol of the screen. As a matter of fact, he recently complained to his sister, Mrs. Milland: "Well, sis, if you HAD to marry a movie actor, for goodnessakes why didn't you pick a good one who could shoot a six-gun and ride a horse like Gene Autrey or Buck Jones?"

"Now, now, darling—I" began Muriel Milland, whereupon young "Bud" broke out into a merri tirade against romantic actors in general and Ray in particular, revealing his full scorn of "guys who play mushy love scenes on the screen," also the fact that his school palsy-walsies were always teasing him, and how he wished "sis" had been a good sport and provided him with a brother-in-law about whom he could brag! The joke is that Ray is the only actor in the world who once rode in the "Grand National."

Those two cases give you some idea of the sort of treatment screen stars get from blunder manipulators. Sometimes, they politely rave about "dear-so-and-so," in a manner more lavish than the most ardent fan, but more often they are wont to see the gods and goddesses of the screen in a much less flattering light than we do.

Lovely Arleen Whelan may be treated like a grand new starlet around the 20th Century-Fox lot, but at home she's still the only daughter. Her family has decreed that, war or no star,
Bette Davis made prize winning characterizations of "unsympathetic roles," but she receives no cheers from her sister. (Next) Jon Hall's father is on his side of the fence.

for a five-cent admission fee, "to see what a movie star really looks like!" Poor Arleen, she was embarrassed, she could have literally shaken the hide off "dear brother!"

We didn't know that mothers were ever shocked any more at their modern daughters' clothes. But Luise Rainer's mother, arriving in Hollywood for the first time, took one look at her famous "baby," dressed neatly in slacks and bandana, and promptly threw up her hands and yelled "Disgraceful!" or its equivalent in

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Margaret Sullavan Has Become One Of The Finest Actresses On The Screen. Love Is The Great Teacher.

By Paul Karel

The very first time I saw Margaret Sullavan there was shining in her eyes the warm, glowing light of her first love. And each time I got a glimpse into her life in the years that followed I didn't realize that I was seeing the story of her heart unfolding before me. I didn't realize that I was being permitted to see closely, so deep into her soul. I know now that all the bits of happiness and heartaches I saw, when placed side by side, tell her love story.

Margaret Sullavan wouldn't erase or change one iota of it, even if she could. It is all indelibly marked on her heart. And with a woman like her it will remain there forever.

That's why there still clings to her today a little of the wild, young, beautiful thing that was her marriage to Henry Fonda even though she is another man's wife. That's why there clings to her, too, a little of the tumultuous burst of clashing tempers that was her marriage to William Wyler. That's why there is a world of contrast in her today.

The story of her loves streaks through her life with the swish of a giant skyrocket. It's as electrifying and yet, in a way, it's pathetic.

It's the story of a lean, awkward girl who blossomed into a great dramatic actress.

There are three men in her story. Each as unlike as night is from day. And yet each is everlastingly a part of Margaret Sullavan. These men have put every meaning into life for her. They put that fine, proud spirit in the way she holds her head. They put that cool insolence in her eyes. They've given her that easy, self-contained flow of assurance which she has. They put a certain strength into the free, full stride that she matches life with today. Within Margaret Sullavan there lies the finesse and the failings of three men. They answer for all that she amounts to as a woman.

As many love stories do it starts in the spring. It starts when she and Henry Fonda found each other. And it revealed itself to me on a day that was fresh and cool with spring rain because I was fortunate enough to be sitting in the same small restaurant where these two were gazing, adoringly, into each other's eyes. It was the first time I had seen them together and, then, at that moment, I didn't know that here before me sat a woman whose love story I would write some day.

They were both hopelessly in love. You could see that very easily and you could feel it too, somehow, even at a distance. It was in every look, mood and gesture of
Doping out the chances of a horse with nice eyes keeps Virginia Bruce high in higher mathematics.

ALL
By Ed Sullivan

Any Afternoon During The Season You Will Find A Bevy Of Interested Film Folk Indulging In The Sport Of Kings.

Virginia Bruce sits at the Turf Club table, and voe beside an autograph seeker who would intrude on her while she's studying the Racing Form. The Ritz Brothers are not funny men at a track. They bet big and shrewdly, and they work well with Director Dave Butler because he has a stable of horses and gives them accurate tips. They cleaned up the first time Butler's "Alice Faye," a 2-year-old filly, cantered in a winner at long odds. Quite a few of the directors have horses, and Dave Butler is one. Raoul Walsh another. Not to forget Director Howard Hawks, Pat O'Brien and Stuart Erwin rarely miss a day at the races, and bet big.

It is curious how things have changed around out here since horse-racing took hold. Once they referred to Hal Roach as the producer of the Our Gang and Laurel and Hardy pictures, a fairly unimportant designation. Roach is a big man in the movie colony now as the producer of the Santa Anita track. Curious, too, to hear millionaire Jack Warner asking a featured player if the service in the Inglewood restaurant was satisfactory.

Most acute bettors of the movie colony, I'd say, are Al Jolson and Harry Cohn...president of Columbia Pictures. Of course, is the stand-out. Most of the movie crowd have just entered racing. Jolson has been a big bettor for years. He pays a lot of money for information. So does Harry Cohn, who has one of the smartest handicappers in the east call him daily with information.

The movie girls, however, pay little or no attention to form. Mrs. Frank Borzage, wife of the famous director, watches the auto license numbers on the way to the track. Then by a complicated system of addition and subtraction, she arrives at a single numeral from 1 to 9. If her figures come to five, then she bets the No. 5 horse all day long. Mary Benny plays hunches, names of relatives and friends and then bets on four or five horses in a race. She always has the winnet, but just how much she loses in backing four or five horses is a matter for her and her accountant. Louella Parsons is just as variable. Louella stands near the Sg pari-mutuel window and asks each of her friends what he is betting on. Then she bets that horse. As a result, she gets about every horse in the race. Her one big killing came on the day when High Martin won at handsome odds. Her husband is Dr. Harry Martin, so she plunged on the horse. Sally Eilers bets on colors. Her husband is Harry Brown, so any brown-silked pales they can be tipped of a bet from her. Rhea Gable is one of the few women who bet on past performances. She comes to the track with enough papers and form charts to stock a terminal barber shop, but bets smartly and wins quite often.

Offshoot of this intense interest has been the entrance of Zeppo Marx, Barbara Stanwyck, Louis B. Mayer and other movie people into the breeding field. They are breeding racehorses now, and in a few seasons you will see thoroughbreds bred by movie stars running in the Kentucky Derby. Absurd? Not at all. Can't Wait, which finished third in the last Kentucky Derby, was owned by William Le Baron, Paramount production head, has the first Brown Jade. Sam Briskin, at Columbia, has a good one in Lady Florise. Agent Frank Orsatti races six or seven veteran campagnisers in the name of his wife, former movie actress, Evan Charley. Harry M. Warner, Bob Riskin and others of the cinema colony are buying horses as fast as they can negotiate purchases of great stock.

This, I say, is logical.

In Hollywood, producers and players alike know that the difference between success and failure is infinitesimal. The whole business is housed by Lady Luck and there's no telling when that fickle jade will take her favors elsewhere. A player gambles on every part he agrees to play in no May 20th. The same is true in two minutes or less. It's reckless, but this is a reckless, headlong business in which you pay your money and you take your pick. The sport of kings is an exhaust valve for the gambling instincts of the kings and queens of Hollywood.

(Dep) Sally Eilers has a system of betting that would surprise even the horses. (Next, below) Pat O'Brien often risks a wager on an Irish jockey. (Above) Getting tips on horses is an exciting part of Connie Bennett's life.
If you ever hear Kay Francis give a lusty scream in a picture, don't believe it—it's not so! If you ever snatch a loaf of bread off a movie set, don't eat it—unless you want to land in a hospital! However, if you ever venture onto a barber shop set, you can eat all the soapy shaving lather you can find (if no one catches you at it)—for it's swell! These—and many other similar things—make the movies the most interesting but topsy-turvy business you ever heard of. I'll tell you a few things I know about it presently. Meanwhile, con-

After kissing Dick Purcell, Margaret Lindsay wipes the shaving soap from her lips, but this particular "soap" is really sweet to the taste.

You May Enjoy The Picture Better If You Know Just How It Was Made.

By Grace Simpson

Annabella getting ready for a scene for the historical epic "Suez." Oddly enough, she is going to wear this modern bathing suit under the baggy one of a century ago (which she will don when the cameras are ready to click) to keep it from being too form revealing. This oasis in the desert was actually taken on the back lot of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Mysteries of Movie Making
commenting the above statements, here is the lowdown.

Kay Francis never has raised her voice while shooting a picture. She has tender vocal cords—and so a double always screams for her whenever a scream is necessary in her films!

About the bread—it’s always heavily varnished before it’s filmed, otherwise it doesn’t look at all like the real thing on the screen! As for eating movie shaving soap, you really can—for it is really just delightful tasting meringue from real lemon pies!

For many years, film producers have debated amongst themselves whether or not they should give away all the secrets of the trade. And they never have been able to quite decide this question: Do fans enjoy a picture better if they know all about the mechanical tricks used in making it—or if they know nothing about them?

Studios, of course, have one or two set rules, such as rarely publicizing miniature sets. On the whole, they can’t quite figure out whether taking away the illusion of picture-making helps or hurts the box-office.

Long ago when “Hell’s Angels” was first released to a waiting film world, fans began to seriously ponder over just how unusual airplane scenes were photographed successfully. Right now, many are undoubtedly wondering about “Test Pilot.” The studio, to date, has been extremely reluctant about giving out any “inside data.” Consequently, anything written about the film’s trick shots, miniatures and other difficult-to-get plane sequences has been “unofficial” as far as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is concerned.

On the other hand, Sam Goldwyn gave out in detail to the press just how he made that remarkable hurricane for his production, “Hurricane.” And, furthermore, he invited queries about the film and even released plenty of photographs showing huge wind machines, water spillways to create mammoth waves and other mechanical storm breeders.

Goldwyn’s theory was this: practically every fan knows that great wind storms were just a fake—just a movie trick. So why not let them see just how the trick was worked? The hurricane being the real “star” of the film prompted the Goldwyn press agent to ballyhoo it as much as any great flesh-and-blood star.

Warner Brothers had tricks galore in the making of “Submarine D” and although they weren’t explained, the film went over big.

“Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs” broke all records at Los Angeles’ Carthay Circle theatre and probably will prove an equal sensation elsewhere, Walt Disney, its maker, not only told the public how this great production was made but even explained how it came to be conceived.

Paramount released miniatures used in “The Buccaneer” and also photographs of a miniature model of a ship used in “Elb Tide.” And a wall immediately went up from other studios. They thought Paramount’s publicity department was an old mania to thus violate an unwritten code amongst producers not to publicize miniatures.

Now, take “Lost Horizon”—tricks were many in that and the settings were gorgeously-beautiful. Fans know the pictures weren’t really filmed in far-away Tibet, but they appreciated the magnificent production nevertheless.

In Old Chicago,” many “process” shots of the celebrated fire were used, but the studio, for reasons of its own, hates to talk about them. Nothing official, either, was ever written concerning the tricky earthquake and fire scenes of “San Francisco.” The same applies to “King Kong,” one of the early talkies that had more mechanical secrets than a cat has fleas!

Ah, sweet mystery of picture-making in a studio studded land, where nearly everything is faked! Where they shoot movie sunsets at sunrise, to get a better effect! Where they start photographing pictures in the middle and leave off at the beginning! Where they laquer a young man’s pants, so they’ll photograph better! Where they daily do all sorts of things to amuse you! It is indeed no wonder movie-making is such a mystery to the average layman.

Even most of the “prop” you see in your current pictures are more or less faked. For example, movie icicles aren’t icicles at all, but just pieces of celluloid. And movie barley wire is really quite stretchable. No wonder, either, for it’s merely made out of knotted rubber bands!

The marble walls you sometimes see in films are mostly made out of paper! And real gravel in the movies makes too much noise when you walk on it, so they substitute pieces of coal for the gravel and let it go at that! On the other hand, real gravel has its use. The grass shown in most movies is just gravel sprayed a pretty shade of green! And snow, good old fashioned snow, happens to be merely whitened corn flakes!

Ah, sweet mystery of film producing—where even the noises are often faked!

Yes, there are plenty of men and women in Hollywood who make a good living by being able to “let out” all manner of weird noises. Sometimes these folks are under contract to one studio. Sometimes they freelance, here, there and everywhere. Sometimes they have one “noise” at their command, sometimes a dozen and more.

One specialist gets paid a flat rate of $25 a day by the studios just for making blood-curdling laughs! Another gent makes a fine living by having at his command three noises—they are a “door cracking” noise, a “spring squeaking” noise, and a “chair groaning” noise! The studios hire him regularly.

A blonde young woman, Sarah Schwartz, makes a neat income by screaming! She did loads of work in

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"The Camera Focuses On Me, They Group The Lights Around Me, But When Everything Is Ready I Step Down."

THREE years ago, shortly after I'd come to Hollywood to make good as an actor, I got work standing in for Cary Grant. The wife of one of the top executives came on the set. I saw that she was watching me as I stood under the lights and microphone and before the camera for Cary. Finally, she had a man she knew call me to her.

"You've got the looks of successful material," she said. "You have a smart appearance. You shouldn't be standing in."

She asked me a lot of questions, I told her that I'd had a couple of years of college and that I'd played semi-pro baseball, and that I wanted to be on the screen. She finally told me:

"I'm sure you can make the grade. I'm going to get you a screen test."

And so I was tested. Dialogue and photographic. After that, I waited. One day I was told:

"It's a matter of days. You're in. It's just a matter of signing the contract."

I'm telling you, I was pretty hot and bothered. My wife, who was then my bride, was all excited, too. We were both looking forward to my career—when there was a shake-up at the studio and a new regime came in. I didn't hear any more about the test.

But I didn't get discouraged. I still figured that a stand-in had a chance to become an actor. I still do. And I'm going to become one. I'm only 26 years old, and I'm learning things all the time.

Hollywood is a heart-breaking place. Only you can't let it get to your heart. I just take the big moments in my stride and let it go at that. Not long ago when Cary and I were making "The Awful Truth," my agent got me a test at Universal. I was told over there that I was promising material, and that I'd go far.

"And we'll start you at fifty dollars a week," I was told.

I didn't sign the contract for a lot of reasons. One is that when you start that low, the chances are one hundred to one against you. Another angle is that I'm getting around more as it is, and I'm getting more money than that.

There have been other highlights. I remember "So Red the Rose," with Margaret Sullivan. I was her disappointed suitor. I knew I had lost. So I played a scene with her in which I toasted her future happiness with champagne. The boys said
I did pretty well—the fellows around the set. But the whole sequence was killed and I went out of the picture with it.

Right now, I've got the steam up again. Columbia's going to make "Golden Boy," the story of a prize-fighter. The script calls for a fellow who has enough of an athletic background to look like one. I've had baseball, basketball and football. Also, the fellow has to look a trifle foreign, and as if he could play a violin. A lot of people think they'll get the role, and I'm one.

I'll find out in a few weeks. Waiting makes life interesting.

If that doesn't work, there's another chance. One of the lads who was getting the build-up in westerns at Republic—just as Gene Autry did—was injured. They're looking for a man to take his place. I can ride. So my name's on that list.

Ross dreams, these. But, right now, I'm still stand-in for Cary Grant; we've done Columbia's "Holiday," and "Gunga Din" is in the editing. You have to keep your feet on the ground.

A lot of people have the idea that a stand-in just goes in front of the lights and the camera while things are being adjusted, while the star gets a breath of fresh air and a chance to relax. That isn't half of it. We're known as junior members of the Screen Actors' Guild and we get a minimum of $35 a week—but that's only a very small part of it.

(Continued on page 72)
in Hollywood, the wonderland where today's secretary or manicurist may become tomorrow's star.

These are your Arleen Whelan, your Dick Powell, your Leslie Howard, your William Powell, your Kay Francis, your Janet Gaynor, your Jean Arthur, your Frances Farmer, your Margaret Tallichet, your Norma Shearer, your Joan Crawford, your Clark Gable—the little fellows with little beginnings who have become worldwide personalities, whose success stories help make the movies rich in color, romance and glamour.

But even more important than that, however, is the fact that the movies are now glorifying the very people they have repeatedly catapulted from lowly beginnings to undreamed of heights—the glamourless clerks, stenographers, taxi drivers, gobs have become interested in their own daily problems and how other people like them react under similar circumstances.

All right, then, I'm half cracked. But let's stop generalizing and get down to facts. Of course, I'm willing to admit that the producers of what might be called these home-spun pictures are smart enough to hex audiences by casting all their glamour

Farmers' daughters all over the land are beginning to sit up and take notice of themselves now that Myrna Loy played one of their ilk in "Test Pilot."

In "Black Legion," a story of Pennsylvania coal miners, Humphrey Bogart registered an unforgettable message of despair which must have "gone home" to many similar known as (Rigal)

In "Vivacious Lady" James Stewart convinced us that all college presidents are not the "heavy thinkers" they are cracked up to be.

It's all right for the nation's cartoonists to keep on showing the public being socked over the head with the vested interests' "big stick," or staggering patiently under the burden of outlandish governmental taxes, because all of this is true enough but if you think there is no appreciation of the common folk—people like you and me—in this country, you don't know your movies.

Just to chase away that "oh, my gosh, this is going to be one of those highbrow articles on social problems in the cinema" look on your face, allow me to say at once that no attempt will be made here to discuss sociological or controversial subjects.

Nevertheless, the purpose of this piece is to show that the movies, which have always been an entertainment for the people have now also become an entertainment of the people. Don't let that frighten you, either, because it's not really as serious as it sounds. It is merely a springboard from which to prove convincingly and with—I hope—interesting examples that the little fellow with his problems is now getting a break in the movie spotlight.

As a matter of fact, in one way he's been getting a break for a long time as far as the movies are concerned, because nowhere else has it been as easy for a complete unknown to skyrocket to fame and fortune as in the navy, buck privates in the army, farmers, airplane pilots, maids, butlers, firemen, policemen—in short, the average American.

There was a time when people went to the movies to get away from their own hum-drum existence, when the films were an escape from realities. And to a very large degree they still are. But the day of the old-fashioned Prince Charming who came along and married the pretty little Cinderella is gone. Why? Because, if I may be permitted a guess, the majority of the people who make up the movie audiences have become interested in seeing themselves as they are,
that the average man in the audience understood and appreciated, since he might have been any one of the men pictured.

You wouldn't think a taxi driver would make a very romantic hero, would you? And yet that is exactly what the protagonist of "Big City" was—a taxi driver, striving to make a living like any other taxi driver, and becoming involved in a labor war when a large taxi corporation tried to drive him and other independents like him out of business. Always faithful to the idiom of the men it dealt with, the film further made an attempt, however half-hearted, to protest against labor racketeers. But the important thing is that it presented characters and situations the average audience knew were real and important.

The college professor is usually presented as a comic character, an absent-minded, elderly gentleman, who is forever forgetting his inevitable umbrella or rubbers or muffler. Certainly as most of us picture him he is hardly a glamorous figure. And yet in "I Met My Love Again," and in a more comic vein in "Bringing Up Baby," and "Vivacious Lady," the professor was presented as pretty much a normal, human being, who experienced all the emotions common to most average people. Of course the professors in these films were played by Henry Fonda, Cary Grant and James Stewart, thereby definitely adding to the interest in the characters. But even so there was enough in the general characterization to show that professors are pretty much like other people and that they, too, have their moments.

Another character who is usually a comic one is the farmer's daughter, because nearly everyone thinks of her as a giggling, gawky, apple-faced damsel with the hay sticking out from behind her ears. But what did Myrna Loy do with the part once the producers decided to make a Kansas farm bird young lady the heroine of "Test Pilot"? She made her just like a lot of farmer's daughters really are—active, intelligent, understanding, a good sport, capable of great love and with a sense of humor and a wit of her own.

The average stenographer, who ponders away at a typewriter day in and day out and longs dreamily of that two-weeks vacation that is her due after fifty weeks of dictation and typing, hardly sounds like a character that would appeal to audiences as the heroine of a motion picture. But even discounting the fact that the typist in "Having Wonderful Time" is played by Ginger Rogers, she is presented in a manner that countless thousands of other girls like her will understand. Her problems are the problems of the majority of typists in the audience because they are human problems of ambition, and desire for romance and marriage. Toldy Shaw is like countless thousands of other vacationists at thou-
sand of other summer camps.

In the old days if some one suggested making a Portuguese fisherman the hero of a film, the chances are he would have been banished in disgrace from Hollywood. And yet Manuel, as presented by Spencer Tracy in "Captain Courageous," was as real and understandable and human and lovable in his simple, direct, kind, hot-headed way as if he had been the dashing captain of a sumptuous yacht. And in the end he died the way thousands of fishermen who saw him on the screen probably want to die—at sea, doing their jobs.

You'd hardly expect that a young mill hand, married and a father, would make a romantic or interesting figure for screen audiences and yet the way Humphrey Bogart projected him in "Black Legion," was something that everybody who saw it could understand, especially his disappointment because a fellow worker received the promotion he was expecting and how this disappointment changed him into a bitter, vengeful man who joined a hooded legion out of spite. Such things strike home because they reflect truthfully what has happened to a lot of home-loving, ambitious young men who have fallen easy prey to lawless secret organizations the country over.

And an old couple, faced with the poorhouse because their children don't want them and because they are unable to look after themselves, are definitely not the hero and heroine one would choose to see if seeking release in the cinema from one's own problems. And yet such people exist and millions of sons and daughters who saw Beulah Bondi and Victor Moore in "Make Way For Tomorrow" are faced with a similar problem as the one presented in this picture, which struck home because it stemmed from something every one can understand and sympathize with.

These are a few examples of the movie industry's current tendency to make film entertainment of the people as well as for the people. And why? Because, fundamentally, for all their glamour and sheen, the films are a reflection of what is happening in the world today. And today, as it really always has been, it is the average man and woman who is making things happen. It is this emotional truth which makes a film gripping and interesting.

And so it is the people of the middle classes the ones who dream of wonderful things to come, they actually work and risk all to make these dreams come true. An unknown French chemist, Marie Curie, became fascinated by what radium could do for humanity, and, with her husband, devoted her life to perfecting it. A young mail pilot, Charles A. Lindbergh, fired with ambition to reduce the distance between the old and the new worlds, flew unheralded to New York in his plane and a few days later, while the press of the country still blazed the name of Commander Byrd across its front pages, flew the Atlantic more concerned about his letters of introduction than about the risks and dangers involved. A mechanic with his own hands made the first tin bire--the Ford—and changed the ways and thoughts of a nation—indeed, the world.

But why continue? It's the common folk who are hitting all the jackpots as the favored characters in the movies today, because out of their dreams and hopes, joys and sorrows and heart-warming romances in real life, they are the ones who are accomplishing real things and the movies are portraying what they have done because it is this kind of struggle and ambition that the audiences know and appreciate.

(Below) Loretta Young was in the chicken business in "Three Blind Mice." (Bottom) James Ellison and Anne Shirley in "Mother Carey's Chickens" bring you right back to the simple life of a small town.
Gary Cooper and Binnie in "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

In "Three Blind Mice," with David Niven.

Matt McHugh, Binnie, Dorothy Lamour and a bit player in "Tropic Holiday."

They still have the Thames over there, swirling along under London Bridge, and The Embankment and The Strand are there too, but we have about the nicest part of London Town over here. Before 1934, Binnie was well-known on the English musical comedy stage. But after she came to Hollywood she was cast in "heavy" parts until one day William A. Seiter, the director of "Three Blind Mice," gave her a comedy part. And wow! Did Binnie show them!

(Below, left) With Herbert Marshall in "Always Goodbye." (Below) A scene from her latest picture "The Gateway," showing Don Ameche and Albert Coates.
Miliza Korjus will be seen in "The Great Waltz." At right is part of the opera sequence in the drama of the life of Johann Strauss.

(Above) May Beatty, Frances Dee and Ronald Colman in "If I Were King."
(Right) Loretta Young and some members of the cast in "Suez."

(Above) Joan Bennett and Randolph Scott dressed as "The Texan" pioneers dressed. (Right) Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Carefree," another dancing number in their success parade.
WE READ of the millions that "Conquest" cost, but the audiences were not record breaking. Garbo and Boyer are two of the screen's best players and yet something had stolen their "draw." "Test Pilot" made a great success. Myrna Loy and Clark Gable were the leading players but "Parnell" had the same popular favorites and it flopped.

We suspect that our enthusiasm for the days of the long ago is lukewarm. However, there is no pleasanter way to learn history, and how can we appreciate our own benefits unless we know the preceding centuries for contrast? So bring on the times of Johann Strauss, of Francois Villon and the Empress Eugenie. We will ride the plains with "The Texans," too, but let's hurry back in time to see Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Carefree" and Sonja Henie in "My Lucky Star."

"My Lucky Star" is a swell title for Sonja Henie's picture. Her costume will hardly be noticed, for it is as modern as tomorrow.
Lola Lane and Frank McHugh. It must be calf love if those are cowslips. From "Four Daughters." (Right) Charles Winninger, Dick Powell and Melville Cooper in "For Lovers Only."

"Charliemccorthy," Edgar Bergen, George Murphy and Rito Johnson in "Letter of Introduction." Poor Bergen. He does the work, but Murphy gets the knee action.

Scene from "Men With Wings." Ray Milland and James Burke, with Andy Devine in the middle. His squeaky voice is the funniest noise since sound pictures broke the silence.

When You See Certain Names Mentioned In The Cast, Consider Your Vest Buttons!

ACTORS who can cast a spell of gloom over you, practically turning your hair white and causing you to wear your teeth down to the nerve, what with gnashing and clenching—they are all right. They are Tragedy's Children and theirs is a sad existence. But what of the merry Andrews, the comical fellows? Their names are linked in your memories with moments when they had you roaring with laughter. Just the thought of their humor warms you and you reach for your half dollar and make for the box-office. "Anyhow," you think, "he'll be worth seeing."

That is reputation. It's worth as much to the actor as Sterling on silver or the karat mark on gold.
GOOD LAUGH

(Right) Minna Gambell and Hugh Herbert seeing "The Great Waltz" or maybe "Suzy Q."

(Left) Raymond Walburn and Marjorie Gateson in "The Gateway." Evidently a good gag has just come through.

In "Little Miss Broadway," Edna Mae Oliver is getting Donald Meek all balled up.

(Above) the Ritz Brothers in "Straight, Place and Show." They're in the money—the screwball handicap. (Left) Jack Arnold, Jack Oakie, Anthony Warde and Lucille Ball in "I'm From The City," another comedy that's Oakie-dokey.
Autumn Is Coming!


When you are young and happy how quickly the seasons roll around. Why, it seems only yesterday that I was telling you what to wear during the "dog days," and now the fall season has begun. From a fashion standpoint only, of course.

Even if you are not so young, and not so happy, just the idea of planning out and purchasing a new wardrobe will add zest to your spirits. I have seen the most bored women completely metamorphosed when bent on a shopping spree.

And so, just glance at these early cool weather outfits, as modeled by the glamorous Hollywood players, and see if they do not give you an idea for your own.

[Left] For these days with the first chill in the air June Travis dons a "jumper" dress of supple wool jersey in a lovely wood-violet tone, the short-sleeved blouse of which is striped with white and the circular skirt stitch-pleated.

[Right] An interesting white wool sweater embroidered in green, yellow and red, and worn by Sonja Henie, would raise the spirits of any college freshman. [Above] Norma Shearer looks like a lady out of a Russian drama in her black ribbed wool turban, shaped to the forehead and held on the head with a band of wool.
Attractive Jane Bryan demonstrates how fetching the simplest sports clothes can be. First, she wears a black gored black broadcloth skirt with a cream-toned slipover sweater blouse topped by a brilliant Kelly green wool coat. Next, the same sweater is combined with a grey wool skirt with kick pleat, and a bolero of striped grey and red wool. Third, white stripes on smooth chocolate brown kasha, with a white kasha collar, makes this suited to September days when the sun shines warm and bright. And, fourth, a snugly fitted jacket suit of rich maroon English tweed which will come in handy later under a short fur sports coat.

(Above) "Bring on your rain," says Deanna Durban who looks too cute for words in this slate blue silk rubber raincoat and hat with the tricky white polka dots. L. to R. Ellen Drew in a flared three-quarter length tweed coat checked in terra cotta and chartreuse, with terra cotta suede collar and wrap around skirt of suede and hat to match. For travel Ginger Rogers chooses this three-piece suit of mannish Oxford grey material with fitted jacket and Chesterfield topcoat deftly striped in a lighter grey. Marie Wilson smiles happily in a two-piece dress of light-weight wool in a lovely amethyst shade, accented with a pleated ruff of ecru chiffon. Her accessories are of black antelope.

(Continued on next page)
Extremely smart is this costume of rosy beige wool worn above by Wendy Barrie. The dress has what is known as excellent "line" arrangement. It is cut diagonally and fastens toward the side, and boasts a short bolero jacket with sable sleeves. (Any smooth, less expensive fur could be substituted). Two clips of simulated diamonds and rubies accent the jacket and a brown and mustard velvet hat and brown accessories add the final note. (Next) Barbara O'Neill's less lavish ensemble is equally as fetching. The short box coat is of brilliant red wool, and is worn with a simple white silk blouse and a high-waisted black wool skirt. A black felt hat with white silk cord and black accessories carry out the color scheme. (Next) Here's that old favorite, Irene Rich, in a cleverly cut navy wool crepe street dress with pleated vest and cuffs of pearl grey silk crepe. The tri-cornered turban is of matching grey felt. Her accessories are navy.

(Right) Wendy Barrie will find this ensemble correct for street wear now and equally correct under a winter coat later on. The "knuckle length" coat of rich hunter's green crepe has a unique scroll design in biscuit colored crepe and is worn over a slim skirted frock with draped bodice of matching biscuit colored crepe. Her off-the-face green felt beret is banded with velvet in a slightly more delicate shade of green.
Ensembles That Will Make Their Wearers The Cynosure Of All Eyes Whether Worn For Lunch, Cocktails Or Informal Dinners.

Hedy Lamarr, the new Continental importation, looks particularly luscious in this gracedfully draped and fitted two-toned coat of black and electric blue duvetyn. The long sleeves are bell-shaped and the belted blouse is bonded with the black material. Her charmingly draped turban is of electric blue silk crepe with a scarf that can be thrown around the throat.

Above are three short fur coats suited to the season. At left, Wendy Barrie models a short black skunk jacket, with bracelet length sleeves and very simple neckline. Wendy wears the white pique collar of her dress outside to relieve the blackness. Her black felt Russian turban is also banded in white. (Center) Moleskin dyed a beautiful bronze green fashions this striking coat worn by Ellen Drew. It has a wide shoulder line and full elbow-length sleeves. A belt of green velvet with a buckle of malachite adds an important detail. Ellen’s infinitesimal hat is of brown and so are her shoes. Elbow length gloves are necessary with this ensemble. Danielle Darrieux likes this hip length box coat of Safari brown Alaska seal skin, with matching turban. It has a tuxedo collar and the very popular bracelet length sleeves. Her skirt is of smoke-blue tweed, and her blouse of soft wool jersey in beige.
MOVIE-ETTES

(Top) Shades of little Caesar! Who'd have thought that Edward G. Robinson would become a jitterbug? But here he is doing his stuff with Wendy Barrie. (Center) Bonito Granville learns that only the toes may be in the stirrup, the reins must be so. And then, Bucky Bonito rides again. (Left) Deanna Durbin sings for her supper; and who could say NO! (Right) Frank Morgan's juggling leads to calamity. "But," says Frank, "you must take the bitters with the sweet."

(Continued on next page)
(Left) All tired out looking at pictures of those movies muggs. So Lloyd Nolan shaves and scrubs and grabs a sandwich. He'll have iced coffee, too, if Rover controls himself. And then off to the movies! (Above) Some stars ride their hobbies, but Fred MacMurray's hobby is his shop, where he makes gift furniture for his friends. He thinks he's as good as Chippendale—well Hepplewhite, anyhow.
When Fred Astaire drives he drives all over. His educated feet balance his weight to give sock to his club. Every muscle co-ordinates—in other words Fred puts Swing into golf.

HER APPLICATION BELONGS DOWN THERE!

Then Ruth learned why...

Then Susie told Ruth that perspiration odor from underthings was killing her chances. Ruth began using Lux and...

DAINTINESS ALWAYS WINS — NOW...

Avoid Offending

Girls who “get ahead” in business are always dainty. They Lux undies after each wearing. Lux removes perspiration odor—guards colors.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux! Buy the economical big box.

for underthings
And Then They Got A Break

Some Regulars Who Grabbed Their Long Awaited Chance And Scored.

It is not enough just to have years of experience to draw upon. In order to command attention a player must be cast in a role that makes demands upon him in an outstanding manner. Then he may be suddenly jolted into the open and capture the attention of every member of the audience.

Lewis Stone's career is a splendid example. He has given many fine characterizations in the past, but his recent Judge Hardy portrayals so endeared him to the public that his producers are casting him in more and better roles all the time.

Fay Bainter and Lew Ayres have each waited for their chance and when the moment came, both of them, unheralded, drew the spotlight of the world's attention.

(Below) Lew Ayres. (Corner) With Cary Grant and Doris Nolan in "Holiday." Lew took the difficult role of a rich young drinker and played it with finely controlled comedy, but in brief moments he gave the character the shrewd dignity of tragedy.

(Above) Fay Bainter. (Right) In "White Bonners" the crucial moments were marked by the combined force and reserve of Miss Bainter's art, with James Stephenson and Claude Rains.
Life is a Masquerade

(Sketches by Lloyd Wright)

By George Bester

In Hollywood's Inner Circle Rumors Spread Like Flames.

Mr. Markenshon's office was wide and high, and half a block long. They had once reproduced Mussoliní's famous office on one of the sets, and, seeing it, Mr. Markenshon had decided that if this Italian fellow could have such an office, certainly he—Joshua A. Markenshon, Production Manager of Marvelous Pictures—could have one like it.

But even so lofty an office could not dwarf Mr. Markenshon. He was a big man with a flat chest and a tremendous stomach. His head was large even for those shoulders, and his scant hair left a wide, high forehead, smooth as pink marble. When Mr. Markenshon sat, his victim, standing, was hypnotized by that vast pink stretch; it was such a long way from the high thin hair to the low thick brows. When Mr. Markenshon stood—he stood now—his victim's gaze was held—by his rhythmically moving jaws, chewing, chewing, chewing, like boulders crushing.

Mr. Markenshon always chewed gum. Some said it was gum-chewing that had put him where he was; for, after an hour of his unwinking stare, after an hour of his chewing, chewing, chewing, a stone would sweat blood. Why, some said of him—but that was probably just rumor. You know how those things grow.

It wasn't all rumor, though, as anyone in Hollywood could tell you. No one Diane knew had ever seen Mr. Markenshon angry; but everyone knew someone who had almost been killed by him. "It's a sort of fit," some said. "He has to be forcibly restrained," said others. "It's pathological." They all agreed it was something to keep away from. And there was a chance to escape if you knew the signs. Whenever his jaws slowed their chewing, whenever his eyes narrowed as his jaws moved slower and slower, Mr. Markenshon was getting angry—or he was having an idea. No one ever waited to see which it was.

"But I know I can handle the girl's part in Saga of the Hills," Diane pleaded desperately, "I was born in a little town in Colorado: I know all about—" She broke off, words failing her under that steady unemotional stare. "Just because I've always been cast in siren parts, it doesn't mean that—"

Mr. Markenshon's jaws were barely moving. Even though the glare of the bright California sun, streaming in the big-as-a-harbor-door window behind him, made Mr. Markenshon little more than a looming silhouette, she could see his jaws slowing—slowing. She took a step backward.

A deep rumble began in Mr. Markenshon's chest and turned into words, "If anything suitable comes along, we'll let you know," he said, and turned his back.

On the long walk home she kept repeating to herself: "Twenty-six—and a has-been! I can't even get an extra's job, when five years ago they were fighting to pay me two thousand dollars a week."

"Want a lift?" Rhoda Creel slowed her green twin-six roadster; Rhoda Creel who had been an extra in Diane's last picture but who was now a star—well, perhaps not of the first magnitude, but certainly of the second. And she was on the way up: ash blonde, innocent of face, she was trusting some man and suffering for it in more and more important pictures. But off the set she was as cool and brittle as ice. "You must be tired, with so much walking," she added.

"No, thanks," Diane smothered her anger with feigned nonchalance; "I need the exercise. Exercise! How she hated those long hills that she had never noticed before they possessed her car.

"Yes, I suppose you do," agreed Rhoda. "Thank goodness, I couldn't put on an extra pound if I tried." Her car rolled along, keeping pace with Diane's strides.

"Going to the Markenshon party tomorrow night?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Markenshon never forgets anyone, does she?" A little laugh. "Who's going with you?"

"You'd be surprised."

"I'm sure I would. Well, I'll be seeing you." The motor roared, and Rhoda waved a gloved hand.

No more surprised than I'd be, thought Diane. Her devoted escorts of the past had faded out of the picture, one after the other, in the past year. No one in the industry could afford to be seen with some.
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Lew Ayres. (Below) In a scene from the latest Judge Hardy picture, "Love Finds Andy Hardy," with Cecelia Parker.
"Thank goodness, I couldn't put on an extra pound if I tried," said Rhoda smugly. Her car rolled along, keeping pace with Diane's strides.

LIFE IS A
MASQUERADE

(Sketches by Lloyd Wright)

By George Bestor

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"Mrs. Markenshon never forgets anyone, does she?" A little laugh. "Who's going with you?"

"I'm sure I would. Well, I'll be seeing you." The motor roared, and Rhoda waved a gloved hand.

No more surprised than I'd be, thought Diane. Her devoted escorts of the past had faded out of the picture, one after the other, in the past year. No one in the industry could afford to be seen with some.
Diane relaxed on the cushions.
"So glad you came, Mr. Fink."

One who was branded as "slipping." And to go unmatted when in years gone by she had been surrounded by men—the knowing smiles would be unendurable.

Her house loomed large, set back among the trees. The weight of it pressed on her tired shoulders. She had a roof over her head only because the bank held off foreclosure as long as she paid the taxes. But if a buyer came along—

The grass is getting long, she thought. I'll have to mow it after dark.

There were several letters on the hall table. She laid aside the familiar ones from stores and collection agencies; there was a single one left, addressed to her in an uneven scrawl. Fan mail had been a bore when she received bagsful daily; but when it had fallen off to five letters a day, then to one—This was the first in a month, if it was one. She tore it open quickly.

The simple praise of the first paragraph warmed her. Here was someone who still talked of her as a great actress, someone who seemed to understand what she had tried to put into her role in her last picture, and the one before.

"I'm visiting Los Angeles for a few days," the letter said, "and I wondered if, before I go home to Sediment Springs, Nevada, you'd let me call on you. I'll drop around about seven o'clock Friday evening on the chance you'll be home." It was signed "Hermann Fink."

The living room clock struck nine as Diane Loring settled herself among the cushions of the divan and reached for a book. She wore a tight, backless dress of ebony satin, earrings that touched her shoulders, heavy mascara and lipstick, and her golden-blonde hair was elaborately arranged. Perhaps the studios had no further use for sirens; but if that was what Hermann Fink had fallen for, that was what she was going to give him. She hoped he would not recognize the dress as of two seasons back; she had not had much use for that sort of thing lately.

Lissa, the colored maid, was waiting in the hall. She had entered into the spirit of the affair with enthusiasm, and had spent half an hour on Diane's hair. Lissa's last payday had been almost as long ago as Diane's, but she re-

a year or as long as you liked. So restful to have friends, and not just competitors who would trample you underfoot if you lagged.

The doorbell sounded faintly in the kitchen. Lissa hurried across the hall; there was danger Hermann Fink's nerve might fail at the last moment.

"Is—" Diane heard a gruff voice say, "Is—"

"Miss Loring?"

"Yes," said the voice.

"You're Mr. Fink?"

"Yes."

"She's expecting you."

"Oh... thanks."

Diane tried to keep her eyes on the book, but they strayed past the corner of the page and caught a pair of yellow shoes approaching—shoes with bumpy toes that shone like mirrors. Slowly she raised her eyes—and raised them, and raised them, and raised them. They passed a pair of pin-checked trousers—very narrow, a brown waistcoat, and the collar of a striped silk shirt. Just under the chandelier she found a serious, rather frightened face.

"I'm—" he said, and stopped.

Diane took hold of herself firmly, and with equal firmness told herself that he was really not so bad. He was thirty or thirty-five, and had nice eyes—but where had he gotten the clothes and that haircut? She forced a smile. "You're Mr. Fink, aren't you?"

"Oh... thanks." He broke into an embarrassed grin. "I just thought I'd—While I was in town."

Impulsively she started to say something to put him at his ease, then remembering her siren role fused to be fired.

"Perhaps he's got a big ranch back there," Lissa had said while Diane was dressing, "and he'll marry us and take us home with him."

Diane had laughed.

But Sediment Springs might be like Quartz Flat, a little mining town where she had grown up. Life was not so hard in those small towns if you were a first citizen and had a bit of money; and it would be so restful to have someone else to think about taxes and bill collectors. So restful to have a house you knew you could live in for a month or
she relaxed on the cushions. "So glad you came, Mr. Fink."

"Oh... thanks," Hermann Fink looked at the floor; his ears and neck were red.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Oh... thanks." He perched on the edge of a chair, feet spread wide as if a horse belonged between them.

"You've been in the city long?"

"'Bout a week, I guess."

Diane took a deep breath; this was terrible, she was getting as embarrassed as he was. Hermann Fink watched her reverently, but with inquisitive eyes that fixed whenever her glance crossed his. She searched for some topic of conversation. Had he seen any pictures?

"A couple. But I've been looking for something you... of yours."

"I'm resting right now," she told him.

"Oh..."

"Have they been showing any of my pictures lately up in Sol—" The name of that town was an insult. "...up in your home town?"

"Yes," He looked up quickly from the rag. "They showed Forgotten Lies about five months back. You were wonderful in that! Anyone else would have made the girl seem cheap and tawdry."

He leaned forward, his voice low and tense. "But you showed that a girl can make one terrible mistake and still come through to a—" He flushed suddenly. "I make it sound kind of silly."

"Not at all." Diane found herself blushing too. She was used to the brittle banter of Hollywood, the insincere praise, the jealous sarcasm. But he was so simple and honest; what could she say? He probably pictured her as a glamorous woman who had sinned picturesquely, but who had a heart of gold. What a false alarm she was.

her sins were manufactured by a press agent, and the heart of gold was suffocating his presence only to hear his praise and because she might be able to make use of him.

Really, though, he was almost handsome. A city barber and a good tailor—No. Kickishness was a state of mind, not a geographical misfortune. She'd better snap out of it before she got soft headed. Studying him, she had an idea. Brutal, perhaps, but—

Rising from the divan, she said: "I know you're busy, Mr. Fink, so I won't keep you any longer. But have you any engagement for tomorrow evening?"

Herman blinked. "Why, no, I guess not. I mean: No."

"Would you be good enough to escort me to a party Mr. and Mrs. Markenshon are giving—He's head of Marvelous Pictures, you know. All the important people in Hollywood will be there; you might like to meet some of them."

"Why—" Mr. Fink was breathless; his eyes were round. "I'd—Oh, thanks."

"Ten o'clock, then."

There was a crash of music; a rapid swirling tune began. Hermann was off, spinning her around and around. Between whirls he skipped.

"What shall I wear? Is it—"

"Wear just what you have on; I like it."

"My arms are so sort of bare-like; I ain't used to a dress without sleeves."

Lissa went into another gale of laughter. "Miss Loring, I'll die if you don't quit."

She wiped a tear from her cheek.

"Perhaps we could make some sleeves outa that purple material," said Diane. "It'd contrast kinda nice with the blue dress."

Lissa howled again. "Purple sleeves on a blue dress!

Diane looked at her maid seriously. "Don't you like them? They'd almost match the sash—of course they're not quite the same material."

"Yes, Miss Loring, I think they'd look awful nice." Lissa giggled.

Diane looked at herself in the glass. Lissa had bought the dress for a dollar at a second-hand store. It was the kind of dress that doesn't quite seem [Continued on page 78]
Every Career Has Its Price And The Stars Cannot Escape Their Fame.

By Marian Rhea

ONCE she was a star. Now she is a bit player...

Yes, I know. Many a story of Hollywood reads like that.

Once upon a time there was glory; now there is oblivion.

Once upon a time there was everything; now there is nothing.

Still, this woman who had been a star was different from many in that legion of Hollywood's Fallen Great. I asked her a question and, in answering, she forgot the pride which others raise like a shield against pity or ridicule. She forgot to pretend that she was "just between pictures" and that new success was right around the corner. She told me the truth.

I said to her, "You and I know that everything in life must be paid for. Tell me, was the glory you had worth the price?"

Her answer, bitter and hopeless, was: "No. I wish I had never known any of it! It cost me everything and left me nothing."

As one who finds relief in honesty too long restrained, she plunged on... She had lost her husband, the only man she ever loved, because "career" came first. She had denied herself motherhood because she was "too busy to have a baby." She had met the demands of fame with health and money until today, far from well and far from well off, alone and unloved, she was a bit player.

"I wish to God I were dead," she said, and the tears were streaking her make-up.

That night, though, my phone rang and a voice came over the wire, studiedly casual.

"My dear, I don't know what got into me today. I was so silly..."

Yes, the shield of pride was up again and so I was studiedly casual, too.

"Think nothing of it," I told her. "We all have our unguarded moments.

And so, for all she was too proud to ask it and for all it would make a better story, I shall not set her name down here. To reveal her guilty of that cardinal crime in Hollywood—admission of failure—would be cruel, and I think she has been hurt enough.

But, anonymous though it is, a story like this makes you think, doesn't it? Makes you wonder in how many other instances the price of glory has been, or will be, too high. Certainly, not in all. You cannot ask the manicurist, the elevator operator, the theater usher, the taxi driver, the cow-puncher and all the other heroes and heroines of our Hollywood "Cinderella" stories:

"Is the game worth the candle?" without expecting their answer to be an amused: "Of course, you dim-wit! Don't be ridiculous!" Nor can you laugh off—or maybe it should be cry off—four or six or ten thousand dollars a week.

Just the same, stardom comes high. I know because I've seen its price paid, sometimes through the nose, in tender more precious than money... In privacy, for instance; in leisure, health, happiness and peace.

As a reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper, I've desecrated many a star's privacy myself.

EARNING
Gene Raymond has over-enthusiastic fans to contend with. (Right) Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert Taylor in a scene from "The Crowd Roars." Bob's name is never far from the headlines.

I got into John Gilbert’s kitchen the morning after he and Ina Claire were married, having made no progress at the front door; called the master bedroom on the house phone before the horrified servants could stop me, and insisted John and Ina pose for the photographer I had waiting outside. Moreover, after they had allowed the pictures, this being the only way to get rid of me, I asked John for a statement about Greta Garbo whom everyone had thought he would marry, and Ina for one about Gene Markey, whom she was supposed to be in love with. The whole thing was indecent and outrageous, but the two of them were famous and, therefore, “news.”

Jean Harlow was always “news,” too, and so I interviewed her whether she would or no a day or so after Paul Bern’s suicide when, still near collapse, she appeared in court for probation of his will.

I hung around Pickfair at the time of Mary Pickford’s separation from Douglas Fairbanks until, in desperation, she talked to me. I could see she was fighting pitifully for self-control and all the time she was trying to make me believe the situation was nothing to incite headlines, her eyes were begging: “Let me alone. Can’t you see I’m near to breaking my heart over it all?”

A few years later, when it was announced Mary was to marry “Buddy” Rogers, I was sent to ask her for a statement concerning the difference in their ages—as rude a request as could be made under the circumstances.

I was the reporter who pushed into the automobile which carried Carole Lombard to Russ Colombo’s burial, seeking a first-hand story of her grief. I was the reporter who waited for Ricardo Cortez outside the dying Alma Rubens’ hospital room and asked him for a “statement” five minutes after she had breathed her last.

“Vultures” they call reporters, sometimes, but I deny that. Reporters only seek the news. Stars are news, therefore nothing about them can be sacred or secret. Whereupon Martha Raye’s father, deciding she owes him a living, goes to court, aware that the publicity will quite likely force her to do something for him whether he deserves it or not. Ditto Eleanor Whitney’s father. Bob Taylor’s grandfather goes on relief and the headlines blare forth: "TAYLOR’S GRANDFATHER PAUPER!” I happen to know that Bob was blameless in that situation as you or I. But—anything that concerns a Bob Taylor is, as I said, news.

A star also suffers at the hands of his fans, strange as this may seem. “We make a star, therefore he is ours,” is their reasoning. So they assume the right to snatch the crummiest tatters from Joan Blondell’s wrap at a premiere; to tear the buttons and pockets from Bob Taylor’s clothes during a public appearance tour; to pull out handfuls of Gene Raymond’s hair just to make sure he doesn’t wear a toupee; to gang up on Ginger Rogers in a public square until, as a safety measure, she must be lotted to the base of a statue, there to cling for an hour while police were dispersing her formidable friends; to hang around the home of this and that screen idol, waiting to take pictures or beg autographs.

“We’re like monkeys in a zoo,” Claudette Colbert said to me, once, after an hour of acceding to sundry requests of a group of sightseers who had congregated at her front gate. I believe her.

I know the cost of fame in leisure, especially to a woman who, every day before appearing on the set, must devote at least three hours to shampoo, hair-dressing, make-up and costuming. A friend of mine recently spent several weeks with Ginger Rogers and her mother and she says that night after night Ginger would come home at seven or eight, never before, and go immediately to bed, forced to spend every spare minute resting, to avoid a breakdown.

Just the other day I saw Betty Grable arrive for work at Paramount at eight in the morning and keep at it until ten that night, with a glass of milk and a doughnut for lunch, a hot-dog and coffee for dinner and fittings and “stills” sandwiched in between takes.

THEIR ORCHIDS
Interesting? A thrill? For a while, perhaps. But as a steady diet week in and week out—well, I am not so sure about that.

I know what stardom and the situations it may create can do to a marriage. Ina Claire first pointed that out. It was just two years after I had intruded upon her honeymoon with John Gilbert. Now I was after the story back of their separation.

“What was the trouble?” I asked her.


Well, I knew what she meant. With the advent of talking pictures, John Gilbert, the silent screen’s “Great Lover,” had slipped while she, aided by her stage experience, had been a success. I knew that lie marriages can withstand that portentous hour when a wife “passes” her husband on the road to triumph. There is something about the masculine ego that just can’t take it. And so Ina Claire and John Gilbert reached a parting of the ways. So did Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres; Ann Harding and Harry Bannister; Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Faye. So have many another pair of married stars confronted by the same circumstance.

It was Janet Gaynor’s career that wrecked her marriage to Lydell Peck. Although not in pictures himself, he couldn’t stand being “Mr. Gaynor” and you can’t blame him. You can’t blame any of the Hollywood husbands who have rebelled because their wife’s greater prestige and greater earning power have affronted masculine vanity. Or maybe it isn’t vanity, but something deeper, more fundamental.

There is something fundamental, certainly, in the jealousy involved in many a Hollywood marriage. Not long ago I ran into the non-professional wife of a famous star on a set watching a love scene between her husband and his leading lady. Columnists are always making wisecracks about such situations but what I saw wasn’t funny . . . Not funny at all.

I know the wife and like her. She has poise and charm and sophistication, but as the scene got under way.

I saw the knuckles of her clenched hands whiten and her body begin to tremble. Her husband had asked her to witness the scene because he thought its professional aspect would lessen the tension she had been displaying for weeks. But it did not, and now I hear they are going to separate, and that is too bad. They really loved each other when they were married two years ago.

These are some of the costs of fame which only a few of us are aware of. There are others which the whole world knows. You can scarcely pick up a paper but what you read of some star in the hospital, collapsing on the set, suffering a breakdown, Alice Faye, obeying the demands of stardom, dieted until she fainted during the last scene of “You’re a Sweetheart.” Tyrone Power contracted a throat infection but, because “the show must go on,” acted as emcee at a radio broadcast and as a consequence was seriously ill. Olivia De Havilland, scarcely in her twenties, had a nervous breakdown—couldn’t talk to anyone without crying; trembled at the slightest sound.

I read the other day that Joan Crawford was in the hospital “for observation.” Due to overwork? Perhaps. But may be on account of something else, too. You see, Joan, these days, is also paying another price for stardom. Joan, these days, is learning the meaning of fear.

For a long time Joan was one of the box office’s Big Ten, but when the ticket poll came in, she had slipped. It wasn’t her fault. Perhaps it was not even “the beginning of the end” for her, as they are whispering around here. But—she had a bad picture or two, and a bad picture or two is dangerous.

Tomorrow, there will be others who needs must say, even as the bit player whose name was once blazoned in lights: Stardom cost me everything, and left me nothing.”
STAR PARTS OR BUST

By Walter Fleischman

In The "Quickie"
The Big Names Of
Yesterday Are
Still On Top.

Hollywood, Hollywood, where one feels so blue,
A star today—tomorrow you're through.

And those lines express it in a word.

The biggest of the stars have shown brightly on the screen horizon, flared and died. But never without a struggle.

Hollywood has seen some mighty big "names" since the movies made it the center of the industry. Some of these "names" continue to be the recipient of fan mail—of those they're still in demand. Others have watched the parade pass them by. And as the passing throngs cheer and applaud the new favorites, what do those "bigger" of yesteryear do? Sit by and hope? Not on your life!

True, there are many who cannot buck the tide of unpopularity, and continue without funds, just to wait for some producer to again star them in some epic. But if they can possibly hold on—like any one of the thousands of struggling extras—then they fight, fight to the bitter end.

Well, just what do they do? They won't accept some bit part in a major picture, What a disgrace—what a comical fate! No, many of them would rather starve slowly—go back to the legitimate stage—turn to some other field of endeavor—but accept a bit part, never!

Inevitably they all turn toward the Mecca of fading hopes, the Loche of the screen—the independent producers of small budgeted "action melodramas"—the "Quickie!" Names such as Gloria Swanson, Conrad Nagel, Esther Rabston, Tim McCoy, Marian Marsh, Rod LaRoque, Anna Sten, Neil Hamilton, Ramon Novarro, Adrienne Ames, Polly Moran, Grant Withers, Hobart Bosworth, Al St. John, Kit Guard, Ben Lyon, Evelyn Venable, Evalyn Knapp and Astrid Allwyn are among those who feel that a big role in a small picture is better than a bit part in a big picture.

What causes stars of another year to demand continued stardom? Fame? Pride? No, it is simply that they must show the major producers that they are still "names!"

Now, many of the former stars of the screen luminaries, anxious to remain in pictures, will accept any "bit" role or walk-on part. They, possibly through no fault of their own, have been shelved as the picture parade passed by. But they refuse to remain out of pictures or wait for a leading role in a "quickie!"

So then we have two schools of thought—so far as former star names are concerned. One believing that only a starring role, regardless of the size or scope of the picture, will bring them back into public favor and, possibly, with the major producers once again. The other school believing that no matter how small the role, the bigger the picture the better it will be for them.

In many cases, we find the former group
unable to obtain roles of any size whatsoever with the major studios. What to do then?

Well, some of them just don’t work; give up their stars or drift off out of pictures entirely. The others plan carefully to recapture public favor and once more bring themselves to the attention of the big producers.

First, we might take Ramon Novarro as an example. Handsomer than the average male screen player, and not necessarily a dyed-in-the-wool Latin type, Ramon found the going harder and harder when Metro finally dropped him from the studio payroll. Ramon didn’t as some think, just forget about pictures. Oh no! He carefully laid-out a plan that is just now bearing fruit.

Always possessed of an excellent voice, he had his manager arrange a South American concert tour. That tour proved to him that he was still “box-office” and still had millions of fans. Yet no major studio offer was forthcoming. He continued on his personal appearance tour; still no major offer.

Then he told his agent what he wanted to do. He would star in a picture for one of the “independent” studios, if the right picture could be found. The picture was found and now you’ll be seeing Ramon in a Republic picture. That, he hopes, will once again launch him into public favor. Then he will again be in demand for the major studios, he hopes. Will he? Well, it’s a last hope, anyway.

The glamorous Gloria Swanson made a hit in “The Trespasser.” Then, for no apparent reason she dropped out of pictures. But had she really forsaken the silver screen? No, by a long shot. No, she was just unwanted by the major studios. But Gloria still wants to be in pictures. So, she has accepted an offer from an “independent” company for a salary reported to be $15,000 a picture, but what is that amount to the once most fascinating person on the screen? Swanson, who once drew as high as $7,500 a week and more!

Well, children, that $15,000 represents Gloria’s last chance, her last hope to recapture her popularity. Will she succeed?

Conrad Nagel absolutely refuses to play any minor roles. He could have any number of them in the larger studios. But he turns them down right and left. For what? For this; he feels deep down that he, Conrad Nagel, is far better off as a star, no matter the importance of the picture, than in a sub-role to any of the new starright lights in a big film. So Conrad remains in the “quickies”—his last hope.

Another of the fading stars is Neil Hamilton. But you’re never going to see Neil in some small supporting role or “bit” part. He’s made up his mind that stardom is out of the question—so it is the “quickie” that finds him nowadays. He’s waiting for some big producer to remark: “Say, that fellow Hamilton still has what it takes. Let’s try it in our new epic.” I wonder whether any producer will.

Evelyn Knapp has been seen of late as the leading lady of a young man by the name of Smith Ballew in several Western “quickies.” Evelyn Knapp, you’ll remember from a great many successes of other days. But, apparently, she won’t take or can’t get a small role in one of the major studios. So she, also, has turned to the “quickies.”

The name of Esther Ralston once shone in the heavens of screendom as brightly as any. She was quite a young girl when she dropped out of sight, not so many years ago. When next we saw her, she had a supporting role—but under another name—in a “quickie.” I think its name was “The Spy Ring.” In order to make the proper and effective comeback the producer advised her to change her name and make a fresh start. She did. But the start wasn’t as fresh as she thought it would be.

Back to the name that

Adrienne Ames will be on the screen again soon. (Right) Polly Moran and Alison Skipworth. At the foot of the stairs again— it’s symbolic.

had once been famous went Miss Ralston, and she, too, has tried the Mecca of last hopes in another “quickie” titled “Slander House.”

Hollywood is full of other “names” as big and small, but none is so pitiful as the “big” name, which, refusing the tidbits handed out almost on a charitable basis, awaits the call from a major studio for a role that befits the standing once held, but now only a memory.

For time to time you’ll continue to see Montagne Love, Polly Moran, Grant Withers, Ben Lyon, Evelyn Venable, Astrid Allwyn, Betty Compson, Donald Woods, Jack Mulhall, Ann Dvorak and Sally Blaine in some of the majors, but their star is fast fading to the inevitable “quickie.”

Adrienne Ames, for instance, just signed a four picture deal with Progressive Pictures, a new company still in the “quickie” class. But because Miss Ames apparently is well liked and because Progressive might become a major studio you may see her as a “name” once again. But the odds are strongly against it. It’s just the way it goes in Hollywood.

Anna Steen, once the big light in Samuel Goldwyn’s eyes, now is still awaiting stardom in a picture that her husband Dr. Eugene Frenke has been on the point of making for nearly two years. Her last hopes are fast fading.

Sooner or later, they all reach the “quickie” stage. The stage of fading hopes. Like the extras seeking the eternal “break” the former stars are seeking exactly the
same thing—only for the former star the odds are much greater. Any little extra girl has a greater chance for screen stardom than the biggest "name" that has stumbled from public favor. And she hasn't the heartaches, no matter how tough the going, that beset the fading star.

Once they rode the wave of popular approval and no surf board rider ever raced more jauntily. But every wave breaks and ends in a foamy eddied rush of patterned water and there is no way of getting that wave back again.

For the stars who have "hit-the-beach" there will be changes that are hard to take.

There will be no more police escorts, no more flashing marquee lights, fewer autographs and fan letters and fewer, if any, dollars. But it takes a person of backbone and character to cross off all these baubles of fame and to buckle down hard work and the humiliation of applying for roles. And that's one reason why these players are real men and women of character and it explains why one-picture-independent producers often turn out good films that deserve success.

Montague Love, for example, is called back to the major studios often enough (remember him in "Robin Hood") to prove that his great talent is a light still brightly shining.

The tougher break comes to the "Big Name" stars, and when their turn comes to sign up for a "quickie" to forget their yesterdays and to drop pride, conceit and fair weather friends, without any self pity,

they do so almost invariably with the determination to make a new career not as a hero and lover but as a character actor. And since they are before the camera again they are happy. For this time they are not propped up in a high place by fan mail, by press agents or by luck. This time they are in there working and "I'll show 'em" is their battlecry.

The youngest who has never qualified in the big studio as a box-office name looks upon the "quickies" as just a step in their climb. Look at Gene Autry and his cowboy pictures! He

was working in Westerns and his fan mail began to grow, mail bag after mail bag! All Hollywood heard about it. Even the big producers knew that the Jury-of-the-Movie-Fans had put their O.K. on Gene and cowboy pictures were started on some of the major lots, so, it isn't all signs and regrets at the "quickie" studios. Sometimes the whole studio rings with joyous crowing—"Gene has moved 'em."

Republic is an independent company fast growing in importance. "Heves of the Hills" is a recent picture and in it you will see Pabolla Lawson. She is an Indianapolis girl who won a beauty contest—"Miss Miami Beach." Since she reached Hollywood she has had small parts in "Test Pilot" and "Three Comrades." She is the leading lady in the "quickie" and will not be for the last time either. Lynn Roberts came from El Paso, Tex. She is in the Dick Tracy serial and she was also in "The Lone Ranger," and many others. How's that for a blue-eyed going-to-be movie star?

The "quickie" offers their hearts' desire to the young and the old. No wonder "quickies" have spirit andumph!

Anna Sten, once the big light in Samuel Goldwyn's eyes, is patiently awaiting stardom in pictures that her husband Dr. Eugene Frenkel has been on the point of making for nearly two years. Her high hopes are pretty well shattered.

So because of this search for renewed stardom the "quickie" producer will continue to survive and make pictures. After all, he can get a "name"—no matter what that "name" formerly was—for comparative "coffee and cake" money. And the last of these fade with each successive "quickie."
They never had any lessons, but they're doing all right!

Why? Why most of the movie and radio top-notch vocalists who not only never had any lessons, but a great many of whom can't even read music. But you'll notice that this lack hasn't at all hindered them in their climb up the ladder of success. Say, I'll let you in on a secret. Many of them wouldn't be much good at delivering the kind of lovely lush tones you admire if they had had a teacher bearing down on them to change their rhythm and phrasing.

Not that we, or even they, are against vocal training if you've the kind of voice that can profit by it. Nobody denies what competent teachers have done for Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Tony Martin and Nelson Eddy, to mention a few. But we do want to point out that these songsters do not cover the entire realm of singing that comes to you via radio and silver screen. That's why, if you cannot afford singing lessons, you needn't be discouraged. For there are a great many beloved vocalists who never had the benefit of voice instruction, yet their popularity hasn't suffered one whit.

First man up to the musical bar to explain why lessons aren't always necessary is Bing Crosby, who boosted crooning into a major industry. To this day he cannot read music and can play no instrument except the drums. When he and some friends organized an orchestra that played at parties, ice cream parlors and tea gardens, no one could tell one note from the other. But that didn't matter, for, according to Bing: "We had an infallible system of always providing the latest tunes and rhythms. We bought the records of popular band leaders and listened to them until we could copy each tune convincingly. Occasionally I'd do a vocal solo. Nobody seemed to mind, so I worked up a few trick arrangements."

The objections came much later when, as a member of the Three Rhythm Boys, featured with Paul Whiteman's band, they played the Paramount Theatre in New York. The management didn't like the boys and particularly objected to Bing's crooning. They told Paul to fire Bing, but he had faith in the lad and warned him not to sing while on the stage. That was the only time Bing was paid not to sing. Today he is one of Paramount's shiniest stars and the company goes out of its way to find places in his pictures in which to spot songs.

A growth in his vocal chords gives Bing's voice that peculiar quiver that everybody seems to like so much. When he first started to sing professionally, he couldn't afford a singing teacher. Now with so much money rolling in that he could probably endow a music conservatory, he still steers clear of voice lessons. "It might change my style of singing," he explains, "and the fans might not like the change. Why should I try to do vocal high jinks when I don't consider myself a high-brow artist? True, I can't croon grand opera, but neither can those canaries do justice to tin pan alley tunes. So we're even, I guess."

Then there's Ethel Merman. Ethel has a robust voice, hasn't she? Maybe you thought at times that it could do with a little polishing around the edges, but she was advised against it and by no less a one-who-should-know than the late George Gershwin. The little ex-stenographer who never had a singing lesson in her life, yet managed to make grade A in the theatre, over the airwaves, and on the screen, told me that Gershwin once advised her: "Never, under any conditions, change your style of singing or take any lessons, no matter who recommends it. Keep on with your simple, sincere, direct manner of delivery."

Frank Morgan's voice is just a wild untamed thing. It refuses to be pinned down. (Above) Alice Faye got the idea without any help.
and you'll stay at the top. And I'll be mighty proud if you've
listened to what I've suggested.

Ethel did listen and shortly before he died Gershwin sent her
an autographed photo of himself on which he had written: "For
Ethel—A lucky composer is he who has you to sing his songs—
All the best, George Gershwin."

If you've an ear cocked toward your radio when Frank Morgan
comes on to do his stint, you'll agree with his boast that he sounds
as if he never took a singing lesson in his life. He pretends to give
the lessons. Privately you think that no teacher could be found to
instruct him, but he pish-toshes the whole idea. For him, lessons
are a waste of time (the teacher's) for no natural born
artist of his calibre need bother with such trivialities, he
says. To prove it, he has covered the range of novelty
songs, tear-jerking ballads and, yes—he's even done wrong by
a couple of operatic arias.

"That's just the trouble," he brags. "I've got such all-around
musical ability that they can't pin me down to any one type
of song. Say, I'll bet I've got those baritones, bassos and
tenors over at the Metropolitan Opera all trembling and
shaking their heads," he told me, in a simple and cute
understatement of his acute
ability. Of course, Frank didn't say whether the head-shaking was
in disapproval or disdain at welcoming such a colleague, and who am
I to ask embarrassing questions?

But if you really want to know just how profitable it can be
not to take lessons, just listen to what Kate Smith has to say. Her
words are just as impressive as the figure she presents when you
realize that she's cleared over a million and a half dollars in seven
years on the air, collecting about 55,000 per broadcast and about
$8,000 for a week's work in vaudeville.

"I've never had vocal instruction because I've always wanted to
sing in my natural voice," Kate explained to me. "Of course if I
had wanted to train for opera, it would have been different. But
for singing homey ballads and popular numbers, you're much
better off without a teacher."

Not even the compliments paid Kate by Garbo's bat friend
Stokowski, who told her she had perfect pitch when she sang at a
concert he conducted, sent her to a music teacher. She didn't go,
she says. "Because I've known plenty of cases where improper
instruction has taken away vocal naturalness, replacing it with a
stilted artificial quality. If you could be sure, though, that the
teacher was an expert, instruction wouldn't hurt you. Even if you
don't pay attention to the lessons themselves, a good teacher could
tell you how to guard your voice.

"If you contemplate singing on the stage with bands or in vaude-
ville, here's a tip you may find useful. And that is, be sure to use
a microphone no matter how strong your voice is. When I first
started out I never used a mike for I knew that my voice was
powerful enough to be heard in the theatre without it. But I soon
found out that playing four or five shows a day was a strain, so
I got a mike to save my throat and have been using one ever
since."

Alice Faye, who started out as a dancer and didn't get a chance
to wobble until she joined Rudy Vallee's troupe, confides that
"I just sing for the pleasure of singing and I've never felt that
I've missed out by not practicing until I was blue in the face."

Recently we've been noticing an improvement in Alice's delivery
and we suspected that perhaps listening to husband Tony Martin run up and
down the scale with his do-re-mi, under the guidance of his vocal coach, might
have something to do with it. She admitted that listening to Tony had
helped her own technique.

"But I can't read the notes even now," she told me frankly, "I just watch
the notes go up and down; when they go up I go up." [Continued on page 70]
In "The Cowboy And The Lady" are Patsy Kelly, Gary Cooper, Mabel Todd, Fuzzy Knight, Walter Brennan and Merle Oberon. Practically a round-up.

Hi, THERE, reader! What a month this is with every studio going full blast. And it's a red letter month because...

Columbia

There's Edward G. Robinson in "I Am The Law" with John Beal, Barbara O'Neil, Wendy Barrie and Otto Kruger. Right here I'm going to let you into a little secret. Every month when I start to write this department I have a couple of snorts of—er—gingerale to sharpen my wits, and fire my enthusiasm.

Mr. R is a law professor who has been given a year off with pay. He doesn't want the year off so he joins the district attorney's office as a special investigator of vice and crime—at the behest of Mr. Kruger. Mr. Kruger, while apparently on the side of law and order, is really (in addition to being John Beal's father) the head of all the vice and crime. Miss Barrie is his right-o-love and a pretty pair they make. Mr. Beal, knowing nothing of his father's private life, is Mr. Robinson's assistant and when the day of reckoning comes Mr. Harry Cohn and Mr. Sam Briskin are going to have a lot to answer for—getting a nice boy like John mixed up with a passel o' folks like this.

Do I have to tell you that in the end the competent Mr. Robinson cleans up the entire town. Mr. Kruger has an attack of conscience, makes a new will leaving his entire fortune to the perpetuation of crime control and commits suicide. Miss Barrie gets saved from the electric chair by signing a full confession of her part in the proceedings. Miss O'Neil has her reward in just understanding. I've got to go to see Lannie Ross and Joan Marsh now—but I'll return.

So I go next door and there is a huge night club for "The Lady Objects." The hangings and furnishings would lead you to believe it's the Club Intime but it's only a jot smaller than the Grand Central Station. Miss Marsh takes her place next to the orchestra and starts singing. She descends a few steps and sings a few notes at each table. Lannie comes in while she's singing and stands watching her appreciatively.

You who remember Joan as a doll-faced ingénue will...

Looking Over The Plays And Players Of Promise With

S. R. Mook

being married to a man like Mr. Robinson (Who said "Virtue is its own reward") and Mr. Beal—well I suppose his reward comes from working with a man like Mr. R who knows all the answers.

When the scene I see is finished John comes over with out-stretched hand. "Dick!" he explains. "I am glad to see you."

"Yeah," I respond grumpily. "If I waited until you asked me up for that cocktail you've been promising me for the last five years I'd never see you."

"Well, stick around and I'll give you the cocktail and lunch, too," he offers.

"All right," I agree cautiously, "but I'm still expecting that cocktail at your house. I want to see Helen (his wife) again. She's more...

In "Three Girls on Broadway," Ann Sheridan and John Litel feel the plot beginning to develop.

(Left) Lanny Ross and Joan Marsh in "The Lady Objects," a musical.
Scene from "The Sisters," Bette Davis, Anita Louise, Jane Bryan, Henry Travers and Beulah Bondi.

be most greatly surprised at the change in her. Her hair is
darker, her face has character and she has personality. The dress
she is wearing is something to observe. My guide (Mr. Decker)
informs me it is made of electric blue sequins, I wouldn't be
knowing about that but I believe the "electric" part. It's what
my Aunt Prudence would call "shocking"—pleasantly shocking.
It's like a cold shower—makes you feel good after you get used to it.
I go back to Mr. Beal (of the Joplin, Mo., Beals) and we go
over to Madame Lucy's for lunch and have a couple of dry
Martini's because when we first met five years ago we had lunch
at Madame Lucy's and had a couple of dry Martini's and then
I say goodbye for the nonce and dash over to—

Paramount

My heart sinks down into my boots as I look at the call sheet for there are SEVEN big pictures shooting here. But the gods
look after the Mooks, "Zaza" is only starting and Claudette Colbert
hasn't even started working yet. "If I Were King" starring Ronald
colman is on location, "Campus Confessions" is just starting and the
set is closed the first day, "Men With Wings" starring Kay
Milland and Fred MacMurray is on location and Bing Crosby isn't
working today in "Paris Honeymoon," so you'll learn about all of them next month.

I dash on to the set of "Artists and Models" starring Jack Benny and Joan Bennett. Miss Bennett is not working today and Mr.
Benny is peacefully snoring on the side-lines.

The scene is a private dining room in the Royal Carlton hotel
and it looks as though Mr. Benny's kitchen has really had a
banquet. There are petit fours on the table, bowls of fruit and
nuts, wine glasses proudly boasting the remains of brandy, creme
de menthe, cointreau, Burgundy and almost anything else you
can name. Seven chorus girls are singing "What Have You Got
That Gets Me," They're supposed to be singing to Jack but, as
I told you, he is blissfully asleep and totally oblivious to what
he's missing.

That leaves "Touchdown, Army," featuring John Howard, Mary
Carlisle and Owen Davis, Jr.

It seems Mr. Howard is a Southerner who is in West Point.
He's the fiery sort of Southerner who exists nowadays only in
the imagination of Yankee script writers and he is still fighting the
Civil War (which all real Southerners have long since forgotten).
On the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all, he launches
into an account of how his childhood Culpepper led the charge
at Shiloh and all the cadets rib him about it.

So his fellow-cadet (Owen Davis, Jr.) introduces him to his
cousin, Mary Carlisle. To make matters worse, Mr. Howard keeps
saying "Yes, ma'am" to Mary and no Southern boy says "ma'am"
any more to any girl under forty.

From Paramount I journey to—

United Artists

Here Mr. Samuel Goldwyn is presenting a Samuel Goldwyn
production produced by Samuel Goldwyn, starring Gary Cooper
and Merle Oberon. It is called "The Lady and the Millionaire." Merle
is the lady who goes West—or South—to escape something
or other. She takes with her her cook (Patsy Kelly) and her maid
(Mabel Todd). Mabel is in love with Fuzzy Knight. She makes a
blind date for Patsy with one of Fuzzy's friends (Gary). Merle
hears about it and wants to get "in" on the fun. So they haul
her along and Fuzzy fixes things up for Gary and Patsy and pairs
Merle with Walter Brennan. Merle offers Patsy a say; a month
case to swap partners and Patsy's capricity gets the better of her.
She agrees. But Gary thinks Merle thinks, just because she's rich,
she can have anything she wants so he'll have none of her—until
the last reel, of course.

As the electricians are fixing the lights Gary spies me, "Hi,
Dick," he says, "come on over." So I move over to where he's
standing but he's so absorbed in some guy who is explaining to
Gary exactly how knife throwers throw the knives he hasn't time
for anything else. I can't even blame him. A knife thrower is
something different and writers are around all the time. So I just
say, "Well, so long, I'll see you next month or the month after
when you and Merle are working in "The Last Frontier," and I
beat it out to—

Warner Bros.

Ah, me. If I thought I would get any reprieve here I am doomed
to disappointment. Kay Francis is working on the next to last
picture of her contract, Bette Davis is working in "The Sisters,"
Rickie Powell and Olivia DeHavilland are working in "Head Over
Heels," and there is also "Three Girls on Blackmail." Taking
them in order—Kay in "Unlawful." She and her husband
(John Eldredge) are a rising pair of young surgeons. But
John gets mixed up with a gang of hooligans (headed, of course,
by Humphrey Bogart) and finally winds up getting killed, Kay is
indicted for complicity but is eventually freed. She goes to a small
town to start over again. The gangsters conveniently come to the
town where Kay is, there is a gun battle and she saves the life
of James Stephenson (who is really a novelist but who gets mixed
up in the battle and is wounded). The butcher, the baker and
the candle-stick maker are all hounding [Continued on next page]
Kay to pay her bill with them. Stevie, out of gratitude, offers her a hundred dollar bill, which she turns down. Luckily her aunt (Jessie Busley) is with her and nabs the bill and pays the grocer and that’s where I come in.

"It isn’t like you to go around ignoring century notes."

"It’s only in the picture, duckie," Kay explains, picking up the piece of needlepoint on which she’s working.

"Honest to God, Kay," I expostulate, "you worry the life out of me. First you announce your retirement from the screen and then there won’t be a single star left whose favorite writer I am, and now you’re putting your eyes out with that everlasting needlepoint. What is it you’re making, anyhow?"

"A table cover," she says, holding it up. "And it really doesn’t hurt my eyes because it’s not very fine work and I don’t get a chance to work on it long at a time. They’re always calling me for a shot or a rehearsal or a still or something. Wait a minute. I have to make a phone call and I’ll be right back."

But there are umpire other sets to cover here so I have to leave.

Next is Bette Davis. With her are Errol Flynn, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Jane Bryan and Anita Louise and you’ll have to admit that that’s one of the best casts since “Dinner at Eight.”

I haven’t the foggiest idea what period it is but Bette in a pompadour is something to see. I think the thing that makes Bette the greatest actress on the screen is the fact she never gives a boot how she looks. All she cares about is being authentic. Between scenes, it’s something altogether different. She smokes like a fiend and if the ladies of the period she represents had ever smoked the way she does they’d have been declared.

"All right, folks," calls Anatole Litvak, the director.

So Bette, Jane, Anita, Beulah and Travers line up at the windows of one of the parlors on the second floor, over the drugstore that Travers owns. They are watching as Dick Foran pulls up in one of those new-fangled gasoline buggies. He manages to stop the infernal thing and warily climbs out. “Hya, folks,” he calls, and starts towards the door.

I’ll go let them in; I’d offer, terribly excited, and then she pauses. “If you don’t mind”—this last to Bette.

Jane starts towards the door again and then catches sight of Anita. "Mother!" she gasps to Beulah. "Look at Helen (Anita). She’s all over powder. Look at her. What will Tom (Dick) say?"

"Who cares what he says, the old moonshack," Bette snaps.

"How dare you, freshie?" Jane squeals her. "Tom Knivel is—"

"Run along, Grace," Beulah smiles. "Tom is waiting." And then she turns to Anita: "Helen, you’re too important, Tom Knivel is the banket’s son. What’s more, he’s your future brother-in-law and—"

"I don’t care," Anita protests. "I had a fever and—"

La, ma. It’s the period, I wot, when ladies swooned all over the place and put powder on their faces to make themselves look pale and wan.

"Stick around, and we’ll have some laughs," Bette suggests when the scene is finished but a Mooch’s work, like woman’s, is never done. There are other things to see, the next being—

“Head Over Heels.” Once again, “it seems” Olivia is the youngest daughter of a wealthy and prominent New Yorker, Charles Winninger. She is willful and spoiled. On the eve of the family’s departure for Newport, she decides she wants to stay in New York, and props herself up resolutely on her chaise lounge after announcing her platform.

“Ben.” Miss Isabel Jeans flutters to Charlie, "I don’t know what to do with this girl. I’m in a state of nerves listening to her. Bonita Granville stands complacently aside, hoping for a good fight.”

“Maggie,” Charlie begins sternly, "Why are you causing your mother all this trouble?"

“Now, please, Dad,” Olivia coos, “don’t you start on me.”

“Margaret has become very superior about Newport, Bonita notes. “She’s suddenly discovered a great love for this stone fortress. Isn’t that touching?”

“Well, I like it, too” Winninger snaps at her and then looks at Olivia steadily. She doesn’t flinch and he casts a hasty glance in the direction of Isabel. "Aw, not here, Maggie," he pleads, "why don’t you give in to your mother? You know she’ll have her own way in the end. She always does."

“Well, this time she won’t” Olivia snaps.

“Bonita!” she vociferates. "You’re just acting stubborn.” Bonita eggs them on. "I bet she gets away with it, too!”

“You keep out of this!” Charlie squeals her. “She’s right! This isn’t a hotel we have here. It’s a house and ought to be lived in once a while.”

“You know very well she can’t stay here alone,” Isabel bristles. "She’s going to Newport if I have to drag her by the scruff of her neck."

Like Bonita, I love these family arguments—in pictures. But Olivia really does look pale and tired out.

“Honey,” I suggest when the scene is finished, “you really should go to Newport. You look as though you need a trip.”

“I know it,” she confesses. "They’re promised me a long rest when this picture is finished."

“Well, have a good time,” I admonish her as I prepare to leave, “and give me a ring when you get back.”

Olivia looks at me a moment in astonishment and then bursts out laughing. "You funny man!" she howls. She might as well have said, “Good old Grandpa Mook. He will have my joke.”

The last picture on this lot (and no carry-overs, thank heaven) is “Three Girls on Broadway.” The three gals are Margaret Lindsay, Ann Sheridan and Marie, who were playmates in an orphan asylum but were separated in later years. Maggie has married John Litel, a prosperous stock broker. Ann has become an actress unable to rise above cheap burlesque and right club work and Marie has become a secretary, in love with her employer (Hobart Skinnier). Maggie, of course, is dissatisfied with her lot, refuses to accompany her husband to California and meets Richard Bond, a handsome gambler and Broadway chiseler (Hi, there, Skolsky! I thought you said Broadway was dead!). On the eve of Litel’s return she is in an automobile accident with Bond and the tabloids make the most of it. We pick up Ann and Litel in the hall of a hospital, where the latter is just preparing to go in to see Maggie. Ann is trying to “front” for Margarete.

"Listen!” Ann begins. “You better find out the truth before you go busting in there and say something to Isabelle you’ll be sorry for later.”

“Well, try and be brief.” Litel says, shortly.

“In the first place,” Ann begins, “I’m to blame for what happened last night because I got Isabelle to come to my apartment. In fact, I threw the party for her.”

“You mean,” Litel hopes, “she was only at your place?”

“Sure,” Ann lies. “And she wouldn’t have come at all if I hadn’t insisted. Here I had a lot of swell people, plenty to drink and Isabelle just sat around and wouldn’t give us a tumble. Guess she doesn’t care.

Edward G. Robinson in “I Am The Law,” supported by Barbara O’Neil, Joe Downing, Wendy Barrie and John Beal.
for my friends,” she finishes with a short laugh.

“I can imagine that,” Lilith answers contemptuously. “Thanks.” And with that he’s off to see the wounded Maggie.

But I can’t let you in on the grand reconciliation because they’re only shooting the corridor scene today and Maggie is not on the set at all.

And so we come to—

20th Century-Fox

There’s plenty doing here, all right, but once again the fates are with me: “Mr. Moto” picture is in production but it’s on location. So is “The Gateway.” So is “Meet The Girls.”

“Suez” starring Tyrone Power and Annabella is being produced by my old friend, Gene Markey—and that alone should insure a great production. Today is one of the big scenes. They have reproduced that portion of the desert where the canal is to be cut through. To get this effect, the studio has hauled one thousand, two hundred and fifty truckloads of sand from Santa Monica and covered two of the hills and a valley on the 20th Century Fox lot with it. If you stand in the valley where you can’t see the mountains you would swear you were in the middle of the Sahara. As far as you can see there are only sand, a few palms and a water hole.

“Do you have to return the sand when the picture is finished?” I facetiously ask Wally Alderton who is showing me about.

“Well, no,” he retorts “when this picture is finished we are going to make Mr. Moto in Egypt.” We can’t waste 1250 truckloads of sand!”

By this time we are right on the set and there is Mr. Power, brown as an Indian and clad in nothing but trunks. “Hi, there,” he greets us. “You can either go down and watch them photograph Miss Annabella’s legs or you can wait and watch me ride a horse—which should be a sight, indeed, as I hardly know a horse’s head from his other end.”

So Wally and I take in both sights. Miss Annabella’s legs alone are worth the price of admission. Later the cavalcade starts. There are hundreds of horsemen mounted on real Arabian steeds with a few carriages thrown in for good measure. There is no dialogue in this scene and all I can think of is an old Arabian saying, “The dogs bark, the caravan passes.”

Jane Withers is making a new picture—“Down to Earth.” This is being directed by another old friend—Joseph H. Carleton (formerly of RKO and Pathé). This scene has no dialogue, too. Jane and her new leading man, Robert Kelkar (and you want to watch for him, girls) are at a dinner table. Jane makes a noise like an airplane. Bob gives her a sidelong glance and goes on with his eating. Gangsters lurk in the background.

“We’re leaving,” Joe tells me when the scene is finished.

“Put the address down and come up in about a month. We’ll be in by then, even though it is not the estate Mr. Jack Benny is erecting and our house-warming will not be one-two-three to his.”

The last picture on this lot is “Straight, Place and Show,” starring the three Ritz Bros and yet another old friend—Dick Arlen.

The scene is a sylvan glade with a little shack in the midst of it. Dick strolls in and raps on the door. Our burst the three mad Ritzes.

“We don’t want any,” Harry informs him without waiting to see what he wants.

“Send your bill,” suggests Al, “and you’ll be paid on the first.”

“I don’t want anything,” Dick protests. “My horse ran away and he came in here.”

“How long ago?” Harry inquires cautiously (could it be they’re horse-thieves?)

“About five minutes ago” Dick replies.

“Haven’t seen him,” Jimmie puts in, not noticing the horse that Dick’s stoop has just rounded up.

“As long as he’s here, you can have him,” Dick offers.

“We don’t want him,” the Ritzes chorus.

“We won’t pay you a cent,” Dick begs, anxious to rid the me of the nag.


When the scene is finished Dick strolls over.

“You post-so,” he begins, “you better get your carcass out of the house. Joey and Ricky are furious at you. You haven’t been out there since you got back from your trip.

“But I just got back yesterday,” I protest, quite pleased by his interest.

“Doesn’t make any difference,” he retorts logically.

“All right,” I conclude. “I’ll fly around the other studios and be out for dinner tonight.”

“You don’t have to take me all literally as that,” he counters. But I do, and the next place I light up is—

M-G-M

“Sure you came on a good day,” Kay Mulvey greets me. “We have a bunch of big pictures shooting.

But it develops that “Boy’s Town” starring Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney is leaving for a two-weeks location trip. We go on the set of “The Great Waltz” and all there is is Mr. Fernand Gravet in satin knee breeches, staring moodily at something across the room and finally marching out of it—without a word.

“Sweethearts” stars Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Neither of them is working today. The scene is the stage of a theatre and such a beautiful set I have never seen before.

Myrna Loy is visiting Director Woody Van Dyke, which means she isn’t working on her own set—“Too Hot To Handle” so I’ll tell you about that one next month. And that winds us up for the time being.
MARIE ANTOINETTE
A GORGEOUS HISTORICAL PRODUCTION—ME-G-A

NORMA SHEarer returns to the screen as Marie Antoinette, the ill-fated queen of France, and gives a performance that far surpasses all her former performances, grand though they may have been. It is a difficult role as it runs the gamut from gay, eager glibness to heart-wringing tragedy, but Norma gives it such humaneness that it will long remain vivid in our memories as a piece of art.

There are those who will say, and perhaps rightly, that Marie Antoinette was never such a sympathetic woman, but Norma has based her characterization on the famous biography of Stefan Zweig, who has been accepted by the critics as an authority on the tragic queen. And who are we to quibble when we have such lavish, spectacular beauty, and such human interest? Right or wrong Marie Antoinette loses her head (Metro doesn't give the picture a happy ending, you cynic you) and that's that for social significance. It's entertainment, pure and simple, thank goodness, without any preachment.

As the hapless Marie Antoinette Norma Shearer is superb. Co-starred with her is Tyrone Power, handsome and romantic, as the young Swedish count who almost rescues the queen he loves and her family—that scene, by the way, is far more thrilling than any cops-and-robbers chase you have ever seen on the screen, except, alas, you know what the end will be.

Robert Morley, an English actor, cast as the wistful Dauphin who becomes Louis XVI, who had far rather have been a locksmith, is deserving of almost as many raves as Norma for an outstanding performance. In an excellent cast are John Barrymore as the cynical Louis XV, hopelessly under the influence of Madame de Pompadour, played by Gladys George; there is Joseph Schildkraut as the painted, foppish double-crossing Duc D'Orleans, and Anita Louise as the coquettish Marie Stopperson as the Austrian ambassador, and Alma Kruger as Maria Theresa. The entire production is truly superb. It is a picture that will cause plenty of commotion, and you don't want to miss out on it.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE
A PERFECTLY GRAND FILM—DON'T MISS IT—WB

In his newest picture Edward G. Robinson plays a different kind of crook, and at the rate he has been playing crooks ever since "Little Caesar" you'd think that Eddie had run the gamut by now. But this time Eddie plays a society doctor, rich, polished and Park Avenue, who becomes a thief so that he may study the reactions that lead up to crime.

Deeply engrossed in a book he is writing, "Crime and Research," the amazing doctor stages four successful jewel robberies and makes a connection with a well-known jockey. The jockey is a girl, superbly played by Claire Trevor, who takes a fancy to the mysterious crook and invites him to join her gang, formerly headed by Humphrey Bogart, who is immediately jealous and suspicious of the new member.

After conducting his experiments with real thieves and acquire all the knowledge he wants for his book, Eddie tells the boss goodbye and returns to his respectable practice of medicine—but he's in too deep then. His identity is learned by Bogart and to avoid blackmail the doctor commits murder. It's plenty exciting from then on.

This one is Eddie's most distinctive performances and again proves what a fine actor he is. In his "gang" are Allen Jenkins, Ward Bond and Maxie Rosenbloom, who as "Burtch" gets most of the laughs. Gale Page, a pretty newcomer, plays the amazing doctor's devoted nurse, and Donald Crisp is grand, as usual, as a police inspector.

The picture is full of suspense and humor and it's just what the empty theatres need to fill 'em up.

LITTLE MISS BROADWAY
STARING OUR FAVORITE MOPPET—20TH CENTURY-FOX

According to the last poll Shirley Temple is still the Number 1 box-office attraction of America, and so her pictures are important whether you like "kid stuff" or not.

In her newest picture Shirley plays an orphan. You know who is his benefactor Ells, proprietor of a cheap vaudeville boarding house. Among the "guests" of the hotel (and guests they are as they haven't paid their rent in ages) is Jimmy Durante, playing an orchestra, El Brendel with his top-tailed penguin, and a number of assorted midgets.

The boarding house is owned by Edna Mae Oliver who holds it in trust for her hen-pecked brother, Donald Meek, and her dance-loving nephew, George Murphy, and when Jimmy Durante's orchestra disturbs her rest she forecloses and gives Edward Ellis five days to pay the back rent or close up. Playing along Miss Oliver also tries to break up George's romance with Phylis Brooks and send Shirley back to the orphanage. Of course, Shirley saves the day for everybody. High spots of the picture are the dance routines of Shirley and George Murphy, in which Shirley again proves that she is rather a dull actress, but who has a winning personality. The picture is such a catchel, and melodious, with the outstanding hit tune being "Little Miss Broadway." Shirley is still growing up.

FAST COMPANY
A MIXTURE OF MURDER AND COMEDY, NOT TOO WELL BLEND—ME-G-A

AND still they come, these "Thin Man" adaptations. And the question is, is this the best nor the worst of the lot. Melvyn Douglas plays a gay, debonair young man who, because he is an authority on rare editions, is often employed by insurance companies to trace and recover stolen books.

When Sheppard Strudwick is framed by insurance Mr. Douglas, with the assistance of his wife, Florence Rice, seeks to prove the bo's innocence, but in the meantime the employer is murdered and it looks pretty bad for the kid. But nothing damps Mr. Douglas, nor his wife, who insists upon being an active partner in her husband's dangerous career.

The murder mystery is lightened by many comedy interludes, in fact there are so many comedy interludes that it is hard to keep track of the plot. In the cast are Claire Dodd, Louis Calhern, Nat Pendleton and Douglas Dumbrille.

SHOPWORN ANGEL
OR THE SPIRITUAL REGENERATION OF A HARD-BOILED CHORTY—ME-G-A

If you were fortunate enough to see the first "Shopworn Angel" (though I suppose you were but a child attending children's matins on your nurse's knee nine years ago) in which Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll played the private and the chorus girl, with such poignant beauty, you are apt to wrap your memory in nostalgia and say that the 1938 version doesn't come up to scratch. Not that Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullivan aren't as perfect as they can be, not being Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll—it's the tampering with the plot which is the fatal.

When Daisy Heath starts stringing along two guys it's just too much for our one-box-one-girl romantic viewpoint, and personally we don't think the latter part of the picture stacks up with the first part.

66
But if you were in the old-time stage, or happened to miss the original "ShOopsorn Angel" you'll be very happy with the new edition.

Jimmie Stewart plays Bill Pettigrew, formerly a Texas cowboy but now a soldier in Uncle Sam's army (it's 1917 and America has just entered the war) who is stationed in an army camp in New York for a few weeks prior to being shipped to France. He has never had a girl, except in his dreams, but when quite by accident he meets Margaret Sullivan he knows his dreams have come true.

Margaret (playing Daisy Heath) is a hard and sophisticated show girl who is getting to the top in the theatrical world because the backer of her show, Walter Pidgeon, is in love with her. Bill Pettigrew and his naive "hot apple pie" philosophy, his gentle love and adoration, make a new girl out of her, and though in love with the other man she marries Bill the night he leaves for France and death. Hattie MacDaniel as a maid deserves a special rave.

MERIDIAN 7-1212

AN UNPRETENTIOUS little picture with enough action and suspense to make it well worth your time. In fact I've seen many "stupendous colossal" productions that weren't half as good. It's another "cops and robbers" but there are plenty of new twists.

A notorious woman is murdered in her New York penthouse and immediately a nice young kid, who is the "runner" in his uncle's bank, is accused of the murder. The kid gets the sympathy of Michael Whalen, a newspaper guy, and Gloria Stuart, a bill-collector, who has sworn not to leave Mike's side until she has collected for his trombone. The two of them, aided by a gangster pal, eventually run down the murderer after an exciting chase.

The chief novelty angle to the picture is tied in with the title—the telephone number you call in New York to learn the time from central, you know, one of those "when you hear the tone" a recording of this is used as an alibi. Chick Chandler plays a news cameraman with a yen for practical jokes, and Douglas Fowley makes a convincing gangster.

ALGERS

THIS IS A "MUST SEE" PICTURE—U/A

WIThOuT a doubt this is the most fascinating and romantic picture that we'll have the great pleasure of seeing this year. Adapted from the French "Pepe Le Moko" the Hollywood version has all the "mood" and glamour of the original, plus expensive production and magnificent photography.

Charles Boyer, who is quite a heart-throb with the women-folk, plays Pepe le Moko, the colorful and romantic fugitive from justice, and never has Mr. Boyer given such a superb performance. As the homesick jewel thief he is at his best. This picture also marks the debut, at least in American pictures, of Hedy Lemarr who is so beautiful and glamorous and full of feminine allure that she makes Dietrich look like a scrub-woman.

As Caby, the alluring Parisienne, Hetty is nothing short of a sensation. With the preview audience fairly gasping over her close-ups there doesn't seem a doubt but what she will be our newest and best Glamour Girl.

The locale of "Algiers" is in the arub quarters, known as the Casbah, of the French possession of Algiers. Here in the Casbah are the crooks of all nations, murderers and human derelicts from all over the world. They are safe here because the
There is one unforgettable scene, when the gang, “marking time,” plays cards with the informer, which will leave you breathless.

The picture is splendidly cast, with Sigrid Gurie as Pepe’s native sweetheart. Gene Lockhart as an informer, Joseph Callela as a native policeman and Alan Hale as a truce.

**Star Conditioned**

[Continued from page 25]

Austrian. But when she caught Luise on the street one day, clad only in shorts and blouse, well, that’s the limit!

Poor “Mama” nearly swooned. But she recovered in plenty of time to hiss in Luise’s ear: “I ne’er have dreamed a daughter of mine would go round—showing the cr-e-e-e-w of her whole pants—and such awful little pants— to the public!”

Luise nearly died laughing but—she didn’t again wear shorts on the boulevard.

The meager praise that Glenda Farrell receives from her idolized young son, Tommy, and two young cousins, Gene and Dick, will probably keep Glenda from ever having an enlarged ego.

“You talk too fast! Your hair looked stringy in that last film! Your clothes look sort of out of date! And in your love scenes you’re a dreadful flop!” Those are merely a few of their poignant observations.

To be sure, they sometimes do it in a spirit of ribbing; but Glenda confesses to the fact that there’s generally some elements of truth, at least, in their startling impressions that she isn’t up to the mark.

“However,” she laughed, “when they do, on some rare occasions, wax a bit complimentary, I stick out my chest and really begin to ‘scream out pretty nice!’”

Donny Ameche, Junior, small son of very popular Don, would rather have his pappy a policeman or at least a fireman, instead of a mere movie star! And when he was taken to a recent movie and saw Don up there on the screen for the first time, he cried out, in alarm: “Daddy, come home! Don’t stay up there on that old wall!”

**PROFESSOR BEWARE**

COMEDY RETURNS TO THE SCREEN WITH TIME WITH SPECTACLES

Par

After all this time Harold Lloyd comes out with an action comedy that is made after his own pattern. It’s a bit of a political re-prise. There is the touch of the master comedian in everything that Harold does. His hilarious performance makes one realize that there is a wealth of fun-making in Harold’s serious and perplexed face. We can remember “Grandma’s Boy” and it is the same Harold today as the Bu-J.-Carroll Naish, screen villain de luxe, has never permitted his little daughter, Elaine, to see him in a motion picture. He considered him only as a home-loving daddy who brings her candy and dolls, and tells her Fairy stories.

Nash recently, on the “Tip-Off Girls” set, was overheard confiding with considerable amusement how Elaine the day before at school engaged in a hair-pulling encounter with another small juvenile of her age, more familiar with the characters the actor plays, accused her of having a “bad man” for a father. (P.S. Our tattletale tells us that the actor in question is actually just a Jewish merchant selling second-hand clothes, I really would!)

Pat had no come-back for that one.

Chester Morris is a screen actor of distinction. And he has appeared on such popular radio shows as Lux, Crosby’s, the Silver Theater and Feg Murray’s. But, he has never been able to win much praise for either his screen or radio work from his 13-year-old son, Brooks. The other night he astonished Chester by explaining, “Gee, Dad, why you get on a de luxe radio program—like ‘Calling All Cars?’ or get ’em to make THOSE kind of stories into pictures.”

Nothing loath, Chester laid his agent the contact air program and ask if they’d like to have Morris as a guest star. The answer was—sure they would, but they couldn’t afford it. Money, insisted the agent, was no object at all. So, Chester Morris, whose radio salary is something like $2,000 an appearance, did a “Calling All Cars’ broadcast for nothing—just to get a bit of praise from his kiddies! And the record of that program, incidentally, is now young Brooks’ proudest possession.

Judge Cooper, Gary Cooper’s father, saw his son for the first time on the screen and nearly collapsed—from laughing. And no wonder. For Gary was just an extra in the silent version of “Robin Hood” and his costume consisted of—a tin cap with a long feather in it; a bugsy wig of long hair with bangs! and a pair of bright green rights.

“As an actor, you must be a good come- dians—for you certainly made me laugh!” the Judge told him. “Better go back, my boy, to cowhoring!” But Gary stuck to Hollywood and fooled even himself, for he never dreamed he would get beyond “bibs!” And today Judge Cooper laughs, “I still benefit of Fred Astaire, is co-starred in this amusing comedy with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Ginger plays a New York typist from the Bronx who selects Kamp Kate-Free for her two weeks vacation because she believes it’s the perfect place for rest—the folder says so.

But rest, she soon discovers, is something Kamp Kate-Free has never heard of. She gets off to a wrong start with Doug, Jr., a waiter with a college degree, when he bungs her suitcase open, but it serves as the beginning of a summer romance.

In its translation to the screen Arthur Kober’s play loses much of its spontaneity and fun. However, it has its moments, one of them being Lucille Ball.

Donny went home instead—by request, because he was disturbing the cash customers! Kids are funny little creatures.

For fear that she might get the wrong impression, Medora, a very young son, never permits his little daughter, Elaine, to see him in a motion picture. He considered him only as a home-loving daddy who brings her candy and dolls, and tells her Fairy stories.

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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.—who hasn’t heard of them?

Now comes the exciting news that one of these is related in particular to the skin! Lack of this "skin-vitamin" in the skin produces roughness, dryness, scaliness. Restore it to the diet, or now apply it right on the skin, and our experiments indicate that the skin becomes smooth and healthy again!

That's all any woman wants to know. Immediately you ask, "Where can I get some of that 'skin-vitamin' to put on my skin?"

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this Vitamin

Pond's Cold Cream now contains this "skin-vitamin." Its formula has not been changed in any way apart from the addition of this vitamin. It's the same grand cleanser. It softens and smooths for powder as divinely as ever.

But now, in addition, it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Use Pond's Cold Cream in your usual way. If there is no lack of "skin-vitamin" in the skin, our experiments described in the next column show that the skin is capable of storing some of it against a possible future need. If there is a lack of this vitamin in the skin, these experiments indicate that the use of Pond's Cold Cream puts the needed "skin-vitamin" back into it.

Begin today. Get a jar of Pond's, and see what it will do for your skin.

Same Jars, same Labels, same Price

Pond's Cold Cream comes in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Now every jar of Pond's contains the active "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Most People don’t know these Facts about Vitamin A and the Skin...

First Published Reports

In 1931 and 1933, deficiency of Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") was first recognized as the cause of specific skin disorders. In the cases reported, a liberal Vitamin A diet made the dry, roughened skin smooth and healthy again. Later reports confirmed and extended the evidence of this.

In hospitals, other scientists found that Vitamin A ("skin-vitamin") applied to the skin healed wounds and burns quicker.

Tests with Pond's Creams

Experiments were made concerning possible causes of deficiency of "skin-vitamin" in the skin.

I. 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.

II. Local—Our experiments also indicated that even when the diet contains enough "skin-vitamin," the store 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" actually put the "skin-vitamin" back into the skin.

All of these tests were carried out on the skin of animals, following the accepted laboratory method of reaching findings which can be properly applied to human skin.

Even today it is not commonly known that the skin 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 poor future need.

The Role of the "Skin-Vitamin"

The "skin-vitamin" functions like an architect in regulating the structure of the skin. It is necessary for the maintenance of skin health. When the skin is seriously deficient in the supply of this vitamin, the skin suffers.

Signs which may indicate "Skin-Vitamin" deficiency

Dryness, Roughness, Scaliness resulting in a dull appearance.

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, benefactress as when she came out: "The use of Pond's Cold Cream has helped me to keep my skin fresh and bright and smooth."
Does Your Charm Thrill MEN'S HEARTS?

SHE KNEW THE SECRET of allure—a pulse-stirring fragrance to weave on those around her, a spell of thrilling delight...

NOW IT'S YOURS—the secret of how to be utterly adorable always, with the romantic, lingering scent of Djer-Kiss Talc.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a postcard with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. H, New York.

... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

Projection of Bob Burns (Continued from page 19)

For eight years he did a blackface vaudeville act known as Burns and West. But it was while he was on tour with his company in Atlantic City that he fell in love with a pretty black-haired girl also in the concession business. Elizabeth Fisher and Bob were married in Atlantic City on September 22, 1921, and a few years later their son Bob was born there. When they had managed to lose eight thousand dollars in fairs and carnivals Bob picked up his hazzooka and went into vaudeville.

And in 1930 the bottom dropped out of vaudeville and Bob, accompanied by his wife and son and a girl he had found for Hollywood to see what he could do in the movies. He played bit parts in several pictures, but along about that time, in 1931, he had set his heart on radio. He finally arranged an audition at KFI the latter part of that year. "They gave me thirty minutes," says Bob. "I did ten minutes of things I knew and then ad libbed the rest. They told me they didn't like the first part but the last part they liked very well. So they gave me a job on the Fun Factory, and didn't charge me anything. I was on it for the better part of a year, and they paid me $7.50. But I got that only once. The following week the appropriation ran out. I started taking any date I could get after that just being my natural self. One day at breakfast I said to my wife, 'Honey, I believe I could get on the big time if I had a name. I thought new name would be best way to get a name?' And I says, 'The quickest way to get a name is to get on Rudy Vallee's program.' She says, 'Go ahead and finish your breakfast, I'm going to pack your things. You're going to New York.'

Bob was a big success on the Vallee program. And that fall he switched back and forth from the Vallee program to the Whitman program, and the next thing he knew important looking men were asking him to sign his name to contracts—not only for the Bing Crosby program in Hollywood, but for a Bing Crosby picture at Paramount.

"Then, just when everything seemed to be looking lovely, came the sort of sadness that everyone must endure at some time or other. My wife passed on, and it left me pretty broken up. I had been with me through all the hard times, and now she wouldn't be here to enjoy the better ones." Bob claims that he likes Hollywood but that the money gets away from him. "We thought it was going to help us, to sell comics, to get people back in the mountains of Arkansas. And that, when the excitement blows over he's going back there. He wants to see Gus Rook again and hear him tell once more the old one about the time he went fishing and forgot his bait. "Gus said he was going along Warloop Crick and he saw a big snake with a frog in his mouth. And he thought Well I'll just take the frog and cut him up for bait. But the snake wouldn't let him go. So Gus said he took a pint of corn lick out of his pocket and poured a drink of it down the snake's throat and the snake turned loose the frog. "So Gus went down and sat on a log and cut the frog up and started to fish. After awhile he felt a tap on his leg. And he looked down and saw the same snake with another frog in his mouth."

It Just Comes Natural

[Continued from page 61] and when they go down so do I. I think phrasing and proper breathing are much more important for my type of voice than formal instruction."
Dear Lonely Hearts,

But Janie! The town's full of nice young people! You shouldn't be lonely! Oh, Dad, I just don't seem to keep friends! Look here, youngster! Do you think the trouble could be—well, bad breath? Anyway, it's worse if you're asking your dentist! About, isn't it? Tests show that most bad breath comes from decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth that aren't cleaned properly. I recommend COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. Its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits, and that's why...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach...removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

And thanks to Colgate's...

Another one of your beaux, Janie! I wonder my friends complain that this line is always busy!

No bad breath behind her sparkling smile!

...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!

Silver Screen 71
Mysteries of Movie Making

[Continued from page 20]

such "weirdies" as "Dracula," "The Mummy," and the "Frankenstein" films. More recently she screamed for Irec Dunne in "The Magnificent Obsession," when Irene stepped out of her coupe and was hit by a speeding sedan. Another time, when Doris Nolan leaned from the dizzy heights of her stage ladder into the fireman's net in "Top of the Town," Miss Schwartz gave a remarkable exhibition of screaming and drew a fat check from the studio for her work.

Then, of course, there are the regular studio sound effects men, and they can dish out, with the aid of various devices, every kind of a noise from a thunder storm to a croaking bullfrog!

Some might wonder why the studios don't go out and get the real thing. The answer is—it's too expensive to send forth bulky sound apparatus in search of a thunderstorm or a croaking bullfrog and, anyway, actual noises are for the most part exceedingly bad imitations of the real thing when recorded for the screen! Strange; yes, but true.

Thus 'tis up to the sound men and they respond nobly. Nothing, it seems, can stump them.

Manufacturing thunder is very simple. A long sheet of tin, or the stretched tight and vibrated, creates a bit of thunder loud enough to scare even Doris Karloff! A croaking bullfrog is equally simple. A man merely lies on his back and gargles a mouthful of water at brief intervals through a small megaphone. The mike catches the noise and your perfect voice of a bullfrog is recorded!

Various gadgets come handy for other noises. For instance, contact of an ordinary electric body vibrator with a loos drum produces a sound exactly like an airplane engine in a nose dive.

And screaming shells for war dramas are just the noise that an electric oscillator on an old-type radio. A perfect reproduction of the noise of a moving train's wheels is obtained by the wheels of one roller skate revolving inside a little wooden box!

This brief article will, I hope, give you some faint idea of the amazing things that are back of the making of every Hollywood film production.

On Location With

The "Quints"

[Continued from page 16]

marched right down the steps and came over and lifted one of the six-weeks-old red rocker spaniels out of the car and placed the puppy in their basket to claim a puppy. From then on it was squalls of delight and machine gun chattering—and half a mile of good picture running through Dan Clark's camera.

During the company's month in Calland-ter there were 15 working days at never more than an hour a day. So fast did Dan Clark work that the film was shot over so quickly that although I had a fourth row seat behind the press section, it was finished in the brief time I blew my nose, and I had seen nothing but the present ations.

Jean Hersholt, that fine character actor, was the scene that night just prior to filming. He walked over to where the picture house was being built and, as usual, gave them the genial quality the man that wins them many friends.

A few hours after this I will be on the train for the scene at Bingham, Mass, and hope for my next article to have amusing stories of Sylvia Sidney, Mary Brian, Phil Houston and many others doing summer stock.

Flashshots

[Continued from page 21]

When I saw her at El Morocco she seemed to look dreadful tonight, please wait until I get up to Dennis. But I assured her she looked very well indeed and as Dennis and its theatre was many times I did the same thing. I am not sure.
the Tonganoxie High School, then to the University of Kansas until my father and mother separated and I had to go to work. I have three sisters and a brother, two sisters older than I am, and a brother older than I am.

I got interested in the theatre in what you'd call a very small way. I re-wound reels for the projectionist for $2 a week when I was still in grammar school. I gradually worked myself up until when I was in high school I was getting $6 a week. My favorite actor was Frank Mayo in the early days, and I figured that some day I'd duplicate his career.

I've always had movies on my mind—to the exclusion of just about anything else. That's why I went into professional baseball. I figured I'd get a name, like Johnny Weissmuller, and Buster Crabbe, and Johnny Mack Brown and Joe E. Brown—and attract Hollywood's attention.

My first semi-pro job was pitching and fielding for the Union Pacific team at Kansas City. We won the championship of all the railroads six years ago. I left the University of Kansas early in 1932 just when I was going to get into the dramatic club. I didn't neglect that part of my career. In fact, I'd played in "Clarence" and "The Student Prince" while in high school.

After knocking around on a lot of baseball jobs, I heard that Joe E. Brown had bought one-third interest in the Kansas City Blues. I got myself signed with them. "Here's my chance to get into pictures," I told myself.

Brown came east and worked with the team for a couple of weeks in the spring and then a few days in the fall. When the season was over, I said to him: "I'm thinking of coming out to Hollywood."

"If you do," he replied, and meant it, "look me up."

I hopped a freight. That's how anxious I was to reach Hollywood and get going. I found that he meant "look me up."
I STOP PERSPIRATION

I AM

dri-dew

THE NEW
CREAM DEODORANT

I AM APPROVED by the American
Institute of Laundering, and the Nat'l Ass'n of Dyers and Cleaners
I do not dry up in the jar
I do not irritate, even right after shaving
I am not greasy and I am safe
I smell nice and clean
I am a new member of the well-known family of DEW deodorants
I do not harm towels or clothes
I WILL KEEP YOUR SECRET

P.S.
I am sure you will find I am the last word in cream deodorants that stop perspiration

CALL ME SIT-TRUE

STRONGER • MORE ABSORBENT

AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

AIVIENE

THEATRE
SCHOOL OF THE

CALL ME SIT TRUE

CLEANSING TISSUES

WAKE UP

Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Liver to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up in your stomach. You get constipated. You get weak, degenerate and you feel sour, stanky and the world looks punk.

A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills by name, 25c at all drug stores, Stubbornly refuse anything else.

had died suddenly from heart disease and I didn't have enough money to go back to her funeral, even.

Out of a job and unhappy, I complicated things by falling in love. The girl was Elsie Cumming, who was attending Los Angeles Junior College. I met her December 13, 1933, at a dance. I was living with my brother-in-law, Alex Miller, and my sister. He was with a hillbilly orchestra. I used to go to the dances.

Then came one of those highlights, those things you don't quite believe. I had found an agent, and he called me up.

"I've got a role for you in 'Go Get 'Em,' a Chesterfield production," the agent said. Just like that. I went to work. I thought getting ahead was easy, and there would be a lot more roles. I worked with Charles Starrett and he became interested in me. Virginia Chester was then. Cary Grant's wife, was also in the production, and also took an interest in my work. I acted as a sort of companion to Starrett, playing tennis with him and doing some secretarial work. He went to bat for me and got me work in another of his productions, "Sons of Steel."

I didn't understand that I was just being lucky and people were being very, very helpful.

"This is a cinch," I told Elsie. "I'm going places."

And so we were married on June 5, 1931. I was sure that I was on the high road and that no one was going to stop me. I did three more pictures with Charlie, and that was all there was for a while. Merrihugh was fresh out of a career.

My in-laws saved my life by letting us move in with them. I got more and more broke, and finally, pretty discouraged. On top of that, Elsie told me that a visitor was expected. He turned out to be David Ross Merrihugh, now three years old. And I'm not kidding—he was a problem.

Weeks drifted into months. When I had been assigned to work, I'd try to get work as an extra and had found central casting wouldn't even bother to register me, and was willing to do anything just to get enough to buy food. I got a break. One of those things that happen in Hollywood happened to me. I met Virginia Cherrill one day.

"You ought to be standing in for Cary," she told me. "I'll give him a ring."

She did. I was lighter than Cary—weighed only 155 pounds. I was an even six feet, one inch and a half shorter than he was, but some of the height could be taken care of with Cuban heels. Yes, I'd do it.

What a break for me! Twenty dollars a week, every week, when I was working! The first picture was "The Last Outpost."

And it was during the period that I was first standing in for Cary, in 1957, that the executive's wife "discovered" me, and I was tested and waited in vain for my big break.

Luckily, Cary liked me.

Stand-ins make extra money if they keep their eyes open and if they are game. For instance, I got $25 per day for three days standing in the snow making long shots with the stand-in for Doris Nolan for "Holiday" after the others returned to the studio, and these scenes never even turned up in the finished film. They were on the cutting-room floor. I drove the car, sent it crashing through the leaves in "Topper" when Cary worked in that picture with Constance Bennett. I drove another car for Cary in "When You're in Love." When I do extra work, I combine my work for Cary with it and get to do 60 to 90 a day—and his help and permission.

Small parts? I've been lucky that way, too. I did the part of a barber with Joan Bennett as manicurist in "Big Brown Eyes." That scene stayed in the picture. And I was a soldier in "The Last Outpost." Practically all doubles and stand-ins get breaks like this if they're on their toes.

The star you draw, as a stand-in, means a lot to you. I couldn't have done better, Cary is the grandest guy I've ever worked with and for. I have had him get me roles in pictures, get my salary from the studio raised. He's added to his personal pay envelope for me. And he's gone farther than that.

He knows I want a career.

"Come on," he'll say, "I need to rehearse. We'll go over the lines. You play so-and-so."

I read my lines.

"Your timing is a little fast," he'll tell me, "and you've got a touch of ham. Try not to overact."

He's taught me plenty.

I remember one time when I first started working with him. It was pretty hot, the stage was stuffy, and he was perspiring. Perspiration makes a mess of makeup. I got into the habit of getting a puff and helping him fix his face. I was standing in for him. I had to be there. An assistant director bawled me out for not running after Cary with a powder puff. Cary called him out.

"Listen," he said. "Mal was doing that for me just as a courtesy. He's busy now. As long as he's doing what he's supposed to do for you, just lay off him. I'll tell him what I want him to do for me. And if you've got to bawl him out, do it quietly. Not before a crowd."

You can't help but like a guy like that. Yes, and we play pingpong together, and we go to fights together, and get around a lot. I hope that before long I can click so that I have a chance to play Cary back for the things he's done for me.

Some fellows, like me, are lucky. Others aren't. I'm not slipping at the industry when I admit this, because there are heels on baseball teams, in business, professions and every place else. But there's one big star who I'll never work for or with, and he's on my list. This actor—he's a big shot—found his twenty a week stand-in working pretty hard.

"Take care of my wardrobe," he said. "And I'll slip you something extra."

I never saw anybody work like that stand-in. The actor was always sending him over extra outfits, water and pills and milk and the
AN EXPERIENCED WOMAN

could have told her!

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proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no
harmful free caustic alkali.

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effective in the presence of organic matter
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only about one cent an application in the
proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol"
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6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength
no matter how long it is kept, how often it is
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"I'd like to go to work," Gary said. "You can be my stand-in," replied Cesar, and that was that.

Gary has a different slant than have Tommy Noonan and I. He wants to be a writer and spends most of his time studying scripts and stories.

One day, while he was working with Cooper in "Souls At Sea," Slim did a scene filled with action for Henry Hathaway, the director. When that finished, Hathaway turned to Cooper.

"Do it that way," Hathaway said. "It was perfect! Do it just like Slim did."

The mob on the set howled—including Gary.

Or there's Cliff Lyons, who stands in, doubles and stunts for a number of stars. You never see him on the screen, yet he makes more than some actors. That is, you see him in the long shots and you think he's the star. Another comrade is Don Turner, who does everything from standing in to doubling for various stars at Warner Brothers, I say he is a comer because he has a special stock company contract.

The in-between time is the hardest on the stand-in. Yet it is a good thing. Because, during the time the stand-in is helped by the star, gets extra parts, works around the studio. I know one fellow, Henry Wise, who worked with Fred MacMurray, who was very diligent to go to work in the cutting rooms. Some fellows don't care to go ahead in pictures, Art Berry, Jr., who works with Herbert Marshall, is trying to get with the Harbor Commission, for instance.

Most of the fellows do extra work when not standing in—or even when they are. That goes for Ted Hall, who is with George Raft, Henry Kraft, who works with Ray Milland, and Henry Wise. The oddest past is that of Carl Andre, who used to be a dentist in Maryland until he decided that the depression was too hard on his profession and migrated to California to go to work for Metro.

I worked for a year before I could afford a second-hand car to get from studio to studio. Cary used to take me to work now and then—and take me home. We finally moved into a little bungalow court, Elsie, the baby and I. I'm making about $57 a week, most weeks, these days. I'm pretty happy about it. I like the work. I just remembered that just before the baby was born, when I was looking out that I couldn't even register at Central Casting, and they seemed just like something that happened to somebody else.

Naturally, I know that in order to get ahead—to really get in front of the cameramen, I have to do a lot of things to improve myself. As I have said, I've got a pretty solid background. When I was working on "The Toast of New York" with Cary, I was singing in the show, and I landed V. Lee, the director, heard me, and very frankly and helpfully encouraged me to improve my singing of the song, leaving songs, just in case I should get a break in a musical. Not only that, but, I've been studying diction with Josephine Dillen Gable. I learned to ride, so I could breathe into western roles. In Hollywood you have to be ready to do anything at any time—because you don't know when the break will come.

I think standing-in is a lot better than extra work to get ahead. I get a chance to meet directors, and they remember me and my face. They may not use me right away, but they may come up for a part, they'll have a pretty good idea of who I am and what I can do. Extra work isn't steady, either. And the contacts I'm making will stand me good stead.

Right now, I'm sold on making the "Golden Boy" role. To get this I'll have to know a little bit about fighting, so I'm working out with Frank Rowsey, who used to train for Hollywood's champion in Calif. I can't afford to overlook a bet.

The main thing in life is to have something to look forward to. To feel you're progressing. And I think I am.

I'm sure that standing-in isn't a bad job—if you don't look too much like your principal. I think with a few friends to make the work you do, you've got a big chance to go places. All I have to do is to prove that statement.

Three Choices for Happiness

[Continued from page 25]

lovely and brought her, most surely, face to face with herself as she really was. I remember seeing her in the old studio restaurant out at Universal sitting at the counter with the boys in her crew. Perched there in a relaxed, comfortable slouch with her toes hooked around the back of her chair. She laughed very loud at things that weren't very funny, and voiced very crusading opinions about Hollywood and the press.

And she did some of the best acting of her career.

Those were the days she rode astride William Wysler's motorcycle. Her arms clenching him tightly around the waist they whizzed through the Hollywood Hills like two hilarious college kids. Yes, that was Margaret Sullivan then. She was rushing herself along, grasping all that came to her, eager! The Blue who was all a gay camaraderie. But her heart was inevitably drawing her into another unhappiness.

Her companionship with William Wysler soon proved that all was not completely for her and their marriage was a striking re-bound from her first-love idyll. It was a constant matching of wits accompanied by a certain bravado of temper. There was always a spark in the air that threatened to light on tinder that would explode. But with all the clashing temperamental differences there were too many hilarious laughs. And for all the tears and misunderstanding there was never a moment of unhappiness.

As that marriage disintegrated there was always newness. It was living to the quick for Margaret and she was sure she knew where it was leading her. She had to see herself completely. But she didn't—yet.

That belligerent twinkle flicks into her eyes in an instant even now. And there still lingers about her today some of the burst of tempers that was her marriage to William Wysler. That's why there is that certain strength to her. Sometimes when I see her eyes fill with cloudy rebellion and words come fast and biting I am taken back to the time I saw one of her clashes with him. He hurled at her the most cutting words, and there was always newness. It was living to the quick for Margaret and she was sure she knew where it was leading her. She had to see herself completely. But she didn't—yet.

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than at that moment. And yet, ten minutes later she was impishly blowing William Wyler a kiss.

When that marriage was over Margaret Sullivan was completely bewildered. I think, then, she began to wonder about herself. Something within her sank to an unplumbed depth. She was a woman now, an actress, a good one, but there was something missing. There wasn’t much meaning in her success, I think she was frightened with herself but she was too much of an actress to ever show it.

When she quit Hollywood cold for the stage once more she was a woman at odds completely. To see her then was like seeing someone in a dream. You couldn’t reach the substance of her. I remember her particularly on the night she boarded the train for New York. She was exceedingly smart and trim in her traveling clothes. She stood in the middle of a pool of tawny luggage. There was the softest of wool swagger coats over her arm. There was a bravado and an assurance about her. She was smart, cool and aloof but there was something, too, in her smile that twisted your heart.

I felt more concern at that moment over the final outcome for her than I ever have before or since. I think that she had always promised herself something so different from what she had found in marriage and the absolute contradiction of it hurt. Hurt deeply.

It was a long time before I saw her again but when I did a great change had enveloped her and she had completely found herself. And now, today, she knows that her marriage to Leland Hayward was the only answer for her. She knows that with the coming of her tiny daughter she has found herself in the whole, wide, universal scheme of everything. There is nothing now that remains obscure or deeply hidden for her. But she knows, too, that although her present happiness rests on her as a beautiful dream everything that went before is still a part of her and it made all her present possible.

And now that she is here again with her men all closely about her—each one is in Hollywood, in the industry—surely the ghosts of the past must confront her repeatedly.

I saw Margaret Sullivan one afternoon on her set at M. G. M. She was the same as ever and yet, she was so different. Her voice was the same, her handshake had the same firm, friendly assurance. There was the same soft, exciting glow of energy about her. But it was her eyes that showed everything as it really was. They were the same, intelligent, serenely cool eyes, yet back of them lay things that never showed before.

You could read it all if you looked intently.

Back of them lay all the meaning put there by three men. There lay moments of heady, sparkling happiness and moments of dark and brooding misunderstanding. There were giddy triumphs and utter failures there. And softest and most beautiful and over-shadowing all there was a little of the look that is in every mother’s eyes throughout the world. She was beautiful standing there. With all this a part of her, coming from deep inside. You could see that she knew the why of some of her mistakes and that she would now admit some of her faults. You could see that she knew what the men who had come into her life had done for her. You could see the understanding love for Leland Hayward, who at last set everything so sublimely right for her.

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Silvery Screen

The latest trend in coiffures has the hair piled high on the top of the head. Joan Bennett is one of the first of the Hollywood girls to adopt the new style. Don't you think it's becoming?

Life is a Masquerade

[Continued from page 58]

(Continued from page 58)

to know whether it is a formal or not. The kind of dress that might have been stocked some years ago, by a store in a small hill town. The kind of dress a young girl in a backward community might consider sophisticated. The kind of dress such a girl might buy with palpitations of heart, and then be afraid to wear without adding half sleeves and a dickey. Diane knew better than to go in gingham and hair-ribbons. That would be a city girl's idea of a hill-billyette. That would be about what Rhoda Green would expect to wear if given a part in Saga of the Hills.

She refused to think what this might do to Hermann Fink. He could not help but realize that he considered his "best suit" quite suitable for a costume party. And the crowd was sure to catch on and guy him unmercifully. She straightened her mouth to a thin line: people who were vulnerable had to expect to be hurt. He could go back to Sediment Springs and hide his blushing—this was her last chance.

"Let him down a couple of inches," she told Lisa, "and when you press it be sure to leave the let-down mark showing a little!"

It took only a glance at her dress for Hermann Fink to realize that something was amiss. "Is it a costume party?" he gulped.

"Well, yes, in a way. But I don't think many will dress up," she lied.

"Perhaps I'd—"

"No, you're just fine."

"You mean you think this—"

"I don't mean anything, except—" She took his arm and smiled up at him,—"that I'm excited about going, and I'm glad you're taking me." She kept up a rapid chatter as they went out to his car to prevent him from thinking so much depended on it. If he backed out on her—Her nervous heart kept her tongue racing. At first Hermann seemed startled by her change of character from the night before; then under her friendliness he began to relax.

"What have you been doing today?" she shouted, her voice almost drowned by the protests of the elderly flivver's alkali-filled joints.

"Oh...I went down to the beach awhile. And say, I'm sure meeting a lot of famous people! I was talking to a fellow in the hotel lobby, this afternoon, and he finally told me he was Gregory Hunt. You know, the New York actor."

"Yes, I've heard of him."

"He's out here to get in the movies."

"Oh."

"He was speaking about this party tonight—said he sure wished he was going. Said he would have been a great chance for him to make some contacts. You should have heard how surprised he was when I told him I was going with you. He offered me fifty dollars to bring him out to your house and introduce him and then pretend I couldn't go. But I wouldn't do that for a hundred!"

"That's sweet of you."

At the entrance to Mr. Markenson's brightly lighted mansion she paused, touching Hermann's arm. At once he turned his face down to her, smiling, eager. She knew she couldn't go through with it, couldn't expose him to gibes and laughter. For even if everything worked perfectly; if all Hollywood believed him in costume, if Mr. Markenson fell for her Saga of the Hills get-up, if she got the part; still she could never face Hermann again—or herself. He was so innocently pleased that she had asked him to take her, so happy to think she liked him. What a shock he'd get when he saw everyone in costume, when he realized she thought his clothes perfect for a costume ball! Let's not go in," she said. It wasn't worth it if she had to feed him to the lions.

"Not go in!"

"Let's just be together."

"Oh...but I was counting on seeing..."

"The girls?" she asked, her tongue suddenly acid.

"Well...yet."
All right? You'll see them!' She had been ready to give up everything for him, and he wanted to see the girls. Diane matched up the steps.

The entrance hall was a swirl of color. Cleopatra talked to Henry the Eighth; a Swiss mountaineer walked arm in arm with a Congo chieftain; Napoleon was there, with a double, and from the vast ballroom came music. Mrs. Markenshon, a battleship with a kindly eye, was receiving; the smile she gave Diane was as friendly as those before Diane's drop from the pinnacle. She was dressed as a Dresden shepherdess; and, returning her smile, Diane wished she could tell her troubles to the motherly woman. But Mr. Markenshon never discussed business with his wife—that was well-known; as was the fact that Mrs. Markenshon was almost as much in awe of him as the greenest extra.

Mentally Diane rolled up her sleeves; it was success, now, or oblivion. With her rehearsed voice she said, 'I'd like to make you acquainted with Mr. Hermann Fink, of Sediment Springs, Nevada.'

Their hostess smiled, her gate travelling down his checked suit, and—smile broadening—back to Diane's dress.

"I'm real pleased to meet you, Ma'am," said Hermann fervently, "I'm real sorry I didn't know it was a costume—"

"And this is Mr. Markenshon," said Diane. The producer—tonight a Roman senator—had loomed up beside his wife.

"How do you do, Mr. Markenshon, I...er...it seems to be a nice party you're having." Hermann backed up a step, grinning embarrassedly.

"Evening," greeted Mr. Markenshon through his gum. As his eye took in the details of Hermann Fink his jaws began moving slower and slower.

"If...I hope it's O. K. me not wearing a costume," Hermann smiled nervously and rubbed his hand up and down his long thigh. "Miss Lor-Lor... forgot to tell—"

Mr. Markenshon's cold eye shifted from Hermann to Diane. His jaws ground slower and slower.

"If you'll excuse us," blurted Diane. Grabbing Hermann's arm she propelled him into the ballroom. They brushed past French court ladies and South Sea Island belles. Some spoke to Diane, and she smiled stiffly.

"Is this a Waltz?" asked Hermann.

"A fox trot."

"Oh...Well, I guess it's all the same."

They started off with a little skip, and Diane almost fell.

"I'm real sorry," he said, "My fault."

"Oh, no..."

She was better prepared for his initial skip, and the next try launched them on the floor successfully. The orchestra was playing a piece with rapid tempo. Hermann whirled. They collided with another couple. Someone giggled.

Again they started. Hermann Fink held her far away from him, as if the hand on her waist were as near as he dared come. For a moment they were all feet; then caught his particular rhythm. Why, it was the same lusty swing she had danced a few times, when, at thirteen, her mother had let her go to the Saturday night dances over the store at Quartz Flat.

She looked up at him. His face was as serious as ever; he even frowned a little, concentrating on the music. He tried to speak, but Hermann's spins and hops kept her breathless. She saw people were watching—and smiling.

The band paused. Red-faced, she gasped for breath as Hermann dropped his hands. An elaborate Du Barry who had been turning sedately in the arms of Abraham Lincoln, curled her lips patronizingly. Others were smiling: people who hadn't dated own fresh odor of pure alcohol which evaporates immediately.

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Laugh at Diane Loring two years ago.

"Gosh," said Hermann, "I never expected to go to a party like this. Nobody up home'll believe me!"

There was a crush of music; a rapid, swirling tune began, Hermann was off, spinning her round and around. Between whirs, he slipped. His face grew crimson with perspiration showed. Seeing Diane and Hermann, the band leader increased the tempo, grinning. Other couples dropped out. Diane grew dizzy. The walls raced round, and smiling faces slipped past her eyes. Hermann's face was as serious as ever, only redder. Diane tried to gasp "Stop!" but hadn't the breath. Boom! The music ended on a thunderous note. Diane clung to Hermann to keep from falling. There was laughter and a spatter of applause. Taking out a tremendous silk handkerchief, Hermann mopped his forehead.

"Pretty good dance," he said. "You sure are a good follower."

"Not so loud; everybody's laughing at us," she tried to whisper, but her mouth was too dry.

Then a Spanish dancer came over, and with her a somewhat free translation of a Persian haft beauty. "Hello, Diane," they said. They were baby stars, barely out of high school. A week earlier they had looked right through Diane on Hollywood Boulevard.

"Aren't you going to introduce us?" asked the dancer of Diane, but she was smiling up at Hermann from the corner of her eye.

Diane looked at them hostilily. "Miss Shane and Miss Bright, may I introduce Mr. Fink?" she said stiffly.

"Not the Mr. Fink?" gasped Daisy Shane in mock astonishment.


"Diane has told us so much about you: we've all been just dying to meet you."

"Oh... thanks," Hermann rubbed his hand along the back of his neck, where his new haircut had allowed the sun to redden his usually-protected skin. The music started again.

"Would you dance with me, Mr. Fink?" said Mitzi Bright coyly. "I'm not so very good, but I'll do my best."

"I'll bet you aren't half bad," declared Hermann encouragingly.

Diane fumed. Mitzi had been in ballet before coming west, and they prophesied she would ruin Hermann's charmingly anxious star. Hermann didn't know that. Grinning embarrassed, he placed his hand cautiously on her waist.

"Who is he?" asked Daisy Shane as the other two swung away.

"I told you," snapped Diane, "Hermann Fink, of Sediment Springs, Nevada."

"But I mean: What's his real name?"

"Oh, hello, Diane," said a cool voice before she could answer. Diane swung around. Rhoda Creel had come up behind them.

"Who's this girl," Diane asked. "I'm not only surprised, but curious."

"I was just trying to get her to tell me," said Daisy. "She keeps insisting he's Hermann something-or-other, from Nevada."

"Perhaps she's telling the truth," observed Rhoda. "He looks as if he had at least come from Nevada. Where did you find him, dear?" she asked Diane.

Paying no attention, Diane followed Hermann with her steady door. Mitzi was grinning up at him.

"I wonder...?" Rhoda's head was on one side, her speculative eye taking in the details of Diana's costume. "I get it! Nearly of The Saga," Diane noticed then that Rhoda was wearing a gingham dress and flat heeled slippers. "A brilliant idea, my dear," and then she added, "but I'm afraid you're a bit late. I'm singing up for the part in the morning." With a superior smile, she turned away.

"Oh, have you got to get that part?" asked Daisy Shane. "I didn't know you--" she broke off as two men came up. One was a tall yellow assistant director. Tonight he was wearing in leopardskin and glasses. The other was Mr. Markenson.

"Ask her who he is," grumbled Mr. Markenson to Tarzan.

"Who is he?" inquired the thin assistant. "Hermann Fink, of Sediment Springs, Nevada," said Diane determinedly.

"I mean: who is he really?" said Mr. Markenson.

"He means: who is he really?" explained Tarzan.

Diane's heart pounded. Could she say he was—someone she had a right to bring to such a party? "I wouldn't know," Gregory Hunt, she said, grasping at a name. "The stage star, you know."

Mr. Markenson's gum sloven then went slower, slower, like wheels of a train moving to a stop. Diane stared, fascinated. "Hunt's been into the office, two, three times this week," he said faintly, and turned on his heel.

Tarzan's mouth opened, and he started in pursuit. "Mr. Markenson!" he said desperately. But the solid block of Roman senator moved on, not to be recalled. Tarzan was beside him now—explaining—running—shouting. A little ways away, on the losing ground. Together they passed through the wide door of Mr. Markenson's study.

The music ended and Hermann and Mitzi paused beside Diane. "I'm real glad you like my dancing," he said, looking down at Mitzi seriously.

"Oh, I think it's grand!" Mitzi winked at Diane from the corner of her eye. Hermann had lost enough of his earlier embarrassment to look around. "It's too bad I didn't wear some kind of a costume."

Mitzi giggled. "Say, you'll get the prize for the best costume here. Nobody else is acting in character with the way they're dressed."

Puzzled, Hermann looked at her. "But this isn't a costume. Wide and tragic, his eyes solemn. "You mean, you think I wore these clothes to be funny?" Mitzi giggled again, and abruptly Hermann turned and pushed his way through the crowd.

Mitzi chortled. "Isn't he good!"

But Diane was following Hermann. They were out on a broad balcony before she was right with him. She grabbed his arm.

"I'm sorry—Please don't—" But what could she say? "Let's get away and I'll tell you."

He wasn't listening.

"Oh, Miss Loring!" The Tarzan-minded assistant was behind them. "Mr. Markenson wants to see you both."

He was spun to Hermann. "Let's get out of here!"

But Hermann was already following Tarzan trusting he was in his element. The crash of music drowned her words. She tried to attract his attention to warn him—tell him what she had said to Mr. Markenson. But the assailing throng was between them; and then Hermann was forced into a corner by a swirl of dancers. "I can't do it!" she gasped, stopping by the curly door. Tarzan stared at her, his mouth open a little. "But why not? He wants to give you a part."

"Yes, in the Saga of the Hills, He says he never saw a better shy, worried, small town girl than you were tonight. He's going to include a country dance in the script so you can wear the dress you have on tonight. And Hunt's marvelous—perfect."

"You mean he wants both of us?"

"Of course. Please don't keep him waiting. He nearly fired me just now because I was the one who told the office boy to say that I was out each time Mr. Hunt sent in his card."

So neither of them had seen the real Gregory Hunt! Her lie was still believed. Hermann bravely ventured to dance. The onlookers stared, and came toward them. They thought he was good! If she could only teach him to act in the few remaining days! Impossible: his unsellosconsciousness would
disappear before a camera. "Hermann," she whispered, "don’t—"

But the door to the study was open, and Tarzan was urging her to enter.

Diane’s knees shook as she walked across the thick rug of the spacious study. Tiers of books crept up the wall toward the dim rafters overhead. Embers burned in a fireplace that was not much smaller than an ordinary man’s study. Having gotten his start producing Westerns, Mr. Markenshon was fond of magnificent distances, and his study was on almost as grand a scale as his office at the lot. It was said that the only reason he was not building a still larger home was that no one but a circus owner could have found use for the present mansion.

He was seated now in a massive chair behind a desk that would have done for a roller skating rink, looking much more like Vesuvius in a white nightgown than a Roman senator. "Sit down, Miss Loring," he garrumphed. "Sit down, Mr. Hunt. Walter tell you what I want?"

"I gathered," said the man in Hermann Fink’s clothes, "you have parts for us in the Saga of the Hills."

Diane stated. Hermann Fink was gone. This man was quiet, self-assured, unawed by Mr. Markenshon. He relaxed comfortably, instead of riding a chair as though it were a horse. Her ego shriveled and vanished. He was Gregory Hunt. And she had been treating him like a movie-struck cow hand when everyone else had recognized him as a skilled actor playing the part. Shrugging up, she raced from the room. Blindly she worked her way through the doors, down a corridor, but instead of leading her out of the house it opened onto another balcony.

How they must be laughing at her! Shrinking into the shadow of a pillar, she dropped her head against the railing.

"Look out below!" Martha Raye calls out a warning to any flounders or habitus who are taking a dip. Bob Hope and Jack Whitting are launching Martha; she’s a solemnity destroyer.

Someone touched her arm. It was Gregory Hunt. She turned away quickly.

"I’m sorry," he said softly, "I know exactly how you feel. But I haven’t been making fun of you, really."

"No!" She laughed mercilessly.

"I was going to explain last night who I was, but you were so taken in that I put it off until tonight. And tonight you were so nice, and so anxious to keep me from getting my feelings hurt—Well, perhaps I liked seeing what a really nice person you are—even to a cattlemans from Selli-

ment Springs."

"But last night," she said slowly, "the things you said about my pictures . . . they were the first sincere compliments I’ve had in ages. They gave me enough new confidence in myself to dare doing this. Oh, why did you—"

"I was talking for Gregory Hunt, then, though I spoke like Hermann Fink. One reason I came west was to meet you."

For the first time she faced him. "But why all the—"

"Why Hermann? Well you see I’d been typed in New York, the same as you had here, and I could only get parts that were just like the others I’d had. So I decided to give pictures a fling. But I found I didn’t amount to much out here; I’ve been trying to see Markenshon for a week and haven’t gotten past the third assistant office boy. Then I heard you were in the same boat, and that you were angling for the companion part to the one I wanted. So, since I knew you were small-town raised as I was, and that you could really act, it occurred to me that we should both come here tonight in character."

"Why didn’t you just call me up and suggest it?"

"Because I wanted to try Hermann out on someone. Then, when I saw I’d given you the idea of coming tonight as a team—I knew your invitation could mean nothing else—I thought I’d see how it worked out."

"Oh," she said feebly.

He was suddenly very close. "Will you forgive me?"

A great bulk blocked the door beside them. It was Mr. Markenshon. Vesuvius was passing through a mild earthquake phase, which might have been laughter. "Well, Miss Loring," he rumbled, "will you take the part?"

Diane looked from one man to the other; then smiled. "It’s Yes to both questions."

---

**Smooths for Powder**

"A godsend to girls who are out of doors a lot!"

**MISS WHITNEY BOURNE**

(left) In tennis frock

(right) In formal dance dress

---

**NOW BRINGS YOU VITAMIN A**

THE **Skin-Vitamin**

For years girls have used Pond’s Vanishing Cream to smooth their skin for powder—in one application! Pond’s goes on divinely, stays. Today this famous cream also brings you Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin."

When the skin lacks this vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. Our experiments on animals indicate that the use of Pond’s Vanishing Cream in cases where there is a deficiency of this vitamin in the skin pats this vitamin back—makes the skin smooth again.

If there is no deficiency of this vitamin in the skin, the experiments indicate that the skin can store some of it against a possible future need.

Use Pond’s before powder—and overnight. Not drying. It does not come out in a "goe!"

And now it brings to the skin a daily supply of the active "skin-vitamin."

Same jars, same labels, same price. Now every jar of Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains the active "skin-vitamin." In the same jars, same labels, same price.

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**SEND FOR YOUR SAMPLE**

**TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS**

Pond’s, Dept. 755-VW, Clinton, Conn.

Each 9-treatment tube of Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains "skin-vitamin" (Vitamin A), with samples of 2 other Pond’s Creames containing "skin-vitamin" and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder, I enclose the for postage and packing.

Name __________________________

Street __________________________

City __________________________

Test in an "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond’s Program,

Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.
A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

Across
1. Italian river (abbr.)
2. David Balfour in "Kidnapped" (abbr.)
3. Type measure
4. Indefinite article
5. Desirity
6. Reverential fear
7. Tree
8. Proceed
9. Implement for telling trees
10. Things that lead to the solution of a mystery
11. Spread for drying
12. Prepare fee publication
13. Vld pats (coll.)
14. Final
15. To bar
16. Expand
17. Plural ending
18. Regarding (abbr.,)
19. Royal Navy (abbr.,)
20. Behold!
21. Weight (abbr.,)
22. She's known or begun by this one name
23. Third-rate actor (slang)
24. Continent (abbr.,)
25. Lair
26. Symbol for tellurium
27. William Scarlett in "Adventures of Robin Hood"
28. The devoted friend in "Test Pilot"
29. Poetic or romantic person
30. In "Gold Diggers in Paris"
31. Robin Hood
32. Heavy wagon (Oriental)
33. Mode of transportation (abbr.,)
34. Tin
35. Tattered piece of cloth
36. Waterfall (Scot.)
37. Southern state (abbr.,)
38. Physician (abbr.,)
39. Single
40. Myself
41. Mrs. Tony Martin
42. Lady (pt.)
43. Raised
44. Woody planes
45. Thick
46. In "Blockade"

Down
1. Foremost pianist of our time
2. Upon
3. Warring Scottish patriot in "Kidnapped"
4. Part of "to be"
5. Right (abbr.,)
6. Leader of boys in "Crimin School"
7. Villainous ship captain in "Kidnapped"
8. Judge Hardy
9. Parent
10. Founded (abbr.,)
11. Lovely newcomer in pictures
12. For example (abbr.,)
13. Brave volunteer in "Yellow Jack"

ANNOUNCEMENT
Next month's Silver Screen, the October issue, will have a number of new and unusual features.

Do not miss the new "Questionnaire." It will disclose what you think and also what the stars think on a number of controversial questions. For example: Clark Gable believes "Self Reliance is a man's most important quality."

Each year the readers of Silver Screen are invited to cast their votes for their Favorite Movie Player. The actor or actress receiving the greatest number of votes will receive the Silver Screen Award for 1938. The blank ballot will be printed in our October issue.

Our correspondent went on location with the company from Warner Brothers Studio which is making "Valley of the Giants" and he gives us an intimate story of the stars when they are "roughing it." A fascinating fact story, with most of the glamour left in Hollywood.

The Final Fling

While it is generally accepted that almost anything can happen in the movies, something happened at Paramount studio which came as a slight surprise, to say the least. A call was born on stage 8! The mother of the calf was one of the herd of cattle purchased by the studio for use in "The Texans." The "baby" was christened May in honor of Mary Robson who was celebrating her birthday on the set a few hours before the "blessed event."

Virginia Bruce has a dentist story to relate about her small daughter, Susan Gilbert. Virginia talks to her little girl a great deal about her father, John Gilbert, and impresses on her what a daring, electric personality he was. Recently she had to take Susan to the dentist for the first time, and Susan, to her great surprise, refused to open her mouth. The dentist tried to bribe her with candy and a chocolate ice cream soda, but little Susan just wouldn't be bribed. "How could you be stubborn, asked Virginia when they were in the car on the way home. "I don't know," sighed Susan sadly. "I seem to be getting more like my father every day."

Blondes are coming back stronger than ever, according to Russell Patterson, Paramount film executive and former illustrator of international note, whose role it has been to forecast trends in fashion and beauty.

"Following the usual cycle of reaction against brunettes, blondes will be prime favorites again by next fall. Madeleine Carroll, Joan Bennett, and the newcomers, Elissa Landi, George and Marie Wilson, will reach new heights," says Mr. Patterson. "Short skirts won't be back until 1940 and next year—1939—will be another collegiate year similar to the wild-eyed days of 1928."
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

Presented by WARNER BROS.
VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PLAYER

Joseph Schildkraut, Tyrone Power, Anita Louise, Norma Shearer and Robert Morley in a scene from their latest picture.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN RADIO
The Great Pulitzer Prize Play Becomes the Year's Outstanding Picture!

Frank Capra's
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU

JEAN
ARTHUR ★
LIONEL
BARRYMORE ★
JAMES
STEWART ★
EDWARD
ARNOLD

MISCHA AUER • ANN MILLER • SPRING BYINGTON • SAMUEL S. HINDS • DONALD MECK • H. B. WARNER

Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART

Screen play by Robert Riskin

A Columbia Picture

Directed by FRANK CAPRA
"This explains it—
I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA
AND MASSAGE

Ashamed of yourself, quite ashamed, aren't you? You knew about "pink tooth brush." Your dentist had warned you. But you wouldn't follow good advice. You thought you were different—that you'd get by! What a shock to find you didn't! You're regretful now! How miserable to feel that your own carelessness has put your smile in danger.

But now you're wiser! Now you're going straight back to your dentist! And this time when he stresses special care for your gums as well as for your teeth you're going to listen. And if he again suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—you're going to follow his advice.

No Wise Person Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you've seen that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him decide. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy and tender—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation in the gums is aroused—lazy gums awaken—gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your drug store today. Adopt Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a brilliant smile that wins admiring attention.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SILVER SCREEN
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 voice... has there been 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!
DEAR BOSS:

There's something about fans I'll never understand. I guess, it has nothing to do with Sally Rand. Heaven only knows I have been a fan myself quite long enough to understand their glee and joy from any angle, though I much prefer the sitting angle. Now I must admit I am baffled, but completely baffled by these fans.

Not long ago, I was in the theatre for the premiere of "Marie Antoinette" at the Carthay Circle here and Metro, good old Metro, built stacks of grandstand seats, and they tell me that by nine o'clock on the morning of that premiere the seats were packed and jammed by several hundred fans, and I know that by nine o'clock that night there were even thousands more fans lining the streets leading up to the theatre.

When Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Robert Taylor, Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable and all the other stars appeared, there was such shouting and whistling and stamping as you've never heard. Later, at the Trocadero, where Mr. Mayer entertained Norma, there were thousands of other fans standing out in front, applauding and begging for autographs—and they were still there at four o'clock in the morning! Well, that's all right. If Clark Gable and Robert Taylor weren't part of my job I'd do that too, but...

One Saturday night not long ago Merle Oberon wanted to go dancing, and no one likes dancing for the pure joy of dancing more than Merle. "The Palomar," she said, "has Tommy Dorsey and the best swing music in town." "You can't go to the Palomar," shrieked people to Merle, "you'll be torn limb from limb by the fans. You'll spend the whole evening signing autographs. Why they'll mow you down."

The Palomar, I might add for the sake of the uninstructed, is the biggest dance hall in Los Angeles, and you don't have to mortgage your home to pay the check. "We'll go to the Palomar," said Merle, and so off we tripped with Hedy Lamarr, Reggie Gardiner and George Brent. When we entered that tremendous hall, and saw thousands of the great American public, I thought well this is where I get pushed around, I ought to know better than to go to dance halls with stars.

But I'll have you know that Hollywood's entrances at the Palomar couldn't have been less exciting. Those same people might stand out in front of the Troc until four in the morning for a glimpse of Merle Oberon and Hedy Lamarr, but boy, when they get to the Palomar, they're not fans, they're jitterbugs. They were far more interested in "The Foot Hose" and the trap dancer than they were in movie stars.

Merle and Hedy danced to their heart's content, but only twice during the entire evening were they asked for autographs. Later Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck dropped by, and Bette Davis and hubby Warner Oland but they didn't get any more autographs than our parts. Yes, I'm completely baffled by fans.

LIZA
Paramount Discovers the Gol-Darndest Family in the U.S.A.

"You may be my brother, but you're a louse for my money." Joe Beebe (Bing Crosby) gets a piece of David Beebe's (Fred MacMurray's) mind.

"Hold him, Mike, he's rearin'." Uncle Gus attempts to toss Mike Beebe (Donald O'Connor) at the barrier as the big race begins.

"TAYBE 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).

MAYBE you think your family takes the platinum ear-muffs for getting themselves into one continuous tub of hot water and parking there. You haven't met the Beebes, that amazing brood, whose family biography bounces blithely upon the screen in Paramount's newest contribution to the nation's mirthrate, "Sing You Sinners." When "Ma" Beebe (Elizabeth Patterson) says, "Bringing up a Beebe is just one big headache," "Ma" is really guilty of understatement. For, when it comes to sticking their necks out, to taking it on that portion of the human chassis known as the chin, the Beebes capture every prize, including the Scandinavian. And that goes for all of them, Joe (Bing Crosby), David (Fred MacMurray) and little Mike (Wesley Ruggles' new discovery, Donald O'Connor).

Take Joe, for instance. Joe claims only dumb guys go in for hard work. So what does Joe do? Joe bets on the horses. As if that isn't bad enough, he buys one. And what a horse! Uncle Gus Beebe may have been an all right gee-gee, with a little horse sense before joining the Beebe family. Now he is just another Beebe in "Ma's" bonnet, acting up and sowing his wild oats exactly like Joe. But if you think Joe and Uncle Gus pile the worries on "Ma's" shoulders, you haven't met David. David looks like the only sane, sober, serious one of the brothers Beebe. So what does he do? Well, he takes one look at those bangtail friends of Joe's, bucket-yucketting round the track, and he forgets all about Martha (Ellen Drew, Paramount's newest lovely-to-look-at), he forgets all about being...
the family meal ticket, and he goes just as haywire as Joe and Uncle Gus.

And what about Mike, baby of the Beebes? What about him? Why he makes more trouble for “Ma” than all the rest put together. For it’s Mike who gets himself into a canary-colored jockey jacket and rides the Beebe entry in the big race. Yes, and has “Ma” reaching for those smelling salts as he gets thrown at the barrier. No squee, sir, you can’t beat the Beebes. And you can’t beat Paramount and Paramount’s Producer-Director Wesley Ruggles when it comes to whipping up the grandest comedy of the year... which is, of course, the bounding biography of the brawling, betting, beloved Beebes... Paramount’s "Sing You Sinners."

Paramount Postscript... If you’re wondering why the Beebe biography is called "Sing You Sinners," just wait’ll you hear the Beebe Boys sing the new Paramount hits: "A Pocketful of Dreams," "Small Fry," "Laugh and Call It Love," and "Don’t Let That Moon Get Away."

"You’re not the only catfish in the sea." The Beebe Boys give out with their number, "Small Fry," as Ma Beebe tells ‘em "Sing, You Sinners."

"You can’t call us Beebes any names like that." A quiet afternoon with the Beebes as the family-unites against a very common foe.

"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 gettin’ around workin’. And that takes a heap of sense. Paramount has gone and teamed me with a person you’ll be glad to see. He’s got a face on him that’s like my Uncle Snazzy’s. Once you’ve recovered from the shock, you’ll never forget it. His name is Irvin S. Cobb."

"MEN WITH WINGS"

When they called the roll of stunt flyers assembled on the Paramount lot for the breathtaking plane flights in "Men With Wings," Paramount’s Technicolor cavalcade of American aviation, they discovered this was the biggest bunch of air aces to hit 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.

"SING YOU SINNERS"

with Ellen Drew, Elizabeth Patterson, Donald O’Connor

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY
Wesley Ruggles

"Ma," Boss of the Beebes
(Ellen Drew)
Uncle Gus Beebe
(Courtesy the Crosby Stables)
Mike (Small Fry) Beebe
(Donald O’Connor)
So another month rolls around and most studios are at peak production. First there is—

R-K-O

The most eagerly awaited picture on this lot is "Carefree" starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. The wait between the pictures of these two is all too long. What a set this! Two stages have been thrown into one and they have reproduced an entire country club, including the grounds immediately surrounding the clubhouse. This particular scene is the lounge of the clubhouse and Ginger and Fred are dancing. Not since "The Gay Divorcee" when they danced over tables and chairs have they done a dance to compare with this one.

Ginger flops into chairs while Fred keeps dancing, then she's up and dancing again and never missing a beat. Her gray accordion pleated chiffon floats and swirls in the breeze they create. Finally the dance is finished and Ginger waves "hello" but as I start toward her Fred suggests they rehearse a little more, so off they go again.

As there is no let-up in sight I leave and proceed to the next set, which is "Gunga Din." Here Mr. Cary Grant is being seen into the tunic you see him wearing in the picture. It doesn't quite fit and there is no time to make alterations so they just take in the slack as best they can and let him write as best he can because it is one of the hottest days of the summer.

"Hi, Dick," he calls cheerfully. "That was a swell story you wrote on me. I've had a lot of favorable comment about it."

I blush and modestly stammer my thanks for that, from Cary, is praise indeed. He hates interviews. "Any time you want to do another one, sing out," he continues and I almost faint. But at this point some woman interviewer from England buttonholes him. Cary remembers her vaguely but she is not to be daunted. "Don't you remember the last time we met?" she bubbles. "It was a very hot day about a year and a half ago. We had luncheon together and you had a salad and a glass of milk."

I begin to understand vaguely why Cary doesn't like interviews. Here is a man who meets dozens of people a day—visitors on his sets whom he sees once and never again. Almost every day he has luncheon with an interviewer. Here is a woman who met him once a year and a half ago and who, underneath her smile, is mightily vexed because he doesn't remember her. She rambles on for another half hour, her smile becoming more fixed and her tones more poisonously sweet with each passing minute. Then the
Pat in a grand new part... a night-world king who rules with a glad hand!

A dashing new personality fights and loves his way to Hollywood's heart!

**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!

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**GARDEN OF THE MOON**

JOE VENUTI AND HIS SWING CATS • JOHNNIE DAVIS • JERRY COLONNA

"Everybody but me turns in a five-bell performance."
—Jimmie Fidler

"The greatest Lindsay you've ever seen... in a role that's the soul of romance!"

**DIRECTED BY BUSBY BERKELEY** • Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay
From the Saturday Evening Post story by H. Bedford-Jones and Barton Brown • Music and Lyrics by Harry Warren, Al Dubill and Johnny Mercer • A First National Picture.

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

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Betty Wales Wrinkle Reducer helps to prepare and smooth away lines and wrinkles. This marvelous Liquid Cream containing retinol and Fruit Oils, needs nothing additional—not facial masks or conditioners or toothpicks. Order today! Your regular dealer has more. Your special card will bring full instructions. Send 25c for sample: Money refunded if you are not delighted with results.

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Diet plus exercise is the safe, sensible way to remove excess fat. Now at last, there's an old to make dieting easier...more fun!

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Silver Screen

Peter Lynton, Clark Gable and Leo Carillo. A scene from "Too Hot To Handle."

Director rescues our hero.

"Let’s have a take," he suggests.

The scene is laid in India. Oh, you’ve read Kipling? Excuse me but I’ll bet you haven’t read him the way R-K-O is interpreting him. Cary, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen are, I gather, three musketeers in the service of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria. When there is an uprising of the natives in the hills near the Khyber Pass, the commander of the station orders Cary and Vic into the hills, along with Robert Coote. Cary is told he can’t go because his enlistment expires in a few days. So, at a party Cecil Kellaway is giving to announce Doug’s engagement to his daughter (Joan Fontaine). Doug dumps a bottle of medicine intended for the troop’s elephants into the punchbowl. Cary and Vic keep urging Mr. Coote to have another drink. And to make him drink more they keep warning him he can’t hold it.

"I can ‘old it all right," Coote assures him.

"I hope so," Cary rejoins doubtfully.

"What’s this?" Coote asks suddenly. "You’re not drinking, gentlemen." He reaches for a third glass.

"We’re lost in admiration of you," Vic assures him.

"You’re not taking another?" Cary eggs him on.

"Why not?" Coote scolds. He downs it and his eyes cross.

"Try it up," Cary warns Vic, as he grabs Coote’s arm.

Vic throws the rest of the punch out the widow and grabs Coote’s other arm.

"Whassa matter?" Coote asks weakly.


"Old everything till we get outside," Cary pleads nervously.

"If that scene is as funny on the screen as it is in the shooting—" I mutter ominously as I twirl my mustache and stride off into the fast-gathering darkness.

But when I have strided off the stage it is only 10:30 in the morning. The sun is shining brightly and I am standing in front of the stage where the Marx Brothers and the ubiquitous Frank Albertson are making "Room Service." You talk about your "Book of the Month." "Room Service" was "The Hit of the Year." Groucho is an incomparable theatrical producer. He can’t get money to finance his show so he is looking for an "angel" and not the late and lamented Marlene Dietrich, formerly of pictures. His cast has rehearsed free of charge (Equity, please take note), but they have no money to live on so Groucho magnanimously has them all move into his hotel and has their bills charged to his account. The hotel is run by Groucho’s brother-in-law. We never meet his sister. I guess the boys worried her into an early grave.

The supervisor of the hotel, Donald MacBride, arrives and is staggered at the $1200 bill Groucho has run up. He starts raising the old Nick when Lucille Ball bursts in. She is secretary to a rival producer but her sympathies are with the Marxes because Groucho has promised her the lead in the play. She has found an angel. His name is Jenkins (Phil Wood) and he represents a West Coast tycoon. After many complications he has bought the merry-mar Marxes and arranges to bring things over and tells them if they will have a contract ready next morning he will return and give them a check for $17,000.

Between then and next morning there are more complications. MacBride is having them locked out of their rooms. If they aren’t there to meet him they’ll lose contact with Jenkins. So they paint Frank Albertson (the author of the play) with iodine spots and pretend he has measles because you can’t throw a sick man out of a hotel room into the streets. But Frank goes to see his loved one (Ann Miller) and when Mac returns with a doctor, Groucho quickly paints Harp and sticks him in Frank’s bed. Jenkins finally arrives and gives them the check but immediately thereafter realizes everything is not quite right. He wants nothing more to do with these people and leaves. Frank returns looking (for him) very crest-fallen.

"David!" Groucho ejaculates. "We’re rich!" Miss Ball screams.

"Fifteen grand!" Chico announces.

"I just saw Mr. Jenkins in the lobby," Frank informs them glumly.

"I suppose he told you?" Groucho
A Tip about Bathing to a Girl with a Date Tonight

After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

What a wonderful lift a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have special care—that's why smart girls, popular girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of past perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours to come—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a second date and a third—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

**Mum is Quick!** Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

**Mum is Safe!** Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actually soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

**Mum is Sure!** Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

**Another Important Use for Mum**

Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

**One Half Minute and Your Charm is Safe**

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Silver Screen
There is his tournament jog before it's isn't glass shipwreck," Studio was a kills fire." thrown lost least, myth). that way there? feel Bing humbly for Zachary and looks this way

REAL-FORM

The epitome of the streamlined silhouette. Softly boned for perfect control...will not twist or "hike-up". Guaranteed non-run. Mallanese crotch...definitely two-way stretch assures complete ease at play or rest. At leading stores everywhere.

Knitted of Lestex and Bemberg... and fashioned to fit.

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO., 358-5th Ave., New York

There is his tournament jog before it's isn't glass shipwreck," Studio was a kills fire." thrown lost least, myth). that way there? feel Bing humbly for Zachary and looks this way

Paramount

MEN With Wings" is still on location. (I'm fast coming to believe this picture is a myth). So's Bob Burns in "An Arkansas Traveler." Claudette Colbert is just starting in "Zara" so I'll post you on that one next month, too. Left, is Bing Crosby in "Paris Honeymoon" with Francesca Gale—and what could be sweeter.

But when I reach the set (you remember that set in "Tropic Holiday" where Tito Guizar returns to the bar from the bar fights) it looks like a tournament of roses and instead of being a Mexican village it is now a Hawaiian village and Mr. C (in a tuxedo) instead of "Riding around in the rain" is riding around in a donkey cart with Miss Gale and singing " Jubilo" which I'm sure I heard before this reaches your ears so there's no use my trying to sing it for you—at least, not on paper. There being nothing more to see here, let's truck on down the street to—

United Artists

WELL, it isn't really United Artists. It's Hal Roache's Studio where he is making a picture called "There Goes My Heart" and it's for United Artists release. As if that wasn't enough, it stars Fredric March and Virginia Bruce with Nancy Carroll and Alan Mowbray lending a helping hand.

Virginia seems to be an helicis who is tired of it all. She is running away. Fredie is a newspaper man and not one to spurn a story when it is thrown in his face. So-o-o, he's taking her to a desert island somewhere off the coast of New York City. And what I mean to say is, it's really a desert island—just sand, rocks and a hut. The island is so close to New York they row out in a dinghy—with an outboard motor.

"Welcome to Spencer estate," he welcomes her with a sweep of his arm as he helps her out. "It's also known as Sand Island.

worth girls don't risk body odors! after every bath use Hush and be Sure

You're dainty and want a way to keep your step from your bath. Just put 10c in your coin box. There's a type for each need:

CREAM—Pure, nothing to add.borres 21 in your coin box. There's a type for each need:

LIQUID—Pure, nothing to add. It is ready for use in your coin box. There's a type for each need:

POWDER—Ideal for cleaning your coin box. There's a type for each need:

25c: 50c:10c: size at 10c: counters

Fredric March and Virginia Bruce in "There Goes My Heart."

Only forty-five minutes from Brooklyn. How do you like it?

"It's grand," she exults and then inquires fiercely, "Do many people come here?" Only when there's a shipwreck," he reassures her, "and even then they usually wash up on the other shore. Don't worry, nobody would ever think of looking for you here.

"Then I'll love it," she announces.

"When I first came here," he continues, "this was practically a barren island. Now look at it."

"Just imagine!" she coos. "Was that washed up on the shore, too?" she asks, indicating the shack.

"How dare you!" Fred chides her, "That's the Spencer mansion. It grew from a little 'For Sale' sign that big (indicating by holding his hand about two feet apart)."

"I humbly apologize," Virginia returns contritely. "It does look cute from the outside— Has it got an inside?"

"It has, if I've got a key," he replies rumbling in his pocket and finally digging one out. He opens the door and lo and behold—what do you suppose is there? Why, nothing more nor less than a big brick fireplace!

"Bill, this is grand!" Virginia murmurs ecstatically. "Let's start a fire."

"I can't, I've got a key," he replies rumbling in his pocket and finally digging one out. He opens the door and lo and behold—what do you suppose is there? Why, nothing more nor less than a big brick fireplace!

"Bill, this is grand!" Virginia murmurs ecstatically. "Let's start a fire."

"I can't, I've got a key," he replies rumbling in his pocket and finally digging one out. He opens the door and lo and behold—what do you suppose is there? Why, nothing more nor less than a big brick fireplace!

"Bill, this is grand!" Virginia murmurs ecstatically. "Let's start a fire."

Freddie moans.

"In the fireplace, silly," Virginia comes back snappily.

"If you're cold, how about a glass of brandy?" Freddie suggests, always with an eye to the MAIN CHANGE.

"You can't sit in front of a glass of brandy," Virginia demurs.

Well, Jinnie, maybe you can't sit in front of one but you can sure sit around one and get a much better flow from the brandy than you can from the fire.

"Five years ago come Michaelmas," Freddie begins accusingly to me when the scene is finished. "My wife wrote you a note and invited you to come up of an evening and split a cocktail and something to date you haven't showed."

"Mr. March," I retort, "will you kindly convey my apologies to your wife and tell her it was purely an oversight. You might further inform her that she can expect me almost any minute."

With such encouragement on both our parts there seems to be no occasion for hanging around this set any longer, particularly since Miss Bruce is now Mrs. Rubin and very chary of issuing invitations, so I jog on to—
M-G-M

OUT here, "Too Hot to Handle" goes on and on and on but the gods are against me. Last month, Myrna Loy wasn’t working, so I postponed covering the set until this month. When I get there today she still isn’t working and life looks very, very dark, indeed. Mr. Clark Gable and Mr. Leo Carrillo are working and both of them are most estimable gentlemen. But neither of them is Miss Loy. I cover my chagrin as best I can and pretend to be very, very glad to see both of them which, indeed, I am. But just as I am on the point of wheeling an invitation from Mr. Gable to accompany him on a big hunt (more on the strength of my ability as a cook than because of my prowess as a marksman—not that I’m not a good shot, mind you) Jack Conway (the director) has to go and call them for a shot.

About five hundred nude negroes troop into the scene, done up in loin cloths and war paint and purporting to be Dukas from South Guinea. 

"Where’s that make-up man?” tells Mr. Conway and without waiting for anyone to answer he shouts, “Spray some sweat on these people.”

But the script man says, “No! It isn’t time for them to sweat yet. They don’t sweat until the beef begins.”

Peter Lynton is supposed to be Myrna’s brother and he is being held captive by the natives. He’s been wounded and Gable is supposed to carry him into the scene and lay him down on a cot. Gable lifts him tentatively to see if he can carry him in his arms or if he’s going to have to sling him over his shoulder. I don’t know if I’ve ever mentioned it but that Gable is not only built like a brick house, he’s as strong as an ox. He picks up Mr. Lynton and it looks like he’s going to have him from the door to the cot.

“Remember, Clark.” Mr. Conway encourages him, "You’re really Paul Bunyon and Pete is just a feather in your arms.”

“Well, he’s the heaviest feather I ever lifted,” Clark grunts.

They rehearse this scene until my own arms ache thinking of Clark carrying around about 160 pounds, but he doesn’t seem to mind. I glance hopefully towards Miss Loy’s but it is still dark. I know when Clark finishes this scene he is not going to be in any mood for lions or even cooking or anything else but a Scotch and soda and he can make that as well as I can, so I fare on to the next stage where—

THERE’S still another picture shooting out here. It’s Devil-may-care Bob Montgomery and Goody-two-shoes Janet Gaynor in "Three Loves Has Nancy." Once more Franchot Tone may not be as funny, but he’s more convincing.

Well, Novelist Bob goes on a tour through the South and meets Janet in a small town. She has just been left waiting at the church. Her grandpappy tells her to go to New York and locate her loved one. On the same train (the long arm of coincidence, again) is Bob returning home. They renew acquaintance, Bob gives her his phone number and tells her if she gets into any trouble in the Big City to call him. So she calls him and next thing we know there they are in a swank night club with everyone in evening dress but them. And Bob is appealing to Janet for help in developing the plot of his new novel. The name of the novel’s heroine is Chicadee.

"Now,” says Bob when they are seated at their table, “we’ve got Chicadee alone in the park.”

"What’s she there for?” the practical Janet wonders.

“Love has got to enter her life,” Bob explains gently. "Even my serials can’t go on for more than three installments without love.”

He thinks for a moment—but deeply—and then inquires, almost disparagingly. "Now, what kind of a man would fall for Chicadee?”

Janet gives him a hurt look, then speaks with real fire: "Maybe you’d better find (Continued on page 61)

Freshness is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette

FEAR that freshness may some day fade is a Hollywood headache to every star. For even the greatest talent loses much of its appeal when freshness "goes stale".

But freshness can be protected—and Hollywood spends fabulous sums to hold its priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes... Even the finest tobaccos lose their appeal when dampness, dryness or dust is permitted to rob them of freshness. But tobacco freshness can be protected—and Old Gold spends a fortune to give you the rich, full flavor and smoothness of prize crop tobaccos at the peak of perfect smoking condition; sealed-in with an extra jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack, and see what that means—in richer flavor, smoother throat-case!

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

Grace Bradley’s charm of natural freshness is guarded by the sensible attention she gives to proper diet, exercise, and beauty care. (She is currently featured in Republic’s “Romance On The Run.”)

Old Gold is the cigarette every movie star uses!

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.
"I notice the girls with lovely eyes are using WINX MASCARA!"

WINX is different! Its texture is so fine and it clings so closely that it looks more natural. Makes lashes seem softer and longer...gives your eyes exotic, alluring beauty. Try WINX today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eyebrow pencil...in the GREEN PACKAGES...at all drug, department and 5-cent stores.

**SONG POEMS**

**MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS**—Fine. A modern comedy dealing with socialism, with various other items running peculiar heads from time to time. It is a truly modern, modern theme that does not hesitate to poke fun at tried-and-true "theories," and is very capably acted by a cast headed by Robert Young, Louise Brooks, Martha Scott, Glynis Johns, and several others.

**RICH MAN, POOR GIRL**—Good. A modern comedy dealing with socialism, with various other items running peculiar heads from time to time. It is a truly modern, modern theme that does not hesitate to poke fun at tried-and-true "theories," and is very capably acted by a cast headed by Robert Young, Louise Brooks, Martha Scott, Glynis Johns, and several others.

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I INTO a psychiatrist's chambers streams an endless tide of life's misfits. The lonely ... the bitter ... the repressed ... the misunderstood.

And now before me stood yet another. I was certain, and later examination proved me right, that there was nothing organically wrong with her. Her face, her body, bloomed with beauty and vitality. Yet, emotionally, she was at the breaking point.

Gently, I probed for her history. She was 28, single, college bred, lived in a good home with parents of some means, but was definitely of the recluse type.

"Men friends?"

Her lips quivered as she leaned close to me. The flood-tide of her emotions burst through the gates of her control.

"You've hit on it, doctor, I'm lonely ... desperately lonely," she sobbed. "Every girl I know is married, but no man seems to want me. They come—they go—I cannot hold them. Even my women friends seem to avoid me. I go nowhere ... see no one. And, oh doctor, I want gaiety, friends, admiration, love ... love ... love."

She had risen; her face was almost against mine. In that instant I knew I had spotted the cause of her trouble. It was obvious.

But never in all my years of practice did I face a harder task than that of telling this unhappy girl the simple truth.* But tell her I did.

Today she is one of the happiest and most popular girls in our little city, and soon will marry a well-to-do Easterner who simply adores her.

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.

Why run the risk at all? All you need do to make your breath sweeter, purer, more wholesome and agreeable to others is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. This amazing deodorant halts food fermentation in the oral cavity, a major cause of breath odors; then overcomes the odors themselves. And it's so delightful to use.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business or social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
There's an experimental gleam in Joan Fontaine's eyes as she arranges her hair. Below you can see what came of it.

A New Coiffure Will Help Put You In Style. Here Are Some Other Ideas, Too!

Fixing Up for Fall

By Mary Lee

Well, we're in the midst of another season and looking us straight in the eye is the old problem of fixing up for Fall. It's very stimulating, of course, when we can shoot the languid on new clothes and walk into our favorite beauty salon and order a new appearance and personality—almost; coiffure, facial, make-up scheme, nail lacquer and perfume. Most of us, however, aren't queen bees. We're drones, the workers, and so the job of being in step for Fall falls right on our own little heads—where it belongs.

Often this is a good thing. Individual imagination, ideas and care often excel the professional touch, and give us a personalized style and charm that is our very own. You have no better example of this than in the Hollywood stars. For the star, herself, and the make-up department strive above all, for that individuality, and in many cases succeed. Dolores del Rio, Dorothy Lamour, Sylvia Sidney and little pet Shirley Temple, are certainly a few of the outstanding individuals in both appearance and personality.

I've put this Fall fashion job right on your own heads, so let's start here. Do something new with your hair. Up or down, that's the question. From my observation, here is a simple guide. If you are medium size or small, if your features are small and your face as well, try the up idea by all means. If you are a tall girl, if your features are pronounced and your face fairly large, the softer low or medium low arrangement is undoubtedly more attractive for you. But try before your own mirror and see what happens.

Whatever you do with that hair, it should be lovely in its own way. No matter what color, life, light and texture are the real beauty points. Here the modern beauty rinse comes to your aid. These rinses are harmless, of course; they do not change the basic color but they dramatize your hair by softening and light into it—that sheen and suspicion of gleaming light that makes others remark, "She has lovely hair—"
even when you are a normal mousey brown. There is the Nestle Colorinse, an effective means to lovely hair. Simple rinses, in twelve individualized shades, to be used after your shampoo. There is just enough color in these rinses to tone out streaks and give that smooth evenness of tone. These rinses also remove soap film.

Another Nestle hair preparation that gets a big hand is its Curlinse. It's especially designed for use with the home curler or hobby pins. It does not dry your hair and keeps those ends, often so coarse and unruly, in good condition. Also, it does not leave a film on your hair or make it feel coarse. It dries quickly and gives your curls a beautifully sculptured effect. If you'll rub
a drop between your fingers. You'll feel its light, non-sticky consistency. A tip, too, for the curls at the top of the head. You know how those back strands struggle and look anything but neat. Well, dampen this back hair with Curling Lotion. Then brush it smoothly upward, as you want it to go. The Curling Lotion will help train your hair anyway you want it to go and is especially good for this smooth back effect.

Now and then, someone asks about artificial lashes. The Nestle people also make some of the best I've ever seen. They do a beautifully deceptive job on your eyes for evening and are easily applied. All of the things mentioned above are for sale in the chain stores.

In the Summer, there arrived at my desk one of those small ideas that just seemed the answer for smooth hair without the use of too many pins. These are Pinette Tuck Combs, very inexpensive, and made of flexible metal. Two to a card, they come in hair shades, with invisible grip tight teeth. They tuck under curls, rolls, over smooth sweeps of hair, and are really necessary with the upward arrangement. I adore Pinettes and find they have many uses. For sale in chain stores.

One other bright hair idea are the De Long Color Bobs. Eight of these finely made Color Bobs, in a choice of seven costume colors, come on one card. This touch of color in the hair is very effective, the bobs hold securely and the enamel does not come off easily.

Last Summer, our lips were definitely in the pink. Pinky lipstick tone made a natural hit, because the soft, young shade was becoming to many. For Fall, many of the lipsticks take on a deeper tone, yet retain some of that freshness of pink. For example, Helena Rubinstein's Fresh Strawberry has a Fall companion known as Red Cranberry—a lush, deeper version of the Strawberry. The pinky tones, will, I think, continue in favor for blondes and with evening black, white and pastels. For daytime, you need at least a tone deeper for dull blacks, wines, plums, deep blues and blue-greens.

As to nail lacquers for Fall, you'll probably like a good true red or a red with a bluish cast, for these tones will go well with Fall costumes. The darker costumes require life and color in the nails as it does on the lips, and this is what the cosmetic people have been working out for you all Summer, when we hadn't a thought about frost on the vine in our heads.

Out of Max Factor's make-up contributions for Technicolor pictures has come a truly lovely product for you and me. If you've wondered at the make-up on Joan Bennett and other Hollywood luminaries in Technicolor, the answer is partly the foundation make-up base, not a cream in this case. Max Factor's Pan-Cake Make-Up comes in solid cake form in six skin tones. You moisten a sponge or cotton, rub over the Pan-Cake and apply a thin film of the color to your face. In this instance, apply your Max Factor Creme Rouge (very new) first. Powder over the Pan-Cake Make-Up and apply a little more dry rouge, if necessary.

If some of the beauty fashions are solved at this point, but you're still in a dither about your wardrobe, here's a real inspiration. Fifth Avenue Modes offers an unusual selection of dresses for Autumn and Winter. They are all so pretty, I'm sure you will find one to suit your fancy. The garments are sent to you with all difficult sewing completed. A few plain seams, such as the side and hem, are left for you to finish. All the trimming, moosed with the garment, Fifth Avenue Modes are Fifth Avenue styled. This cutting to you, not just a fourteen or twenty dollar production. The fabrics are rich, also, and you will find these garments of great value to you. A few of the prices are: short sleeves, $12 to $18; long sleeves, $18 to $25; long-sleeved Opera coats, $25 to $35.

New Glory for Your Hair

IT IS now unbelievably easy to reveal all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair. Glorious natural radiance, beautiful beyond words, the best things of all.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it not only removes loose dandruff flakes, grease and dirt—but also restores the beauty-reviving film often left on the hair by other types of shampoos.

Drene is so different from other types of shampoos, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide natural lustre. Nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. And because Drene contains no harmful chemicals it is safe for any type and color of hair.

A single application—and dirt, grease and perspiration are thoroughly washed away. Hair is left sparkling clean, naturally brilliant—without the need of vinegar, lemon or special after-rinses of any kind. So clean that the permanent wave solution can spread evenly, thus helping to give a soft, lustrous permanent.

And because different types of hair require a different type of shampoo to reveal full individual beauty, there are now two kinds of Drene—Special Drene for Oily Hair and Regular Drene for Normal Hair.

Ask for the type of Drene shampoo required to reveal the beauty of your individual type of hair—at drug, department or dime stores—or at your beauty shop. Whether you buy your hair shampoo yourself, or have it done by a professional operator, a single washing will thrill you with the new-found brilliance and glorious natural beauty Drene reveals.

This thrilling confirme was attained after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. All the natural glamour, brilliance and beauty of the hair is fully revealed. Hair is also left manageable—right after washing. This is the beauty miracle of the amazing new Special Drene for Dry Hair.
A MODERN GIRL HAVING A MODERN GOOD TIME... SWANK CLOTHES, SWELL DATES, SWEET ROMANCE... THAT'S SONJA NOW, SO DAINTY, SO DESIRABLE, SO INCREDIBLE!

All dressed up, and plenty of places to go, as the queen of a co-ed campus! Laughs sail through the air like ski-jumpers! Love calls in the good young American way—forever and ever! And the sumptuous ice climax will bring you to your feet with shouts of wonder and delight!

SONJA HENIE and RICHARD GREENE in MY LUCKY STAR with JOAN DAVIS CESAR ROMERO BUDDY EBSEN Arthur Treacher • Billy Gilbert George Barbier • Louise Hovick Patricia Wilder • Paul Hurst Directed by Roy Del Ruth Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen - From an original story by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettlinger a 20th Century-Fox Picture

Snow-deep in the rhythms of Gordon & Revel!
"I've Got a Date with a Dream"
"Could You Pass In Love"
"The All American Swing"
"This May Be the Night"
"By a Wishing Well"

Every woman in America will be crazy about Sonja's twenty-eight new Fall costumes styled by Royer!
By Ed Sullivan

then I was probably cynical when I was very young.

At any event, that was the celluloid panorama as Theda Bara found it on her appearance.

Miss Bara (and now I am only guessing) turned up her patrician nose at the flagpole-sitting antics of Pearl White and Ruth Boland, grimaced with distaste at the cloying sweetness of Mary Pickford, and squirmed at the legshow offered by the Mack Sennett girls.

Miss Bara (and again I am only guessing) rebelled most heartily at the insistence that a heroine must be saved from a fate "worse than death."

She set about correcting the things that most annoyed her. Sex, up to her arrival, was a bang-bang affair distinguished by the villain's half-Nelson holds on the heroine. Theda mixed all of that, on the grounds that from the time of Eve, the woman was the tempress.

"But the villain has to wrestle with you," screamed directors. "No, I will wrestle with the villain," she said, in all probability.

It was the first time that any one ever had put their finger on the weakness of the films. Hereto-

fore, all love scenes had been initiated by the men, and the heroines stood idly by until the men decided to make a pass at them. This obviously was silly and out of line with history. Eve, as Miss Bara pointed out, made the first pass at Adam. Cleopatra made the first pass at Marc Anthony, Helen of Troy believed that a great offense was the most thrilling defense. The Borgias waited for no man, but just went out and mixed a lethal Mickey Finn and dropped it in his drinking cup.

So Theda Bara went out and got her man, thus reversing the cinema process. Where other heroines covered before the fear of a fate "worse than death," she went searching for it. It took courage, but she had it.

In tracking down the hero, she invented what may best be described as The Bara Slink, later copied by Marlene Dietrich and Hedy Lamarr. This was an approach as mesmeric as the swaying of a hooded cobra and twice as effective. Instead of rushing at the hero, which would be crude, she approached him slowly, for she agreed with the mathematicians that the shortest line between two points is a straight line, and therefore arrived circuitously.

Heroes who once were noted far and wide for their brawn and brain were reduced to jilibering weakness by The Bara Slink. You could see them registering fear, timidity, apprehension and kindred base emotions. You could tell from the first close-up that the hero knew he was a dead pigeon. Because there was no sound track on the movies of those days, the hero breathed heavily and made his chest move up and down frantically to express his delighted terror. Audiences loved this new idea in love-making and tore down theatre doors to see Miss Bara subdue her next victim.

Not since Dempsey was at the peak of his form has anyone run up the series of K.O.s, which Miss Bara accomplished. Like Dempsey, Theda was a bopper and weaver.

With variations, every heroine from that time on has imitated Theda, for she placed the emphasis where it belonged, on the heroine. The amazing thing is that the movies had never thought of it before she called it to their attention.

Just as Dietrich and Hedy Lamarr stem from Theda Bara, you can find a simile between all of the modern heroines and their predecessors. Carole Lombard, flattening Frederic March with a haymaker to the jaw, is not far removed from the vigorous Mack Sennett bathing beauties, the vital Mabel Normand or the tomboyish Clara Bow. Loretta Young is not so far removed from Olive Thomas or Barbara La Marr as you might think. Barbara [Continued on page 71.]
Flashshots

By Jerome Zerbe

The Manhattan Sun-dodger Goes Rustic And Joins A Troupe To Bring Culture to Cape Cod.

It was raining when the train pulled out of the Grand Central station in New York and it was raining when, five hours later, it pulled into the charming old New England town of Yarmouth on Cape Cod. I had noticed with admiration a charming woman sitting a few seats away in the car from me and, as we got ready to leave the train, amid an avalanche of luggage, she turned to me with a bright smile and asked if we hadn't met at Gloria Swanson's, and I ventured that no doubt we had as Gloria and I were friends.

Then she told me she was Lois Wilson and I told her my name, and a deluge of questions I found she was on her way to Provincetown to do a play and was being met at Yarmouth by friends who were driving her over, that like so many other people who had great success in the movies she was exceedingly anxious for stage training, and that she was one of the very first to try the much more personal, but much more exacting demands of the theatre.

On the platform at Yarmouth an expectant and bedraggled group of people were waiting in a downpour for the train. I was signaled out by a cheerful and cheering girl who was to drive me over to Dennis where I was to play a small part in "The Road to Rome," with Jane Cowl in the lead. There were four others from the train going along and we all climbed into a tired station wagon and our luggage was thrown into an antique Ford alongside. Miss Wilson had disappeared into the station and reappeared a few minutes later looking quite lost. It seems she was not expected until the next day and as there was no one to meet her, we asked her to come with us, and along she came.

Dennis is a small Cape town that has nothing to offer besides the summer theatre group and a good beach. There is a general store and post office, the Cape Playhouse and Cape Cinema, an unattractive restaurant for the actors, pretentiously called "The Green Room," a beautiful old church, a few houses and then Mrs. Whittemore's. Mrs. Whittemore's is the theatrical boarding house of the summer circuit, and Mrs. Sarah Whittemore herself is as delightful and determined a person as one can ever hope to meet. The stories about her are legion and although most may be only faintly founded on truth they are all interesting. For instance, there is the one that once she refused to give the Basil Rathbones a room in her house because she didn't like the color of Mrs. Rathbones' hair, while another is that she cut short Alice Brady's stay because she considered the room too temperamental. Be that as it may, Mrs. Whittemore's house is where all the visiting celebrities want to stay and they all love her and remember her with affection.

Although the place is not expensive, the food is excellent with such specialties as blueberry hot cakes, or chicken Maryland and fresh hot baked rolls with every meal.

Lois Wilson stayed the night in a room down the hall from mine and although that evening she became involved with friends and I didn't see her then, we had breakfast and lunch the next day, and I got to have the friendliest feeling and the greatest admiration for her. She has a marvelous philosophy of good living and certainly she looks as charming as she did in the days when she played in "The Covered Wagon."

Mary Brian and Phil Huston were both part of the regular summer groups at Dennis. Mary opened the [Continued on page 75]
Another view of the summer theatre, and the typical New England fence. "Around it still the sumac grows, and blackberry vines are running." (Right) Mary Brian and Phil Huston relaxing in the sun waiting for the noontime dinner bell.

Mrs. Whittemore's boarding house. Codfish, lobsters and blueberries on the menu. (Below) Richard Aldrich, the director, and Sylvia Sidney, who discovers she is beginning to look like Cape Cod.

Phil Huston, June Walker and Sylvia Sidney at breakfast. The fan mail gives a momentary Hollywood touch. (Above) Lois Wilson fares forth in the rain. What, no oilskins?
The Old Charm Is Gone But There Is A New Fascination To The Movies That Draws You To The Theater, Enthralls You And Sends You Home Thrilled By The New Artistry.

What has happened to Hollywood's glamour? There are a good many people who say that it's gone—disappeared. Others insist that even if it hasn't actually disappeared, it has been a quantity badly lacking in movies and movie-making in recent months.

Here's what George Jean Nathan wrote recently: "The gilt and tinsel which were once the popular property of the theater and which the theater lost to the movies have now been lost to the movies in turn and revisited upon the theater."

An editorial in one of the largest New York newspapers put it this way: "Glamour, a necessary quality of Never Never Land, has been destroyed, and the screen luminaries are revealed as mere ordinary people."

Even more to the point is a leading story in the showmen's Bible, "Variety," with the headline "Pix Slipping in Six," which points out that "films are losing their zest and the appetite for pictures (except the smash naturals) is dull and jaded."

I am sure that a lot of the foregoing is true. That mysterious something which made the era of Rudolph Valentino, of Clara (the "It" girl) Bow or even of the late Jean Harlow so terrifically exciting, has been missing for some time past. It did not take the independent theater owners of New York to tell us that a lot of fancy salaried stars had lost their hold. It doesn't take Mr. Nathan or "Variety" to prove that the general run of pictures has often been minus the all-important quality of compelling fascination.

The big point is—has the glamour really gone or has it merely been somewhat lacking in a period when it is no secret that Hollywood has found the going tough? Or, to look at the matter from a different angle—has the old-time, milk bath type of glamor our given way to a new sort of glamour which hasn't yet caught on with the public at large?

I myself don't see how Hollywood would benefit if all the milks and trucks east of the Rockies descended on it, bearing beauty baths for stars and extras alike. And as for the "gilt and tinsel," as Mr. Nathan calls it, which the movies once had, it seems to me that there is still plenty to go around in the film capital.

What has been missing, to some degree at least, is something which is much harder to put your finger on. The multiple marriages and divorces of the stars haven't helped. The fact that there have been very few vivid new romantic stars developed for several years hasn't helped either. Some people blame the double-feature—others B pictures as a whole with their frequently uninspired production. Then there are those, and I don't know that they are very wrong, who say that the average film-goer has become a person of taste and discrimination and just won't take hokum glamour as a substitute for good pictures.

In any case, at the start of a new season, it's not anything to be laughed off. The wheels of Hollywood are grinding again, at full speed. A tremendous program has been planned for the new movie year. If the glamour is gone and the glamour is as important as it is supposed to be, then it's going to be a sad year.

As one who goes to

(Above) Deanna Durbin, whose current picture is "That Certain Age," is just a girl in her teens, but when she raises her voice in song your very spirit is uplifted.
films as a business, but would go anyway for pleasure (movie critic to you), I do not share the general alarm about Hollywood's loss of glamour. Have the stars been getting married and divorced too frequently? In a word, yes. Have there been too few new romantic stars bursting forth in the Hollywood firmament? Again, yes. Is there a lack of excitement about a lot of the filler pictures which you always seem to have to sit through before you can see the feature you went to the theater to enjoy? Decidedly yes.

But at the same time there is another side to the medal. The stars have been getting married and divorced with great regularity. Much closer to the point is the fact that so few new breath-takingly captivating players have sprung up. No one will deny that there has been a considerable shortage recently of strictly romantic leading men and leading women—of the sort who might be described respectively as answers to a maiden's prayer or college boys' delights. The young boys are good-looking and they are surprisingly good actors, but not many of them sweep you off your feet. There are exceptions, Danielle Darrieux will do for me as a dream princess any day, but I could name a good many other comparative new-comers, such as Olympe Bradna, Tyrone Power, Hedy Lamarr, Jimmie Stewart or Sigrid Gurie who have what it takes. What strikes me as more important is the fact that we have a lot of new types of stars as we go into the 1938-39 movie season.

There are the enchanting adolescents, as they might be called, Deanna Durbin may not be an "It" girl or even her "pitching woo" counterpart of today, but that doesn't keep her from making pictures glamorous for me. There is Mickey Rooney, with his marvelous gift of acting, constantly reminding me of a young Cary Grant. He makes me sit up and take notice every time I see him on the screen. Judy Garland is another youngster who is coming up fast to stardom in the sub-deb class and there are a flock of other players in their early teens, from Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew to the famous "Dead End" kids, who have the knack of making pictures absorbing. That is not to mention America's perennial sweetheart, Shirley Temple. She has not yet reached the sub-deb age, but her career through childhood has been one blaze of glory. You may not think she represents glamour on the screen, but I emphatically do. She gives her offerings such color: artistry and personal magnetism that her films are always a delight to me, whether the story is good, bad or indifferent. And if that isn't glamour, I don't know what it is.

The one and only Sonja Henie puts on her skates again for "My Lucky Star." Looking at her we realize that talent of champion quality has an attraction which is red-blooded and irresistible.
In Every Studio There Are Script Writers And Technicians, Censors And Advisors, And After They All Get Through There Is The Performer Who Gives The Vital Spark Of Life To The Broadcast.

You twist your radio dial and by that little motion of your hand, into your living-room come such expert entertainers as Jack Benny, Gracie Allen, Don Ameche, or Fanny Brice, ready to amuse you for an hour or a half hour while you are at ease at home.

Pretty soft for them, you think. No tiresome costume fittings, working under hot Klieg lights, or memorizing of lines. All they have to do is slip up to the microphone, read their parts from typewritten sheets in their hands, and that’s all there is to it. Well, if that’s what you think, you’re wrong. For, getting that thirty or sixty minute broadcast together required long days of hard work, racing against time in an effort to put together a show that will be different, entertaining, finish in the allotted time, and of course sell the sponsor’s product which is why the show is broadcast in the first place.

When movies first found their voice, radio was far from the well-organized entertainment medium it is now. In those days a movie star could get by merely on the strength of his Hollywood reputation. Tuners-in were so eager to hear their film favorites speak, it mattered little what was said. Today, however, the dialer is more discerning. No matter how impressive his screen performance is, when the movie celeb steps up to the microphone he is judged solely by his singing or acting ability on the network. The performer knows this. That is why, despite the extremely short time the show actually lasts, he puts a lot of intensive preparation into each broadcast.

Most people have gotten to be blasé about broadcasting, yet very few really know anything about backstage radio. So, a peek at the way the Jack Benny show is produced will give you a good idea of what goes on behind the scenes.

Immediately after each week’s show, Jack and his script writers go into a huddle to talk over ideas for the next week’s airing. Before they call it a day they have to decide which ideas are worth developing.

The next two days the writers battle with themselves and their typewriters in a frantic effort to get a rough draft down on paper.

It’s pretty much like the madhouse story conferences to get a movie scenario together, only in radio there is so much less time in which to work. On the third day they hunt up Benny. If he’s working on a picture, they’ve got to waylay him between scenes. Up until the day before the broadcast they all may spend from eight to eighteen hours daily—depending upon how things jell— in polishing, changing, cutting, and building up the material into a working rehearsal script.

By the time the cast gets around to rehearsing, everything has been so rewritten and edited that all and sundry are convinced it will be a flop. Considering that all their efforts are strained toward mirth, rehearsals are deadly serious. Jack listens intently to everything, alert for a slip or an odd inflection that may lend itself to a laugh. The script is still subject to change as a member of the cast—Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Andy Devine or anyone else—suggests a better way of putting across his part.
After that's all ironed out, the music cues and commercial announcements are worked in, and the whole thing is timed so that all doings will end in exactly thirty minutes, "right on the mark."

After reading so far, do you still think you could put on a radio show with your eyes blindfolded and your hands tied behind your back? If you do, you better get in touch with Jack Benny, or even Al Jolson, Burns and Allen, Phil Baker, or Eddie Cantor. They'll grab you in a hurry and pay you well for your pains for, with very slight variations, these experienced trouper all go through the same labor in their weekly search for the right lines and the right way to deliver them. In fact, Cantor goes even further to insure the humor of his material. Practically all shows permit studio audiences to witness the actual broadcast. Eddie has, in addition, a rehearsal audience, on whom he tries out his gags. He has 45 minutes of program readied for his half hour show, and according to the reaction of this preview group he eliminates the lines that drew the least laughs when he cuts his final script down to its proper time length.

So much for the half-hour comedy programs. Now let's look at the hour variety shows. They are twice as long in time, but about four times as complicated in construction. While the shorter shows each has a producer who assists the star, it is the star who really dominates the show because all the proceedings revolve around him. On the variety shows it's different. No matter how "big" the star, he has to fit into his spot on the program. Whether music, drama or vaudeville make up the bulk of the bill, head man on these shows is the producer. You seldom hear about him, yet like the director on the movie lot, he's boss and what he says goes. He arranges for the guest stars, often booking up weeks in advance. As to the material used, whether by guest or permanent member of the cast, if it is of a specialty nature such as the droll stories of Bob Burns, the bragadocio of Frank Morgan, or the Baby Snooks of Fanny Brice, the producer supplies his own. On the other hand, if Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor are to appear in a radio drama, the producer supplies the vehicle.

Now, we're ready to see what makes these shows click. Since the best is none too good for us, we'll look in on the show that stars the air's No. 1 attraction, Charlie McCarthy, with Don Ameche as master of ceremonies. W. C. Fields is to be guest star, so anything can happen and we'll bet it does. In fact to make sure it does, Edgar Bergen, knowing in advance that Fields will appear, has gotten together with him to make sure that the discourse with Charlie will be devilish and devastating. Meanwhile the Stroud Twins prepare their bit in which they may require the assistance of Dorothy Lamour and Don. The producer has allotted so many minutes to each spot so that with the commercial announcements, orchestral and vocal numbers, the hour will round out nicely.

Each of the specialty acts—the Stroud Twins and Bergen—turns in his material to the producer who may edit it some before turning it over to the script writer for the show. It is the script writer's job to write the bits of dialogue that will connect the acts so that they will follow each other smoothly. He is who pens those gracious introductions by which Ameche introduces each member of the cast in a carefully rehearsed speech that sounds so spontaneous, by gosh.

All right, the script is now in order; let's start the rehearsal. The producer assigns the cast to various microphones so [Continued on page 77]
The Rainy Day Comes To All Of Us—And
The Stars Have Figured Out
How To Prepare For It.

Are you preparing for the future—as are many of Hollywood's biggest stars? A future so far removed from their present lucrative contracts, luxurious homes, and assured box-office appeal that it may contain political upheavals, war, poverty, and even the wiping out of a picture industry as it stands now? Just a few years ago, wise little stars prepared for the future by saving their salaries, establishing trust funds, creating estates. Today the answer is not so simple! Clark Gable told me:

"I'd rather be able to take care of myself in a wilderness, with only limited camping equipment, than have $100,000 in the banks! Banks can and have failed, but if a man is self-reliant, he can get along somehow under any conditions.

"Get tough! That's my advice. Keep in the best physical trim. Don't be afraid to rough it. A campfire. A dog stretched out exhausted. A man in rough hunting's garb, sufficient unto himself, regardless of man-made money, depressions, political changes..."

Proving his own words, Clark goes on dangerous and thrilling hunting trips at every opportunity, down into Mexico, up into the Rockies, through the Yaqui River country. He can and has killed deer, Mountain lion, bear and elk. He has cooked many a meal himself and grown hard and strong and more truly independent than if a Hollywood salary were all-important!

That's why Clark's first question, in a test for the future, sounds like the examination required of young Indian braves before being admitted to the circle of Chiefs: With only a kipack on your back and a trusty gun in your hand, could you live healthily in the forest for ten days?

"Next to self-reliance." Clark continued. "I believe that friends are important in facing the future. Therefore my second question in the test would be: Have you five good friends you can count on through thick and thin?

"Everything else can go to pot—but good friendships last. It was only through friends, and sometimes humble friends, that the wealthiest and most influential people escaped catastrophes in their own countries, when their established worlds crashed around them!"

Jeanette MacDonald says, "I believe the most important quality for a woman in facing the future, no matter what it may hold, is a same sense of balance. A recognition of facts as they are. Common-sense. Understand a situation as it really is, without fooling yourself, and then do something about it.

"Secondly, I believe a vocation by which she can earn her living is important to any girl. For instance, if I weren't in Hollywood, I believe I could make a success by giving singing lessons. And because I have always handled my own affairs and investments, I'm not flattering myself in thinking that a career in business management would be too impossible for me."

Errol Flynn told me, "Don't plan your future too definitely. In that way lies heartbreak. It's all right to concentrate on what you want to accomplish, but don't set your goal so definitely that you defeat your own ends if things don't work out just right!"

Errol Flynn and Warren William (right) in the midst of the turmoil of success have thought about the unknown tomorrow.

Happy days are ahead, Joan Blondell believes. The future is a smiling prospect.

Can you answer these test questions?

1. Have you another money-earning vocation beside your present employment?
2. Are you "up" on world conditions?
3. Could you live alone in the woods for ten days with only a gun and simple camping equipment?
4. Can you stick to difficult jobs without quitting?
5. Can you take good pictures with a news camera?
6. Are "furnishings of the mind" more important than material things?
7. (For women) Can you cook and keep house—for 1 man or 20?
8. Have you shown a real responsibility for your neighbors' well-being?
9. Would you refuse to go to war except in defense of your home?
10. Can you start all over again, without undue discouragement, if your present plans fail?

The questions, which the stars believe should be answered in the affirmative, were suggested by: (1) Glenda Farrell; (2) Jeanette MacDonald; (3) Clark Gable; (4) Errol Flynn; (5) Leslie Howard; (6) Luise Rainer; (7) Dolores Del Rio; (8) Basil Rathbone; (9) Warren William; (10) Errol Flynn.
DO YOU PASS?

By Temple Crane

Louise Rainer has her own theories about combating the wolf at her door, if he should happen to show up.

“Are you adaptable? That question would be vitally important in my test. It’s an important trait even in dull times, for there’s always a chance of being forced to make a change in your mode of living. Today everyone should learn to accept what Fate hands out without considering it too much of a hardship!

“Sportsmanship and fair dealing, I believe, will continue to be necessary to a man’s happiness whatever the scheme of things. Application is also important. If you have a job, stick to it—no matter how hard it seems. Then, for relaxation, play just as hard!”

No mere idle talker, Flynn has magnificently proved his capability in the following widely varied fields:
1. Pearl-fishing in the South Seas. He once earned his living in this manner.
2. Writing. Already he has published numerous articles, and one book, “Beam Ends.”
3. Navigation. He has sailed and piloted his own craft in difficult waters.
4. Gold-mining. He has worked in the gold fields of New Guinea.
5. Operating a tobacco plantation, as he once did—at a profit!
6. Professional boxing, swimming, tennis playing, or horse racing. Experts in all these sports told him he could earn his living at them, and he has received genuine offers not based on his fame as a movie star.

“Above all,” Errol finished, “regarding the future or anything else, do not allow yourself to be afraid. Fear can be a man’s greatest handicap. If you’re afraid of flying, riding, or whatever your phobia may be, that’s the very thing you should force yourself to do!”

Dolores Del Rio may look exotic, but her test for the future, for girls, is right down to earth. “Can you cook and keep house? That, I believe, will safeguard a woman through any changes in the world—for home-making will be necessary whatever the future may bring. In Mexico we have a custom that the ladies of the house must prepare food for as many as thirty guests on certain feast days. Therefore I know that I could turn out meals—economically, tastefully—for a score of men, or manage a kitchen serving hundreds. Whatever comes, I can bank on that capability!”

Leslie Howard’s question sounds disarmingly simple. “Can you take good news pictures with a camera? I’ve made photography a hobby, but it’s much more important than that. Pictures are the things today. We have picture magazines, motion pictures, machines for wiring pictures from continent to continent in a few moments.

“Come war or famine or revolution anywhere in the world, the man behind the camera can always be sure of a living—and of earning that living excitingly right in the midst of things!”

Luisa Rainer believes that asking little of life in the way of material possessions is a basic need in facing whatever tomorrow has in store. “Liberty is a priceless possession of every man and woman,” she says seriously, “and freedom of thought and action can best be assured by making oneself independent of material things.”

If these statements sound lofty, remember that Luisa is one of Hollywood’s true intellectuals, with two Academy Awards to her credit. She actually proved her theory by living in a hotel room rather than a Beverly Hills mansion like her fellow-stars. And it is her boast that she owns nothing that cannot be packed into a trunk at a moment’s notice!

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ONE of the things I don't like about Hollywood is the stars. I don't mean the terrestrial stars, for the love of Pete no, they're my bread and butter—I mean those horrid celestial stars which are always butting in and warning Glamour Girls not to sign contracts on Tuesdays because Jupiter is peeking over the Decan. But what with Hollywood gone hysterical over astrology, and no home is complete without a horoscope or Manly Hall these days, it was a cinch that sooner or later I'd have to ensnare into the spirit of things.

So when I received an assignment to do a story on the youngest of the Bennetts I immediately consulted "Today's Diary," as calculated by the Voice of Understanding, who, as her treatise would have us believe, is seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, which brings out the gipsy in her. You have no idea how complicated interviewing has become! It used to be that I could run over to Claudette's, or Carole's, or Myrna's for an interview just any old day, but now I've got to consult the zodiac.

Joan Bennett was born on February 27, 1910, in Palisades, New Jersey, which makes her quite definitely a Pisces, which is pretty depressing because I hate to think of a glamorous movie star being associated in any way with fish, fried, baked or covered with sauce Marigold. And because she happened to be born between February 19th and February 29th she is a Pisces ruled by Saturn, and a Pisces ruled by Saturn, I discovered to my horror after reading over the daily chart, was in no position to give interviews for at least a week. Now I knew my editor in New York, a hard fellow with no feeling for heaven's matters, would never understand about Pisces, so there was nothing for me to do except see Joan on a "bad" day—a day so "bad" in fact that the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter was beautifully certain that "no good will come of a stranger entering the house this day."

"I'll take a chance," said Joan who was far more concerned with her begonias right then than with her stars. But she wasn't quite so cocky about it later when she saw me treading upon her exquisite new blue and white rug with a large hunk of chewing gum under the sole of my foot—and Joan the neatest, the most meticulous person in the world. (I do hope the Devil has a special kind of torture for people who toss out chewing gum.) And she'll probably be even sorrier when she reads this. But after all I can't be expected to be brilliant when Pisces is loaded against me!

According to Joan's horoscope she has "great executive and literary ability; a fine appreciation of art and music; scientific; a sense of discipline for herself and others."

Well, I don't know about the scientific angle as I have never caught her with a test tube in her hand—her gardener tells me that she does perfectly amazing things with flowers—but I do know that the Voice of Understanding certainly hit the nail on the head with the rest of it. The doll-like Joan may look sweet, demure, naive and vine-linguish, but don't let it fool you, she has more matter of factness, more good common sense, and more executive ability than anybody in Hollywood. When Joan appears she just naturally takes charge, but she's so charmingly feminine about it that no one objects.

I was at the Santa Fe station in Pasadena once when Joan arrived from New York looking exactly like somebody's little sister home for the Easter holidays. But immediately she stepped off the train she became the methodical Miss Bennett. She checked over every piece of luggage, and there must have been dozens of them, she saw that daughters Ditty and Melinda and the two nurses were removed from train to car, she saw that husband Gene Markey hadn't left anything on the train, and she moved her family with such superb organization that they were out of the station before the other travelers had even claimed their bags. I've seen many a star arrive in Hollywood, but never one who made less fuss about it. And have no doubt either about that literary ability. If Joan hadn't been an actress she could have been an author—
Richard Bennett discovered that Joan was writing plays and acting them too, and felt sure that the mantle of the Bennetts had descended upon the shoulders of his youngest, and his enthusiasm for her went right to Joan's head. She cherished a beautiful day dream of the time when her father and mother would be starring. Connie and Barbara would be miserable in rags, and she would return from foreign shores and appear on Broadway in a play which she had written herself—and save the family fortunes. They wouldn't dare treat her like a baby then! One of the greatest tragedies of her youth was when she discovered that Connie and Barbara could act too! It gave her a complex.

Like the true blue Pisces, Joan has a terrific sense of discipline and responsibility—though you'd never suspect it, would you? She runs her home with amazing efficiency, and even if she is a career woman she knows much more about domestic matters than you and you and you. She is impatient of inefficiency in any form, though it is her boast that she never asks a servant to do what she can't do. No home in Hollywood is run with such order and regularity. Ditty always gets off to school on time (public school because Joan refuses to believe in that unwritten law which says a movie star's children should go to an exclusive school), Melinda has her puree of vegetables right on the dot, and regularly every morning the cook and butler receive the menus and instructions for the day. When Joan is work-

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"You get out of here, both of you," she cried. "This is my room. You have no right to break in this way."

BeautifuL YOUNG

That's What The Adoring Motion Picture Fans Called Him, But The Little Librarian Aboard The "Queen Victoria" Had Other Ideas.

A LICE BLACK considered the pile of books in front of her. She sat all alone in the tiny room which was the ship's library and wondered how she was going to get everything straightened out by the time the Queen Victoria sailed. Not that she expected a crowd to descend upon her immediately, but it was probable that a few people might struggle in. She was also wondering why the ship was so late sailing, and what all the excitement was about on the pier.

She checked off another book from her list, then sighed and leaned back in her chair. The table beside her was littered with papers, cards and publishers' blurs. The floor was covered with books. Alice looked around the room. She liked the dar' paneling, and she liked the green curtains in front of the window-porches. She didn't quite know whether or not she liked the selection of books, or whether she would like being a librarian. Still, she was getting to Europe, and that was all she wanted.

She fingered several letters and telegrams which wished her in the customary terms, a pleasant and successful trip. One was from her mother. One from the other teachers at Bethlehem Junior High School. And one, a very special one, from James Hartley, Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Lehigh University. In the Fall Alice was to become Mrs. James Hartley.

Alice was small, and dark, with nice, blue-gray eyes, a rather piquant nose, and a general air of efficiency. When she had her glasses on—as she did now—she looked like what she was: a schoolteacher. When she didn't have them on and when she didn't wear her hair severely—which was seldom—she was as pretty as any other girl in Bethlehem, Pa. At least, that was what James said. In spite of his being so mathematically minded, James was a dear. He couldn't help it if he was always doing little problems in his head—just for fun. Like working out by calculus how much gin there was in a Martini, merely by the color of it, and the size of the glass.

James had wanted her to take this trip. If he hadn't had to teach this summer, he would have gone too. As it was he had arranged for her to get this job, so here she sat, in the midst of hundreds of books.

Only one thing bothered her. That was whether or not she would be able to make her quota. It seemed pretty high, and whatever amount she was behind she would have to make up out of her own pocket. If she had to do that she wouldn't have very much left for spending money. Worst of all, the ship's library had formerly been free, and she was afraid that people might resent the fact that it was now a pay library, sponsored by a well-known publishing house.

Alice tried not to think about these things, and attacked a fresh pile of books.

On the dock all was confusion. The Queen Victoria was supposed to sail at noon. It was now one o'clock. The cause of the delay, a young man named Roger Firbank, stood at this moment on a lower deck, completely surrounded by reporters, photographers and news-reel men. Some twenty feet below, on the pier, was a mass of women—thousands of them. They shouted, and jostled, and screamed and pulled each other's hair—just so they could get nearer to the spot where Roger Firbank stood. They called endearments; they pleaded for autographs. To Roger Firbank this sea of upturned faces resembled a whirling, churning whirlpool.

Roger nervously eyed the throng of women, at the same time trying to answer the barrage of questions flung at him by the reporters. His once natty appearance had now become only so-so. The bright, expensive tie was out of place; his impeccable gray slacks were here and there streaked with dirt; his sports checked jacket was mussed and several buttons were missing; and his pale gray felt hat was not so jaunty as it once must have been. But the handsome profile was intact; the smooth olive skin, except
for a smooch of dirt and lipstick on one cheek, was as unequalled as ever; and his blue eyes were sparkling with youth and health. He flashed an agitated smile, exposing white, even, perfect teeth.

"Come on," a reporter shouted rudely, "answer our questions. Do you or don't you think you're beautiful?"

Roger forced a grin. "Please, gentlemen," he protested in that well-modulated voice of his, so familiar to millions of screen fans, "please stop asking me such silly questions. And if you don't watch out, you're all going to get left on board."

"What about that actress dame? Do you love her?" interrupted a crude individual. "Hold still, you! And smile!" photographers shouted. A woman on the dock screamed and fainted. Several dozen frantic female passangers bore down on Roger, carrying several ship's officers with them. Reporters swore, women shrieked, photographers hugged their cameras. Roger, in frantic desperation, shoved the representatives of the press aside and fled down a passageway.

Alice juggled a pile of books and walked toward a little ladder standing in front of the empty shelves. She set the books on the top step of the ladder. Suddenly the door of the library opened and in burst Roger Firbank, his hat in his hand, his dark wavy hair mussed, his tie awry. He quickly slammed the door and leaned against it.

Alice stared at him in startled surprise. Then she addressed him primly, "I'm sorry, sir," she said, "but the library isn't open yet."

He stared back at her in amazement. Then, leaning against the straining door with all his strength he locked it and sunk into an empty chair. He adjusted his tie and smoothed back his hair. He smiled at Alice. She merely stared at him severely.

"You can't stay here," she repeated, putting on her best schoolmarm expression.

"I can't go out there."

"Why not?"

"Because they'll mob me."

Alice gave him a severe frown. "You mean the police are after you?"

"No, of course not," Roger looked annoyed, "It's just a little send-off party."

"Oh, I see," said Alice. "Well, if you want to stay in here, you'll have to help me. Otherwise you'll just be in the way."

She thrust a pile of books into his hands. "Here, hand these to me one at a time."

The annoyed look on Roger's face changed slowly into a grin. "Okay," he said, getting up. Alice climbed unsteadily to the top of the ladder.

"Now that other pile," she said, when he had handed her the last book. He obeyed. She didn't know whether she ought to be harboring a strange young man this way. Still, she thought, she couldn't see any harm in it. "Have we sailed yet?" she inquired less sternly.

"No, I don't think so."

"How silly. I can't imagine why they would hold up a sailing just because of some ridiculous actor."

She gave the books a resounding thump. "Why, I was just talking to one of the stewards, and he said he'd never seen anything like it."

Roger's face expressed wonderment. "You mean you don't know who I am?"

Alice laughed. "Why should I know you?" She pointed at another pile of books. Roger brought them over to her, a slightly skeptical look on his handsome face.

"Because I'm Roger Firbank," he said with great dignity.

"How do you do. I'm Alice Black. Hold those books a little
higher, please.

"But I'm the— the actor: the one who held the ship up." He held the books up as high as he could.

Alice smiled reprovingly. "Why should an actor go around with dirt smudged all over his face?"

Roger looked around for a mirror, found one, and rushed to it. He tidied himself up in front of it. Then he turned to Alice.

"Even if you don't believe me," he said haughtily, "it's true."

"Well, even if it is true, what do you expect me to do?" Alice spoke sharply.

Roger was somewhat taken aback. He saw she was not the least bit impressed. "Well, it is true." From his pocket he removed a wad of clippings. "Look here."

On top of the wad was a large smiling picture of himself. Underneath was the caption: "Here he is, girls— Roger Firbank."

Alice descended slowly from the ladder. She looked first at the picture, and then at Roger. "It's you all right. But don't you worry about me any. I won't hurt you."

"Well, aren't you impressed?" Roger waited for his due.

Alice shook her head.

"You don't seem to understand—I'm an important movie star."

This haughtily.

"Not to me."

Roger was nonplussed, deflated. "Don't you ever go to the movies?"

He asked in amusement.

"Only to pictures with some educational value. I detect the usual run of screen entertainment."

Roger ran his fingers through his hair. "Oh," he said blankly. "He went to the porthole and looked out. "We've sailed at last. I guess I'll go now. Thanks very much."

"You're quite welcome," she said, going on with her work.

He took one last incredulous look at her, unlocked the door and went out. In a moment he was back again. "They're still there," he gasped. "Women— hundreds of them."

He locked the door again and sat down, lighting a cigarette. Misery seemed to envelop him.

Alice scarcely looked up. "Stay here, if you want," she said. Then she added disinterestedly, "Aren't some women awful fools?"

Roger shook his head. "Between you and I, there aren't many like you."

"Between you and me," Alice corrected.

"Well, anyway, I must say you're an exception."

"I think I ought to be like all the rest. Is that it?" She looked at him sharply through her glasses. "Well, I never. I don't believe I've ever seen so much conceit in all my life."

"I get it," Roger said, grinning. "This is a rib. You've just kidding me." He rose.

Alice got quickly to her feet. She came over and stood directly in front of him, her eyes flashing. There was something bird-like about her movements as she thrust her fingers before Roger's face. "Listen here, young man," she said acridly, "I want you to know once and for all that I have no use for vain, artificial, shallow, showy, pretentious young men. And if you don't believe me, you can get right out of here this minute!"

Under this violent attack Roger backed away, "All right," he said ruefully. "You win. I believe you. But you don't have to get so mad about it." Then an expression of amazement crossed his face. He reached over and removed Alice's glasses. He stepped back. "I thought so," he said appraisingly. "You're really sort of pretty and cute. Did you know it?"

Alice snatched her glasses away from him. "You get out of here at once! Before I call someone." This time she was really angry.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely. "But you really are quite pretty, you know. I can't help that, can I?"

Somewhat mollified by his change in manner, Alice said, "Your whole trouble is that you've been flattered and spoiled to death. Probably you wouldn't be such a bad sort if you'd only be yourself. But you have to show off and be flattered all the time. I know, because I encounter your type in the eighth grade right along."

Roger didn't seem to resent this criticism. "You know," he said, sitting down again, "you remind me of a girl I used to know in high school. She was a swell kid. Don't tell anybody, but we were engaged, and then she broke it off. Wouldn't the newspapers like to know that?"

Alice perched herself on the desk, her glasses still in her hand. "I thought so. Underneath all this publicity and Hollywood make-believe, you're just an overgrown boy. A case of arrested development. I would say."

This last with a little smile that tinged away, "If I could discipline you a bit, the way I handle my pupils, I think it would do you a world of good."

Roger looked sheepish and nodded. "I guess I'm really not so important after all. But I was beginning to believe it myself."

"Well, it's not all your fault."

"Thanks. You know, Alice, it's nice to talk to someone normal again. I'd almost forgotten what it was like."

Alice became brusque once more. "That's all very well, but I have my work to finish. You [Continued on page 60]"
December 9, 1907, young Doug has been treated generously by Fate. But it has done him no harm. In fact, it has made of him one of the most gentlemanly leading men. He is six feet one inch in height and not a sliver of him is conceited. He studied abroad and worked there, but now he is home and very much in demand—making good in every role.

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In Sweden, when Greta Gustafsson was a little girl she lathered the barber shop customers. Not the way for an actress to begin, perhaps, but now, as Garbo, she is loved the world around for her great acting gift.

Gift vs.

Inheritance

Some Stars Are Descended From Famous Stage Names And Others Have Only Themselves To Blame Or To Thank.

J. Pierpont Morgan's son is a banker, Henry Cabot Lodge's descendant is heard in the same halls of Congress. The sons of Gypsies roam the world. Are our most talented actors and actresses secured from family trees that have blossomed before the footlights?

On this page are the orphans of the theatrical profession. They have no ancestors who knew grease paint, nor childhood memories of sleeper jumps and one night stands. But who shall say that there is a stagemaid to surpass or equal them?

Shirley Temple "had something" when first she faced a camera. Destiny marked her for greatness. (Left) Charles Boyer gives life and art to his performances out of his own consciousness.

Paul Muni has great understanding of life because he lived tough role. Does heritage of those boy to the theatrical purgatory bring a greater tale than childhood schools by hunger and ambition? (Left) Basil Rathbone as he appears. "If I Were King." It stands alone with shadows of the past whisper the tradition of the great mummer.
Constance Bennett is one of the true actresses on the screen and it took two generations to grow her. (Next) Herbert Marshall comes by his talent as a sovereign comes by his throne. (Left, center) Martha Raye. Dressing rooms are her home and her mother's trunk lid was her cradle.
TALL

Clark Gable is six feet one inch and Carole Lombard looks up at him adoringly. (In lower corner) Sonja Henie with Cesar Romero high above her—but only in inches.

One tall man who towers above them in ability is Melvyn Douglas. With Irene Rich in "That Certain Age."

DARK

The Six-footers Fill The Great Lover Roles

Gary Cooper who is 6 feet 2 1/2 inches tall with Mel Ferrer in The LastTycoon.
Accessories Of The "Frou-Frou" Variety Are Going To Be Much In Evidence This Fall.

After a fashion era of great simplicity, it seems strange to have furbelows so much in evidence. But Paris, the style center of the universe, has taken them up in real earnest and Hollywood, the style center of these United States, has followed closely in her footsteps. So do not hesitate to deck yourself out with all the pretty gew-gaws you’ve been denying yourself for years. Also, even though black has come to be known as the "classic" color for dress-up frocks of all varieties, lovely, rich shades are being combined this season for costumes that have nothing whatsoever to do with country sports; shades such as purple a staring, lovely bronze greens and golds, rich reds and autumn browns and some perfectly heavenly blues. These harmonious tones do wonders for your eyes and complexion.

(Continued on next page)
The Screen Stars Give You Some Tips On What To Wear When That "Heavy Date" Comes Along.

(At left) Gloria Stuart in a glamorous silver lamé formal gown with matching shoulder straps, a heart-shaped decolletage and draped bodice in the Empire manner. The gown hugs the body and flares into a long graceful train in the back. A necklace of rubies and diamonds is the only adornment of this costume, over which Gloria wears a matching three-quarter wrap bordered with silver fox. (Below) Phyllis Brooks in a diaphanous black net with a snowflake pattern of shimmering silver paillettes outlining the wide belt and full skirt. (Next) Hudson Seal fashions this pencil slim evening wrap of Andrea Leed's which was designed by Schiaparelli, featuring elbow length sleeves and worn with a narrow belt of gold kid.
(From L. to R.) With a delicate frock of pink net and lace Ruby Keeler dons a lovely lavalier of star sapphires and diamonds with matching bracelet and ring. (Remember, these same ideas can be carried out in fairly inexpensive costume jewelry.) With black velvet she prefers a heavy pendant of pearls with a clustered ruby drop, and carries a French bag studded with gold beads and rubies. Above, her oval black satin bag is embroidered in gold and inlaid with aquamarines to correspond with her bracelets. (Left) Earrings are a flattering tribute to the new high hair-do, especially when they are fashioned of diamonds and emeralds like Shirley Ross'. Her wide bracelet matches, of course.

There Goes My Heart," titian-haired Nancy Carroll (right) wears a sunburst cape of russet red fox with a band of the fur making a halter fastening at the front. Her chic black gown relies upon its clever draping with very successful results. (Below) Joan Marsh's sinuously molded gown is of silver bugle beads which glisten like Christmas snow. You really would be a "figure" for this type of gown. (Center) Heavy slipper satin in a perfectly heavenly shade of laurel green, combined with velvet bows in a darker shade of green contrives to make Joan look ultra-sophisticated. The flaring skirt is topped with an adroitly draped bodice up by almost infinitesimal crossing straps of the same material. (Next) The Spanish or Mexican influence is responsible for Dorothy Lamour's black lace gown with strapless bodice. A modern version of the Mantilla is draped corelessly over her head and shoulders.
Minna Gombell, Fernand Gravet, Hugh Herbert and Luise Rainer in "The Great Waltz."

Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds in "Youth Takes A Fling."

John Howard, Owen Davis, Jr., and Mary Carlisle in "Touchdown, Army."

Charles Farrell, Jacqueline Wells and Jason Robards in "Wings of Doom."

Glenda Farrell, Hope Hampton and David Oliver in "The Road to Reno."

Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Jane Bryan and Beulah Bondi in "The Sisters."
Bob Burns, Foy Bainter and Dickie Moore in "Arkensos Traveler."

Ruth Terry, John Barrymore and Donald Meek in "Hold That Co-ed."

Jone Byron and Gloria Dickson in "Girls on Probation."

The Marx Brothers, Lucille Ball and Ann Miller in "Room Service."

Victor McLaglen, Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant in "Gunga Din."

Anne Shirley in a scene from "Girls' School."
Patsy Kelly and Walter Brennan put on a rodeo. Patsy tries a front seat but there is a little too much neck holding so she rides the rump with the trip getting rougher and rougher. "Say," says Miss Kelly of New York, "What do you think this is, the Bronx Express?"

(Continued on Next Page)
Annabella and Tyrone Power were strolling down Hollywood Boulevard or something, and lo, a flood swept upon them. “Save me,” pleads Annabella showing her teeth. So Ty, getting the situation well in hand, squeezes the water out of Annabella and they liquid-date.
Marion Martin keeping her shape in shape for "Youth Takes A Fling." Youth also takes exercises. No. 1 is how to give your luncheon companion a kick in the entree. No. 2 Keeps the straddle in working order. No. 3 Saves wear and tear on the shoes and No. 4 is for a girl interested in an aviator.
Louise Campbell, who has a big part in "Men With Wings," and her airedale. The dog says he washed yesterday, but Louise is determined. She's pretty too in every position and doesn't have to think of camera angles. The taking-the-dog-out-to-sea routine is just in case of an attack by catfish.

Rosemary Lane and Jef-ey Lynn start out to play ping pong, but their picture technique surmounts them, the game reaches a happy ending and a pleasant kiss is had by all.

AT HOME

IT CAN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE—I'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON THIS SOAP

OUT ON A PARTY

No S.A.*

[STOCKING APPEAL]

Save elasticity . . .
it's the secret of S.A.*

A run—and at the most embarrassing moment! "He" is bound to notice that you've lost S. A.

You needn't have constant runs, ugly wrinkles or snaky seams. Just use Lux. It saves elasticity, so threads give instead of breaking easily into runs. Stockings fit better, too.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity—rob you of S. A.

* Stocking Appeal—it's spoiled by constant runs, holes, twisty seams, wrinkles

for stockings
VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE PLAYER

WHERE WILL THE ARROW STRIKE?

Fill Out The Coupon With The Name Of The Actor Or Actress You Prefer.

THE 1938 GOLD MEDAL WINNER

Robert Young
George Brent
Alice Faye
Claudette Colbert
James Cagney
Deanna Durbin
Adolphe Menjou
Myrna Loy
Robert Taylor
Spencer Tracy
Ginger Rogers

Help Award The 1938 SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL

Mail this ballot before Oct. 7, 1938
SILVER SCREEN GOLD MEDAL CONTEST, 1938

I vote for ..................................................
Voter ....................................................

Address ..................................................
City ..................................................... State ..................................

Send to Silver Screen Gold Medal Editor,
45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Use This Ballot. The Star Receiving Most Votes Will Be Awarded The Medal.

WHO will win the Gold Medal this year? For the past six years SILVER SCREEN has been awarding a Gold Medal to the player winning the largest number of votes from the fan. You have read of the untiring efforts of the player to perfect their art for your benefit and now it is your turn to do something for the one for whom you doubtless feel affectionate gratitude. Last year Robert Taylor won the largest number of votes. Please write the name of your favorite on the coupon (and your own) and mail to us.

Send in your ballots before October 7, 1938. In the event of a tie, medals of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
JIM AT HOME

James Stewart Was Raised In A Western Pennsylvania Town That Doesn't Go Daffy Over A Picture Actor.

By Jane Fales

I'VE been disillusioned.
Like most other people, no doubt. I had always pictured movie stars off the screen as surrounded by considerable pomp and circumstance. You would have to battle your way through a formidable staff of managers and secretaries if you wanted to see them, and then find them politely gracious, perhaps, but a little aloof from the hot polloi for all that.

Then I went to call on James Stewart the other day. And, as I said, I was disillusioned. I was also given an excellent first-hand view of the reasons why James Stewart has definitely not "gone Hollywood" and, equally definitely, never will.

The interview came about because I happened to be in the little western Pennsylvania village of Indiana when word leaked out that Jim—he's "Jim" to everybody there—was home for a brief visit with his parents. "Leaked out" is perhaps not the correct term. There wasn't any particular secrecy about it. On the other hand, there wasn't any blazoning of trumpets, either.

You really have to know Indiana to understand the local attitude toward Jim. It's a little village of about 6000 people, a good share of them retired farmers, serious-minded, level-headed, practical souls, all of them. They're proud of Jim, just as they're proud of any "local boy who has made good," but they don't set success in Hollywood apart from success in any other line of endeavor. "Hollywood glamour" is a term alien to their vocabularies and their understanding.

When Jim comes home, friends and neighbors drop in to tell him how glad they are to see him looking so well, and how much they enjoy his pictures, and Jim saunters downtown, unmolested, to greet old acquaintances he may chance to meet in the drug store or along the street. There are no bands at the station on his arrival, and no crowds of autograph seekers. To the practical Indiana people, such horseplay is not only in poor taste but rather silly.

The Stewarts have been one of Indiana's substantial families for generations. Jim's father, Alex Stewart, is the proprietor of the town's leading hardware store, which was his father's before him—"Big Jim Stewart" everybody called Jim's grandfather, from whom both son and grandson inherited their towering height. My first call was at the hardware store, where I interrupted Mr. Stewart in the midst of showing bicycles to a potential customer, to inquire whether I might see Jim at his home.

"Oh, of course," he replied, apparently a little surprised at such formality. "Just go right up to the house."

I protested that it was near lunch time, and perhaps I had best wait until afternoon.

"Oh, that doesn't make any difference," he insisted. "Just go right up. He'll be glad to see you any time."

So I went up to the house. The Stewart home is a delightful place on a tree-lined street, with lots of shrubbery in the yard and inviting chairs in the side garden, exactly the sort of comfortable, lived-in house that you would expect a moderately prosperous small-town family to enjoy. Mrs. Stewart, a charming and attractive woman with a trim figure and modishly cut gray hair answered my ring and ushered me into the long, cool living room, a serene retreat with broadloom carpeting, plenty of deep and inviting chairs, cherry with summer slip-covers, and a comfortable sort of clutter of books and magazines that bespoke pleasant living.

Jim rose from a divan at the far end of the room to greet me, and I was for a moment nonplussed by [Continued on page 76]
The Foreign Girls Think More About Making Good At The Box-Office Than About Glamour. They Work Hard, Are Healthy And Happy—And Glamour Takes Care Of Itself.

Now here's something that's on my mind. And when anything lodges there I can't relax. Maybe it will relieve my brain cell from congestion to express this (professional) peev and (personal) pleasure. You know, untangle the traffic of thought, there.

The current crop of foreign femmes aren't colorful "copy!" They're friendly folks—but I grieve that I've had to park my most luminous adjectives and save them for home-grown girls.

How times do change! Languid ladies from afar, trailing be-feathered negligees, or skirled in sequins, used to "receive" interviewers and rave about art and love. Bedecked in shining splendor, their appearances at night clubs were ceremonies.

Oh, those glamour gals did put on such a swell show!

All is so different now. Actresses from across the big pond bank the berries, seek gold rather than glamour, consider the job more important than the jamboree. They rent houses that are far from swanky. Olympia Bradna is the only one who owns a home—and it is just a trim white cottage, piped with blue. They wear slacks and sport suits, drive coupes or roadsters. More like business girls than actresses, they work, they concentrate.

All of them are, or have been, married, except Olympe, who had her first date on her eighteenth birthday recently, and Isla Miranda. None of them are mothers. Most of them have had stage as well as film experience abroad. All were born in or near big cities of Europe.

In past years most of our foreign femmes came from Central Europe, where women are supposed to be serious-minded and domestic. They gave us glamour. Out of those invasions we have left as slenderment only Dietrich and (occasionally) Dietrich. Now France conquers—France, whose daughters are reputed to be sirens of subtle sophistication. They are prosaic and practical!

No wonder my lone brain cell is curdled! These imports have stumped even the praise agents—and that's really epochal.

"How can we publicize as an 'exotic enchantress' a girl who raises vegetables—one who wears slacks—one who asks for plain surroundings?" the publicity lads wail.

I'm wondering: will their dislike for the appurtenances of appeal prove a handicap? Is naturalness a detriment?

Annabella, when we lunched together in the Twentieth Century-Fox cafe, looked like a stenographer. Light hair cut short and slightly waved sat off a face that would be piquante except for that very firm chin. She wore a white skirt and a rust sports jacket. Instead of discussing love and glamour and clothes, she talked enthusiastically about her rows of vegetables.

"Sure, I make them myself," she insisted. "No hired help! I dig, I plant, I water them. You must come and have some of my beets, potatoes, lettuce and sweet-corn, a luxury new to me.

"My first time here, for the French version of "Cavalcade," I almost starved. Whenever I asked the waiter for a baked potato, with her new fluency in our tongue, she burlesqued her previous accent, "he would bring me a big pot-a-tea. They say in the publicity that I learned English in three months for "Wings of the Morning." That is true. But when I study in London, I think: 'When I go to Hollywood again, I can have a baked potato.' Better still," she chuckled merrily, "I grow them now, to make sure."

Because she prefers to concentrate on her job, M. Jean Murat, the French actor to whom she is married, lives abroad.

"I give the better performance when I am not distracted. So he absents himself." An accommodating husband, I thought, until she explained that he has his cinema commitments in Paris.

"Our wedding? A show-off? Non!" A shrug of disgust accompanied her scoffing voice. "Many times I am the bride in ceremonial scenes for the screen. When I do something for myself, I do it the quiet way. We don't even tell our friends until the next day."

On his last trip to Hollywood M. Murat arrived on the date of the "In Old Chicago" premiere. Annabella's presence was requested by the studio. Trust her to handle any situation with dèt efficiency.

Greeting him, she exclaimed: "It is important that we attend this premiere. We have less than an hour to make the appearance. You must change your clothes here—yes, right here in the station."

Grabbing a suitcase, he disappeared for a while, returning immaculately clad in evening clothes. They sauntered into the theater nonchalantly—

Danielle Darrieux's first picture here, "The Rage of Paris," was well liked. (Right) Olympe Bradna has been on the stage since she was eighteen months old.
and nobody knew that he had fished his "tails" out of his baggage, at the depot.

Monsieur and Madame Murat have no children—yet. But Madame, Annabella, to us, hopes that when her petite ones arrive they will have a childhood as joyous as hers was. Her father published a weekly magazine of sports and travel. Their home was in the suburbs of Paris.

Suzanne Charpentier's (that's her real name) two brothers and cousin took turns being director and actors in the cinemas played in the back yard. Shoo-ing the hens out, they covered the chicken coop with sheets. That was the "stage." For "location" they traveled to the garden. Of course, Suzanne was the "star".

In her locket, she carried pictures of Norma Talmadge and Mae Murray, her idols. One day, at gym class, the chain broke, the locket snapped open. A quick-thinking one, even then, she told her schoolmates: "They are my cousins!"

A film director saw a photo of her in her father's magazine and gave her small bits to play. But she did not attract much attention until Rene Clair cast her in "Fourteenth of July." A prophetic title, as she was born on Bastille Day, which in France corresponds to our Independence Day.

Reading a translation of Edgar Allan Poe, she liked the rhythmic sound of Annabelle Lee and re-named herself Annabella.

(Below, center) Annabella has spirit and "aliveness." Sparkle seems to be the modern form of glamour. (Left) Hedy Lamarr, who was so enchanting in "Algiers," her beauty is exciting, particularly when she is deep in a mysterious "mood." (Below) In "The Great Waltz," we will see Miliza Korjus for the first time.

INVADERS
By
Myrtle Gebhart

She was co-starred with Charles Boyer in "Barcarole d'Amour," was sent to Budapest for "Marie, Legende Hongroise." After her first venture here, she returned to her film following in Europe, and married M. Murat, whom she met when they were cast together in a film.

Annabella is now visiting him in Paris, but she will return to Hollywood, having signed a three-year lease on the white frame house in Bel-Air. And she expects to enroll her sixteen-year-old brother, Pierre, in a Pomona, California, school.

Publicity hinted that Darrieux was [Continued on page 79]
Eight Hundred Miles From The Studios There Is An Atmosphere Of Great Adventure, Of Primitive Man Pitted Against Nature. So The Actors Took To The Tall Timber To Make A Picture—"Valley Of The Giants."

By Dan Mainwaring

The lumber town in "Valley of the Giants" is named San Hedrin. That's the name Peter B. Kyne gave it in his best seller. The town he had in mind was Eureka, some 300 miles north of San Francisco, in the heart of the redwood country. That's where he worked in the forests and the lumber—there's where he got the inspiration for his story.

When Warner Brothers decided to film "Valley of the Giants" in technicolor, the most natural thing was to shoot the outdoor sequences in the country about which Kyne wrote long ago. So, after all the indoor scenes were filmed at the studio, the entire company moved, bag and baggage, to Eureka and for four weeks worked in the shadow of the great trees, in the mill ponds and mills, along the rivers and on the logging railroads which haul the big logs down to the coast.

Moving a company, with its properties and equipment, seven or eight hundred miles is a big job. Housing it, transporting it from location to location and feeding it is a tremendous task. It's one of those jobs, however, that studio location managers and unit managers are used to. On "Valley of the Giants" it was done as efficiently as it could be done.

It took weeks of preparation to get the company ready for the trek north. In the first place, permission had to be obtained from three different lumber companies before scenes could be filmed at the location. That was the job of Joe Barry, the location manager. He went on ahead and talked the executives of the Hammond Lumber Company, the Holmes-Eureka Lumber Company and the Pacific Lumber Company into letting Warners film scenes of logging operations. It was also Barry's job to arrange for housing and feeding the 120 members of the troupe and of providing transportation to take the company and equipment from Eureka to the various locations selected.

You can't find properties you need to make a picture laid in 1902 in Eureka. So Property Men Bill Kiehl and Scotty More had to spend two weeks assembling every article necessary for the location and loading the properties on the special train and in the big property truck and trailer. Hundreds of axes, scores of saws, ropes, cables, boxes of dynamite (the dynamite), rifles, revolvers, hand cars, four covered wagons, even artificial stumps, were taken north. The wardrobe department had the job of getting together enough clothing of the period for five hundred extras.

Because Eureka is a farming country, no horses were taken north to pull the wagons. Clyde Hudkins, who furnishes the studio with horses, went to Eureka to hire the nags. He ran into trouble. It was the ploughing season and the farmers needed their horses to pull the plows. Too, practically every farmer had dipped the manes and tails of his steeds, which wasn't a custom in 1902. Hudkins finally had to go nearly to Crescent City, 100 miles north of Eureka, to get the horses needed. It was up to Hudkins, also, to arrange to have a flock of sheep and several cows ready for the first day's shooting.

The company, including Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford, Jack LaRue, Johnny Harron, Alan Hale, Russell Simpson, and more than 100 bit players, electricians, grips, carpenters, painters, property men, hairdressers, wardrobe men and women, left Burbank by special train on May 14. Director William Keighley and Assistant Director Chuck Hansen went on ahead by plane. Claire Trevor and Frank McHugh followed by train a few days later. The company arrived in Eureka on a Sunday night. That night the train was unloaded. At 9 o'clock the next morning the first scene was shot ten miles out of the city.

The housing problem on the picture was not a difficult one. Luckily there is a good-sized Inn in Eureka and the company took over three floors of it. A wardrobe department and a makeup department was set up on the ground floor. There the hundreds of extras, employed in the town, were dressed and made-up by the skeleton crew of make-up men, wardrobe men and hairdressers.

The second day of shooting, a record was set. Two hairdressers and three makeup men started at six in the morning and got 600 extras ready for work by eight o'clock.

Some of the regular guests of the Inn didn't take kindly to the invasion of the Hollywood contingent. That was because the company was often up at 4:30 in the morning and when a hundred men get up, dress, breakfast and climb into cars, buses and trucks around a hotel, they can't be too quiet.

Arrangements had been made with the Inn to feed the company. The members dined and breakfasted in the hotel. A traveling kitchen was set up to take care of the lunch problem. It followed the company to the various locations, some of them 65 miles from the town. Though the company was comparatively small, the food bill ran as high as $90 a day.

Over $100,000 was spent in Eureka during the four weeks the company was there. Some of that went to citizens who thought up ingenious schemes that made shooting almost impossible. There was a young man with an airplane who persisted in following, by air, the company out on location and in flying circles above Director Keighley and his troupe. He was paid to stay away. Then there was a small independent logger with an old donkey engine on the Van Duren river location who insisted on blowing a steam whistle every few minutes. He consented, for a few dollars, to keep his hand off the whistle cord.

Visitors were numerous and troublesome. At the Orick location, 65 miles north of Eureka, the school children went on strike so they could see Morris and Miss Trevor working. The Orick school board held a special session and decided to hold classes at the location. Teachers took children out to the spot where
LUMBERJACKS

the company was shooting and remained there all day. The day the huge dam across the Van Duzen river was blown up 500 men and women drove the fifty miles from Eureka and created a two-hour traffic jam on the mountain roads. Then they insisted on climbing down close to the dam and it took the efforts of scores of state policemen and studio workers to get them to a safe distance. The day the train wreck scene was shot one bright Eureka contractor made a tidy sum by setting up bleachers on a hill overlooking the 100-foot trestle and sold tickets at twenty-five cents apiece to visitors. As this was the best vantage point, his bleachers were well patronized.

One of the biggest difficulties encountered during the filming of the logging train scenes were the constant minor train wrecks. Because the tracks had been badly laid, the trains kept jumping the rails. On one occasion the whole Warner Bros. train went off the track and it was a day before it was rolling again.

Dodging the fog was a favorite pastime with the company. In May and June, the fog rolls in at night and doesn't clear away along the coast until noon. Arrangements were made at the seven different locations used for people at the locations to phone in at dawn with weather reports. Where there was no fog, that's where the company shot that day. Because of these arrangements, the company was held up [Continued on page 80]
GIVE THEM CREDIT

On The Screen Are Seen Some Of The Finest Examples Of Acting, Yet The Admirers Of The Stage Rank The Legitimate Theatre Above Motion Pictures. Here's Hollywood's Opinion.

By William Boehnel

DO YOU remember Charles Boyer’s beautiful portrait of Pepe Le Moko in “Algiers,” or Gene Lockhart’s magnificent characterization of the sulking informer in the same film? Or Spencer Tracy’s superb interpretation of the Portuguese fisherman in “Captains Courageous” Or Alice Brady’s mother in “In Old Chicago” Or Paul Muni’s trial scene in “The Life of Emile Zola” Or Alice Faye and Don Ameche in the bedroom scene in “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” Or Robert Montgomery’s psychopathic murderer in “Night Must Fall”? Or Katharine Hepburn’s heiress in “Holiday”?

Of course you do, because they are memorable pieces of acting, which, along with scores of others equally outstanding, made these and other films unforgettable—pieces of acting which linger in one’s memory long after the film itself has been forgotten.

And yet, the surest way to start an argument in certain
W. S. Van Dyke and Clarence Brown who, while directing the players, seem to find new depths of artistic feeling.

quarters is to refer to these and other superior screen portrayals as acting. I know you'll think I'm completely daft for mentioning it, but you'd be surprised how many people there are who still refuse to admit that there is such a thing as acting in the movies.

Just what these people think it is I, for one, can't tell you. But as far as they are concerned it isn't acting. Call it anything else you like, but don't, under penalty of being dragged and quartered, dare to refer to it as acting because that is an art form reserved exclusively for the stage.

A lot of rot has been spoken and a perhaps even greater amount has been written about the movies in general—their childishness, their censorship problems, their lack of fresh and stimulating glamour boys and girls, their timidity when dealing with vital social problems and the fact that they are one-dimensional and can never produce the same illusion of reality that even the worst stage play can—but chiefly the blasts are directed at their acting.

These charges are usually three-fold: (1) Good acting requires an audience because an audience is part of the performance of a spoken drama, so how can an actor reach great heights if his only audience is a battery of cameras and microphones? (2) Good acting must be continuous—begin at the beginning and go through to the end in a continuous flow—so how can an actor give a good performance when the movies are made piecemeal, with the end coming first or vice versa? (3) Good acting must have freedom of expression and independence of outside influence, but how can an actor give a good performance on the screen when he must always do precisely what the director tells him to do?

Those, then, are the usual charges made against screen acting and if there is a certain sameness about them it is probably because those who make them haven't been able to think up any new arguments and believe that if they harp on these long enough they might eventually succeed in proving their point because, after all, there comes a time when it is simpler to agree and let it go at that.

A lot of these charges are made by confirmed drama lovers who are inclined to be snooty about the movies on general principles anyway and always put them to the advantage of the stage whenever the opportunity arises. However, this is understandable because the theatre has been languishing of late and the drama followers are trying everything they can to pump new life into it and get it back on its feet.

As an ardent admirer of the theatre, I can sympathize with their efforts, but much as I like the stage and what it offers I refuse to fall into the error of accepting everything its devotees say about movie acting as gospel truth. After all, I have seen some theatrical performances which have led me to feel that maybe the standards of stage acting aren't so hot after all.

But the funny thing about this whole business is that a lot of these criticisms come from within the movies themselves, from players who have given outstanding screen performances. Just listen to this:

"Acting on the screen is not the real acting medium as we know it. To me acting requires two things: (1) Continuity. It must begin at a given point and go through to the end in a given flow. (2) A response from the audience."

"In screen acting you get neither. Frankly, I never feel that I'm giving a performance—on the screen, and watching it after it is over is irritating." That's Leslie Howard speaking and
those are the very words he used when I talked to him about screen acting last time I saw him at his charming home in Hollywood.

Or this:

Working in the films is definitely not acting. Sitting in a chair for two hours, then walking up to the camera for a short "take" and saying "my baby just died" or something like that isn't my idea of giving a performance.

And that, mes amis, is Margaret Sullivan speaking during an interview she gave after she returned to New York from Hollywood to appear on the stage in "Stage Door." Okay, you say, Miss Sullivan and Mr. Howard are entitled to their opinions. And with that I cheerfully agree. But what puzzles me is that if Miss Sullivan and Mr. Howard really believe everything they say about screen acting, how come Miss Sullivan could turn in such swell performances in "Three Comrades" and "The Shopworn Angel" and why was Mr. Howard so good in "The Animal Kingdom." "The Petrihed Forest" and "Berkley Square?" These pictures were made piecemeal, and neither Miss Sullivan nor Mr. Howard had audiences to inspire them.

Eager to find the answer to the riddle I decided to tackle some of the directors, the men who are supposed to be so dictatorial that they stamp out all individual initiative among actors, and learn what they had to say about screen acting.

My first victim was John Ford. Mr. Ford, in case you don't know it, hasn't a very high regard for actors and actresses. In deed, he has a very poor opinion of most of them and told me so in no uncertain terms when I saw him in Hollywood.

"If you want to learn something about the movies," he advised me, "don't hang around with actors, writers or directors, but spend your time with the cameramen, electricians, carpenters and scenic designers. They're the boys who know what it's all about."

But to get back to stage versus screen acting, at first it seemed as if Mr. Ford were doing a little fancy sidestepping. "As any actor who has attempted both can tell you," he said, "there is a sharp difference in the technique of acting for the stage and the method of acting for the screen."

Then he began to warm up to his subject a little more. "My belief," he continued, "is that a great deal more is demanded of a player appearing before the camera. It is obvious that on the stage, through weeks of rehearsal, the actor is able to interpret an interpretation of his role and acquire a proper tempo which is sustained throughout the play.

"On the other hand, motion pictures are filmed in a series of brief takes and to give a truly good performance, an actor must give his very best talent, artistically and temperamentally and with precise attention to the infinite details the camera demands, and still remember that the scene must not be divorced in mood or feeling from the picture as a whole. Moreover, a motion picture actor does not have the definite stimulus of audience reaction."

It suddenly occurred to me that a lot of these men were saying really bore out certain of the usual criticisms that acting can never really be great in the talking pictures. But with one exception. None of them had so far said that there was no such thing as screen acting. They were merely pointing out some of the difficulties under which screen actors work.

The next man I approached on the subject was Clarence Brown, who has been directing motion pictures for nearly twenty years and who has never actually had a failure registered against him.

"Screen acting to be effective," Mr. Brown said, "must be essentially artistic, but there must be at the same time a certain technical control or mechanical side to it. The limitation of camera angles, the need for certain distances to microphones and such details, place certain limitations around a player that are not present on the stage. Sometimes stage players find it difficult to adapt themselves to these limitations. On the other hand, players from the stage are so trained artistically that, as a rule, they can produce the best effects on the screen once the technique is mastered."

"This technique has nothing to do with the artistic side of acting," Mr. Brown continued, "One cannot watch a scene such as C. S. Forester's 'Con- quest,' or the scene between Charles Coburn and little Gene Reynolds in 'Of Human Hearts,' where the boy receives his medical bill for the operation of having that acting itself is artistic. Things like that could not have been gained by any mechanical method. They are inspired and are within the players.

Having produced some of the cinema's outstanding hits with both stage trained and movie developed, W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke bluntly declared, when the question was put to him, that there are no rules for acting. "It can't be plotted on a chart or even for actors," he said. "It must be spontaneous, arise from within the player and be the player's own inspiration."

Illustrating the "spontaneous" idea, Mr. Van Dyke continued, "Grand opera is traditional. There are fixed gestures, movements, expressions, for every note of the music and these are rigidly adhered to, no matter who the singer may be. It would be impossible to do this on the screen without getting laughed at. Joseph Schillinger proved it some years ago in 'Show Boat' when he recited lines with conventional gestures of old-fashioned acting. His perfect mechanical performance was one of the bits of comedy in history. Take him, however, in the scenes where he unmask his soul and discloses his duplicity to Norma Shearer and Robert Morley in 'The Merry Widow.' The foppish-looking character becomes a menace and something absolutely terrifying when his emotions come out." It was a great piece of artistic acting. Nobody could have worked out a formula for it."

"Just to make it a little tougher for some of the boys who are used to fixed routines, I decided to pin them down to what they thought were the so-called 'Best' performances they had ever seen." Mr. Van Dyke then briefly refused to commit himself. Alfred Hitchcock, having finished the T-bone steak by this time during our conversation, was all set to take a nap which he invariably does after every meal, but aroused himself long enough to say that he thought William Powell's death scene in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" Charles Laughton devouring his food in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" were the best.

Henry King thought a while and then decided that the bedroom scene between Alice Faye and Don Ameche in "Alexander's Ragtime Band," Paul Muni's trial scene and the moment Joseph Schildkraut is released from prison in "Zola" are among the finest bits of screen acting he has ever seen, and Woody Van Dyke thought that Norma Shearer's acting in the screen version in "Romeo and Juliet" was "pure art."

Frank Lloyd felt that Pauline Frederick's courtroom scene in the old version of "Madame Du Barry," Eddie Quillan's scene in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and the acting of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee in the scene after the birth of their first baby in "Wears the Pants," while among the most vivid impressions of acting he had, while John Ford felt that Victor McLaglen's performance in "The Informer," Alice Brady's work in "In Old Chicago" and James Cagney's acting in "Lost Horizon," were tops.

Even granting that the talking pictures are mechanics and that machinery can never turn out pure art, creation of the kind the various directors have mentioned above are of themselves sufficient to prove that first rate acting is not at all an impossible ideal in the movies. Maybe it is one-dimensional, maybe there is no audience to stir an actor on and maybe players do have to act piecemeal, but as far as I am concerned I would rather see Spencer Tracy's shadow or that of Greta Garbo than a lot of the dreary histrionics of flesh and blood thespians any day.
Out here in Hollywood there are plenty of knackers. You find them at cocktail parties, in the Brown Derby, on street corners, in hotel lobbies and on studio stages. In fact they get in your hair. They say anything about some thing or other and the gist of most of their remarks is that Hollywood is hard-hearted, that Hollywood hasn’t treated them right, that Hollywood has failed to recognize their talents, or that Hollywood is ungrateful.

If you are foolish enough to listen to this continuous stream of talk, you will soon become convinced that there is some truth in what these people have to say. You’ll begin to believe that Hollywood is some kind of a moral monster only to<link>0</link>ink and that some humanized form of Satan is running around, continually trying to make people unhappy.

A week ago I chanced to stop in on my friend, Director Roy Del Ruth, for lunch. As we sat in the Cafe de Paris at Twentieth Century-Fox studios, where Roy was directing Sonja Henie and Richard Greene in their new starring vehicle, My Lucky Star, who should happen along but Charles Farrell. I hadn’t seen Charlie for several years, as I had been away from Hollywood most of the time since his return from England. You can imagine my delight when Roy asked him to have lunch with us.

It was the same old Charlie in personality and charm, but an entirely different Charlie in physical appearance. He had lost that boyishness which marked him for many years after his spectacular entrance to stardom through the first version of “Seventh Heaven.” He seemed mature. All in all, it was entirely becoming. Naturally, the conversation turned to Charlie’s transition.

“I can hardly believe my eyes,” I had to admit.

“Well,” Charlie reflected, “a lot of people say that. And it makes me very happy, because that is exactly the effect I hoped to attain. Everybody thought I was crazy when I chucked my career a few years ago, but I had a plan and I hoped I could carry it out. That I have succeeded proves only one thing and that is that all these stories about Hollywood being hard-hearted are just so much bunk.

“I’ll admit Hollywood were hard-hearted, I could never have come back after such a long absence and secured another foothold. No matter what I had to offer, people would just naturally take it if granted. That I have a sense of the opposite. But it proved just the opposite. When I returned and convinced the studio executives that I had something NEW to offer, they were only too willing to listen. You know the rest—a screen test and then a contract to play the role of Shirley Temple’s daddy in Lucky Penny.

“Naturally I’m thrilled by the whole thing, but I am most thrilled by the knowledge that my experience has knocked for a loop the old theory that Hollywood is a hard-boiled town.

Charlie Farrell looks just exactly the way you picture him. Temple’s daddy to appear. Tall, handsome, kindly and understanding, backed by a spirit of determination, he bears to the screen an entirely new and long needed personality. Gone is the boisterous figure that you always associated with the name of Charles Farrell ever since you first saw him.

And that brings up another point. Charlie Farrell could have kept right on playing those roles and collecting his big salary check each week, but he was thinking of the public, because he happens to be a very conscientious fellow. I asked him about it and after a few attempts at passing the subject he told me the truth.

“Well, I felt that I was really imposing upon my good friends and friends,” he said. “No matter what kind of a role I went into, the audience would inevitably think of me in the characterization I portrayed in Seventh Heaven. I felt I owed it to them to drop completely from the scene and then return as a different person.

“And that’s another point in which Hollywood proved itself,” Charlie changed now to the familiar subject. “My friends all tried to warn me against the move. They said that I would be completely forgotten and relegated to oblivion. Well, I was right and they were wrong. Hollywood didn’t forget. Neither did the legions of good fans throughout the country who had always been so loyal to me in former years. Everybody treated me swell. They seemed to understand what I was trying to accomplish and were anxious to help.

Well, folks, I’ve been around Hollywood for a good many years now. I’ve talked with stars and with men and women who hoped to be stars. I’ve talked with men and women who are labeled as “has beens.” I’ll admit that I was beginning to feel a little of their own bitterness and resentment against this glamorous city of ours.

But Charles Farrell came along just in time to save me myself. He gave me a new slant on life and on the people with whom I must associate. I’ve come to the realization that Hollywood is all right, but that some people just cannot keep up with the parade and, because of their own weaknesses, want to put the blame elsewhere.

I’ve come to the conclusion that what Charles Farrell has accomplished, almost anybody could accomplish, here or elsewhere, provided that person had some real talent to offer and a determination to succeed. I now believe that the reason most of those people are standing around places idly bemoaning a fate which has befallen them is because they haven’t what it takes to get out and do something else.

That’s why I grabbed Charlie Farrell’s hand so warmly as we parted outside the Cafe de Paris. I felt that Charlie had saved me from getting on the wrong mental path. And as we walked back to the set of “My Lucky Star,” I noticed that Director Del Ruth was strangely silent.

“Say,” I asked, “are you thinking the same thing that I am?”

On comparing notes, I found that he was.

Not So Hard-Hearted

Charles Farrell, Who Left Pictures With “Seventh Heaven” Behind Him, Returns And Finds Welcome On The Mat.

By Martha Mains

Shirley Temple and Charlie rehearsing a scene from “Lucky Penny.”
LETTER OF INTRODUCTION
ONE OF THE NEW SEASON'S BEST BIDS—C

WHAT a grand, all-around, thoroughly satisfactory picture this is! Intellectually directed by John M. Stahl, who is celebrating twenty-five years in the cinema, the picture is blessed with both a swell plot extremely well written, and a swell bunch of actors, headed by Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds, George Murphy—and the incomparable Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen.

The letter of introduction is to the famous John Mannering, played to perfection by Adolphe Menjou, once the greatest actor in New York but now a celebrated screen star, and the letter tells him that he is Andrea's father. He is delighted with Andrea and eager to do everything in the world for her—except acknowledge her as his daughter. The great lover must not admit his age.

The secret contained in the letter, and which Andrea will not divulge, nearly breaks up her romance with George who}

Bing Crosby, Elizabeth Patterson, Fred MacMurray, Ellen Drew and Donald O'Connor in "Sing, You Sinners."

naturally thinks the worst about the screen lover and his best girl. It also breaks up Menjou's approaching marriage to his fourth wife, Ann Sheridan.

This bare outline does not do justice to this superb story, which has everything. There are times when you will laugh until your sides split, Charlie and wise-cracking Eve Arden will see to that, and times when you have to swallow hard to keep down that lump rising in your throat. This picture is bound to be a smash hit.

FOUR DAUGHTERS
A FASCINATING STORY OF A MUSICIAN'S FAMILY—WB

EVERY now and then a picture is previewed in Hollywood with such delightful simplicity and charming appeal that you wonder why the producers spend millions on stupid spectacles. This is one of those simple pictures which will wrap itself around your heart—and entertain you completely.

Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story "Sister Act," the plot is about a musician and his four beautiful and talented daughters. Claude Rains plays the father of this slightly mad family, and May Robson plays an affectionate tyrant called Aunt Eta. The daughters are Priscilla Lane, Lola Lane, Rosemary Lane (all real sisters) and Gale Page, and they all share their love affairs and their lingerie.

One day a young composer, Jeffrey Lynn, comes to their home to board and immediately all the girls fall in love with him. But destiny takes over, as destiny has a habit of doing, and Lola marries Frank McHugh, the town's rich man, Gale goes for the bashful wooing of Dick Foran, Rosemary decides on a brilliant career, and it is Priscilla who gets Jeffrey—but by then she has fallen in love with John Garfield, a young neurotic drifter who is helping Jeffrey arrange his symphony.

This is Mr. Garfield's screen debut (his real name is Jules Garfield and he comes from the New York stage) and so great is the excitement over him that the preview audience declared he would be the next Gable or Taylor—though he isn't the least good looking. But he's got something.

BOY MEETS GIRL
AN HILARIOUS SATIRE ON THE MOVIE COLONY—WB

If you like satires on Hollywood this is just about the funniest you'll ever see. The picture follows faithfully, almost line for line, the original play which had a long run on Broadway and for which the studio is reported to have paid $100,000—so it ought to be funny. It kids the pants off Hollywood's daily scenario writers, phony crusty supervisors and fading Western stars and gives an intimate and riotous

Joan Fontaine and Richard Dix in "Sky Giant." (Right) Jeffrey Lynn and Priscilla Lane in "Four Daughters."
glimpse of studio life. But remember, it's all in fun—Hollywood at its maddest was never that mad.

Jimmy Cagney is welcomed back into the Warner fold, and he and Pat O'Brien play a screwball writing team whose job it is to devise new ways for boy to meet girl. But even Jimmy and Pat, at their craziest best, have the picture stolen right from under them by Marie Wilson who plays her first leading role in an A picture. Cast as Susie the dumb ex-waitress who goes to high school while her baby (legitimate now, thanks to the Hays office) becomes a star in pictures, Marie Wilson is simply perfect and gives a stand-out performance.

And very good indeed are Ralph Bellamy as the supervisor, Nick Foran as the slipping Western star, and Frank McHugh as the agent. The dialogue is snappy and the picture romps along at a fast tempo.

SING, YOU SINNERS
PERFECTLY GRAND ENTERTAINMENT—Par.

For the first time in his screen career Bing Crosby tries a character role, and much to the surprise of everyone, including himself, he is a knockout. For the first time he doesn't get the girl, he doesn't sing love songs at the drop of a hat, and he doesn't do anything that a celluloid hero is supposed to do. His Joe Beebe is the best part he has ever had in the best picture he has ever had.

The story concerns the living problems of the middle class Beebes. There's Elizabeth Patterson, Mrs. Beebe, who is determined that her three boys shall do something with their music after all the money she has spent on giving them lessons. And there are the three boys: Fred MacMurray, a garage mechanic, who wants to get married to Ellen Drew but can't because Bing is a shifty ne'er-do-well and won't get a job and help support his mother and little brother, Donald O'Connor. They all think singing is silly.

But—if you're a Crooner Crosby fan—don't worry. Bing still sings, in fact Mrs. Beebe makes all three of her sons get out there and sing for an honest living. This picture introduces "Small Fry," the Hoagy Carmichael song that is sweeping the country, and its presentation by Bing, Fred and Donald is simply grand, also "Laugh and Call It Love" and "Pocketful of Dreams."

SKY GIANT
BLAZING A NEW TRAIL THROUGH THE AIRWAYS—RKO

What with the excitement of Howard Hughes' round-the-world flight and Douglas Corrigan planting the Los Angeles city limits in Ireland, the public has been so air-minded in years. A good aviation picture these days is a gold mine at the box office. Well-timed is "Sky Giant," the newest of the air pictures, for it concerns a proposed trail-blazing flight to Siberia, and on to Moscow—a flight that ends tragically in the snows of Alaska.

It is not so thrilling nor expensively produced as "Test Pilot" nevertheless there are plenty of breath-taking scenes and it's perfectly swell entertainment.

The locale of the picture is an aeronautical school designed to prepare pilots for transport service, and the head instructor of the school is a smart, blustery fellow and veteran flyer, played by Richard Dix.

When Chester Morris, whose rich father wanted him to be a diplomat, arrives at the school to learn to be a pilot, a rivalry springs up between the two men not only over aviation but over a pretty girl, Joan Fontaine. When Joan and Chester call off their engagement, due to a lovers' quarrel, Joan in a pique marries Dix just a few hours before Chester and he set out on their perilous flight—so you can well imagine what a situation that is. Paul Guilfoyle, playing a young officer and the third man on the ill-fated flight, walks away with the acting honors.

THE GARDEN OF THE MOON
A MUSICAL WITH PLENTY OF TRIMMING—W.

In THE Warner's latest musical a tall slender young man named John Payne gets his first big break. John, who in private life is married to Anne Shirley, plays a practically unknown and impoverished orchestra leader who, through a fluke, gets a chance at a two weeks' engagement in the Garden of the Moon, Los Angeles' most famous dancing and dining room (the Coconut Grove, no doubt). He and his band are a hit with everyone except the double-crossing, fast-talking, hard-boiled manager of the hotel, played brilliantly by Pat O'Brien, who leaves no stone unturned in his effort to do the young man dirt. It becomes a contest of wits between the two men with each trying to out-trick the other.

John is aided and abetted in his trickery by Margaret Lindsay, playing a publicity writer who is in love with the boy, and by Jimmy Fidler, playing Jimmy Fidler. Knowing that Pat's one weakness is a passionate love of Royalty, Margaret and Jimmy invent a Maharajah who is supposed to have gone to Oxford with John.

The picture is directed with far too much attention on individual members of the orchestra and not enough on the love story, which in the capable hands of Margaret Lindsay and John Payne could have been swell. Maybe I'm just not a jitterbug.

(Continued on page 63)

FROZEN PRUNE WHIP
3/4 teaspoon Knox’s gelatin
2 tablespoons Domino sugar
2 tablespoons orange juice
2 tablespoons cold water
1/2 cup Heinz strained prunes
1/2 cup Carnation evaporated milk
Few grains salt

Soften gelatin in cold water. Mix sugar, prunes, salt and heat to boiling point. Add gelatin, stir until gelatin is dissolved; cool. Add orange juice. Chill and whip evaporated milk to custard-like consistency; stir into first mixture and freeze to a mush. Stir again and continue freezing.

CARROT CUSTARD
Try this on the little ones when plain custard begins to pall. Beat 1 egg, add 1 teaspoon melted butter, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup (1 can) Heinz strained carrots, 1/2 teaspoon sugar and 2 tablespoons orange juice. Mix well, pour into individual baking cups and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 40 minutes or until firm. Serve warm or cold.

Gelatin dishes—plain and with fruits—tapioca, remoulard custard, milk puddings, rice desserts, baked or stewed fruits—all make excellent desserts for children. They are easily digested and contain the vitamins so necessary to proper growth and development.

Eating habits are formed during the first five years of a child’s life. The modern mother uses food for her baby as up-to-date as air travel—foods already cooked, strained and packed in cans. These foods are made from carefully selected fresh foods, prepared in such a way that they retain even more of the priceless vitamins and minerals than the average home made variety. Hence they are easier to digest. Among the better known brands we find Clapps, Gerber’s, Heinz and Libby’s. For my own children I preferred Heinz... it seemed to agree with them better; your child will be the best barometer of which brand to use. These foods are introduced into the baby’s diet about the third or fourth month.

As the baby grows and begins to eat more regular food, canned, strained foods are excellent in the dishes which begin to approach the grown-up standard. A good example of this will be found in the Prune Whip and Carrot Custard given above and in—

STUFFED BAKED POTATOES
This is especially designed for children 11/2 to 2 years old but it is equally delightful for all ages. Bake 3 medium sized potatoes. When done, cut in half lengthwise, scoop pulp from skins and mash thoroughly. Add 2 tablespoons melted butter, few grains salt, 3 tablespoons milk and 1/2 cup (1 can) Heinz strained vegetables (tomatoes, green beans, peas, carrots or spinach). When well creamed, refill shells and sprinkle tops with a few pieces of well cooked, diced bacon. Return to oven and bake until tops have browned slightly. Most soups are fine in the diet of children, particularly the creamed soups. Today mothers find this easy to supply with all the excellent canned brands and varieties on the market.

BAKED EGG AND ASPARAGUS WITH BREAD SAUCE
Line shallow buttered baking dishes with canned asparagus tips...the green are best, they contain, as do all green vegetables, more of Vitamin A. Add bread sauce, drop an egg into center of each, season lightly. Add shredded cheese, if desired. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes or until egg is of desired consistency.

BREAD SAUCE
This is excellent for all left over vegetables. Remove crusts from 3 slices of bread and crumble bread into 1 cup of hot milk. Heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt, pepper and butter. Whole wheat bread substituted for the white with 1/4 cup cheese added while heating makes a tasty sauce. For cauliflower, sometimes try this sauce with rye bread and garnish with carryaway seeds.

LIVER LOAF
11/2 pounds beef liver
2 slices salt pork or 4 slices bacon
2 cups soft bread crumbs
Salt and pepper
1 3/4 cups boiling water
1 onion
1/4 cup chopped parsley
1 egg
Pique

Wipe liver carefully, cover with boiling water and let stand 10 minutes. Put through meat grinder with pork and onion; add bread crumbs, parsley, slightly beaten eggs and flavoring. (Pique). Shape in baking pan; bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 45 minutes or until brown. Remove to platter and make gravy by adding 2 tablespoons flour to drippings, stir until brown; add 1/2 cups water; stir until thick and smooth. Pour over loaf or serve in separate bowl.
WHEN SKIN LACKS VITAMIN A, THE "SKIN-VITAMIN" IT GETS ROUGH AND DRY. WHEN "SKIN-VITAMIN" IS RESTORED, IT BECOMES SMOOTH AGAIN.

Men fall for soft, smooth skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets harsh and dry. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "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."
Pictures On The Fire

[Continued from page 13]

out first, what sort of a man she'd fall for.
The director calls "Cut" so the argument stops but it's my own private opinion that Janet recognizes in Chicadee a prototype of herself and that's why she's so steamed up over what happens to Chicadee.

It's getting so late I have no time to stop and swap badinage with either of the principals, so I just mosey on over to—

Columbia

ONLY one lone, lorn picture shooting here. It's "Girls' School" and everyone eagerly assures me it is NOT a remake of Alice Duer Miller's "Charm School." What made me think it might be is that all the girls come trooping down the stairs into the main hall where Heather Thatcher is going to address them. That veteran of many a Broadway musical comedy, Cecil Cunningham, is the head of the school. When the girls are all seated, she rises, claps her hands for silence, and begins: "I know my girls will welcome this opportunity to learn a subject which, while more entertaining perhaps, than al-

Reviews Of Pictures

[Continued from page 61]

FOUR'S A CROWD

ONE OF THE GAYEST OF THE SEASON'S COMEDIES—WP

THIS is so full of playful nonsense that you'll be grinning from ear to ear before you know it. Errol Flynn as an unsuspicious publicity agent gives his best comedy performance to date, and there is a scene where he talks over two telephones to two young women, each of whom believes herself to be the sole object of his affections, which is tops in amusing scenes and had the preview audience applauding like mad.

Rosalind Russell playing a newspaper reporter, and Olivia de Havilland, a sophisticated heiress, are the two young women who are in love with Flynn part of the time and with Patric Knowles, newspaper publisher, the other part, and not since "Lilac Lady" have we had so many love mixups.

Briefly the story concerns a press agent who is out to bag the personal relations account of a soupçon multi-millionaire, and who gets himself made the managing editor of a newspaper and is ordered to make his client the most hated man in the United States. Complication follows complication, until you just give up following the plot and enjoy yourself. Walter Connolly is splendid as the millionaire, and Hugh Her- bert rings the bell with a short, ridiculous sequence. The entire cast is excellent and you'll be glad to know that Olivia, who has been so sweet and gentle lately as Maid Marian, gets a chance to sock her man— and what a sock!

BLOCK-HEADS

A FIELD DAY FOR LAUREL-HARDY FANS—M-G-M

The newest Laurel and Hardy picture reverses to good old comedy of the slap-stick variety. The story deals with the reunion of the two boys after a separation of twenty years.

It seems that they were war buddies together and Laurel, who doesn't know the war is over, is still pacing his solitary post in the front line trenches. Hardy has married Mimma Gombell, and when he finds his old pal he invites him home to dinner—and the fun begins. There are some swell gags and the humor is generally in the higher brackets. Also in the comedy are Bally Gilbert, Patricia Ellis, and Jimmy Fin- layson.

A scene from "Block-Heads," Patricia Ellis, judging by her costume, seems right at home with the screwy firm of Laurel and Hardy.
Ill...made doubly lovely by healthful, delicious Double Mint gum

Masculine hearts skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This 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.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator Travis Banton design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star Claudette Colbert models, left. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing Simplicity Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious Double Mint gum is satisfying. It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves, helps give you a pleasant breath. Sold everywhere. 5c. Buy today.
Beautiful Young Man

[Continued from page 34]

can leave by that door over there, and no one will see you. It leads into a crew pass-

geway."

Roger stood up. "Swell. But listen, won't you have tea with me tomorrow? I want to

show my appreciation."

"And be mobbed by all those women?"

"Oh no, we could have it in my cabin."

"Oh no we won't! If you want tea, you come here at four. I'll close the library from four to five."

Roger opened the door and peered out. Satisfied, he turned back and said, "Right. I'll be here."

By the next afternoon Alice had her library pretty well arranged and business was

fairly good. Although it didn't seem as if it was going to be sufficient to enable her to

meet her quota by the end of the trip. Some of the wealthiest looking people came in and then left indignantly because there was a charge for books. Alice tried not to be discouraged, and when the library was closed she bundled on deck with the

passengers, trying to promote business.

Since her meeting with Roger Alice realized that he was the subject of nearly every

collection. He had decided that she would like him fairly well if he weren't so

cold and vain about his looks. Still, she supposed he couldn't help it. Such

charms and a large salary would go to almost anyone's head. She had read in

a paper that morning that he made five thousand dollars a week. It was almost

too believable. No one was worth that much. Why, that was twice as much as James

made in a year.

The papers were full of stories about Roger. He was going to England where he was

supposed to make a picture for a British concern. And there was a great deal of
talk about his love affair with Nora Gustave, the famous and glamorous foreign

star.

At four o'clock a steward came into the library with the tea things, and Alice closed

up shop. A few moments later Roger appeared from the crew passageway. He was

immature in an expensive-looking dark suit. He smiled and said hello. Alice

removed her glasses and, sitting down, began to pour tea. She nodded coolly at him, feel-
ing a trace of compunction in his manner. She knew that he was not match for her

intellectually, and she felt a strong desire to puncture him superficially.

Before the hour was even near to talk about anything there was a sudden pounding on

the door. Alice rose and opened it. Immediately two men burst in. One carried a

camera, smoked a big cigar, and wore a derby on the back of his head. The other,
a short swarthy individual in a green polo shirt, looked the scene over and

smacked his lips.

"Lady, I'm Jake Stern," the short man said, "Roger Firbank's publicist man. And

this is the ship's photographer. We just want to get a few pitches, then we won't

bother you no more."

Alice saw from the pained expression on Roger's face that he knew nothing about

all this.

"Why won't you let me alone, Jake?" Roger protested.

"Orders is orders, son. What you suppose the studio send me along with you for?"

He turned to his companion. "Set it up over here, bud."

Alice stamped her foot indigantly. "You get out of here, both of you," she cried.

"This is my room. I have no right to break in this way." Suddenly dastardly in

her fury, she gave each man a push. "Go on, get out!" They backed through the

doorway in surprise. She slammed the door in Jake's face, then locked it.

"Whew," she gasped, sinking into her chair.

Roger regarded her with admiration.

"That was swell of you," she said, "Those guys won't let me alone. And I have to put

up with it.

"Put up with it?" Alice was irontical. "In your position, and at your salary, you don't

have to put up with anything. If I were you I'd tell that studio where to get off."

"But...

"And they wouldn't do a thing. They're not going to lose you—the money they make

out of you."

"How do you know?" Roger said slyly.

Alice blushed. "Oh, I've been reading the papers." She poured out a cup of tea and

pretended not to notice Roger's grin. They sipped for a few moments in silence.

"You know?" Roger said, "This is the only place on board where people don't bother

me. It's terrible. I can't go any place without kids chasing me, and women asking me

for my autograph."

"I could do that," Alice said briskly, "If you'd do what I said."

"How? This is my first boat trip, and I would like to enjoy it, I tell you, you do

something for me, and I'll do something for you in return."

"What?"

"There must be something. Think."

Alice thought for a moment. "Yes," she said, "there is. You could be quoted in the

ship's paper as saying there was a fine fi-


briary on board, and recommend one or two

books. You see, I have to make a certain

amount of money this trip, and so far business

is terrible.

"Of course I'll do it. Now you tell me what I'm to do."

The next morning there appeared in the

ship's paper, along with Roger's remarks

about the library, a little item announcing that

Mr. Roger Firbank would be glad to sign

cards for people, but from now on there would be a charge of five dollars each,

this amount to be turned over to the

purser for the Seamen's Fund.

Very few people seemed to want his sig-

nature badly enough to pay for it. In fact they

actually avoided him, for fear he might try to do a little soliciting in behalf

of the Seamen's Fund. Before lunch he

gathered all the children together in the

Lounge and told them the story of his

latest picture. They were all so bored that

they were glad to get out on deck again

when it was over. They had expected to

hear about gangsters. Roger found that he

could walk quite unobserved any place on

board.
Lola Lane, Rosemary Lane, Priscilla Lane and Gale Page
IN WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION
"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"

You'll like this new Hollywood Make-Up

Powder... You'll marvel how your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder will actually enliven the beauty of your skin. It creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours...one dollar.

Rouge... Created to individualize each type of beauty, there's a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge to impart fascinating, lifelike color to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth, it blends perfectly...fifty cents.

Lipstick... Yes, Max Factor's Lipstick is super-indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain lovely for hours. Moisture-proof, too, it keeps the lips a uniform color through every lipstick test...one dollar.

Filmland's Make-Up Genius Creates Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony Shades for Your Type

Blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead... you'll look lovelier with color harmony make-up to enhance the attraction of your own colorings. This is the make-up secret of the screen stars—originated by Max Factor—and now you may share it with them. Permit Hollywood's make-up genius to suggest the correct shades of powder, rouge and lipstick for you personally. Note coupon for special make-up test.

Max Factor Hollywood

Silver Screen
For the first time he realized that he could dictate to Jake Stern. Jake attempted to browbeat Roger, but Roger refused to be browbeaten. He wore old clothes about the ship, generally needed a shave, frequently ate onions, and consequently the third day out was able to come and go as he pleased.

Alice discovered that her business had suddenly quadrupled. She found that all she had to do to make a book popular was to mention that Mr. Finkbeiner, so just turned it, or had liked it, or even that he merely had looked at it.

She learned that Roger's knowledge of books was shamefully scant. So each day she gave him something to read. And each afternoon he came to tea and reported on it. He ridiculed him gently because done later. I'll fix him. He that he was surprised to find that a good book was much more interesting than a fan magazine. He didn't seem to mind her attitude any more. In fact, he seemed rather to like it.

Alice had ceased to worry about making her quotient finished greatly. She would probably even make a tidy profit. Also she began to look forward to each afternoon.

The Queen Victoria was due to arrive at Liverpool early on Saturday morning, and Friday night had been set for the Captain's Dance and, as a special treat, a masked ball. Excitement to be murdered that afternoon, for it was rumored that Roger Finkbeiner would attend, mingle with the guests, and that the ban on free autographs would be off.

Precisely at four, Roger arrived at the library for tea. In their little sanctum, Alice and Roger sipped the clear amber liquid and heatedly discussed a current novel.

"I didn't like it," Roger said. "It's too real." He regarded her thoughtfully.

"That's just like you," Alice retorted. "And besides, it's beautifully written."

Roger nodded. "Maybe so. But I guess I'm just used to movie love stories. In Hollywood you don't get a chance to even know if a thing is real or not."

"How much time have I told you not to split your infinitives," Alice said reprovingly. "You'd be an excellent pupil, Roger, if I could have you in my class for a while."

"That also applies to "Things like this" no longer annoyed Roger.

For awhile they both became silent. The fact that this was their last tea party class was something in this. In this small island of light, centered by the shining tea set, they were both lost in thought. Roger broke the silence without, you certainly got a bang out of my first boat trip. It was swell of you to fix everything so well."

Alice looked up and smiled, just as she would have if one of her pupils had given her a compliment. "Anyone with any common sense could have done it. And don't forget, you were an asset to me too."

She still wore a plain costume but this afternoon her hair was fixed less severely, so that she no longer looked like a school teacher. Roger said she didn't anyway. He told her she was very pretty. And she was, because her eyes were bright, and there was color in her cheeks.

She caught Roger staring at her admiringly. She attempted to give him her sternest look, but pupils that you had done something terrible. But it was a fizzle, for Roger merely laughed at her.

"I'm afraid the pleasantest part of the trip is over," he said. "He just looking forward very much to this ball tonight. Jake Stern insists that I owe it to him to go, so I guess I should."

"But it won't be so bad. It's masked, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"What sort of a rig are you wearing, Roger?"

"I'm going as Romeo."

Alice emitted a groan of disgust, "Roger! you would! Of all things. You'll be about as conspicuous as an elephant in a derby hat. Why did you pick out anything like that?"

"I didn't. Jake brought the costume along. I guess it was the publicity department's idea."

Alice shook her head sorrowfully, "Poor, misguided fellow. It's too bad you are so naive. Did it ever occur to you to go as something else?"

"What about Jake?" Roger said defensively.

"Oh let Jake take care of himself. Alice leaned forward, "I tell you. You get dressed as Romeo and then as someone else. There's something you can change to. I'm not going to let them spoil your trip at this late date."

Roger tilted back in his chair, considering. "It's a go," he said. "On one condition . . ."

"What?"

"That you go to the ball with me."

"Oh I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"I have to clean up my library accounts."

"Couldn't you do that in the morning?"

Alice hesitated, "I suppose I could."

Then she shook her head. "No, I better not."

"I'm afraid I couldn't."

"Oh he wouldn't mind—this once."

"No, I don't suppose he would."

Roger held out his hand. "Then it's a go."

She hesitated again, then reached over and they shook hands. Roger jumped to his feet and kissed her on the cheek."

When he had gone it was some time before Alice could get herself together. She was thinking about James. But it was true, James finally did mind. She knew he wanted her to have a good time, and forget they were engaged until she returned. Anyway, just once—just tonight—wouldn't do any harm . . ."

Along about nine o'clock the ship's promenade took on an entirely different aspect from usual. Devils strolled with Dresden shepherdesses on their arms. Gypsies and pirates popped out of companionways. Historical figures came to life. Bullfighting fighters left their somber suits.

The ballroom was a twirling mass of lights and color; the bright-clad orchestra polka'd and gat.

There were numerous Romes, but not until Roger stepped from his cabin into the corridor was there one who really appeared to be the handsomest. Roger walked along many a female let loose a heart-felt sigh.

Below in the library sat a solitary little princess. Alice, by some judicious borrowing of clothes and a few hours spent in the beauty parlor, had achieved a miracle of delicate charm. She looked as though she had just emerged from a fairy tale. From the top of her star-tipped headpiece to the toes of her silver slippers she was quite as lovely as a Disney princess.

She heard a sound and turning discovered Romeo standing beside her. He bowed and taking her hand kissed it. Then they received their masks and stood laughing at each other. She pointed at a pile of costume dresses on a chair, "There you are. Romeo rescues Juliet. You can do with those. I'll wait for you outside."

When Roger appeared he was no longer the charming figure that he had been. For now he was entirely transformed. He was clad in rags and tatters, the most woebegone tramp that ever asked for a handout. A mass of whiskers, with a red nose shining from their midst, completely hid his handsome features. "I'm a bear," he said sadly, "Then with eager admiration. "But you, you're lovely."

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*Silver Screen* 69
"Thank you," she curtsied. "You're going through with it?"

"Of course. And it'll be great fun... Will Jake Stern be surprised when he gets a load of this—outfit in bright"--he didn't know," he whispered, "you don't look the least bit like a schoolteacher."

"And I don't even want to look like one."

They entered the boudoir, nearly overwhelmed by the motley crowd, the color, the noise and the gaiety. The orchestra began to play and Tuborg took the princess in his arms and danced away.

By the time it was quarter of twelve, they had danced every dance together. No one recognized Roger. He said to Alice, "How could they have been so stupid—especially as they knew her theories about movies. Then she thought of James. He knew that if he were sitting beside her he'd be calculating the length of the ship by some outlandish method, such as the angle the smoke made with the horizon.

"Let's stand over by the rail," Roger said suddenly.

They watched the red arc his cigarette made as it dropped into the darkness below. Alice felt Roger's arm about her.

"You're beautiful," he said softly.

"Oh no I'm not," she retorted, "Anyway, not usually."

"Alice, look at me."

She turned her face up to his. Standing so close to him she felt very small, and not at all efficient. His eyes were intense and luminous.

"Alice, how would you like to live in Hollywood?"

"I wouldn't. Not at all."

She found she was unable to look away from his steady gaze. She felt suddenly weak. No wonder, she thought, so many women considered him irresistible. He went on earnestly, his voice soft.

"I'm not joking, Alice. Will you marry me?"

"Don't be so silly," she said, but there was a slight catch in her voice. "You know I'm engaged."

"That's all right. So am I."

"To that movie star?"

Roger nodded. "But it's mostly for the sake of publicity, Alice, knowing you has made me remember what I used to be like. I wasn't always concietted, and snobbish, and vain, and—" and a louse.

"You're really not so bad, Roger."

"I know, but you don't realize how much good it's done me—knowing you."

They were very close now. His arms held her tightly, and Alice felt that if he should suddenly take her away she would fall in a heap. Music still throbbed in her ears, and there was a lump in her throat that nearly suffocated her.

"I'm happy, Roger," she whispered, "if you've done you good."

"But I mean it—" I want you to marry me."

"I've been thinking about it for days now."

"I love you."

The music grew louder in her ears. Her heart was pounding, her head thudding. She let her hand fall upon her shoulder. Now more than the time she must be strong. She swallowed hard, then took a deep breath.

"Roger," she said very slowly, "listen to me a minute. If we had the rest of our lives to live on this ship, there might be some sense to all this. But we don't. Your life is

Hollywood is entirely different from my life. I could never enter that sort of life, and I wouldn't want to. But that is your existence, and that's where you belong. You have your career—I have James. You love your work—I love him. You have your way of living, and I have mine. And they could never be the same. Don't you see, it's impossible."

"No, I don't see."

Roger's grip grew tighter.

"Just a little schoolteacher, I couldn't mingle with those celebrated people. I don't want to, I'd be unhappy, and so would you."

She said this firmly. She had control of herself. She knew Roger knew what she was saying.

"I'll see you in the morning," he said pleadingly, "You think about what I've said. You'll feel differently then."

"No, Roger."

She freed herself with a little shake. "Goodbye."

She started away, then turned and came slowly back. "Yes, I will—just once."

Her eyes were softly shining. He looked at her, and if the world had come to an end at that moment, neither of them would have known it. He held her fiercely, and her arms closed tight round his neck. Then Roger pushed him away, her eyes shining.

"Why did you come back and kiss me?"

Roger asked unsteadily.

A sad little smile touched her lips. "Just so I could tell my grandchildren, she said, her voice trembling. And turning, she ran away quietly, disappearing into the gloom.

Projection—Joan Bennett

(Continued from page 51)
menage runs like clockwork, except one thing, Joan herself. She is notoriously late. This is one of her most charming inconsistencies—that is, it is charming if you aren't pacing around waiting for her some place. When she discovers she is going to be late for an engagement, it always comes to her as a great surprise; she becomes very nervous and fidgety, though heaven only knows she ought to be used to it by now as she has been late for years.

Realizing that Joan will keep them waiting for all of an hour her friends have taken the hint and are always at least fifteen minutes late themselves which saves their dispositions and tempers. But every now and then, on some rare occasion, the youngest and fairest of the Bennetts arrives on time, and hell hath no fury compared to Joan's when she has to wait. Waiting is something she can dish but can't take. Nothing makes her madder—unless it's tracking in chewing gum on her new rug.

Neatness and cleanliness are phobias with Joan. Her dresser drawers and clothes closets are so neat and orderly that any time of day and night she can put her hand right on the dress or accessory that she wants. And her friends bend double with laughter when they tell about the time last winter she went to a resort hotel to spend the week-end. She took one look at the old-fashioned bathroom in her suite and sent for the hotel maid. "Please clean the bathroom," she said politely, but the maid was in a surly mood and just wasn't going to be ordered about by those rich movie folk, so she snapped, "Maddam, I've cleaned it once today." Joan went to the telephone right away and ordered cleaning powders, an antiseptic, and a brush sent over from the nearest drugstore. When they arrived she got down on her knees and started scrubbing away for dear life.

She was snooping about under the tub, which hadn't been washed under for at least thirty years, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," shouted Joan, thinking the maid had had a change of heart. But it was only the mayor, and the minister, and the town officials all dressed up in their pompous best with the key to the city. They'd never seen a movie star scrubbing before! And probably never will again.

Joan has two other phobias—colds and moths. She may be having a gay time at the Trocadero some evening when a few tables away someone will sneeze. Immedi-

ately all the laughter and music goes out of Joan. She begins to worry. She is positive that she is catching a cold. And the minute Joan sees a moth the poor little thing might just as well say its prayers and abandon all ideas of leaping on mink for Joan is going to run it down if it's the last thing she does.

John McClain, former reporter and now Hollywood writer, who used to be one of Joan's boy friends in the old days when she was appearing with her father in "Jarnegan" on Broadway, says that Joan is

---

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-SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

"You see, Colgate's special for years. A cleansing foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach...removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and mutost tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

---

**LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...**

**NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

"If you keep going out every night like this, Lou, I'll have to finish my sweater myself!"

"...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!"

---

**TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM...**

"Colgate Dental Cream, its special penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits, and that's why...

---

**ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?**

"Don't get mad, Sue! Please read it!...and then see if you don't want to talk to our dentist tomorrow!"

---

**SILVER SCREEN** 71
the greatest female detective in America. It seems she spends hours on tracking down a clue. "I'd rather have Scotland Yard on my trail than Joan Bennett," vows Mr. McClain, who believes that Joan's success as a sleuth is due to the fact that she plays her hunches, and her hunches are usually correct. There was the famous Black Bag Mystery. Joan had a bunch that the husband of one of her close friends was doing things he shouldn't, so gum-shoe Bennett did a bit of trailing. And there was the famous Salesgirl Mystery, when Joan represented herself as a girl from the hoselry department of a local shop, and did some pretty fancy checking up. There are a whole set of Mysteries, but I'm saving them for a series of detective stories I shall write some day about the greatest Miss Pinkerton of them all. When I asked Joan what the incentive was for her priceless sleuthing she answered, "I don't want anything put over on me—or my friends."

She who could have been an author, or an interior decorator, or a detective, or a pants presser if she hadn't been an actress, is the third daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison and was born right into the Bennett tradition. When she was twelve she was sent to St. Margaret's Boarding School at Waterbury, Connecticut, and all the childish conceit was taken right out of her by her unappreciative schoolmates. They adored Connie, who was quite a beauty and a belle, and when Joan tried to get a little attention for herself they accused her of imitating Connie and called her "Copcat." This hurt deeply and she grew introspective. She was very quiet and rather a lonely little schoolgirl.

In 1925, at the age of fifteen, Joan's family sent her to the L'Ermitage finishing school at Versailles, France (Adrienne Morrison expected to spend the winter in Paris). On shipboard she met John Fox, a member of a prominent Seattle, Washington, family, who was on his way to London, and of course there were beautiful moonlight nights on the ocean and it was all so romantic. Several months later Joan ran away from school and married John Fox in London—a marriage that was dissolved by divorce some years later.

Soon after Diana, called Ditty, was born Joan decided to do something about her own career, especially as she was badly in need of money and much too proud to ask of her family or her husband's family. She trudged from studio to studio looking for extra work and appeared as "atmosphere" in several important pictures of that period, including "The Divine Lady" which starred Corinne Griffith. It was during those hectic days that she made her real friends in Hollywood—not her success friends—and Joan is plenty smart enough to know the difference. She has never forgotten those former extras she struggled with, and several of them are her closest friends today.

When Richard Bennett heard what his talented youngest daughter was doing way out there on the West Coast he thought the independence and pride, which he so admired, had gone far enough. He insisted upon her accepting the role of a Broadway play, "Jaranegam," and he knew better than to send her any money.

Joan sold her furniture to buy transportation for herself and Ditty to New York. She was a big hit in "Jaranegam," the critics raved about her blonde charm and her flawless diction, and naturally there were many more stage offers for Dick Bennett's daughter. But the screen had suddenly found its voice and exactly one year from the time she left Hollywood practically broke, she returned to the cinema city with a contract and a salary of four figures. After the preview of "Bulldog Drummond," in which she played the lead opposite Ronald Colman, she took her place with the Glamour Girls.

In 1931 she was thrown from a horse during the filming of a picture at the Fox Studio and her career was interrupted for many months while she recuperated in a hospital. It was during her convalescing that she met Gene Markey, writer and producer at her studio, and their romance culminated in marriage the following year. Joan retired from the screen temporarily.
Flashshots

[Continued from page 23]

season by playing the lead in a new play called "Honey" and the next week both she and Phil played in "The Road to Rome." One afternoon I found Mary sitting alone at a table in the Green Room looking very disconsolate. "How funny it is," she sighed, "out in Hollywood I used to feel sorry for the theatre people who came out, for in Hollywood the movie people talk only of the movies and of their own work, and the poor visitors had to listen to things that couldn't possibly interest them, or be entirely neglected. Now here it is on the other foot and if one doesn't talk theatre every second, as these people do, one feels hopelessly left out of it.

I asked Mary how much she felt she could learn from an audience and she sized the amount was so great that it was incredible. That an audience's response to the playing of certain lines taught one so thoroughly how it should be done, besides, the fact that one wasn't acting to the small space of a camera, but rather to the width of an audience, made far greater demands on one's knowledge and breadth of acting.

Mary Brian was a great favorite with the people of Dennis and everyone from the Girl Scouts to the Minister came back-stage to pay their compliments.

The day after "The Road To Rome" opened Sylvia Sidney arrived to play in "Pygmalion" the following week. Richard Aldrich, the theatre's handsome director, drove over to Yarmouth to pick her up, but

when little Melinda was born. Much to everyone's surprise the Markleys separated over a year ago—one of those friendly Hollywood separations. Joan moved into her new house in Holmby Hills, the first home she has built in Hollywood, in January of this year, after a successful tour playing the lead in "Stage Door." Gene spends most of his time away from the studio on his boat, the "Melinda." They often meet for lunch or dinner, or an afternoon at the track.

Joan is one of the real blondes of Hollywood, her eyes are blue, and she is five feet three inches in height and weighs 110 pounds. She has a hearty appetite, as the waiters at the Beverly Brown Derby and the Vendome can tell you, and doesn't go for finicky diets. Her favorite luncheon dish is corn beef hash. And for dinner she likes thick steaks, French fried onions, baked sweet potatoes and cheese. One of her weaknesses is cheese, she'll nibble it every chance she gets.

She is near-sighted and rather than be accused of snubbing people she often wears glasses at parties and premiers. She doesn't mind about them at all, doesn't smash them off hastily when she sees a photographer approaching the way our other movie queens do. As a matter of fact it is always the photographers who say most solicitously, "Miss Bennett, please remove your glasses." But wouldn't they like a crack at Miss Hephurn or Miss Garbo in spectacular! She adores garderia perfume, red nail polish, first editions and the radio. She's a perfect softie when it comes to a sob story and will cry like a baby. She is generous to a fault.

She is depressingly honest with herself, knows all her faults and shortcomings, and is one of the few Glamour Girls who tells her right age. One of her favorite roles was "Sally" in "Private Worlds" and she thinks she will like "Trade Winds," her next picture. Her constant escort these evenings is Producer Walter Wanger who recently gave her a bracelet with a gold tag on which was written "Please return to Walter Wanger."
ELOQUENT EYES...

Kurlash makes eyes speak volumes...frames them in new, starry beauty! In 30 seconds, this wonderful implement gives you naturally curly lashes...longer, darker looking...expressing your personality. Try it-$1 at all leading stores.

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you...how to apply them! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. C-10; receive—free—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up.

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If you are self-conscious about your appearance, read this new book about facial reconstruction. Tells how easy it is for the layman to reshape—projecting eyes, thick lips, wrinkles, enlarged noses corrected—sagging contours restored. Plastic Science fully explained. Elaborate Illustrations. 196 pages. Only 25¢. Postage paid. Money—back guarantee. Mail 25¢ coin...GLENVILLE PUB., 607 Fifth Ave., (DEPT. H.A.), N. Y. C.

WAKE UP WITHOUT CALOMEL—
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning

Rarin’ to Go

The Liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not freely formed and there is no bile, you feel hungry and the world looks grim. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in minkling bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel “up and up.” Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in minkling bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

from the parlor car or coaches no Sidney appeared. Finally a call of greeting came from down the platform and there she was, emerging from the baggage car with a long, low slung baggage of a dashund under her arm. The dog was not allowed in the parlor car but as Sylvia Sidney was allowed in the baggage car, it was there she chose to travel to be near her beloved “Strudel.”

No notice to the theatre, Sidney was but returning to an earlier love when she came to Dennis. It is interesting why various movie people try the theatre, and especially summer stock. Madame Evans believes that both the stage and movies will be drawn more closely together in future and that one should perfect one's technique in both mediums. Elissa Landi believes that a change from pictures to stage and vice versa is absolutely necessary to an actress from both an artistic and financial viewpoint. While Karen Morley believes that change from picture to theatre technique sharpens the outworn one's profession, and that summer stock gives a relaxation and the perfect huminum's holiday.

Be that as it may, all those who journeyed to Dennis this summer found a wealth of experience and considerable charm, and brought the Hollywood touch to a slumbering little Cape Cod town, which in turn, adored them for it.

Girls Never Change

[Continued from page 21]

Staussvark is less than a niblick shot from Viola Dana. So with all of the rest of them. The truth of the matter is that styles in heroines do not change a great deal. Clothes change, dress changes, but basically the love appeal and the power of attraction is the same in 1938 as it was in 1915. The types of girls do not alter.

The coquette parades a little more than the years through. Some gentlemen prefer blondes, others prefer brunettes. Some want them cold and repressed, others want them more articulate. Basically, however, the heroines of 1938 are the same models, streamlined, that thrilled your Pa and Ma twenty-five years ago, just as a Robert Taylor is only a counterpart of a Rudolph Valentino.

Time matches on, but the fundamentals are always at parade rest.

Lost Allure!

[Continued from page 25]

Sonja Henie is another case in point. She may not be devastatingly beautiful. She may not make you want to be alone with her on a desert island, unless, of course, that island were in the Arctic. But when she sweeps across the screen on those triumphant skates of hers, she has the power to keep you just as much enthralled as Clara Bow once did.

Unless am mistaken, the film public, having become much larger than it once was, demands a lot more of its stars than being merely romantically exciting. It is all very well to want to escape on a desert island with him or her, and there are a good many heroines who will make the public want to escape. But there are a lot of other appeals which an actor or actress can use.

If you look up that word glamour, you'll find that it means witchery or enchantment—the capacity to work a spell. Under the strict definition of the term I insist that a good many top-flight players have it, even though they are not exactly Valentinos or Clara Bowes. There is a very little scandal attached to their comings and goings either. When people blame the players for Hollywood's drop off in glamour, I think they overlooked this fact. Lewis Stone, for example, would be more surprised than anyone if he found that he had put young girls' hearts aflutter, but that doesn't prevent him from having made all the recent pictures in which he has appeared much more satisfying for his public. You can think of more than a few others, who don't come within the romantic age limits, who know how to work a spell.

The theatre critics, the comedians, the song and dance experts of whatever age, make up a big chunk of the human fabric of films. Perhaps they haven't got as big a following as the great loves, but so long as they are performing I can't see that Hollywood has lost all its glamour, new loves or old.

As for the bad pictures, which so often pop up on a double feature program, they certainly haven't helped the cause of the cinema. For nothing is a surer bet than that a first-rate film helps all other films and that a poor one hurts them.

Far be it from me to defend fifth-rate B offerings, but I would like to suggest that in several ways B pictures are well worth seeing. Often they have strong, moving subject matter. Sometimes they have fine, unpretentious performing.

When technical resources are used right, they add up to glamour in their own right. Jean Harlow and Don Ameche and their sarongs contributed the all-important human ingredients and romance to "The Hurricane," but it was the big blow which made the film outstanding. Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Don Ameche were there to make pulses quicken in "In Old Chicago," but it was the fire which made my blood pressure go up most.

A stunning scene can't take the place of stunning players in a show in the long run, but it does contribute glamour to a production. When the scenes and the players balance almost perfectly in holding you spell-bound, as they did for me in "Test Pilot," I say the screen has its old witchery. Mr. Nathan and "Variety" notwithstanding, the motion picture is still the most exciting medium of our day. It only remains to be seen whether or not its glamour can be extended to more than the "smash naturals," as "Variety" calls them.

Let's look at a few of the new season's promises and see what they offer. On the heels of "Marie Antoinette" we are certain to have a number of historical films. From "Northwest Passage" and "If I Were King" through to the much-postponed "Gone

Starlets require relaxation, so Janet Chapman, between scenes of "Broadway Muskrat," puts on her skates.

SILVER SCREEN
With the Wind" the screen is making great periods and great figures of the past live again. Then there is "Juarez" with Paul Muni, which is more than likely to have its share of glamour in the general sense of the word. If these spectacular shows are done with the same sure touch that was applied to "Marie Antoinette," all should be well for us film-goers.

There are to be new aviation pictures. As a matter of fact "Men With Wings" will actually reflect to some degree Howard Hughes's amazing trip around the world, tying up the glamour of fiction with the glamour of actual great deeds.

Other shows in the offing range through a variety of entertainments. Best-sellers are to take shape on the screen, from "Mme. Curie" to "The Citadel." There will be fables and melodramas, particularly the latter. Producers could do worse than follow the engaging treatment given "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" with some of the suspense shows. Don't expect to get a torrid romance in many of these promised presentations. At the same time, a number of them should have their own peculiar glamorous appeal.

If you agree with me that we film-goers have much more taste than we used to have, then you will be prepared to see and enjoy glamour in more than a passionate love scene. That other, rarer sort of glamour we will have this season, I believe, to a greater degree than ever. "Variety" may be partially right in still another headline it has had recently: "Mud-Splattered Glamour," but it is referring to a sort of witchery which is now only a small part of the tremendous appeal that the movies have on us. A lot of star dust may have been rubbed off some of the demi-gods. I claim that better and better acting, far more proficient technical production and daring treatment will restore Hollywood's glamour to the full.

And he takes a deep delight in sponsoring local charities, in joining such fine community movements as the new Max Reinhardt festivals. He lectures often to eager students at local colleges. He aids every worthwhile cause. He makes personal appearances to benefit symphony orchestras, for the Hollywood Bowl. He can say sincerely, "A sense of responsibility for the physical and spiritual well-being of your neighbors—that's everyone's test for the future!"

Glenda Farrell is just one of the feminine players who believes that a woman's best safeguard for the future rises out of some truly feminine characteristic. She's made a specialty, off-screen, of house-planning.

"Personally," she says, "I'm preparing for the future by investing in California real estate, for whatever sort of regime we live under, I think moderate priced homes will always be in demand here because of the climate and living conditions."

Glenda plans and decorates her own farm-homes, mostly modest cottages of four or six rooms which she rents at a small profit to young couples or retired folk of moderate means. And the genius she has shown in planning the interiors with charm and variety, on surprisingly small sums, would guarantee her a job with any architect or with a government bureau sponsoring these planned communities!

According to Warren William, the most vital question a man should ask himself regarding the future, is whether he would go to war under any other conditions than in defense of his home or country?

"My answer," says Warren, "is definitely no. I believe that any red-blooded and able man should fight if his homeland were invaded, but otherwise I am 100 per cent pacifist. Why put aggressive warfare, and we will have wiped out the worst evils that the future can bring to any nation!"

And these comments from Hollywood
Jim At Home

Continued from page 51

his overpowered height. He had appeared tall on the screen, but in real-life—my goodness, he was tall! He dressed casually in a brown coat and gray flannel slacks, true to the collegiate dictum of non-matching suits, and looked much more like a college student than a movie star. It was hard for me to realize he was over twenty. He extended his hand, smiled his famous engagingly diffident smile, and sat down in my chair.

"I've come," I began lamely, "to find out how a movie star spends his time at home."

He grinned.

"Sleeping, mostly," he confessed. "It's so nice and quiet here. Up in my room there's an old bed that I was raised in, and I've never been able to find one like it anywhere. So when I come home, I just sleep for hours... and hours... and hours..."

His voice trailed along rather plaintively, then he grinned again and added briskly, "In fact, I just got up."

At this point we were interrupted by the telephone. It was one of his old friends, suggesting a set of tennis after lunch.

"You bet I'd like to play," he heard him say, "but I haven't any racquet or shoes here... Well, that'll do. I'll dig up some shoes somewhere."

"Bill's going to loan me a racquet," he explained to his mother as he turned away from the phone. "I'll see Jim tomorrow, and get a pair of shoes after lunch."

"I'm sure," suggested Mrs. Stewart, "that there's a pair of your old shoes upstairs in the cubbyhole. Some you left at home when you went away. We'll hunt them up after lunch."

"No need to bother," argued Jim. "I'll just run downtown and get a pair."

"There's no point in buying new tennis shoes," asserted Mrs. Stewart practically, "when you have some here that are still good. I saw them up there just the other day. We'll hunt them up after lunch."

That apparently settled the matter of the tennis shoes, and Jim folded his long body into a comfortable chair and resumed our conversation.

"You know," he explained, "there are three or four fellows still here that I was brought up with, and it surely is swell to be able to get together with them again. The trouble with this job of mine is that I get home so seldom—this is only the second time I've been back since I've been in Hollywood; the other time was almost a year and a half ago. Of course, sometimes I gets out to see me occasionally—she spent all last summer with me out there—but the fellows—well, it seems an awfully long time between visits."

He reflected rather wistfully for a moment, then brightened up briskly.

"We're having a hell of fun tonight," he explained. "There's a particular friend of mine here named Bill Nell, and he was always dever of the Dickens at all of the best movie stars.
Behind the Scenes in Radio

[Continued from page 27]

that there will be no crowding when each person steps up to read his lines. In order that he may hear the performance exactly as it will sound to the armchair audience, he listens from the control room where he has a special microphone with a loudspeaker outlet on the stage so that he may direct the players from the control room. With him in the control room is the engineer. He corresponds to the cameraman on the set, for his job is to capture the performance put on by the players. The cameraman does it on film while the engineer does it with sound. He must blend the volume of sound in accordance with the quality of the actors' voices. If any one has a tendency to "blast," that is, to roar into the mike so that the engineer has to make swift shifts on his dials to keep down the roar, he'll come out of the control room and mark a chalk line on the floor, several feet away from the mike. The blaster will then literally have to toe the mark and not cross it under any circumstances while speaking, so that the total sound volume will balance.

Stop-watch in hand, the production man times each spot as the show progresses. Don ingratiatingly invites your attention to what the hour has in store. Charlie McCarthy is properly pert. Dorothy delivers her killer-diller lines on and on they go, the orchestra leader guides his men through the maze of melody, the announcer suavely spills through the commercials—and all about six hours of repetition the show will last glide along smoothly to the final chord. Elapsed time: anywhere from 50 to 55 minutes. Ah, you ask, how come? Mustn't the show be exactly 60 minutes long and end on the split second? It must and does. Here's the explanation for the unaccounted minutes.

On practically every show the actors must read their lines word for word as written. That's so that every one will come in exactly on cue. On a few shows however, especially the one presided over by Bing Crosby with the assistance of Bob Burns, this rule is quite elastic. While they do work from scripts, they are also permitted to ad lib.

The late Hollywood summer forces Puckish Parker to combine Halloween properties with the last bathing suit picture of the year.

“HANDS can have such Compelling Charm” says Ann Miller

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

*Ann Miller with James Stewart in Frank Capra's “You Can't Take It With You” (A Columbia Picture)

Your HANDS can be helped
to adorable Softness!

DON'T PERMIT your hands to get rough and red because cold, wind, and frequent use of water have dried the natural moisture out of the skin.

Supplement that moisture by using Jergens Lotion. See how soon your hands become lovely! Two fine ingredients in this fragrant lotion are used by many doctors for effective help in whitening and softening rough skin. Soothes chapping — helps restore caressing smoothness! No stickiness! Hands cared for with Jergens are adorably worthy of love. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢... $1.00 for the special economy size ... at any beauty counter.
The more important reason is that the producer knows that extra minutes will be consumed by the studio audience in laughter and applause, he can therefore safely neglect to correct this response from the studio audience, the announcer is often equipped with a large sign on which is written the word "applause" and if after he looks toward the audience in the control room for signals about time, if the ad libbing or the laughter and applause has not lasted long enough to take up the time provided, the producer will make a certain signal with his hand by which the orchestra leader knows that he must add another chorus to the musical number he is playing. On the other hand, if the ad libbing or applause have run over the minutes provided by the program, the signal from the producer the orchestra leader knows he is to cut a verse or a chorus from a musical number. Needless to say, this commercial announcement is never left out.

On a straight dramatic show, such as the one provided over by veteran movie director Cecil B. DeMille, the Balckboard with instructions of stage and screen dress are prepared for radio, the big problem is the producer's proper timing for this broadcasts. "When a stage or screen star comes to the microphone for the first time," says Mr. DeMille, "there is one thing I can always expect, and I am likely to be disappointed. That is, they all overact. Both the stage and screen employ such as sound and when these performers who have been accustomed to the support of gestures, costumes and scenery suddenly realize that the microphone deprives them of such props so that they must play it by voice only, they become panicky and so overact.

"My big job then is to re-establish their self-confidence, to get them to read their lines calmly, enunciate properly, and to show them how the script has been written so that the action goes along and is portrayed by dialogue alone, perhaps with the occasional bit of sound effects. But the actor has nothing to do with these for the sound effects men and the musical director also have copies of the script and are ready to come in with their effects as the actor speaks."

"I've gotten this across to my actors, I get a very creditable job done. And I'm often in the very delicate predica- men of being able to direct stars in the radio studio who would be inaccessible to me on the movie lot because we are under contract to different companies."

Well, the rehearsal and the timing are all in order, but you can't sit back yet and take it easy. Oh, no. For, before any show may be broadcast, the entire script including the commercial announcements must be read and approved by the network. The movies make certain that there has been a censor to keep every one within the bounds of good taste. The networks declare they have no censorship department; they usually call it a "continuity acceptance de- partment" but it functions the same way.

Radio material is carefully scrutinized so that off-color, or suggestion of doubtful propriety, or misleading advertising do not get on the air. The reason for this is two-fold. First, a radio station technically has but six minutes of time, double the length of the period covered in the license granted it by the Federal Com- munication Commission, supreme cens-主播, and the license will be revoked. The Commission may revoke or fail to renew the license at any time "in the public interest" if it finds that a radio station is not heeding its advice about suppressing material of a questionable nature. On the other hand, the continuity accep- tance department may meet their duty by dis- cussing on material that is legally O.K. but which it feels will nevertheless offend the majority of listeners. Since the idea of the broadcast is to entertain the listener's good will so that he will buy the sponsor's product, it is easy to see how offensive material may antagonize him to the extent of not only switching to a different program but by boycotting that particular product. Performers who would not pay attention to requests to re- frain from advertising material of this nature have been barred from broadcasting.

There then, is the radio-backstage pic- ture, framing only the most important prob- lems that must be ironed out week after week as the big league shows take to the networks. Mention must also be made of the equipment that is being used and some of material have been barred from broadcasting.

Free for Asthma
If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so ter- rible you choke and gasp for breath, it is restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wear- ing your life away, don't fall to send at once to 32 Frontier Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., a free of a box of Asthma Tablets, a remarkable method. No matter where you live or what you are, you can easily send for the free sample. For the samples has been sent to every part of the United States. If you are troubled with the sufferings of a cold, the sample is yours for the asking. But only 1000 boxes can be sent this month, so send for your sample right away. It may save your life. Address

A SPLENDID FORM

FORM

through NEW HOM- Emig- MENTs. The district office is located in a fine new build- ing.

BEAUTIGLAN or BEAUTIGLAN FORM or BEAUTIGLAN VEIL. These Hygienic Formulas contain gluta- mines, vitamins, minerals, etc., and areinia, and other useful ingredients. If they are for sale in your local stores, you may have them. The New Hom-agement is the ideal formula for the average person. It is a splendid product, and the results have been outstanding. FREE OFFER.—While free samples are available, we will pay postage for a fully ex- plained booklet to be sent in an envelope.

BEAUTIGLAN, Dept. A 2
250 Newbury St.
PARIS (Ile de la) FRANCE
supposed to have a pyrotechnical personality. So imagine my surprise when the
delightful Danielle drew up a high stool, perched atop it, and chatted in friendly
fashion with the crew! Let her describe her lustful Americanization: "It is very
exciting. At the games and parades, people yell and slap me on the back, so I yell and
slap them on the back, and that makes me a good American!"

Most of those million dollars which her
Universal contract specifies for five years' stardom will be banked. At twenty-one, she
has a business-like brain. No spending splurge for her!

With her husband, M. Henri Decoin, aviator and playwright, she attends the
sporting events and occasionally dines in
restaurants, that this Bosque figurine with
rather an astonishing appetite may try the
American cuisine. Her favorite food is "the
superb apple, when you get it out of the
wrapper—you know, top-side, bottomside." I
finally deduced correctly: she meant apple
pie.

"Glamour!" She lifts delicate eyebrows.
chuckles, and ripostes: "Is that not just to
be healthy and attractive? Walk and swim,
eat what you want, get the good sleep, be
full of the happy spirit."

Hollywood she calls "a holiday town,"
because people are so gay. During her wait of
almost six months for her picture to
start, she devoted herself to smoothing her
speech and to seeing the sights.

Danielle claims America as her gate-
grandmother-land." Born of a French father
and an Algerian mother, she adds, "I have
one Polish grandmother and one gate-
grandmother from the United States. So I
have the right to accomplish the make good
here."

When she was born—in Bordeaux—her
father, Dr. Jean Darius, was on duty on
the war front. After the Armistice they
moved to Paris, where they lived in "a
very little house" in the Rue de la Pompe.

Her mother was a singing teacher. At
four Danielle began her piano lessons and
at fourteen was playing the violin-cello, an
instrument almost as big as herself, and
studying at the Lyceé La Tour and the
Conservatoire de Musique.

One day she read an advertisement saying
that a girl of her age was needed by Vandal
et Dolac, producers, to play the heroine of
Irene Nemirovski's novel, "Le Bal." She
took the bus to the offices, interviewed di-
rector Thiele—and got the job.

"Yes, my parents do not object," she told
me. "They think it is amusing that all of
a sudden they have an actress in the
family."

One thing led to another, and Danielle
was sent to Munich, to Berlin, to Prague
and to Sofia, for films among the twenty-
four in which she was starred, and for
which she was given the Grand Prix Inter-
national, a cherished award of merit abroad.

The dainty but dynamic Danielle wasn't
satisfied, however. There was still the stage
to be conquered. At the try-out of "Jean
Dangerous," in Belgium during Christmas
week of 1935, she was called before the
curtain twenty times and summoned to the
royal box for congratulations. Later, at the
Theatre de la Madeleine in Paris, the play
ran for weeks. Then radio claimed her and
she made twenty broadcasts.

Along the way to fame she met M. Decoin
and they discovered an intense and mutual
interest in the cinema. She blithely describes
his courtship: "He calls me when he thinks
up an idea for a play, or when he has
written a scene—three, four o'clock in
the morning. That goes on for weeks, when I

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HEALTHIER, WHITER TEETH!

Chew Dentyne daily—it's specially
firm "chewiness" gives your teeth
needed exercise, stimulating health-
ful circulation of the blood in gums
and mouth tissues. It also stimu-
lates the salivary glands, promoting
natural self-cleansing. Helps keep
your mouth cleaner, healthier—
your teeth lustrous white!

YOU'LL DELIGHT IN ITS SPICY FLAVOR!

Irresistible, that fresh, spicy Dentyne
flavor! A luscious long-lasting flavor!
No wonder it's constantly winning
new friends everywhere! And ob-
serve the smartly flat, round-corn-
ered shape of the Dentyne package,
chewy, cleverly designed to slip neatly
and handily into your pocket or handbag.

DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

SILVER SCREEN

79
am seventeen. Maybe he thinks it cheaper to marry me and save the telephone bill." Gleams of mischief flickered under lashed eyes, adding speculative interrogation to her Gallic shrug.

"So we get married by the dopenment and tour Bavaria and Italy until one day, in Venice, as I step out of a gondola, I am handed a telegram ordering me to return for 'Mayfaring.' Because of that picture's success, we are brought from Hollywood, I to act, my husband to write. Void!"

At the age of 16 Hedy Lamarr was given the leading feminine role in a Czechoslovakan picture made in Prague and released under the title of "Ecstasy." The film caused little excitement at the time, and Hedy subsequently made several pictures, receiving favorable comment from the European film critics.

Soon after her work attracted the attention of Max Reinhardt, who desired her to star in his English stage debut under his capable direction. It was shortly after her first stage appearance that she met and married Fritz Mandl, wealthy president of the Hisstrunken Muni
tions Works of Austria.

Only a short while after her marriage she almost forgotten picture, "Ecstasy," suddenly brought higher attention to her, and back into the forefront of the international cinema award by Mussolini. Mandl, con
cerned and averse to the unwelcome publicity thus aroused, made an effort to buy all prints.

A short while ago Miss Lamarr came to America after six years of separation from Fritz Mandl, hopeful of pursuing a serious screen career in Hollywood. She occupies a seven room house in Beverly Hills, and drives her own car.

Hedy is a girl with an enviable cultural background. She speaks both French and German fluently, and in the past year has done as much learning English, the language in that she speaks it with scarcely a trace of accent.

She is an expert swimmer and a great lover of all types of sport. All her life she has been a sking enthusiast and has spent many winters in Switzerland.

To familiarize herself with modern American screen technique, she makes it a point to attend a motion picture every single day—a fact which has also helped tremendously in her understanding of the English language.

After waiting for many months, Hedy was given her opportunity and scored a great hit in "Algeria." She likes our country, particularly because she can have ice-cream every day!

She is five feet seven inches tall, has a wealth of brown hair and eyes that are a deep silver blue. She is gracious, charming—quite a definitely a friendly person who is easy and pleasant to know.

Olype Brada was an entrée. That is, she was born in a dressing-room at the Olympic Theatre in Paris, where her par
cnts were circus performers. When their horses and dogs died, Papa Brada trained the gifted child, and, when she was two and a half years old, she starred in a small part in a children's play, "The Little Princess." It is quite naturally that she has been an actress since the age of eighteen months she made her debut.

Her nimble feet danced all over Europe. Gustav, king of Austria, signed her autograph album, and Prince of Wales presented her with flowers at Biarritz, and at Monte Carlo the Prince of Monaco gave her a little silver statuette.

On tour she sent in her lessons to the Paris school which she attended when she was appearing in the city. Her education was completed during the last months in the Paramount studio school.

Mizila Korjus, Viennese singer, is given a role in "The Great Waltz," after two years of waiting for it, and the beauty from Budapest, after "The Buccaneer" draws a lead with Bing Crosby.

But, with these exceptions, it looks like a field day for France!"

"Shooting" the Lumberjacks
[Continued from page 55]

but two days by weather during its stay in Eureka.

By arrangement with the Screen Actors' Guild the studio secured its extras on the spot from local employment agencies. It was a big task to handle the hundreds of untrained people. This was accomplished by sending out the twenty odd casts and hit it. The trained men showed the untrained ones how to behave before a camera.

There were plenty of interesting and amusing little happenings, as is always the case when a big movie is on location. Here are some of them:

Alan Hale, one of the featured players, attended school in Eureka when he was a young lad. He was brought to the country club by his old classmates during his recent stay.

Claire Trevor, feminine star of the show, received two telephones calls a day from her fiancé, Clark Andrews, a Hollywood radio commentator, while she was in the northern city. This is an unusual marriage.

Major John Quinn and the business men of Eureka petitioned Warners to remember "Valley of the Giants" in Eureka. This may be the first mention of a small town in a big picture.

Acrophobia, or fear of high places, almost cost Dick Purcell his life. One scene called for him, as a villain of the picture, to go out on a high railroad trestle and cut the underpinnings.

Once out on the trestle, Purcell couldn't stand the height of the railroad track to keep from toppling into the canyon. Harry Cording, who was in the scene with Purcell, dragged the actor back to safety. Dick Purcell was a favorite outdoors athlete. Claire Trevor proved herself an expert frog hunterman the first time out. Though she had never fired a .22 rifle before, the largest frog in the canyon. Redwood poisoning, caused by the sap of the giant redwood trees, caused consid
erable discomfort to some members of the camera crew, including Al Greene, assistant to Sol Polito, and many of the wires were affected. Claire Trevor, Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford and other members of the cast escaped.

For the first time in history, a theatre audience in Eureka saw "shades" of a motion picture in production.

Unable to get into a theatre in Eureka before the first showing of the evening, Director William Keighley had the man
ger run the rushes of work done so far among the redwoods, after the first show at 8:00 o'clock. The theatre was filled at the time.

Wayne Morris' twenty dollar automobile almost landed him in jail.

He bought the car, a gray sedan, from a used car dealer to drive on sight-seeing trips when he wasn't working. After it was delivered he parked it on a side-street back of the Inn.

At dinner Charles Bickford, Dick Pur
cell, Alan Hale and Russell Simpson asked Morris to show them his car. He led them out to it and found it lying broadside on the sidewalk. A traffic officer was standing guard.

"Who owns this," the officer wanted to know.

"He does," Bickford said, and pointed to Wayne. "Get it off the sidewalk," the officer said.

"Come on fellows," Morris said. But his friends had vanished. He had to ask assistance from passersby to right the vehicle.
He tried for days to find out who tipped it over.

Morris set a record while on the location. In one evening he wrote his autograph 210 times.

Just as the sun was finishing his dinner, the autograph hunters, most of them boys and girls in their teens, stormed the Eureka Inn. They formed in line and Morris sat at a desk and began signing autograph books. He completed the task two hours later.

Director Keighley wanted actual scenes of big trees being felled and getting the shots proved to be the hardest job on location. The Hammond Lumber Company was operating in an isolated section twenty miles from Eureka. A railroad ran within two miles of operations. From there, one had to walk up a hill along the logging path. The path led along ten and twelve foot logs and not once in the trip did anyone walk on solid ground. A skeleton crew of twenty-five, including Keighley, Morris, Hale and Cinematographer Sol Polito, made the trip and each man had to carry cameras, equipment and other equipment. But the trip was worth the trip for that day the loggers cut down two giant trees, one twenty feet in diameter and 350 feet tall, the other 17 feet in diameter and 325 feet tall—the largest trees that had been felled in twenty-five years.

Light conditions were particularly bad in the redwood groves. To film love scenes between Morris and Miss Trevor, and some of the fight scenes, Keighley found it necessary to have loggers trim out small trees and underbrush before he could make the shots. He let sunlight in to places that hadn't seen sunlight in thousands of years. No amount of lighting seemed enough than did the "Valley of the Giants" company. Art Director Ted Smith was called upon to throw a 50 foot high dam across the raging Van Duren river and to blow it up for one scene. He and the powder man put 1,500 pounds of dynamite into the dam for the explosion. To protect the cameramen, shelters were built along the river banks and from these the cameras recorded the blast. His next job was to lay tracks on an unused trestle, then cut the underpinnings so when a log train sped across it the whole structure would collapse. Both scenes went through without a hitch.

So efficiently was the company organized that on several days production records were set. One day, Director Keighley blew up the dam at Bridgeville, 50 miles south of Eureka, in the morning, moved 40 miles to a lumber mill and made two scenes in the logging pond, then moved 20 miles north of Eureka to the logging railroad and made five more scenes there, finishing work at 600 o'clock in the evening. Another day, 60 setups were made. On practically every big scene five technicolor cameras and two black and white cameras were trained.

This wasn't the first time "Valley of the Giants" had been filmed at Eureka. In 1927 it was made there with Wally Reid in the Morris role. Again in 1927 it was made with Milton Sills. Both Reid and Sills were severely injured on location. Morris escaped with a cracked tooth—he fell while walking up a log skid at the Hammond Lumber mill.

Several extras who worked in the new technicolor version of "Valley of the Giants" had worked in one of the others. One, Elmer Milotte, worked in all three. He was a fireman on the Wally Reid version, a locomotive engineer on the Milton Sills version, and a donkey engine operator in the present version.

The company was demobilized much faster than it was mobilized. Director Keighley made his last shot at 5:30 on the afternoon of June 10 at a spot 50 miles from Eureka. Equipment was rushed to the special train and loaded into cars. The troupe was fed. The members packed their trunks.

At 9:00 o'clock that night the train rolled out of town headed for Hollywood and home.

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 world over as "the fragrance of romance."

Evening in Paris Keyed Scents ... your key to perfume harmony. Make all your beauty preparations in Evening in Paris in the same, exquisite scent. Among these are Evening in Paris Face Powder, $1.10 ... Evening in Paris Perfume, 55c to $10.00.

At drug and department stores everywhere

Evening in Paris

THE FRAGRANCE OF ROMANCE

BOURJOIS

SILVER SCREEN
Silver Screen Magazine congratulates the film industry on its latest innovation—a smashing $1,000,000.00 advertising and publicity campaign for "Motion Pictures Greatest Year." In a spirit of helpful cooperation, the producers in Hollywood, the film distribution agencies and the theatre owners and managers have banded together to bring home to the public at large, more forcibly than ever before, a realization that the screen is the most glamorous and accessible form of popular-priced entertainment in the world today.

The campaign to promote movie-going starts with "A Movie Quiz." The First Prize in this contest will be $50,000.00 and there are 4,999 other prizes.

The contest starts on September 1st and continues to December 31st. It will take the form of a questionnaire on some 90 to 120 pictures issued between August 1st and Oct. 31st, but contestants will not be required to see this whole list of pictures—they can select any 90 of the number in order to be eligible as entrants. Booklets listing the productions and the questions to be answered concerning them, will shortly be available at nearly all theatres in the United States and Canada. There is no entrance fee and no charge for the attractive rotogravure booklets giving all rules and details.

The readers of Silver Screen are fans and they know the movies, so perhaps one of them will win the $50,000.

Why not?

COMING UP!

In preparation for the next issue of Silver Screen are a number of interesting articles and also some intimate interviews:

"Treasured Memories." This article, written by one of the best writers in the star colony, quotes from conversations with players, and gives a real idea of their true selves as only a writer of Gladys Hall's proven ability could give us.

Do you realize that there is a man in Hollywood who has re-shaped the personalities of many of our stars? Changing, teaching, developing, inspiring and finally launching his proteges. Such is the work of this great teacher, and Leon Samson has brought him closer to us and, by so doing, given us a new knowledge of many interesting players.

Many a time we have looked at some movie hero in a military part and wondered where the actor was during the great war—under the bed or where? Gordon R. Silver has found out for us and makes an article that you must not miss.

Listening to the radio broadcasting of great ball games and other sporting events is a part of our athletic training. But what gets us all of a tatter is when the voice talking says: "Sweeney has the ball, here it goes—No, I mean Fiorello has the ball—jokes, no, I mean Splitz blocks him—No, I mean—"

Read how the announcer does it. See November Silver Screen.

And that completes Volume Eight. Now we're getting somewhere!

Elgie Ken
Editor

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert

ACROSS
1  In 'Showboat' (Anger)
6  "Chic" in 'Having Wonderful Time'
11  Popcorn (abbr.)
12  Drunken brother in "Holiday"
15  Self
16  Discharge a debt
18  Western state (abbr.)
19  "The Affairs of Annabel"
20  Heroine in 'Call of the Yukon'
22  Malayoo peasant
23  Civil Service (abbr.)
24  Public notoriety
26  North latitude (abbr.)
27  Greek letter
28  The eye
29  Command
31  In place of
32  Wooden vessel
34  Star of "Marcie, Bonita and Pedro"
36  Commit a wrong
38  "Fast Company"
40  Part of the verb "to be!"
41  Monocle name
42  Tavern
45  Title of address (abbr.)
47  Donal
48  Decrease
53  Beverage
56  Regional Union (abbr.)
57  "Mother Carey's Chickens"
60  In "Blockade"
62  Seat of "Gold Diggers in Paris"
63  Best in "Adventures of Robin Hood"
65  Sell in small quantities
66  Within
67  "Garden of the Moon"
70  Symbol for titanium
71  Period of time
74  Taunts
76  Member of Hindo-Chinese tribe
78  "Boy Meets Girl"
79  The first woman
80  "Men Are Such Fools"
82  Expression of joy
83  "In the Rage of Paris"
84  Type measure

DOWN
1  Rowing barge in "Three Blind Mice"
2  Biblical high priest
3  In "Professor, Beware"
4  P tons of instruments
5  Symbol for tellurium
6  Perfun
7  Or
8  "Too Hot To Handle"
9  Caustic alkaline solution
10  "Satan in New York"
11  Lowest female voice
12  "The Young in Heart"
13  "The Young in Heart"
19  Captain Briggs in "Lord Jeff"
21  Take again, as with a camera

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

PO BARTHOLOMEW EM
AN ART AWE AS GO
DAXE CLEWS T
EDIT CRONES LAST
P RTS TOPE REAT C
W ANNABELLATH
SA A\DEN\UTE
KNOWLES T SPENCER
IDEALIST ROSEMARY
ERROL Y CARARA
RAY DRONE\ME\EN
FAYE SENOR\S BRED
TREES DENSE HENRY
OUT IN HOLLYWOOD . . .

where a Complexion Care has to work . . .

Joan Blondell
WARNER BROS. STAR

I ALWAYS USE Lux Toilet Soap. IT REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY

Screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it has active lather. This safe, easy care guards against cosmetic skin.

Barbara Stanwyck
STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "ALWAYS GOODBYE"

and in your own home town . . .

Screen stars ought to know about complexon 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
"MILO"... Blonde, brown-eyed daughter of the Henry G. Grays, extremely vivacious... well-liked. Her name is forever cropping up in the society columns as "being here" or "going there"... She studies fashion designing... takes part in charity work... swims, ice-skates, loves to hunt. She is a Camel smoker. In fact, "I smoke nothing but Camels," she says. "Camels are so mild. And when I'm tired, smoking Camels gives my energy a 'lift.'"
As one of her set puts it: "Oh, there are so many ways in which Camels agree with me!"

"PEGGY"... Daughter of the Philip Stevensons... A tall, slim creature whom even critical society photographers call "beautiful"... She's been fitted from Newport to Palm Beach... Usually on hand when charitable activities are being planned... Golfs her favorite game... Camels, her favorite cigarette... "Camels never tire my taste," she says. "And they never get on my nerves at all. Oh, I like Camels in so many ways!" Evidently, Peggy Stevenson appreciates what is meant when steady smokers say: "Camels agree with me!"

"LE BRUN"... She is a member of a historic Knickerbocker family... the daughter of Philip Rhinelander 2nd... In sports, she favors the sailing at Bar Harbor, the hunts at Aiken... Her lovely eyes and ivory skin distinguish her in any gathering... She is known among her friends for her loyalty to Camels. "Camels are different!" she says. "For instance, with Camels, even after steady smoking, I have no jangled nerves. And Camels are always gentle to my throat." Adding: "Camels agree with me in every way!"

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- Mrs. J. Gardner Cabot 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Kip Farrington, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Chinwoll Dobbsy Longhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., New York
- Mrs. Daniel Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, more expensive tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic

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