The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

November 15c

A Week-End with Bing Crosby

Personality Portrait of Bette Davis

Sonja Henie

by Thyra Samter Winslow
WHY, MY SUIT LOOKS SIMPLY STUNNING ON YOU! IF LOOKS MEAN ANYTHING, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GOING TO LAND A JOB TODAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WHY YOU POOR DEAR! COME, WE'LL HAVE LUNCH TOGETHER—MAYBE THINGS WILL SEEM BRIGHTER.

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

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

I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL JOB—$30 A WEEK. MISS JONES IS SUCH A PEACH! FIRST TOLD ME WHAT MY TROUBLE WAS, THEN WHEN THEY FOUND THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE OTHER GIRL, GAVE ME HER JOB.

TO THINK I HADN'T THE COURAGE TO TELL YOU TO USE LISTERINE! EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN IN BUSINESS I'VE USED IT EVERYDAY.

I'M SORRY, MISS JONES, BUT I'D COUNTED SO MUCH ON THIS. DESPERATE, I GUESS, AND HUNGRY.

WHY YOU POOR DEAR!

THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY

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

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

IT'S YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION?

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

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

IN BUSINESS, MANY FIRMS INSIST THAT THEIR EMPLOYEES KEEP THEIR BREATH AGREEABLE.
Hours for her lovely hands—
Not a minute for her tender gums

-ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies...
give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

"SUCH LOVELY HANDS," her friends exclaim. Why shouldn't they be the envy of others, for she lavishes hours of time and patience upon them.

But look at her smile—her dull, dingy smile—then watch how quickly her beauty fades, how her charm disappears.

Shocking, yes—but shockingly true! Yet she’s like thousands of other girls who might have possessed a radiant smile—who might have had bright, sparkling teeth—had she only learned the importance of care of the gums. What a price to pay for neglect—what a pity she failed to heed nature’s warning, "pink tooth brush."

Don't Neglect "Pink Tooth Brush" If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist at once! Very often he'll blame our modern menus—soft, creamy foods that deprive the gums of healthful exercise. And usually his verdict will be, "Strengthen those gum walls with harder, chewier foods"—and, as many dentists suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help gums as well as keep teeth sparklingly bright. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Gradually, as circulation increases within the gums, they become firmer, healthier.

Change to Ipana and massage today—see how sparkling, how lovely, how much more attractive your smile can be—a smile that will be your proud possession for the years to come.

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

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

Ipana Tooth Paste
NO PICTURE HAS EVER EQUALLED "CONQUEST"!

GRETA GARBO
CHARLES BOYER

IN CLARENCE BROWN'S PRODUCTION

Conquest
THE LOVE STORY OF MARIE WALEWSKA

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

A GIANT PRODUCTION IN THE BRILLIANT M-G-M MANNER
Invitation to Romance!

For all who love the thrill of excitement, glamour, the unusual in romantic fiction, Margaret E. Sangster's new novel about Hollywood is an absolute "must."

Starting in the next, the December issue of Screenland is the latest, and we believe, the most absorbing novel written by an author who stands in the forefront of modern creators of vital, pulsing fiction—Margaret E. Sangster.

Screenland readers know Margaret E. Sangster as the author of many great and stirring stories of Hollywood which have appeared serially in this publication.

Her new novel, we can assure you, surpasses in its deep understanding of Hollywood and its influence upon men and women who attain fame there, any previous work you have ever read about the Mecca of the Movies.

Put this new serial down as a "must read." Remember—Margaret E. Sangster's latest and greatest story begins in Screenland for December, on sale at news stands November 3rd, 1937.

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There have been singing actors, and acting singers. But all too seldom is a splendid singing voice combined with acting talent and true manliness. Such a rare combination is Allan Jones, and so he becomes definitely the man of the moment in movie operetta circles. Allan has robust charm, a strong, musically fine voice which also has audience appeal and warm personality; and he is an excellent, always convincing actor—particularly, sigh the femmes in the audience, in his love scenes! With Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly" he rides off with most of the honors, for his boundless zest, high spirits, and gay good humor, as well as his glorious voice. Hail a new star: Allan Jones.
You've heard the hit tunes from this great Kern-Hammerstein musical adventure romance on the radio... "Can I Forget You?" "The Folks Who Live On the Hill." You've seen stories about it everywhere. At two-a-day showings in New York, Los Angeles, and London audiences have paid two dollars a ticket. The N.Y. Times called it... "The Best Show In Town," topping even the big summer musicals, the hit plays. Now, "High, Wide and Handsome" comes to your hometown theatre at popular prices... with all the excitement, the beauty, the drama of this picture which combines the adventure of "Cimarron" with the charm of "Showboat." Watch for it.

Irene Dunne
"HIGH, WIDE and HANDSOME"
Randolph Scott
Dorothy Lamour • Akim Tamiroff • Raymond Walburn
Ben Blue • Charles Bickford • William Frawley • A Rouben Mamoulian Production
A Paramount Picture • Directed by Rouben Mamoulian
SCREENLAND'S
Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. She was featured in "The
Thirteenth Chair".
6. "Miss Skeeter".
9. One of the Marx brothers
stars in "I Love You, Alice
Bandette".
14. "Ever Since Eve".
15. United States of America
(abbrev.)
16. Coal fields.
18. Native minerals.
19. A Shirley Temple film
star.
22. Son of ere.
23. Hardly enough.
25. "While You Were
Sleeping".
26. Swede comic—window washer
in "Monroe Trouble".
27. Sufferer from leprosy
who's got a sense of humor.
28. "Alone".
31. Muse of the arts.
34. Featured actor in "West
Point Limited".
35. Head covering.
38. "Auntie Mame".
41. What you with.
45. Co-star of "Broadway
Melody" (1938).
46. The Juliet of the screen
who's been called "America's
Sweetheart".
49. He was feasted in "Expensive!"
51. Japan's unit of money.
55. Has been.
56. Silver for serving.
58. Co-star of "The Emperor's
Candies".
60. Her new one is "Love Under
Fire".
61. Lyric poet.
63. What you hear with.
64. District attorney in "Fury"
(1940).
65. Paid notice (abbrev.)
66. Ship's distress signal.
68. Reared.
70. "Widow's Walk".
71. "Comedienne in "Wake Up
and Live".
72. "Ma's husband".
73. Author of "Tom Sawyer".
74. Bad.
75. "Ship's logs "Stella Dallas"
(1934).
80. French star of "Seventh
Heaven".
88. Gunmetal black substance.
89. Heroine in "The Toast of
New York".
91. Railroad station.
92. Paper.
93. Movements of water in ocean
(abbrev.)

DOWM
1. His new one is "Nothing
SACRED.".
2. Range or scope.
3. "West, Young Man!".
4. "Dead" — with Sylvia
Sidney.
5. To rage.
6. "A Day — The Races".
7. "A part in a picture".
8. Sound of something dropping
into water.
10. Green growth on wet soil.
11. Dried up, withered.
12. "A kind of deer".
13. "Sorry".
14. "He's married to Bebe
Danels".
15. "I depend upon you".
16. "He's married to Ruby
Keeler".
Miriam
18. "He's famous for
dignified old gentlemen
roles".
19. "Light boat".
20. "One".
21. "He's featured in "Cafe
Manetope".
Miriam
23. "The Prince and The
Pauper".
24. "Wing of a house".
25. "Can't Have
Everything".
27. "A rodent.

Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle
—the rebel genius life never tamed—strides across the screen to become an immortal character in the motion picture gallery of the great!

The outstanding prestige picture of the season.
—Time

The most distinguished and most important contribution to the screen this year.
—Kate Cameron, N.Y. Daily News

The finest historical film ever made and the greatest screen biography.
—Frank Nugent, N.Y. Times

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

Warner Bros. proudly present

Mr. Paul MUNI in THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS INCLUDING:

Gale Sondergaard . . . Joseph Schildkraut
Gloria Holden • Donald Crisp • Erin O'Brien-Moore •
Henry O'Neill • Louis Calhern • Morris Carnovsky • Directed by William Dieterle Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine, Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg.

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

Soon to be shown at popular prices!
Salutes and Snubs

HOW'S ABOUT, PETE SMITH?

Why doesn’t Hollywood keep us up to the minute on etiquette, via some short subjects? It could be very entertaining, as well as informative, to see a film in which a couple entertain friends at teas, receptions, dinners, etc. Also let them step out to the best hotels, travel by all the modern conveyances, and visit entertainment resorts—doing it all in the manner of those who really know their way around.

Alzaleem Parker, Millen, Ga.

FAVORITE PEOPLE AND PICTURES

Here are my favorites and the pictures that made them so:


THE AH’S ARE FOR AMECE

Here’s my applause, long and loud, for a great radio and screen star, Don Ameche. I certainly receive full value when I go to a theatre where Don is playing.

Lorraine Haley, Berwyn, Ill.

WRITE AS YOU PLEASE

ABOUT THE STARS

Now it’s the readers’ turn to write—precisely what they think about Hollywood and its stars. Read here what your fellow screen enthusiasts have to say about pictures and picture people, then write what you think. You’ll find it fun, other readers will find it interesting, and Hollywood will take your advice and criticism to heart.

Please limit each comment to a maximum of 50 words. Address to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

IT’S RAINING FLOWERS

April Showers Talc

This is the cool, fragrant freshener you need every summer day. The finest quality imported talcum powder, scented with lovely April Showers, “The Perfume of Youth” ... yet priced low for debutante allowances.

The Talc, exquisite but not expensive. 20c; The Perfume (in purse-sizes), 25c; 50c and $1.00.
NOW SEE THEM TOGETHER IN "STAGE DOOR"

Broadway's sensational stage success becomes the outstanding highlight of all the screen's new big pictures!... Authored by two of the greatest living playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN... Thrillingly directed by the genius behind "My Man Godfrey", GREGORY LA CAVA... Glamorously produced by Hollywood's ace picture-maker, PANDRO S. BERNAN... Intimately played by stars daringly cast to sweep you off your feet with curiosity — and satisfaction!... At last the one picture you simply MUST see!
Salutes and Snubs
Continued from page 10

MANY ARE FINE, BUT DICK IS FAVORED
I see a lot of movies and I like lots of stars, but it's Dick Powell with his naturalness, human, easy charm and pleasing voice who brings me to the theatre most frequently.

M. L. Daley, Racine, Wis.

THAT BRITISH CHARM
These English actors fascinate me. Especially Herbert Marshall. He is one of the actors with an ability to draw you into the picture; make you absolutely forget where you are to the extent that you pretend you are in the story yourself. It takes acting skill, the projection of sincerity and warmth, to do that.

Jean Dunbar, Wyndmoor, Pa.

SPEAKING OF TALENT—
On the subject of talent that isn't given the recognition due it, what about those two superb and entertaining actors and dancers, Lee Dixon and Buddy Ebsen? The former with all the pep, life and appeal of a college man, and the feet of Astaire. And the latter with all the appeal of a homely but friendly face, the personality of a Taylor and an irresistible style of dancing.

Jeanne Mudgett, Adrian, Mich.

GLADYS RATES WITH THE GREAT
Most people when speaking of the screen's foremost actresses mention Luise Rainer, Miriam Hopkins, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn and Greta Garbo. But to me Gladys George deserves recognition in any grouping supposed to represent the finest abilities of acting art in the motion picture.

Jean Adams, Buffalo, N. Y.

LOVELY'S THE WORD
I can think of no actress who better qualifies for the word "lovely" than Frieda Inescort. And the best indication of her acting ability is the fact that each of her performances seems better than the preceding one. She was very nearly perfect in her best picture, “Call It A Day,” and she was one of few redeeming features in “Another Dawn.”

Margaret A. Connell, Des Moines, la.

KING'S ROAD TO STARDOM
Because, after appearing in serials and small parts in features, he rose almost overnight to the eminence of a star in “The Road Back,” my salutes are for John King. That grand performance entitles him to the best from Hollywood, and the public.

Marion Cadiash, Los Angeles, Calif.

MORE ABOUT MARIE
Won't you please tell us more about the grand little comedienne, Marie Wilson? Marie is bound to become the best loved girl in Hollywood before many moons. You don't know how eagerly I scan the pages of every issue of SCREENLAND to learn more about my favorite actress—Marie Wilson.

Georgia Sargent, Muncie, Ind.
Scotch Portraits

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ERROL FLYNN

The Three Musketeers with one expression.

MADGE EVANS

All-American best girl; cue for song.

EDUARDO CIANNELLI

Dante on location; acid on iron.

DEANNA DURBIN

Canary in a nursery; ingenue wired for sound.

BURGESS MEREDITH

The girl you meet just before waking up.

MADELEINE CARROLL

the girl you meet just before waking up.

HERMAN BING

explosion in a sauerkraut factory; Weber and Fields' son.

TYRONE POWER, JR.

Mask and Wig president; Father's boy.

SONJA HENIE

China saucer on chubby legs; Kewpie on ice.

NELSON EDDY

A dentist with a marcel wave; the smile with a voice wins.

MARGOT GRAHAME

What every wife fears the other woman is like.

WALTER BRENNAN

Ancient Mariner on a Ferris wheel; cracker barrel philosopher.

JANE WITHERS

mosquitoes and giggles; problem child.

GREGORY RATOFF

Storm over Siberia; triumph of the accent.

WHY, BETTY—WHAT LANGUAGE!

BUT, MUMS—THAT GOSH AWFUL RUN MEANS NO LUNCH TODAY!

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

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

LATER

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

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

Cut Down RUNS
this Easy Way...

Nobody likes to have to spend lunch money on stockings. Why not keep stockings like new longer, with Lux?

Lux cuts down on runs by saving stocking elasticity. Soaps containing harmful alkali—and cake-soap rubbing—tend to weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali... cuts down costly runs!

—saves E-L-A-S-T-I-CITY

MY HELEN CUTS DOWN RUNS WITH LUX, IT SAVES ELASTICITY—DO TRY IT!
 Ask Me!

By Miss Vee Dee

A. G. M. Here's about your little Canadian raver, Rossia Lawrence: born in Ottawa, Canada, 5 feet 3½ inches tall, blonde hair and green eyes, weighs 115 pounds. Attended high schools in Boston, Mass., and Los Angeles, Calif. Studied ballet and tap dancing, made screen debut at 13, in "Angel of Broadway," later played in "Reckless" and "$10 Raise," "Charlie Chan's Secret" and "Your Uncle Dudley," with a featured role in "General Spanky." Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokio, Japan, July 1st, 1916. She is of English descent; came with her parents to America at the age of three. Playing the role of Pack in a school production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" resulted in a leading part in the screen version of the play and a contract with Warner Bros. She is 5 feet 4 inches in height, weighs 107 pounds, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes.

Ruth F. Glad you like your gift, John Trent was born in Orange, California. His real name is LaVerne Brown. He graduated in an engineering course in Hancock Foundation College, where he also took his course in aviation. He belongs to the Army Air Corps Reserve. Of course you know he was a pilot for a transcontinental air line. He played the leading romantic role in "A Doctor's Diary." He is 6 feet tall, weighs 173 pounds, has blue eyes and dark hair. For his photograph, try Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California. John's latest pictures are "The Great Gambini" and "She's No Lady."

Miss R. T. So you like the looks of Jack Dunn? Address your letter to him in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, California. In the first place, he is very English, born in Lombridge, Wells, England, on March 28, 1917, and next he skated into pictures! Literally, for it was while skating with Sonja Henie in Los Angeles, that he won his Universal contract. He is tall, dark and handsome, as you yourself have observed. Over 6 feet, weighs 182, black hair and brown eyes.

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

"I always liked the taste of Ex-Lax," many said, "but now it's even more delicious!..." "It certainly gives you a thorough cleaning out!" was another popular comment..."We never dreamed that any laxative could be so gentle!" hundreds wrote.

And right they are! For today Ex-Lax is better than ever! A more satisfactory laxative in every way!...If you are suffering from headaches, insomnia, listlessness or any of the other ailments so often caused by constipation—you'll feel better after taking Ex-Lax! Your druggist has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever! Get a box today!

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at your expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S117, Box 110, Times-Plaza Sta., Franklin, N. Y.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOLICULAR LAXATIVE

MRS. K. W. N. Jackie Cooper was born in Los Angeles, California, September 15, 1923; Mickey Rooney, born in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Freddie Bartholomew, London, March 28, 1934; Jackie Searle, Anchorage, California, 1929; Jane WITHERS, born in Atlanta, Georgia, nine years ago; Shirley Temple, Santa Monica, California, April 23, 1929.

M. J. G. James Stewart is his real name. His parents are Alexander and Elizabeth Stewart. He weighs 5 feet 2½ inches; brown hair and gray eyes, and has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Paine K. Sorry, but unless you can tell me the name of the picture, it would be impossible to give you the information you wish. Send in the title, and I'll do my best to straighten you out on "who is which."

Frank C. S. Why not write direct to the home office of Paramount Pictures, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. It might be better for you to state in which magazine you saw the statement.

Margaret M. I'm glad to tell you about Charles Boyer, because he is one of my favorites, too. So, we'll begin at the beginning; he was born in Figuc, France. Educated at schools and his birthplace, and also at the Sorbonne, Paris. In 1920 he made his stage debut in Paris, appearing in a number of plays on the Paris stage. Then, several silent films. His first talking picture was made in Berlin in 1930, at UFA studios. He came to Hollywood in 1933 and has been outstanding ever since as one of the finest actors on the screen. He is married to Pat Patterson. Address him at the United Artists Studio, Hollywood, California.

Florence L. Noah Beery, Jr., was born in New York City, August 10, 1913. He has brown hair and eyes. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, is not married, but he has not confided in me whether or not he is engaged, but his heart-throb is Buck Jones' pretty daughter, Maxine. His father and mother are both professional actors, as a child he traveled with them and appeared in stock, also in "Mark of Zorro" the silent picture starring Douglas Fairbanks.
HAIL! the conquering hero comes!

WALTER WANGER presents

LESLIE HOWARD, BLONDELL

JOAN HOLLOWAY, CODY

with

HARRY CRAWFORD, PAUL LYNDALE, FRED McMAHON,

Hollywood hails Atterbury Dodd...the timid soul who took the studios to town! Are there laughs? Is there romance? Are there thrills? Clarence Buddington Kelland, the Saturday Evening Post author who gave you "Mr. Deeds" and "Catspaw", never wrote a funnier adventure...and with this star-studded cast tossing the excitement together...Wow!
ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

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TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans’ Reviews on Pages 52-53

It's got that thing! This latest Dick Powell musical is sure to please the majority, and will wow the younger element of the land. Dick, with some good songs, fine romantic support from Rosemary Lane, comedy that's funny from Ted Healy, and novelties in the musical line from Fred Waring and his group, especially Johnny Davis, returns to his old college and plumps into a lively and youthfully gay time.

As a welcome return vehicle for Ramon Novarro, absent from films nearly 3 years, this is glove-fitting movie romance. Ramon as a desert big shot, times a spoiled rich girl from America, then proves himself a count, no less, playing Arab for the fun of it. Lola Lane, Gene Lockhart andpapers do good jobs, and Novarro will delight his old friends in the audience. There's good entertainment in this typical sheik story.

So moving we doubt you'll even wish the dialogue were in English instead of French. The dramatization of the tragic life, love, and death of Archduke Rudolph of Austria is so vibrantly alive as acted by Charles Boyer, and the lovely Danielle Darrieux, as Marie Vetsera, you live in a world of true and entrancing illusion throughout its course. English titles clarify the dialogue. Notable. This is one you surely must see.

Pops away with incident at a machine gun pace, and sure for a diverting evening at the theatre. Loretta Young and Don Ameche share honors in a melodramatic comedy about stolen jewelry—Don the Scotland Yard chump, and Loretta the suspect he pursues to war-ridden Spain—questionable choice for a comedy locale, but the yarn moves so fast you forget all that. Finely supported, the stars are cokking in this.

Well, anyway it's a big party. There's Joe Penny, Parikyarka, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, to make a quartette of comedians, and Gene Raymond and Harriet Hilliard for romance—and song too. Even Gene croons a couple of tunes. The story is very much musical comedy. Gene is a rich boy who'll lose his inheritance if he marries, and Harriet's mother wants her to marry money rather than be a singer. Fairish.

The world's greatest feminine tap dancer (viz. Eleanor Powell), and Robert Taylor carry on a boy and girl romance to good tunes, elaborate production numbers, and with attractive aid from George Murphy, Judy Garland—which two score heavily—Buddy Ebsen, Raymond Walburn, Sophie Tucker and many other bright names. Eye and ear entertainment done on an opulent scale. Not much story, but lots of show.
Bette Davis, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland in their lighter moments keep you amused even to laughing out loud. Leslie is the actor in love with his leading lady, Bette, but easily diverted by a pretty new face—and so enters Olivia, worshipper of the ham actor. All three stars are grand, and excellently supported by Eric Blore, Patric Knowles, and others. A real triumph for the engaging Mr. Howard.

Bing Crosby, breezes through a tuneful variety show that has the ease and informality of one of his radio shows, with the added zest of Martha Raye's charming and songs—one a gag about a strip tease act, called "It's Off, It's On," that's catchy and amusing as well. There is a plot, but it doesn't hurt much, and Andy Devine, as well as a number of specialty acts, spotted between romance involving Mary Carlisle.

A mélange of dance numbers, blood and thunder melodrama, and comedy about two Coast Guard buddies, Weldon Heyburn and Warren Hymer, who steal each other's girls, Jeanne Macklin sings pleasantly, Dorothy McNulty stands out as a wise showgirl, and J. Carroll Naish heads a gang of smugglers. Nothing subtle about this—it's straight, obvious, elemental in its efforts to entertain by familiar mass production methods.

Bright and novel little tale about a writer who becomes the detective in his own stories and solves murder. William Gargan is excellent as the writer. Orien Howward, a newcomer with promise, is seen as his wife. Vivienne Osborne, Richard Carle, Roland Drew, Harry Beresford, Alan Birmingham, Harry Fleischmann and Miki Morita offer very good support. This is good program type entertainment.

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Screen's new singing siren, Dorothy Lamour, serves food as exotic as she looks! See the tempting Southern recipes here

By Betty Boone

TWO years ago, the section of Hollywood where Dorothy Lamour now lives consisted of fields, brown in summer and green after the rains, with not even a tree to break the monotony.

Today, like a miracle in a movie, in this place can be found street after street of dazzlingly white apartment houses, new and strikingly modern, some with touches of vermilion, royal blue or yellow in shutters, doors or roofs. Young trees, uniform in size and kind, stand at seeming attention in most of the new streets, and flowers make colorful patterns in window boxes.

Dorothy's apartment is all white outside, effective contrast to the sunbrowned olived-and-rose skin of its occupant. This new starting should be seen in a color picture; a catalogue of brown hair, hazel eyes and scarlet lips gives no adequate idea of her vivid personality.

"I wanted an apartment with a fireplace in it," confided Dorothy, surveying her living-room through half-closed eyes, "but no duplex I looked at that had one would satisfy me otherwise, so I compromised. Instead of the fireplace, I have this enormous mirror, with its draperies, and it really makes the room look larger, doesn't it?"

The mirror, as large as an archway, reflected the American adaptation of an 18th century French room, with dark blue carpet, twin sofas in beige and blue facing each other over a low glass coffee table.

Dorothy Lamour is seen, at top, in her unusual living-room, where instead of a fireplace she has a huge mirror. Right, Dorothy before the bamboo bar in her playroom, with "Hurricane" trophies.

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Screenland
maybe that's why I'm so triumphant over the yellow brocade chair in that corner, and this new picture done in soft pastels."

She waved a slim hand toward the chair, and her image in the mirror, in a peach-beige dress and French blue shoes and blouse, too.

Off the living-room is a dinette, with tasseled wallpaper of the 18th century, and dainty French furniture (American adaptable) of the same period.

"Tiny, isn't it?" commented Dorothy, but I'm so busy with pictures and radio that I haven't time for a great deal of entertaining. I seldom have more than six to dinner, and these are usually Mother's friends, or members of Herbie's company." (Herbie Kay is Dorothy's husband, well-known orchestra leader.)

"I can squeeze eighteen in if I serve buffet suppers, so that's what I do when my husband is home. As a rule we have cold roast beef, potato salad, and some sort of aspic salad. But if Suedell, my maid, is in the mood, we have crepes Suzette for dessert. I don't know a thing about cooking, but Suedell will tell you—well, it's just a very thin pancake, you know, rolled around strawberry jam with brandy poured over it. Just before she brings it in, she lights the sauce and it makes a flame like that on Christmas pudding.

"Suedell makes the most marvelous aspic! There's a peach nesselrod cake that is one of her specialties. You make any kind of good plain cake and on top put peaches—ripe or canned—set in enough gelatine so that they are fairly firm, and then serve ice cream on that. Peach ice cream is best but you can use vanilla. (Knox gelatine is excellent for this purpose.)

Suedell, dark eyes snapping, reminded Dorothy that perhaps her favorite dessert is lemon meringue pie.

"I call it lemon-mince, but some call it lemon," she added. "I use half a dozen eggs to a nine-inch pie; the juice and rind of two lemons—just the yolks of the eggs, sugar, the grated rinds of the lemons, a little hot water and a dab of butter or Crisco. I put a teaspoon of Calumet baking powder in the meringue and that keeps the pie three days as good as ever. You can cut through the meringue, too."

Dorothy's mother, a scarcely older edition of Dorothy, observed that her daughter was an ideal Hollywood actress, for she didn't really care about eating and food had to be "put over" on her rather than kept out of her way!

"She likes all vegetables except spinach, fortunately," she told me, "so we have plenty of leekway. But when it comes to spinach, you can call it spinach supreme or Spinach a la Lamour, or anything else, but you won't get a spoonful down her throat!"

Daughter of a strict French family in New Orleans, Dorothy's mother was not permitted to go on the stage, but transmitted her ambitions to her child.

"She always said she was going to act, when she was little," she remembered. "I can recall her picking out a stage name for herself when she was about six, but I can't remember now what it was. When Dorothy was three, she used to sing for the soldiers and once she made forty dollars for the Red Cross in Thrift Stamps."

"When she was quite small, she won a basket of groceries on amateur night at a local picture house. I wasn't with her, but when they asked for contestants, Dorothy stood up and sang. But some big boys took the groceries away from her on her way home. I was a widow at the time and could have used them, as it was hard to get along. But I was proud of her, anyway."

"It was Mother's longing for the stage that first influenced me," admitted the (Please turn to page 92)

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Associate Producer Harold Wilson • Screen
Play by Karl Tunberg and Don Ettinger
Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware • Ritz Brothers Specially Routines by
Sam Pokrass, Sid Kaller and Ray Golden

Maybe it's football... maybe it's screwball... but it's screwier by far than "Pigskin Parade"...
no maybe about that!
DEAR Diminutive Little Chum:
Welcome to our movies!
We've needed a chip out of the old block like you for a long time. Someone to put certain pompous egos in their right places—and you know where that is, Charlie, as well as I do. Reduce 'em to chips, my little shaving. Now that you've signed your new contract to star in pictures, as well as on the radio, Hollywood is getting ready to climb trees. Trying to appear in your pictures will become the life work, I'm sure, of every player on the Universal lot. You've got them stomping in sawdust. Beautiful girls are trembling in fear of your varnished leer, and strong men are cringing in terror of being cast with you. Maybe they don't like woodland pictures. Even W. C. Fields takes to the seashore instead of the woods. You would always have the last crack, Charlie, wooden you? It's lucky there isn't a grove of you!

I would like to make some suggestions now that you are permanently transplanted in Hollywood. I haven't yet seen your first appearance in "The Goldwyn Follies," but it must have been good, or you wooden have been signed for a lone-star film. I'm sorry that Nelson Eddy is with another company and so can't appear with you on the screen, because you have done wonders with Mr. Eddy, Charlie, on that Sunday night radio hour, and he needs you in pictures, too. The way you have helped transform our Nelson from a somewhat sawdust and self-conscious concert singer into a rather gay guy who can take it and dish it out is a revelation. You've made a trooper of him, Charlie. So please see what you can do with Katharine Hepburn, won't you? Try heckling Hepburn. I don't say that you will succeed with her as you have with Nelson Eddy, but you can try. You may not be able to transform her, but at least you might give her ear a twig and badger her into going back to Broadway.

Then there's Mischa Auer; there certainly is; everywhere you look, there's Mischa. He's on the screen practically continuously; you can't escape him even if you take to the tall pines—and you know your pines, Charlie. Now it happens fortunately that Mischa is with Universal, too, so you'll be working on the same lot. He might even be in your first starring picture—but I warn you, Charlie, it might be his starring picture before he's finished with you. So be on your guard. No log-rolling. Watch out, or Mischa will reduce you to splinters—and very good kindling too. Anything for an effect. Ever since he scored such a success in "My Man Godfrey" there's been no holding him back. He stood out like a poplar. He was grand in that picture, but since, he's taken to bigger and broader gestures, wider eyes, more exaggerated accent. You know how it is in the spring when the sap comes out. In "Vogues of 1938" he reaches a new all-time low—like a fir seedling—and he really needs you to heckle him back into a poplar.

And now to your favorite topic: to the ladies. You'll have to remember, Charlie, that Will Hays will be listening, so you may have to be more subtle in your approach. But if you can do anything for Dorothy Lamour, to get her bigger and better roles, I know you'll leave no stump unturned. It took your radio program to bring out the best in Dorothy, and so far no picture has presented her successfully.

When you're a big movie star, in the Gable-Taylor class, maybe you'll remember Dorothy Lamour, and how sweetly she took your honeyed insinuations, and give her a part playing opposite you, or at least sitting in your shade. And now just one more suggestion. You've got to begin to branch out. You don't want to be "typed," do you? Your top hat and tails are all very well for weekly appearances, but do you think you can "carry" an entire picture with that man-about-town stuff? Be folksy, be everyday, my little hatrack. Get a pair of overalls and let them know you're just one of them, put slacks on your—er—limbs. Think how Fields would laugh if they called you a one-part actor, like a lone elm.

Gosh all hemlock, Charlie, be the mighty oak you are and do all of this for me. And when you've got it done, take a bough, Charlie, take a bough!

Delight Evans
HAVE you ever longed to be soigné? Smoothly smart, worldly, sophisticated? Of course you have. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that Lombard, Dietrich, Crawford, Wray and Loy, whose names are now synonymous with everything that's svelte and shimmering, were not always the creatures of perfection they now are. So be not downhearted; you, too, can be soigné.

Listen to Myrna Loy on the subject: "I was an ugly duckling. You know, constantly hiding in closets, under pianos and things, to escape having the company see me. I ran past mirrors with my hands over my face. I completely despaired of ever doing anything about my turned-up button nose and freckles."

"Then when I swooned all over the place in those Oriental effects, I still felt very unhappy, in that the characters I represented were so unlike myself, and it was so difficult to make them seem real even to myself. But at least the freckles were hidden by tons of make-up and the nose was artfully disguised."

"It began to look as though I would have to go through life in complete disguise as the only escape from the plain little Myrna Loy. All of which did not make for peace and contentment, as you may well imagine."

"But, in true storybook fashion, about this time, a Very

Understanding Man came into my life. Adrian, the fashion designer for M-G-M. And these were the all-important words he uttered, which changed the whole course of my life: 'You must dress as you think!'"

"Result: My first picture where I was dressed as he thought I thought I was 'When Ladies Meet,' an undisputed success, if I do say so as shouldn't. They even played up my nose, and left all my makeup off; that is, only street make-up was used.

"To date, my career of 'thought dressing' has won me the titles of Mrs. Thin Man, Mrs. America, The Ideal Wife, etc., a far cry from those sloe-eyed princesses of yore.

Very last word in Hollywood elegance is Marlene Dietrich, above, who tells girls everywhere, in our accompanying story, just how they, too, can be soigné. Myrna Loy, right, admits she was once an ugly duckling, and become glamorous by her own efforts.

Svelte, smart, shimmering—here are the ultra ladies of the lenses. Learn their secrets of sophistication.
And I'm perfectly satisfied, because that's the sort of person I feel I am inside."
So, my children, if there's no Adrian in your life, go into a huddle with yourself and decide what type of clothes would best suit your innermost thoughts, capitalize upon your shortcomings, and see what happens.
With Joan Crawford, it is quite another story: Joan's outstanding characteristic is ambition, and this has motivated her radical change in appearance from the little hot-cha dancing girl to the sleek sinuous charmer she now is. Adrian says of her:

"No movie star can start a fashion trend as quickly and definitely as Crawford. She is the most copied star in Hollywood."
Years ago, Joan adored tight waists and full skirts, as some of you may remember. These were all wrong for her, but loving them the way she did, it was very difficult for her to bow to Adrian's edict and change to flowing picturesque afternoon gowns, or extreme broad-shouldered tweeds (By the way, Joan's shoulders are that broad; there's never any padding used.) But her intelligence and ambition won out and she obediently wore whatever was suggested. Result: One of our top ranking candidates for the soigné set of Hollywood.

Joan's advice for girls who wish to be well dressed at all times, is: "Never trust your own judgment. If you can't afford a professional fashion counsellor, go to someone whose taste is unimpeachable, and adhere strictly to their advice, no matter what your personal wishes are."

Now as to 'Suivez-Moi' Dietrich: Of course you've all heard that Marlene calls those long flowing veils which she wears on her hats 'suivez-moi' (follow me). The Dietrich of today doesn't need a veil to beckon her many admirers of both sexes, but time was when such an airy accoutrement would have looked absurd on her.
I mean when she first came to Hollywood. Von Sternberg brought her into the Paramount publicity offices, after having cabled that he was bringing them a genius. She proved a distinct shock to those who beheld her that first day.
Try to imagine the present-day gossamer, slumbrous Dietrich as she appeared that day, seven years ago:
Eleven o'clock in the morning on (Please turn to page 73)
A visit to Rancho Santa Fe gives you opportunity to meet the famous song and romance man in his most natural rôle, as cordial host, devoted family man, golf enthusiast, and lover of fine horses.

T MAY have been fate, and it may have been Bing. Anyhow, it was decreed that the most famous of the Crosby family should enjoy a couple of months' freedom from picture and radio commitments. My own mental picture of Bing was of an easy-going, happy-go-lucky son of a gun who worked hard at his relaxation, and when I heard that he had closed his North Hollywood home, and was "resting and relaxing" at his country place on the Rancho Santa Fé, I thought it might be a good idea to "rest and relax" with him for a week-end. SCREENLAND thought so, too; and, as there are no things I do better than rest and relax, it seemed a perfect arrangement all around. My few years in America still leave me with the hope that even native Americans can rest and relax. Maybe they can. I'm still hoping. But I'm not entirely convinced. (Parker! Bring me the liniment!)

Now, don't get me wrong. Bing is a gracious host, and I like him. I had a good time at his house. It was just my rusty old bones that cried, "Uncle!"

Rancho Santa Fé lies about thirty-five miles north of the Mexican border, and consists of some forty ranches—some of which are bona fide ranches, and some, like Bing's, country play homes. As one rounds the last turn in the semi-circular drive that leads to Bing's estate, lined on both sides with palms and bamboo trees, one comes suddenly upon a real Spanish hacienda which must have been the pride and joy of some gallant don of a century or so ago.
Bing, besweatered, and wearing corduroy slacks, rose from the shade of a gigantic palm tree, and smiled his greetings. "Welcome to my humble shack," quoth he. "All that I have is yours!"

Though I had heard that greeting in the Orient, I had never heard it in the Occident. And when a bird like Bing Crosby utters it, he really has something to offer. I thought I would take him up on it. His Paramount contract flashed through my mind, but I didn't think that Paramount might care about that. I looked about me, and my eyes fell upon the largest and heaviest-bearing avocado tree I had ever seen. It was the size of a small house. My mind was made up. I like avocados.

"Gracias, señor," I replied, using the only two Spanish words I know. "I desire your avocado tree." Bing grinned, and looked at his tree with affection.

"D'you know, that was the first avocado tree ever planted in California. If you can carry it back to Hollywood in your rumble seat, you can have it!" Bing still has his avocado tree.

After I had washed away the dust of travel, Bing showed me his domain. It had belonged to a Spanish grandee, and has played a part in California's early history. The original adobe ranch house (with walls three feet thick) still stands, and is now the guest house. The additions which Bing has built are the same type of architecture down to the last detail. The door handles, for instance, are the height of a man's knee, so that children can let themselves in and out without bothering their elders. Smart people, those Spaniards! They couldn't have been thinking of the Crosby dynasty. Or could they?

Of course, the first things we looked at were the horses—not mares with their foals. Nice beasts all. But I saw that Bing was panting to get down to the new Del Mar race track, of which he is president, and where he has more than twenty thoroughbreds in training. For sheer beauty of setting, I believe it is unequalled in this country. Bing's own slogan for it is, "Where the turf meets the surf." Now, I'm not particularly interested in racing, but when Bing shows his horses, one cannot help but be impressed with his intense enthusiasm. He croons over them.

"Here's a smart little two-year-old, foaled in California. His name's High Strike. And here's Rocco. He won four straight at Caliente."

What interested me more than the horses was Bing's complete absorption in his stable. He doesn't care very much about riding himself, although he occasionally hacks about with Dixie. He is interested in horses for themselves. His greatest thrill is watching a thundering good race, with good horseflesh showing what it can do.

Back we went to the house for a cocktail on the lawn. Dixie appeared, wearing—oh, I don't know. Anyhow, it looked all right. She had slacks of some pale, shivery stuff. The three husky, tow-haired youngsters, Gary and the twins, appeared briefly, accompanied by a small army of cooks, under the escort of a huge Newfoundland. Gary suddenly announced that he would like to sing. Well, Gary did sing, in an amusing four-year-old imitation of his father. It was a ditty with the looniest lyrics I ever heard. "Daddy made up the words," he confided to me in a whisper which couldn't have been heard for more than sixty feet. "He sings, too, you know, in pictures and on the radio!"

He climbed up beside me, with a book in his hand, and gave me an appraising look. Bing had previously informed me that Gary's year's seniority over the twins had given him a "tough" superiority complex. "Y'know," he informed me, "Dennis, that one over there, is a dumb little guy. He's always divin' off things an' conkin' his bean, an' . . .

"Gary," expostulated Dixie, gently. "bumping his head."

"Bumpin' his head," went on Gary; and then, apropos of nothing at all: "D'ya like books? This is full of animals." He opened it at random. "What's that one?" he demanded.

"A yak," I replied.

"What?"

"A yak," I repeated. (Please turn to page 88)
The
"Swap" System

When a Hollywood producer has something another producer wants, he offers to "swap"—star, story, or director. And how do famous stars like the system? Our authentic story tells you

By Liza

It USED to be, out in Hollywood, that a five million dollar law suit was almost as effective as a trumped ace in breaking up a beautiful friendship. In the old days if Paramount had slapped a five million dollar suit—there's nothing small about Paramount—on Goldwyn because he lured, decoyed, enticed, or shall we say snagged Gary Cooper, Goldwyn would undoubtedly have gone hog-wild with his Goldwynisms and uttered enough of them to keep the columnists in velvet for months, and columnists look very well in velvet if they don't sit too long. The Goldwyn gang would have been murderously furious with the Para gang and there would have been hot words and bloody noses over the pickled pig knuckles at the favorite snack bar. It used to be. It

Bobby Breen, above, may be offering to "swap" his choicest ator for some other boy's new kite. Well, it's done every day in Hollywood, on a gigantic scale. Kenny Baker's boss demanded six kids in exchange for Kenny, at right. Frances Farmer, far right, was "swapped" for Joel McCrea. Below, the picture that started the "swap" system in full force: "It Happened One Night," for which Columbia borrowed Claudette Colbert from Paramount and Clark Gable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
isn't any more. Nimbly skipping around Holly-
wood these last few years I have discovered to
my amazement that it is practically impossible to
break up a beautiful friendship. Not so many
months ago Paramount actually slapped a five
million dollar suit on Goldwyn because Gary
Cooper signed a contract. Nobody seemed to get
mad. Then they called it off altogether, and Gold-
wyn and Paramount remain the best of pals. A
pretty state of affairs indeed.

Do you find this lovely peace and brotherly love
that envelops Hollywood like a saint's halo some-
what baffling? Well, don't. The explanation lies in
the Swap System, which is as old as the hills.
When you were very young and coveted the red
kite with the fancy tail that the little boy next
door owned, you didn't sock him one on the nose
and run off with it—or did you, point-killer?
No, you put on your prettiest smile and
offered to swap him six agates for it,
making your agates, of course, sound as
alluring as possible. The swap was made,
after you threw in an extra agate, and
everybody was happy. And so it is with
Goldwyn, Paramount, Metro, Columbia,
Wanger and all the rest of them.

The Swap System has become the very
foundation stone of the movie industry.

Happy result of the
"swap" system was
"My Man Godfrey," a
document, for which Univers-
sal borrowed Carole
Lombard and Bill Pow-
well from their home
studios. Below, Joan
Blondell was loaned by
Warners to Wanger to
play opposite Leslie
Howard in "Stand-In."
Center, below, Gary
Cooper gets high bids;
and Irene Dunne, de-
lighted to be
"swapped." At bottom
of page, another "bor-
rowed" team: Claud-
ette Colbert and
Charles Boyer, for
"Tovarich."

As long as a studio has some-
thing some other studio wants
you can be sure that a five mil-
lion dollar law suit, even murder
itself (the Warners would swap
a good murder for Greta Garbo
any day), will not disrupt a
beautiful friendship. Why, hard-
ly was the legal ink dry on that
important five million buck docu-
ment than the Paramount studio
had the Goldwyn studio on the
phone, and the conversation went
something like this, "What's
Joel McCrea doing next month?
Have you found a girl for 'Come
and Get It'? What about Frances
Farmer? Say, she's terrific. Why,
we wouldn't think of loaning her
out to anyone else—but Goldwyn,
that's different." So Frances Farmer
was swapped for Joel McCrea,
and later Dorothy Lamour was swapped
for Joel McCrea, and Frances is
happy and Dorothy is happy, and
they do say that Goldwyn's "Hurri-
cane" will do as much for Dorothy
as "Come and Get It" did for
Frances; and Joel is happy (he's
starring in Paramount's
"Wells Fargo"), and Goldwyn is happy
and Paramount is happy and I'm happy,
and entirely forgotten is that Five
Million Dollar Law Suit that Para-
mount slapped on Goldwyn. And
who cares? It could only happen in
Hollywood. But it's too bad it
couldn't happen in Europe. If those
wartime nations would just inaugu-
rate the Swap System think what a
beautiful friendship they too might
enjoy.

What do the movie stars think of
this bartering over their beautiful
bodies, or (Please turn to page 85)
BETTE DAVIS leads a double life!

She really does.

That doesn't seem at all the sort of thing you'd say about a good friend, unless you meant to be catty, does it? And I like to think of Bette as one of my good friends—and I haven't the least idea in the world of trying to be catty about her.

I don't suppose Bette ever thought about it—but if you asked her she undoubtedly would admit to the double life. It's a double life brought on by being a Career Woman and a Home Girl at the same time. Bette Davis is a combination of Hard Boiled Gal and Dear Little Woman, Cynical Woman of the World and Sweet Little Home Maker. And difficult as it may sound, she's a success on both sides. Which side do I like best? That's the funny part of it, I like them both!

Yes, I like Bette when she's gentle and when she's calculating; when she's curled up on a sofa with her knitting—and when her lips are curled with a sharp and rather sardonic epigram. Bette is fun, either way. And
Famous author interviews famous actress! For a vividly intimate impression of the screen's spitfire, read Thyra Samter Winslow's close-up of Bette here

here is something I don't think even she would admit: I think that the gentle side of Bette is the true side—and that the cynical attitude is an armor she has put on to protect her from the world—and a girl needs a shell of protection in Hollywood.

Bette's life story is a combination of Cinderella, Young Love, and The Girl Who Was Misunderstood. It might have turned out differently except for three things: a, Bette is a swell girl; b, she is a splendid actress; and c, she happened to fall in love with a perfectly grand man. And that third may be the most important of all. Well, as important as the other two, anyhow.

No use going into details of Bette's life. You've read them dozens of times, I'm sure. How she fell in love with Harmon Nelson when she was a very young girl. And he paid no attention to her. Not the least bit of attention! And she was in love with him even then. But she thought of it as puppy love—and as long as he didn't care about her, why bother about it! Thus thought the very young and seemingly very wise Bette.

Careers seemed more important than love, anyhow. So Harmon Nelson went away to college and Bette went on the stage. In stock. In New York. Bits, at first. And then a grand chance, With Blanche Yurka in "The Wild Duck." Getting ahead on the stage was the main thing, then. No time at all for young men!

And then Harmon Nelson came to see Bette act. And he didn't come back to see her! She heard he was in the theatre. And she didn't see him!

So he didn't care, eh! Oh, very well, then she didn't care, either. After all, she was an actress, wasn't she! And he was just a college boy! She was getting some place! How could she be bothered by a boy she used to know! But she was bothered. And piqued because he didn't come to see her. And something stirred—underneath the ambition—and the first new layer of being cynical.

She got ahead. And Harmon Nelson got ahead. His success lay in music. Hers on the stage. His continued in music. He had his own orchestra, finally. And Bette went on the screen—and you know of her success—of all of the steps of it—and of the very fine pictures she is doing right now.

But, before her big success came she met Harmon Nelson again. And she found out—and very soon—trust Bette for that—that his seeming coldness was because he thought, because she was beginning to be a success on the stage, that she wasn't interested in him—or in being in love. Bette soon convinced him of the opposite of that. And now everyone else is convinced. Their love for each other—and trust of each other and faith in each other—is one of the loveliest things I know. Too lovely to write about. The sort of thing that reducing to cold type takes off some of the fine glow. They are so swell, both alone and together.

Harmon Nelson was a success in his own right when he married Bette. But his success meant that they were apart too much of the time. Love can't stand separation. And, thinking it over, they saw no reason why they had to be separated. Bette's success on the screen, to them both, was more important than Harmon Nelson's success as a musician and orchestra leader. Harmon liked living in Hollywood. So did Bette. So Harmon did something that only a very wise and very strong man could do—he gave up his established position to be with Bette. He isn't a parasite. Don't get that idea for a minute. Talk with him for one second and you'll know that he'd stand on his feet any place. Tall, very good looking, clever, amusing, understanding, he felt that Bette's happiness and Bette's career meant more to (Please turn to page 79)
“I’D LIKE a room with private bath,” Terry Randall said in the voice acquired through the virtue of birth and training in the most exclusive schools in the country. And the girls lounging around the living room of the Footlights Club resented the too perfect intonation as much as they resented the question itself. A private bath in a girls’ theatrical boarding house! It was just too, too something or other.

Jean Maitland, who had been hovering near the telephone on the desk hoping for a dinner invitation, drew herself up with exaggerated hauteur.

“If you young ladies will pardon me, I shall take the wolf hounds for a stroll through the park,” she mimicked as she walked model fashion through the door and up the room.

Terry’s hands tightening on her bag were her only indication of annoyance. “Is there anything strange in my request?” she demanded.

“Oh, you mustn’t mind the girls!” Mrs. Orcutt, who used to be an actress once herself, looked up with her tired, vague smile. “They’re just full of fun. We’re just like one great big family. I may not be able to give you just what you want, but I can put you in a room with a very charming girl, temporarily that is, until we get a vacancy. That would be thir-
"Stage Door" novelized from the screen production of the Broadway hit, with Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, and a distinguished Hollywood cast in a thrilling story of theatrical life

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen

Hepburn as the stage-struck socialite is in contrast with Ginger Rogers, who earns her livelihood in the theatre. Right, Ginger and Menjou, as the producer; Andrea Leeds in a scene with Ginger; and Hepburn, Lucille Ball, and Ginger, in a humorous scene.

ten dollars. Paid in advance."

"Well, that's rather high," Terry said doubtfully. "Isn't there some reduction by the week?"

"That is for the week." Mrs. Orcutt tried to suppress an outburst of giggles with a frown. And she smiled her harried, too set smile as she led the way to Jean's room, pretending not to see the girl's exasperation at the trunks and bags being rapidly piled in the small room.

"When does your baggage get here?" Jean asked ironically as the door closed behind Mrs. Orcutt.

"I'm expecting the bulk of it in the morning." Terry's smile was as measured as Jean's had been.

"We could leave the trunks here and sleep in the hall. There's no use crowding the trunks." Jean's voice dripped icicles. "Or maybe we could live in the trunks."

"That's a good idea. You don't mind helping me unpack?" Terry suppressed a smile as she tossed a fur coat over the girl's arm. "Oh, I beg your pardon, you're not the maid, are you?"

"That's quite all right." The little red-headed spitfire of the Footlights Club sniffed contemptuously at the mink. "Fresh killed?"

"Yes." Terry slipped a dress that could have come from no other place than Paris on a hanger. "I trapped them myself." (Please turn to page 81)
Leslie Howard's One-Man Show

"Hamlet" of the stage, debonair hero of the screen, the noted English actor turns completely small-boy as he tells you about his camera hobby

By Ruth Tildesley

A FRIEND, stopping at the Leslie Howard house in Hollywood, had occasion to look for a handkerchief in one of his host's bureau drawers. Instead of handkerchiefs, the drawer fairly bulged with prints of camera pictures. He sought in the rest of the drawers, but there discovered more piles of prints, more spirals of film, more strips of not-yet-enlarged Leica shots.

"But what do you do with your shirts and ties?" he demanded, mystified, when the actor had come to his rescue with the needed linen.

"Oh, Mrs. Howard sees to that. I don't know. I need this space for my pictures!" returned Mr. Howard.

He took trunkloads of camera pictures with him to England, where they are permanently installed in the Howard homestead, but already the new Hollywood domicile is overflowing with results of recent Howard-Leica excursions.

The new home is not three minutes from the heart of Hollywood, but once inside the gates you'd

Leslie Howard before the camera and behind it. Right, view made on the "Romeo and Juliet" set. Center, left: his daughter before the Lincoln monument, and, right, with her father in another view made in Washington, D. C. Upper right, Linton, England. Upper left, the picture-taker taken, with two pals.
never suspect that you were within a hundred miles of the roaring town. The stucco house, with its flat roofs and arched windows, is set into the side of a hill that rises from the dark green of fir trees to the blue of the sky. Yucca, those “candles of the Lord,” dot the upper slopes.

Below the driveway is the swimming pool, flower-rimmed, with a stone terrace above the dressing-rooms, gay with yellow furniture, tilted sun-umbrellas, and water-proofed swings.

And here was Leslie Howard, slender and sunburned, in blue bathing trunks, dark glasses, and a gold medal suspended on a thin gold chain.

“Nice place for pictures,” he commented, with a glance at the sunlit panorama around us. “Eventually, you know, I should get something rather interesting here.” The important thing about a house, I gathered, was that he should be able to make pictures around it.

“I had cameras long before I thought of going into motion pictures,” he said. “I suppose the reason anyone goes in for cameras is because he can’t make pictures with oils or charcoal or water colors. As a child, I wanted to be an artist, but as I grew up I hadn’t the time or opportunity to devote myself to it, so I did the next best thing and made my pictures with a lens.

“Leicas, or other miniature cameras, seem the best for my purpose because of the swiftness of the lens. It takes motion picture film, too, which (Please turn to page 90)
Cash—and Cary

Moreover, if you haven't given Cary Grant credit for a lively sense of humor as well as a sane outlook on life, you will after reading this swell interview.

By
Virginia Wood

"Would you do it?" I asked Cary Grant as we sat on the set at Columbia where "The Awful Truth" was being filmed, chatting about this and that, "if you found yourself at the end of your career and with no money?"

"Well—I don't know," Cary replied, reflectively, "I'd never even thought of it. Guess I'd just start over again, and go out and look for another job."

And the funny part of it is, that's about what Cary would do if he were confronted with such a problem. Certainly, it wouldn't be the first time he's been broke and had to take the first job that came along to keep on living. There were plenty of long, lean years after Cary ran away from his home in England to seek his fortune when he didn't know where his next meal was coming from. And I can assure you Cary's present enviable position hasn't softened him to the point where he wouldn't be able to buck those same hardships again.

"In the first place, Ginny," Cary went on, "I don't think the day will ever come when there will cease to be some medium of entertainment. I believe it will always exist in some form or another—maybe not for myself, as an individual, but certainly for us of this profession.

"Look back at the first days of the depression in this country. Theaters went out of business, to be sure, but not nearly in proportion to other businesses. People would spend their last half dollar to go to a movie or a vaudeville show, just to take their minds off their own troubles."

What interests Cary most is how can he give better and better acting performances. Perhaps he will set a new mark for himself—and others—in "The Awful Truth," playing opposite Irene Dunne, as shown in the still below.

"Charlie Laughton said something to me one time that made a very deep impression on me. I was terribly depressed one day at the studio—you know, in one of those Russian cellar moods. I happened to run into Charlie on the Paramount lot, where we were both working at the time, and started to tell him all my troubles.

"Did you ever stop to think, Cary," Charlie said, 'that all those people in the audience who see your pictures are faced with the same problems—and probably worse difficulties than you are? It's something that occurred to me years ago when I first went on the stage. I was feeling very sorry for myself. I didn't think I'd ever make a success of acting. I was terribly upset about financial matters and life just didn't seem worth the living. And suddenly it dawned on (Please turn to page 70)."
Mirror of her own real or simulated emotions, Rainer's face is fascinating to watch, particularly in our intimate on-the-set candid camera shots of her. Working on "Big City," her new film with Spencer Tracy, the little Luise is heart and soul in her task of portraying character. Above, discussing next scene with Tracy; center above, listening to director Frank Borzage. Then, from top down at right: a poignant close-up of the co-stars; concentrating on the director's demands; visualizing the next scene as Borzage explains it. At bottom of page, in her dressing-room between scenes—revealed as the young girl this great actress actually is, her shoes kicked off for comfort as she reads her fan mail.

Try to count Luise Rainer's many expressions, if you can keep up with 'em!

Girl of 1,000 Faces?
As old as Eve, as urgent as Adam, is the motivation of most cinema plots, from then till now. But why not? Hollywood likes it, the customers like it—and occasionally, as with Gary Cooper, above, its expression becomes practically a fine art. Gary is shown trying to decide between a brunette Eve and a blonde one, in his new character of Marco Polo. At right, Patric Knowles is being persuasive with Beverly Roberts. At far right, new boy Lee Bowman is pleasantly menacing Gertrude Michael, in “Sophie Lang Goes West.”

The merry game, Adam-chases-Eve, goes on. Above, James Ellison, hero of Paramount’s re-make of Rex Beach’s popular book, “The Barrier,” charms Jean Parker in her role of shy Indian maiden. At right, Nino Martini tells the old story to Joan Fontaine for “Music for Madame,” in which Martini supplies both the trills and the thrills, and Joanie the frills.
Of course, motion pictures are improving every day, and audiences grow more sophisticated and demanding. But somehow the theme song remains the same—with variations.

At left above, you'll see our delightful decoration from "The Great Garrick"; three blissful, beautiful bar-maids, played by Marie Wilson, Lana ("They Won't Forget") Turner, and Linda Perry, at the mythical "Adam and Eve" Inn. Top, Leslie Howard as scholarly love interest for Joan Blondell in "Stand-In." Above, two on a match are John Boles and Ida Lupino of "Fight for Your Lady." Below, Joan Crawford and her two cavaliers from "The Bride Wore Red": Robert Young, Franchot Tone. At left below, John King and Joy Hodges ride right into romance on "Merry-Go-Round of 1938."
Nothing enhances a girl's beauty as much as the sheen of shimmering furs—so smart Hollywood swings into action for the new season.
Starting at far left, on other page: Gail Patrick in swagger grey Persian lamb; new beauty Sandra Strome in sophisticated kolinsky, new model; Ida Lupino in brown squirrel, short and boxy; Gail again, this time in "Tahmi," new trick of the mutton family; and above, Mary Carlisle in her new top. Below, Sandra again, leopard-trimmed; next, left below, Mary Carlisle in swank grey Persian swagger; then Miss Patrick, in sheared beaver; and finally, way across on next page, Miss Carlisle, a-gleam in shining black broadtail, with big muff to match.
From a Sandwich

Forthcoming films offer a balanced which pictures are the feasts, and

"Victoria the Great," produced in England by Herbert Wilcox, gives great promise of being an important historical photoplay. At far left, an impressive portrait of Anna Neagle as Britain's great Queen. At left, Victoria in latter years, with her Prince Consort Albert, as portrayed by Miss Neagle and Anton Walbrook.

"Summer Lightning," followed by drenching rain, for Joan Bennett, shown at left playing the wettest scene of her career, with Henry Fonda. Note the technician protected by rain coat and hat. Lower left, a quartette of zanies comprised of Bert Lahr, Billy House, Mischa Auer, and Jimmie Savo, perform for Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." Below, a beautiful love scene between Gary Cooper and the newcomer Sigrid Gurie, for "The Adventures of Marco Polo," Samuel Goldwyn's costly new epic.
to a Banquet!

menu for greedy movie-goers. But which the snacks, we're not saying!

Glorifying that good old South Sea style, the sarong, is handsome Frances Farmer, far right, for Paramount's Technicolor production, the first drama of the sea in all-color, "Ebb Tide." In this screenplay of the tropics Ray Milland plays opposite Miss Farmer, as seen in scene still at right.

A fight that may start a new comedy cycle is in "Nothing Sacred," between Carole Lombard and Fredric March. Our scene at right is just before Carole gives up, after a furious hand-to-hand struggle with Freddie—all because, says the script, she wouldn't say "good-night." Below, all is sweetness and light in this scene from "Make A Wish," with Basil Rathbone and Bobby Breen. Lower right, the Ritz Brothers getting into the spirit of the big game, in "Life Begins in College." Maddest of three, Harry, is at right.
California
Castle
By The Sea

Home photographs of Maureen O'Sullivan by Clarence Sinclair Bull, M-G-M
It's a comfortable castle, Maureen O'Sullivan's new Malibu Beach home, and shows why the star will hurry back from England after making a picture there as Robert Taylor's leading lady.

At Malibu Beach, original playground of Hollywood stars, you'll find this decidedly charming and enormously livable home of the John Farrows—she's Maureen O'Sullivan, he's a director. Below and at left, the lady of the manor on the beach terrace. Across page at far left, reading down from top: the playroom, with its interesting wall treatment of a ship at sea; the dining room; Maureen in her mirrored dressing-room; and the bedroom, done in ice-blue and white. At right, reading down from top: another view of the nautical playroom, in the better modern manner; a corner of the living room, with good 18th century pieces; a large view of the same room, taken from the balcony which forms the upper portion of the house; and the breakfast room, where in the window recess below which Maureen is sitting, are many of the fine Chinese porcelains of which the Farrows are avid collectors.
Hollywood has a way with it, when it comes to making seeing believing, and remembering. For instance, Katharine Hepburn, far left, sees to it that her poses live up to her reputation as a stormy petrel.

A big—but big—hat serves as an effective frame for Mary Astor's beauty, upper center. Eleanor Powell, upper right, peppy priestess of the tap dance, switches to a very spiritual mood for a striking picture for the papers.

Right: Margot Grahame, remains in character as an alluring siren of intriguing and inviting charm, and Movita Castenada stresses the primitive appeal of the South Seas Hollywood scouts discovered in her.

A little game to keep you guessing is worked out at the left. Which of the three girls you see really is Gloria Dickson? Well, we'll tell you. The one in the center is the Gloria you'd recognize if you met her face to face off-screen. At far left, the brooding, defiant lady, and, near left, the disdainfully quizical girl, are tricks of the trade.
Giving you something to remember them by is a neat Hollywood stunt. Note these startling samples of tricks that catch your eye, excite your interest, and keep you movie-conscious.

Hotcha à la Hollywood, is prettily portrayed by Eleanore Whitney in this pose at the right. But for tricks of the acting trade, you—and we, too—know that John Barrymore knows them all. Here's Jack, below, turning from great lover to grizzly sea-farin' man—which transformation is a mere pipe and whiskers for Jack. And note the neat trick that was turned with a comb and curling iron, at bottom of page. Of course you recognize Ginger Rogers with her own adaptation of the page boy bob she'll wear in some scenes in "Stage Door," even though Ginger turns her well-known and soothing features away from our camera.

Then there's Errol Flynn to consider in this trick business. Errol jumps from swashbuckling costume romantics to the brawny business of prize fighting by merely putting on a scowl and ring togs, as shown in our movie at the right, with fast action in the first three frames, and a bit of makeup repair at bottom right. Below, Errol makes love to Joan Blondell, and Joan reciprocates—which you may be sure is just a trick of the trade, for "The Perfect Specimen."
We're not saying he plays to the grandstand, but if Spencer Tracy, left, and again, left foreground above in the thick of a mêlée on the polo field, puts on a spectacular dash to win applause, who can blame him, with a gallery of glamor like that? Some of these beauties love the game, but some have other things on their minds. Read their own reactions, as you gaze at Virginia Grey, Margaret Lindsay, Virginia Field, Mary Maguire (Mary takes a sun tan with her polo), Elissa Landi (who rides her own pony to the game), Gloria Dickson, in the upper tier, left to right, Florence Rice, Jean Rogers, Ida Stewart, Rochelle Hudson, Olympe Bradna, Franciska Gaal, Lana Turner, Joy Hodges, Jean Dale, and Phyllis Brooks, may be identified in the lower tier.
Galloping for goals to thrill the girls—swell game and sometimes it works
Shirley is growing up gracefully. Her loveliness is not only that of an ingratiatingly chubby child, but has a rare spiritual quality which, we venture to predict, will keep Shirley Temple a beloved public figure all her life. Now she stars in "Heidi," from Johanna Spyri's story which has been a best-seller for years. Our large picture is a charming study at the village fountain. Below, with Helen Westley. At right below, Shirley awes a small playmate.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Shirley Temple in "Heidi"
Sidestepping Romance

By Maude Cheatham

CAN a girl keep her sweethearts as friends, after the romance cools down? I suddenly asked Virginia Bruce.

And Virginia, propped up in bed, battling a cold and a menacing temperature, gave me a reproachful look before replying, "Why come to me? I'm not knowing!"

But she went on, "Every man friend that a girl has isn't a potential sweetheart, especially in this business where we meet so many charming and brilliant people; and even if at first they imagine they have a romantic urge, they usually wake up to find it is a grand friendship, instead.

"The demand for friendship is strong in everybody. We all seek someone in whom we can confide, talk over our troubles and our triumphs, ask advice, encourage and be encouraged. Too, we like a congenial companion for our fun, and so, when we find a trustworthy friend, we appreciate him.

"For myself, I'm not interested in romance. Not for the present, anyway. But I treasure certain friendships.

"I sometimes think that working in screen romances takes the edge off the real ones! After being soulful, repeating passionate dialogue, and rehearsing clinches and kisses before the camera all day, players demand a complete change of scenery when they leave the studio; it is a relief to be with a person who isn't still acting. After all, there are many interesting things in life besides—love. Too, contrary to what many seem to think, I believe most actors and actresses prefer simple amusements when their play-hours come. I certainly do, for one.

"I like amusing people. It is a great gift when one is able to bring laughter and gaiety into social life, and after the strenuous work at the studio it offers the necessary antidote for high-strung nerves. My men friends, among whom I count Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, David Niven, Ralph Jester, Paul Warburg of New York, Jean Negulesco—offer the widest contrast in personalities, but they all have a quick wit and a keen sense of humor; they see life at its best.

"Cesar is a gay companion and we laugh much of the time we are together. He has an electric vitality, is always thoughtful and chivalrous, and dances divinely. We frequently have our dates here at home, dining with the family, and my father and mother, as well as my brother Stanley, welcome him as a charming guest. He's a very comfortable person, too, and fits into any situation. One of our favorite stunts is singing duets, and while they are sometimes (Please turn to page 72)
MOST refreshing picture in a long time! Deanna Durbin's second starring film is better than her first, and ideal entertainment for the family. The dewy-eyed, characterful-chinned Deanna presents a fresh and new style in screen glamour. As direct and clean-cut as a young Norma Shearer, whom she somewhat resembles, Durbin challenges criticism by behaving as though her rather phenomenal voice were an entirely natural thing, not to be surrounded with hocus-pocus but simply to be taken for granted. The result is always an audience at ease and in love with Deanna, the one prima donna who doesn't demand homage and therefore gets it. She is a most delightful child, and a joy to watch in her new role as Adolphe Menjou's daughter trying to get work for her father and 99 other unemployed musicians. To do it she pursues the eminent maestro, Stokowski, playing himself in fine style, until in self-defense he is forced to conduct the men in a big concert—the musical occasion of the movie month, I assure you. Deanna sings two "popular" numbers, but the thrill comes when she sings Mozart's "Exsultate," with Stokowski's symphony orchestra. Menjou, Frank Jenks, and the other 98 men are splendid.

"THE FIREFLY" was to me just that old operetta with "Gianina Mia" in it, and I have been trying to duck "Gianina" over the radio for years. It's a horrid song, I think, and I still think so even after hearing Allan Jones sing it. But that is not Mr. Jones' fault. If anyone could make me like that song he could. He has converted me to everything else about "The Firefly" in general and male operetta singers in particular. He helps make the new MacDonald musical movie a rousing and at times irresistible entertainment. Jeanette herself is completely captivating as the lovely lady spy whose private romance threatens to interfere with Napoleon's plans in Spain. Mr. Jones is a gentleman spy and it was inevitable, in a Metro picture, that they meet, make love, and sing duets. It was not inevitable that the best of the love duets should be sung in a barn yard, and this is a fine bit of amorous buffoonery. The high spot of the picture, however, is "The Donkey Serenade," the best number in all movie musical history to my mind. Allan Jones rides along beside Jeanette's coach singing in rhythm to the coach wheels and the coachman's guitar as the donkey boy capers ahead piping the tune. It's sheer delight, a classic. A fine show.
THE PRISONER OF ZENDA—Schnick-United Artists

GRAND "escape" from gangster melodrama, fashion shows, and maybe too much music this month is this remake of the picturesque Anthony Hope romance. It is a gorgeous show, this new "Prisoner of Zenda," and genuine fun all the way—even though you may think you disdain such make-believe as mythical kingdoms and mistaken identity, of which "Zenda" has more than its share, I admit I may be prejudiced, because I like any Ronald Colman picture, and this one offers Colman not only once, but twice—oh yes, it's a dual rôle film, too. But Mr. Colman is twice as superb as Rassendyll as he is as King Rudolf; so I had a wonderful time, and I believe you will too, you old doubter you. It's magnificently produced in the true Ruritanian manner, with lavish settings against which the top-flight cast swashbuckles with what seems true enjoyment. If you must know, the story concerns the commoner who doubles for the king, with whom the Princess Flavia falls in love, but who outwits gracefully when the time comes. It's beautifully sad at this point, for the Princess is none other than Madeleine Carroll, the only actress I know who can play this proud princess stuff and make you believe it. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a grand Rupert of Hentzau. It's all first-rate fun.

THIN ICE—20th Century-Fox

THE amazing Miss Sonja Henie follows up her first picture success with a new film almost as good. If you thought the great little skater had run the gamut in glacial exercise in "One in a Million," see this and change your mind. Sonja hasn't even scratched the ice. That goes, too, for her acting performance. Like Deanna Durbin, Sonja disarms her audience by resolutely refusing to do any acting, as such, concentrating herself with being herself, and very nice too. The story isn't much—when I tell you the scene is Switzerland, and Tyrone Power plays a Prince incognito, and Sonja a skating instructor at the local hotel where Tyrone and his political playmates are staging a conference—but of course she doesn't know he's a Prince, though everyone thinks she knows—does that give you an idea? I thought so. But somehow the story doesn't seem to matter so much once Sonja swings into graceful action, which she does at gratifyingly short intervals. She is a dream of loveliness on the ice, and not shy on skis, either. Mr. Power, being neither a skater nor a skier, has to be satisfied with occasional moments of charm, as romantic support to Sonja. He's gallant about it. Raymond Walburn, Arthur Treacher, Melville Cooper stand out.

SOULS AT SEA—Paramount

IT'S an epic, I know it's an epic, because it has trouble at sea on a huge scale, and Gary Cooper being a hero also on a large scale, and it even has a trial scene. The fact that George Raft, disguised even though he is with a curly coiffure, comes narrowly close to stealing the epic right out of the sea and Gary Cooper's hands, makes no difference, except possibly to me and Mr. Raft. We enjoyed his part in it more than anything else. The ex-slick dancing gangster-type has become an Actor, and a darned good one. He is truly touching at times, and with Olympe Bradna, the poignantly appealing little French actress, as his team-mate, he enact a dual death scene that, for me, was as sincerely moving as in any "Romeo and Juliet." But to get back to Mr. Cooper, who is after all the billed star of this show; won't he ever outgrow "Mr. Deeds"? Here he is practically on trial for his life and honor, for strange doings in the Atlantic after a shipwreck; and for all he seems to care, the issue at stake might as well be just a new form of doodling. "Souls at Sea" has big moments in spite of Mr. Cooper's lack of enthusiasm and Miss Frances Dee's phlegmatic heroine. Splendid sea 'pictures'—and Mr. Raft, and little Bradna supply most of them. Watch Bradna.

VOGUES OF 1938—Wonger-United Artists

NO GIRL in her right senses will want to miss this one. It's a field-day for fashion-conscious femmes—with a practically endless parade of advance fashions—say about 1940—and an inside slant on what goes on behind the scenes of a smart dressmaking establishment. "The Most Photographed"—and most exploited—"Girls in the World" are here, too, undulating around in fine fur and feathers; but it remains for Our Own Joan Bennett to show them, and us, how really to model clothes, moods, and emotions. This is an all-Technicolor production, you know; and it was a lucky day for Miss Joan Bennett when Technicolor was born; for the always pretty but often pallid Joanie becomes in a flash a brilliant new beauty, whose Dresden-doll prettiness comes to glowing life. She's a society bride-to-be who changes her mind at the altar, and becomes instead a model for Warner Baxter's clothes salon. Despite all the obstacles put in their way by Helen Vinson, assorted models, and the dull plot, Joan and Warner manage to keep things moving, either in new fashion shows, romantic comedy scenes, or breathtaking close-ups. Night-club scenes reach a new high in pictorial excitement. It's too long, but it's awfully pretty. And how dull other pictures look!
Invitations to Grace Moore's "Musical Evenings" are keenly coveted in the screen colony. You'll enjoy this brilliant account of Grace's latest party.

I might have gone to my grave thinking them as dull a crowd of bores as ever gathered over a mess of spaghetti if it hadn't been for Grace Moore. In one evening she destroyed mental adhesions I had had for years! Old prejudices fell off of me chipitty cloppity. I who thought the alpha and omega of music was Benny Goodman's swing band suddenly became passionately intrigued with arias and octaves. As a matter of fact I might even go for a passacaglia, or a tenor.

I don't know how I happened to get invited to La Moore's. I'm inclined to believe that it was an accident. But strange things happen in my profession, so I never penetrate too deeply into the why or wherefore of my

Music lovers, I have always been big enough to admit, are all right in their places. But I have never been able to find their place in my scheme of things. I think it was because I met the wrong people during my formative years: I would simply go into ecstasies over a nearly cracked shin, provided it wasn't my shin, on the hockey field; Jane Cowl emoting, "You gave me a number, etc." (hot stuff in my day); and a successful Queen finessing "after lights" in a drafty dormitory—but a concerto, even a zippy concerto, left me cold. Music Lovers, I was led to believe by my evil companions who reeked of chocolate sodas and dill pickles, were a bunch of undesirables with long hair and dirty nails who didn't wash behind their ears and who dressed as dowdily as a slattern from the other side of the tracks. (I was forced to change my opinion when I met the very chic and awfully clean Misses Moore, Pons and Swarthout.) Being of a good family I was sent to all the musical events my city afforded so I might absorb by environment what I had missed out on in heredity—but when given a choice of Kreisler or Billie Dove I invariably took Billie Dove. Later I switched to Clara Bow. I simply would have no truck with those Music Lovers.

Grace Moore Parera, at right in her gay party gown, is one of Hollywood's most exclusive hostesses. When she entertains, her guests are the cream of the musical and screen worlds—as at left: Gloria Swanson, Gladys Swarthout, Miss Moore, Rosa Ponselle, noted singer.
invitations. I was never one to bite the hand that feeds me caviar. Grace was too much of a lady to express surprise and say, "And what are you doing here?" and I was too much of a lady to answer, "Hell, I don't know," (I have a quaint Old World vocabulary that's a perfect joy to my friends who have small children). Anyway, why all this quibbling as to how I happened to get to Grace Moore's party? It isn't that important.

The Parera estate—Grace is Mrs. Valentin Parera in private life—consists of three acres out near Brentwood, and directly across the street from the Gary Coopers which means they must look out for burglars on warm summer evenings as the Coopers seem to attract them to that neighborhood. On the three Parera acres there are at present the groundwork of a spacious and beautiful house, a swimming pool, a badminton court (except the Pareras insist upon playing Pelota on it), some elegant trees, some termites looking over prospective home sites, and a horrid little dog named Queenie, given Grace by a Lord, who bites. I mean the dog bites, I'm sure I don't know the personal habits of the Lord. While their home is being built, the Pareras—when not vacationing in Europe, where Grace being on the soigné side has a villa at Cannes—live in a six room bungalow which when the "big house" is completed will automatically become the "guest house." Conspicuous in the living room, gay and chintzy, are pictures of Gladys Swarthout and Noel Coward, close friends of La Moore's, and Mary Garden, whose protegée she was. It was the greatest diva of her day, the glamorous Mary Garden, who first noticed that the ambitious young girl from Jellico, Tennessee, had a Voice. Years later Grace Moore in Hollywood was able to return the favor.

All the way out to Bundy Drive (streets get awfully coy out Brentwood way), I kicked myself for letting myself in for a boring evening. Grace Moore, I growled, is a famous opera star making pictures in Hollywood. She knows every composer, every conductor, every song-bird in the racket. She knows everybody who even had a whiff of the musty old Metropolitan. It was only natural that the place would be jammed with Music Lovers, and fine talk about fugues and concertos would be flapped over my head with terrifying ghitness. And of course there would have to be a Child Wonder, there always is. Even at Norma Shearer's parties.

A memory of all the horrors of my one musical interlude in Hollywood swept over me. It was sanguine. It was given by an actress, who shall remain nameless for certain reasons (law suits, if you must know), and her pièce de résistance of the evening was a fat soprano with an aura of garlic from the Met (Please turn to page 98)
Sweeping black paradise plumes enhance Loretta's hat of black velvet, at left above. A jewelled cross hung on a chain blazes at the throat of her black frock. At left below, sleek fitted coat of mint—which Loretta tops with a flower-pot hat, below, of Paisley sofin in shades of brown, red, beige, and soft green, corded into narrow strips, draped with a voluminous brown veil. See exotic bracelets.
Glamor Girl in the great Hollywood tradition, Loretta Young goes frankly and glitteringly gorgeous in her new screen clothes, which she likes so well she wears them off-screen as well. Spectacular, yes—but oh, so smart!
Young lady, at leisure, lounges at right in this masterpiece of frothy delicacy, a negligée of coral-pearl chiffon, beautifully draped. Directly below, Loretta selects for more exotic moods the hostess pajama costume of gun-metal gray paper taffeta, printed in huge orchids of pale blue, rose, and green. The coat is cut away in front above the knees, sweeps the floor at back, and is finished with a padded roll. Trousers are close-fitting at the ankles, and buck into especially designed boots of bright green suede. Very Hollywood? Yes, but fun! At right, below, Loretta's gleaming gown—lilies of fringe made of crystal bugle beads, on heavy white crepe roma. For formal evenings, any girl with Loretta Young's slim and lissome figure glories in a gown like this—or is there another figure like Loretta's anywhere? Somehow, we doubt it!
Your hat may be young but it must not be unsophisticated, say Hollywood's younger actresses. Left, Jean Rogers wears a blue hat with fringe of leather; and at left below, a dressler hat with curled rim trimmed with white feathers. Below, Joan Fontaine's spectator sports hat, fashioned from black felt with black and white polka dot ribbon.

To The Teens!

Two smart girls, above; Jean Rogers, at left, wearing a dress of wine wool with three high kick pleats in skirt, and shaded cowboy belt; and Nan Grey, right, in two-piece gray suit, with jacket patterned in circles of red, yellow, white, and blue. Jean again, at far left, wears a two-piece suit of nubby wool in duchesse shade, with wide lapels and high cuffs of gray Persian lamb. Jane Bryan, left, models a tailored dress of blue sheer wool with diagonal pattern, with hip-length jacket.
For three hours I sat there at the plain little desk in my upstairs room and wished I had studied essay-writing! I fought with eloquent phrases, threw them away, and eventually emerged with my masterpiece. Tactfully I pointed out that the previous winter one of their talent scouts had noticed me in a college play at Pomona, and I reminded them that for several months I had reported for coaching at the studio. Of course I didn't add that I had impatiently quit reporting when they hadn't made me an actor immediately.

As I was running downstairs to take the letter to the postoffice the elderly lady who was the only other boarder came to the door of her room to wish me luck. I still see her smile of encouragement. It kept me, frequently, from wondering too much if I were making an awful fool of myself. A country kid from Nebraska sticking his neck into the weird windmills of Hollywood!

I had no friends at all at first. I knew no one influential. Emphatically I was on the outside of the studio world. My name was not on any stellar party lists.

There has been comment on my "skyrocketing rise." Obviously I have been most fortunate. Yet it was not quite as quick as you may have been led to believe. No
one was checking up on and goes back to exactly how he are printed. I remember telling the truth.

As a sales line that perfect, I received no while, I discovered wood as a nobody. I had but I was pretty dis...

spectacular happened.

I had a roadster, but didn't want to fall in. It was strange to spend things aren't breaking.

I can't laugh off disappointments.

An agent called me M-G-M the winter be boulevard. He took me tested. What excitement only didn't sign me; he up! Instead I went up. There they didn't bot...

Then when I thou...
a young American secretary into a longer big with Fuller.
and off between you
the equable Hilda
The phone rang. Through force of habit Hilda picked it up. She wanted to laugh wildly at what she heard. Instead she said: "Greenwood's outside."

"Tell her to send him in." He took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off viciously. "That's all. From here on I'll handle it."

They sat in a little park, facing Santa Monica Boulevard. The arclight, to which Hilda's back was turned, shone full on Ferdinand. Her hands lay listless in her lap.

"Well, I certainly fixed it up fine with Fuller."

"What does it matter? This way or that, the end will be the same."

There was a silence, "When are you going?"

"He has arranged for tickets for Tuesday. So I take the boat the same day I come in New York. That is better, he said, it is cheaper to spend here those few days than there." He smiled, and waited for her answering smile, but none came.

His voice took on a graver note, and he moved a little to see her face more clearly. "Miss Hilda, is it for me you are sad?"

For the first time intimacy sounded in his voice—for the first time, now that she was about to lose him. How sweet it sounded. How she wanted to wrap it around her and lie close within it, that tenderness. She caught a swift glimpse of days and weeks and months, when there would be no "Here Ferdinand von Schoenbauer" at the other end of the wire, no thin brown face smiling at her across a table. A wave of desolation swept her. But her gray eyes met his steadily enough.

"No, Shaybar. It's for myself."

"Yourself?"

"Yes—I love you, Shaybar." Modern, courageous, honest though she was, her voice faltered and died.

For what seemed to her an eternity he was silent. Then he gathered her up in his arms, as one gathers a child, and she lay there like a child. When he found his voice again, he was saying: "I did not mean it to be like this, my dear. I thought, when all is well with me here and there is some work and some little money, and my people are cared for, then if I can teach her to love me, I will ask her for my wife."

"What are we going to do?" she whispered.

He released her, and took her hands in his. "My Hilda, What can I do? You understand, without me they are helpless. There I will find something, that they may eat."

"But what about us, Shaybar? What about us?"

"You will be patient, yes? I will send for you. Then you will come—you and your good mother—"

"No, no, it'll never be like that. You know it won't. You know you can't imagine me in Vienna. Things'll happen and I'll never see you again. There'll be some horrible Austrian (Please turn to page 75)"
Hollywood as usual is well represented in the current London picture scene. Above, Elizabeth Allan, who is playing opposite Anton Walbrook, left, in a new melodrama. Patricia Ellis, lower left, is making her first visit to England to play in a picture with Jack Hulbert. Percy Marmont, below, and Sophie Stewart, lower right, are British stars now engaged in important new screen productions.

To see a perfect picture of English peace you should come to Pinewood just now. Majestic oaks and chestnuts spread fading branches over the spacious, rolling lawns, surrounded by shrubs that nod lazily in the cooling winds which lull them into their long winter sleep. A peacock pompously preens himself on the old stone terrace and only the songs of the birds disturb the country silence.

But come out of the gardens into the great white studio buildings and you'll have all the noise and crowds you want! Half-a-dozen major productions are now in full swing, headed by "The Girl Was Young," which is Director Alfred Hitchcock's new thriller. It's about a young author suspected of murder, helped to escape from gaol by the Chief Constable's daughter and her four little brothers. There's a pursuit that leads to such diverse spots as a seaside boarding-house and the bottom of a disused mine—and there's pretty Nova Pilbeam as the bustling heroine.

Less than three years ago brown-haired Nova was hailed as the latest child star with her work in "Little Friend." Since then she has been menaced with death in "The Man who Knew Too Much," and executed on Tower Hill in "Nine Days a Queen." But now she is seventeen and has just learnt to smoke mild Turkish cigarettes so Hitchcock is letting her have her first romantic rôle. She's a charming girl, delighted that her pet terrier Brenda is appearing with her in the film, and owes her unusual name to the fact that her mother hails from Nova Scotia. She lives quietly with her parents in a suburban house and has her bedroom decorated in turquoise blue, her favorite color in which she usually dresses too.

Tall Percy Marmont, who plays her father in the new picture, declares Nova is sure to become a great actress.
because she has the right kind of hands. “Supple, quick-moving, sensitive in gesture, rather long and slim. All the greatest players have hands like that—Garbo, Norma Shearer, Katie Hepburn and Joan Crawford to name only a few.” So Nova is accordingly paying particular attention to her manicure and looking forward to her next assignment which is to play the youthful Princess Victoria in the historical “Girlhood of a Queen.”

Also at Pinewood they are busy on Jessie Matthews’ new musical—the last of their dainty dancing star will make in England for she and director-husband Sonnie Hale are off to America immediately it's finished. Jessie's greatest ambition is to partner Fred Astaire and since Fred likes the idea too and there's a lot of negotiations going on between Jessie and Radio Pictures—well, don't be too surprised this winter! But first you’ll be able to see Jessie in “Full Sail,” playing the adopted daughter of a London bargeman. (He's a stalwart gentleman who navigates a little flat-hulled freight boat along our canals. We've hundred of miles of them, connecting up with the River Thames.) There'll be some lovely shots of London's famous river and lyrics by Arthur (“Pennies from Heaven”) Johnson, all written in a week because he had to dash back to Hollywood to provide Bing Crosby with another epic.

Pinewood's recent visitors include blue-eyed fluffy-curl Patricial Ellis, looking cutely Continental in a slim black marocain frock with a gaily-printed red and green jacket. She’s come over the Atlantic for the first time to be Jack Hulbert's romantic interest in his new musical film “Playboy.” She's seen the Changing of the King's Guard and walked in Hyde Park and eaten hot buttered scones for tea, so she's getting quite Anglicized.

Patricia was also bidden to the cocktail party of the month, given by wealthy and good-looking bachelor Sir Anthony Weldon in honor of Merle Oberon. It took place in a great green-walled room at our latest society restaurant, Le Vert Galant in Park Lane, and Merle wore an unusual outfit in vivid blue and yellow and looked supremely glamorous as usual.

Her latest film is being made entirely in color and it is called “Red Shoes,” Merle playing Tamara who’s a Russian Ballet dancer. She doesn’t need a double for the scenes where she is pirouetting on the stage of the Royal Opera House at Moscow because she was originally trained in dancing and once earned her living as professional partner in a Mayfair club before she went on the films.

Do you remember Merle as Lady Blakeney in Alexander Korda's production of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" a couple of years ago, with Leslie Howard playing the toppish but gallant Sir Percy? Well, now the inscrutable Alex, with his characteristic tickle of doing the unexpected, is making the sequel, "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," but he's chosen two different players for the principal parts.

Sir Percy Blakeney is now Barry Barnes, who is rather like Leslie with the same lean face, light blue eyes, crisp blond hair and sensitive mouth. His screen wife is Sophie Stewart, absolute antithesis of gorgeous Merle in every way. Sophie is gravely shy and essentially domestic, living with a large family in a country farmhouse where she lived

Nova Pilbeam, at top of page, with her pet terrier, grown up since "Nine Days a Queen," is to be seen next in a new Alfred Hitchcock film. Lower, left to right, Anna Lee, whose midnight party was attended by many celebrities; George Arliss in his latest role as "Dr. Syn;" and Whitney Bourne, another American beauty frequently seen in London.
Stars and their stand-ins are congenial companions as well as fellow workers. Here you see an example as Joan Blondell, starring in "Stand-In," chats with her "set-up" substitute, Connie Rea.

Here's Hollywood

The Gay Gossip in Brief
By Weston East

Work herself. "And, boy," says the enthusiastic bridgroom, "can she cook!"
This went on for two weeks—until they'd found a satisfactory servant.

Don Milo, Bob Taylor's best friend and stand-in, is getting a swell break. Bob wanted to take him to England, but British labor laws wouldn't allow Don to work in his usual capacity, as stand-ins must be hired in that country. However, Bob finally discovered he was allowed to bring in a companion, so Don is having a marvelous vacation with no expense to either of them and won't have to do a tap of work until he goes back to Hollywood.

During the filming of "A Love Like That," Barbara Stanwyck was supposed to hit Herbert Marshall in the face with a strawberry short cake. They rehearsed and rehearsed, but Barbara just couldn't make a go of it. "I just can't throw that thing at Bart," Barbara moaned, "he's simply not the type." So the prop man had to do it for her in the actual shooting of the scene.

THE lowdown on the Clark Gable disappearance act he pulled on his recent vacation was because Clark couldn't even complete his bear hunt he started out to do without five million people tagging along. So he upped and turned his car the other way and vanished into thin air because he really needed a rest and even the studio didn't know his whereabouts.

THAT party the Ritz Brothers gave the other eve, which was attended by dozens of famous filmites, was really thrown in honor of "Ritzie," their favorite poodle! The guests claim they've never had such a good time because their real host was so amusing.

OVER on the set of "The Bride Wore Red," Helen Hayes had the time of her life, during her visit in Hollywood, taking candid camera shots of Joan Crawford from every conceivable angle to add to her collection.

TYRONE POWER, in spite of the fact he's been seen round and about with Janet Gaynor very frequently, insists that there's only one gal he really cares for and that's Sonja Henie. But on account of her absence, he just can't sit in a corner and moan. And Sonja thinks he's pretty swell, too.

GLORIA STUART and her hubby, Arthur Sheekman, are one of Hollywood's more devoted couples. During her recent trip to Honolulu with her mother and a gal friend, Gloria got so homesick for Arthur she cabled him each and every day. "I spent more money on cable than I did on the trip," Gloria admits, ruefully. "Guess I'll never take another without him."

BELIEVE it or not, the glamorous Jeanette MacDonald can whip up a mean dish when she puts her mind to it. When she and Gene Raymond returned from their honeymoon trip to Honolulu, they discovered they didn't have a cook between 'em. They borrowed one from Jeanette's ma for a couple of days, but this didn't work out very well. So Jeanette donned her favorite apron and went to

William Powell's stand-in, W. W. Dearborn, not only "holds it" while cameras are focused, but clowns with his boss to entertain colleagues on the set. That's Bill behind the whiskers at left.

THE Errol Flynns came back from their boat trip on Errol's yawl, "The Cheerio," just like a couple of newlyweds. Looks like all the rumors of a separation were just rumors and they're happier than ever after being apart for so many months while Lili was making pictures in Paris. And they're a mighty handsome couple, if you ask me!

BUMPED into June Lang out on the Fox lot, clad in pink pajamas, and looking anything but unhappy about her recent marital mix-up. What we're wondering is what's going to happen to all those gorgeous wedding presents they received? We're told on very good authority that Vic Orsatti, the groom, did everything in his power to persuade June to pack things up, but it was no go.

THE latest mutual admiration society is that combination of Paul Muni and Spencer Tracy. Muni thinks Spencer is tops in the acting field and Tracy likes him a perfect dither whenever Muni's name is mentioned. Nice to hear a couple of rays like that in this town where so many knives are aimed at the other fellow's back.

IN SPITE of the fact that Wayne Morris has been doing the town with that and that young thing, it's Lana Turner, young Warner actress, who's really carrying the torch for him. Every chance she gets, she pops over to the set where Wayne is working in "Submarine D-1" just so's she can look at him.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has two new pets in her household. They're two kittens, one Siamese and the other Persian. And they answer to the somewhat startling titles of "Monsieur" and "Bijou."

YOU'd think, just off-hand, that Joan Davis would be perfect when combined with the Ritz Brothers. But when they tested Joan in the comedy lines for "Life Begins at College," they found her particular brand of humor and theirs just didn't gel. So she's playing herself in the film and won't appear in any scenes in which the hysterical brothers cavort.
JOAN CRAWFORD’S latest hobby is whipping up petit point bags for her friends. The bags are terribly clever, having the initials of the party concerned worked right into the pattern of the bags. She’s doing one, now, for Billie Burke.

YOU can always tell when Mrs. Pat O’Brien is out of town. It’s during these rather infrequent intervals that Pat tears loose with the boys and attends every fight and wrestling match and other equally masculine sports and really has a time for himself. Then when Mrs. O’Brien arrives back home, Pat settles down to being but the most model of Hollywood husbands.

FUNNY thing about that marriage license George Mason and Paula Stone took out in Santa Barbara. Seems George gave the clerk her name as Pauline instead of Paula, thereby holding up the whole procedure. Anyway, we think it’s a good idea he found out her name was really Paula before they got married.

OVER on the set of “Bulldog Drummond’s Revenge,” they’re not asking for afternoon tea any more. Reason is the cast and crew was somewhat miffed when they requested permission to knock off for half an hour at four each day for tea and the director refused their request. On the following day, however, they were handed the finished script and found there were nine individual tea-drinking sequences to be filmed in the picture. P.S. They’re all so sick of tea, you can’t even mention it to any of them. (It’s the truth, I promi

In CASE you meet a rather florid gentle
man, riding around the streets of Bel Air on a motor bicycle in the early mornings, you can bet your boots it’s W. C. Fields. This latest pastime has been taken up by Bill, since his serious illness, as a less strenuous way of keeping fit than his former hard game of tennis.

VIRGINIA BRUCE isn’t awfully super-
stitious about most things, but when it comes to her dressing-room, she is. When the studio notified her they had a brand new suite ready for her in the fancy new building they’ve just constructed, Virginia agreed to move. But with her she took most of the furnishings she’s had ever since she first arrived at the studio—many of them gifts from the late John Gilbert. And Virginia swears no matter how many times she moves her dressing quarters, those same things will go right along with her.

MOST amusing is the fact that Helen Vinson, married to the tennis champ, Fred Perry, is taking tennis lessons, but not from her illustrious husband. Instead, she’s learning to swing a wicked racket under the instructions of Elizabeth Ryan, a former tennis ace.

A BIG-HEARTED cop stopped Wendy Barrie when she was buzzing down the boulevard the other day and ordered her to pull up to the curb. Seems he’d been passing by and noticed that Wendy was crying. Upon being questioned, Wendy, with tears still streaming out of her eyes, told him she was just homesick for her family in England. Handing her his handkerchief, he told her to go ahead and have a good cry, but not to try to drive until she’d had it out!

THEY celebrated the close of “Park Avenue Dame” the other eve with a barbecue, given by Fay Wray and Dick Arlen, at Dick’s Toluca Lake manse. Plenty of steaks, baked beans, and all the trimmings were served. The guests later played badminton, ping-pong, or went for a swim in the pool.
Glamor Rules Hair Styles

Individuality, softness and historic inspiration mark the coiffures worn in Hollywood

By Elin Neil

TURN back the clock and give us Yesterday! That's the theme song in the Fall of 1937 hair-style symphony. There are myriad new twists and turns to show off the beauty of your crowning glory, but each has found its inspiration somewhere in the past.

Hollywood heads this season present a pageant of the most femininely alluring hair arrangements history has to offer, subtly adapted to modern life and fashionable clothes. Cecilia Parker, for instance, wears the new modified Page Boy coiffure to perfection. The latest version of this style, which sky-rocketed into popularity last Spring, is shorter and neater, with a softer look in back; and it shows curls or rolls atop one's head wherever they will be the most becoming. The severity of the original Page Boy bob has gone by the board.

The “1900” fashions that are showing up so conspicuously in clothes, are having their influence on hair styles, too. Front curls, brushing one's forehead, are increasingly smart. They’re not the frizzed-bang variety, product of the old-fashioned curling iron, though. They are soft and smooth and shining.

Two or three little curls that caress one’s neck behind exposed ears have been borrowed from the days of hoop-skirts and high powdered coiffures. They’re frivolous and intriguing, especially if the rest of one’s hair is arranged simply.

There’s a revival in hair ribbons. Little bows are being used as evening decorations almost as much as the flowers, feathers, and jeweled ornaments that have been having such a vogue. It’s an ultra-smart as well as a comfortable habit to tie up your curls in a cluster at the back of your head when you indulge in active sports. And little girls are wearing big hair ribbons again without a whimper about they’re being “sissy.”

Some hair style prophets are predicting that long hair will be the coming rage, and unshorn tresses will be piled high atop one’s head, reminiscent of the pompadour days. If this prediction comes true, Dorothy Lamour will be in the height of style, without any hair “growing pains,” because her crowning glory falls below her waist. Others foresee a shorter bob, designed to promote back-of-the-neck comfort.

Long or short, as the case may be, there are a few very definite developments in hair styles.
framed with curls or rolls or soft bangs breaking the hairline in front. More often than not, there's height above the forehead.

Straight, shiny hair at the crown of the head has completely vanished waves and "wistful bump" fullness. Streaks are fading right out of the hair fashion picture. Nape-of-the-neck rolls are still popular, but there's a decided tendency toward fluffing them up so they won't appear too tight and sausage-like. The shorter Page Boy effect is another favorite way of finishing off one's coiffure in back.

Some of the newest coiffures bring the hair up from the back of the neck, arranging it in high-placed curls on both sides of a diagonal part. The kind of long bob that has a "bedroom" look is rapidly becoming passe. Your back-of-the-head view must appear well-groomed, however soft and natural-looking. The days of careless abandon below the neck are gone.

Waves grow fewer and fainter between. A smart new adaptation of the fingerwave idea is the half-wave ending in a soft curl. Don't go to extremes in the color of your hair, if you want to ride with Dame Fashion. The platinum blonde rage is dwindling down to oblivion. And for this we're thankful, because that artificial silver shade takes such strong bleaching that few heads of hair can stand it for long.

We're in favor of having your hair "touched up" (or doing it yourself) if you want to disguise gray streaks or substitute brightness for drab tones. Only be sure you bring your hair to a shade that could be natural with your type of coloring. Obviously bleached or tinted hair is decidedly out of style. And the blondes gentlemen prefer are the ones that don't wear labels!

If you touch up your hair yourself at home, the best method is a temporary color rinse that washes out with the next shampoo. This will brighten your hair and lend it color. However, it won't bring gray streaks into harmony with the rest of your head. Henna, which leaves a thick coating on each hair shaft, will cover up gray, but it produces a shade of red that's unmistakable to the discerning eye.

If you have your hair tinted at a beauty shop, watch the part like a hawk. It'll give away your secret if you don't watch out. You can get a hair dye pencil that will keep the new-grown hair in color harmony with the rest of your head. And there's a liquid retouch for the same purpose that you put on with brush.

And now I'm going to give you a very important word of advice. If your hair is bleached, dyed, or tinted, be sure to tell the beauty operator what you've been using when you get a permanent wave. Standard permanent waves can be given on touched-up hair with beautiful results. But the operator should know everything you can tell her about the condition of your hair, as she can give the wave accordingly.

Like all movie girls, Eleanor Powell uses the latest beauty methods.

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**Femini-nities**

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**Enter "skin-vitamin" as a new feature of Pond's face creams.**

**Gallardo's "Breathe-Rite Dy-Nam-Ics" you can make it work wonders for your beauty. Under this system of breathing, which requires only a few minutes of concentrated effort each day, your own lungs reduce over-fat parts and bring your figure into harmonious proportions. And you feel so much better from the energizing effects and sense of inner poise that you want to carry yourself with queenly grace. The system is easy to learn through simple, illustrated lessons obtained from The Health Reconstructive Institute, Inc.**

**A BURNING beauty problem is how to keep your face powder where you want it, without the inconvenience of having it spill over in your purse, dressing table, wash basin or higgadocks. That problem has been solved by the firm of Lovely Lady, who recently brought out one of the first inexpensive cosmetic lines we've found. Their Spill-proof powder container keeps the powder right in its case until you dip into it with a puff. Convenient as it is, you'll find it at five- and ten-cent stores. And you'll find other Lovely Lady products—creams and make-up—that are excellent quality in spite of their low price.**

IF YOU think eye cream is an excessive luxury, just wait until you try Maybelline's new Special Eye Cream! It's marvelous for keeping the sensitive skin around your eyes smooth and fine-textured, preventing "age signs." Simply a little Maybelline Special Eye Cream over your eyelids and around your eyes at night. And you'll find it an excellent "dressing" to give your eyelids a flattering shine by day.

A generous tube of Maybelline Special Eye Cream costs a mere trifle.

**A GREAT big demand has been growing up for a good hair oil that doesn't gunk. Men don't seem to mind whether the dressing they use on their hair makes it look varnished or not, but we women are different. Our outside hair oil mounts every time we use it. You simply apply a few drops to the palms of your hands and rub the hair between them. The result is a luxuriant look, sheer minus in stickiness. And you'll find that your hair falls into soft waves and curls ever so much easier. At Ten-cent stores.**
Cash—and Cary
Continued from page 34

me that whenever I did a good job on the stage or screen I was diverting those thousanda of people down in front of their own troubles by interesting them in mine—my character I portrayed.

"So I determined that no matter what happened to my own private life, I'd try my level best to help those folks forget about themselves for at least as long as they looked at my performance. And I can't tell you what a great deal of satisfaction I've gotten out of that one idea!"

"Don't misunderstand, Ginny," Cary went on, "or run away with the idea that I fondly imagine myself a public benefactor, philanthropist, or what have you. It's true I'm not paid for it—but that follows as a natural course. The better your acting is, the more money, as a consequence, you earn. But that's the same in any business. If you're interested in your work, it's bound to further you, thereby bringing in more money.

And actors, just as human beings in any other walk of life, have the same desires, the same disillusionments and disappointments to contend with. It all boils down to getting the most out of what you have and making as few people unhappy in the doing of it. And if you can add, in any small way, to another's happiness, that's about the best you can do. Phew—we're getting profound, aren't we?"

Cary chortled and just then the director called him back on the set. I watched him as he loped across the stage. "Loped" is really the only way to describe the way Cary walked. Six feet one, tanned as dark as Hindo from his outdoor life at the beach, wearing an old pair of slightly mussed white pants and a not-too-new polo shirt, Cary was a walking movie star. And I must say he doesn't act like one—except in front of the camera. On this particular day, he was crouched down behind it, as a matter of fact, playing with a dog, while Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy enacted the rest of the scene in front of it.

"It's always been a mystery to me," Cary went on, as he flopped down in a chair facing me, the scene finally completed, "how people can feel that money is absolutely essential to happiness. After all, there are only a certain number of things that money can buy. It can assure you of eating more or less regularly, that's true, and it can provide you, possibly, with a more comfortable bed on which to sleep. But all the money in the world can't buy that harmony and contentment which must exist only within yourself."

"I can look back now and think of a hundred instances when I was broke, jobless and all the rest of it. When I was every bit as happy as I am today. I can recall dozens of times, when I've been down to my last dime, spending it on some small luxury and getting that full dime's worth of enjoyment in return, simply and purely because my mental attitude was right."

I know Cary really means this because I remember, when he first came out to Hollywood from New York, how he would sit around for hours with a few of his old cronies and reminisce about their various and sundry escapades. And many a laugh we've all had at his expense, too. Incidentally, Cary enjoys nothing more than a good laugh on himself.

"Right now," Cary continued, seriously, "the thing I'm interested in more than anything else is to perfect myself at my job. I want to be a good actor more than anything in the world. It's much more important to me than accumulating wealth. It wasn't easy for me to leave Paramount, they made it worth my while to stay. They were swell! But I've realized, these past few years, that an actor can only be good if he plays in the type of roles he has faith in. When you're under contract to a large studio, you have to take the good with the bad."

"Besides, I got bored a long time ago with straight leading man parts. And there's nothing that gets a guy down as much as being bored with his job, believe me! I got so darned tired of always having to say nice things, always acting like a perfect gentleman—as you do when you're a leading man. Character parts give an actor much more opportunity to express himself—to be natural."

"And, actually, they're a lot easier. If a director tells me, for instance, to walk across the stage as I would, naturally, I immediately become self-conscious. But if a director tells me to stagger across the stage like a drunk, it's a cinch and I snap right into the role—(one thing!)."

"One thing that really broke my heart was when another studio bought a play I had seen in London and was dying to do. I wanted to do that part more than anything I've wanted in a long time and I begged my studio to buy it. But they were afraid the part (which was a pretty unsympathetic one) would hurt my career and they refused."

I was reminded of another story I'd heard about Cary the other day. A big producer wanted Cary to play in a very important picture, Cary was crazy about the part, although it wasn't the most important one in the film. But the producer happened to be a friend of his and Cary knew he was spending a large sum of money on the rest of the cast.

"You can't afford to have me in the picture in such a small part," Cary told him. "Get someone else to do it for less money."

But the producer insisted. "All right," Cary agreed. "Tell you what—I'll play it for nothing!"

The producer was practically overcome! But of course couldn't agree. Cary finally played the part and the picture was a tremendous success, as Cary had been sure it would be. The point is, however, Cary would have sacrificed any monetary gain to get that part."

"You know, you've got me all upset," Cary said, suddenly, "I don't know what I really would do if I couldn't act any more. I'd be rather badly equipped for any other job after acting for so long. You don't have to be particularly intelligent to be an actor, you know. You just have to have a certain peculiar facility of expression and imagination that is indispensable but pretty hard to acquire. And it isn't particularly adaptable to any other business—unless it's writing."

"Tell you what, Cary," I suggested, "you could write fan magazine stories."

"No thanks!" Cary said, emphatically. "I have enough grief trying to be an actor without taking anything like that on myself. Guess I'll keep on concentrating on acting and not worry about the future."

"The best anyone can do, anyway, when it comes right down to it, is to eat, sleep and be as happy as you can and let the future take care of itself."

And with that sound bit of philosophy, Cary rushed away to his dressing room to change clothes for his next scene. Think I'll try his prescription myself. He certainly seems to be thriving on it!
Now—this new Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Applied right on the Skin—this special Vitamin helps the Skin more directly

"IT'S WONDERFUL," says Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.

one of the first women to use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. "It's wonderful," she says. "My skin is so much brighter—and finer textured. The new cream is even better than before. Congratulations to Pond's—and to all women."

In this new Cream does more for the skin than ever before! It contains a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin."

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. But when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

Here is great news for women! First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. Now everyone can have Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream!

Famous beauty cream now has "Something More"

Pond's Cold Cream has always been more than a cleanser. Patted into the skin, it invigorates it, keeps it clear, soft, free from skin faults.

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

Same jars, same labels, same price

Already this new Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is on sale everywhere.

The cream itself has the same pure white color, the same delightful light texture.

But remember, as you use it, that Pond's Cold Cream now contains the precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to maintain healthy skin—skin that is soft and smooth, fine as a baby's!

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Pond's, Dept. 15-G, Clinton, Conn., Rush special tube of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond's "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 25c to cover postage and packing.

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City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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Sidestepping Romance

Continued from page 51

pretty awful—our harmony doesn’t always harmonize—we have great fun doing it.

"David Niven is a true romantic, who has lived fully and touched life at many thrilling points. Sensitive, sympathetic, and with an amazing understanding, he makes a congenial friend. He’s the kind of man a boy could grow up to be.

One of our chief amusements is to spend an exciting evening pouting out duets on the piano and making up lyrics to go along.

I’ve known Jimmy Stewart my entire companion, though he has plenty of depth and one could unburden one’s heart to him. If Jimmy is your friend you can always depend upon his loyalty, even in an emergency.

Our chief amusements are to spend an exciting evening pouting out duets on the piano and making up lyrics to go along, and within a few minutes he has the entire family playing it. Under Jimmy’s exuberant leadership, it always ends up as an hilarious adventure.

"It’s a wild life, isn’t it?" laughed Virginia. "Of course, there are times when I dress up in my best and go to parties, and to night clubs—I love to dance. But I soon tire of the bright lights, I’ve never outgrown my small-town complex of early to bed."

There are girls friends, too, many of them, with Virginia Cooper, (Mrs. Gary), Dolores Del Rio, Betty Furness among the intimates. But there are few leisure days for her to lunch or go on shopping jaunts with the girls, for besides her career and her Goldwyn-Mayer pictures, she is loaned to other studios, most recently to Twentieth-Century-Fox for "Wife, Doctor and Nurse" in which she is young Loretta Young for Warner Baxter’s love.

One day, when she was a very little girl, back in the home town of Fargo, North Dakota, she and a school chum were leafing through a motion picture magazine, where the friend breathlessly asked, "Why don’t you be a movie star?" Embarrassed, Virginia replied, "Chummy, I’m too fat. First you’ve got to be pretty. Then, you must live in Hollywood to be a screen star."

Despite the suggestion, she never once thought of becoming a star; instead, she dreamed of becoming an artist, and already her funny little sketches were being praised. But life had other plans. Following financial reverses, the family left Fargo and moved to Hollywood; by chance, Virginia met Director William Beaudine, who gave her a screen test, then put her into her first picture, "Exiles." To this day, she wonders how it all happened.

Like a shining thread running through Virginia’s thoughts is an intense desire for happiness. Persistently, she sidesteps all sad situations, because they break her heart. When she finds she has to do something, she immediately makes herself like it because she hates doing things she doesn’t like to do. Naturally, she has a sweet and placid temperament, but there are times when she’s likely to fly off and stage a high-powered scene. But she doesn’t, because it makes her miserable, afterwards. It’s all very simple; avoid unhappiness and you’ll be happy!

Said Virginia, "I used to drift through the days and let things happen as they would; but I discovered that because of so many loose ends, I was wasting precious hours. So, one day, I did a little serious thinking. When we are happily married, plan a party, or even a new dress, we figure how to get the best results from the material at hand. Why not do this with life? Why let it go helterskelter, and become sketchy, instead of filled to the brim?"

"With a little thinking ahead, I now have time for my screen work, and my daughter—Susan Ann was born in August, and we’re so proud of her. But I know, if I fondly hope for her most precious treasure. Also, I have time for my family. We’re a contented household and I feel the intimate contact with the others."

Though still in her early twenties, Virginia has had a full life and many colorless experiences than many women check up at forty. She’s reached a high spot in her career; she’s known the thrill of an active, John Gilbert in that respect. Virginia is a stunning figure, so all in all it’s rather exciting, and believe it or not, everything works out most happily, without fret or worry.

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a damp California day. She had on a baby-blue chiffon afternoon gown, an enormous pink horsehair hat which didn't spare the bows, and PINK SATIN SHOES! Add to all this the fact that she was more than plump, and you have the German star, Marlene Dietrich.

Seeing her in the set of "Angel," her current picture, in flowing black chiffon and transparent black picture hat, which allows the sunlight to filter through in such a manner that it picks up the gold powder which she uses in her makeup, one can't help but feel that if a metamorphosis such as this can be accomplished in such a comparatively short space of time, there's hope for all and sundry.

To fully appreciate Marlene's advice to the glamour-seeker, it's necessary to have the wearing-on topic of those trousers she affected. She was sincere in adopting this fashion. She likes the freedom such clothes afford. As she says: "Women's fashions are always changing, and it is so much trouble to bother about my personal wardrobe as well as my studio clothes, that it seemed to be a simple solution of the problem. I've never worn them outside of Hollywood, and Hollywood has such a country-like air, they seemed appropriate."

But you will notice that Marlene now wears the usual trimly tailored suits, but with frilly feminine blouses. So Marlene, like our sage Emerson, has learned the secret of good taste, which she passes along to you: MODERATION. So all youse little caterpillars who yearn to be butterflies with powdered gold, watch out for extreme fashions.

And now in our journey down the soigne, we come to that Gorgeously Gamine, Carole Lombard. Somehow no matter how superbly she slithers across the screen, one can always detect that mischievous glint in her eye, that theoretical tongue in cheek, which is the Carole her friends know; the Carole of the whooping laugh, the fun-loving, life-loving gamine.

Barrmore was the man in Lombard's life who brought out the real Lombard, and not the imitation. Along about 1926 Hollywood nightcappers began to notice a young blonde dynamo dancing her light-hearted way to an easy victory in the Charleston contests so popular then. But...
those coveted cups went for a very serious purpose. For Mrs. Peter's little lass, Jane, would arise bright and early the morning after each contest and vend her way to that "Uncle," where her name had been exchanged for the realm, and such coin was again exchanged for clothes.

At this period, Peggy Hopkins Joyce was Carole's idea of sartorial elegance, and she assuredly wished for the dress. What matter if Carole's black satin was not quite so lustrous, nor so enticingly heavy? What matter if her pearls were by Woolworth rather than Carre? What matter if the tree was not as large, wasn't it? And they were worn in the true Joyce manner, for dressed thusly, Lombard was Joyce.

Fortunately, when her next ideal crossed her horizon, she had more of the well-known wherewithal to buy the stuff girls are made of. For by now she was a Mack Bennett, a thing paid for by the Christmas tree. But her sense of humor apparently conquered, for next we see her as the Tailored Woman, the Ruthe Chatterton influence. This style was to get a becoming, but unfortunately Carole was such a perfect mimic that her friends began to look around for Chatterton whenever Carole spoke, and she's too much of an individualist to want to be completely lost in another identity.

So when Barrymore asked for her to do "Twentieth Century" with him, Carole was temporarily without benefit of any outstandingly different personality whose color she could take on. (Sounds like Carole the Chameleon, doesn't it?) But all was not lost, for Hepburn hit Hollywood about this time.

However, she reckoned without Barrymore, for here was an actor who had dealt with women of the theater from way back, and the first day on the set, he said:

"Miss Hepburn, come here a moment."

"You mean me?" intoned Carole most conversationally.

"Yes, you! Why don't you be yourself? I wanted Lombard, that grand trouper, for this picture, and that! An imitation Hepburn. Just remember you're a distinct personality. You don't need anyone else. You've got everything."

Then, with a smile which would do the most good, which brought forth Carole's old gladness, he continued:

"Now, remember, from now on, be yourself."

And that finished the saga of a siren, for Carole has found herself as the real Carole Lombard, and not an imitation.

Speaking of May 1939, when you've seen Fay Wray recently? There's one of the most startling changes of all. Fay Wray speaking?

Ten years ago when I was doing 'Legion of the Condemned,' I thought of a clothes as a necessary evil. Something annoying, which took precious time away from my work. So I just always wore a blue suit of some sort. I did this until it had become sort of a uniform, and people would say: 'There goes that girl in the blue suit again."

"But that picture was the turning point in my life. I met my husband on it. He wrote it, you know. It even changed my ideas on the little blue suit numbers. Like every creative artist (John Monk Saunders), is interested in the drama of women's clothes. He even likes red fingernails, she added, laughing. "He's not one of those husbands who believe their wives should wear black with white collars, because they look ladylike. I strongly suspect he doesn't even care whether or not I do look ladylike, as long as I look interesting."

But somehow she always manages to look the perfect lady, even the dignified grand lady, despite her pocket size.

"At the time I went in for that blue suit routine, I had a blue suit personality. If anyone spoke to me, Iammered and stuttered and I only felt really at ease when actually working before the camera. I was looking at some stills from that picture recently, and I actually look like my own grandmother. Wait—I'll show them to you. Get the hairdress. That was what I thought a spy would do with her hair."

Her naivete would fool you until you realize what a clever gal the new Wray is. She's reached the acme of cleverness as a hostess. She makes you babble! Yes,
Great Lover

Continued from page 63

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Ferdinand von Schoenbauer is brought to Hollywood from Vienna, where he is a success on the stage, by an agent, Fuller—chiefly because Fuller’s wife is sure he’ll be “a discovery.” Ferdinand, whose last name is changed to Greenwood, gets a small part in a film largely because Hilda Drake, Fuller’s secretary, who is greatly attracted to the modest and handsome foreigner, keeps at her employer to do something for the actor. With hopes high, Ferdinand and Hilda go to the sneak preview, only to find that his scenes have been eliminated from the picture. Broken hearted, for this failure means Ferdinand must go back to Vienna a failure, he takes Hilda to her home. There the girl confesses to her mother that she loves Ferdinand, and the mother sympathetically advises her to do her utmost to make Fuller give the actor another chance.

girl—“She burst into wild weeping. “I don’t know what’s the matter with me,” she cried against his chest. “I’ve turned into a regular wailing wall.” When the fit was spent, he dried her face with his handkerchief. “What a child it is—smaller than Anammarie. See—so I make her to laugh.” Two fingers became a pair of long ears on either side of his head. His nostrils quivered. His lips munched contentedly. Despite herself, a faint giggle escaped Hilda, even as she sniffed. He was a pinknosed rabbit to the life.

“Doyou know any more like that?” she gulped.

“Many. All that the Zoopark contains.” He looked cautiously about—“Do they give here tickets for madness as for speeding”—and dropped on all fours. Head down, he lumbered past her, a clumsy bear, regarding the world out of sullen eyes. Then, in one supplæ movement, he folded his limbs beneath him, a tiger, wary-eyed, on the watch for prey. Slowly he rose to his forelegs, bared his teeth and snarled. Now he flung his head up, straightened his back, his limbs seemed to grow long and delicate, his neck arched, he picked his way daintily through a forest, paused in fright at the rustle of a dead leaf, and loped away.

“With the speed of an antelope,” cried Hilda, as he rejoined her on the bench.

“What else cans you do?”

“Perhaps mademoiselle is hungry? It will astonish you how one can fill the stomach when there is no food.” He plucked a napkin from the air and spread it over her lap, another over his own. He offered her a plate. “A peach, if you please. I myself gathered them in the orchard this morning, while you still slept.” He took one for himself and peeled it carefully, laying each non-existent paring on his non-existent plate. Then he set the plate aside, held his imaginary napkin under his imaginary peach, and took a bite. “Him—a little over-ripe, perhaps.” He thrust his head forward, that the napkin might catch the juice, and continued eating, turning the fruit round and round, he progressed, and finally holding the pit in three fingers to nip off the last morsel. Finished, he flung the peachstone from him, touched the napkin to his lips, and wiped his hands vigorously.

“So, I have eaten better.”

Hilda’s eyes shone. “Shaybar,” she breathed. “Who ever told you you were the romantic type?”

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TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SCREENLAND 75
Brows and shoulders lifted. "Who has told you you were a secretary? It happened, but in words—only the Fuller." "Did you ever play comics?"
"But no. With what?"
"With this—that you've just been showing me."
He took her face between his hands. "Lieling, this is for children—a pastime, a fun—not for the stage." Weasiness shadily his eyes. His hands dropped. "We have been playing, Hilda. There is little time left for play. Let us not cheat ourselves to think there is hope for us here together. For myself, I want no chance. I want no shockbox, I will eat sand to stay with you here and be happy. For them, I cannot."
She rose. "All right, Shaybar. Let's go."

She entered the living-room where her mother sat reading. Mrs. Drake threw her a quick glance, then dropped her eyes back to her book.
"Guess I'll go to bed. Mom, I'm tired."
"Good-night, darling."
"G'night."
She was at the door. "Oh, Hilda. Good heavens, I almost forgot. Mrs. Fuller phoned."
Hilda whirled. "Mrs. Fuller?"
"That's what she said. Wanted you to call her, no matter what time you got in."
The number on the phoneline.
Hilda stepped into the cathedral-like garage of the hotel where Elaine Fuller had taken refuge from the persecutions of her husband. On the phone the night before, Elaine had called to ask for Miss Warwick. She had registered under an assumed name. She didn't want Joe to know where she was.
Mrs. Fuller, a vision in orchid against plaid pillow, extended a suffering hand.
"My dear, this is sweet of you. Pull up that chair and sit down close beside me, won't you? You must be terribly surprised finding me here and having me send for you like this."
"If I weren't so miserable, Hilda was thinking, 'I'd be having an elegant time.
"Now I'm going to tell you the whole story so you'll see what I'm up against. You know, I sacrificed my career to marry Joe. Mind you, I'm not saying word against him. In fact, man, Joe's got a good head on his shoulders, but he don't understand the finer things of life. That's where he fails down—in the finer things. And things that are going to help him—where we both have to help him."
She leaned forward and spoke in solemn accents. "I want you to tell Joe that you met me accidentally on the street, and you know for a fact I'm going to Reno."
"How will that help him to appreciate the finer things of life?" asked Hilda gravely.
"I'll scare him into it, see? Joe's nuts about me. Look, here's the thing, honey. Down in Honolulu I found a guy—an artist—she amended the living room. Joe is an artist. What you physique! I wanted to bring him along, but he wouldn't come without a contract. They're getting good and cagy down there, those natives, instead of appreciating me, they've got to take in them. Anyway, I told him Joe would fix him up, gave him my word and all. And what happens? Joe refuses."
"Mr. Fuller, do you have another idea. Will you listen and then, if you still like yours better, O.K. The reason I think it may not work so well is this. Something came up yesterday. His way up like a cat among bricabrac—something happened that made Mr. Fuller tell me you'd left him and might be going to Reno. He was heartbroken on the spot of that—but he was terribly angry too. He said, whatever happened, he was going to run the office himself—"
"He did!"
"Yes, but look, Mrs. Fuller. Don't you think he's a man who ought to be led, not driven?
"Wasn't it you who discovered Ferdinand Greenwood? I mean, that man from Vienna with the long German name—Elaine's eyes turned him. "That's just the trouble. If I hadn't messed around with him—Joe says he's a washout. That's why he won't—"
"Suppose you could prove he wasn't a washout. Don't you see, Mrs. Fuller? Then you'd have your handle. Then your husband would have to admit you knew how to pick men. Rod Howlith or anybody else would be a cinch." Hilda had the grace to blush inwardly as she dug pitfalls for her unsuspecting boss. But that was all right. He could take care of himself. Her Shaybar couldn't."
There was a long pause. Then: "What makes you so sure this guy's going to be a hit?"
Hilda lifted a guileless gaze. Her smile was lovely. "First, because you picked him. And then, by the audience reaction he got."
"And what's this scheme of yours? How do we work it?"
A stab of elation set Hilda's head whirling. She pulled her chair closer. "Here's how."
On her way to the office she stopped in at Ferdinand's room and poured out her story. "Yes, I know it's mad, darling, but do it for me. What can we lose? Will you ask me to kiss you? I still feel a little shy about asking you." Then she phoned to her mother. She reached the office at 10:30.
"Taking a day off?" Fuller asked, but his heart wasn't in it. "As a matter of fact, I've been making arrangements to throw a party for you. Will you come to dinner at my house tonight?
His eyes stretched to capacity. "Well—that's mighty nice of you. But why the sudden rush?"
"I expect Mrs. Fuller."
"You—what?"
She nodded, and held his wild gaze unflinchingly. "I think she'd like to see you."
"Then why'n she come here?" he shouted. "I was asking you."
"Well—you know—women are funny that way. They've got crazy notions about dignity or something."
"He's crazy, I doubt if she ever get hold of her?"
"That's something I promised not to tell. I couldn't break my word to Mrs. Fuller," she said softly, "any more than I could to you."
"All right, all right, all right, don't talk so much. Where's the house? What time? Put it down, put it down. Remind me, What the hell do I pay you for anyway?—"
Robbie, who came by the day or whenever she was needed, showed Elaine into the basement. She took off her glasses and a little nervous. She kissed Hilda, murmured: "So glad—" to Mrs. Drake, extended a gracefully drooping hand to Ferdinand. "Dear Herr Baron. So we meet again?"
Hilda threw him a startled glance. She could scarcely contain herself till her mother and kid from Elaine from the basement and led him to remove her wraps. She pounced on him.
"What did she call you?"
He flushed. "She called me nonsense."
"Listen, if you're a king or something, you'd better tell me right now. I'm carrying just about as much suspense as I can handle."
"I hope, I have no shame for my family's title. But here I am Ferdinand Greenwood.
Everything else is stupid. They think you are—phony, yes—or they think you pretentious—

"They think you're a darling, And you've taken a load off my mind. Imagine me prancing around as the Baroness Hilda—"

The doorbell rang as Mrs. Drake and Elaine re-entered the room. Ferdinand squeezed Hilda's hand and vanished. Her knees threatened to give way. She heard Fuller's voice, and her mother's, greeting him. Through a blur she saw him advance, and tried to move forward but couldn't. Elaine came to the rescue.

"Hello, Joe." How meltingly Elaine could smile, "We thought we'd fix you up a little surprise."

"Surprise is right." But the ice had thawed from his eyes. He put his arm around his wife's shoulders and held her at his side. The first crisis was over. Hilda breathed more easily. "Mighty nice of you to go to all this bother, Mrs. Drake."

Hilda sent her mother an imploring glance. ("Pull the gracious hostess act for all you're worth," she had warned her earlier. "Else he'll take one snippet at Shaybar, and the jig's up. You'll have to keep him subdued.")

"It was good of you to come, Mr. Fuller. I know from Hilda what a busy man you are, and this was such short notice. I must thank you for all your kindness to my daughter. She finds life so—stimulating in your office—"

Ferdinand tripped in, bearing a tray of cocktails. Rounded his waist a flimsy white apron was tied, and a lace trille adorned his head, which was cocked at a coy angle. His lashes were demurely lowered. As he crossed the room, his hips moved to a rhythm that suggested the swirling of short skirts. Fuller half rose—

Mrs. Drake's voice came bland but firm.

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If red, chapped hands could only talk after Washing Windows

**WE'RE PROUD TO BE HIS HONEYMOON HANDS**

**HINDS**

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

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"Oh, please don't bother. Ferdinand will manage—"

He presented the tray to the Fullers.

"You!" said Elaine. Lips set, Joe picked up a glass. Ferdinand whisked a napkin from the tray and, with a murmured "Mon-sieur," draped it over Fuller's knee. He minced across the room to Hilda and her mother. He started for the door and paused midway, rooted to the ground. All blushing confusion, he tucked into what would have been his bosom, had he been a woman, a bit of straying lingerie. He fled to the door in an agony of shyness, turned with a swift change of mood, fluttered his lashes at the fascinated Fuller and disappeared.

Joe addressed his wife. "Very funny—"

"Of course it's very funny. But I presume you're too stubborn to admit it."

Robbie stood in the doorway. "Dinner is served."

Five places were laid. They had started on their chilled melon before the fifth diner entered. He sauntered in, a cane under his arm, a monocle in his eye. As he removed what might have been from his air a tophat and an opera cloak, and drew off a pair of imaginary gloves, his gaze wandered round the room, stretching it to more spacious proportions, peopling it with a larger assemblage.

He surrendered his outer garments to an attendant, letting his stick drop unheeded to the floor, moved toward the fifth chair, became for a flash the obsequious waiter, pulling it out, then again the gentleman of fashion, dropping into it.

He scanned first the menu, then the wine list, gave his order in French—including an elaborate manual explanation of how he wanted the salad mixed—and sat back to survey the scene. Elaine was watching in frank admiration. Hilda's glance stole from her boss to Shaybar and back. Fuller made
a dogged pretense at conversation with Mrs. Drake, but try as he would, he couldn't keep his eyes from straying.

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James Ellison and Marsha Hunt are a romantic team in a new film, "Annapolis Salute," all "locations" for which were shot at the U.S. Naval Academy.

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Hilda and Ferdinand were saying good night at the door that had witnessed so many of their good nights and would witness so few more. They had left the tumult and shouted behind them. They had included the way through the crowd, where searchlights had glared and flashlights had popped. "There he is," a boy had cried. "There's the funny guy." And Ferdinand had winked his first autograph book.

"Oh, Mr. Greenwood, you were too, too delicious," a woman had cooed, and his first fan kiss had been planted on Ferdinand's cheek. He'd been pumped by the hand and slapped on the back and he'd smiled until his face ached.Flushed with triumph, Elaine had dragged him off to meet her friends. "I found him," she'd squealed a hundred times. "I spotted him in Vienna. First time I saw him, I said to Joe, I said:

---

"There's a comic, if ever I saw one." Didn't I, Joe?" Yeah," said Joe.

At length they had escaped. Feeling in his pocket, Ferdinand drew out a folded cabaret, a silver four-leaved clover came with it. He touched the charm to his lips, smiling, and slipped it back. The cable he gave to Hilda.

She scanned it and gave it back. "Trans- late, please!"

"Well, it says what for do I marry this funny girl, and better I go back to Vienna. "Better you stop being cute and read me that cable!"

He looked down at it and shook his head. "They think you are nice. Why, nobody knows."

Only nice? I'm marvelous. What else does it say?"

"It says: 'Gott segne dich und deine Braut'-God bless you and your bride. Ich freue mich und sehne euch—alas we sail on the tenth——'

"Falter mutter Anamaria—I can translate that myself.

She began drawing spirals on his chest. "Darling, are you sure you're not the least bit disappointed? Not even a little bit?"

"For what?"

"Well—maybe I shouldn't mention it—after all—you'll have a chance now to be the great lover."

His smile held something warmer than amusement as he drew her toward him. "Who tells you this?"

"Mister Herr Baron von Ferdinand Shyab—" But the rest was lost against his lips.

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**SCREENLAND**

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**S C R E E N L A N D**
Personality Portrait of Bette Davis

Continued from page 29

him than anything else at that time, as now.

But—one minute after he gave up his own

career he had another. No idea “husband

of the star” position for young Harmon

Nelson. Now he is succeeding with a mu-

sical agency—and has had successful screen

tests, besides. I wouldn't be a bit surprised

if he made a very big place for himself on

the screen. It seems to me he has both the

looks and the personality to go over.

The Harmon Nelsons live in a very com-

fortable and delightful house in Holly-

wood. They have a new place in the coun-

ty, too. Their town house isn't at all the

sort of place you'd expect a star to live in.

That's where Bette's double life comes in.

She isn't a star at home.

At home she is a housewife and a

hostess. And such a good one. She doesn't

entertain a lot. No wild Hollywood parties

to all. Nor even parties that are faint

echoes of Hollywood parties. If you go
to dinner there will be just one or two other

guests in and the house will be gay with

flowers—but that is the only party touch.

And I have an idea the flowers are there

even when there isn't any company.

The house is furnished with livable things,

Bright chintzes. Lots of books. Chairs that

are comfortable. The two dogs around their

home are Bette's dogs and Harmon's dogs—and

they are well trained and come to you only

after you show your fondness for dogs.

The servants are well trained, too, and

unobtrusive—not at all typical Hollywood

servants. I'm glad to report that the cook is

good.

At home Bette is wise and clever. Good

company. She and Harmon, by their very

happiness and congeniality, may destroy

some of the glamor that is supposed to be

around a famous woman star; but they

create something far better than glamor—
a sense of a wise enjoyment of life.

But at the studio! There you have the

other Bette!

I don't mean that she goes around cold

and haughty—or in a towering rage. No-

thing like that! She's far too clever. But try
to put something over on her. Or try to

do something she doesn't like. That flash

of lightning isn't even the studio's imitation

of lightning—it's Bette showing you

that underneath the calm exterior be

tires. She's protecting herself—and I, for

one, am awfully glad that she is able to

do it.

Bette has less false pride than any girl I

know. Most stars are self-worshippers. Con-

ceited. Frankly Narcissistic. Bette doesn't

care much about clothes—though she likes
to look well—and her coloring is so ex-

quisite and her figure so good she looks

pretty slick in anything she wears. But she
doesn't go in for exotic clothing—and she

doesn't think she's an exhibit of how a

girl ought to look.

And when a part calls for looking badly

—Bette will go any lengths to look as

badly as possible. That's the artist in her.

She howls in derision at the star who has

just been through a wreck or an illness—

and insists on being perfectly groomed. In

“Marked Woman,” when Bette was sup-
poused to have been beaten up, she did

a large part of the make-up herself—and

she looked beaten—and most horribly so.

She took special delight in the scar on her

face. When she's supposed to be a girl in

prison or in a reform school she looks like

that girl—and not like a pretty star who

is just pretending. And yet—when she is

supposed to look beautiful she's glad enough

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...of the chance—and you know how she comes up on that.

While I was working at the Warner Brothers Studio—and I'm just this minute back from California—I was fortunate enough to see a lot of interesting articles, knowing she was one of the treats of being in California. I met her on the lot—and almost immediately we were laughing over the same joke. This was a pretty good way to begin a friendship. After that we had such good times, tea in the Warner Commissary, luncheon in the Green Room, dinners in my apartment in the Chateau Elysee. The last I saw of her was just a couple of days before I left California, when Lawrence Riley, author of "Personal Appearance," and I, took her over to the Vendome. Going into the restaurant, where we arrived in the very special Riley car, an English Swallow convertible, two men who always stand around the door of the Vendome paled little attention to us. Their eyes were on the Swallow. But, when luncheon was over, they had eyes for people instead of cars and made the usual lunge for autographs.

Riley didn't take the autograph hunters seriously. He signed William Shakespeare and Hila Walpole, with a fine disregard for facts, knowing, as I did, that the autograph of a mere author is of no value. Bette Davis smiled graciously and seemed actually glad of the various books that were thrust at her. I asked her if she LIKED to sign them. So many stars are so rude to autograph getters. "It's a damn shame. I have things I must have wanted when I started out," she said. "And think how badly I'd feel if no one did want my autograph."

"And what about the apartment we talked about a lot of things. Happiness, Life."

"Do you think Success and a Career interfere with marriage?" I asked her. The old question.

Bette was looking so pretty—and young—and careless. In pastel sport clothes you'd never have thought that the burdens that go with stardom could possibly rest on her golden curls.

"If they do interfere it is because the person who has succeeded is too dull for success," she said. "It's a combination of career and marriage. A hard job. I like hard jobs."

"What do you do about it?"

"One thing," she said. "I forget, when I'm off the lot, that I'm a star. I don't want stardom home with me. I take it off with my stage make-up. Of course I worry sometimes about things—about a part or things going wrong at the studio. But I try to keep the worry to myself. The right sort of men don't bring their business troubles home. Harmon married a girl—not a career."

"But he gave up his career for you!"

"One of them. He has another. That boy has more than one small idea in his brain. He could make a success in a drab field!"

There was real pride there.

"You didn't mind him giving it up?"

"Why should I? We talked it over. My success was important to us both. But our happiness was the main thing. We were happier together—so he arranged things so we are together. That's all."

It was so simple—the way she put it. And yet I've seen marriage worked on so much less.

But at the studio, when Better Davis goes into her second personality, the glamorous girl—petulant star—she isn't thinking anything of her happy home life. She knows the wolves that hang around movie scenes and she has a way of keeping them at bay.

There are the rival stars—in the same pictures, who try to steal scenes. Bette gets in a very human rage against them.

*Pat Paterson leans toward tailored smartness in a turquoise wool suit trimmed with black Persian. *
Career Girls

Continued from page 31

It really was funny, Jean thought as she slammed the door behind her, that of all the girls in the Footlights Club she should have been picked as roommate for the two worst duels in it. First, Linda who had moved in with another girl after a fight that morning when Jean had caught her wearing her last pair of good stockings; and now this new girl Terry. And a phony if ever she saw one, Jean vowed.

Linda was powdering her nose at the mirror in the hall as unconcernedly as though Mr. Powell's car hadn't been announced waiting for her almost half an hour ago. She must be feeling awfully sure of herself, Jean thought resentfully, to keep the great Powell, the biggest manager on Broadway, waiting. Most of the girls would have given anything they had for a chance to see Powell. But then they wanted jobs, an honest chance in the theatre, not the diamond bracelet and sable coat Linda flaunted in front of them. And Terry was another

STAGE DOOR

An RKO Radio Pictures Production

CAST

Terry Randall—Katharine Hepburn
Jean Maitland—Ginger Rogers
Anthony Powell—Adolphe Menjou
Linda Shore—Gail Patrick
Miss Luther—Constance Collier
Kay Hamilton—Andrea Leeds
Randall—Samuel B. Hinds
Judith Cochard—Lucille Ball
Carmichael—Pierre Watkin
Annie—Ann Miller

Produced by Pandro S. Berman.
Directed by Gregory LaCava.
Based upon the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.
Screenplay by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller.

Linda, Jean decided impulsively, with her doreen trunks and Paris clothes.

"Need you be reminded that Mr. Powell's car is waiting without?" she demanded flippantly.

"If you were a nicer girl, maybe Mr. Powell would send his car for you some day," Linda etched glamorous lips over her own somewhat nondescript ones. "You know, I think I can fix you up with his chauffeur, he has an awfully nice car too."

"Yes," Jean grinned, "but I understand that the chauffeur doesn't go as far in his car as Mr. Powell does."

"Even a chauffeur has to have incentive," Linda closed her bag with a sharp clip. "Well, I hope you enjoy your lamb stew again tonight. I'll be thinking of you while I'm dining on pheasant borderlaise."

"Well, be sure not to eat the bones and give yourself away!" Jean shouted after her, and then she saw Kitty Hamilton coming in, drooping a little and trying hard to pull herself together when she saw the other girl standing there.

"It's just one of those days," Kay said wearily. "Let's sit down and have a good cry."

"All right, cry on my shoulder," Jean could be tender with someone she liked as well as Kay. "I'm going to bathe anyhow."

"No casting today," Kay said slowly. "If you leave your name and number we'll get in touch with you. Mr. Powell is not seeing anyone until the end of the week, last week and the week before and the week before

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that, Somewhere, somehow I had the idea that I was a pretty good actress."
"Come on, shake out of it," Jean shook her gently. "Who got all those raves notices a year ago?"
"That was a year ago," Kay looked uncomfortable as Mrs. Orcutt crossed the hall, for she owed three weeks' back rent with no prospect of paying her. "I don't know why I'm selling. There's nothing I can do and nobody I can go back to—except somebody I'll never go back to.
"Listen, you don't have to go back to anybody," Jean, "you are the only good actress in the club. Something's bound to come your way. Now look. Kay. I don't like to but into your private affairs, but if it's a matter of money..."

"Oh, Jean," Kay said wildly, "I've got to get that part in 'Enchanted April.' It's me, it's my life, no one else can play that part. I belong in it. I've got to get it. It just can't be otherwise. I've got to, I've—" Then suddenly and without warning she slipped to the floor and hid her face in Jean's lap.

From the beginning of Kay's confidence in herself that left her definitely on the fringe of things at the Footlights Club. All the others had always known hard necessity about their own way. Terry thought she was doing that when she had gone against her father's wishes and insisted on a stage career for herself. But at least her father was the knowledge that she could go home again. So she could be glit about ideals and integrity. Of course it didn't mean anything to her when Jean sold out. She had done an impression and danced because they'd gotten jobs in the chorus of a night club.

To her, that was a lessening in ideals. To them, it was food and lodging over their heads. Failure had never meant more than a word to her. The others lived with the fear of it day and night.

So when Terry had flung them that challenge that she was not Powell if she tried they locked her up on it eagerly. If she lost it meant she would take them all to lunch. But it wasn't the lunch that made them hope she would lose.

Kay had an appointment that day with Powell, to read the part in "Enchanted April." It had seemed too good to be true—and it was the drive to make confidently toward the reception desk the office girl looked up and said that some unexpected business had forced the manager to cancel the appointment.

For a moment Kay stared at her unbelieving. She had used up all the courage that was left to her in those other days when she studied and down the length of Broadway, and there was none for her now when she needed it most of all. Her lips parted as if she was going to say something, but only a small cry came as her knees buckled under her and she fell.

Terry saw her lying on the couch in the reception room where she came in.

"The doctor called it malnutrition." One of the girls had turned bitterly to Terry. "That's Latin for not eating. All she needs is some good meals. Try and get 'em, and a good long rest. It's all done with. That Powell in there, he's a great guy. Breaks an appointment with an actress so he can have his shoes shined."

Terry's eyes widened and for a moment she stood in the office. Then her small chin went up and she walked across the floor, past the protesting girl at the desk, and into Powell's office.

"What are you going to barricade yourself behind doors and refuse to see people?" she demanded. "Why, the greatest actress in the world might be sitting there and you'd have no chance. Do you know a girl just fainted in your outer office because you broke an appointment with her?"

Fredrick Perry, 34 years of age, President of the American Meter Company, had just been awarded a gold watch for his outstanding service in the First World War. Perry was a graduate of Harvard College and had served as an officer in the American Expeditionary Forces in Europe. His company was one of the leading manufacturers of meters and electrical equipment in the United States. Perry was a strong advocate of American industrial growth and had been a vocal supporter of the country's war efforts. He was known for his leadership and his commitment to improving the quality of life for Americans. Perry's award was a tribute to his dedication and his contributions to the nation. His achievements had earned him the respect and admiration of his peers. Perry was a respected figure in the business world and was highly regarded for his vision and his drive. He was a man of great integrity and had a deep sense of patriotism. Perry's award was a fitting recognition of his contributions to the country and to the industry.
good. That day a few weeks ago when Powell had come into the room where she was rehearsing, she had seen his eyes light up in quick interest, and she had been gladdened by his interest. Even before she knew, she had guessed that he was interested. Even before he knew, he had seen that she was interested.

Powell was busier than he had been, he wasn’t able to take her to dinner so often; and Linda was the first to tell her that he had been lunching with another girl at the Colony.

Terry wondered when the message came from Powell asking that she come to his apartment to discuss a part in his new play.

"Are you sure you brought me up here to discuss this play?" she looked at him with level uncompromising eyes. "I happen to be a suspicious person.

Powell smiled. So this was the girl he had been interested in his new show. If he hadn’t needed the backing so desperately he would have asked her on her way. That scene in his office still rankled.

"Wouldn’t you like to see your name blazing across the horizon in letters that big?" he parried.

"It’s got to be a good-sized sign. I’m used to that." Terry leaned towards him. "So is Jean Maitland. Are you in love with her?" she demanded suddenly, and then as he shrugged his shoulders, "I thought so."

"She’s just a little girl in whom I took an interest," Powell laughed depreciatingly. "As a matter of fact she’s becoming something of a pest. Anyway, what has she got to do with this? Do you want the part or don’t you?"

"How do you know I can act?" Terry asked quietly.

"After all, I saw you perform in my office," he smiled.

"I wasn’t performing that day." Terry’s eyes darkened.

He felt uncomfortable and was glad of the opportunity to get away when the buzzer sounded at the door. Terry heard Jean’s voice then, torn halting between anger and tears, and Powell’s voice suddenly hard.

As Jean’s quick footsteps hurried toward her, Terry sank in front of the divan. "If she was ever going to act, she thought, this was the time to begin. Now, when she could still save Jean from this infatuation."

"You'd better hide your face!" The tears had gone from Jean’s voice leaving only the anger as she looked at Terry. "You

---

New Cream brings to Women the Active "Skin-Vitamin"

DOCTORS have known for some time that a certain vitamin is particularly beneficial to the skin. When we eat foods that contain it, this vitamin helps to keep skin healthy.

Then doctors applied this vitamin right to the skin in cases of wounds and burns—and found it healed the skin more quickly! This is the “skin-vitamin” that you now get in Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Always good for flaky skin, Pond’s Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for a powder base and overnight softener.

But now, this cream is even better for the skin. Use it for helping your skin in every way. Its use makes the skin smoother, softer, softerens lines; best of all, gives the whole skin a livelier, glowing look!

The same jars, same labels, same price

The new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream is on sale everywhere.

Remember—it now contains the precious “skin-vitamin.” Not the “sunshine” vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not “irradiated.” But the vitamin that especially helps to keep skin health.

S M O O T H S
R O U G H N E S S  A W A Y

The same jars, same labels, same price

The new Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream is on sale everywhere.

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S M O O T H S
R O U G H N E S S  A W A Y

NEW CREAM! TRY IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

Pond’s Dept. 38-VL, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s new “skin-vitamin” Vanishing Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond’s “skin-vitamin” Creams and 3 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 5c to cover postage and packing.

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cheating, double-dealing, double-dyed—"

"Darling," Terry looked up at her imploringly, "I didn't know what I was doing."

"My own roommate," Jean was shouting now, "and you preach ideals, so you can chisel when my back is turned. Well, you can take your old red fox cape, and I'll never borrow another thing from you as long as I live!" She flung the cape to the floor and turned to Powell. "I hope you two snakes will be very happy together. I thought I was in love, but I didn't make my mistake now. I only went out with you in the first place to spite Linda."

The door slammed behind her, and suddenly Terry was convulsed with laughter.

"It’s not funny at all," Powell was irritated. "What do you suppose she thinks?"

"Exactly what I want her to think," Terry said slowly, "you see, I happen to like her."

"She won’t like you very much after this," the man protested.

"She’ll see the light in time," Terry shrugged. "Anyway, I wanted to show you I can act."

"You’re a faker."

"We’re both fakers," Terry agreed. "But you’re a bigger one than I am. This young man is your son, isn’t he?" She held out the photograph of the boy on the desk. "He must be a lot older than you think because this photograph has been used to advertise a certain military academy for a great many years."

"How did you know?" the man demanded.

"My brother went to that academy," she said lightly as she picked up the other photograph. "And this lady, whom you pretend is yours, has done a lot of posing for powder ads, hasn’t she?"

Suddenly Powell found himself liking her.

"My dear, you’ve broken up a very convenient marriage!" he laughed—and held out his hand.

"I think we understand each other," she agreed gracefully.

It was Kay who kept the rest of the girls from making a scene when they knew Terry had gotten the part in "Enchanted April."

"It wasn’t my part just because I wanted to do it," Kay tried to smile. "Last year I took a part away from another girl who wanted it almost as much as I did, and there’s enough heartbeat in the theatre without our hating each other."

And so Terry went on with her rehearsals. It was harder than she had thought it would be, those rehearsals. For the first time doubt of herself crept into her thoughts. Ann Luther, an actress of the old school where she had asked to coach her, believed in her. Terry had need of her confidence when she saw the incredulous glances exchanged over her acting and she held on to it even when Powell left the theatre in disgust after a rehearsal. But it was only on opening night that she really despised. Somehow she saw then what she had refused to see before, that she wasn’t really an actress.

Desperately she was going over her lines in her room before going to the theatre and it was then the door opened and Kay came into the room.

"The doctor told you to stay in bed," Terry stormed, almost dropping the flowers she held, but Kay only smiled. "How do you expect me to stay in bed with all this excitement going on?" she asked. And then quickly, "Terry, may I make a suggestion? The way you handle the flowers, I always felt they would hold them as she would a child, and when she says, ‘in memory of something that has died,’ she means—"

"Kay, you know this play!" Terry said.

"It’s not a play," Kay turned away to hide the quick tears. "It really happened. It happened to someone I know. Terry, this was the first time for the first time Terry said, and she was almost like resentment crept into her voice, ‘this isn’t just your night. It’s my night, too. You’ve got to be a success tonight. You’ve got to give a great performance. No matter what happens."

Afterward Terry was to know what Kay meant; afterward just before the curtain went up and Jean found her in dressing room and told her that Kay was dead.

"She jumped before we could stop her!" Jean cried wildly. "She was lying there all bunched in the raincoat she was wearing. It was Kay’s coat. It was Kay’s life. Now it’s too late, she’s dead. Kay who never harmed anyone. And all because you haven’t a heart. Because you’re only a faker!"

"I’m going out of sight for tonight and every line you read I’m going to say that should be Kay’s line and every move you make, I’m going to say that should be Kay’s."

"I’m not going on," Terry said dully as the door closed behind Jean. "Why didn’t someone tell me? I’d have given up thousand-pound party rather than have this happen!"

"Are you going to let Kay down?" Ann Luther’s face was twisting. "You’ve got to give the performance she wanted you to give. You’re the only one who can make her feel, you may bring her peace."

Then somehow Terry was on the stage and the curtain was lifting, and after that first black moment Terry was seeing in the familiar lines she had rehearsed so often. But it was different from all the other times she had said them, for now there was poignancy in every move where before there had been stiffness, and her words came simply and heartbreakingly where before they had been meaningless on her lips. She felt the audience reach out to her, felt the stillness that told the others that a star was being made. But only Terry knew it was Kay who was walking so slowly across the stage, the Kay who knew the meaning of those words.

And afterward when the house broke into long applause a man sat silent in his seat. He had been pointed out when he came into the theatre and people had whispered, "The wheat king," and had looked at him enviously.

But Henry Sims had failed for the first time in his life. The money he had poured into the play would yield an enormous profit, the money he had thought he was throwing away to hire the one he couldn’t act. But what good would that do now that they had made good—now that he knew he had lost his daughter.

"My dear, you were simply wonderful," Ann Luther said tremulously as Terry ran into the dressing room.

"That wasn’t me out there tonight," Terry was crying as she pulled her galoshes on. "I was someone else."

Miss Luther patted her arm. "It’s only after we have suffered that we can make the audience feel for us," she said soothingly.

"Does someone have to die to create an actress?" Terry asked wildly. "Is that what the theatre demands?" She pulled on her handkerchief and started for the door.

"But you can’t leave now?" Miss Luther protested. "There’ll be people here, the press, photographers. You’re an actress now. You belong somewhere."

"I’m going to see Kay," Terry brushed off her derision and was gone.

So it was with Kay that Jean found her. And now everything was out in the open, and one had to ask or give forgiveness. No need for reproaches or regrets. Out of heartbreak a star had been made and out of that same heartbreak understanding had been built into friendship.
Consult a Doctor instead of a Lawyer

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

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

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

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

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

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. Non-Caustic..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and reliable. 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. Penetration..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4. Economy..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution 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.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Please read me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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Screenland 85
Most women don't need beauty parlors. Your own doctor will tell you that sallow complexities and pimply skins are rarely matters for cosmetics. Because most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Dr. F. M. Edwards treated hundreds of women for constipation and frequently noted remarkable improvements in their appearance. He used a purely vegetable compound—Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. This laxative is gentle, yet peculiarly effective because it increases the bile flow without shocking the intestinal system. Try Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

**EYE-GENE**

Eyes that are red and veined... from late hours, fatigue, exposure, etc., now made clear and white in seconds. Your money back if new A.C.E. EYE-GENE fails! Clears dullness, makes eyes sparkling... all day long. Like magic, for refreshing tired, overworked eyes. Anti-alarmingly easy, assistant, too.

**FREE**

**Lovelier Blonde Hair**

*NEW CINEMA HAIR METHOD*

Everyone blonded is more popular! Yes, you, too, can have brilliant—fluffy, blond hair, at savings of 80 cents! Now in 5 to 15 minutes at home— you can lighten your hair by any flaming shade you desire, with only one application of **LEICHLER**’s exclusive **ATTACK** HAIR LIGHTENER. It will lighten brown, blonde, or black hair. Works equally well on men, too. Applied as an emulsion, white return—easy to wash out—lightens only hair where applied. Don’t a liquid blend! Don’t mix on the hair itself. Read directions carefully! And **LEICHLER**’s does not affect your permanent wave.

Send postpaid in plain sealed wrapper for $1 with each order:
- Special Application Booklet, “The New Art of Lightening hair”
- Hollywood’s famous eyelash grower and renewer, 25c each

**LEICHLER LABORATORIES**

500 Broadway Dept. SU-3, New York, N.Y.

**Veined. UGLY! CLEAR EYES in Seconds!**

Eyes that are red and veined... from late hours, fatigue, exposure, etc., now made clear and white in seconds. Your money back if new A.C.E. EYE-GENE fails! Clears dullness, makes eyes sparkling... all day long. Like magic, for refreshing tired, overworked eyes. Acta almost instantly. Stamina, too.

**FREE**

*NEW CINEMA EYE METHOD*

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Send postpaid in plain sealed wrapper for $1 with each order:
- Special Application Booklet, “The New Art of Lightening eyes”
- Hollywood’s famous eyelash grower and renewer, 25c each

**LEICHLER LABORATORIES**

500 Broadway Dept. SU-3, New York, N.Y.

**Gossip note in pictures!** Wayne Morris and Frances Bacon, daughter of Director Lloyd Bacon, are holding hands.
sleep as late as you wish, and ring for whatever you want when you want it." He paused, and looked rather plaintive, "Don't you want to play golf tomorrow morning?"

He enquired.

"Hang it all! I felt sorry for Bing. Larry didn't look as though he wanted to drag himself from his bed to play golf. The words of a childhood poem came into my head:

"I will!" a gallant soldier said,
"I'll win the pass or die!"

And dashed into the middle of the fray!

I dashed into the middle of the fray.

"I'd be awfully glad to go around with you, Bing," I blurted, "but I didn't bring any golf tools." "Oh, that's easy," beamed Bing. "I've loads of 'em. It's a date, then!" And off he went to bed.

Normally, I'm not fit to speak to before eleven, but I was called at six-thirty, and hoisted myself from bed. At a few minutes before seven, I looked out of the window. Bing was on the lawn with Gary and Frances Farmer and Paramount didn't get along at all—Frances was stamped as "difficult"—but on the Goldwyn lot she was sweetness personified. Metro heard that Janet Gaynor and Loretta Young were very snooty and wouldn't cooperate at all. But when Janet arrived at Metro a petrified publicity department found her as frolicsome as a kitten, she had the set cluttered up with the Press, brought cookies from home, and had a bell of a time—she who used to work in the great silences when she was Queen of the Fox lot. And many a star who wouldn't think of giving out interviews to help the publicity of her picture on her home lot will simply call in the Press for a gab fest when she goes visiting.

After years of being called "Claudette" and "Tovarich" and "Hey You" by the studio people on the Paramount lot and being considered a swell person and one of the gang, Claudette nearly fainted when she arrived at Warner Brothers for "Tovarich" and heard herself being called "Miss Colbert" by everybody from the prop boy to Jack Warner. "And just imagine," said Joan Blondell on loan-out to Walter Wanger for "Stand-In" from Warner Brothers, "they even ask me here if I feel like working! Me who had to do close-ups for Warners before I could leave my bed after an appendix operation!"

"Yes, the stars are all for bigger and better swaps. If it doesn't turn out to be the picture they've been praying for, well, at least they've had a comfortable dressing-room and a lot of politeness. And Walter Wanger always sends flowers!"

---

TO BE SURE YOUR MAKEUP MATCHES, Binnie Barnes

"Choose Your Makeup by the Color of Your Eyes"

IT'S THE NEW WAY TO BEAUTY explains lovely Binnie Barnes... Marvelous the Eye-Matched Makeup. For it's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES... face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, and mascara, in true color harmony. And it's...

MAKEUP THAT MATCHES YOU... for it's keyed to your own personality color, the color of your eyes.

ARE YOU A Binnie Barnes... with dark brown eyes? Then wear Marvelous 'Parisian type powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, or mascara. Are you blue-eyed? Wear the 'Dresden' type. Are your eyes gray? 'Patrician type. Hazel? Then 'Continental' type is right for you. Your own drug or department store recommends Marvelous Eye-Matched Makeup, full sizes each item only 55c (Canada 65c).

Harmonizing ROUGE • LIPSTICK • FACE POWDER • MASCARA • EYE SHADOW

55¢ each

MARVELOUS Eye-Matched MAKEUP by RICHARD HUDNUT

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Paris... London... New York... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Berlin

SCREENLAND 87
A Week-End with Bing Crosby

Continued from page 25

"What?"
"Gary, darling," put in Dixie, "whet you don't hear what is said to you, please, don't say 'What?' say 'I beg your pardon.' And now I think you'd better wash your hands, it must be your tea time."

A puckish little grin came from Gary. "I beg your pardon," he murmured, in his mother's well-modulated tone, "I didn't hear what you said!"

Then the twins opined that they wouldn't, but Dixie is not a mother who holds with "performing" children, so she shot a stink glace at the nurse who marched them off to nursery tea. We visited theme later, when they were ready for bed. The nursery is a gay place, bright with Method Goose pictures, and things in chintz, on something. It has its own kitchen adjoiring, and everything is so sanitary that you keep wondering whether you could possibly have a lurking germ about you.

The living room is a huge affair—all windows; deep, comfortable chairs, and solid, low tables which are meant to be used. Suddenly, servants produced, and began to lay a table at one end of the room. "We haven't any dining room," Dixie explained. "We always eat in here." The only other person you'd be Larry Crosby (Bing's brother) and his wife, and John "Pennies from Heaven" Burke, Bing's favorite lyric writer.

Bing was exulting about the joys of the wooded countryside. The land is heavily timbered, and he assured me it abounded in doves and 'possums. The hunting, he beamed, was fine! I must come and join him sometime.

"Hunting?" I queried, wide-eyed. "I'd no idea you had any foxes in this part of the country."

"Foxes?" Bing looked blank. Then he burst into a roar of laughter. "Oh you Britishes, you have different names for everything. No, when we go hunting, we take gun out, and shoot things."

"Then why can't you say you're going shooting, that's exactly what you are doing, isn't it?" I countered. Here, Larry Crosby leaned over to my chair.

"Remind me to tell you a story about Bing's 'possum hunt,—I mean, shooting," he whispered. A few minutes later, the opportunity arrived, and Larry confided a story which may surprise Bing when he reads it in Screenland.

It seems that Bing had had one or two unsuccessful 'possum shoots, and Larry thought something should be done about it. Chatting with Oscar, the Paramount shoe-shiner, he learned that Oscar supports the possum farm. Well, Larry bought a 'possum from Oscar, put it in a box, and hid it in Bing's stable. Sure enough, next day, out went Bing—'possum hunting for only a couple of hours later, hot, tired, dusty, and scratched, but singularly 'possumless. He threw himself into a chair to rest, only to be startled by a few feet away. "Days worth," he shouted, out and found Larry, smoking gun in hand, viewing a dead 'possum, with the air of a nonchalant ninny.

"Where did you kill it?" demanded Bing.

"Oh, just near the front porch," returned Larry with perfect truth. "When I go out after 'possum, I get 'em." Bing was fit to be tied, and this is the first time he has ever had of this story. I hope that brotherly love will still continue!

"What's for dinner?" Bing was asking Dixie.

"Fried chicken," she replied, with a trace of wifely patience in her voice. "You may have Mulligan stew tomorrow." She turned to a small box, "If Bing doesn't have either Fried chicken or Mulligan stew, he simply thinks he hasn't eaten! I only hope that the menu at our house doesn't become too dull for other people.

"Fried chicken," crooned Bing, dreamily, with satisfaction.

There was not only fried chicken; there were corn bread, small, bun-like things with honey, mashed potatoes, corn custard, new green beans, salad (at least, I think there was salad but couldn't be sure because my attention was completely absorbed in strawberry shortcake—a most excellent institution). Dixie is a southerner. Southerners really have awfully good things to eat.

There followed an evening of casual cards of masculine conversation of golf and horses. In a corner, a radio crooned softly, to which Bing gave an ear from time to time. "I like to hear other fellows on the air," he said. "I've never listened to Dixie, and neither of us has ever visited the other on a set, or in a broadcasting station. Once in a while, at home, we suddenly meet with some of the other people, and then we are pretty lousy about it, for a few minutes. Neither of us can read music, and neither of us feels like indulging in solos about the house. I think it makes life easier for both of us."

About ten o'clock, Bing rose. "I'm going to bed," he announced. He turned to me. "You do whatever you want to do, I have breakfast at seven, and then I'm to play golf. Join me, if you'd like to. If you don't, Francesco Gifford, above, is regarded a real find by her studio—RKO.

Screnland
sleep as late as you wish, and ring for whatever you want when you want it." He paused, and looked rather plaintive. "Don't you want to play golf tomorrow morning?"

Hang it all! I felt sorry for Bing. Larry didn't look as though he wanted to drag himself from his bed to play golf. The words of a childhood poem came into my head:

"I will!" a gallant soldier said,
"I'll win the pass or die!"

And dashed into the middle of the fray!

I dashed into the middle of the fray.

"I'd be awfully glad to go around with you, Bing," I bleated, "but I didn't bring any golf tools."

"Oh, that's easy," beamad Bing. "I've loads of 'em! It's a date, then!" And off he went to bed.

Normally, I'm not fit to speak to before eleven, but I was called at six-thirty, and hoisted myself from bed. At a few minutes before seven, I looked out of the window. Bing was on the lawn with Gary and the twins. So far as I could see, he was doing his darndest to turn them into acrobats.

Bing was on all fours, and directly one child was firmly established on his back. Bing would buck. The lawn seemed to be strewn with little Crobys, all shrieking with delight.

Bing refuses to get dressed or comb his hair until he is good and ready. His morning costume consists of a deplorable decrepit sweater, covered with ancient overalls of old frontier days vintage; the whole is surmounted by a seaman's battered cap. When he goes out to the race track, he is accompanied by his stand-in (and school friend), Leo Lynn, who transports Bing's clothes, and a brush and comb. Just before the first race Bing will graciously consent to dress, and present himself to the public as the public is accustomed to see him.

I found Bing, bright-eyed, alert, and full of joie de vivre. He consumed some orange juice, a few hot cakes, and finished with eggs and bacon. He then produced some golf clubs for me and we set forth. Now let me tell you Bing is Moviedom's number one golfer. When he shoots an eighty, he is off his game. I'm not making excuses for myself, mind you, but after all, they are Bing's clubs. Bing was down with a pair four at the first hole. I shot a very snappy eight! And so it went. I think Bing went round in 78. I think I took 115, but I didn't count very carefully after the first nine holes.

We went to the club house, showered, and whiled away an hour, while Bing exchanged pleasantries with (it seemed) several hundred other members. I wanted to get back to the house and lie down. I'm a sedentary bloke. To my relief, Bing rose.

"Let's go down to the race track, and then we'll go home to lunch," he suggested. I raised my creaking bones with a sinking heart.

"Fine," I said, with the fortitude of an emirite builder; "let's go."

Well, there were the horses—a barn full of 'em; just as we'd left 'em the day before. They were still there. But Bing had to look at 'em.

Oh, how welcome lunch was! Cold baked ham, potato salad, and several other things. After lunch, I purchased myself in a nice chaise longue, with a pipe.

But it was not to be. Up the driveway came one of the most monumental trucks I've ever seen. Bing sprang up.

"Oh, here are my oats," he said, "ten tons of 'em. Got a nice fat reduction in price by buying ten tons. Come on, you fellows."

Larry sat on, looking, I thought, smugly wise. John Burke and I followed Bing.
Well kept hair
WINS ADORATION

Don't envy the woman with fascinating hair. Colorine, the modern rinse, makes it so easy to glorify your hair and give it a youthful brilliance. Use Colorine to have hair that women envy and men admire. You'll find your own correct shade on the Nestle Color Card, at all counters.

SO SIMPLE TO USE
After a shampoo, dissolve a package of Colorine in warm water and pour over your hair. Dry hair, brush it, and you'll see sparkling in your hair that will astound you. Try Colorine today.

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DON'T PARE CORNS
CORNS COME BACK BIGGER - UGLIER
unless removed Root* and all
* Paring corns is dangerous - leaves the roots come back bigger, more painful than ever. Play safe with the new, double-action Blue-Jay method that stops pain instantly, by removing pressure, then in 3 short days the corn lifts out root and all (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). Blue-Jay is a tiny, medicated plaster. Easy to use - invisible. 25¢ for 6. Same price in Canada. Get Blue-Jay today.

Bauer & Black Blue-Jay Corn Plasters
REMOVE CORNS ROOT AND ALL

Wixs Adsorption

Leslie Howard's One-Man Show
Continued from page 33

is the best there is, and you needn't stop to reload every few minutes.

"I prefer to do my own printing, but it can't be managed very well while I'm traveling and living in rented houses; still, I do my best with the chaps who take care of my work, explaining what I want. Sometimes they get the idea, sometimes not. In this picture of my daughter and myself against the Washington monument, I had to have them print it three times before they understood that I wanted us in silhouette against the pure white of the monument."

From a crammed suitcase beside him, the actor selected a print of himself and little Leslie, his daughter.

"I set the camera for that shot and had a friend make it for us, and I like the result."

"My child had never flown up to that time, and she wanted so much to go somewhere in a plane, so one day while I was doing 'Hamlet' in New York, I decided to take her to Washington by air. She was thrilled with her trip and with our sightseeing, and especially so with the fact that we could fly back to New York in plenty of time for the performance."

"Here's a shot of her looking up at the statue of Lincoln. It isn't so good in composition as others I made of the statue itself, but I like the human interest note of the child looking up."

The contents of the suitcase were augmented by numerous envelopes containing enlargements of prints, some done with etching marks, and others of the prints into what seemed to be hand-made sketches.

Yes, of these days there is to be a One Man Show of the Howard camera studies. So many people have urged it that it is now beginning to seem a good idea. The prints in SCREENLAND can, of course, only give you a faint idea of the finished beauty of the pictures, but make the prints into what seemed to be hand-made sketches.

As a rule, you have a faint idea of the finished beauty of the pictures, but make the prints into what seemed to be hand-made sketches.

"As a rule," my host observed, elbow deep in his scattered prints, "I don't care for pictures made on Hollywood sets. There are certain hands that can produce only pictures about them, and pretty girls and handsome men don't interest me. 'Romeo and Juliet' was different. It lent itself to the sort of thing I like. The picture is authentically Italian. You could believe you were in Italy rather than on a set."

He extended a print of tables, glasses, shadows on an ancient wall.

"Shadows beyond the extra girl in costume make this one interesting, the infinite formality of the group of extras, in this: the face of the old woman in the foreground of this one; the feeling of the period in some of the others. But a production like this is rare."

"While I was touring with 'Hamlet,' I used to try to get shots from the wings, or to have someone shoot from the house while I was on the stage (after I'd set the camera and arranged the angle and so on), but I doubt if they are light enough for reproduction. They enlarge beautifully, though, and I hope to use a few of them in my 'show.'"

"I made a number of shots on the special train we used during the tour, using no light except that coming through the windows. I rather like this study of a friend about to order a meal. He didn't know what was happening until I shot, which explains his expression."

"Self-consciousness, of course, is the foe of cameramen. It will be nice when they perfect something that will take excellent pictures when the subject is unaware. I've just bought my child one of those tiny things you can hold in your hand, unobtrusively, but I doubt if the lens is fine enough for my purpose."

"I remember, several years ago, they got out a camera in the form of a watch, when you wound the stem you got your picture, and anyone noticing you thought you merely had an odd time-piece. But the lens wasn't quick enough. Unless you told them to hold your subjects moved and waited the shot."

"Now they have a gadget you can put on your little Leica, so that you can seem

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to be looking one way, while you take a picture at right angles. I might seem to be looking up at the house, while actually I was stealing a picture of you, at my right.

"However, my problems aren't usually concerned with people. They are mainly composition, catching moving objects or birds in flight, finding the best spot for my city shots, and so on.

"In these shots of sea gulls, we were up at the top floor of a high building in San Francisco, throwing bread up in the air to attract the gulls, who swooped and flew after it." The enlargements of these shots show even the detail of color in the wings. I always use filters outdoors. When I wish to make what will seem to be a night shot, in moonlight, I take a dark red filter. Here are some rather dramatic shots of the sea breaking against rocks in what appears to be moonlight.

"An orange or yellow filter is best, I find, for ordinary daytime shots. It takes away the glare and gives you the detail of cloud or shadow. My Bermuda and San Francisco shots were done with orange filters. The sun in Bermuda is so intense that even with the filter the walls are too white. This shot is so intense that even with the filter the walls are too white. This shot of San Francisco, taken from the roof of a building on one of the highest hills, is my pet. See the puffs of cloud, the bridge in the distance, and the shadows on the streets!"

It takes patience to make pictures. One day, the actor lay down close to the sand on the beach for hours waiting for just the right wave to break on the shore, so that the composition of his picture—one of black rock, yellow sand, blue serenity sky and white breakers—would suit him.

"The idea in making a picture is to get a mood, sometimes. Take these shots made at Hugh Walpole's home in the English lake country. It rained all the time we were there, and the country seemed sad, sometimes ominous, sometimes desolate-looking, sometimes almost terrifying. This one of my son, armed like a real Howard with his own camera, enlarges with an almost Bronte feeling.

"These shots of my home town, Dunster, are definitely English, but somehow in Hollywood they look like shots on a motion picture set. This is true of the view of Linton, with the castle in the distance, but the shot with the water in the foreground loses that false feeling."

Shooting against the sun on a bright day will give you interesting results. One of the actor's favorite pictures is taken outside the special train for "Hamlet" company, in late afternoon, at a midwestern stop, when the combination of snow, train smoke, and exhaust steam gives something delightfully different.

A red filter used on the snow scenes from the train window gives the right contrast to the water and shadows, the expert explained. Etching masks on such scenes do wonders for the picture.

"I like the mood of this shot of New York, made from the top deck of our boat as we came in. It was foggy and the city looks like something imagined instead of something real."

Just now, Mr. Howard's fancy has turned to color film to be projected on a screen, since as yet no process of printing has been found satisfactory.

"The problems of composition are not the same as those of the black-and-white picture. It's like turning from charcoal sketching to water colors or oils. It's interesting. I'm very excited. We can't see my desert flowers, or some of the San Francisco water shots. Better than technicolor, much better."

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**The Smart Manicure**

Screenland
Inside the Stars’ Homes
Continued from page 19

young actress, "but I’ve always been glad. Talking about food, though, in New Orleans we have a dish called Creole gumbos, made of red beans and rice with Creole sauce—maybe you can’t get red beans anywhere else. Perhaps Smoull had better tell you about her Creole soup instead."

CREOLE SOUP
Wash and cut into slices ½ dozen good-sized turnips, adding a can of tomatoes (Campbells). 2 tablespoons of sweet red peppers, ½ teaspoon of allspice (Barrett’s), 1 sliced onion, scant teaspoon salt, 4 whole cloves, and 2 tablespoons of Creole sauce. Place the ingredients over the fire, covering with water, bring to a boil and cook until the vegetables are very tender; now strain and keep hot where it will not boil. Heat 1 pint of rich milk in the double-boiler, thickening with 1 level tablespoon flour moistened with a little cream; be sure that the cream sauce boils; turn the vegetable puree into a heated tureen, stir in a tiny pinch of baking soda to prevent curdling and very gradually pour in the sauce, stirring constantly. Serve immediately.

Smoull added a recipe for lobster cutlets, which she recommends to all who have delicate appetites to cater for.

LOBSTER CUTLETS
Mix 3 cups of chopped, cooked lobster meat with 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, 3 teaspoons lemon juice, the beaten yolks of 2 eggs, ½ teaspoons chopped parsley, and ½ cups of hot, thick, white sauce. Mix well and spread out on a plate to cool. When cold, shape in the form of small cutlets, dip in cracker crumbs, then dip in beaten egg and then dip in fine bread crumbs, fry in deep hot fat. Drain and serve over small plates covered with watercress. Serve tartar sauce separate.

We went up the blue-carpeted stairway to the second floor, where we peeped into Dorothy’s bedroom, an apartment fit for a queen where the wide eighteenth century French bed is set on a dais carpeted in blue. The bed is draped in ivory satin lined in blue and is matched with an ivory dresser.

"But I must see the Hawaiian room!" cried my mistress. "It’s the playroom and we have such good times in it. It’s the ideal place for a buffet supper because we have no place for the buffet!"

Once inside the room, you can hardly believe it is a room in a modern apartment.

The ceiling is thatched with palm leaves, the walls are lined with bamboo, the bar is of bamboo and so are the furniture and lamps. There’s a grass rug on the floor and a case full of coral specimens. At either end of the bar hang red and green lanterns, and under these are dolls presented to Dorothy as favors—one being a replica of herself in “High, Wide and Handsome.”

“I’ve never been to Hawaii or to the South Seas, but I’d love to go,” sighed Dorothy. “That’s one reason why I designed this room. I did it after I became a South Sea Islander in ‘Hurricane,’ and now that I’ve been working in this sort of atmosphere for weeks, it seems more home-like than ever.

“If you aren’t serving liquor, there’s a grand fruit cup you can serve for a buffet, that belongs in this room. It’s Fruit Cup Kailua, and you serve it with Ry-Crisp wafers spread with cream cheese, parsley butter or minced ham.”

FRUIT CUP KAILUA
Mix 1 cup of Dole’s diced pineapple with 3 peeled and diced oranges, 3 peeled and diced bananas, 3 tablespoons fine sugar, and 1 cup of grated cacao nuts (Bakers); fill champagne glasses nearly full with the mixture, over the top spread grape ice and top with a Maraschino cherry.

Mrs. Lamour drew me aside to show me a photograph of her son-in-law, when he came downstairs again. Herbie Kay is a handsome young man, and apparently has the sincere admiration of his mother-in-law.

“He’s the most unselish, delightful man I have ever known,” said Dorothy’s mother. “Some husbands try to hold their wives back, but Herbie has always wanted Dorothy to succeed, to have whatever she wanted. I remember the night they met. Dorothy had been asked to sing at the Hotel Morrison as an amateur, and for the first time in her life she forgot the words of her song and felt disgraced, as she sat down.

“Herbie was in the dining-room and sent a note to her asking if he might see her. Then he suggested that she come to him for an audition, and he gave her a job. I’ve always felt it was love at first sight, though it was three years before they married.”

By that time Dorothy had returned from a summons to the telephone, she said, “we sit and talk, or we sing, and now and then we play games. When Herbie can arrange to live in Hollywood altogether—which I hope will be soon—we’ll take a bigger house, with grounds and more room to entertain. But until then, we’re informel!”

Dorothy Lamour speaking! After “The Hurricane” Dorothy enjoys a nice comfortable day off, and does all her visiting by telephone from her own bedroom.
grandmother to move West to an apartment near where I roomed. From that time on I have been in absolute earnest.

When the coach at Metro arranged for me to enact the juvenile lead, not more than a walk-through role really, in a play at the Hollywood Playhouse I imagined I'd be signed by the studio for sure. I didn't have stage fright and I wasn't considered bad. Still, no contract. It was eight months altogether before I was handed a Metro contract.

What happened next has never ceased to amaze me. When I was put on the payroll I was immediately loaned to Fox—where I had been turned down so flat—for the juvenile lead in one of their big productions! My first screen part was in Will Rogers' "Handy Andy." I was nervous as the devil, believe me. And then Will Rogers' ad-libbed often and those in his cast had to be able to speak up sensibly when he ignored the script. But I do all my floor-walking at home, what's the use of annoying people with your worrying? I nearly wore out the carpet in that rented room of mine. No, I didn't go grand and forego it for a whole year—after all, I started at thirty-five dollars a week.

The picture was finished before I could realize it. I'd tried to put into effect the things I had studied with Metro's coach—tried to walk and talk correctly. I was inclined, naturally, to over-act; I attempted to tone down my gestures. Will Rogers' geniality was no longer a daily treat and I was neither sensational nor terrible. So I was loaned out again, to Universal, for a similar part. With the same dénouement, Metro decided to put me in a series of "Crime Doesn't Pay" shorts, melodramatic chapters of life in the raw. They furnished excellent camera experience. Then I did rate my big break—I was called to the front office one afternoon and informed that I would appear opposite Virginia Bruce in "Society Doctor."

My greatest Hollywood thrill unquestionably was the preview of "Society Doctor."

I felt, you see, that it would tell the tale of whether I could deliver a decent performance if given the breaks. The secret showing was at the Fox-Wilshire Theatre. My mother's home is near there now and everyday I pass that theatre I get a lift inside. I took mother that night. I was awful! Why in the name of all the blessed saints hadn't I been better? Now they were nearing the love scenes. Would the audience snicker? There I was, strangely up there on that screen, and—why, no one was hissing. What was the undercurrent of sympathy for the character I was interpreting? They liked him! They wore with him, for him! He'd been doing everything wrong, and yet—well maybe he was all right?

When the lights went on and the audience clapped enthusiastically, when I escorted my mother out through the crowd and someone asked for an autograph—I the glow fingers on, I'm afraid.

It has been work and more work ever since, the kind of work I have come to love. Better roles in more important films, perpetual digging to improve every potential facet of a performance. Sometimes I have been disappointed temporarily in certain assignments. It isn't fun to repeat; I would rather be given a character who means something, of course, and try to play a man who is individual shaped by his particular destiny. I am looking forward to doing a picture with Spencer Tracy and hope I may someday work with Clark Gable. I have tremendous admiration for both of them, professionally and personally. I'm anxious, also, for a crack at some rough-and-ready action plots. The story I am keenest to do is "Gunga Din."

And now as to whether Hollywood is worth-while. Hollywood has not disillusioned me. On the contrary, I am very appreciative to it for its opportunities and...
Here is an amazing offer! One that should tax the imagination of every man, woman, and child. You have an equal opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a $50 check regularly each month for the three remaining months of 1937. In order to enter your name for flour, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine the opportunity of selecting a new name and winning cash prizes for their efforts. There are a lot of good names being used now, such as Big Four, Golden Harvest, Queen’s Best, Lily White, Kansas Pride, and others. We want a new name, and for the best fifteen sent in, we will award $300 in cash prizes, plus a $50 check each month for the three remaining months of 1937 as a promptness prize.

**The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner**

Think of the many names that are being used and suggest a new name for flour—one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two, or three words, separate or combined. It will cost you nothing to send in a name. You may win one of the fifteen prizes.

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Write your name for this flour on a penny post card or sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and mail within three days from the time you read this announcement. It will not be too late. Your name for this flour must be mailed before Dec. 1, 1937. Fifteen cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected as First Prize winner, you will receive $100 in cash. And as an extra prize for promptness, you will receive a check for $50 each month for the three remaining months of 1937. Second Prize will be $30; Third Prize $25; Fourth Prize $15; and eleven prizes of $10 each. These five prizes are in addition to the extra prize of $50 a month which is credited to the first prize winner for promptness in sending in the winning name. Duplicate prizes will be awarded to the name that will win First Prize.

Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for. Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to send in. Send only one name to FLOUR DEPT.

TOPEKA, KANSAS

108 CAPPERS BLVD.
The most persistent query I receive is: How Have You Changed? Honestly, I should say in this way—I no longer read much, I no longer am seriously interested in playing the cello, I no longer go to church every Sunday as I used to. I'm inside one of my stages, looking into bright electric lights so much, that I would rather relax by going somewhere evenings instead of reading. I haven't time to practice any musical instrument now—but perhaps it's so much easier to turn on the radio! As for regularity and religion, I have come to think that the divine power isn't necessarily at a certain spot on a certain day.

I have matured rather than changed in other respects, I believe. Now I have preview dates, instead of library dates—college style. I go to the Town Dance, instead of to the town dance hall—high-school fashion. All of us grow more considerate as we grow older, for we see that it's no joke that "Father", or "the grace of God, go." I hope I am more thoughtful of others, that I'm acquiring tolerance and more understanding. I worry a little less, for I realize that what happens to me won't alter the course of the world in the slightest. I accept more responsibility, I know, for I'm developing the courage to glance back and see that it was probably my own fault when I made a mistake.

Acting with glamorous Hollywood actresses has not been dull, by any means. For the majority of the situations I have been tremendously impressed by that ambition and stamina which they all have. Most of them, I have noted have deliberately created their own niches, and against pretty terrific odds. My ideas about the opposite sex have not changed, however. The girls who've attracted me—in high school, in college, and here in town—have all been the same type. They've all been good sports, unaffected, and plenty sincere. They've not been frivolous, nor make-up fiends! The first twenty-five years have been fine, I wonder what the next twenty-five will bring? To my satisfaction, I have found that modern Hollywood needs' upset one's equilibrium and double one's efforts as a man, and success in my work; I'm planning as intelligently as I know how.

I don't expect to marry very soon because I want to give my wife a feeling of security and I couldn't do this at present. When I have demonstrated that I have a safer place in my profession, when the momentum of demands on my time has slowed to a calmer pace, then I intend to marry. I don't think marriage is a simple solution to a love story, either. I feel that it requires the exertion of the finest qualities a person can muster up.

Being the first M-G-M player to be featured at the company's new London studio has been a privilege, I am doing my best to do justice to. I have been cramping in as much sightseeing during my off hours as the most naive Mid-Westerner could. I fancy I'm still quite a naive, at that. But now that I'm crossing London Bridge with all the appurtenances of an old sophisticate, now that I'm used to right-handed drivers, tea for breakfast, and a Witness to the Savoy I dunno... when I get back to Hollywood, to my horses at the stables I've built next door to Barbara Stanwyck's ranch, the horses may not know me.

Barbara better!
London

Continued from page 65

bakes on Sundays and gets up to milk six cows before she drives herself to the studio each morning. It's true.

You've seen Scottish-born Sophie's great dark eyes and heard her soft gentle voice as Celia in Elizabeth Bergner's screen version of "Catherine the Great." And you also in "Things to Come" and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." Twentieth Century-Fox invited her to sign a Hollywood contract last fall.

Sophie said she couldn't possibly leave the farm—her brother might manage the chickens with practice but nobody else could look after the cows and steer her on this unpredictable career! It does seem incredible but you don't know Sophie. She's blissfully happy among her animals and plants, so contented in her family circle that she doesn't care a lot about acts occasionally as a kind of recreation.

There's a famous lake in the wooded grounds of Korda's DeLuxe studios, but Sophie hasn't to Marlene Dietrich because she got accidentally pushed into it while making "Knight Without Armor" and is the English country winter cold! At that moment, Sophie's momentary burn for "South Riding," name of the North of England industrial district where the film's action is set. Victor Square holds the director's seat and the very large cast is headed by Ralph Richardson and clever Edmund Gwenn and beautiful Edna Best who is Mrs. Herbert Marshall.

The Marshall wedding was the event of the season eight years ago, when they were acting together at a London theater. Now they plan to have a private dinner to celebrate.

The film is being made in France where Sophie is staying.

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and-dance film originally intended as a vehicle for Jessie Matthews. She has to play a tea-shop waitress badly stage-struck with humble settings that show the everyday life of a London working girl.

But there's one star who never gives me shocks like this—George Arliss, who is always dignified and kindly even when he pretends for the purposes of the plot to be what he describes himself as "ah—not quite a gentleman." Just as you can always rely on an Arliss production unit stopping work at four o'clock for tea, so you can be sure that the star will appear in a part befitting his familiar friendly character. In his new film, "Dr. Syn," the parson-smuggler was intended to have some frankly sinister aspects, but now that Mr. Arliss has turned out quite an attractive old autocrat with a sense of humor! And in Hollywood

George Murphy and Josephine Hutchinson are getting well acquainted in their first film as a love team.

this winter The First Gentleman of the English Screen will make a picture based on the life of Samuel Pepys. That celebrated old diary-writer, wise and witty and saucily benign, will be yet one more screen portrait of George Arliss in wig and costume but still his own inimitable self.

Pepys could have written some marvelous pages about blonde Anna Lee's midnight party for which nearly two hundred famous folks gathered at her Thames-side home, The Cardinal's Wharf, which stands in dockland facing St. Paul's Cathedral. In the reded garden, with its cherry trees and trailing clematis, I saw Lilli Palmer, Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, Cicely Courtneidge, Merle Oberon in white draped satin and her fingers-nails, John Loder, Elizabeth Allan, Alexander Korda, and Charles Laughton. Lord Lovat and Lord Pentland both danced with Elsa Lanchester who was wearing her favorite purple, and handsome Griffith Jones escorted dainty Renee Ray and Whitney Bumstead.

As twelve o'clock chimed, a river steamer came alongside the little quay at the end of the garden and Anna led her guests to dance on deck while they sailed up the Thames to Greenwich and back. A traditional Old English dinner was served in the saloon, all the dishes popular in Shakespeare's time like jellied eels and roast swan and birds-legs soup and tall goblets of rum punch poured out from a steaming bowl.

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Carnival Nights in Hollywood

Continued from page 55

and it seems to me that for hours people said, "Oh, please sing for us," but she coyly shook her head, while the actress-hostess whispered to everyone, "Coax her. She likes to be coaxed." I was afraid of that. After two hours of coaxing she took her stance at the piano and cracked through with the entire score of "Tosca" and "Faust" and was just getting her teeth into "Manon" when a bat flew in the room. I swear even the Music Lovers were glad to see that bat. But that wasn't all; the hostess-actress, who fancied herself musically-minded, had a Child Wonder whom she modestly informed us was the greatest genius of the age. He flattered something awful. Worse than one of our popular singing stars who shall be nameless (lawsuits again). And the more I looked at him the better I thought of Shirley Temple. Harassed by my bitter memories I was ready to bite nails, or at least a juicy maestro, by the time I arrived at the Pareras. And the fact that with my first wild glance I saw the John McCormacks, Lily Pons and her fiancé (or husband?), Andre Kas telnetz, the Frank Forrests, the Lawrence Tibbetts, Nino Martini, Elissa Landi, Miriam Hopkins, Anatole Litvak, Gladys Swarthout, Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas, and at least a dozen pianists, composers, and conductors didn't make me any happier. Music Lovers, I muttered, all Music Lovers, and it will be as dull as ditchwater. I would have given my eyes teeth for W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy, and two quarts.

All during cocktails, served around the swimming pool, and dinner, served buffet on the badminton court, I played the Moody Dane. However, I did cheer up a bit when Valentin Parera undertook to explain the Spanish Situation to me, and I must say of all the charming gentlemen who have tried to explain the Spanish Situation to me Mr. Parera is the most charming. "When," I said at last to Miriam Hopkins, who doesn't play or sing but who has great "appreciation" of music, "when do they start?" "Start what?" asked Miriam. "The music," I said gloomily. "It's a musical evening, isn't it? All these people have got to do their stuff, haven't they? You can't escape Brahms with a bunch like this."

Miriam was horrified, but managed to conceal it very well. "Grace didn't invite these people here to entertain," she said. "Why, she never in the world would do a thing like that. They are guests in her home, not paid performers. Honey, you don't know artists. An artist resents nothing so much as being asked to entertain at a party." "Don't I know it," said Grace, edging in on the conversation. "Shortly after I made my début in opera it seemed that every time I was invited to a dinner party I barely had time to swallow my dessert before my hostess was up and at me with a: 'Miss Moore, will you sing for us?' I sang for so many suppers that I began to call myself Tommy Tucker. I swore then that in my home I would never ask anyone to entertain." That was all right with me. I wish other hostesses were just as considerate.

Much cheered, I re-joined Mr. Parera and this time we went into the Trailer.
DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES. Lux Toilet Soap guards against it

GINGER ROGERS
RKO-RADIO STAR

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

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20TH CENTURY-FOX STAR

9 out of 10 lovely Screen Stars use it to guard Million-Dollar Complexions

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

IT'S MILD  IT'S PURE  IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER
A pack o' pleasure

Chesterfield

CIGA

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Deanna Durbin’s Unknown Story

Beginning “Star Dust Baby”

By Margaret E. Sangster
GAY GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS
THE WORLD AROUND

Fly with the spirit of Christmas as it speeds on its merry way—to Nassau or Nice or Naples, to Paris or far Bombay. Look for the loveliest women, the perfume they adore. It's gay and young and joyous... it's fragrance Gemey!

Fragrance Gemey, her choice for Christmas the world around! Fragrance Gemey, now presented in America by Richard Hudnut in distinguished glamour gifts. Here are casual trifles for the toe of her stocking, intimate enchantments for her skin, her hair, charm chests of alluring luxury. Through them all runs this single thread of fragrance.

It's flattery, it's sorcery, it's the gay, Continental way to say Merry Christmas... the gift that's welcome the world around... fragrance Gemey!

by RICHARD HUDNUT


Fragrance Gemey $2.50, $4.50, $15; and special gifts, $1.
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 tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—and see that you get it.

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

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Checks Halitosis
(Bad Breath)
Something to stand up and cheer about!

M-G-M’s Happy Fall Hits

"Firefly"...Now at popular prices...M-G-M’s roadshow sensation—direct from its triumphant New York run at $2 admission. Gigantic spectacle, romance, drama, and melodies by Rudolf Friml. Starring Jeanette MacDonald, with Allan Jones, Warren William and a cast of thousands...

"The Last Gangster"...The season’s melo-dramatic hit!...Starring Edward G. Robinson ("Little Caesar" himself)...A grand cast including beautiful Rose Stradner (the new star-discovery who provides thrilling, romantic moments), James Stewart, Louise Beavers and others...

"Bad Man of Brimstone"...Starring Wallace Beery in his greatest role since "Viva Villa"...Not since "The Covered Wagon" such a glorious epic of the West. With Virginia Bruce, Dennis O’Keefe (new star find), Lewis Stone and Bruce Cabot.

"Thoroughbreds Don’t Cry"...What a cast!...Sophie Tucker, Mickey Rooney, Douglas Scott, and Judy Garland, the girl you loved in "Broadway Melody"...Introducing Ronnie St. Clair, a grand youngster you’ll take to your heart...A wildly exciting story of loyalty and love.

"Navy Blue and Gold"...A rousing romance at Uncle Sam’s Naval Academy! Football—love—and drama—with a top-notch cast of your favorite stars including Robert Young, James Stewart, Florence Rice, Lionel Barrymore and Billie Burke in the leading roles—and a cast of thousands...

"Mannequin"...Joan Crawford in the love story of a beautiful model...with co-star Spencer Tracy better than in "Captains Courageous"...It’s Katharine Brush’s famous story. Wait till you see those gorgeous gowns!

"Rosalie"...starring Eleanor Powell and Nelson Eddy with Ray Bolger, Frank Morgan, Edna May Oliver and lots of others...Ziegfeld’s greatest triumph becomes M-G-M’s mightiest musical, surpassing even "The Great Ziegfeld" itself...Beautiful girls...new song hits by Cole Porter...Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II...WOW!
We’re Not Bragging, But—!

We think we have something there. We think you’ll think so, too, when you’ve seen the next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine.

Beginning with the Corale Lombard cover, which has a romantic significance never before offered on any cover, and continuing inside the issue, we’re promising, and we’ll deliver, the most exciting array of timely features a screen magazine has ever given you.

Just to cite one example!

Getting Gay With Gable!

What did we tell you? Is that not, indeed, something? Something for you to watch and wait for, and—when you’ve read it, and seen the handsome photographs illustrating it—you’ve read the best Gable piece you’ve read in a long time. By Elizabeth Wilson, who really knows the stars she writes about. “Getting Gay With Gable” takes you inside the private life of the screen’s most picturesque actor. Tells you what he is actually like, when he has knocked off work for the day and left the studio behind him.

The Gable feature, that cover we told you about, and many other exclusive stories and photographs will appear in the January issue of SCREENLAND, on sale December 3rd.
A new star is born in “Stage Door”—Andrea Leeds, who more than holds her own with Ginger Rogers and Hepburn

ANDREA LEEDS reminds us of a grown-up Janet Gaynor. Something of the same wistfulness, much of the same mobility of expression—but perhaps even more poignancy, and certainly a vast amount of personal beauty and charm. As the tragic member of the group of ambitious girls in a theatrical club in “Stage Door,” Miss Leeds is touching and truthful in her performance of what might easily have become a maudlin character. Never once does she descend to bathos, but the purity of her pathos will win you. Her “big scene,” ascending the stairs to make her last exit from the stage of life, will be long remembered. “Watch Andrea Leeds”—SCREENLAND.
The story of a man who thought he was God...

HUISH, the little Cockney, had sobered up long enough to take a fling at stopping this madman with the rifle. Now he lay, dying a rat's death in a pool of vitriol. Thorbecke, outcast of the Seven Seas, had done the same. Now his hands pointed in mute surrender at the cobalt heaven of this island of pearls. Only Herrick was left to defend the girl against this man who thought he was God. Herrick! University man turned beach-comber. The madman's gun lifted again, cocked. The girl saw his eyes, the eyes of a devil. The gun leveled... the shot rang out to shatter the somnolent quiet of the island... forever.

Had the madman won? Had Huish's pitiful little life been tossed on the lap of the gods in vain? Had Thorbecke brought them through the fury of the hurricane for this? Was Herrick to lose his one last chance to prove himself a man? Was this beautiful white girl to descend into the pit of a madman's private hell forever?

The South Seas... Robert Louis Stevenson's South Seas, with all their haunting beauty... with all their primitive, soul-searing adventure... with all the vicious fury of their mighty ship-destroying typhoons... now at last brought to the screen as Stevenson himself saw them in this greatest of all adventure-pictures, produced in natural color... Another thundering triumph for the company which gave you the first natural color adventure-picture, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"... PARAMOUNT!
COTY SUB-DEB LIPSTICK 50c

ACROSS
1. Harlow's last co-star
6. The remains of an ear of corn
9. Course of a "Star Is Born"
14. Star of "Ever Since Eve"
15. Max
16. Star of "Beloved Enemy"
18. Knight Without — , with Dietrich
19. He's featured in "Submarine D1-1"
21. "Live, Love and — , with Robert Montgomery
22. Blenders sometimes use this on their hair
23. Beloved
25. Back of the neck
27. To observe
28. Oil in French
30. Cattle dealers
32. You and I
33. He's married to Ruby Keeler
35. A Hollywood word for humor or joke
37. Lustrous
38. Stage star, once Mrs. John Gilbert
40. Mr.'s husband
42. Star of "Seventh Heaven"
44. Tardy
46. She plays Annette in "Prisoner of Zenda"
48. Afternoon beverage
49. Co-star in "Artists and Models"
51. Small rug
53. To be under obligation to
54. Heron
56. Openwork fabric
58. He's featured in "The Firefly"
62. Nose of the scale
63. She's famous for Gay Nineties roles
65. Mrs. Bing Crosby's maiden name
66. Malt drink
67. That old sun god
68. Greek letter
69. The screen's Juliet
72. To accomplish
74. The MGM Lion
76. A continent
77. Kind of meat
78. Part of the face
79. His new one is "The Perfect Specimen"
82. His new one is "The Perfect Specimen"
84. Come in
86. Tropical vine
88. She's Mrs. Errol Flynn
90. Over (contraction)
91. She made good in "Three Smart Girls"!
92. Drawing room
93. To soak, as flux
94. Tears

DOWN
1. He plays Marco Polo
2. Beauty for battle
3. Prefix, pertaining to life
4. She's featured in "On Again, Off Again"
5. Prisoner's measure
6. Princess Flavia, in "Prisoners of Zenda"
7. Natural mineral
8. Sisters Joan and Constance
9. Her Linen's role in "Little Women"
10. Capable
11. Born
12. To rub out
13. Pulled apart
14. Angry
15. Compass point (abbrev.)
16. Rod
17. Sailor
18. Border
20. Greek letter
21. That bump of conceive
22. By way of
23. Has been
24. Fall flower
25. Feudal term, sworn to allegiance
26. Ingrain in "First Lady"
27. Pertaining to birth
28. Co-star in "Thin Ice"
29. Scene of action
30. To defend
31. Prisoner's measure
32. Pointed rock
33. Part of to be
36. Conscious of

What makes lips tempting? Men admire warm, ardent color... and soft, silky texture. Dry, rough lips do not tempt romance.

Coty's new lipstick, the "Sub-Deb," protects you from all danger of Lipstick Parching. It contains a special softening ingredient—"Theobroma"—which keeps lips appealingly smooth and dewy. Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five ardent and indelible shades. New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50c. Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

Keep lips ardent... free from lipstick parching!
The favorite play of America is
THE SCREEN HIT OF
THE YEAR!
A year of preparation—3 months be-
fore the cameras—production costs
breaking all studio records—and now
the love-and-laughter show that en-
thrallcd New York and London stage
audiences for two seasons is ready to
flash its glories on the nation’s screens.

*Tonight’s our night
—there may never
be a tomorrow.*

WARNER BROS. present:

Claudette COLBERT

Charles BOYER

in the most lovable, laughable comedy of a decade!

"TTOVARICH"

supported by a huge cast of famous stars including

BASIL RATHBONE

ANITA LOUISE

MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS GARNOVSKY • VICTOR KILIAN • Directed by
Anatole Litvak • Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted
from the play by Jacques Deval • English Version by Robert E.
Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture
Salutes and Snubs

Big broadcast of the picture patrons, voicing their own ideas about stars and films

Humphrey Bogart proves that a "heavy" can be a very great favorite with the screen-goers. An actor who plays every part for all the drama that's in it, Humphrey receives the call to take a bow from the honor niche here.

CAN YOU PICTURE IT?

Try to imagine, if you can:

Let's hope Hollywood doesn't come to this.

Mary Jane Steiner, Indianapolis, Ind.

KEEP BOGART BUSY!

Thanks, Hollywood, for letting us see Humphrey Bogart in so many pictures. But please, must he always play the typed "bad man" he portrays so excellently in "Marked Women" and "Dead End" and most of his recent pictures? Bogart has a compelling screen personality, and for a change, as well as for the good of some forthcoming heroic role, he should be cast in something different than the parts so consistently given him of late.

Marjorie E. Harvey, Boston, Mass.

THREE "FIRST LADIES"

Here's to the Three Graces of the screen! The beautiful Dolores Del Rio, Sylvia Sidney and Carole Lombard. I never miss one of their pictures, and when I see them on the screen, well they do more than make the whole show entirely delightful and satisfying.

Irene Dory, Chicago, Ill.

RAVE ON! WE LIKE HER TOO

Please, Mr. Chairman, give me the floor—I want to do some raving. A new favorite is born—Frieda Inescort! This charming Scotch woman has something. She's different. Her acting calls for dozens of daisies, and deserves the raves.

Dorothy M. Hulse, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

"Artists and Models" would have been a good picture if it had had more of story and less of specialty numbers. Was the story too short and the acts put in to lengthen the film so the patron would feel he was getting his money's worth?

Chester Gordon, Greeley, Colo.

BOARDWALK BUGGY BONER

I have been going to Atlantic City for 20 years, but I have yet to see the kind of wheel chairs that they used in "Meet the Missus," which was supposed to have taken place there.

Ruth King, Cranford, N. J.
"...but for the Grace of God, there sit I, Portia Merriman, facing a verdict of life or death!"

A heart-tugging mother-and-son story as only Faith Baldwin could write it. Played to perfection by a superlative cast.

PORTIA ON TRIAL

with

WALTER ABEL
FRIEDA INESCORT
NEIL HAMILTON
HEATHER ANGEL
RUTH DONNELLY
BARBARA PEPPER

Directed by George Nicholls, Jr.
Screen Play by Samuel Ornitz - Adaptation and additional dialogue by E. E. Parmelee, Jr. - Original story by Faith Baldwin
Associate producer, Albert E. Lavoy

A Republic PICTURE
Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy co-starred! There's something to promise much—but alas, too much in view of a thoroughly unconvincing and trite melodrama in which an immigrant wife and her tax-sharking husband are caught in the toils of racketeering and political chicanery. The story offers nothing to engage talents of the caliber of Rainer and Tracy, and the film at best is mere routine.

Sprightly and entertaining satire of political Washington, wherein two women engage in typical feminine conflict over a presidential nomination, Kay Francis delivers a bright and spirited performance, and Verree Teasdale as Kay's antagonist is superb. Preston Foster, Louise Fazenda, Grant Mitchell, Walter Connolly, Anita Louise and others in a fine cast do excellent work. Diverging conversation pieces.

Bobby Breen plays the son of a musical comedy star (Marion Claire), who has given the stage for a wealthy suitor (Ralph Forbes). Through Bobby she meets playwright Basil Rathbone and as a result makes a comeback, Donald Meek, Leon Errol, and Henry Armetta round out the cast. Story and direction are not convincing, but some rather cute business in a kids' camp and Bobby's singing, appeal.

Gene Autry carries on with his usual very pleasing and highly popular style of cowboy romantics, though his story here is not up to some of the better grade yarns afforded as an action background for the Autry singing and hard riding. As a matter of fact the story is wilder than the wooly West of cattle rustlers it tells about—with airplanes and short-wave radio helping the villains. But it's amusing.

This has bubble and bounce, that gay and light tone that's tasty for sagging spirits. There's a lift to the dialogue and snap to the action, as Loretta Young, her husband, Warner Baxter, very successful doctor, and Virginia Bruce, his very efficient assistant, find out an intriguing little triangle and find ultimate happiness, all tending to their own jobs. Nothing serious or sophisticated, understand, just lively.

Nino Martini sings operatic arias as well as a couple of popular style songs in the course of a romance, the acting highlight of which is comedy supplied by Alan Mowbray, Alain Hale, Billy Gilbert and Erik Rhodes. Joan Fontaine, young and engaging, is the leading lady of this story about a young Italian whose beautiful voice becomes the center of a Hollywood mystery. Good music for all of you.

The intriguing lady with the light fingers and winning ways makes her third appearance, and this time we find Sophie Long in Hollywood, where, for all its glamour, the surroundings are not as conducive to thrills as the two previous films in this series—the story has motives that baffle more than its situations. However, you'll enjoy Gertrude Michael and Lee Bowman in this conventional crook play.

Mechanical melodrama glossed over with farish comedy and providing some very well done aviation thrills, as an American gangster, a Scotland Yard man, and a chorus girl who can save a man from the electric chair, work out their tangled purposes during the flight of a plane from London to New York. Anna Lee and John Loder are the romantic pair who head an able English cast. Weak yarn, well staged.

Olsen and Johnson, vaudeville comics, are started in what sums up as an elongated two-reel comedy. The idea is that these two have a trained seal they want to put over as a great stage attraction, are mistaken for millionnaires anxious to back a show, and thus get their chance. It doesn't make much sense as a story, and fails to deliver enough laughs to warrant the rather good production given it. 
BOY MAKES GIRL MAKE FOOL OF NEW YORK

CAROLE LOMBARD and MARCH
In SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL’S Sensational TECHNICOLOR Comedy
NOTHING SACRED
WITH
CHARLES WINNINGER • WALTER CONNOLLY
by the producer and director of “A Star is Born”
DAVID O. SELZNICK and WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
Screen play by BEN HECHT • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

SCREENLAND 13
THE MEN RAN AWAY FROM HER SKINNY SHAPE!

*till she gained 20 lbs.
quick, this new easy way

"I used to be so thin that none of the fellows paid any attention to me. At last I tried Ironized Yeast. In 3 weeks I gained 20 pounds. Now I am told I have very good figure and my skin is lovely and smooth. I also have dates almost all the time and am very popular."—Celia Stoneker, Hingham, Va.

10 to 25 lbs. gained quick with IRONIZED YEAST

WHY lose all your chances of making friends and enjoying life—because of a skinny, scrawny figure? Thousands of girls have put on 10 to 25 pounds in a few weeks with these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

No matter how thin and rundown you may be from certain food deficiencies, you too may easily gain normal, attractive curves this quick way—also naturally clear skin, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

Why it builds up so quick

Many doctors now say thousands of people are thin and rundown just because they don't get enough yeast vitamins Vitamin B1 and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and get the most body-building out of what you eat.

Now, in a new record, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale are concentrated 25 times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-pored vitamin concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (from cane, margarine and brewer's yeast) also parenteral English ale yeast. Finally, for your protection, every batch of Ironized Yeast is sealed and tested bacteriologically to insure its full vitamin strength.

The result is these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets which have helped thousands of the skin, hair, and appetite. Use these vital elements quickly to gain normally attractive curves and pep.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast from your druggist today. It with the very first package you didn't feel better, you may return the unused portion and receive your money or your money will be promptly refunded. So start today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at any drug store and mail in the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph.

We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, retain the original box for your own private use.

WARNING! Beware of the many cheap substitutes for this successful formula. Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast.

TEN LIONS—otherwise George Burns and Gracie Allen—have their morning meal in the breakfast room at their Beverly Hills home, where they take their jobs of bringing up daughter Sandra and son Ronnie seriously, and entertain their friends graciously.

Inside the Stars' Homes

After-the-broadcast suppers at the Burns and Allen home are tasty as well as entertaining. Here are Gracie's cooking recipes

By Betty Boone

YOU'VE GUESSED that a glamor queen lived in the Early-American-Montery style house on the Beverly Hills street that is lined with camphor trees. But you'd be wrong! It's Gracie Allen's house—and George Burns' house, too, of course—not to mention Sandra and Ronnie, and there's plenty of room in it for any little brothers or sisters that may happen along.

A wide brick walk, up which march standard roses in blossoming pairs, leads to the white door through a terraced and flower filled garden, and there's a balcony across the entire front of the upper story, enlivened with California flower pots in rainbow colors.

The butler—did it occur to you that Gracie has a butler?—admitted me to the hall where the sort of curving white stair that seems made for an entrance by a glamor girl winds to the upper rooms. There is a stately old grandfather's clock near the door, and the living room, beyond, has gold-framed mirrors and delicate mantles on its ivory walls.

"Harold Grieve decorated the house," chucked Gracie, after she had greeted me. "I didn't want soft colors!" He said "Yes," unconvincingly, and it took me a long time to persuade him that I meant soft. He thought I must be just like my broadcasts—loud, you know. When he finally gave in and believed me, it worked out well. Isn't it beautiful?"

She glanced about from the sage green carpets to the floral drapes in peach and gray, these shades repeated in the furniture. She didn't add, "Am I right, George?" but she was.

French doors lead from the living room to an enclosed patio, furnished in rustic redwood upholstered in green, and both sighted and screened. There are backgammon tables in the living-room and on the patio.

"enjoy," acceded Gracie, when I noticed them, "and we have another upstairs and we're having a fourth one made for the garden. We're mad about it." We learned how to play on a beat when we were going to Europe one time. I remember Hope Hampton was on board and she taught us. We've gone in for it ever since I'm the family champion. Maybe it's a good thing she didn't teach us to play polo. It's not so good for the purse or the neck."

Green lawns stretch from the patio to a picket fence that divides the garden from the swimming pool, where a fair sized sailboat swayed at anchor before the dressing-rooms: it also divides the garden from the children's playground, where there are sandpiles, slides, swings and an enchanting game concerned with drydocks, wharves and boats.

"Show Betty Boone how you slide," urged the mamma of Sandra and Ronnie, two small, fair infants in play suits.

Obediently, they did so, Sandra whooping down the slippery slope as though she enjoyed it. Ronnie taking the trip wrapped in gloon. His attitude toward exhibiting (Please turn to page 69)
Not since the days of Chaplin and Harold Lloyd has so much money, talent and creative effort been devoted to pure comedy—zestfully spiced with music, youthful allure and romance.

THE NEW UNIVERSAL presents

MERRY-GO-ROUND of 1938

A TEN-STAR FUN FROLIC

with BERT LAHR • JIMMY SAVO • BILLY HOUSE
ALICE BRADY • MISCHA AUER • JOY HODGES
LOUISE FAZENDA • JOHN KING • BARBARA
READ • DAVE APOLLON and His Orchestra

Screenplay by Monte Brice and A. Dorian O'tos
Directed by Irving Cummings
Original story by Monte Brice and Henry Myers

Produced by B. G. DE SYLVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS
Executive Vice-President in Charge of Production
Betty Gall R. I'm surprised that you haven't seen Richard Cromwell in some of his big roles in such pictures as "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "Life Begins at Forty," and "Annapolis Farewell." Certainly you must see him in "The Road Back," playing the part of Ludwig. Address him at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

R. S. V. P. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I., in 1901. He is 6 feet, weighs 173 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. He did not attend college, but obtained his education at the grammar school of the Rhode Island Normal. His favorite sports are tennis and horseback riding. He isn't married.

Katharine S. D. You will find an article on Brian Aherne in the March, 1937, issue of SCREENLAND. He was born in England, is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Once rumored to be engaged to Merle Oberon, but Brian is still a bachelor.

An Irene Dunne Fan. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, daughter of Capt. Joseph J. Dunne who was a builder and owner of Ohio River steamboats. Her role in Ziegfeld's stage hit, "Showboat," first brought her into prominence. Later she graduated from the Chicago College of Music. She made her film debut in "Leatherstocking," after which she played the leading feminine role in "Cimarron." She is married to Dr. Griffin. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, has dark hair and blue-gray eyes. Why not read the story about her which appeared in the January issue of SCREENLAND.

Rango Allan. "All Quiet on the Western Front" was the picture in which Lew Ayres made his first hit. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His current picture is "The Last Train from Madrid," a Paramount production. The more recent pictures in which Craig Reynolds appears are, "The Great Garrick," "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air," and "Back in Circulation." Write him at Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California.

Dolores M. "Shanghai" is the title of the picture in which Charles Boyer and Loretta Young appeared; it was produced by Walter Wanger and released by Paramount in 1935.

L. C. R. "Buster" Crabbe is 6 feet, 1 inch in height, and weighs 188 pounds. Kent Taylor is 6 feet and weighs 165.

Irene T. Billy and Bobby Mauch have blue eyes and brown hair. Yes, they can be identified, because Billy wears a ring—but sometimes the boys switch the ring—just for a little fun!

Norma R. The original story of "The Mighty Terve" is by Albert Payson Terhune. Noah Beery, Jr. and Barbara Read played the leads, but of course "Terve" is the real star. Perhaps if you wrote a letter to Universal Studios, Universal City, California, you might be able to get Terve's photograph.


Mrs. C. E. C. You are right, it was Helen Wood who played the feminine lead in "Champagne Charlie."

Dorothy K. Claudette Colbert was really christened Claudette, but her father renamed her, Lily, and Lily Chabotouno who came to New York and renamed Lily Chabotouno for the first stage appearance. Her married name is Mrs. Joel Frawman. Claudette is the son of William H. Gable. He had been married twice, Nelson Eddy is Nelson's real name. He is not married, Jeanette MacDonald was recently married to Gene Raymond. Yes, Fred MacMurray is married and his real name is Fred MacMurray. Robert Taylor was christened Spano Brought Brough. He is not married—yet. Have you a marriage complex?

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Camera angles on a Hollywood premiere! Why, here come Gladys and Eddie—Mrs. and Mr. Edward G. Robinson—and, there's Irene Dunne with Melvyn Douglas, right.
Homesick for Argentina? Not Rigaud—Lodi-American starr recently brought to Hollywood—
with Lola Jensen, Joyce Matthews and Horriette Haddon around.

K. O. Tyrone Power played the part of Count Vallais in "Girl's Dormitory," and Karl Langy in "Ladies in Love." His latest pictures are "Thin Ice," with Sonja Heine, and "In Old Chicago," with Alice Faye and Don Ameche.

H. Trapman. Perhaps you have noticed the exchange of players in the various companies. They are borrowed for one or more pictures and no doubt your letters have gone astray for that reason. Don't be discouraged, try again. I am certain many of the stars would appreciate your letters; almost everyone likes to hear praise and commendation.

L. B. No, Edwina Booth's illness was not fatal. However, I do not know whether she has fully recovered, or is still convalescent. She has not appeared in any film to my knowledge since "Trader Horn."

Green. Thanks for all the nice things you say. Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I., in 1901. Yes, indeed, he and Jeanette MacDonald are the best of friends, and why not? For that reason if you write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California, you might be able to get the "Maytime" songs you mention.

Betty T. Harpo Marx happened to be in a skit once, in which no lines or action were given him—so he just pantomimed—and hasn't spoken a word on stage or screen since then. All four of the Marx brothers were born in New York City, Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Zeppo are the names. Zeppo has gone into business, but the other three are signed with R-K-O.

Jack R. Barbara Read is Barbara Read's real name; she was born at Fort Arthur, Canada, in 1917. She is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Ella Logan's birthplace is Glasgow, Scotland; date of birth is March 6, 1913. She weighs 105 pounds, is 4 feet, 11 inches tall. Cecilia Parker was born in Fort Williams, Canada.

Dorlene H. I haven't an idea in the world as to the size of Tom Brown's shoes, neither do I know his favorite author or whether he has real freckles! Your other queries concerning him appear in the August issue of Screenland, except the news that he recently married Natalie Draper, a Beverly Hills society girl.
Hold on to your turbans, folks!

Fun-making Eddie Cantor and hit-making 20th Century-Fox now go to town together! And it's a Cantornado of laughs!

Eddie CANTOR

Ali Baba Goes to Town

WITH ALL THESE MERRY-MAKING ENTERTAINERS

TONY MARTIN • ROLAND YOUNG
JUNE LANG • LOUISE HOVICK

JOHN CARRADINE • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE
VIRGINIA FIELD • RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
ALAN DINEHART • PETERS SISTERS • JENI LE GON

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Laurence Schwab
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Jack Yellen • Based on a story by Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Gene Fowler

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!
Eddie turns Bagdad into gog-dad and streamlines the Sultan's swingdom!
Hundreds of dancing harem darlings! (Whoopsiedoops!)
About a million wild-riding Arab horsemen (all after Eddie!)
The Raymond Scott Quintet (putting the heat in swing!)
Countless kisses under the desert moon (as Tony sings to June!)
1938-model Magic Carpets (with floating power!)
A hundred or so other hide-highlights!
Gorgeous, spectacular, tuneful, surprising Cantertainment!
Yes! You've got something here!

1001 SIGHTS!
1002 LAUGHS!

NEW GORDON and REVEL SONG HITS!

"Laugh Your Way Thru Life"  "Vote For Honest Abe"
"Swing Is Here To Sway"  "I've Got My Heart Set On You"

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

Screenland
DEAR MR. GRAVET:

Greetings. Or bon jour, Pamour, toujours Pamour, and I don't mean Dorothy.

Anyway, whether in French or American, I'm glad you're back. Because you are, by far, the most satisfactory Continental importation we've had. After those icy goddesses, Garbo and Dietrich; the businesslike Sonja Henie; the rather aloof Charles Boyer, and the latest femme arrival, Mlle. Darrieux (Dare-You, and I won't take that dare, thank you)—it's positively refreshing to find a French star such as yourself, Monsieur: affable, modest, and still somehow very definitely charming in that so-Gallic manner. It would have been easy for you to have done a Darrieux and, like that lovely lady, ducked and dodged the press as much as possible during your stay in New York on the way back to Hollywood. But no—I mean, non, non. Despite the fact that the "celebrity ship," the Normandie, had a somewhat stormy crossing as it brought over a record number of stars and accordingly attracted a record number of reporters and photographers who stalked the decks practically at dawn tracking down their prey, you appeared as blithe and debonair as in "The King and the Chorus Girl," gave innumerable interviews, answered foolish questions about blondes, never murmured when more reporters suddenly popped out at you in your own hotel suite later, and amiably let every waking moment of your stay in town be scheduled by the publicity department. A portrait sitting early the next morning—but certainly. A magazine interview that noon? Oui, oui.

With charm unruffled, and good humor unimpaired, you kept on answering questions—yes, it was wonderful to have Carole Lombard as your leading lady in "Food for Scandal." But yes, blondes are charming— and so are brunettes. You were delighted to be going back to Hollywood, where making pictures is more fun than anywhere else in the world. But just about there the charm began to crack a little. A wistful look appeared on your David windsor face. You answered some of the questions a little absent-mindedly. Your mind seemed to be on something else. You got more and more wistful as more and more reporters kept coming in, more and more dates were lined up for you, and finally you came out with it: "I must have a little time to myself," you said gently. Aha—temperament, eh? Because, you see, Mr. LeRoy wishes to start my new picture as soon as I arrive in Hollywood, and—I am so sorry—but I must take the time to make a date for myself." Mmmm! These gay Europeans. "Yes. I really must insist. I must get the time to make the date—with Mr. Rogers and Mr. Hart, to find out the music they are writing for me to sing in the picture."

And now, M. Gravet, do you mind, while you're in Hollywood making your new picture, giving a little time to making the date for yourself to coach some of our ruder stars on How to have good manners, though in the movies? Thanks so much.

Delight Evans
Are American Women Unfair to Men?

THERE'S nothing like a new point of view on that most fascinating of subjects, women.

In this case it is taken, not by moon-struck admirers whose ignorance may account for their possible bliss, but by star-clear observers of the feminine persuasion itself, and accordingly it may be accepted as expert.

Nor is their slant strictly domestic, as happened at the recent convention of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women where the confirmed card-playing woman of no profession and few home cares was given such a rough deal as to bring down the pronouncement, "We are developing a group of parasites who injure society."

For a change, here is the foreign angle. It gains added interest, not to say glamor, from the fact that it marks the attitude of five European actresses—Simone Simon, Olympe Bradna, Luise Rainer, Sigrid Gurie, Rose Stradner—who have brought their varied talents to Hollywood.

All declare that American women demand too much from men. Yet it should be said at once that these imported ornaments to their profession by no means impose any such rigorous strictures as those credited to the stressful N. F. B. P. W. In general they are kindlier to women. In particular—and this is significant—they are kindliest to men. Indeed, any man hearing them might well say with the poet, "How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman."

Before you answer, read what Hollywood's brilliant foreign-born actresses say! A story presenting a fresh slant on a provocative question, and a revealing view of Continental charmers' attitude toward romance.

By Charles Darnton
Let us sound off, then, with Simone Simon, who is very good at this twosided affair so close to the hearts of women and the bank-books of men. Back from France to resume her starring career with Twentieth Century-Fox, she puckers up the brow of her innocent child-face and solemnly decides:

“America is the woman’s Garden of Eden. Everything that grows in it drops into her lap. You know why this is so? I tell you. The woman here she has the way to twist the man ar-round her finger. The French woman she is not so good a twister. Per-r’aps it is better I explain this, too. You see, in France it is the woman who gets twisted. The man he winds her around his thumb—zz-z! The husband is what you call the boss. The wife take orders, she never give them. She do not say, ‘You buy me this, you give me that.’ She stand back and wait for something. Always it is the man who stand in the front like when they have their photograph taken.”

By way of illustration the obliging Simone gets up and shrinks humbly against the wall.

“But here,” as she slumps down for emphasis, “it is differ-rent. The woman she ask too much from the man. She ast-onish me. Also the man he surprise me. He have the money, but he do not make the big show. No, he show off the woman. At night he light her up with much jewels and is proud of her like the Eiffel Tower, so I think this is why she comes high. And when I think of this I am pretty sorry for the American man. She ask him for lots of money and she get it. Oh, well, easy goes, easy comes! And anyhow the man he get—what you say?—his money’s worth. If his wife say she want to

...
How Hollywood

Behind the scenes the show world has been in an uproar, with the future of screen idols at stake. Radio vs. Hollywood, it was. Now it's Radio with Hollywood, and look—everybody's happy.

Radio that plan went overboard. Now ninety per cent of the headline air programs come to you directly from Hollywood!

Here is explicit illustration of how Radio has capitulated. A year ago the Columbia Broadcasting System had four persons on its Southern California staff; today it employs a hundred and ninety. It's completing a $2,000,000 building two blocks from Hollywood Boulevard to handle its important entertainment. To present Hollywood folk at their best CBS is to have eight air studios, one seating over a thousand spectators. Acoustically perfect because every wall is at a slight angle to cut out echo interference, the building's master control room is separated from Sun-

Do you realize that Radio has moved to Hollywood? That it is copying Hollywood's success system? That it is shaping most of its major programs around screen names? That even in casting the supporting rôles for air dramas the preference is being given to screen actors? That, as a consequence, the movie stars are riding higher than ever before?

Remember that when Radio City was opened in New York there wasn't a single national hook-up from Hollywood. The magnificent metropolitan skyscraper was presumably the final word; the Rockefellers themselves said so. San Francisco was designated the broadcasting center for the coast. But when Hollywood decided to tussle with
Has Conquered Radio

By
Ben Maddox

Jean Crawford and Franchot Tone are Radio "regulars." Above, with DeMille, producer of the Lux Radio Theatre. Right, Clouette Colbert gets Mike-tright. Right below, affable president of "Jack Oakie's College." Below, at bottom of page, two pet pictures and radio, Dick Powell and Jeanette MacDonald.

set Boulevard by merely a plate glass wall. While you stroll along you can easily watch the entire mechanism of the plant. Certainly a Hollywood touch, this! And not to be outdone NBC is discarding its new building of a year ago for a much larger one. Hollywood has Radio going ahead triple pace. Change and progress are local habits.

Radio has come to Hollywood because the public reacted so strongly in favor of screen stars on the air. Shrewd air sponsors forced the big chains to transfer to where the desired talent is.

This influx of Radio has given a new fillip to the movie colony. Every actor now has an agent to take care of his air offers. The spectacular cash that can be picked up is impressive to say the least! Everyone discusses Radio propositions that are staggering. Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny are tops in salaries, rating around $10,000 a week for their present programs. Jeanette MacDonald is paid $5,000 a week. Add to that her Metro wage and she's a modern wife who's doing all right for herself. The Lux Radio Theatre, the foremost dramatic air show, pays according to a star's picture income—a week's wage for a performance. Thus Gable and Dietrich and the highest salaried screen actors receive some $5,000 for starring for it. (You've noticed how Hollywood this hour has gone, haven't you? It moved West, (Please turn to page 81)
KATRINE MOLLINEAUX and Bill Naughton had been drinking champagne cocktails for most of the afternoon, and they had reached the confidential stage. They were going back—farther back than even Hollywood, with its colossal imagination, could have guessed. At the moment, Katrine was saying:

"It's a long way from Delancy Street to Beverly Hills, isn't it, Big Boy?"

Bill Naughton looked at Katrine quizically from beneath lowered brows. He'd had one champagne cocktail for every two of Katrine's.

"When I see you sitting in that red plush chair," he said, "I realize it's a very short way! You haven't changed much, Katie!" He ducked suddenly, as Katrine threw a glass at him. It crashed, with a little silvery tinkle, against a marble column that had come from Pompeii.

"Shut up!" Katrine shouted, but it sounded ominously mild under the circumstances. Bill ducked again, instinctively, before he made reply.

"Better send for one of your army of Japs," he advised, "and don't throw glasses. Some day you'll hurt somebody with your parlor tricks."

Katrine beamed at Bill. Her temper was gone with the wind. She murmured: "You know, darling, I'm really very fond of you in a strange way. I'd find it rather hard to struggle along without you!"

Bill told her: "None of that soft soap, Katie—I know how you feel about me... You need me to go around after you, picking up the broken glasses and the broken hearts and the broken lives. I'm a good publicity man,
Katrine gave a gasp and felt cold fingers clutching her heart. In the doorway stood a little boy who might have been seven or eight, or at the outside an under-sized nine. He wore blue overalls and a shock of red hair, and his wide, scared eyes reached out across the room until they found Katrine’s face and settled there.

Star-Dust Baby

An author renowned for her tensely human stories writes the amazing novel of a mercurial screen siren whose passion for publicity tempts her to toy with the irresistible forces that govern every woman’s heart

By Margaret E. Sangster

and an A-1 fixer. If it weren’t for the homework I do, nobody’d go to see your lousy pictures!” Katrine looked at Bill with eyes that were wide and hurt. Her pictures weren’t lousy—Bill knew it, and Katrine knew he knew it.

“You’re being nasty, this afternoon,” she moaned faintly, and started to cry. Her tears were large and bland.

“Your mascara,” warned Bill heartlessly, so she thought better of the burst of emotion and rang for one of her noiseless, perfectly trained Japanese servants, instead.

“Kito,” she drawled, as a minute, brown-eyed man made his appearance, “you can sweep up that mess. Mr. Naughton is so careless with glasses.”

The Japanese servant made strange hissing noises between his teeth and beamed at Bill. Bill beamed back.

“Kito knows me better than that!” he said. “I never drop—anything!”

The Japanese servant beamed harder than ever, if possible, and bent to retrieve the fragments of crystal that lay upon the floor. Katrine watched him quietly, but her even teeth worried her lower lip.

“When you get through with that business,” she said at last, “you can show Mr. Naughton out. He’s about ready to go home—are n’t you, Bill?”

Bill chuckled and reached for a cigarette. He spoke to the Japanese, ignoring Katrine.

“Don’t pay any attention to her, Kito,” he remarked placidly, “I’m probably staying for dinner.”

The little Japanese broke into speech. Servants, children and animals all adored Bill Naughton. He said: “Good, vedy, vedy good!” and left the room as silently as he had entered it, while Bill winked at Katrine and said, “You see how I stand, honeybunch!”

Katrine twitched one slim shoulder, and muttered:

“You’re as thick skinned as a rhinoceros, Bill. Can’t you take a hint?”

Bill Naughton laughed softly and for quite a long while. He said:

“You bet I can, when I want to, but this isn’t one of the times I want to. I came here to talk business and I’ve done nothing but drink gallons of your cheap champagne—”

Katrine interrupted furiously. “You pay for a gallon and see how cheap it is—” she told Bill. “So what?”

“So this—” finished Bill. “I’m going to stay until we have our talk, if I’ve got to make a night of it.”

Katrine was undiluted sunshine again. She was mercurial, always. Well, almost always! “Are you propositioning me at this late date, darling?” she giggled. “Should I be flattered?”

“No, I’m not propositioning you,” Bill retorted. “Oddly enough, I’m trying to earn the rather magnificent salary you pay me. What are you going to do next, baby, to get your name in the papers? Have you made any plans?”

Katrine yawned as whole-heartedly as a kitten. “Divil a plan,” she said. “Thinking of gags for me is your job.”

Bill groaned, “I know it is and I’d rather play ping-pong with Satan, any day.”

Katrine yawned again. She (Please turn to page 61)
Snubbing the Stars

They may be fortune's darlings most of the time, but there are occasions when Hollywood's pets have to "take it," whether they like it or not.

By Jerry Asher

Being a glamor girl or a personality boy is awfully good work if you can get it. But just try and get it and it serves you right. Don't ever think it's all moonlight and shadows with Dorothy Lamour in your arms. The Hollywood pixies from Never-Never land have their little moments too, when those famous faces are not their fortunes. In spite of their world acclaim, the Taylors, the Tones, the Tyrones and the Simones get snubbed beautifully. Even as you or I.

Believe it or Ripley, Fred Astaire was refused admission to a public dance hall. It was when he first came to Hollywood. Before starting a picture he made a tour of all those local points of beauty recommended by the Chamber of Commerce. His good friend Randy Scott offered to serve in the capacity of official guide. One weekend they went to Catalina. Their first night there they wandered down toward the open air pavilion. Fred heard music and quickened his step. (No pun intended.)

"Let's go in and watch them dance," exclaimed the man whose own dancing was destined to thrill fans all over the world.

At the entrance they were stopped. Randy could go in because he was wearing a tie. But that gentleman with him would have to put on a tie too. Or wait outside. The famous dancer of two continents preferred to run back to the hotel and attire himself properly. Dressed according to the rules and regulations, he gained admittance. The following Christmas Fred received a box of the most horrible looking ties in captivity. Enclosed was a note from Randy Scott, that read: "Just in case you ever need these in an emergency."

Robert Taylor got his in the Astaire manner. Only Bob's was even tougher, because he happened to be with

You'd think, looking at Ginger Rogers, top, that she'd be welcome anywhere. But once she was turned down cold! Fred Astaire, above, was refused admission to a public dance hall. Read why. Franchot Tone, right, is regular enough to admit it when he's in the wrong.
before— I recall an
odd muse
written
that stained
with love and
Miriam
Hopkins
said my
friends
wouldn't
of coffee. I
music, that
stained
love and
Miriam
Hopkins
said my
friends
wouldn't
of coffee. I

especially good one tucked in between an influenza cycle and a star sapphire cycle—so I knew exactly how to comfort myself in the presence of a fresh, dewy-eyed bride. The approach is simple, just a mere blending of the spiritual and the sentimental, the madonna-like smile and the sympathetic hand patting. I knew my lines perfectly, heaven knows I should by this time, but I regret to say that Miriam didn’t throw me a single cue, not one.

When I had arrived at the point, (with great difficulty due to the constant ringing of the telephone), where Miriam, as a fresh young bride, was supposed to look dewy-eyed, blush modestly, and Tell All about her Beloved, she merely kicked off her mules and proceeded to do her toe nails with nonchalance and a bright red polish. During this ceremony, which I assure you is simply devastating to the mystic ecstacies, I should say that at least twenty people passed in and out of Miriam’s dressing-room, including her ex-husband Austin Parker, a Madame Somebody or Other who reads fortunes with cards, a masseuse, a producer, several Russians, and a man with a script from the studio.

“Come on over, dear,” Miriam had said on the phone. “We’ll talk. Just you and I.” Just you and I, my eye. It was about as cozy as Grand Central station when the Century gets in with Robert Taylor. But Miriam has always loved having people around her, the most ill-assorted but thoroughly fascinating people, and if she ever invites you to a quiet little just-you-and-I-dear dinner in her lovely home don’t be at all surprised if eighty people sit down at little tables. Not party-crashers, heavens no, Miriam knows each and every one of them, and each and every one of them has the most thrilling life story—when Miriam tells it. Well, there wasn’t much I could do about “the real marriage story” with Austin Parker shouting, “The script smells. I wouldn’t do it if I were you,” Madame shuffling the cards, and Lubitsch crashing into Greig in the next room. But eventually there comes a lull, even at Miriam’s, and I let loose with, “When did you meet Tola? When did you fall in love?” When? When? When? Why? Why?

“I had to marry Tola,” said Miriam giving me one of her famous under-the-long-eyelash winks. “You see if I hadn’t married him I would have made a liar out of one of the best fortune tellers in Europe. She would have been awfully mad.” No blushing bride had ever told me that before, me who has survived, (without benefit of grammar), at least six marriage cycles. This, indeed, was going to be a new high—or a new low—in marriage stories.

“Her name was Madame Hungaria and I met her in Paris and she did perfectly marvelous things with cards and crystal balls. She told me that when I returned to Hollywood I would be hurt in an automobile accident—and I was, when Mrs. Astaire’s car bumped into mine. Then she said that within a week I would meet a man who would be very important in my life and I would marry him and his name would be four letters. ‘It’s like Tony,’ she said, ‘but it isn’t Tony.’ I was frightfully intrigued.

“A few days later in the cocktail lounge of the Normandie I met a Mr. Litvak—[Editorial aside: Miss Hopkins did not pick him up, he was properly introduced by mutual friends]—who in the course of the conversation said his name was Anatole and I said what fun, I can remember that easily because I once played in ‘The Affairs of Anatole’ on Broadway. ‘But my friends call me Tola,’ he said. ‘T-o-l-a—it (Please turn to page 80)
When Carole Lombard and Fredric March team up in a Ben Hecht comedy, the fun is fast and furious. At left, Freddie as star reporter swears to his managing editor, Walter Connolly, that he'll bring back the newspaper scoop of the year—or else. What he "brings back" is Carole, accompanied by Charles Winninger, and for what happens then, read our story.

"This is New York," Wally Cook, star reporter of the Morning Star, had written in one of his most inspired articles. "Skyscraper champion of the world, with a silk hat for a soul and a mummy song for a heart. This is Bagdad, Babylon, and Podunk in a cake walk between two river banks. This is where the Slickers and the Smart Alecks hang their gold hats, and where the sky is a forgotten sign left in the wind by a defunct firm. This is New York, where the handwriting on the wall is part of a daily menu. The fortress of sophistication with a price tag for a flag. Where nothing is too strange, too macabre, too humpty dumpty or too Ooh-la-la—if it happened there."

And nothing had been too humpty dumpty to happen in New York. For there he was, Wally Cook, the tops in newspapermen, kicked smack off the front page into the dismal backwash of the obituary columns!

What did a paper demand of a reporter anyway? he thought glumly. Maybe he should have been born with a crystal ball in his mouth. Maybe that's what Oliver Stone demanded on his staff: psychic powers. Even now it hurt to think of Oliver, that heel who used to be his friend and was still his editor.

He'd been his pal all right when Wally Cook had unearthed the Sultan of Mazipan at a night club and brought that fabulous offer of his to erect a Temple of Art in New York where the theatre, the dance,
"Nothing Sacred," gay and giddy Ben Hecht romance with Lombard and March, is here re-told in sparkling fiction form. Read season's sprightliest screen story.

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please turn to Page 74 for cast and credits of "Nothing Sacred." Selznick-International technicolor picture released by United Artists.

all the other branches of culture would be offered free to the people, right to the city desk. Oliver had patted little Wally on the head when the Sultan had consented to allow the Morning Star to sponsor his giant project, and wasn't it that same Wally who had sat in a seat of honor at the speaker's table at the banquet the paper had thrown to introduce the Sultan and his plan to the great and near great of the city?

Oh yes, Oliver had thrown plenty of bouquets at the feet of his star reporter that night, until the fatal moment when the dark lady from Harlem had crashed the banquet with her brood of pickaninnies and denounced the Sultan as her erring husband and the bejewelled Sultan as the massage parlor girl who had broken up her happy home.

And Oliver had blamed him, Wally Cook! As if anyone in God's newspaper world could have spotted the be-jeweled and turbaned potentate for a Harlem waiter with a Sultan complex.

And Ernest, alias Sultan of Mazipan, expiating his sins by emptying the office wastepaper baskets, proved a constant annoying reminder of his other degradation. In a sudden spurt of indignation Wally jumped to his feet and made for Oliver's office.

"There's a limit to human endurance," he announced with that flamboyance even the obituary page could not take away from him.

"Indeed, Mr. Cook?" Oliver gave him a cold, disdainful glance.

"Listen, Oliver," Wally tried being his most ingratiating self, "I've been sitting in that doghouse for three weeks pounding out those daffy obituaries and I'm getting sick of it."

"Not sick enough, Mr. Cook," Oliver exaggerated a shudder as he picked up a piece of proof and began reading it.

"That's gratitude!" Wally threw charm to the winds and bellowed protestingly. "I'm the best reporter you ever had. I've handed you a dozen scoops. I've frozen my eyeballs out for you in Labrador and I've run myself bow-legged through fire and flood for you, and now just because of some goofy little accident that might happen to anyone, you do this to me! Oliver, I tell you the paper's going to rack and ruin with me hidden in that water cooler. Look at this." He picked up the piece of proof and thrust it dramatically in front of the other.

"Three sticks on the biggest human interest story that's hit this town in years. A poor (Please turn to page 74)"
WHEN Edna May Durbin was born less than fifteen years ago, her sister Edith bent over the crib, and thought: “What a nice baby!” Now that Edith is grown up and married, and Edna May has become Deanna Durbin, the movie star, the elder sister’s opinion of the younger remains substantially the same.

She still calls Deanna Edna, because it comes more naturally to her. Deanna calls her Dee Dee. “It was her baby name for me, and it’s stuck. She tacks an e on everybody’s name. She calls my husband Clarence, for instance, as if Clarence weren’t bad enough.” Her smile is exactly like Deanna’s, even to the little corner dimples. Her manner is like her sister’s too—friendly without exuberance, wellbred without being stiff.

The Durbins are none of them given to extravagances of speech. With true British reticence, they keep their feelings to themselves. What they think of each other, you’ve got to catch in a glance or intonation, for you won’t hear it in words.

But as Edith tells the story of Deanna’s childhood, the picture begins to form. A closeknit family of four, happy in one another, modest in their demands on life, with a sane sense of values left untouched by their transplantation into a new world. A household where the children were cherished without being spoiled. When it was discovered that their youngest had a voice which set her apart, they were pleased, but with a sober pleasure. They realized too keenly the responsibilities involved for her, to be wildly elated.
“We knew she'd take the responsibilities hard,” says Edith. “She was always a conscientious child. I remember one Christmas she was ill with tonsillitis, and so disappointed because she couldn't help trim the tree. So I brought a little one home, and set it on the table beside her bed. ‘We'll trim it together,’ I told her.”

No sooner had they finished than, to Deedee's horror, Edna slumped back among the pillows.

“But why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling well enough?” her sister reproached her later.

“Well,” she whispered, “you took the trouble to bring it just for me. The least I could do was trim it.”

The family knew she had a sweet voice and could carry a tune. They saw nothing remarkable in that. Their friends enjoyed hearing her, so when she was very small, they'd lift her to a table and let her warble her favorite Pal of My Cradle Days. Even when she grew older, and people began asking her to sing on charity programs, it never occurred to the Durbins that her voice might be anything but a source of pleasure to a few. And Edna, being a Durbin, accepted it in the same way.

For the rest, she lived the life of the average child in moderate circumstances, went to school, made friends among her classmates, spent the afternoons roller skating with them, sang in school productions. An ice-cream soda at a drug-store counter with the girls, or an early movie, constituted special treats. She loved the movies. When Clarence Heckman, engaged to Deedee, started working in the music department of a studio, she would pelt him, like any child of her age, with questions about the stars: “Whom did you see today, Clarency?” she would beg. Joan Crawford? ! ! Really? How did she look, what did she have on, how close did you see her?—Heavens, Clarency, weren't you thrilled?”

“Practically paralyzed, Ednerts,” Clarence would assure her. “They had to pick me off the floor with a pokers.” Ednerts is by way of retaliation for Clarency. Far from offending Deanna, she considers it cute.

It was a family friend who practically pushed the Durbins into doing something about Edna's voice. Her daughter was taking piano lessons from an accompanist of Ralph Thomas, the singing teacher.

“Let me talk to him about the child's voice,” she kept urging. “It’s too good to be left untrained.”

“We didn't pay much attention at first,” says Edith, “because—well, you know how it is. You find it hard to believe that right in your own family and for no good reason, there's a voice that people will pay to hear. And besides, we hadn't the money for lessons. But I'd finished school the summer before, I'd been teaching..."
since September, so I felt that if anything did come of it, I could at least help with the financial end.

“Our friend spoke to this man, she had him hear Edna sing. She made the appointment with Mr. Thomas, she all but carried us to the door. Not that we were unwilling exactly—just timid, I suppose, about daring to think that Edna might become a professional singer.”

Having been all but carried to the door, Mrs. Durbin and the two girls went in. Edna just turned eleven, sang. It was no storybook scene. Mr. Thomas didn’t fling his arms in the air, and shout: “Here is a voice.” His eyes didn’t sparkle with the joy of discovery. Maybe he was naturally phlegmatic. Maybe he found no cause to be otherwise. He thought it was a good voice. He thought he could develop it. Such and such were his terms. Lessons were arranged for, and the Durbins went home.

They were unique in this—that, living in Los Angeles where children with a spark of talent or none at all bombard the studios daily—the thought of the movies never entered their heads. It was opera that Edna began to dream about. One day she came home and told them quietly: “Mr. Thomas said that maybe years and years from now I’ll be able to sing in grand opera. You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Only I don’t suppose I’d better get excited about it yet. Because maybe I won’t be good enough.” Meantime she enjoyed her lessons, was grateful to Deedee for making them possible, continued at school, sang at her teacher’s recitals and looked ahead to years of the same routine.

And so it might have worked out, if Metro hadn’t needed a girl to play the young Schumann-Heink. Among others, they asked Jack Sherrill, an agent, to look out for a twelve-or thirteen-year-old, “with a fairly good voice, it doesn’t have to be sensational.”

One day a friend phoned. The fate seemed to be at work, for he knew nothing of Sherrill’s commission. “I’m down here at Ralph Thomas’s. I’ve just heard a kid with an operatic voice. Say, Jack, she’s good. Want to hear her?”

“Hold her,” said Sherrill, grabbed his hat and ran.

One look at her face, and he knew she didn’t have to worry over that part of it. She sang Il Bacio for him. “How’d you like to go into pictures?” he asked.

Her eyes widened, the only sign of any inward turmoil. “Do you think I could?” she returned soberly.

Sherrill offered her parents a managerial contract. “We were all quite calm about it,” Edith recalled with a gleam of amusement. “Mr. Sherrill’s attitude may have had something to do with that. He didn’t seem to care very much one way or the other, sort of take it or leave it. It wasn’t until after the contract was signed that he began getting enthusiastic. We were so ignorant of what the whole thing meant and would mean, that we couldn’t tell what to do. Edna didn’t urge us one way or the other, she said whatever we decided would be all right. So—mother and dad finally decided to take the plunge and sign.”

Sherrill arranged for an audition at Metro. The little girl sang Il Bacio for an assistant musical director. He summoned his superior. She sang again. A buzz of whispering, and a third expert was (Please turn to page 70)
William (Tell) Powell, wearing Myrna's new hat and apparently borrowing Spanky MacFarland's favorite toy gun, and Miss (Apple a Day) Loy compose their famous features into perfect professional dead-pans to appease the studio photographer's craving for "something new and crazy" in the way of a funny picture. At left and right, the skilful players counterfeit a domestic battle; and below, they pose prettily for a tender scene.

The madder and merrier the movie, the greater the rush of customers to the box-offices of the land. So that popular team of Myrna Loy and William Powell cast aside care and discretion completely to pose for "gag" pictures such as the one at the top of this page; and to stage many merry battles, and almost as many sweet makings-up, in their charmingly crazy new film. Don't ask us where it will all end. All we hope is, that M-G-M never arranges a divorce between Nick and Nora, or Myrna and Bill, or whatever you want to call the screen's most sophisticated couple.

Most hilariously hectic "married couple" in our movies, Myrna Loy and William Powell continue their "Thin Man and Wife" cycle, this time titled "Double Wedding"
Topper Taylor!

Presenting Bob at his best in portraiture. Here are the latest and most realistic close-ups of the screen's Prince Charming.

Hundreds of thousands of women can't be wrong—they say Robert Taylor is even handsomer off than on-screen. These portraits are further proof. For poise as well as profile, consider this shot at right; and for the easy informality and engaging Taylor smile, study the three grand close-ups above and at left. Bob is now in England making his latest, and first picture abroad, "A Yank at Oxford."
In Old Chicago” the rivals, above, are Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, with Alice Faye—very understandably, as you notice at the far right—the object of their affections. The scenes at right and below tell the story. Right, the lines of battle are drawn. Below, Tyrone and Don fight it out. But they’re pals again, with Alice Brady as mediator, in the scene at bottom of page.

Friendly Rivals

Amiable, but none the less ardent antagonists for the favor of Alice Faye, are Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, as two very personable men and a very pretty girl become romantically involved in a new and elaborate screen play.
On, and On, and On
With the Dance!

Hollywood has been dancing for years. But now, for the first time, it offers classic ballet to screen audiences. Samuel Goldwyn, real picture pioneer of the artistic and worthwhile, presents in "The Goldwyn Follies" the American Ballet of George Balanchine. Left, Heidi Vesseler, called "world's ballet beauty." At right, close-ups of two other dancers, Hortense Kahrklin and Madeleine Leweck; and across top of opposite page, views of girl dancers in practice clothes, hard at work rehearsing.

Three different dance styles are illustrated, at left, by Evelyn Thawl, newcomer to Hollywood from Broadway; far left, the hey-ho "Charleston;" Center, the French can-can. Left, to day's strut. Now, at right, you see Priscilla Lane rehearsing one of her own original dance routines, in gay, reckless modern tempo.
And still they dance! This time it's the "Merry-Go-Round," new dance performed in tango-rumba time, created by Carl Randall for Universal's "Merry-Go-Round of 1938," and performed by John King and Joy Hodges, love team in the picture—in eight positions, reading from left to right across the center of our two pages. Now you try it!
Here Dwells

Dainty Anita

Anita Louise, whose delicate colorings and Dresden china charm are reflected in the interior treatment of her house, is seen at upper left, on the stairway that ascends from a tastefully furnished reception hall. Above, the star in her music room. Top right, breakfast room.

There's a play room—equipped with bar—in Anita's home, and you'll find it inviting and attractive as represented in the view at right center. Right, the bedroom, daintily feminine to the last detail of the draperies and bed-spread. Above, Anita does a bit of needlework there in the far corner near a window in the sitting room.
Anita Louise, perhaps more than any Hollywood home-builder, finds the perfect expression of her own personality in her fastidiously planned abode.

The porch, a pleasant place to enjoy the sunny—when it is—California weather, also provides good candid camera shots, as you see at top right. Above, breakfast in her boudoir. At upper left, the lady of the house supervises the final arrangements of the dining table.

Close-up of the table set for dinner, gives you an idea of the tasteful way crystal and lace, china and silver are arranged at Anita's house—left center. Left, a view of the drawing-room from the library. That's Anita standing in center foreground. Above, a close-up view of the fireplace, central feature of the living room.
Dick Powell boasts one of the most extensive—and expensive—wardrobes in Hollywood, so trust Dick to wear just the right clothes when he goes places. You get the idea in the three poses of Mr. Powell above: check sports jacket, belted informal lounging coat, and high hat with a timely tilt—all show style.

What the well-dressed man will wear—or will he? Anyway, you must admit Hollywood actors know how to pick clothes that suit their personalities.

Tennis is Ralph Bellamy's favorite sport—he plays and he also runs a popular tennis club. What's more, as proved by the picture at left, Ralph knows how to dress when he's going out to the courts. Jack Holt, right, gives the mature and substantial man of affairs style ideas worth copying.
Preston Foster, apparently, doesn't do things by halves, and he puts on a real fashion-plate pose to illustrate, above, the very latest thing for formal morning wear. Patric Knowles, center above is another smart dresser, gives just the right twist to a black and white checked scarf.

And speaking of expressing personality in the clothes a man wears, here's Cesar Romero, above, over-coated and hatted precisely, it seems to us, as you'd expect of the actor who plays those dark and menacing screen roles so convincingly. There's nothing in the pose to suggest that Kent Taylor, left, is setting fashions—but have another close look at the trim fit and smartly striped fabric of his double breasted outfit. Right, the customary lounging costume of Hollywood, sweater, slacks, and open-collared shirt—worn with that casual ease characteristic of Randy Scott. Randy's taking it easy here on a holiday from the studios.
Here are snappy sequences guaranteed to prove the marvelous mobility of favorite picture performers.

Hugh Herbert Sees a Ghost!

"What's this? Fish, fowl, good red herring! Oooh! A monster, no less. What? Why, it talks. It's Boris Karloff. How are you, Boris? You'll have to excuse my bewildermint, but I didn't know you were working here at Warners now. Greetings, Frankenstein. Welcome to our —tee-hee-hee—film factory. I've got a couple new inventions I want you to see."

Mrs. Charles Boyer's Day Off

"Bon jour, Gabrielle. I'll be out all day, so here's tonight's dinner menu. Be sure there's enough brandy in the crépes suzette—Mr. Boyer will be home early from the studio, but we'll dine at eight, anyway. Now I must dash to the hairdresser. ""Are you sure it's quite dry? I'm starting a new picture next week and I don't want sniffles and a red nose. So you liked Pat Patterson in ""32nd. So? Mrs. Boyer thanks you."

I put on the Bolero before the guests come. It makes a good entrance."

New Idol Relaxes

"Ho-hum, it's good to have some time between pictures to brush up on my reading. But gosh, I suppose they'll caption this one, 'Wayne Morris has a book.' I'd better do something else for the photographer. This is more like it, playing checkers by telephone. But maybe they won't believe that, either. Well, here's one they can't say is faked. I'm not such a bad ivory-tickler for an amateur. Say, when do we eat? That's an idea with salt, out of your own icebox."
Pictures Must Tell A Story

Three is Still a Crowd

Robert Montgomery: "Roz, did you invite Bob Benchley to come between us?" Rosalind Russell: "Don't be silly! He's just the comedy relief." Montgomery: "But pretty stiff competition if you ask me. Bob, you old scene-stealer, get out of here, before you come between two hard-working co-stars, or 'Night Must Fall.'" Montgomery-Russell: "Ah, alone at last—except for director, assistant directors, cameramen, electricians, press agents, and—oh, yes—the still photographer of our latest film. 'Live, Love and Learn'—we hope you like it!

The Story of a Slap

Lola Lane, on the set of "Hollywood Hotel". "Sorry, Dick, this hurts me almost as much as it does you." Ted Healy: "I bet that's what you tell all the boys, Lola." Lola, again, swinging into action: "Is that so! Then see how you like it." Director, interfering: "Sorry, Mr. Powell, we'd better do it again. No, Lola—put some real punch in it." Later, Lola to sister Rosemary Lane: "Honest, I hated that scene. Dick's such a nice boy, too. And is my palm red!

Swing Stuff

Johnny Davis: "Well, Mr. Deeds went to town once, so I guess I can too. Anyway, here's where I give my all for 'Hollywood Hotel.'" Now what's the matter? Maybe my bugle has undergone some personal appearance at the Paramount. "Listen to this—it panicked 'em at Hollywood," The Maestro, Benny Goodman: "I know they call it Goodman's Band, but just between us, I would call it Goodman's Band. And is he really without his hot little drummer?"
Wake Up and Clown!

Dizziness begins at dawn for that zealous zany, Ben Blue. First chime of the alarm clock starts Ben clowning—fine way to get into the mood for work.

Here’s a new game for you! It’s called “around the clock with a cuckoo.” In other words a day in the life of a movie merry-go-round who goes dizzy to delight laugh-seekers. Ben goes into his dance before he gets out of bed, and you can follow him through his morning ablutions, to dressing and breakfasting, from top to bottom at left, and on to a dip in the ocean, right. Above, Ben Blue and Judy Canova, two successful screen screamers, in a new picture, “Thrill of a Lifetime.”
Bob Burns and his bride have a lovely new home in Bel-Air, as you see in these pictures of the exterior and interior of the house, below, with the comedian and Mrs. Burns enjoying life there. Left, Robin has a feathered friend he's proud of—says he swims like a duck. Far left, listening to a recording of a recent broadcast—the elaborate equipment in his home enables Bob to be his own severest critic.

Robin's Rest—
Between Gags

Bob Burns holidays at home—you understand why when you look in on him as he relaxes, which we make easy for you by presenting these real-life views.
It's Always Play-Time
in
Hollywood

All the year 'round, Hollywood's handsome young people cavort by sea or stream, dune or dude ranch. Top left, new team-mates Jimmy Ellison and Jean Parker take time off from "The Barrier" for fun. Center, not making much hay but looking lovely are Jean Rogers, Judith Barrett, Frances Robinson. Top right, that cut-up, Marie Wilson. Jean Parker again in her sun-suit, Jean Rogers doing a lady Lincoln act; and, left, Lana Turner kidding Izaak Walton.
Jane Bryan, left, takes her sun seriously. Joy Hodges, right, not only decorates a swimming-pool, she can really swim. Below center, Larry "Buster" Crabbe teaches Paramount's student players the fine art of posing in the pool. At bottom of page, from left to right: new twosome, Betty Grable and Leif Ericson; Mary Maguire, ready for badminton; and Margaret Lindsay, beautiful support for a fine old Hollywood star, Sir Tree.

The spirit of picture-land is always gay no matter what the season.
Against the extravagantly colorful backgrounds of Oriental splendor of the 13th century, Gary Cooper plays the adventurer who journeyed from Europe to Asia, and discovered the riches of the Great Khan's court—and also the lovely Princess Kukachin, played by Sigrid Gurie, Norwegian star who makes her Hollywood bow in this picture, and seen in the Still of the Month, at right. Above, Gary in a scene with Basil Rathbone and Ernest Truex. Below, close-up of the stars in a romantic scene from the new Goldwyn epic.
PARDON my bruises. I went to Southampton Docks to meet Robert Taylor and since thousands of his English women fans had had the same idea, I literally fought my way across the “Berengaria” gang-plank and up on to the sun-deck where the hero of the hour was standing. In a blue-grey suit that exactly matched his eyes, Bob was waving down to the seething feminine mass on the dock, calling out that he was glad to see them and delighted they had taken the trouble to come.

“Does it worry you?” I asked him curiously.

His sun-tanned face wrinkled into the famous smile.

“I’ll worry me when they stop mobbing me,” he replied. “I like my fans and I’m tremendously grateful to them. I only hope they aren’t disappointed when they meet me in the flesh.”

Well, I wasn’t anyway! Undoubtedly Bob is far more good-looking in reality than on the screen which can’t convey his fresh complexion and rich jet-black hair and the air of well-groomed health he radiates. I’ve met many famous Hollywood visitors but never one so natural nor so modest as Robert Taylor. He tries to have a smile, a wave, a word for each and every one of the crowds that besiege him and he signs autograph-books until his fingers go stiff with cramps. He was so considerate for other people aboard the “Berengaria” the stewards became his fans to a man. They voluntarily mounted guard outside his stateroom door when he asked not to be disturbed—when he was having his daily ocean phone talk with his mother, for instance, or reading his mail which he always makes his own personal duty.

Down at Denham Studios, where there is a wonderful replica of the grey old college which Bob will attend as “A Yank at Oxford,” everybody echoes the verdict of the ship, for the Taylor charm has

Stars are brisk and hearty when they sojourn in England for work or play

By Hettie Grimstead

completely captured them. He kept the make-up man waiting five minutes one morning and apologized to him profusely! He never fails to open the door for a woman or place a chair on the set for a visitor and he listens to your conversation with the most charmingly flattering attention.

During the making of his British picture, which has Maureen O’Sullivan in the cast, Bob is (Please turn to page 67)
Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans

THE stage Door—RKO-Radio

TOP entertainment of the movie month, this very free and easy-to-take screen translation of the Edna Ferber "play" surpasses every other offering. It's spirited and sparkling, but surprisingly enough, not at all shallow. Beneath the glitter of the good lines, both of dialogue and the big cast of girls, is genuine heart-interest, revealed in terms of true cinema, thanks to director Gregory LaCava. The account of the goings-on in a girls' theatrical boarding-house in New York is skimpy stuff until Mr. LaCava takes it in hand and turns it into a warm, wise, and witty show. Cheers, too, for his inspired direction of Ginger Rogers, who for the first time proves she can stand on her own shapely feet as an authentic artist without Astaire. As Jean, wisecracking little dancer who is the life of the girls' club, Miss Rogers dominates every scene in which she appears, glowing with good spirits and that electric quality possessed by the few screen "greats." She steals Hepburn's scenes; she makes even Menjou a background actor for once. It's Ginger's picture—except for those scenes in which Andrea Leeds appears. This new Miss Leeds holds her own even with Ginger, as the tragic young actress robbed of her coveted role by Hepburn.

ANGEL—Paramount

THE elegance of Dietrich, the suavity of Herbert Marshall, the indifference of Melvyn Douglas, and dozens of Lubitsch touches fall to put "Angel" into the heavenly class of super-cinema. We've been hearing of "Lubitsch touches" for more years than we care to count; and occasionally we've seen some; but if there are any typical "Lubitsch touches" in this picture they are so light as to be barely noticeable. There's the Eddie Horton touch, and the Ernest Cossart touch—as the valet and butler of the Dietrich-Marshall household, these two peerless performers bring the film to life whenever they appear; but this is too seldom. The story is a mess of amorous mumbo-jumbo in which Dietrich is the world's most desired woman, by two men, her husband, Mr. Marshall, and the mysterious stranger, Mr. Douglas. Admitting Dietrich is the world's most alluring woman, need we be reminded of the fact in every scene? She's lovely to watch, but we really wonder if a man like Herbert Marshall, with his sly sense of humor and all, would have been so patient. We're not so surprised at Mr. Douglas. It's handsomely mounted, gorgeously costumed, expensively produced; but it makes an old short story long in none too entertaining fashion.

LIFE BEGINS IN COLLEGE—20th Century-Fox

AND mad movie comedy begins, and ends, with the Ritz Brothers. If you like the boys, this will probably be your favorite screen entertainment of the season. If you don't like them, I'm sorry for you; you're missing a lot of fun. To me they are falling, in fact overflowing, a long-felt need—now that Chaplin has retired in gloomy grandeur, Harold Lloyd makes so few pictures, and the Marx Brothers have gone to the races. Of course, you have to fling yourself into the mood with something of the Ritz Brothers' own wild abandon, to appreciate them at their true worth, especially since they are now Stars, carrying the weight of the whole picture on their shoulders. It's all right, though, in this case—"Life Begins in College" is just the blend of berserk nonsense the boys can do the most good with. The gridiron, as you've guessed, is the scene of their hilarious labors here, and until you've watched the Ritz Brothers play football you have not really laughed. Their other numbers include a rhumba specialty, an Indian burlesque, and the Spirit of '76 boys—stop, they're killing me. A surprise standout is Nat Pendleton as an Indian football star. Tony Martin is present, too briefly. Joan Davis does a funny song and dance. Gloria Stuart smiles.
GOOD:
"Life Begins in College"
"Something to Sing About"

BETTER:
"The Perfect Specimen"
"Ebb Tide"

BEST:
"Stage Door"

CHEERS FOR:
Ginger Rogers, Andrea Leeds in "Stage Door"
Oscar Homolka, Ray Milland in "Ebb Tide"

CHUCKLES FOR:
Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell, May Robson, Edward E. Horton, Hugh Herbert in "The Perfect Specimen"
James Cagney in "Something to Sing About"

ROARS FOR:
The Ritz Brothers in "Life Begins in College"

**THE PERFECT SPECIMEN—Warner**
A GRAND, gay show, with Errol Flynn proving he is just as potent a personality—though no better an actor, I must add—as in costume “period” pieces; and with Joan Blondell delivering her dussiest performance to date as a young woman who, amazingly enough, takes one hour and forty-five minutes to fall for the Flynn charm. This has what’s so very, very rare in screen comedy circles; a truly amusing idea—that of an earnest, upright young man, heir to millions, whose doting grandma insists that he study to become the “perfect specimen” of physique, intelligence, and everything else, skipping only human nature. It turns out, of course, that Mr. Flynn is just as human as the more imperfect specimen peopling our poor world, but it takes a series of entertaining episodes—some hilarious, some thrilling, all delightful—to awaken him to keen interest and appreciation in such every-day occurrences as prize-fights, which I regret to add he always wins; beautiful girls, of which Miss Blondell is the prize specimen; and a working sense of humor. May Robson is superb as the tyrannical granny; Eddie Horton is priceless as the absent-minded secretary; Hugh Herbert is crazily present. Mr. Flynn is definitely, here, No. 1 Threat-to-Taylor.

**SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT—Grand National**

AND really something to cheer about, Cagney’s new picture—in which Jimmy is his old self, and a couple of new ones, proving that for pungent characterization and inimitable personality the cocky little Irishman is still unique on the screen. Here’s a comedy which gives Cagney his best and biggest chance since his historic battle for cinema independence, in a role combining the popular qualities of hard-guy and boy-who-makes-good-in-Hollywood. If you can imagine a cross-section of a Dick Powell musical and the roaring, rollicking kind of melodramatics Jimmy himself used to knock out, with slight overtones of “A Star is Born,” you come somewhere close to an approximation of the entertainment values of “Something to Sing About.” Jimmy plays an orchestra leader signed for films, who finds Hollywood no paradise. After some typical Cagney fisticuffs he turns his back on Hollywood, only to discover—you’ve guessed it, you smart-alec—that Hollywood wants him. Bill Frawley and Gene Lockhart are good as press agents, and Mona Barrie is decorative as a screen siren. A new girl, Evelyn Dav, has a charming voice. And oh yes, our James sings and he dances. While he’s no Powell or Astaire, they aren’t Cagneys, either.
Talk about a busman's holiday! Here's a handsome young actor who works in pictures, then spends his spare time taking 'em! Let Ray Milland tell you what's wrong with your pictures, how to make the most of your camera hobby.

By
Ruth Tildesley

On exhibition in Munich, Germany, are three photographs, each one signed in an odd, round scrawl "Jac R. Milland." The first is a study of an old peasant woman in a black shawl sitting by the roadside in the Thuringian Forest. The second is a scene at Ardenza Beach in Italy. The third shows barges going under London Bridge.

"Jac R. Milland" is that excellent young actor known on the screen as Ray Milland, and if acting ever fails him he will turn from amateur picture-taking to professional camera artist.

He's been shooting candid pic-

Top, left, Ray aims at our reporter, Miss Tildesley, on the beach at Catalina. Then you'll see two sea shots, a picturesque peasant, a Swedish baby, a good interior, and—below—an informal snapshot of Frances Farmer on the set.
tures for eight or nine years, using everything from a small Brownie to his latest Contax.

"I don't know how to paint or how to draw," he said, as we shared the brief shade of an umbrella on the Catalina shore, "but before I had been working with a lens and a shutter and scenes that appealed to me in front of them for a long enough time to work out experiments, I discovered that photography is every bit as much of an art as painting. Some experts say it is more difficult and requires more artistic ability but in the end the results are more satisfactory.

"At least, it is a fascinating hobby—one that never grows old because there's so much to learn. With each shot, you discover your mistakes and after a while you learn to avoid them. Most amateurs over-estimate light conditions—that one thing causes more failure than anything else. Impatience is at the root of it, I suppose. We see something we simply must have and snap snap we go! We don't wait a second to find out if there is enough light on the subject or whether or not there is too much shadow.

"Of course, shadows make your picture. Here are two shots I took on this location at Catalina"—Ray was working in "Ebb Tide," under director James Hogan—"This one I shot from the pier at the Isthmus—you notice the shadow of the palms and the deep color of the sea which emphasizes the clear white of the yacht and the small rocky island offshore. In the other shot, they are dropping sail on Golden State, our ship; see the odd shadow effects."

"Ray prefers making shots of inanimate objects, rather than of people.

"Any pleasant scene means a picture to me," he observed, "It needn't be pretty-pretty. For instance, a row of lights high up on a studio stage can make a fine picture. That's my idea of an interesting shot; those lights, taken from a certain angle, can look as if they are marching along; and they don't all look alike in your picture, either, each takes on its own beauty.

"But when you try to photograph people they freeze up and become self-conscious. All their natural charm vanishes. You have to waste a lot of time cajoling them, talking to them, trying to make them forget that you are hanging around with a camera and that some time soon you'll be clicking the shutter and how will they look? It's not worth the effort! If you shoot scenery, or inanimate objects, the place or the things are there before you paying no attention to you; all you have to bother about is the angle you'll shoot from, the frame you want to make, or the light situation.

"Take those Munich exhibition (Please turn to page 78)
I am now. They tried to send me to school at the studio and have me learn how to act. The teacher had me walk across the room balancing a book on my head. That made me feel so foolish that I never went back. I can't learn anything that way. I have to 'get' things.'

It was only natural to wonder how she got rhythm.

"It's just part of me. I don't know music, can't learn it, it just doesn't stick. I've got to catch things as they come along. I caught music young, like measles. As a kid I was crazy about hand-organs. I'd follow them in the street till I got a tune in my head. The first one I caught up with was 'The Sidewalks of New York.' It was the same way with dancing. Every tune I picked up would go to my feet. I can't claim credit for anything. Probably always lacked the nerve for it."

But something in that wholesome face of hers, a healthy courage strengthening its glowing charm, told me that she had another guess coming.

"Well," she reluctantly admitted, "in my kid days I did do one thing that took a lot of nerve. We lived in the Fifties just off Broadway. That was my street. I loved it. But what I loved most of all about it was the theater. So I'd sneak into a theater alley, walk up to the stage door, then turn right

She has blossomed into a real actress, this lovely blonde who was once known only as a singer of torrid songs. Above, a love scene with Tyrone Power from "In Old Chicago," and at right below, a close-up of Alice in her first dramatic role from this Darryl Zanuck "epic." At right, the old Alice—fuzzy hair, sequins, and feathers—but the legs are still as lovely as ever!

PICKING violets is not Hollywood's favorite outdoor sport. Lack of it is probably due to the all but hopeless feeling that there aren't any. Yet, amazing to tell, in roaming over Westwood Hills to Twentieth Century-Fox, wholly unaware of it, I incredibly picked one—Alice Faye.

Now I do not mean to give the impression that this rare flower of the films stems affectedly from the shrinking variety. It is only that her modesty is gratefully refreshing in an atmosphere not unshaded with this engaging quality. Her simplicity is as beautiful as her legs.

Happily, these twin possessions, which by comparison made Marlene Dietrich's seem like foreign liabilities as they propelled their youthful owner into a private dining room of the studio commissary, were at par in blue-gray slacks. Apparently she set greater store by them—the slacks, of course—that in her considerable professional properties. And certainly I was quite unprepared to hear her say:

"I feel very insignificant, and can't imagine people noticing me and doing things for me. I've always felt that way, that I don't matter around here."

She meant it, too—there could be no doubt about that. But it was equally true that she was completely alone in this feeling. Evidently she didn't know that the head of the studio, Darryl Zanuck, in watching the "rushes" one day had exclaimed of her: "'My God!' To think she was on this lot four years and nobody ever discovered her!"

Not that it probably mattered at all had she known. For when I tried desperately to talk her out of herself she merely said:

"I came here as a singer and dancer, and that's all
around and come out proud as a peacock. I thought people who saw me would believe I was an actress playing in the company there. It was silly, but I got a big kick out of it.

All her life, I could readily imagine, the unpredictable Alice had been as full of surprises as she was of spaghetti in "You Can't Have Everything." One now was forthcoming as the waitress returned with the eiphetic star's order—crackers and milk!

"I don't dare eat much when I'm working," she explained. "The other day I had a pineapple salad. But I was so nervous that it tied my stomach into a knot. That's the way it's been ever since I came to Hollywood. I didn't want to come and didn't want to stay. The first year I was here I made six trips back East. I hated the place, couldn't stand it. I wouldn't have stayed if it hadn't been for my mother. After the George White picture the front office called me in and offered me a contract. I didn't want it. But when I got home and told my mother she said: 'You had better think it over. This chance may never come again, and then you'll be kicking yourself.' To please her I agreed to sign the contract. Then I went to bed and cried all night long. I figured I wouldn't last. That was all right with me because I was terribly lonely here.

I didn't know a soul outside the studio. My trunk wasn't unpacked, and I lived in one dress. But I'd go out every night—had to or go crazy. People would say, 'She's a nice girl, but why doesn't she ever stay at home?' I thought them very pleased with themselves—I still think some are. But most are swell. I can't knock Hollywood. It has been good to me. After a number it has patted me on the back. This has helped take my mind off trying to be an actress. When in doubt I can always sing a song. People say the other thing's easy. Maybe it is for them, but not for me. I just get along here the best I can. If I went to another studio I'd be petrified. Even here, on the first day of a picture, I'm sick, shaking. When we started 'In Old Chicago' I fainted. I suppose it's because I never seem at home in pictures. I've had the same feeling about Holly-

wood. To me it always seemed like a kind of wonderland, not a real place."

A strange Alice in Wonderland, she suddenly made herself clear. In this new light she unwittingly turned on herself she stood out as a real person, the genuine article, not the manufactured Hollywood product. Yet in spite of her nature, the difference between it and her surroundings, Alice Faye was forging ahead as no other young actress in Hollywood. How did she explain it?

"Everything here is a puzzle to me," she protested. "Maybe it's because I've never been much of a movie fan. But I do like some actors, William Powell is my favorite. Why? Oh, I suppose it's his ease, his naturalness. But Tyrone Power is my pal. He has done more for me than anyone else. It was his plugging for me that got me this part. I'm now playing. And he didn't stop at that. He went right on and worked with me. When a test was arranged for eight o'clock at night Tyrone begged to be allowed to make it with me. He had a date that night, but broke it on my account. I'd never have been able to get through the thing without his help. But when I tried to thank him all he said was, 'Forget it, Alice, and just remember you did the same for me when I first came on this lot as a nobody.' He turned away and I burst out crying."

Her voice choked and her eyes filled. It was only after a gulp of milk and a nible of cracker that she was able to go on:

"But I couldn't stop worrying myself sick over things. I was so full of troubles, so pent up with them, that on the first day of 'In Old Chicago,' as I've (Please turn to p. 68)
Whether you're an all-year-round city gal or a lucky follower of the sun down South or far West, you'll find valuable fashion pointers in Miss Russell’s wardrobe. Top, her favorite dinner gown: of heavy white crepe, with military motif. The short, fitted jacket and the soft, blue chiffon ascot are braid-trimmed. Right, her pet sports suit, black wool skirt with a gay striped wool jacket. A red crepe blouse with her initials on the collar, red felt hat with grosgrain ribbon bands matching the coat, and black bag and shoes complete the costume. Far right, a navy wool suit with the ever-fresh and crisp pique blouse, which Miss Russell wears under her fur coat or as is if the California weather is not “unusual.” The short bolero coat features four set-in pockets. A wide red leather belt adds color—"Roz" is partial to red, you'll notice. The large brimmed off-the-face hat has a red grosgrain ribbon trim. Navy shoes and bag, with white gloves, are finishing touches of chic.
Rosalind herself designed the evening coat at left below: of gay colored striped silk and Arabian atmosphere. The suit below is of interest because of the beige shark-skin blouse with its glove stitching. Her suede hat is two shades of brown, with matching zipper gloves. At right, Miss Russell's grand, chubby silver fox coat, with new exaggerated shoulder, rolled collar and tuxedo front. At lower right, her evening cape of bottle-green taffeta, with matching green braid worked around the neck and shoulder. The cape, very full and flaring, is short at center front and falls into trailing fullness.

Cinema aristocrat gives us a cross-section of her personal wardrobe, which is a happy blend of the picturesque and the practical. Miss Russell is the "tailored type" but there's a dash of piquancy to her plainest costume.
No tour of the cinema city is complete without a look-see at one Hollywood party at least. Well, here we are at one. After we crash a gay dancing and dining event, and find seated 'round the table such interesting people as Lorette Young, Tyrone Power, Claire Trevor, and J. Edward Bromberg, reading from right to left. By strange coincidence all four of these favorites are on the same RKO date to-morrow. 'Second Honeymoon.'

Here's Hollywood

"I'M IN love with Nelson!" exclaims Eleanor Powell these days. Right to the point, just like that. And so the skillfully aloof Mr. Eddy, who made Metro bar all interviewers who want romantic quotes, is on the well-known spot at last. The specimen of the queen of tap, who was on the wallflower side when she came to Hollywood, campaigning to get her man in such a forthright, uninhibited fashion has the colony gasping. Nelson hasn't even asked her for a date yet—but how much longer can he hold out? What's a gentleman to do? She isn't kidding. Shades of Lupe!

Speaking of Lupe and her yesteryear's high for whoopee, the Velez is back in pictures but her niche as the fieriest wife in Hollywood has been definitely taken over by Mrs. Errol Flynn. No one's ever sure whether Lili can live with or without the fascinating Errol. But now David Niven, with whom he was sharing a bachelor house in Beverly Hills, has moved out and Lili's moved in. Errol's bought the place and the present theme song is something about going into divorce latter. As the poet asked, how long does forever mean with them?

Garbo, highest-priced actress in the world, just can't learn to relax regally. She earned at least four times the president's annual wage for her current click. So what did she treat herself to? A trailer! Greta admits she's a bust at being a private-life princess.

For years George Raft has secretly been yearning for a real California house. An apartment, New York-like, was good enough for awhile, but he wanted to revel in the advantages of a whole building of his very own. He hoped, desperately, that Virginia Pine could share it with him. They have been in love for some time now, and he adores her little daughter. However, Mrs. Raft, from whom George separated before ever trying Hollywood, still—tis said—wants the lion's portion of his star salary as recompense for a divorce. So at last George has built his dream place and has moved in—all alone. Talk about your scenario triangles. Here's an actual one behind-the-scenes that tops them all. And the happy ending remains elusive.

Every weekend the Gene Raymonds, dressed to the teeth, are swept out of their Bel Air estate in a magnificent limousine. They are off for a honeymoon re-take at Coronado, Mission Inn, or an equally swanky desert hotel. Other couples, like Frances Farmer and Lilt Erickson or Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets, may set forth in Fords and stay at auto camps. But the Raymonds have worked for their money and they're going to enjoy all the trimmings. Let who will be deliberately commonplace; they'll have elegance!

Joel McCrea and Frances Dee don't want to play opposite each other on the screen. They think it'd be bad. But they're breaking their rule temporarily. Meanwhile, John Beul's greatest desire is to have his wife, Helen Craig, as his cinematic heroine. So far there is no immediate prospect!

J. Cary Grant doesn't get that long vacation he's been talking about for years his friends are going mad en masse. He was all set for a South American jaunt, closing his ears to all offers of extra bonuses for an extra picture on his schedule. Then he was held over for another, and missed his boat. He and Randy Scott thereupon 'got away from it all' at Marion Davies' luxurious mountain ranch, where there's always a crowd of Hollywood folk.

Credit Crawford with the launching of Alan Curtis, her new leading man. A collar ad model brought West by RKO, Alan was ignored by the studio that first signed him. Even though Lela Rogers, Ginger's ma, boosted for him and cast him in two plays on the lot to illustrate his possibilities. After getting his walking papers, Alan reported to Metro on a deal there. Joan wanted Cary Grant. Cary insisted on a vacation. "If I can't have a name who's right for the part I can't an unknown who'll fit it," declared the garden girl. Someone remembered Alan. He was tested, Joan beamed. Now it's up to you to back up her hunch!

Barbara Stanwyck simply wanted to see where she was born. That was why she vacationed inconspicuously in Nova Scotia. She stopped for only two days in New York. If she can't go dancing with Bob Taylor she doesn't want to dance. Her trusty hairdresser was her sole companion.

Ginger Rogers' shrewd mother is no longer on the payroll at RKO as dramatic coach to the young aspirants. Nobody knows quite why she departed. Much of Ginger's success can be credited to Mama Lela, who surprisingly never wanted to hog her good ideas. Many an ambitious nobody is sorry to see her leave the studio. However, Lela has been more than busy supervising her famous daughter's new hilltop farmhouse and she's sure to be active again. "She made me what I am today!" Ginger admits candidly. What's a better recommendation?
AFTER a couple of years at $5,000 per week Kay Francis has taken the plunge. She's built a home and furnished it precisely as she's dreamed of fixing her future headquarters. Until now she's merely rented an exceptionally modest bungalow. The story behind this story is this: when Kay arrived in Hollywood she had, actually, but a few dollars to her name. She had extravagantly spent her stage income been the life of the party in New York. She swore that she'd save for her old age before buying anything in California that wasn't an absolute necessity. Scotch, they called her. Now it's a different tune. The adjective is smart. Probably she'll trade in her Ford, too.

EVERY time Ann Sothern wangles a Chicago vacation with husband Roger Pryor something adds flurry to their get-together. This last time she had six whole weeks and she refused to be talked into personal appearances as she had been before. She settled in a comfortable suite at the Edgewater, where Roger leads the orchestra. But soon she heard that she was here and there, doing this and that. She discovered that she had a double who was frequently being mistaken for herself. Annie didn't kick too hard when the other woman graciously gave out with autographs. But when faithful Annie was quietly resting and trying a good book, and Roger was informed that she was out stepping, that was too much. She couldn't solve the problem satisfactorily, for her double wasn't literally posing as a star.

FIVE months away from Hollywood for Joan Bennett, and for two reasons! She wants to get over her rift with Gene Markey and to refresh herself, professionally, with more stage experience. While it was Gene who was really hurt by their divorce, Joan isn't as hard-hearted as onlookers have said. She tried to make a go of the marriage. She was honest: when she was through she told him so. Replacing Margaret Sullivan in the road tour of "Stage Door" gives her new demands to think about. Incidentally, the Sullivan reputedly paid $25,000 to be released from this show. A hater of Hollywood, Maggie, since motherhood, is a convert to films. Baby hands bring her back to us! Touching, isn't it?

THEY induced Paul Muni to decorate the Hollywood premiere of "Zola," but when it came to truckin' at the Troc afterwards he balked. "I'm no attraction on a dance floor, or at a ringside table," he maintained in all earnestness. "Tacking it big at the opening is all I'm up to on a night out. As a glamor boy I'm a fizzle!" Which isn't, in its entirety, strictly true. Doing Europe he's a swell date for Mrs. Muni. He whips up a disguise so he won't be stared at and made self-conscious, and then away they go to do Paree. He's apt to night club until dawn.

THERE are two reasons for Clara Bow's new "It" Cafe on Vine Street. First of all, one of the town's best hotels is paying her a tidy sum for the use of her name. Clara dines there three nights a week, as a drawing-card. Secondly, it's brought her to the attention of Hollywood again and that's what she's been scheming for. Slimmed to an exquisite figure, her hair a decent shade of auburn red, Clara looks better than in her most successful screen days. She has a happy home life, but she wants to try some meaty roles. What about teaming her with Taylor, Mr. Mayer? That combination would heat any theatre in the coldest week coming up. Wisely, Clara refuses to appear in any old thing. She declined $125,000 for one picture at an independent studio.

SEVERAL ex-greats are in circulation again. Alice White hit the headlines when she maintained she needed $1,000 a month alimony; she estimated $250 a month for singing and dancing lessons. The judge slashed her request. Betty Compson, considerably more beloved personally by the local folks, has a long-term contract at Warners. Betty not only delivered consistently fine performances, but never put on when she had the chance. Consequently, everybody's ready to clap for Compson.

HERE is the secret of Dolores Del Rio's clothes supremacy—Irene, one of Hollywood's favorite couturiers, is Dolores sister-in-law. Even blood by relation is thicker than water, and in return Dolores scorns all other modistes.

Hollywood romance can also be appealingly down-to-earth, as Olivia de Havilland and George Brent demonstrate in "Gold Is Where You Find It."
Beauty for Evening

Hollywood backs and shoulders, as well as arms, come in for their share of beauty attention now that fashion favors low-cut decolletage.

By Elin Neil

The daring decolletage of new evening gowns brings backs and shoulders out in the open! Will yours be as marble-smooth and flawless as Marlene Dietrich's which can stand even the strong lights on the "set" without showing faults to mar her beauty?

The styles are right for making the most of body beauty when the orders of the evening are "please dress." The corseted-bodice effect, inspired by the Gay Nineties, is ultra-revealing of arms, shoulders, back and chest. Narrow shoulder straps replace high neckline elaboration. Sleeves for evening are few and far between. When they do appear, they're the diminutive puff or arm-strap variety that merely accentuate alabaster smoothness and whiteness, concealing nothing.

The first essential for decolletage beauty is smooth, clear skin. See to it that every bath you take is a body beauty treatment. Don't have the water too hot. That causes temporary redness and "packering," and the final effect is drying out your skin, especially if you let yourself soak lethargically in hot water.

Use a mild beauty soap for your bath, the same kind you'd use for your face. An excellent preventive of over-drying and consequent roughness is a good water softener. There are many products, most of them pleasantly perfumed, that counteract drying effects of water. They may be in the form of bath salts, oils, essences or soluble flakes.

Be sure to dry yourself thoroughly when you emerge from the tub or shower. Large, thick-piled Turkish towels are a good investment for body beauty. A liberal sprinkling or dusting with bath powder helps remove the last vestiges of moisture. And there are body rubs to be applied after bathing that soften and beautify ultra-dry skin. They're great favorites with women who prefer a shower to a tub, and can't take advantage of water softeners to keep their skin soft and smooth, in spite of steam heat and biting cold winds.

A luxurious beauty bath that makes your skin feel and look like a million dollars is produced by pouring a powdered starch preparation into the tub before you run the water. After you emerge from the tub, and have dried yourself thoroughly, enough of the powdery substance adheres to your skin to leave it velvety smooth and fashionably light-toned. And it won't rub off on a man's evening clothes if your "heavy date" is a dancing one.

From the tips of your fingers to the curve of your shoulders, your arms should do justice to your evening gown. The most vulnerable spots are elbows and knuckles, as they're apt to look dark and wrinkled if you don't give them beauty care.

You can keep your knuckles in harmony with the rest of your well-groomed hands by massaging them every time you apply a hand cream or lotion. Using the thumb of the opposite hand, work the lotion into each knuckle with a firm rotary movement.

I'll tell you an easy way to let your elbows massage themselves to beauty. Smooth a liberal amount of lubricating cream over them. Then "tie them up." Use pieces of cheesecloth or old handkerchiefs, knotting them inside the elbows. Then all the time you're moving your arms, in housework or any other activities, your elbows will be getting a massage that works the softening cream into them.

Some girls have a "gooseflesh" roughness on their arms that keeps them from looking their best in evening clothes. This condition is caused by poor circulation. (Insufficient drying after a bath is a contributing factor, too.) A good scrubbing with a body brush, followed by complete drying and the application of a lubricating cream, will usually make arms that have been marred with "gooseflesh" smooth and clear. Provided you give them this treatment daily for two or three weeks, then as often as they need it to keep them smooth.

Just because you yourself don't see much of your back,
and it's hard to reach, you mustn't treat it like a step-child. Powdering it when you wear evening clothes, or even coating it over with liquid powder, won't take the place of naturally clear, smooth skin.

Give your back a little extra care every time you bathe, and you can be proud to show it whenever the occasion arises. The two beauty faults most common to backs are excessive dryness and blemishes. Dryness can be corrected by a few extra sweeps with your towel after bathing, and by applications of the same lubricating cream you use on your face.

In most instances, blemishes on one's back are due to insufficient cleansing and poor circulation. The best remedy I know is scrubbing with a body brush and plenty of lather from a good soap. Make backscrubbing a habit to keep your skin clear, and you'll do a lot to avoid the embarrassing discovery that your back is "blotchy" just before you get into your evening dress.

Of course, in some cases these skin blemishes are caused by internal conditions. I've known of many such cases where taking three cakes of yeast a day has improved back beauty marvellously in a very short time.

Now I've told you how to keep your back clear and smooth so it'll be a dependable beauty asset. But, whatever resolutions you make for the future, you may have blemishes or lines between the white-and-tan that you want to cover up right now. There are liquid powder preparations and make-up blenders that will hide a multitude of sins and bring your decolletage into harmony with your face. Most of them come in several shades, flesh-toned, and some are adherent so they won't streak or rub off on your escort.

The last few years have brought such effective blemish concealers into being that there's no excuse for letting ugly spots on your back spoil your good time. By all means, cover them up! I firmly believe that every dressing table should be equipped with a blemish concealer as first aid for spots on one's face as well as one's back. And you can get the same kind of disguise in a convenient container to carry around in your purse so you're always prepared. Most of them look like lipsticks or cream rouge discs on the outside.

Femi-nifties

Gifts of Beauty for Christmas

There's not a woman living who wouldn't get a thrill to find a Lane Cedar Chest under the Christmas tree! Every size and shape (and there are many) is styled and finished like an exquisite piece of furniture and carries a guarantee of moth protection. Some of the styles are low and long, true "hope chests." Then there is a "window seat" model that does double duty. If you'd like to make a gift of permanence and one that's sure of a warm reception, jot down Lane Cedar Chest on your Christmas list. And we wouldn't blame you a bit if you dropped a hint to someone who wants to make a very special gift to you!

We're shouting the praises of Run-R-Stop, a fluid that will keep a run in your stocking from going further without staining, discoloring, or stiffening the fabric. All you have to do is place a tiny drop at each end of the run and let them dry. The fluid is contained in an easily used little tube that comes in an attractive red and black bakelite case, especially designed to be carried in your purse. It costs a mere trifle, yet Camille's Run-R-Stop certainly does provide social security for your stockings!

If the fragrant aroma of pine doesn't have the power to lift your spirits up out of the doldrums, you're simply not human! We've discovered a group of pine products that are so bracing and delightful to use, we can't wait to pass the word along to you. They are put out by the House of Pine and contain blends of oils and extracts of pine from the Austrian Tyrol, British Forest and Siberia. A combination package that would make a grand Christmas gift to a friend (or your own-

Prakti Walter Winchell and Si- moore Simon are that way-above
—about each other, in the new musical, "Love and Hisse."

The gift of a lifetime—
on authentic Lane Cedar Chest.

"Scarlett" sculptured in plastic holds a gift of fragrance rare.

Fashionable Finger tips wear "Sierra" or "Suez" by Revlon.

TWO grand new shades of nail polish that are leaping into popularity are "Sierra" and "Suez," introduced by Revlon. In keeping with fingertip fashions, they are both subdued shades. Suez is the deeper of the two. It's a dusky, brownish red with a suggestion of mauve—a true autumn leaf color that harmonizes with browns, greens, blues and deep reds. Sierra is a medium rose, softened with brown and mauve, that's good with any costume color. As you probably know, Revlon polishers are famous for long wear and easy application. They have been outstanding favorites of professional manicurists for years.

The friend who receives your gift of a Bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream (done up in a gorgeous Christmas wrapper) will bless you all Christmas long! Personally, we look on this delicately fragrant emulsion as a cold weather necessity. It has its own particular place on our cosmetic shelf as first aid for the beauty hazards winter weather sets up. It's wonderfully softening and whitening to hands, whatever hardships they've endured.

ONE of the most unusual Christmas perfume bottles we've seen is Pinaud's "Scarlett," a lovely little figurine of the epic character in "Gone With the Wind." It's sculptured of plastic in one of the beautiful colors, and would be an ornament to any dressing table. It's filled with Pinaud's "Scarlett" perfume in one of the most popular fragrances. This perfume, which is a light form, is applied to the desired direct to one's skin and may be used liberally without any danger of causing harm. Pinaud's "Scarlett" isn't expensive, we suggest it as a bridge prize or bread-and-butter present as well as an addition to your Christmas list.

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managed to make the second yawn an open one.

"Going stale, Bill!" she wanted to know.

"There was a time when you were as full of ideas as a dog is of fleas!"

Bill sighed and answered: "Right y'are, but you've taken the ambition out of me. I'm not full of ideas any more. Look what you've done to the feller."

Katrice chuckled. "Do you mean that garden party for the English author?"

"Uh huh," answered Bill. "I mean that garden party is as full of ideas as a dog is of fleas!"

"I'm a guy bored me," Katrine said hotly. "He's a pain the neck with his broad a's. I felt all time as if he were putting me in my place."

"He's got reason," Bill agreed, "but just the same you didn't have to slap him in the middle of the lawn—if you know what I mean!"

Katrice giggled. "You don't know the half of it," she said. "That wasn't the first slap—it was the third. I had already slapped him twice in the pantry—if you know what I mean!"

Bill was suddenly and coldly angry. "Did that so-and-so try to pull anything on you?" he asked. "Because if he did, Katrine, I'll run over him myself!"

Katrice laughed. Her laughter was like silver bells chiming in a dark forest.

"Sure he tried to pull something on me," she said. "But I don't get to first base. As for running him out of town, he left town two weeks ago today."

Bill mourned. "You might have given me the lowdown before he took it on the lam. The Katrine narrated, "That's why I didn't want to keep you on jail, my sweet."

Bill said, still mournfully. "Well, I suppose I didn't, either. I'm not here nor there by now. We'll probably never see the guy again. I suppose the only thing I should worry about is that the garden party was a flop."

Katrice agreed blithely. "Everything you have worked out for me lately has been a flop," she told Bill, "I haven't had a good headache for months!"

Bill started to argue in his own defense. He spoke hotly.

"Look at it from my point of view, he almost shouted. "How about the dying stunt? The minute you got in the plane you started to up-swallow and—"

Katrice interrupted. "Can I help it if I've got a weak stomach," she asked.

"After that picture in pictures you should be able to control yourself," Bill told her savagely. "Well, how about the time you went to the night school inагог — when you were playing that secretary part? I had the reporters down at the school all set to discover you, and everything went flat!"

Katrice was bitter. "You should have had better sense than to send them down on a night there was an oral examination!" she exclaimed. "You might have known I couldn't pass it."

"I thought you knew something," Bill told her. "I had to pay plenty to keep those headlines out of the papers—Famous Star Fight Katrine School Intelligence Test!"

Katrice said. "Oh, cut it out, for heaven's sake—you're getting tiresome," and Bill answered: "I can't cut it out, even if I wanted to. The Big Guy's getting desperate. You've got to do something spectacular."

Something spectacular. Katrine digested the thought. Why don't you fix up a nice romance for me? she queried, at last. "If you were worth a chance of checkbook I could have been in Wells Simpson's place!"

Bill nodded his head thoughtfully. "You probably could," he said, "but I don't go for love stuff in your publicity, and you know it won't hold newspaper image out of phony engagements and marriages."

"Why won't you, Bill?" asked Katrine sweetly. She poured herself another cocktail.

"Back in the dark ages," Bill muttered, "she told her publicity man, 'you were stuck on me, weren't you, Bill? I seem to remember something about it."

"Bill interrupted. "Oh, for heaven's sake, lay off me. I'm still goony about you, and I always will be! I was goony about you when you were Katie Malloy back in New York City. I was goony about you when you won that dance contest in Madison Square Garden." He laughed bitterly. "Gosh, when I saw you first, you were a snotty-nosed little baby in a dirty set of rompers, and I was kind of goony about you then. Honest to goodness...

Katrice said. "He broke off, for Katrine was out of her seat and halfway across the room. "Gosh, Bill, you're a prince!" she said. "You've got it!"

"I've got you?" asked Bill, and his tone was enlisted.

Katrice burred—"You've given me a perfectly swell idea, for once. We'll get a whole flock of publicity out of it. Other folks have Morlock twins, and Gracie Allen, and Connie Bennett and the Jolson's."

Bill wanted to know. "What in time are you getting in your plans for Katrine?"

Katrice's face was rapt and dreamy as she answered.

"It all came over me when you said you'd keep it a secret baby. That's what my next gag will be, Bill. I'll adopt a baby."

Bill's face seemed to grow longer and thinner. All the day's comment said flatly—"That's out. Babies are made of flesh and blood and they've got souls. They can't be used for gags."

Katrice turned. "Any time they can't?" she laughed. "Yes," she murmured, "I'll get me a cute baby. I'll have Adrian design her clothes—can you tie that?—and I'll get a specially selected wish kids with Ruanfer, and maybe a pedigreed cow, and a French nurse for you to make love to."

Bill said. "You're not very funny, Toots. Lay off that stuff."

Katrice said. "I'm not trying to be funny and I'm going to do it up brown... I'll have a nursery full of every kind of gadget that the stunt boys can think of, and I'll be photographed a thousand different ways..." she hesitated. "That'll be the hardest part of it. I hate holding kids—they're so damp!"

Bill's hand came crashing down upon the top of a fragile little table that had come from the Petite Trianon. It was his turn to break something—the table shattered to bits under his blow.

"This has gone far enough, Kat," he said, "I told you before that you weren't funny, and I meant it. What do you plan to do with this baby when you've taken the five thousand pictures, and it's teething and maybe has the coif?"

Katrice said. "Oh, I'll have the best vet in Hollywood come and see it, and then maybe I'll give it away like I did that Borzo!"

Bill giggled. "I don't know why I care for you, Katrine, you're such a hum. Babies aren't dogs to be given away, and you don't take them to vets, and if they die there's sometimes a police investigation. And besides, I like babies. I'm crazy about them. Always have been, always will be."

Katrine giggled. "Well, if you're crazy about babies, come and see mine sometime and keep it from being lonesome!"

There was a moment of silence—thick silence—in the room. Finally Bill spoke.

"You're not going to have a baby," he said, and his tone was flat and dismal. "You'd better get that dumb idea out of your head as quick as it came in. Your only excuse is that you're tight."

"I'm not tight," replied Katrine, "and I'll have a baby, or else—"

"Or else what? Bill wanted to know, and Katrine told him—"

"Or else you'll be looking for another job, my little man, and I don't mean maybe..."

Bill said helplessly. "But it's such a phony idea. Katrine! It's been done to death, and no matter how you look at it you're not the maternal type."

Katrine laughed, but her laughter was harder than it had been a few minutes before.

"That's why it will be such good publicity. I know I'm not the maternal type."

She struck an attitude with her hands clasped upon her breast and her eyes looking heavenly.

"Screen siren," she said, "feels an age-old urge... How's that, Bill? Can't you just see motherhood sweeping over me by leaps and bounds?"

Bill got up so suddenly that the chair in which he was sitting crashed over backward. "You can go to the devil, Katrine," he said. "And you know what you can do with my job! I don't want it any more!"

Katrine watched his progress toward the door with an almost benevolent expression on her face. She didn't speak until his hand was on the knob.

"You can't go on to orphanages tomorrow, Bill," she said. "It wouldn't work."

"I'd be happy," laughed Katrine. As the door slammed on his retreating back she shrieked—"See you Saturday, Bill. And watch your step when you're choosing my baby. What I want is a blond."

The cocktail party was in full swing. Soft-stepping servers rushed hither and thither, and everybody talked and drank at once.

---

Rose Stradner, Viennese star, plays a romantic scene with James Stewart for her first Hollywood picture.
Now this New Cream with

"Skin-Vitamin"

Helps Women’s Skin More Directly

"It keeps skin faults away more surely"

—ELEANOR K. ROOSEVELT

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing more direct help to women’s skin!

It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which especially helps to build new skin tissue, the vitamin which helps to keep skin healthy—the "skin-vitamin."

When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer—become undernourished, rough and subject to infections.

For over three years Pond’s tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond’s Creams. In animal tests, skin became rough and dry when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin."

Treatment with Pond’s new "skin-vitamin” Cold Cream made it smooth and healthy again—in only 3 weeks!

When women used the creams, three out of every four of them came back asking for more. In four weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking!

Same jars, same labels, same price

Now everyone can enjoy these benefits. The new Pond’s "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream is in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for day-time and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

Eleanor K. Roosevelt on the steps of Roosevelt Hall, her ancestral home, at Skaneateles, N.Y.

(Right) Sailing with a friend on the lake beyond the sloping lawns of the estate.

Eleanor H. Roosevelt daughter of Mrs. Henry L. Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., photographed in the great hall at Roosevelt Hall. She says: "Pond’s new ‘skin-vitamin’ Cold Cream keeps my skin so much smoother."

SEND FOR

THE NEW CREAM!

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In the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it your usual way for day-time and nightly cleansing, for freshening-ups before powder.

Every jar of Pond’s Cold Cream now contains this precious "skin-vitamin." Not the "sunshine" vitamin. Not the orange-juice vitamin. Not "irradiated." But the vitamin which especially helps to rebuild skin tissue. Whenever you have a chance, leave a little of the cream on. In a few weeks, see how much better your skin is.

Send for Test It In 9 Treatments

Pond’s, Dept. 78CM, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond’s new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with samples of 2 other Pond’s "skin-vitamin" Creams and 5 different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

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They talked right on through a tenor solo and almost a ton of Debussy, Katrine—outwardly smiling, but really foaming at the mouth—made small talk. When gushing female reporters and anxious male ones crowded around her, she answered them with a careless gaiety which she was far from feeling.

"Yes but I have a big surprise for you," she said, "but the surprise isn't here yet!"

One of the men said anxiously—"You're not going to announce your engagement, are you, Miss Mollineaux?"

Katrine wrinkled back—"No. What I'm going to announce comes a long time after the engagement."

One of the girls twittered—"You're not married, are you, Miss Mollineaux?"

Katrine wrinkled back again—"No. What I'm going to announce comes after the marriage, too."

One of the boys from the press department sidled over. He said—

"I don't know what sort of a gag you've got up your sleeve, Katrine, but you've pulled a mean one. Where's Bill Naughton, anyway?"

Katrine told him—"Bill will be here any minute now, and when he comes he'll have an announcement to make."

She said in the deep fastnesses of her soul, "He'd better be here any minute, or I'll kill him."

The party had started at four o'clock—which was early for a Hollywood cocktails party—Katrine had made it early on purpose. She had her lines all ready.

"Babies can't stay up late," she'd planned to say, "The poor little things must run off schedule just like the Century and the Chief."

She planned to have the baby exhibited briefly and taken out in a shower of champagne, the champagne being just a bore—but at five o'clock Bill hadn't arrived and at six the crowd was growing very noisy and there was still no Bill, and Katrine suddenly found herself saying that she hadn't heard a word from her publicity man since he had detached himself forcibly from her presence the previous Tuesday. Of course she had suspected all along that he hadn't heard a word from her publicity man since he had detached himself forcibly from her presence the previous Tuesday. She felt she had to tell him about the following morning, and had been informed that a child would be forthcoming on the proper day and hour.

Because the kid and Bill implicitly—they'd been working together for ten years, and she'd known him for twenty-two—she hadn't felt it necessary to go into details. She'd been so well told herself bitterly—that he'd arrived in the nick of time with a cherubic infant and a deft French nurse. Bill had never before let her down, and had the ability to pull rabbits out of hats.

"Well," she thought, an indigent French Count was kissing her fingers, "he's let me down this time. I could nurse him in cold blood." She thought—"I'll get good and drunk and tell everybody that I'm going to marry this little squirt with a title. I've got to tell everybody something." But she could only take a cocktails footer along and it was only half-past seven when the door opened and Bill entered the room. Even as she saw him through a haze of cigarette smoke and across a sea of laughter, Katrine knew that in some odd and inexplicable way he had changed during their short separation. Something was different, but she couldn't say what. There was a curious harshness—that wasn't really hard—in his eyes. He looked at her silently across the teeming room and when her lips trembled, he nodded at her head and jerked a thumb back over his shoulder in the direction of the patio.

Katrine hadn't time, just then, to wonder how Bill had managed to change. She didn't even wonder whether the baby was a boy or a girl, a blond or a brunette. She only knew with a sudden deep sense of gratitude and affection that Bill Naughton had come through again and that there was a baby. With a dramatic movement she raised her hand for silence.

"Hey, people," she called, "pipe down! I've something to say."

From all over the room there came murmurs of, "What's Katrine up to now?... Do you suppose she's going to pull their latest trick on us?"

"Bill, in the background, said sotto voce—"But you've done everything!" and Katrine made a long nose in her direction and countered, "Guess again. I've just become a mother."

There was a moment of startled silence.

Then someone standing close by said—

"You can't kid us like that, Katrine. You only finished your new picture yesterday, and someone else yelled, "Who is the father?" But Katrine held up a slim, beautiful, maniacally hand for silence.

"Don't be a bunch of dummies," she told her guests. "I adopted the baby, I didn't born it!" She glanced toward the doorway and said—

"Trot in the youngster, Bill," and Bill answered—very slowly and distinctly—"I will." He turned toward the door and threw it open and spoke again.

"Come on here, Peter," he said. There was a rustle across the room like wind ruffling a field of wheat. Katrine, straining her eyes for the smart French nurse with a little helping baby in her arms, gave a gasp and felt cold fingers clutching her heart.

For in the doorway stood a little boy who might have been seven or eight, or at the outside an under-sized nine. He wore faded blue overalls and a shock of red hair, and his wide, scared eyes reached out across the room until they found Katrine's face and settled there. One of the eyes, Katrine saw with a sense of horror, was turning faintly black and blue!

(To be continued)
SOOTHING CHAPPED HANDS... NO PROBLEM!

"Queen Mary" and was squiring pretty blonde dimpled Sonja Henie when I met them at Southampton—Tyrone Power not-withstanding and anyway he was in Hollywood.

Sonja was all in green and white, with her seven lucky mascots fastened firmly on to a huge gold bar brooch which she had pinned across her coat so that her good fortune couldn’t possibly get lost. She swears she will wear her charms in her next Hollywood picture "Fread, Butter, and Rhythm" for which she’s got to master some tap dancing figures far more ambitious than any we’ve seen her do yet on the screen.

Karen Morley was paying a vacation visit to England too this fall, escorted by her husband Charles Vidor, and we’ve also entertained Francine Larrimore and brown-eyed Sally Eilers who hobbled painfully into London having injured her leg dancing in a Continental café. Raymond Massey is home as well, delighted with the baby daughter born to his beautiful blonde wife while he was film-making in California. Ray wanted a girl this time, the two other children being sons, and he’s given her a diamond bracelet ready for her when she grows up.

Madeleine Carroll spent a few days in town before going off for a sailing tour in the Baltic with husband Captain Philip Astley. Page patrician Madeleine in her white flannel nautical slops and sea-blue sweater with a gaily-patterned peasant scarf tied over those blonde waves! Jessie Matthews is in the hat competition too, entering the peaked canvas cap she wears in "Sailing Alone," for which Roland Young has hurried from California to provide some comedy interest. When Roland isn’t at Pinewood Studio, he’s prowling round the meaner London streets in his characteristic quiet way, pecking into little shabby junk-shops in search of penguin models for that celebrated collection. His latest addition is a penguin carved from a human tooth if you please!

Roland was persuaded to visit an exclusive West End restaurant the other night and confessed it was the first time for years he’d been out later than ten o’clock.

Leslie Howard is back in London and has gone into the Great Silence that always endears him for the first few weeks after his arrival. He stays at a suburban boarding-house with his family, reads and plays chess and goes to the theatres and refuses to meet any film folk or newspaper reporters until he considers himself sufficiently rested. Then he moves to a great West End hotel, announces the fact publicly, and becomes a famous film star once again.

Oscar Homolka returned to us after finishing "Ebb Tide" in Hollywood and promptly got signed up for a British film though he’s due back in California to play the old sergeant in ‘B’ean Geste’ in the last weeks. I met him sharing a huge dish of pickled beef and sauerkraut with his friend and fellow-German, tall Conrad Veidt. Con and exotic Vivien Leigh have proved such a box-office draw teamed together in their spy film "Dark Journey" that now they are to make two more on similar lines, becoming a kind of "Thin Man" family in the Continental espionage business.

Charlie Laughton has decided on "St. Martins Lane" as the title of the first picture made by the new producing company he has started with Director Erich Pommer. It’s the story of a celebrated London street near Trafalgar Square where the theatres are situated with all the stage-band environment around them, the cheap little restaurants and drug-stores and rooming-houses and pubs. This Bohemian district is the home of the working-man whom Charles plays, a comical yet pathetic figure of a typical small-town man in a big city.
Strange Alice in Wonderland

Continued from page 57

said, I went down and out. That was a fine start! When I came to, I was ashamed of myself that I wished I were dead. But Tyrone was right there at my side again, saying: "It was all my fault. I made that scene so tough for you that nobody could have got through it. Don't think anything more about it, Alice, because you're going to be tops." All I knew was that I'd hit bottom. Then I sent my number and I tried to sleep it off. This was easier after that, but somehow I had a bunch that something more was going to happen to me. Sure enough! After the big was awfully sorry I was coming down into the audience when my heel caught in the hem of my dress. As I started falling I thought, 'I knew all along I was going to be a flop, and here it is!' A crack had started with such startling "timing" that it sounded like the breaking of a backbone.

'Vel luckily to get through this picture alive. So will Tyrone, I'm afraid. What did I do to him! After pulling all kinds of boners I forgot to pull my punch. In one scene I was supposed to hit Tyrone in the jaw. I tried to catch it and hold back the blow. But Tyrone said, 'That's all right, Alice, don't be afraid, let me have it!' I should have seen this cut lip when I went into the room, but it was my number was going on. Then in another scene I nearly bailed him. I had to throw a big vase at Tyrone. The prop man had a 'break-away'—and the phony plates that fall to pieces at the slightest touch—but Henry King, the director, said we didn't need it. Tyrone would duck, and we could use a plate that clipped with all my might. It hit Tyrone right in the forehead. I nearly died. But fortunately he didn't. At the last minute, without my knowing it, the prop man had handed me the 'breakaway' instead of the real vase. That was the only thing that saved Tyrone's life. But I was so blown up for days that he and Don Ameche began to get worried. I'm off the narrowly averted accident. Finally succeeded in the wedding scene, with Don, as the mayor of Chicago, performing the ceremony. Don, as the mayor, said to Mr. King, who was in on the scheme. That time Don used our real names, then made me believe I was really married to Tyrone. Of course, if I hadn't been reminded on my own account, guess no girl would, but I didn't want to get Tyrone in a jam. I waited for a chance to get even with Don. It came one day when he was showing a plaque awarded him by a magazine for being the most popular dramatic star in radio for the last four years. You work your head off for fourteen years, I cracked, 'then all you've got to show for it is just a tin pan.' Of course it was all in fun.

For the first time during our talk Alice Faye laughed. Then, seriously: 'When we were doing the wedding scene I had no idea I'd soon actually be married to Tony Martin. After that, I didn't speak about it, but somehow we never seemed to have any spare time for it. We probably wouldn't have found time it had been a flop, but that gave us a break. Even so, we couldn't have managed it without flying to Yuma. We left at fifteen minutes to twelve in the morning and were married at four o'clock. We left all dolled up in a new fall suit with a bunch of orchids pinned on it. That was all right in Hollywood, but not in Yuma. Hot! When we got there it was a hundred and twenty-eight in the sun. And we had to wait our turn, for we were the fifty-first couple to have the knot tied there on that sizzling day. Fortunately, Yuma was doing a land-office business. That was because of the holiday. Like all the others, we were taking advantage of it. But when we finished the round-trip I was almost as white as my orchids. Anyway, I'd had my latest and greatest Hollywood experience. It made me happy. But I'm not saying, and neither is Tony, that we know we'll be happy for the rest of our lives. We don't know anything about it. We are two moderns, and we're not making any predictions, just hoping that our present happiness will last. Then we think we can do. Meanwhile we want to be a help to each other. This can be, and is, true of Hollywood actors generally, in spite of what you may hear to the contrary."

"So much has been said and written about Hollywood actors stealing scenes from one another that sometimes I think people get the wrong impression of them, think them mean and selfish. Nothing could be further from the truth—at least so far as my experience goes. I've known nothing here that hasn't been extremely generous. And I've needed it, for without the help that has been given me by everybody—why I don't know—I wouldn't have been able to do anything at all. I know nothing about pictures and had nothing to give them, but a song or a dance. All I'd done was work in a Broadway chorus and sing in night clubs with Red Valdes' orchestra. I had no more idea of acting than a girl in a candy shop. But all the actors and actresses I've been with have here gone out of their way to tell me what to do and how me to do it. But they were all good. For instance, I didn't even know who Spencer Tracy was when I played with him in 'N' T'll Tell.' I didn't know what it meant to be in the same picture with anyone. But now I'd give anything in the world to play with Spencer Tracy. For that matter I'm thankful to be allowed to play in a picture with anyone.

Surely, Hollywood was never like this before. Concel had nothing in common with Alice Faye, vanity was no part of her when she first arrived a Strange Alice, indeed, in this land of the perverts. And contact with it through experiences calculated to build up a strong case of self-sufficiency, not to say, self importance, has failed to change her in the slightest degree. Naturally changes have taken place, if not in the girl, at least in the relation of the Wonderland to the girl. Thus: "Hollywood has changed for me," she admitted, "I've been all wrong about it. It isn't as all the dreadful place I built it up to be in my imagination. At last I'm beginning to feel at home here. Now you couldn't drag me away from this place. But at first I didn't like the platinum hair they slapped on me and the slinky dresses they put me into. I didn't like it. But they've changed all that and made me look more, and feel more, like a human being. I'm only hoping I'll be able to make some return for it all, so that till this picture is finished. What I do know is that in giving me the part of Belle Fawcett in 'In Old Chicago' they have given me the chance of my life. Everything else is up to me. I've had every opportunity to prepare myself for what I'm now trying to do, one part after another in a variety of pictures with big talent. But the part remains to be seen if I've learned anything from them. Now that the studio has steadily built me up I keep asking myself if I'm going to keep doing fumbling. In a screen I myself don't matter. But if I don't live up to opportunity that has been given me I will never get over it. That will finish me. I'll break my heart.

She won't.
Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 14

himself at play continued to be: "I’ll do it, but you can’t say I like it!"

"After our broadcasts, we usually come straight home to dinner," said Gracie, "and it usually isn’t dinner really, but supper—hot supper—with some of the gang dropping in. The Jack Benny, the Jack Haley, the Rufus LeMaires, the Georgie Jessels—and Tony Martin, of course. We keep him singing most of the evening, poor kid.

"One dish the whole gang is crazy about is cracked crab. You get hard shell crabs and you crack ‘em—will you listen to the housekeeper talking?—and everyone grabs a leg or half a body and dips it in mayonnaise.

"Tell her about some of Minnie’s specialties," suggested George, who had been wandering in and out for some time. "Minnie’s our cook," he added.

"I can’t cook myself," smiled Gracie, "but Minnie will give you the recipes. There’s spaghetti and meatballs—the Haley’s like those a lot. And there’s Chicken Paprika—one of the Benny favorites."

CHICKEN PAPRIKA (HUNGARIAN STYLE)

Quarter a heavy fryer and brown very well in ½ Crisco and ½ butter. Brown 2 onions in butter and add 3 teaspoons sweet paprika. Add just enough water to make a sauce and pour over the chicken. Place in oven and roast until done. Just before serving add 1 teaspoon flour and 1 bottle of sour cream to make the gravy sauce.

"Sandra and Ronnie always listen in to our broadcasts," observed Gracie, watching the youngsters scamper across the grass toward the pool. "Ever since they were old enough to understand, we’ve told them to give us a report on what we do. Ronnie always says: ‘Aw-right!’ and gets it off his chest at once, but Sandra takes it seriously. She points out that my song was too fast, or too slow, or she liked it better last week, or she does an imitation of me.

"The result is original," remarked George, pretending not to be at all proud of the fair-haired mite, "but we’re talking about food, Googie."

"Gracie considered. "We like chicken tamales and enchiladas," she decided.

CHICKEN TAMALE

Boil a medium sized chicken in plenty of boiling water to cover until tender. Drain off the stock, cut the chicken in small pieces, remove all bones and set aside until wanted. Bring the chicken stock to a boil, there should be five cups and stir into it slowly two cups of yellow cornmeal, and stir and cook for one hour; cool, work to a soft dough with one cup of Crisco, add a seasoning of salt and knead five minutes. Place three large red chili peppers in the oven and roast five minutes, remove the stems and seeds, cover with warm water, add one chopped clove of garlic and simmer until the peppers are soft; run through a sieve, add a little of the water that they were cooked in to make a puree. Melt a tablespoon of flour; stir and cook one minute, add the chili puree, the chicken, one cup of seeded raisins, one cup of stoned olives, and a seasoning of salt and pepper, bring to a boil, remove from the stove and cool. Cover dry corn husks with cold water and let stand over night; shake dry, spread on a thin layer of the cornmeal dough over half of each leaf, roll up, cover with four layers of the prepared leaves and tie the ends with strings made from the leaves.

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Deanna Durbin's
Unknown Story
Continued from page 34

sent for. She sang five times in all, each time for an augmented audience, each time unburdened and outwardly serene. Not because she was sure of herself, but because it was second nature to Edna not to give herself away to strangers.

The final authority to be summoned was Sam Katz. Having sung for him, Edna was sent down to join her mother in the car. Mr. Katz droned on the table for a moment, scribbled some figures on a slip of paper, and handed it to Sherrill.

Sherrill craned out to the car, taking no pains this time to conceal his elation. Breathless, he stuck his head through the window. 'You're practically under contract,' he told them. Safe from alien faces, Edna lost her composure for the first time. Tears filled her eyes as she groped for her mother's hand. 'Isn't it wonderful, mother?' A shaky laugh broke through. 'Goodness, what am I crying about—?'

That night she and Deedee slept together—it talking for hours, telling each other what must be done, to go out again, she can be called sleeping. With Deedee she could let herself go, and she did. 'Now we really must close our eyes and not say another word,' ordered the younger. Then a small voice: 'Deedee, please pinch me. If you'll just pinch me once more, I'll know it's true, and I'll be able to sleep.' And a few more Edna's all right, but I can think of more attractive names. I've always liked Diana. How do you think it sounds? Diana Durbin. Then I'd be D.D. like you.

For six months she was under contract to Metro. But the question of changing her name didn't come up. Schumann-Heink told Jill, and died. The picture was shelved. Edna made a short with Judy Garland, and nobody seemed to care very much.

Edith came home from school one day to find that her sister had been crying. Which in itself was unusual enough to cause alarm.

'Nothing's wrong, Deedee. I'm perfectly all right,' said Edith.

'So what have you been crying about?'

'Oh—did you think I'd been crying?' she still thinks so. Come on, what's the matter?'

'Nothing. They just didn't take up the option.' But the attempt at airiness was a fizzle. Her chin quivered and, seeing that the game was up, she bared her head in her sister's lap and let the storm break.

'It was the worst day I ever lived through, Edith says. 'We all cried—except my dad, and I expect he may have felt like it. It wasn't the old picture or the old contract we cared about, it was seeing Edna in that awful state. She'd always been such a ham here she was letting herself go till we thought she'd be sick. We kept saying: What difference does it make? Option or no option, they can't take your voice away. And she sort of hiccup through the jobs; everyone I think I haven't got a voice.'

But with the morning, the worst was over. What had been the least regained control of herself. Besides, Mr. Sherrill hadn't been there. Mr. Sherrill wasn't downhearted. He laughed at her tears. You'll be looking good in this, and I assure her. It's not as if you'd had your chance and failed. When you get it, you won't fail.' She couldn't help feeling a little better.

Rufus Lemaire had been casting director at Metro when Edna May was signed. Meantime he'd gone universal as executive assistant to Charles Rogers, the president. The moment he heard that the Durbin option hadn't been picked up, he phoned to Sherrill. 'Bring her over here.' It was then that her name was changed.

She suggested Diana. She said the Durbin on the more unusual variant of Deanna, and Deanna it became.

No one, except possibly Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster, knew about the creation of "Three Smart Girls." Realized what they had in the picture and the new little player. On the night of the Hollywood premiere, Deanna was accompanied by her mother for a personal appearance.

Edith went to the theatre with her husband and father. Deanna told her later that she hadn't slept very well that night. In bed, she counted off the difference in time between New York and Hollywood, and followed her family through the evening. "How's the picture going?" "It's going. I'm listening to the song in the boat—now I'm biting my nails, they'll laugh at that—" (for Deanna does bite her nails) —"Now I'm singing it. Better director existed, she knew the picture was ended. 'I wonder if they liked it,' she thought, open-eyed in the darkness.

That was characteristic. It was her family's approval she looked for. Not that she didn't want general approval too. But it's hard for her to grasp the fact that she's a public figure. Since the day she was born, she's been with those she loves, instinctively she knows that they'll be honest with her. If they think she's good, then she can hope that others will think so too.

To Deanna, the motion picture business consists of Koster and Pasternak. Since she sees more of the director, she's closer to him. In her bedroom at home, a rabbit he gave her holds the place of honor. The family calls him Peter. "It's the only sensible name for a rabbit," they tease her. "But his name is Henry, after Mr. Koster," she insists, and compromises on Henry Peter.

The idea is firmly fixed in her mind that he can do no wrong. If someone were to point out to her and educate her, those good manners would prevent her from scratching his eyes out. But the impulse would undoubtedly be there.

A question people are quick to ask about anyone in Deanna's spot is: "Has she changed?" Pasternak, unscientific Austrian, answers it this way: "I'll never forget the first time I heard this child. She walked into my office. She said nothing. But her eyes looked at me as if to ask: 'What do they want of me? All her sincerity was in those eyes. Now, everything may change, yet if the eyes remain the same, the person has not changed. I see the same look in Deanna's eyes today. She doesn't realize that twenty million people adore her. And this I credit to her simple upbringing. Her mother is the same. Two pictures we have made now, and never have I heard Mrs. Durbin lift her voice so much as to moan.

When Pasternak outlined to Deanna the story of "Three Smart Girls," he stopped before reaching the end. "What do you think should happen now?" he asked her.

She raised imploving eyes to his. "Oh, please let the mother have the father back.

It was the natural reaction of a child untouched by sophistication, and though she's going on fifteen, Deanna is in essence still a child. She likes, for example, to whoo past the model by playing that game whose name I've forgotten, but which consists in holding out your hands and trying to snatch them away again before your partner can slap them. "Expensive gifts mean nothing to her. She doesn't yearn for a car or a bracelet.
or a fur coat. She wants what a child wants. Three small glass horses decorated a table for a scene in "100 Men and a Girl." They may have cost a quarter a piece. Koster noticed that her eyes lingered on them, as the eyes of an older girl might have lingered on a diamond trinket in a jeweler's window. He knew that she wouldn't ask for them. Because she's learned that her merest hint will be gratified, her delicacy shrinks from expressing any. When the scene had been shot, he picked up the horses and brought them to her. "Would you like to have them, darling?" The undemonstrative Deanna flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

In no way does she take advantage of her privileged position. You will find her chasing the hinky-dinky man, as they call him, all over the lot for a coke. There are twenty people ready to run errands for her. She'd rather run her own when she gets the chance.

She was eating lunch with Pasternak one noon, when Joe, the studio bootblack, came in, and asked for a word with the director.

"I have something to tell you," said Pasternak, on returning to the table. "A little girl of twelve is outside at the gate. She has come every day for the past four days to get your autograph. She lives in Milwaukee, but she says she won't go home without it. Her mother doesn't know what to do, so she asked Joe."

Deanna said nothing. Pasternak added no plea to his little story. He knows that Deanna is shy about autographs, shy about meeting fans. He asked her to excuse him, while he talked to someone at a nearby table. Out of the corner of his eye, he watched her slip from her chair and walk off with Joe.

There's a scene in "100 Men and a Girl" where you see her standing, a small, dark-coated figure, high in the box of a concert auditorium. I watched her making it. She had just been beggaring the great conductor, Stokowski, to find work for her unemployed father and his friends. He had told her to run along, little girl, and turned back to his orchestra.

Suddenly, from above, a pure young voice carouses out to the strains of the Mozart hymn: "Al-he-in-u-ja-ah, al-he-in-jah—"

Koster stands behind the camera. Eyes on Deanna, his head bobs too, his lips part, his arms swing, his fingers lift the corners of his mouth to indicate that he wants a "bigger smile"—his body, despite its movement, is tense—for the moment, he's Deanna, Stokowski, the orchestra, all rolled into one.

Then: "Cut. It was a lily, Schnups. Now we do it again."

A "lily," in Koster's language, means "it was good." Schnups is the latest in his long series of pet names for her. "Now we do it again" means that, though it was good, it can always be better.

If she's hot or tired or hungry, you'll never hear it from her, Sometimes Koster will break through his own absorption. "Schnups, do you want an ice-cream cone? Do you want a coke? Are you tired, Schnups? Will you rest for a little?" She's not a talkative child, and has little to say to strangers. She answered questions politely, waited politely to be released. Then, all unconsciously, I touched a hidden spring. "I'm going to see your sister tonight," I told her.

The sweet round face lighted up like a Christmas tree. "Gong to see Decedel?" she cried, as one might cry "You're going to see the king?—Oh, I think that's lovely!"

---

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S C R E E N L A N D 71
**Amorose Women Unfair to Men?**

Evidently men will do anything for them. They, in turn, may demand too much. This could happen in France. France is a country where the man decides how much money the woman is to spend. It may be lucky for the American woman that this is not the case here. I don't know. But in France, France thirteen is considered a lucky number and that at New Year's we send a friend a black cat.

Madeleine lightly smiles off any superstition lurking in the air, but at the sight of her, the man cringes out. "Where is wood around here?" She proudly knocks it on the nearest table.

"I may be like the American woman," she admits, in "wasting everything I can get. It is true I came to this country to make money, but I do not believe that money is the only thing one can find in a woman. She must value love more. But for myself I cannot say. How little I know about it you may judge for yourself. When I came over from the Folles Bergere in Paris to dance at the French Casino in New York a waiter there said to me "Who's your boy friend? What a question that is! I am not sure what it meant. The English language then was strange to me. But in two years I have picked it up by listening to people and reading. Deft of all I like biographies. "Reduced" is the first word I heard, and now "And So—Victoria." But I have also read many American books, largely to learn about women here. In Paris they have the reputation of being extravagant with their husbands' money. But this may simply mean the rich women. I want to know about the average American woman, for I am to be one myself. I have already filed my citizenship papers. I intend to quit the screen when I am twenty-five and marry an American. If I had the money to do it with now, I mean a ranching have cattle and chickens and pigeons. That is what I like. I don't like big cities. I love working in the movies, but when I am twenty-five I have enough money to go. Then I want to have a family life. And I can promise that I will not demand too much, that my American husband will not find me extravagant with his husbands' money."

Already married to Clifford Odets, American playwright, the brilliant Viennese star Lise Rainer is not only in a position to judge both sides of the matter but she can do so great as to make her wholly independent of any pecuniary consideration. Double importance, then, is given her words: "Romance should not be measured in money. In entering marriage a woman ought to seek to make a man happy, not to find a soft berth for herself. Selfishness can make the enemy of the other, bound to kill the only thing that makes life worth living. Naturally, all of us enjoy comforts, but this does not mean we can afford luxuries are never needed. One can be very poor—I myself have been—and still be happy."

In the marriage relation a European woman does not place so much value on money as the American woman, at least the socially ambitious type here whose love of display, it is true, makes great financial demands on her husband. This difference is easily explained. In the old country a woman is raised for marriage. There is no alternative. It is the one and only state destined for her, and so it becomes her career. She is not so independent as the woman of this country. It is because of her independence that the American woman can, and, does, demand more.

"Sometimes I wonder if she realizes her advantages, counts her blessings. There is one for which she should be grateful. Nowhere else in the world is there a country so marvellous for children. Here they can be brought up with no apprehension of the cloud of dread of turmoil, no horror of perversion. "Clashes, of course, are bound to occur in any human relationship that is worth anything. But they never should occur over money. Fiction has written out of romantic interests between men and women are virtually unknown in Europe. For that matter I can't imagine how anyone could ever get rid of overprivileged affection. Here the situation is one-sided—the woman executing the man. If it is a breach of promise suit so much the worse for then it amounts to an admission on the woman's part that she had money in mind when she became engaged. A woman who enters romance surely never tries to 'make talk' Frandy, rumors have made me unhappy. These arose from the fact that when I was working in a picture and generally at the Folles Bergere, I wanted my husband to go out and enjoy himself with his friends. Certainly I didn't want to take him by the arm and hang on to him. I wanted him to enjoy himself. But this didn't keep reports from spreading that we weren't getting along well together. Hollywood is a very bad place for a my marriage. When one is kept upon that they don't have a chance to work out their lives in their own way."

"In Hollywood man and wife are more independent of each other financially than in Europe. For that which they in the nature of things they should, as both, have their own work and their own in come. Even though marriage frequently does go on the rocks here, it is not nearly so likely to break up on the financial rocks as it does elsewhere."

"In America it would seem that it is the mother of the children who causes most of the marital trouble. In a sense conditions may be responsible for this state of affairs. American woman makes many women by being very beautiful, chic and smart, so perhaps the whole situation may, after all, be the natural one of supply and demand."

Norway speaks. It has its say in the pleasant voice of Sigrid Gurie who makes her American debut as the exotic Princess Kvinch with Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo."

It is her opinion: "This is a woman's country. What makes it so is her early development. European women are conditioned by a young girl of fifteen or sixteen is grown up and sophisticated. She already uses make-up, which is not allowed for one so young in Europe. Quite aside as she appears stylish. The result is that in the American woman there is something dashingly attractive that strikes the foreigner immediately. When she is developed she is not much different than the European. She wants more out of life, and she makes it her business to get it."

"This is not merely of her own doing. The American man spoils her. He gives her an awful lot. First she expects it, then demands it. The European woman doesn't. All that she expects when she marries is to settle down, not to be going out.
all the time, dancing and traveling, having a good time. She works together with her husband striving and saving so that they may have a happy home and security in their old age.

"Norway is very conservative. There women are kept down. Here they come up like flowers. They are more beautiful than our women. Not that they are born so, but they make themselves that way. The American man has such lovely women that he can afford to pay for them. They're worth it. He is very friendly, and I think this extremely nice. He is also very helpful. This keeps things moving. Naturally, the girl doesn't want to lag behind, so she is a woman before she knows it."

"It is the man who is responsible for this quick tempo. It is the man who sets the pace and compels the woman to follow it. It is the man who drives her into extravagance. It is the man who pays. Why not?"

That latest newcomer from abroad the sparkling Rose Stradner who won fame on the Vienna stage and now is cast opposite Edward G. Robinson in "The Last Gangster," is convinced:

"The American woman makes life more difficult for her husband than we do. To begin with, she expects him to be rich. We don't think so much about that. We live more for the moment. This is because we have seen so many changes. If we like something we do it. We don't ask if it will be the best thing for us in the long run. We don't even stop to think about it. American women think too much.

"The American man could do more in Europe and not be punished so much. He is very nice, and shouldn't be treated so hard by women. Here a man can't get a divorce unless he gives half of his income to his wife. Alimony is one of the greatest burdens he has to carry. In Europe three hundred dollars a month is the limit. But here it is terrible. The other day I met a man who told me, 'I'm not going to get married again, I can't afford it.' He was so afraid of divorce and alimony. It is too bad for the American man. He is a big boy and very good-hearted. If the woman understood him she could lead him very easily. But she frightens him. The European man knows more about women and just how to treat them. When I see all the divorces that go on here I feel sorry for the American man. He works hard and he does not have much amusement till he makes his business success, then perhaps it is too late. American women are more beautiful than any in the world. But it all gets back to the man. He puts up for it. This makes it an easy life for the American woman. Now that I am here I will become one Outside American, but inside European."

"I really should have pinned a note to my bouquet' declared the radiant bride. "Then whoever caught it would have had more than superstition to point to an early marriage for her... For I'd have told her to wear Evening in Paris Perfume... the fragrance of romance!"

The get-away after the reception... "We had to hurry to catch our train," related the bride later, "but I didn't forget my Evening in Paris Perfume and Face Powder."

"Her Perfume one of my earliest memories of her"

SAYS MR. JOHN MCGUIRE

recent bridegroom, describing his first impression of the girl he married. He adds: "Later I learned the name of this perfume was Evening in Paris"

"The scent of Evening in Paris Perfume is one of my earliest memories of the girl I fell in love with and married," says Mr. John McGuire, recently married to Miss Florine Dickson in New York City. "Perhaps it is understandable that one of the things I like best to give Florine is Evening in Paris Perfume. I hope she wears it always."

An actual story of a romance! Evening in Paris Perfume played a part in... a part it can play in your life, too. Wear Evening in Paris Perfume, particularly for life's special moments. It is the personification of romantic Paris at night... a perfume that whispers romantic and exciting things of you... that is more communicative than a glance, more thrilling than the pressure of a hand,

Evening in Paris BOURJOIS

THE MASTERPIECE OF THE GREATEST LIVING PERFUMER

SCREENLAND
Carole and Freddie as Co-Stars

Continued from page 31

NOTHING SACRED

Presented by Selznick International Pictures Released through United Artists

CAST

Hazel Flagg...........Carole Lombard
Wally Cook...........Freddie March
Dr. Downer.............David Warfield
Stone..................Walter Connolly


A little working girl doomed to death from radium poisoning.

"We've covered it." Oliver waved his hand in vague dismissal.

"Covered it?" Wally shrugged elaborately. "Oliver, you're getting old. Look! Six lines on Hazel Flagg, a poor little Vermont kid with a few months to live. What does she have? Who does she feel? There's a story in this kid that ought to tear your heart out. Where is it? Why hasn't the star got it? I'll tell you: because I'm stuck away in a water cooler because of some whim of yours. Listen, Oliver, give me a chance, will you? So help me, I may drop dead, I'll redeem myself!"

The old light flashed in the editor's eye.

"I ought to be shot for what I'm thinking," he said slowly, "but I'm thinking that maybe you aren't the most titfering imbecile on earth. I'm thinking that maybe you've learned your lesson."

"Oliver, so help me," Wally drew his first free breath in weeks, "I'll be in Vermont by morning. I'll dig you up a story that will make this town swoon. If I come back with the biggest story ever handled, Oliver, you can put me back in short pants and make me marbles editor. Here's my hand on it!"

It was years since Wally had been in a place like this Vermont small town. It brought back kid memories, the smell swimming hole and things like that. Things he hadn't thought of for years. Made him feel sort of warm and friendly, but he soon found out that just the mention of Hazel Flagg was enough to make everybody glare at him suspiciously. Warsaw, Vermont, wasn't doing much talking about the girl who had contracted radium poisoning working in the Paragon factory when the factory owned the town.

It didn't take much of an LQ. to lead Wally to Dr. Downer's office. After all, a girl with a feeling needed a doctor, and Downer was the only one in town.

"You know what I think, young feller," Doctor Downer sputtered at Wally from behind his huge old-fashioned desk, littered with pill bottles and prescription forms. "I think yer a newspaper man. I can smell you a few miles off. I'll tell you briefly what I think of you. The hand of God reaching down in the mine couldn't elevate one of 'em to the depths of degradation. Not by a million miles. I'm a fair-handed young feller, but when you've been robbed, swindled, cheated out of a fortune, for twenty-two years, it's pardonable to form an opinion. You don't happen to know of a newspaper called the Morning Star? Or maybe you do?"

Wally didn't think fast enough that time, for when he admitted his connection with the paper the doctor launched into his twenty-two year grievance against the Morning Star. There had been an essay contest and the doctor hadn't won and decided the time was right.

After that Wally was glad to escape to the rickety verandah and contemplate the situation. And so hopeless did it seem that he hardly noticed the girl in the awful clothes who slipped past him and went into the office.

The doctor was shaving when Hazel Flagg came in, glancing into the little mirror that hung over the washbowl in the corner of the office. His eyes twinkled as he looked at her sitting lugubriously in his consulting chair.

"You don't have to sit there looking so dramatic, Hazel," he said. "Like Eliza crossing the ice."

"I—I can't help feeling a little bad," the girl spoke in the whisper she had taken as her own ever since she heard the news about herself. "You couldn't, either, if you were going to die any minute."

"Well, Hazel," the doctor chuckled, "you can stop givin' yourself the airs of a dyin' swan. Accordin' to this last analysis I made, you ain't goin' to die, unless you get run over or something."

"Holy smokes! Oh! Hazel ran over to the doctor and flung her arms around him, her cheek buried in his tender chin. "I got to tell you, Enoch, I need help. Oh, Enoch, you saved my life!"

"Shucks, it's nothing," Downer tried to assume a properly modest mien. "The first diagnosis I made was a cold. I see you were singin' radium poisoning—everywhere."

Hazel was having the grancdest cry fest she had ever had."

"I've been awful brave, haven't I, not to cry before?" She gulped luxuriously. "Please say I have."

Downer patted her awkwardly on the shoulder. "Well, well, now that it's over. I don't mind tellin' you I felt pretty sorry for you, sort of."

"I don't know what I'm so happy about," Hazel cried. "You've spoiled my trip, Enoch. I was goin' to take that two hundred dollars they give you for dyeing in Warsaw and go to New York and blow it all and die happy. Now I'll just have to stay in Warsaw."

"Lots of people are glad to live in Warsaw, Hazel," Downer frowned at her reprovingly. "It's one of the only gentle towns in Vermont of its size. That's gratifying after snatchin' you from the jaws of death."

"But I kind of graduated from Warsaw, while I was dying," Hazel said miserably. "And now the thought of havin' to go back to work and paint radium dials for twenty years more and those ice cream socials on Sunday night and Harry Ham- rer's movie shoes. Oh, I ain't got the heart to sit on the front porch waiting to take me to the Warsaw Grille and Cafe to listen to the automatic piano playing, 'In the Gloomin' Day.' I don't know what I'd do. I don't know what I'd do..."

Enoch, listen, do you have to hand in that report? I know it sounds a little dishonest, but if you didn't say I was cured, they'd have notice of two hundred dollars and I would go to New York on a big scale and study dancing or something!"

"Hazel, I'd do it for you like a shot."

"D'you say it?" Downer leaned forward. "Just the minute they found out you weren't going to die. Besides, there's the ethics."

"Well, thanks for all your trouble. Hazel rubbed her eyes. "It's only kind of startling to be brought back to life twice and each time in War- saw."

She held in pretty well until she was out
of the office, then her tears came again, faster and more bitterly, and it was so Wally saw her and realized that at last he was looking at the girl "doomed to die."

"I know it's hard for you to talk," he said gently after he had introduced himself, "but if you'll just listen to me for a little while, I want you to come to New York with me as the guest of the Morning Star. We'll show you the town. You'll be a sensation. The whole town will take you to its heart. Everything you've ever dreamed of, you'll have it on a silver platter."

"You mean they'll like me because I'm dying?" Hazel asked.

"That's a cruel way to put it," Wally was already measuring the girl, deep blue eyes, golden hair, a figure that something even in the clothes she was wearing. "They'll like you because you'll be a symbol of courage and heroism. We'll talk about it on the plane."

"An aeroplane?" The girl's voice was hushed. "You mean we'll fly there?" She was thinking fast, desperately. Oh, if only she were really dying as she had been only an hour ago. What she could have!

But Hazel was going to have fun anyway, even if she was going to live. It hadn't been hard to convince the old doctor; after all, it was a way for him to get even with the Morning Star for the prize he was convinced they had cheated him of. For they would pay his expenses to New York too, as gallant Hazel Flag's private doctor.

It was all so exciting, the plane trip with New York at the end rising like a fairy city through the mist, and the whistles blowing and bands playing in welcome, and crowds staring and wanting her autograph just as if she were a movie star; and night clubs, and a suite in a big hotel. Sometimes Hazel thought Downer's first diagnosis had been right, after all, and that she had died and gone to Heaven.

And seeing what clothes she could do for her, New York clothes, with grand dresses selling them! Sometimes it almost made Hazel feel guilty until she realized that if she were fooling the paper, the paper thought it was fooling her too. As if she didn't know she was boosting their circulation by the thousands!

Only sometimes, when Wally looked at her as he was looking at her now, as if he was liking her for herself or something, she couldn't help that little pang of remorse.
EYES THAT HYPNOTIZE

YOUR EYES are the most compelling feature of your face. When they are brilliantly bright, lustrous, eloquent... men are fascinated! Don’t let dull, tired eyes spoil your beauty! Everyday... always before an important “date” use McKesson’s i-bath.

This amazing new solution is the exact formula of a specialist’s prescription for cleansing and care of the eyes. Here’s how McKesson’s i-bath acts:

1. It gently washes away surface dirt
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How much better your eyes feel—instantly! Rested. Relaxed. How much better they look! Sparkling. Young.

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

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i-bath

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Patchy Baldness, Itching Scalp

Remember this about Glover’s Mange Medicine: it is a medicinal preparation—not only a hair dressing. Used with massage, it is an effective aid in the treatment of Dandruff, Patchy Baldness, Itching Scalp and other common scalp and hair conditions. Try it. Start today and persist with it. Shampoo with Glover’s Medicinal Soap—specifically compounded for home use as a cleansing agent to blend with the Medicine and remove dandruff color. At all Druggists. Tell your Barber or Hairdresser to give you Glover’s. For FREE literature, write Glover’s, 462 Fourth Ave., New York.

GLOVER’S MANGE MEDICINE

SCREENLAND
"You've ruined me!" Oliver shouted. "You've ruined the Morning Star. You've blackened forever the fair name of journalism. You and that foul-bitch of nature, Hazel Flagg."

"Look, Wally!" Wally's fists clenched. "I'm marrying her. Get that into that monkey skull of yours. And I thank God on my knees that she's a fraud and a fake and isn't going to marry you. She's a fraud, but she's no bigger fraud than any of them who cried over her. When you start yelling foul remember that she was just a circulation stunt for you and that you used her, like you used every broken heart that's fallen into your knapsack, to inflate the duffy public and help sell your papers.

Eleven telegrams rang, when his heart contracted as he heard Oliver repeat Hazel's name.

"Pneumonia, eh?" He hung up the receiver. "Wally, it's like a punch on the gallows. But I'm taking no chances this time on Hazel Flagg. Hello," he jiggled for the operator. "Get Dr. Egelhofer on the wire. Get him to Hazel Flagg's hotel!"

Wally broke all taxi records getting to the hotel. But when he saw the girl lying languidly back on her pillow he advanced on her furiously, pushing a protesting nurse out of the room.

"I knew you were faking," he said grimly. "Now cut out the shamans, will you? I've proved it any time to lose. Dr. Egelhofer will be here in a few minutes."

"Oh Wally," Hazel wailed. "I put the thermometer under the hot water and threw a fit. You'll never forgive me for what I've done to you. You'll hate me for the rest of your life. Oh, Wally, I want to die."

"It must have been fun playing me for the fool," Wally said bitterly. "Listen, my dying swan, this is no time to stop faking. You're going to have pneumonia and you're going to have it good. Use your pretty tears. Hazel wasn't bad at that. They fought, and chairs crashed before them and at the end of perspiring, practically unconscious Hazel was hoisted into bed.

But it was all for nothing. The great doctor from Vienna had already left the city and now there was no one to call Hazel bluff.

New York went over the story that appeared in the Morning Star the next morning. "Radium Girl Disappears," read the headlines and below a black-bordered box was the "last letter" of a brave girl who had left the city to die alone. Wally had written his heart into that story.

It was just at the time Warsaw was putting up a monument for its famous daughter that a honeymoon couple boarded a boat bound for Europe. A woman standing at the rail gazed a little when she looked at the bride, and came toward her.

"I know what you're going to say," Mrs. Cook clung tighter to her husband's arm. "You that looks like Hazel Flagg, I'm getting sick and tired of people mistaking me for that fake."

"Fake! The woman almost screamed her dissertation. "You mean the woman who slurs the memory of one of the most gallant girls that ever lived?"

But Hazel and Wally had moved away. They had things to do. Important things, like standing at the ship's rail and seeing the water widen between them and the shore, and finding each other's hands and whispering all the foolish, tender little words that come so easily to lovers' lips.
pictures: with that old woman, I had a frightful time. She had her eye on me when I was doing the shooting because she fired fourteen shots before I got a good one. I had to keep talking to her, and getting her to loosen up, otherwise she sat still as a picture, grimacing on her face. But in the other shots, the lorgnes were simply there—I didn't have to argue with them. The beach scene was only a boat drawn up on the sand.

The young actor never uses an exposure meter. He thinks that wouldn't be fun, it would take all the guesswork and art out of the thing.

"With a mechanical gadget like that, it's set and you shoot and that's all. Maybe the picture is perfect, but it's nothing to do with you. Let me show you. I'll shoot you here on the shore in this boat, with the glare of the water and sun and sand. I should be able to judge the light.

He had a beautiful large camera and while he shot, the still man crept up and took a picture of him doing so. The shot of me, alas, demonstrated little for there was no film left.

Ray took some informal shots of Frances Farmer, leading lady in "Ebb Tide," which he considers "not bad.

"In the first instance, I was a little bit flustered and unhappy that I'm shooting her," he smiled.

"This one at the studio, where she was being made up, isn't set; also this one where the chap is looking at her breast. In the fourth shot, she's posed but I like it; I mean, I selected the background, foreground, and surroundings and made her the central picture. And this one is a shot of Bell House in 1933. It's a famous night club and roadhouse twenty eight miles outside London at Beaconsfield, England. It's owned by one of my boyhood friends. See how clear even the buck Meadows are?

"This is rather a pet of mine: an old lady I saw on the Bremen in March when I was on my way to the country for the first time. She had a huge suite all to herself that probably cost something like seven hundred dollars, and she was sitting over to see if I was having been for thirty five years. Most of the crossing she sat on deck with her face toward America. I think you can see her great expectations in her eyes.

"This was a test shot I made of my sister's living room in Wales. I wanted to see if I could change the exposure and test the film in three minutes, according to my records.

"Some of pictures I have enlarged in panels and use them as wall decorations. Two of them are in my house in London Europa I have on my walls in Hollywood. I think it's a nice idea and I expect to do more of it.

"I don't take children's pictures as a rule—they're too hard to manage. But I did shoot this young one in Sweden in 1933. He belonged to the caretaker of the cottage where I stopped on a skiing expedition.

"Snubbing the Stars"

Continued from page 27

that Ham step on the gas. Down Sunset Boulevard drove last year's Academy Award winner.

"There's a wonderful place over there," cried La Davis. "Stop and let's go in."

Ham pulled up in front of an eating joint that featured one row of counter stools for the cash customers. Over the door in large blazing letters, was painted this name: "Butch's Beany—Eat 'em while They're Hot!" And Better Eat 'em, too.

There was a time in Tyrone Power's life when he didn't have the twenty-two dollars to pay the landlady who was holding his trunk. But he could buy a few such luxuries as taxi fare. Came home waving her magic wand and Tyrone breathed a huge sigh of relief. No more waiting on corners nor shoving in a sure fate. No more walking in at the crack of dawn because he had missed the last street car. And then Tyrone went on his first vacation with some friends in the loop, he hailed a cab and asked to be driven across town to the Belmond Hotel. The driver gave him a strange look and a few blocks away, practically in a panic, stated that Tyrone got out. There were no explanations. The driver was gone with the wind. Tyrone hailed a second cab. He gave his instruements and a few blocks away, he experienced the same treatment. In desperation he hailed a third cab.

If I were to ask you to drive me to the Belmond Hotel, what would you do, he asked.

"I'd stop the car and make you get out," came the quick reply. "There's a taxi war going on and that location is where it's hottest."

"Then I might as well stay walking," sighed Tyrone. Several hours of hitchhiking later, Tyrone arrived at his destination.

If you were the manager of a big hotel and it was a national holiday, and Ginger Rogers suddenly appeared on the lobby and asked for accommodations, wouldn't you find a place for her? That's what we thought. But it didn't work out this way for the hotel where she decided to get away from it all. Ginger forgot it was a holiday, and naturally rooms were at a premium. It was dark
In spite of all that has been written about bad breath, thousands still lose friends through this unpleasant fault. Yet sour mouth with its resultant bad breath is frequently only the result of constipation. Just as loss of appetite, early weakness, nervousness, mental dullness, can all be caused by it.

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

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Cupid's Cycle

Continued from page 29

is like Tony but it isn't Tony," Libby, who had been with me at Madame Hungaria's, shrieked and I upset a glass of water right in his lap.

"I decided to marry Tola the Wednesday before the Saturday that we took the plane to Yuma. But the next Thursday-night Tola late—[Editorial aside: Mr. Litvak was finishing "Tovarich!"

—and I went with some friends to a poker party and lost and that depressed me so I got home, phoned him and told him I simply couldn't face it, the marriage was off. He said all right. So the next night, Friday, he saw to it that I didn't play cards and that the next day Fritz Lang and me to the concert at the Bowl, and we stopped at the Troc and Fritz could have dinner and by the time we arrived at the Bowl the others had disappeared and we had to ask about ten people if they had any idea where Box 12, Section C might be. They didn't. Finally we found it and had just settled down to enjoy a good symphony when suddenly we looked up and we were alone in the Bowl—except for a few musicians who were wrapping up their instruments. So we just sat there and planned the wedding.

"Marriage in Yuma is very simple, really. Bellboy number 3 at the hotel takes charge completely and I had hardly finished my iced coffee, it was only 11:2 there though the hotel had been air-conditioned, when he brought in the License Lady—he introduced her as the License Lady so I never really knew her name. And Bellboy number 3, the very soul of efficiency, ushered in the Judge who is known as the Marrying Judge of Yuma and is a perfect darling, and immediately everyone was in a sentimental and lovely, and I was off on a cloud when suddenly I heard Mady scream, 'Stop,' she shouted, 'Miriam, you're marrying the wrong man.' And so Fritz—" The Judge, poor dear, was a bit confused and tired by forty-one marriages that day—I'm a forty-second bride—and Tola and I were both terribly nervous, and I don't think he was marrying Fritz. So it seems I married Fritz for the first part of the ceremony but Tola got in for the second part and that's the part that I'm going to. So I think I do the is the most important thing in the ceremony, don't you?"

"Well, I could see that L'amour was going to get a good laugh if I stayed around Miriam much longer. Not a heart-throb, not an eye-lash flutter, and not the ghost of a blush. Now I ask you, how could I make a schematic story dripping with sentiment and adjectives out of that?

Better luck, I said sharpening my pencil, with Alice Faye and Tony Martin.

Alice, having spent her honeymoon at the Tucadero, was a little sleepy when I ran her down on the set of "A Young Man's Fancy," the Tuesday after the Saturday evening of the same week in Hollywood. She can always count on the Irish being sentimental even on a studio stage, swathed in silver fox and the thermometer 110. Alice, I was sure, would not let me down, provided she didn't faint before she finished the telephone scene. The Alice Faye-Tony Martin romance has been one of Hollywood's best ever since the two kids in "Sing, Baby, Sing," nearly two years ago.

"Friday night," said Alice with an extra cute smile she knew how to build the broadcast of my life. Everything bad that could happen, happened, so after it was over I just sat down and cried. Tony was so sweet and consoling that I decided to..."
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married him the next day. Somebody told me I'd be married to a very handsome young John Howard Payne of the Virginia Paynes, and not one of the Paynes in the neck, that I know, in one of those quaint little bungalows adjoining the swanky Biltmore Hotel in Atlanta. And it was sort of lovely also, because the lovely John Howard Payne and I were married in the honeymoon moon on account Anne had to do retakes on "Stella Dallas" and John had to rush back to "Love on Toast." In fact, they say it was because of this fondness that Anne gave such an inspired and brilliant performance in "Stella Dallas." Even Anne seems to confine the two on occasion, because when an RKO executive said "Congratulations!" to her one day, she turned to some friends and said, "I never know if people are congratulating me on my work in "Stella Dallas" or my marriage to John Howard Payne."

Well, anyway, all the cast members倪 aside, when it comes right down to the bare facts I would say that the movie and marriage cycles in Hollywood aren't what they used to be. They're a lot more fun.

How Hollywood Has Conquered Radio

Continued from page 23

hired Cecil B. DeMille of Paramount as producer, Lou Silvers of 20th Century-Fox to lead its orchestra, and between acts Hollywood people (I won't say who and who I interviewed). The most remarkable stipend unquestionably is Tyrone Power's. Most remarkable because three years ago Radio thought him worth $100 a week. He had a good enough voice to read funny papers over the air in Chicago. Hollywood recognized his possibilities, polished him, and today he is worth $400 a week. Don't imagine that this money is easy to be spoken of nonchalantly, though. For a while New York air officials declared that picture stars were disappointments. Many players did make the mistake of letting themselves be hurried onto the air. But no longer will wise actors be so foolish. Now stars request lengthy rehearsals, admit they may be under-directed in films. For those of you who are right, Lux dramas, for instance, a star rehearses on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday for an average of twenty-five hours. The great problem of picture stars is this: In Radio all emotion must come through the voice alone. The subtle facial
expressions so valuable in films are valueless on the air. Looks are no help.

Never a victory without the conqueror assimilating some of the traits of the subdued. So when a visitor to Hollywood is in surprise at the town's new business-like complexion, Evenings of gay, carefree fun are definitely fewer and farther between because most of the stars have an air program on the fire and are maneuvering for rehearsals.

"When I do an hour's play for Radio," says Joan Crawford, "I need forty hours on prep. That's the way."

That's the tone high for preparation, but Joan is ambitious and she's not given to kidding herself. When she spent that much time she scored; she didn't come up twice and wasn't so prepared. But forty hours at eight a day—monoton standard—add up to five full days. Now figure out how you'd sandwich in five days of radio prep and movie-making on the air for a week! It'd turn you into a pretty methodical person, also. In days of yore Joan could capture Charleston cups; now, except for Saturday night fun, she doesn't.

She is scared stiff of the new medium, but wants to click in it as a prelude to stage success. "The only thing to do," counseled Helen Hayes, "is not to beat your nervousness by working like a dog. Fine chatter to a glamorous girl, but a swell tip. And Joan accepted it gratefully."

Anyway, Miss Crawford can now stand up to any line given her an audience; but Claudette Colbert, once on Broadway and outwardly a lot calmer, isn't up to getting off her stool. Claudette sits on a high stool, with her script propped on a stand that won't shake or drop it. She then slips off her shoes and endeavors to remember that she's positively serene. Her doctor husband tells her the room and hall should be good thought, too. Recently, during a broadcast, Claudette accidentally fell off her perch. The audience giggled, and so did she. Claudette is more of a sissy than they must have a funny sense of humor!"

Frank Chapman, husband and manager of Gladys Swarthout, is likewise in the control room and plays the tape of every broadcast to her. She glances towards him frequently for assurance, a clinging-vine type. He's dripping with perspiration when she finishes and effects. It escourts Mrs. Muni, on his picture sets to okay every move of his, is valiantly becoming self-reliant via Radio, though. Studied rather than impetuous, he can't bring himself to go on the air without help.

Bette Davis' hands fascinate everyone watching her at a broadcast. She is so intense her entire script reads like a burningutton valid in gripping. When she's most intent it seems as if she may break the wood.

The nonchalant Clark Gable is run-up-to Bing Crosby for number one most-at-ease star. Clark wears sweatsuits or tricky sweaters to rehearsals and wins everyone by behaving as though he were the instructor. The person presenting when he broadcasts there are so many fans that he has to be spirited out through the door where the planes are shuttled.

But as peaceful as the Rock of Ages. The other night, three minutes before he was to sing, his sheet of music performed one of those mystery oddities. It was ready, and he didn't know the words. Everyone else went wild. He ambled around the stage, before the audience, peering hither and yon. He couldn't find music, and quite suddenly was on! He boo-hoo-hooed melodically through a refrain, until someone spotted the paper under the drumstand. Bing's show is the only one that has no laboratory dress rehearsal. The last get-together is informal. Bing will chat with the song-pluggers who hang around. After rehearsing his songs awhile, he'll wait for Bob Burns to drop around. Bob never sees the show script before, and last week what a rare crisis popped up as a result! The producer practicaly raved around the board Bob had been wearing for a picture; Mr. Burns checked in clean-shaven. All the dialog had to be revised immediately.

Let neither Bing nor Dick Powell grumble when he sees a favorable audience; nevertheless he's strict on his toes. As he finishes each page of his script he rolls it in his fists and tosses someone nearby. Robert Taylor is extremely conscientious, and personally liked as a result. The miner worry that seizes him is ever concealed. He demands privileges and goes without his meals if necessary to be on schedule. Perhaps he doesn't forget that three years ago he was only an extra in air shows.

See Marlene Dietrich rehearsing for a broadcast and all those vanity cracks go up in thin smoke indeed. She sits on the door to go over her lines, and when there's a picture problem and has to start all over again. She dresses not in plumes and veils, but in chic simplicity. She manages very well without mirrors. Alice Faye honestly has hair up in a front, but since she's been broadcasting at night she's promised to appear in a chic gown. She now brings along her own hairdresser to guarantee that her coiffure is correct. Julius Stein, from her film studio, arranges all her tunes. Alice doesn't read a note, you know, so she'd rather rely on a pal. She has recordings made of her broadcasts, so she can replaqm them for self-improvement.

NBC rents a theatre set at Warners Sunset Boulevard film studio, Tyrone Power and his guest stars act here. Audiences are revealed in his kissing duel with Loretta Young, incidentally. The first time they teamed on the air he kissed her so hard she practically fell into the wire. When they teamed anew she got even; she gave him "the business."

Martha Raye is burl-fellow-well-put still, but she is anxious to get more the character into her public character. So she's stopped singing hot rhythms on the air. She hasn't been practicing with a teacher solely for the fun of it. Con Camarillas need audience reaction. At least, Eddie Cantor and Jack Oakie feel so. Eddie is a terrific clown; he plays chiefly to his visual fans, it seems. He throws bakers' pies when there's an opportunity for slapstick and he doesn't mind stopping the show for audience howls. Jack

adlibs, making mince-mouth of the script. Charlie Butterworth is unique; he's so quiet and he'll sit mumming in a next-door cafe until two minutes before he's to be on the air. He won't re-read his lines, either. That's the way."

The riot of Radio today is, of course, Mister Charlie McCarthy. You'll be seeing him in pictures any moment. He wears green satin pajamas to shock his heckler Mr. Fields, and he enjoys every minute of the shows he's in on. When he was doing a burlesque on a spy drama, with Nelson Eddy, he was so versatile juggling three different accents that Nelson had to hold the Eddy face to keep in character. The world's favorite dummy rates a kiss hello from Dorothy Lamour, without fail. She has become quite liberal with other lad- dies; she still drives up in her coup."

W. C. Fields, invariably attired to perfection, with spots and all, has given up trying to top Charlie McCarthy. He is the A-l prankster of a great film studio, does behind-the-wings antics to distract Charlie, and to no avail yet. Eddie Bergen, Charlie's dead-end relative, is a dapper young man who bought a second-hand camera and made post-card views of grocery stores until he decided to be a ventriloquist. He claps a frill on to a tart and cartoon Charlie McCarthy along to most of his parties, and just after politely acknowledg- ing an introduction Bergen is appalled to hear Charlie remark, "W. C. Fields? Who's this guy? And what's his racket?"

Currently Nelson Eddy is matinee idol number one, if the ardent feminine fans have anything to say about it. Nelson is so adored by the film industry that even studio functionaries can't help but become fond of him. He's fond of closed studios, where he could take off his coat and unloosen his collar and concentrate on his singing. But now he's unwinding, doing a full round of pictures with new facility, and getting a kick out of this. So many girls think he's irresistible that two page boys regularly act as bodyguards for his motor car.

Every picture star but Shirley Temple, Chaplin, Garbo, and Mae West has been featured on the air by now. Mrs. Temple has rejected fan letters, believing Shirley's film work is enough. Chaplin's voice isn't in keeping with his trim character- ization and he hasn't yet had the heart to come out of his mold. Garbo, it's re- ported, has turned down $15,000 for a single air show. It would ruin her myst- erious line, Myrna Loy and William Powell have turned down an offer of $25,000 a team. Their agent asked $15,000—and as yet there are no takers. Mae West is rumored to want ten grand, a little too much for the theaters.

From New York to Hollywood to broad- cast have come such Radio stars as Rudy Vallee, Don Ameche, Walter Winchell, Lonny Ross, Irene Rich, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, Kenny Baker and Ken Murray. Rudy is now playing in the Coconut Grove, for the first time, and like all the rest of this illustrious group is acting for the movies besides.

The talent for the supporting roles in air shows used to be all Radio-trained. But now there's a new breed, and the thirdly is broken and Hollywood's character actors, juveniles, and ingenues are receiving most of these bit assignments.

Yes, when Radio bowed it could make the movie stars cry. Uncle it forgot one thing: Hollywood had the stars the public loves!
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Mrs. Howard F. Whitney told me, the other day, that they hope to do some sailing in the South this winter. The Whitneys had a lovely summer on Long Island—and on the Sound. Mrs. Whitney is a skillful yachtswoman and handles a racing class boat like an expert. Their converted New York 40, the Chinook, is a very "shippy" boat.

Mrs. Whitney will be remembered as the former Hope Richardson. Her wedding was an outstanding social event. I recall how enchanting Mrs. Whitney looked as a bride, in a gown of white satin with a yoke of net embroidered in tiny pearls, and her tulle veil held in place by a bandeau of orange blossoms. This year Mrs. Whitney's committee work had much to do with the success of the colorful Greentree Fair at Manhasset. During the summer she got in a lot of tennis, riding, and—as always—sailing and cruising.

Hope's enthusiasm for the energetic life is proverbial among her friends. "Don't you ever get tired?" I asked. "Of course," she laughed. "After a long trick at the helm, or any time I feel worn out, I refresh myself with a Camel—and get a 'lift! I can smoke Camels steadily, without the slightest feeling of harshness on my throat." Which shows how mild Camels are! It's true that women find the costlier tobaccos in Camel's matchless blend more enjoyable.

(above) Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, Long Island, at the helm of the Chinook. "I value healthy nerves," she says, "So I smoke Camels. They don't jangle my nerves!"

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sul Ilona Massey,
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... And above it all
for laughs, you have
funny Frank Morgan,
Edna May Oliver
and Ray Bolger.
Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary

We've given you the glamour slant on Hollywood in many a feature story, in beautiful art portraits, in gossip items. We've presented the color of the cinema capital in fiction form, in our big-name serials. But there is another side of Hollywood—an "inside" slant, if you like to call it that—which is not often revealed to the public who pay to see motion pictures. It is not scandal; it is not sensationalism for its own sake. But it is, very definitely, the real low-down on Glamor-land. It concerns the important people who help make pictures—not the stars. It tells the fascinating actual story of how films come to be created. The "idea" people of pictureland are introduced to you.

In Screenland's next issue—February, on sale January 5—we give you "Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary." Yes, it is a sprightly title; and it's a sprightly story, too. But it is also important; we suggest that you should not miss it. We know you'll be entertained; and we suspect you will gain a new understanding of this fantastic Hollywood.
Conquest of artistry! Garbo as Marie Walewska, Charles Boyer as Napoleon, make screen history

True magnificence is uncommon in the cinema. Somehow it is most often found in Garbo's pictures! Her new screenplay, "Conquest," is an event because it permits our noblest actress to portray a hauntingly romantic figure of history, Napoleon's Polish sweetheart, Marie Walewska. Perhaps it is Garbo's best performance in all her career because it is her subtlest. All the histrionic fireworks are reserved for Charles Boyer in his more colorful rôle as the Emperor, and Boyer is superb in every scene. But it is Garbo who assures "Conquest" lasting importance, for her creation of Marie marks the first time within our memory of self-sacrificing motion picture heroines when nobility has not been boring, but beautiful. Again we honor Garbo!

Garbo and Boyer in "Conquest," right, set a new standard for screen acting. Below, the characters of Marie Walewska and Napoleon, as brought to the screen. At bottom of page, two close-ups of the co-stars in thrilling moments.
"Round Up Time In Reno"
"Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"
"Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm"
"I Owe You"
"All Over Nothing At All"
SCRELAND’S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. Co-star of "Dead End"?
2. Who cried "Wolf"?
3. He was featured in "The Man Who Cried Wolf".
4. He used to be Mrs. Bruce Cabot.
5. He was featured in "The Thirteenth Chair".
6. A rooster tuttled for eating.
7. Fritz Tarlton in "The Prisoner of Zenda".
8. A magazine.
9. The wife in "Wife, Doctor and Nurse".
10. A famous divorce center.
11. A hill term used in Western films.
13. Railway (abbreviation).
15. And, in French.
16. Note of the scale.
17. Co-star of "Big City".
18. Ma's husband.
19. Compass point (abbreviation).
20. Not working.
22. Eat dinner.
23. Own.
24. His new one is "Rosalie".
26. Vigor.
27. A wise bird.
28. The first man.
29. Feared.
30. Ease.
31. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea.
32. Singing star, "Music for Mad-".
33. "You're Only Live - " a movie.
34. Short sleep.
35. Wear.
36. Nothing.
37. Indefinite periods of time.
38. Scene (abbreviation).
40. To spoil (as an egg).
41. The opposite of yes.
42. Since.
43. Where a chicken’s food goes.
44. "The Avenue," a movie.
45. That old sun god.
46. White-mooshed comedienne (in Double or Nothing).
47. Hubo.
48. She's starred in "Stage Door".
49. Mad.
50. He played "The Good Old Book".
51. Dino.
52. Wilted, lost color.
53. Load.
54. Portrait.
55. Malt drinks.

DOWN
1. Star in "A Star Is Born".
2. Individual(s).
3. His new one is "The Last Gangster".
5. He’s featured in "High, Wide and Handsome".
7. Open (poetic).
8. Negative.
9. Place of entrance.
10. Advertisement (abbreviation).
11. She’s featured in "Saturday’s Heroes".
12. Always.
13. Goes down (as a boat).
15. Prescribed amount of medicine.
16. Note of the scale.
17. Dear.
18. Forever.
19. Dancing star of "Broadway Melody of 1938".
20. He married Jeanette MacDonald.
22. Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda".
23. He’s featured in "A Girl With Ideas".
24. Islands.
25. Star of "Ali Baba Goes to Town".
26. "We..." a Fred Astaire film.
27. Inorge in "The Thirteenth Chair".
28. Bricklayer’s equipment.
29. Reverential fear.
30. Man’s nickname.
32. Leading lady in "Artists and Models".
33. Cleaning implement.
34. He’s starred in "Stand-In".
35. Small European fish.
36. Typical.
37. Grunt formed over a stove.
38. Brussels.
40. Made a mistake.
41. He’s featured in "Hold 'Em, Navy!"
42. What you plant in a garden.
43. Open space.
44. Exclamation.
45. One.
46. Million.
47. Hawaiian food.
48. Reemery for coal.
49. Employ.
50. You (Biblical).
51. Note of the scale.

Answer to Last Month’s Puzzle

GABLE CIOB JANET
MARRIAGE CARROU LEO
ARMOR BRENT LEARN
DYE DEAR APEL SEE
ALL DROVERS NEE
SAYN CATE ASTER
TEA IDA MATEO
ER MAE EEE ALLA
REY SHEAR DO
ER RO DON LEAR
EROL CALLE LUE
DA MIA OER DEANA
SALON RE RENDS
HOLD YOUR HEART AND TAP YOUR TOES!

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

Thrill to the tunes of 4 hit songs!...

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

FRED ASTAIRE
GEORGE GRACIE
BURNS AND ALLEN

in

A Damself in Distress

Music by GEORGE GERSHWIN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
A PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS

Screen Play by P. G. WODEHOUSE • ERNEST PAGANO • S. K. LAUREN

JOAN FONTAINE • REGINALD GARDINER
RAY NOBLE

FROM THE STORY BY P. G. WODEHOUSE
DRAFTS?
GARGLE LISTERINE
Like wet feet, drafts are dangerous because they chill the body unequally, weakening its resistance to germs. Avoid all drafts, and when you have been in one, gargle Listerine.

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

Listerine kills germs
associated with colds and sore throat
Tests During 7 Years' Research Show Cold Prevention Results That Amaze Even Medical Men
No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine Antiseptic offers. Listerine gives you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or no colds at all. It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:
That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users. More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the dreaded danger zone of the chest less frequently than colds of non-users.

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

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

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

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes after, 98.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 99% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

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

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

"Beauty Bath" Sweeps Away Tobacco-Stained Deposits
"Beauty Bath sweeps away tobacco-stained deposits"

JOSEPH T. LAMBERT, New York

SHIRLEY KILDUFF SAYS:
Don't take our word or the word of famous New York beauticians about Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it yourself. See how quickly it attacks tobacco-stained deposits on teeth. How its fragrant, milky-white solution bathes the teeth and gums and leaves them fresh, clean and healthy. How its high-luster polishing agents restore natural brilliance and beauty to your teeth. Don't forget its economy either. More than a quarter of a pound of first-rate dentifrice in the 3c tube. The 2c size is proportionately economical. Get a tube from your druggist today.

Listerine Letter: 30th Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

LISTERINE
Antiseptic
Tooth Paste
LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR CLAIRE TREVOR:
You fooled me. You really did. I thought I had you all figured out. I was wrong. Perhaps it will amuse you to watch me eat my words. (Gulp, gulp.) Remember our lunch, the first time I met you, only we ate chicken and crepes suzette, not words; and it was all very gay, and a Certain Celebrated Billionaire across the smart café stared and stared, and who could blame him, for you were by far the prettiest blonde in the crowded room. You sparkled, from your smile to your star sapphires, and I thought, "Now here's a carefree actress, for once, with never a worry; and I'll bet she will never go arty on us!"

Well, you told me all about your new house, for which you were selecting every scrap of curtain and every stick of furniture, yourself; and you seemed to get more frivolously feminine every minute. And then, eventually, talk turned to pictures—it doesn't usually take that long, but you were so charmingly casual about your career, I thought it would be almost vulgar to bring it up. But somehow or other, I seemed to hear you referring to yourself as a "Class B" star. Now, there's a big difference between being a "Class B" star, and a star in "Class B" pictures; so I argued politely; and your big brown eyes grew bigger and darker, if possible, and you said quite positively: "I'd be willing to play a bit, just a bit, in a big picture, to show I can act." It sounded well, but it didn't make much sense to me. Claire Trevor, a big box-office attraction, if not in epics, playing a bit? Come come, now, Miss Trevor, I said to myself. It's awfully cute, but it isn't in character.

And then what happens? You did it, by gosh. You locked your big dressing-room with the star on the door, went over to a strange "lot," and took a "bit" to play—the comparatively small but oh, so potent part of Francey in "Dead End"—you played that part just as it was written, with no frills, no false bids for sympathy; and lo and behold when "Dead End" was released, people were exclaiming: "This Claire Trevor is an actress." You knew it all along.

Well, it would have been nice if Hollywood had suddenly swept you into a big, showy star part such as "Stella Dallas" which would have catapulted you into the front rank of important stars. But this isn't wonderland. It's Hollywood. So you're back in your big dressing-room, making more good money pictures, if not epics. You make every part you play stand out for some reason—for instance, in your latest, "Big Town Girl," you get yourself up in a black hair-do; in some scenes you're smothered in specs; you're doing some trouping. And if anyone thinks you're wasting your spare time loitering around, let them listen to your rich cello-voice on the radio, opposite Edward G. Robinson. The best part is, you're still The Prettiest Blonde in the Room. And some day, I think you'll be one of the Biggest Stars. I'd like to change that picture title to "Big Time Girl." That's you, Claire Trevor.

Delight Evans

Claire Trevor, trouper! Right, the girl herself. Above, in character for a new film.
Hollywood's Fantastic First Nights

LONDON had its coronation, New York its American Legion convention, Philadelphia the Army-Navy football game. These are all very well in their way, nice little shows that draw quite a crowd. But for sheer fun, spectacle, and insane showmanship, none of them can compare with a Hollywood premiere.

They are terrifying in a way, fantastic as a circus. Wallace Beery was so startled by the crowds at one opening that he drove away and sneaked in back door. Harold Lloyd, although never recognized without those dummy glasses he wears for pictures, tries always to find a side entrance. But Hollywood as a whole takes fierce pride in that unique and expensive entertainment, a movie opening.

The show of course doesn't take place on the screen, although the theatre always does conscientiously run the scheduled film. They are always trying something new at those openings. Some publicity man may get the brilliant idea of not bothering with the picture at all on premiere night. This would save trouble; and the celebrities would come just the same.

A Hollywood premiere is not to show off the picture. Their one purpose is to show off the audience. Well does the audience know this. This is the one opportunity to parade, arrayed in all the splendor of sables, ermines, and dirty polo coats, before real people. These are not cameras watching them, although there are cameras everywhere, but thousands of fans, eager, articulate, wild with enthusiasm. Even Wallace Beery or a Harold Lloyd, the most modest actor in town, gets a thrill out of those cheers.

As for a Douglas Fairbanks, he never misses an opening. Mr. Fairbanks is always part of the show at each big premiere, enjoying the crowds as much as they enjoy him. With Sylvia Ashley, elaborately dressed, on his arm, he can stroll up the longest theatre entrance without a trace of shyness or annoyance as thousands stare.

Not all of Hollywood can face those crowds with the aplomb of a Fairbanks. But all of Hollywood turns out for a premiere. There you will find them all, Myrna Loy, Irene Dunne, Virginia Bruce, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers, Paul Muni and his wife, the Fredric Marches, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, all the hundreds of others whose very presence makes the opening a show impossible to put on anywhere else in the world.

Of course they would never think of such a show anywhere else. These big openings cost between four and five thousand dollars, half of which goes toward lights. That money is spent to impress Hollywood, to make the industry sit up and take notice. Incidentally, of course they provide hilarious evenings for those thousands of fans who have time and energy to endure them.

Every effort is made to keep those fans happy. It was the Warners who last year thought up the grandstand stunt. They built huge bleachers for the opening of the latest "Gold Diggers" and filled part of them with beautiful chorus girls. Fans occupied the other seats.

That started it. Now each company must provide grandstands. Those for "High, Wide and Handsome," at the Carthay Circle, held between eight and ten thousand people. They were solidly packed by five in the afternoon. The show was not even scheduled to begin until eight-thirty at night. At midnight, as the stars sauntered out, the bleachers were still filled, and the streets behind them jammed with people hoping at least to see Fred MacMurray or Martha Raye or perhaps Mae West drive by them in an automobile.

Those stars were all there, scores of them, Dorothy
Lamour in slim black, Dorothy Jordan in a red polo coat, Virginia Bruce in glittering white. Those fans who couldn't see could at least hear. Announcers saw to that. They announced everything, whose car was coming down the boulevard, whose car was approaching the flood-lighted entrance, who was just stepping under the block-long canopy to walk self-consciously up that red carpet to awaiting microphones.

You couldn't miss anything. The real show was there, outside the theatre, on those painful walks under the glaring lights while thousands of eyes discussed you, on that broad green square surrounded by bleachers on two sides, by the theatre entrance on the third, by the canopied walk, cameramen, lights and policemen on the fourth.

Just for good measure, as though the antics of a Hollywood celebrity audience were not enough, an elaborate program of entertainment preceded the picture. And this took place outside the theatre, all for the benefit of the waiting fans. Ben Blue, for no reason except that it was a warm evening and that he had a part in the picture, drove up to the theatre in a sled drawn by a team of Alaskan huskies. He was suitably dressed too, in fur coat and straw hat.

Lynn Overman was acting as master of ceremonies outside the theatre, Fred MacMurray inside. The effect was the desired one, that of a three-ringed circus. Judy Canova, with Zeke and Anne, did some of their routines. Betty Grable sang. So did the Four Yacht Club Boys. Bob Burns, Gracie Allen and George Burns, and William Frawley stayed out in front of the theatre to indulge in expert wisecracking for the crowds. Their amusing revue, broadcast on a coast-to-coast hookup, lasted for an hour.

The breathtaking exuberance of a Hollywood premiere is no happenchance. The natives begin to get excited days ahead; and the natives are the movie colony.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond cut short their honeymoon, sailed back from Honolulu, a five day trip, just to be in town when "The Firefly" opened. That was an evening too, big enough to coax Norma Shearer into the limelights again, to bring Edward G. Robinson back from a vacation. Constance Bennett, probably the most inveterate and certainly the most conspicuous of all the local first-nighters, might not even stop at crossing an ocean in order to see and be seen at a really gala premiere.

All of Hollywood takes part, one way or another, in the show. Even the publicity departments of studios apparently unconcerned have to do a bit of worrying. Their job is casting the audience, seeing that the right people walk up that red carpet two by two.

It is usually the young actors who consult the publicity departments. They wish advice about the girls they should escort. This is an important decision for any player. To take a girl to an important premiere is not equivalent to announcing an (Please turn to page 70)
If it hadn't been for East's mild little diamond bid, Clark Gable probably never would have gone duck hunting. Claudette Colbert wouldn't have been invited to Walter Lang's for dinner, and I would have gone serene, well, not too serene, through life without ever knowing what a duck press is. It certainly had unexpected repercussions. Up until then the game had been quite a nice little game, not brilliant, but nice, and South hadn't yawned more than five times. But when East made that mild little bid in a weak voice it started a bidding duel between East and West which ended eventually in a fourteen hundred point gain for North and South. East, who in private life is Carole Lombard, said that she was sorry. West, who is known to millions as Clark Gable, said that there was really no law that forced people to sit down at a bridge table for hours and glare at each other for making foolish bids and that personally he thought it would be more fun to go duck hunting. Fieldsie and Walter Lang (North and South to Mr. Culbertson, but best friends to Carole and Clark) said don't forget to bring back some ducks. And Carole said no pmmas this time please.

So the next morning Clark, who is a good shot, brought back a bevy of wild duck and because he lives at a big hotel in Beverly Hills and has no cook, no valet, no chauffeur, no second maid, no China boy ("I'm not helpless," says Mr. Gable when someone suggests that a movie star ought to have servants), he dumped them on Walter Lang's ping pong table and said it would be nice to have a couple of people in to help eat them. Walter didn't want any people in because he had just bought a new house and the pictures and drapes weren't up, and Walter, like all directors, wants to have his sets perfect before the action starts. "When you have duck you have duck," said Clark with a grin and a shrug, which rather expresses his philosophy of life—if you have a treat tossed at you don't grumble, enjoy it—"I'll hang the pictures and I'll make the sauce."

Clark Gable with all his being Screen Lover Number 1 has never been known to make an "entrance," and it's a safe bet that if you invite him to dinner at seven-thirty he will be there at six-thirty, which is another reason why he and Missy Lombard get along so well, Carole being the only glamor girl in Hollywood who keeps her appointments to the dot. So when Claudette and the doctor and I arrived the pictures were all hung and all kinds of little knick-knacks which would eventually be a Gable sauce were gathered about the chafing dish on Walter's bar. Shouts of laughter from the game room announced that Carole and Clark were whipping up an extra edge to their appetite for pressed duck by an animated game of ping pong, not just the usual ping pong, but "match" ping pong, a little variation that Walter brought back from China. Clark is crazy about ping pong and is the match ping pong champion of Benedict Canyon though Carole is no snug at the game herself. Walter's match bill is terrific. The idea it seems is for each side, East and West again if you wish, to place an opened box of matches on the base line and see who can upset the most matches in the due course of a ping pong game. I'm better at rummy. Claudette is better at parchesi, and Walter promised her she could play after dinner. If anyone would play with her. Movie stars aren't as coddled as you might think.

On a large silver platter the ducks, well roasted and with their meat parts removed, were brought in from
that you haven’t been out much. It is a duck press, isn’t it?” she said in an aside to Fieldsie. Clark said sh-sh-sh-shh, and we all did. It was going to be a Ceremony.

And just so you, my little kiddies, will have something on the crowned heads of Europe I’m going to give you the famous Gable recipe for pressed duck here and now, and if it brings on a good case of indigestion don’t blame me. First of all, you clean and singe and wash wild ducks just as you do domestic ducks. Rub inside and outside with salt and pepper and brush with melted butter. Put a teaspoonful of butter inside of the ducks, onion and celery to help kill the wild taste, place them in a baking pan with a tablespoon of water, and roast in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes, the time depending upon the size of the ducks. When done, carefully cut the breasts off the ducks and place in a warm dish; then pile the carcasses (if you can get them away from your guests—not a chance if Colbert and Lombard are there) into a platter and one by one drop them into the duck press. When sufficient pressure is put upon the press the juice pours out of a little spout into the container.

And here’s where the famous pressed duck sauce makes its entrance. Have a slow flame under the chafing dish and into it put a tablespoon of butter, a teaspoon of very hot dry mustard, a tablespoon of currant jelly and a glass of port wine. Cook it about three minutes but never let it come to a boil. Then pour in the juice from the duck press container and cook about (Please turn to page 75)

the kitchen and placed on the bar, and everybody stopped counting silly matches and with a “Woo Woo” (Mr. Hugh Herbert really started something in Hollywood) made a wild dash for duck legs and wings. Such picking of bones! How revolting! I unearthed the biggest leg and Claudette, like something starred out of a Dickens novel, snatched it away from me. Really, Miss Lombard and Miss Colbert, if your public could see you now with duck behind your ears! “Tut, tut,” said Mr. Gable whacking away at grasping fingers with a huge spoon, “you aren’t supposed to eat that, that’s for the sauce. Haven’t you been fed today? Hey, lay off, I want to show you how to make pressed duck sauce, the recipe for which kings have offered me their crowns.”

Well, I always know a chafing dish when I meet one out socially but there was some kind of an apparatus at the end of the bar that had me completely baffled. “What’s that funny looking thing?” I said pointing a greasy finger, “a cocoanut cracker? Dear me, what will the rich think of next?” “That funny looking thing,” said Carole scornfully, though it wasn’t very effective with a duck wing in her mouth, “is a duck press, and it is quite evident
"Who told you to say I was beautiful?" she asked. "Nobody told me to say nothing," Peter replied, and gulped—"You are beautiful."

CHAPTER II

The cocktail party was over and done with, and the last guest had been taken out and poured into a taxicab. The drawing room of the Mollineaux house was empty save for the lingering ghosts of a thousand cigarettes, save for an army of sticky glasses. The soft-moving Japanese servants swarmed like moths in the patio, gathering up debris, and a gardener was already busy with a flower bed that had been brutally trampled. But Katrine Mollineaux sat back in a deep chair, with the tips of her slim fingers pressed together, and stared at her publicity man. There was such blazing hatred in her eyes, and her silence was so fraught with meaning that, after some fifteen dragging minutes, Bill Naughton spoke.

"Better say it," he advised, "before you explode!"

Katrine made drawling answer. "I never thought you'd put the bee on me," she said, "you snake in the grass—"

Bill countered: "Now, now, Katie. The party was a wow, and Peter was a howling success!"

Katrine snarled—"Yeah! Here I had fifteen sob sisters and ten camera men, all set to get a load of me with a little blonde baby in my arms. And then you bring in a big kid with freckles and a black eye. What a razzing they'll hand me!"

Bill Naughton grinned, but only with his mouth. He said:

"Pipe down, Katie—the kid's in the next room. I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings."

Katrine's eyes weren't blazing any more. They were veiled, and as hard as marbles.

"Trot the kid in," she said.

Bill asked, "Why?" His tone was mild. He added, "You're not in any mood to see him, now. Wait'll you cool off."

Katrine said—"If you know your onions, you won't
The dramatically human story of a screen siren whose daring plan to advance her career precipitates a crisis in the lives of three extraordinary people.

Bill gave one quick, mirthless snort of laughter. He stopped as suddenly as he had started, and said—

"Come here, sonny. Come to Uncle Bill." But Katrine interrupted—"No. You come here, Peter." And the child, with one frightened glance in her direction, came haltingly toward her. When he had stopped only a few inches from her chair, Katrine spoke again. Her voice was deceptively soft.

"Who told you to say I was beautiful?" she asked.

"Did Uncle Bill learn you a lesson?"

Peter answered: "Nobody told me to say nothing," he replied, and gulped—"You are beautiful. Like an angel in a church—"

Katrine said, "Heaven help you if you pull that line again! Where'd you come from, anyway, and what's your name, and how old are you?"

The little boy said—"I came from th' Good Shepherds' Home, and my name's Peter. I ain't got any other name.

Katrine began, "Oh, so you're a little—" but Bill Naughton interrupted her. His voice was all at once as sharp as a knife.

"Shut up!" he said. "One dirty crack out of you, and so help me . . . ." Suddenly his voice lowered—"The kid's only eight," he murmured, "and he's had a tough time. Go easy with th' whip."

The little boy's eyes were so large that they seemed to swallow up his entire face. He stared painfully at Bill.

"You told her to shut up," he said. "You hadn't oughta do that, Uncle Bill!"

Katrine laughed. "That's all the thanks you get," she said to Bill Naughton. To the child she addressed a question.

"How long have you been calling this bozo uncle?" she wanted to know.

"Ever since I seen him," answered the little boy. He volunteered, "That was yesterday."

Katrine laughed. "So that was yesterday!" she said "I can't help thinking that Uncle Bill might've bought you some decent clothes—"

Bill said: "I hadn't time, really. The papers came through so late today that we only just made it without stopping for a thing."

Peter supplemented: "We came in a big car. We did eighty on th' straight roads—" and Katrine said, "That was just dandy. You must've been in a hurry to get here . . . ."

The little boy looked at her with his soul in his eyes. He said simply—

"We was. Nobody ever wanted me a-fore . . . ."

Bill Naughton drew in his breath sharply. He murmured—

"For God's sake, Katie," but Katrine laughed. Her laughter was as sweet and brittle as a New Orleans praline.

"I wonder," she said, "if you'll make as good time going back? Eighty on the straight roads, I mean . . . ."

The little boy's face had been flushed. Suddenly it was so pale that the freckles stood out on it like flecks of nutmeg on milk.

"Going back?" he asked. "You said, going back? Back—where?"

Katrine's laughter was a little louder, now—and if anything more brittle.

"Why," she answered, "back (Please turn to page 67)"
So you want to make friends among Hollywood's great? Here are some rules to follow—fun, too!

Who wouldn't want to make friends with Ginger Rogers? She looks receptive here, at left in group on set of "Having Wonderful Time," with writers and director, Fred Astaire, right, will beam if you ask him about the songs he has composed.

How to Impress The Stars

By Helen Louise Walker

Everyone seems to be telling everyone else, these days, how to do something or other. How to make friends, how to influence people, how to live alone or in large groups, how to be polite, how to be comfortable, though married or in Africa. How to antagonize people—how to—well, anyhow, who am I to be left out of all this? With the influx (and what an influx!), to Hollywood these days, it seems that a bit of advice might be in order about how to get along or not to get along in "the colony." For Hollywood, like Africa, Shanghai, and Berlin, is a rather specialized community, and it is well to know a few of the fundamental rules if you hope to make friends and thereby do something for yourself.

Let's say, for simplicity's sake, that you have come to Hollywood in the hope of making some friends. Let's just start with that. I wouldn't bother, just at first, with trying to influence anyone if I were you—not unless I had a great deal of money or owned some race horses or were related to a big producer. And I shouldn't give much thought to the problem of antagonizing people. You don't need a book for that, goodness knows!

Let's assume that you have come to Hollywood and hope to make some friends. Suppose you are introduced—bang!—just like that, to Fred Astaire. It doesn't happen very often but sometimes people are introduced to Fred. He's a friendly person to meet, too. But if you
so that we may discover what makes the English go “Ha, ha!” and laugh with them.

Not to be outdone, Paramount will present Beatrice Lillie, another Britisher, whose comedy quells once and forever the erroneous belief that the Anglo-Saxons lack humor! Bee is the rollicking gal of Broadway’s musicals.

George Burns undoubtedly prefers the inimical Gracie Allen as wife, to someone after the style of Constance Bennett. Gracie keeps a fine home for him and the two children. There’s nothing funny in her domestic life. But as a radio and screen star, Gracie is the nuttiest of the nuts—for which we are mighty glad!

Several years ago, some movie friends of mine (you probably thought I had none) took me to the hillside home of Nick Grinde, the director. Nick entertained us with slick card tricks and startling declarations. He took delight in foretelling events he believed would come to pass. Talk of Arabian Nights Entertainment! Well, if Director Grinde were not at this moment gadding through China, or some other oriental pasture, I’d demand his instant prediction for Marie Wilson.

Marie is a sort of protegee of his. Hollywood has reported them engaged. When I asked Marie if it was correct, she looked startled and said: “I imagine you would call it that. We like each other’s company and go about together. Yes, I suppose you’d say we were engaged.”

She didn’t seem sure about it. The idea dismayed her. After all, it was her engagement, not mine. But engaged or single, Marie is a knockout. Nick might be a prophet in his own chateau, but Marie has predicted what could happen if Warners followed out her suggestion.

In James Melton’s “Melody For Two,” Marie appeared with a huge ’cello and said to Fred Keating: “If you build an orchestra around me, you’ll have something.”

If Warners build a cast around Marie, they’ll have a sure-fire star. As it is, they regard her with pride, and are training her for leads. There is a good likelihood of her doing the lead in “Boy Meets Girl.”

When I met her she had but recently come out of hospital, having received a crack on the cranium, following an auto accident. But that did not down Marie. She turned up with a Russian handkerchief round her blonde head, the patch plainly showing where the hair had been cut away.

She takes things seriously—Hollywood, acting, the fans and all connected with them. “If they see me as a good comedienne at the moment,” she explained, with terrific earnestness in her eyes, “I’m only too glad to do what they see best. But I’d like to study and get other parts—maybe with pathetic touches in them, even drama. If the chance is given me, I’ll take it.”

The nymph is wise. There’s nothing dumb about Marie.

Listen to her talk; note her wise remarks; her fluent speech—she’s got her head screwed on the right way!

She’s a demon for learning, and studies drama, languages, singing, and anything that helps her advance in acting. The results we (Please turn to page 70)

Martha Raye’s lusty yells come back in echoes of loud guffaws from the audience. Martha in action, top left. Beginning from left, across page, see Dorothea Kent, Glenda Farrell, Joan Davis, Helen Broderick, and, below, Marie Wilson—they save many a film from dullness. Right, Patsy Kelly, and above, Alice Brady and Gracie Allen, more in demand than many glamor girls.
Double Exposure of Loretta Young and Myrna Loy!

"SO YOU want to know why 'Gretch' ticks so superbly?"

Myrna Loy eyed me alertly. It was noon in her dressing-room suite at M-G-M and stars are supposed to be involved in a thousand flurries during their brief respite from their sets. Myrna behaved as calmly as though she were miles away from it all and had an entire week-end to devote to my curiosity.

"I don't," she offered with a half grin, "call her Gretchen. Even though I'm Minnie to her! And I'm glad I am, for that proves she really is a pal of mine. However, only her family still use her given name; she has always been Loretta since I've known her.

"It is noteworthy, don't you think, that Loretta has gone on when most of the ingenues who began when she did have fallen by the wayside? I'm not implying that she's aged," Myrna said with a full smile. "As you know, she's just approached her mid-twenties. But she played her first lead at fourteen, with Lon Chaney, and ten years in constant demand and the sort of a future she has indicates that she's away above the average in Hollywood.

"One reason she is, obviously, is that she has talent. Another is that she has great stamina. Determination isn't enough out here. Loretta wanted to be in pictures, was determined to be, and seized opportunity when it seemed to be knocking. You know that story, how at thirteen she reported to Mervyn LeRoy in place of her older sister when Polly Ann was out of town. She's had the push to go after her chances. She was bound to rate recognition—any girl with that much gumption at thirteen would.

"But I've known many ambitious girls, and I know that your determination isn't worth much without great stamina to back it up. Loretta is a fragile vision. But she isn't at all fragile of spirit. She's progressed while other aspiring ingenues have fizzled because she wouldn't be stopped. And then couldn't be discouraged. Why, when she was doing her first lead she was subjected to a reproof that would have beaten the ordinary girl. The director told her—before everyone—that she was impossible. She cried. That was what he wished, to touch the emotion locked within. (Please turn to page 66)"

Loretta Young, through the eyes of "Minnie" Loy

By Ben Maddox

Few Glamor Girls of Hollywood get to be good friends. Loretta Young and Myrna Loy prove the exceptions. At right, close-ups. Left, Miss Loy with Walter Pidgeon in a scene from her new picture, "The Four Marys."
HER apparent wall of mystery always was a challenge to me. I wanted to know her well, at first, so I could be certain; learn what she is really like, what her secrets are. I discovered, besides more important things, that she is not mysterious at all. In fact, I also now call her—affectionately—Minnie!

“Crisp glamor is only a part of her, actually. Equally outstanding is this—you are able to talk to her as you are to few people. She is so easy to be with! She is the epitome in the eyes of the modern sophisticates, yet she wouldn’t attempt the terrific pace. She is such a comfortable person. Provocative because she has definite ideas and can be nonchalant about them. Stimulating to me because she gets what she wants. But unique among all the women in Hollywood because she is smart and smooth and comfortable!

“She is the most contented girl I know. Finally I’ve unearthed why. It’s due to her distinct philosophy; she is a direct result of a particular attitude towards life. She does have a success system, you see. An explicit one. And although she looks inscrutable, she’s quite frank about how she proceeds. She’s no stuffy siren of the old school.”

It was Loretta Young, speaking candidly. I had gone to her for the authoritative solution to the prize problem of Myrna Loy; for I’d noticed that in these past two years Myrna has shown a partiality for Loretta.

A solitary, enchanting figure she was, in white silk slacks and blouse, at the far end of her fragrant hidden garden. No parasol, no picture hat, nor trailing skirts. Loretta is femininity, with or without trappings. She put down her Noel Coward’s autobiography—“He was a bit precocious, wasn’t he? The latter half, where he mentions some of the people I’ve met, is more interesting to me!”—and rose from her wicker chair. The late afternoon sun jumped over the green roof of the playhouse to catch the transient sparklets in the blue water of the swimming pool at her side; it revealed her gay freckles, too. Daytimes Loretta scorns all traces of make-up except lipstick.

“I don’t after dusk, when I’m dressing to go out,” she stated impulsively. “But take Minnie now; she has freckles, as I have, but you wouldn’t catch her ever trying to veil them off-screen. Not even for a big evening. “Ours hasn’t been a sudden friendship, you know. We’ve drifted together comparatively recently, though we were cast in several films with one another some years ago. The other night we had ‘The Devil To Pay’ run off—in spite of all the improvements since then Ronald Colman was still grand; but we—why, we were so awful!” Loretta chuckled. “And Minnie in her blonde wig—!

“In the beginning I was a little afraid of her, and not because she played the menace, either. It was her quietness that puzzled me. She kept so to herself. When I’d walk onto the set she was polite enough, but strangely aloof. So I’d say good morning and wait to see how she’d take it.

“Then I made a picture at Metro. My last day there I passed her and she declared, ‘I wish we could have had lunch while you were over here!’ I was dumbfounded at her cordiality.

“Soon after we met socially and I find that she’s shy instead of mysterious. She has to know that you truly enjoy her company before she can relax.

“Naturalness is Minnie’s greatest quality. There is nothing forced about her. (Please turn to page 66)
Companionship by Camera

“We share each other’s good times, see what the other is seeing,” Ann explains in this story of how she and Roger Pryor became snapshot fans. Center, right, Ann takes a shot of Victor Moore, on location. Right, one she took of Roger playing ball. Below: circus stunt; Al Scott and George Murphy; Edward E. Horton, Lily Pons, and Luis Alberni on a studio set.

A NNihilating distance, hands-across-the-continental, keeping the separated up-to-date—call it whatever you please—but that’s what candid cameras mean to Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, who have spent so much of their married life in different cities.

“You can share each other’s good times, see what the other one is seeing, get a better idea of what it’s all about than you can get from letters, if you keep candid camera pictures flying back and forth,” smiled Ann, sorting over an envelope of snapshots on the set of “She’s Got That Swing.”

“As a little girl, I don’t think I ever noticed a camera much. We didn’t go in for picture-taking as a family, though we were often separated, and think what we missed! It wasn’t until I met Roger that I paid any attention to camera fans, and then it was just that he was interested. I bought him, one Christmas, a German-made camera that was supposed to be very fine, and he was so thrilled over it that I began to wonder if there was really something in it.

“He kept me posing, until it got so that whenever I turned around there was Roger clicking a shutter, or I’d find it had just clicked, catching me in an unguarded moment. I imagine I took it up in self-defense. I bought a small camera at first, thinking I’d show Roger how it felt to live with a camera fiend, but next thing I knew I was really interested. Now we have a Leica, too, and whenever I can I borrow the Graflex from the boys on the set.

“This is a shot I made with it over on the Lily Pons set; she had on her bird costume but she’d wrapped a robe around it, and Edward Everett Horton and Luis Alberni were sitting with her waiting for a new set-up. I didn’t fuss over that shot, just used what lights happened to be there and didn’t change anyone’s pose or anything. I don’t think the studio likes people to run around sets with a candid camera, anyway, so I almost never do it.
"I don't do much fussing, though. I know how bored I get with those everlasting 'Wait a minutes' and 'Just a lee-tle to the other side now' and 'Look over this way, please' when I'm not working, so I generally just look in my finder and shoot."

A chorus of "Ann!" sent her flying onto the set, where she sat strumming on a piano while Helen Broderick vainly tried to take a telephone call. They had to do the scene several times because Helen slipped out an "Ann!" instead of a "Carol!" which was Ann's picture name.

"It's the simple mistakes that cause trouble in taking pictures, too," philosophied Ann, presently, coming back to the snaps. "The first time I ever used my little camera, I forgot to take off the cap over the lens and I shot a whole priceless roll of film before I discovered what I'd done. Some of those things I'll never get again.

"I often make mistakes, no doubt because I'm in a hurry. I can see something and can't wait to grab it. But I usually can tell when I look at the negative or the print whether it was I did or didn't do. Under-expose or over-expose, at times, or forget about change of light. Roger has an exposure meter that gives the exact exposure, but part of the time I haven't the gadget with me, or I think I can judge.

"Another thing most of us amateurs do is not to notice the background. The figures before us are interesting or colorful and we forget that a distant telephone pole or some old ugly fence is 'way back there, but will show up in the finished print.

"When I take what ought to be a grand shot, and it turns out to be anything but, and I can't figure out why, I take it to the boys on the set and ask them. They usually know. It's amazing the way they can tell at a glance what I must have done to miss."

Roger and Ann have been separated a great deal since she began to be a candid camera fiend, and they hit on the idea of sending each other shots of every interesting event they attended separately. (Please turn to page 74)
CONQUEST—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

TRULY a notable motion picture, an achievement reflecting credit on all concerned, is this handsome picturization of certain dashing and dramatic episodes in the life of the Emperor Napoleon. Addicts of Napoleonic lore will find this romantic version satisfying despite historical discrepancies; addicts of Garbo will find themselves in a fine poetic frenzy, for never has The Great G.G. been lovelier; as for addicts of M. Charles Boyer, they will have something to shout about in a big way at last, for this time the fine French actor has a role sufficiently showy to impress his powerful appeal, as well as his artistry, upon the public. Almost, it is Boyer's picture; almost, but because of Garbo, not quite. She is still the star of "Conquest." It is a fine romantic tale the picture tells, of the noble influence of the Polish Countess, Marie Walcwska, upon the great Bonaparte. Her selfless devotion is shown to inspire and sustain him even through his Waterloo; from his grand triumphs to his final crushing defeat. Somehow, you believe it all, every scene, because of the touching performance of Garbo, the tragically human portrayal by Boyer. Splendidly staged, expertly acted from stars to extras, "Conquest" is an important film in every sense. Thrilling!

VICTORIA THE GREAT—Wilcox-RKO-Radio

THE finest historical film from England since "Henry the Eighth," Herbert Wilcox's masterly screen treatment of the life of England's great Queen should be seen by all picture-goers who value dignity and sincerity above sensationalism. "Victoria the Great" is invariably reverent in its references, but it also performs the feat of never being dull, for which the producer-director, Mr. Wilcox, and his bright star, Miss Anna Neagle, deserve loud buzzas. Necessarily episodic, the cinematic account of Victoria's reign must have sweep rather than suspense; it must depend upon verity, not invention; and it must have, for us on this side of the sea, at any rate, more of a nostalgic appeal than a powerful dramatic pull. But because Miss Neagle is successful in channeling audience interest from her very first scene, as the untired girl who becomes England's Queen, and because she manages to sustain that interest as Victoria's amazing career unfolds, and finally because she gradually wins a very warm sympathy which she never loses, this picture emerges as of first importance among current offerings. Anton Walbrook is similarly successful in carving his character of the Prince Consort—a difficult portrait, but an understandable human being.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—20th Century-Fox

I'M NOT quarreling because Eddie Cantor's new picture turns out to be a swing circus instead of the "political satire" it set out to be. And it's my guess you're not, either. Somehow, screen satires are never much fun—but Eddie Cantor's broad comedies are. Give me comedy when it's as good as "Ali Baba," and let that old sour-puss over there in the corner keep the "satires," and see how much good that does him. The irrepressible Eddie, who won't be mad if you designate him "that mighty midget of mirth," is at his zaniest as a bit of Hollywood flotsam and jetsam who dreams himself back into old Bagdad, where he proceeds to persuade the Sultan (Roland Young) to experiment with twentieth century methods, such as the New Deal, etc. It's really pretty funny, and with appropriate and stunning interludes for song and dance, and exotic glimpses of Louise Hovick and June Lang and other beauties, and Tony Martin's sultry tones. "Ali Baba" takes his audiences right along to town with him. Mack Gordon's tunes, to say nothing of his partner, Harry Revel's lyrics, contribute a great deal to the general amusement; in fact, it might be a good idea to have Mr. Gordon and Mr. Revel write all the screen tunes—how about it?
HURRICANE—Samuel Goldwyn—United Artists

MAGNIFICENTLY thrilling movie! Frankly, unashamedly aimed to amaze and entertain with its smashing scenic effects, its lush South Sea Island romance, and its tremendous climax, "Hurricane" is a success from every standpoint. It provides an evening of rousing entertainment in the melodramatic manner of the old-time theatre and the silent screen, and it is a tribute to the showman's astuteness of its producer, the fabulous Goldwyn. From the start, "Hurricane" enthralled this spectator with its gorgeous tropical setting, its naïve and charming native romance between Marana and Terangi—Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall; its breathless suspense when the handsome hero escapes from the law; and its final terrific climax of a tropical hurricane—done in the Great Goldwyn's most incredibly spectacular manner. It's true cinema, and honest thriller, all the way. Dorothy Lamour is alluring; Thomas Mitchell very fine. But "Hurricane" came to Jon Hall, young Greek god who turns out to be poetically sensitive, imaginative, intelligent—at one leap he takes his place among the Taylors, the Tyrones, even the Cary Coopers; and I think he is already head and shoulders above most of them. He's the hurricane!

STAND-IN—United Artists

HOLLYWOOD laughs at itself again, but very, very gently—more a sympathetic snicker than a genuine guffaw—in this latest in the series of "inside Hollywood" pictures. "Stand-In" is a really good movie, and it is excellent entertainment; but it is always pretty much Hollywood's own fond idea of what Hollywood is like. Its particular appeal is none other than the distinguished Mr. Leslie Howard, who after all these years has apparently decided that he is a comedian at heart, and let who will play Hamlet; for here he plays the lightest comedy possible for an actor of his talents. Mr. Howard almost does a Harold Lloyd, in fact; he takes such punishment as Eddie Cantor is accustomed to; he seems to enjoy it—and so, Joan Blondell, one of the few really good comedians we have, should be around in an important capacity. She lends just the right light touch, always, as the secretary to Mr. Howard's big efficiency man from the East, come to Hollywood to make a big studio pay dividends. Miss Blondell helps—oh, how she helps. You'll probably enjoy watching more wheels go round than you saw in "A Star Is Born," and if you get a little dizzy, why not?

THE AWFUL TRUTH—Columbia

FRESHEST, most original film of the season, and the most fun for and from everybody. I don't know just whom to thank: the authors, or the director Leo McCarey, or the stars, Irene Dunne or Cary Grant. They have all performed wonders. They have made me laugh and I'm grateful to them. But I think it would simplify matters all around if I just thanked Mr. Smith. You have met Mr. Smith before; don't think you haven't; his name then was Asta, and he is, in other engagements, the dog of Nick and Nora Charles. Here, he belongs to Jerry and Lucy Warriner, or Mr. Grant and Miss Dunne, instead of to Mr. Bill Powell and Miss Myrna Loy. Perhaps the pet knows which household he prefers; I'm sure I don't. The Warrings as played by Cary and Irene are charming, crazily inconsistent people. No sooner have they decided to separate, and their case comes up in divorce court, than they begin to enjoy themselves hugely. The question arises, who shall get the custody of the dog? Mr. Smith steals scenes from the co-stars, they steal scenes from one another. Ralph Bellamy enters the picture and starts stealing everybody's scenes. It's a grand picture. It isn't art; it's far from subtle; but it's the best fun of the month.

THE GREAT GARRICK—Warner

CHARMING high comedy, so rare on the screen, comes into its own in "The Great Garrick." Here is a picture which will appeal only to those who appreciate fanciful, imaginative romance, delightfully acted, beautifully mounted—(this means you, of course). Brian Aherne is triumphantly cast as that great English actor of the 18th century, Mr. David Garrick. It's a flamboyant part, and Mr. Aherne at his best is a showy actor; so he is nothing short of perfection as he swagger through this screenplay, a picture of manly beauty in the knee-breeched, damask-coated, lace handkerchiefed period costumes; and a flawless performer always, particularly as to mellow voice. It's a fable of Mr. Garrick's visit to Paris, to be guest artist at the Comedie Francaise. But the jealous French players prepare to play a trick on the English actor which will send him back to London on the run. Their little melodrama, staged at the Adam and Eve Inn, was sheer delight to me; and Garrick enjoyed it, too—but he did not run away. He, greatest actor of them all, played the others right off the boards. Olivia de Havilland is a joy as the only "non-professional" in the big cast of "actors." Messrs. Horton, Cooper, Alberni are grand.
WHAT with feuds and floods and flotsams I have seen a deal of Unrest in my life, but never an Unrest that could compare with the colossal Hollywood Unrest of 1937. Everybody was sulking about something. Nobody was pleased about anything. Somebody was happy, I guess, but it wasn't anybody I knew. In the “front offices” there was more stomping of feet than you've ever heard West of the Cotton Club. But it wasn't exactly a Susy Q or a Big Apple. Even if they had consulted a couple of fortune tellers and tried terribly hard Pat and Kay couldn't have picked a worse time to launch a new screen love team in “Women Are Like That.” Everybody said that the fur would fly.

It seems that Kay Francis wanted to play the Grand Duchess in “Tovarich” (so did Garbo who pouted something awful); in fact, Kay claimed that the rôle had been promised to her when she signed her new contract, and so when Claudette Colbert was borrowed for the coveted part Kay, quite annoyed by it all, started suit against her employers, Warner Brothers. And it seems that Pat O'Brien was scheduled to go into “Swing Your Lady” but he didn't like the script (neither did Joan Blondell who walked right off the set and took a course in hula dancing), and Pat didn't want to pile up another suspension, so he said holy mackerel and jumping catfish, haven't you got something else around here I can do? And so with a fugitive from “Swing Your Lady” and a would-be Grand Duchess for its stars you can well imagine that “Women Are Like That” got off to a sour
What, the aloof Miss Francis and the genial O'Brien as a love team? Yes—and our exclusive story tells why they liked to work together—much to Hollywood's surprise

By Liza

Our Mr. O'Brien replied, "If you want to tear down the sides of the stage and put in grandstand seats it's all right with me." So what-to-do-about-the-set was the all-important question when the social Mr. O'Brien met the aloof Miss Francis. But it was a question with only one answer. Poor Pat, his friends said, he'll die of loneliness, we'll send him wires addressed Commander Byrd. Poor Kay, her friends said—oh, I forgot to mention that Kay has some friends too—they've given her a fast-talking Irish mug who hasn't been out of a uniform years for a romantic lead, why couldn't she have Fernand Gravet! Or Charles Boyer!

But the funny thing about it all, of course, was that while everybody was poor-Patting Pat, and feeling awfully sorry for him, Pat himself was quite pleased with the turn of events. It seems his suppressed desire for a long time had been Kay Francis. Now for goodness sake, don't get me wrong! Pat is happily married to Eloise Taylor, a society girl who went actress in the Frank McHugh stock company some years ago, and who since her marriage to Pat has completely given up the stage saying that one actor in the family is enough. Pat and Eloise have a lovely home in Brentwood and have adopted two of the cutest kids you've ever seen—one of them a born football player. No, there's no scandal in Pat's suppressed desire for Kay Francis. He merely wanted to co-star with her (Please turn to page 69)

("My happiest engagement in pictures," wrote Pat O'Brien on a picture of himself Kay Francis asked him for, after completing their first co-starring film. And Pat meant it. Left above, director Logan seems to enjoy watching Pat make love to Kay as much as she does. Above, they play man and wife in the picture.

waiting to ask her if she is going to marry Dehnar Daves. On the other hand Pat O'Brien, a cordial good-natured Irishman, and as natural as the day is long, likes nothing better than having mobs of people watching him act—in fact he and Humphry Bogart even act better, if that is possible, when they have an admiring audience—and he doesn't care what an interviewer asks him because his life is an open book. When Pat first started working at Warners a guy from production asked him, "Mr. O'Brien, do you want your sets closed or not?" To which

are Like That!

start. Despite the usual heat which came in in scorching gusts from the Valley the atmosphere of Stage Nine was as cold as a producer's heart, and so heavy and ponderous that no one dared speak above a whisper. Heavy, heavy hangs over their head. Fine or superfine? A very fine lawsuit, my dear.

A suiting actress isn't the most sociable person in the world—instead of the customary one chip she has the whole block on her shoulder—she is utterly convinced that the studio is trying to ruin her, so why should she be pleasant to anyone. The boys and girls from the publicity department hang an imaginary "Small-pox" sign over the door of the stage and keep as far away as possible. Little people like you and me run like mad in the opposite direction. A suiting star, it seems, has all the delightful charm of a coiled cobra. But the leading man, unfortunately, can't run, or duck, or dodge—he's got to stay right there and face it, venom and all. Poor Pat, his friends said, he'd better take his heavy underwear, it'll be awfully cold there in the tombs.

Kay Francis is a prestige star. She is undeniably the "First Lady" of the Warner Brothers lot and gets the best in everything else, if not always in pictures. On the set she is slightly aloof, even when not suiting, and doesn't like to have crowds of tourists gaping at her when she is doing her scenes, or interviewers hanging around
Pirate Gold
Fredric March in "The Buccaneer" re-lives the high adventure and romance of Jean Lafitte in the new Cecil B. DeMille production stirringly fictionized here

The saga of a man who saw life as an adventure to be lived dangerously — until he found love

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

THERE was war in those days of 1812. War with England to make the Atlantic a hazardous path for American ships. There were pirates too, who sailed the seas to strike fear in the hearts of men and women. And the most feared of all these outlaws was Jean Lafitte, he who had written his name in letters of blood across the beginning of the nineteenth century.

But those who fared forth on the water then wore courage in their hearts as a great lady might wear a rose in her hair.

The Corinthian, trim American sailing ship was alive with preparations for its departure for Europe. Sailormen ran up the riggings and black men struggled under the trunks they carried on their broad backs and passengers milled around in a flutter of departure.

There was none to wish bon voyage to the little Gretchen, so strong for all that small, fair softness of her, sitting so still near the coiled anchor rope, her knitting in her hand and her dog beside her. She did not want to go back to her native Holland but her father had died and there was nothing else that she could do. But someday she would come back. She told herself that and gathered courage from the thought.

Near her, standing close to the gang-plank Annette and Marie de Remy wept as they clung together in farewell. They had been more than sisters these two, more than friends and confidants. In all the world they had felt the need of no other than the two of them until now, grown up to love they knew how urgent another need could be. For Marie was leaving New Orleans, eager and forgetful of everything but that she was going to France with her young husband. For in her as in all
high born Creoles was that intermingling of the best of Spanish and French strains to quicken and sharpen the love that had come to her.

There was just time for Annette to unpin her mother's jewel-encrusted miniature from her dress and give it to her sister before the going ashore call came. And she tried to smile as she saw her sister and the man she had married take each other's hand as they leaned over the rail.

But her heart was heavy as she stood on the wharf watching as the Corinthian moved out towards the sea, to whatever harbor or whatever danger its fate might decree. She thought of British warships and she thought of pirates, but in her heart the last did not frighten her for hadn't Jean Lafitte assured her his men would never plunder a ship flying the American flag.

He the greatest Buccaneer of them all, who ruled all other pirates with his strength and audacity, who laughed at danger and swaggered through life and confided in no one but her. Even though she could not accept it, his love was like a safe, warm cloak.

She thought of him as she rode so sedately in her carriage towards the fabulous town in the swamps that was dominated by Jean Lafitte. This pirate's haven, this place they called Barataria was known to the authorities who had put a price on his head, though there were none who dared attack this stronghold where the pirates received the great of New Orleans to sell their plundered goods in open market. From the far, wild corners of the world they had come these men and they claimed allegiance to no country and to no flag and feared only one man and that man Jean Lafitte.

It was here Senator Crawford of the Louisiana Legislature sought him and it was of wine they talked, the finest of Amontillado sherry (Please turn to page 30)
His humor often obscures the human being that he is—but this time, W. C. Fields is really close-upped.

**SCENE**: A stage in the NBC building in Hollywood. A rehearsal is in progress. Or rather, a rehearsal has been in progress, and now they’re waiting for someone—

“Clang! Clang! Clang! What is this sound I hear?” The voice comes from offstage in a stentorian bellow.

Charlie, who has been seated pensively beside Bergen, jerks into watchfulness. Bergen speaks in soothing tones. “You know who it is, don’t you, Charlie? Yes. You’re not afraid are you? No. Why fear that big noise?”

“Afraid?” pipes Charlie. “Don’t make me laugh. I’ll mo-o-ow that big stiff down.”

“Meanin’ me, I suppose?” Enter our own W. C., with his own rolling swagger. He looks elegant in every sense of the word. His gray suit matches his gray fedora, that slips ever so slightly toward the back of his head. His glasses slip ever so slightly off the bridge of his nose. His face is healthily ruddy, and its ruddiness is concen-
Without Hedges

irated in no one spot, whatever Charlie may have to say to the contrary. He smokes a cigar and carries a cane. After months of retirement, after wild rumors of what illness has done to him, his appearance fills you somehow with a comforting sense that, in a world of strife and change, some pleasant things do remain the same.

He sits down beside Charlie to talk to Bergen. For a moment his hand rests absently on the hatless red head of his diminutive little chum. In the midst of grave matters, Charlie darts to the attack: "Just a sissy, hey?"

Fields sticks his cigar under the impudent nose. "How'd you like to be a bonfire, Charlie?"

"You wouldn't need a cigar for that, Mr. Fields. You've got a lighter right in the middle of your face."

"I wouldn't even need that, my dainty pipsqueak. I'm a match for you any day."

"Did you hear that, Bergen? He thinks he's smart because he's all dressed up. At that I can't blame him."

He eyes with distaste Bergen's casual costume of green hat, brown suede jacket and denim trousers. "Excuse me, Bergen, but you look like a ploughed furrow. Well, thank heaven there's one gentleman in the family." He flicks his lapel and gestures languidly toward his monocle.

Says Fields: "I always wondered about that damn thing, Charlie. "What's the point of three glass eyes?"

"To look straight through you, Mr. Fields."

"Come on, take 'em out, and we'll shoot innies."

This might go on indefinitely, except that there's work to be done. They sit at a table—one side Don Ameche and Bergen, with Charlie on his knees—the other side, Fields. As his enemy opens fire, Charlie turns in what looks like helpless wrath from Bergen to Ameche and back. Fields glares—in his glare an ill-concealed benevolence. His asides must be left, regretfully, to the imagination.

Fields said to me once when he was riding high:

"I'm scared—I'm always scared. I've been thrown out on my ear so often. This game's just one merry round of bein' thrown out and discovered all over again. You never know when the (Please turn to page 71)"
Are You Insane?

Play as you read! A story that turns into a game: Peter Lorre tells you many startling things about himself and asks you to decide if he too is insane. You will relish this feature!

A RE you insane? This question has the possibility of becoming a parlor game amounting to a national craze. Good, clean fun to check your friends—and yourself—by asking such questions as: Do you talk to yourself? Do you lose things constantly? Do you think you are Napoleon? Or a poached egg on toast? Do you forget the name of your best friend? Do you crow like a rooster, bay like a hound dog, act queer when the moon is on the rise? Have you little phobias lurking in the crannies of your mind?

Peter Lorre and I played the game of Are You Insane? For Peter is interested (wouldn’t you know it?) in mental quirks and quavers, in abnormal psychology, in the behavior, strange and otherwise, of his fellow men. In his youth, in Vienna and in Berlin, he was analyzed by Freud, sat at the feet of Jung and Adler, read Krafft-Ebbing. “Insanity,” said Mr. Lorre, “is a matter of opinion. It’s the old cliche of ‘the whole world is queer, everyone is queer save thee and me and even thee is a little queer.’ What is sanity to one person’s mind is sheer insanity to another person’s. And vice versa.

“For instance, I did not sleep one wink last night because Spotty, one of my two cats, disappeared early in the evening. And Blackie, my other cat, cried all night, thin wails of bitter despair. I cried with him. Spotty finally showed up at dawn, a self-satisfied smirk on her face. A reconciliation with Blackie was effected and I went at once to sleep. Now, to many people such behavior over the evanishment of a cat would be labelled insanity. To me, for me, it is utter sanity. It is one of the laws of my being to be so concerned about anything I love. I am the type who does not love many people or things but love the few intensely. I do not spread my affections thinly. Thus they penetrate and are deep in my roots. So it would be, for me, insanity not to be so worried.

“I believe that each of us has a law, a separate and individual law of our own being. If we follow our own law with the acute and unerring (Please turn to page 72)
Eddy in Action

Photographs by Willinger and Clarence S. Bull.

It may be the radio influence of Charlie McCarthy—it may be the West Point atmosphere of "Rosalie"—it may be the magnitude of this new musical movie for which one of the sets covers sixty acres—or it may be Eleanor Powell or Cole Porter's new tunes. Whatever it is, you'll meet a "new" Nelson Eddy in "Rosalie"—robustly reassuring. On this page: Mr. Eddy on the gridiron—he worked out on the field at the University of California; as a West Point Cadet; and, at top right, as team-mate to Miss Eleanor Powell.

Bravo, Baritone! Nelson Eddy kicks his way out of staid musical tradition as a football-playing cadet in "Rosalie"
Refreshing, the dignified, comfortable home Fred MacMurray and his charming wife finally decided to build, after living in an apartment until sure that Fred's film fame was no myth! These pictures show, top, living-room and front entrance. Above, dining-room; left above, Fred's study; left, the lily pool.

The New Home of Fred MacMurray
A serene, well-ordered life is possible in "hectic Hollywood," and Fred proves it! Above, he works hard at keeping fit—part of his job. Left, his hobby: wood-working in his fully equipped carpentry shop, one of his two extravagances. Center left, cleaning out his own swimming-pool—the other extravagance! Top, left, the proud young homeowner on his terrace. Top right, the fireplace. See amusing table.

First pictures of the "first" Hollywood home of an important young actor, who cannily waited until he was certain of his screen future before building the house of his dreams.
Charlie would rather have vanilla than the razzing Edgar Bergen dishes out when they touch up the McCarthy face for Technicolor. But, right above, comes the revenge, when Bergen gets the glamor treatment. Right, just when Bergen and Andrea Leeds thought they were alone, Charlie appeared.

A Day With Charlie McCarthy

Below, Charlie decides the sound engineer can have his job—"listen to everybody and talk back to nobody—not for me," he says. Next, a big moment—meeting a brunette, Vera Zorina, so beautiful Charlie puts on specs to enjoy the view. Then a scene with Adolphe Menjou, Zorina, and Bergen, of course.
Twice-around Ascot, nothing!" jeers Charlie at a wardrobe worker, above. It's twice around McCarthy's neck—that's what that tie is." Charlie doesn't believe in signs, and walks right on the set while cameras are turning, center box. Another case of love at first sight, right, as Charlie meets Andrea Leeds for the first time.

Follow the high-hatted heckler around, and you'll know why everybody on the "Goldwyn Follies" set is having a ribbing good time. You can't see the glamor for the gags—they even pop out of the woodwork!

We hate to think it, but doesn't that trick topper and gay scarf Charlie's wearing, below, look very Hollywoodish and just a leetle as though McCarthy may be going grand on us? Left, Bobby Clark, another Bergen-McCarthy cast-mate in "Goldwyn Follies," seems to be getting a bit mad about something. Lower center, day is done, and Charlie leaves the studio for home, riding high on Bergen's shoulders.
No, this young man isn't "Art," but he represents it in ballet form in "The Goldwyn Follies." He's Charles Laskey, called "Adonis of the Dance." Far right, the greatest of all Wagnerian sopranos, wonderful Kirsten Flagstad, who sings in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." Lower left, water-nymph ballet and, next, Vera Zorina, premier ballerina, in another number from Goldwyn's Follies.
All great artists of music and the dance find their way to Hollywood.
We Want Action!

Action, everybody! At upper left, Edward Arnold, Shirley Ross, and Rufe Davis swing it for "Blossoms on Broadway." Above and at right, cuties at the circus: Ann Sheridan above, Lana Turner and Jane Wyman at right. Above right, new man in the Hollywood swim: Alan Curtis, acclaimed by Joan Crawford, is her second lead in "Mannequin," with Spencer Tracy.
Best sport in Hollywood, most action-full glamor girl of all Carole Lombard! Yup, it's Carole, above, toting that heavy saddle. Across the top are more grand and gay shots of Lombard on a day of horseplay at her ranch. The horse, a handsome Palomino whose mane is as blond as Carole's own tresses, and the dog, Pancho, black and tan shepherd, really belong to her—not props!

Glub-glub! The Mauch Twins, in two pictures above, may remind you of your own days in the old swimmin' hole. Billy and Bobby haven't yet learned to dive; the pool is borrowed, not their own. Right, graceful Vivien Fay floats through the air like a breeze. Below, and to the left, Fred Astaire in action, doing his new "Drum Dance" for "Damsel in Distress."

And we're getting action! No star is too spoiled or high-salaried to resist the call of the candid cameramen in quest of fast-moving copy.
Pictures
Must Tell A Story

Stand-Out Stand-Ins: Why make a sub-story of 'em? Hollywood stand-ins like their colorful jobs. Above, beginning at left: Betty Grable's former school-mate, Billie Lohman, is Betty's studio "double." Akim Tamiroff, made up for "Buccaneer," gets light from stand-in who is also his valet. Fredric March coaches Herbert Moivi, ambitious young actor. Far right: Judy Canova encourages Marjorie Montgomery, former child actress, to look and act like her.

Two Mad-Hatters: Bobby Clark: "Latest in lamp-shades you're wearing, Miss Logan? Dear, dear, what won't these milliners whip up next? Hey, Miss Logan! I didn't mean it—ouch—unhand me—legal! Remember, my beret belongs to me, but my throat belongs to Sam Goldwyn." Ella Logan: "Mr. Clark, I accept your apology. After all, what can a girl expect from a guy who clowns for a living? Thank heaven I have my art. Mi-mi-mi-mi!"

Lola and Rosemary Lane: "Try to tell us apart, we dare you! One of us you've met often before, in dramatic roles; the other, you met first in 'Varsity Show.' Now we're together, playing a movie star and her stand-in, with Dick Powell in 'Hollywood Hotel.' Here we are again, and is Dick baffled? Even when not made up to look more alike, we're still a case of mistaken identity. As for love scenes—Dick didn't know which was which."
Encore for our short-subjects, with feature-strength stars

How to Hold Your Public:

Joan Blondell's advice to girls most anxious to succeed in pictures, in four easy-to-take lessons: Pose in any costume the cameraman rigs up, as Easter bunny, or Hallowe'en imp, or Christmas elf. Display your Diirrichs; put emotion in it; give it all you’ve got. Then when, like Joan, you become important and famous, keep right on obligations the cameramen, pose for new pictures like these, above. Never stop working!

Winter Whimsy

'No fooling, whither are we drifting?' Hollywood hot-chas Marie Wilson and Jane Wyman are barely conscious of the temperature, as they sculpture in snow or skid around on skis. All we know is, Sorita Henie isn’t the only picture pretty who can melt the ice—Marie and Jane are doing all right, too. Just whistle, and those hills will be full of snow men. Whoops, there’s Jane, at far right, really falling for one.

Ronald Colman Goes Calling

Talk about your husman’s holidays! You’d think that Ronnie would want to rest up after all that sword play for "Zenda," but no! He visits another movie studio to watch other actors make a picture! The star attraction is Olivia de Havilland, as you see at left, above. Center, Colman also calls on George Brent and Claude Rains, Olivia’s support in "Gold is Where You Find It." At right above, two fine actors talk it over. Now, Ronnie, get right back to work yourself!
More Applause, Please!

Just because they're always good is no reason to take them for granted. It's time to cheer Buck Jones, Akim Tamiroff (he's a pirate in "The Buccaneer"), Warner Oland, and Ralph Bellamy, left to right above. And for Leo Carrillo, Phil Regan, James Gleason, right, in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round." Cheer, too, for Betty Grable, below, in "Thrill of a Lifetime."
The cowboys have taken a new lease of life on the screen with the coming of crooning Gene Autry who has garnered many garlands, deserves more. Right, Claire Trevor wears specs (all the better to keep her eye on Alan Dinehart), in "Big Town Girl." Fine players.

Frieda Inescourt, above, lends distinction to every picture in which she plays—as you know. Here she is as the star of "Portia on Trial." Center right, for years he’s been giving us action, drama, and romance; so now applaud Jack Holt again.

For those mature men, serious or humorous as the script may demand, try and pick more consistent trouper than Alan Hale, Cedric Hardwicke, George Zucco, and comic Henry Armetta, left to right, above.

These great trouper should take more bows, for benefits bestowed by great acting. Altogether, now!
WARNER BROS': CHRISTMAS PRESENT

A million dollars worth of fun.

Claudette COLBERT
Charles BOYER
in
THE SEASON'S MOST EXCITING SCREEN EVENT
TOVARICH

The show that gave Paris a new sensation, thrilled London, and captured New York... now in the full glory of the screen's mighty magic... with a great cast of supporting stars including

BASIL RATHBONE
ANITA LOUISE
MELVILLE COOPER • ISABEL JEANS

MORRIS CARNOVSKY • VICTOR KIJIAN • An ANATOLE LITVAK Production
Screen play by Casey Robinson • Adapted from the play by Jacques Deval • English
Version by Robert E. Sherwood • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. Picture

It's on the way to your favorite theatre now—the grandest love and laughter picture of this or any other year!... A glorious Christmas treat for a hundred million movie-goers.
TO THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD! *

GLAMOUR AND ROMANCE!

"Yesterday is done! Tomorrow—who knows? ... Tonight's our night!"

Ready for a gala night in Paris! ... with 4 billion francs in the bank—and not a sou they could call their own!

The runaway lovers take to the roof in one of the amusing and amazing scenes in "Tovarich."

"TOVARICH" is full of big moments—and here's one as Charles Boyer comes face to face with that suave villain ... Basil Rathbone.
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer in "Tovarich"

Exciting screen event is the translation of the stage success, "Tovarich," with these two ingratiatingly Gallic stars. Mlle. Colbert plays a Russian Grand Duchess reduced to lady's maid, while Monsieur Boyer enacts her aristocratic lover who becomes an invaluable valet. It's gay, gallant, tempestuous, as our pictures prove: above, Best Still; left, big moments from the film.
Secrets For Smart Girls

Madeleine Carroll’s own rules for the escape from mediocrity and the capture of romance

By Dickson Morley

"S"mart girls are the girls who escape mediocrity, who win real, exciting love and worthwhile niches for themselves in spite of all of today's hectic handicaps. It can still be done, you know!"

Madeleine Carroll, Hollywood's current Exhibit A, wasn't boasting. She was answering pointed questions. I put them to her because she is one screen star with beauty and charm so extraordinary that friends flock to her wherever she goes. Besides, she has what few other actresses actually have—a perfect, story-book marriage.

No disappointment complexes for Madeleine, and no divorces, either! She's remained happily married to the gallant Londoner who's given her a fashionable apartment in Mayfair, a picturesque cottage in the English countryside, and an estate in Italy. She never mentions it, but—as his wife—she's the only movie star who's ever been presented at Court in London.

The crest of the wave...a glamorous career...romance—because she contends, she has success secrets!

Talk to Madeleine Carroll in Hollywood, where she works for public approval with all the zeal of a mere novice, and you uncover them. Now she is in an enviable spot. But what she never confessed before is exactly why she got where she is. She admits, finally, that she's employed a system. One she evolved herself.

"A girl needn't have a drab, disappointing life. She needn't attempt to force herself to be satisfied with half-measures!" Across a luncheon table in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby Madeleine (Please turn to page 76)
Bette likes jacket costumes, particularly hers at left, above—dress of brown velvet-lined with a jacket of bright plaid wool. Three bright gold buttons mark the front closing. At right above, three-piece suit for spectator sports wear, the coat skirt at amethyst tweed flecked with beige, the blouse of beige wool crepe. The flattering collar of the coat is of lynx, shaded from cream to dark brown. Directly at right, cocktail suit in black and gold; nubby wool skirt and jacket, blouse of gold lame. Bette's turban of black felt boasts a gold feather "fancy." At far right, ensemble of beige accented with brown accessories. The dress of mottled jersey shows brown and gold buttons accenting the tabs of the collar.
Study in white and gold is Bette Davis in the large picture at left, above. White bengaline with gold lace appliqué diagonally has been used for her formal gown. The bodice is formed by two bands of the fabric which are draped across opposite shoulders and finished with large flat bows of self fabric. Bette accents the gown with a pair of bracelets of beaten gold. At right above, the vogue for metal cloth is indulged in Bette's wine-colored frock, with waistline swathed in a girdle of gold cloth. A binding of gold cloth has also been used to edge the high neckline. You'll notice that Bette wears very little daytime jewelry—she believes the new clothes, particularly with metal cloth, speak for themselves. At left, the sequin accent is seen on her dinner gown of flat-surfaced black crepe accented with silver cloth showing a sequin appliqué. And now, at right, a study in black and white. Bette's evening wrap of black velvet has a turned-down collar of ermine, and a small muff finished with ermine tails, like a little girl's muff.
Screen Sirens Set the Styles!

Sleek sequins! Subtle veils! Fine furs! Our pictures illustrate. Frances Drake, at far left, wears daring princess gown at opalescent sequins in Columbia's "She Married an Artist." Directly below, Frances again, featuring a casual beaver jacket with wide shoulders and lapels. Above, June Long's cut-out brimmed black felt hat. Upper left, Helen Jepson, song-bird, likes long veils. Olivia de Havilland, left, wears grey kidskin coat, topped with round beret.
If it's worn by Hollywood stars, it's fashion news—and good news for you.

Graceful Lula Desti goes exotic, at far right, in classic black evening gown with pink satin scarf caught at center front by two clips which match the large chrysanthemum clip at her waist. Her cape is blue fox. Below, Miss Desti in her French blue worsted suit with off-face hat with chenille-dotted veiling, sable stole, black suede gloves and purse. Above, a delicate veil for ethereal Virginia Grey. Large, black chenille dots for Helen Jepson’s veil, upper right. Olivia de Havilland prefers the softer, shorter veil for her high turban, right.
Some suggestions from Hollywood and a few of our own—for glamor and beauty—for more luxury and utility and good times.

"What shall I give?" is the theme song of the season. Here is the result of a coast-to-coast scout for you. Get your pad and pencil, run over our list and gift questions answer themselves. Opposite, left to right: 4711 Geranium Rose eau de Cologne. A delicate flower scent and a refreshant. Bath accessories in the same fragrance, too. For real floor cleaning, Hollywood's favorite is the Royal vacuum shown. The little fellow, Royal hand cleaner, is for above-floor use, furniture, mattresses, cars. From Bourjois, Kobato perfume, oriental and new, perfect with satins and sequins. Encourage letters by giving paper from Eaton. For Her, metal paper box containing a fine decked edge Eighteenth Century reproduction; for Him, good taste, fine quality in hunt series boxes. Center left: From Elizabeth Arden, a little idea, that Royal lipstick, specially perfumed to scent the bag; a bigger idea, Blue Grass perfume and three light blue satin matching sachets.
Twelve ideas that carry that "just for you" thought—make them gaily mysterious in holiday wrappings and stickers and ribbon.

Center right: Little masterpieces in perfume—Cheramy's April Showers; next, Cheramy's floral four, magnet, carnation, violette and gardenia. Last, Houbigant's immortal Quelques Fleurs, about $1 each.

Below, left to right: Lady Esther devotees will welcome a gift box of her famous cream, powder, lipstick and rouge. For amateur photographers, Kodak Bantam fits the palm but gives pictures larger than itself. "A Gift From Hollywood," Max Factor's great big treatment and make-up box. It's very complete. Cutex creates two grand kits, the handsome saddle leather one for masculine good grooming; Madiste, the sewing kit design, is for the ladies. Seventeen's cosmetic shelf, ready to hang, holds bath salts, toilet water and dusting powder. Last, Hudnut's Marvelous Eye Matched Make-Up solves type problems. Choose by the color of her eyes. The vial holds Hudnut's haunting Gemey perfume. Gifts are for sale in the better stores everywhere.
Cheer-o!
LONDON NEWS

What do they think of Robert Taylor—what’s Charles Laughton doing now—how’s Merle Oberon? Here are answers to these timely questions

By Hettie Grimstead

ONDON’S foggy days are setting in now but our screen stars—both Hollywood-imported and home-grown—continue to sparkle scintillatingly. Never before have the British studios been so busy as they are today, with eighteen important productions in the making and over twenty others scheduled to begin very soon.

Down at Denham the biggest stage in Britain has been turned into a grey old Oxford college where Robert Taylor is being educated as “A Yank at Oxford.” Bob says he has never had to train so strenuously in his life before, not even in his own college days way back, for his role calls for him to take a prominent part in many Oxford sports. You’ll see him in shorts and singlet rowing in our famous annual Boat Race on the River Thames. (He was coached by King George’s own waterman Bossy Phelps for these scenes.) You’ll watch him running too, and skating for the first time. Bob has a wonderful sense of foot-rhythm, which is the basis of good skating as well as good dancing, so he is achieving skill on the ice very quickly.

Edmund Gwenn plays the dignified Dean of Robert’s college and there’s double heart interest in Maureen O’Sullivan and Vivien Leigh. Maureen as an undergraduate and Vivien as the flirtatious wife of a local bookseller. You couldn’t conceive two girls more opposite. Merry Maureen with her sweet smile and open-air personality, simply dressed and hardly wearing any make-up. Sophisticated Vivien with elegant town clothes and cool serenity and the latest styles in coiffures and nail-lacquer.

Maureen is escorted around town by her blond director-husband, John V. Farrow. They’ve taken a little country house not far from Denham and Maureen’s father and mother have come across from Ireland to stay with them. Bob Taylor went over to dine the other Sunday night, eating beefsteak and tomatoes and drinking lemonade. He’s been put on a special diet and made to give up smoking while he’s playing this athletic undergraduate!

The world-famous Worth has designed the clothes which Maureen wears in the film and she likes them so much she has bought them all for her private wardrobe. She has an enchanting suit in pale blue wool and dark blue velvet, with a tiny upstanding white collar and a natty blue beret cap. Then there’s a plain grey tweed walking coat, figure-flattering and with huge black buttons and a black velvet schoolgirl collar right up to the throat.

Other clothes notes at Denham are being provided by Merle Oberon. Page her arriving to work in a vivid blue silk suit with quaint pockets and her favorite white pancake hat. Merle is doing her best to make up for those weeks she lost while convalescing after her car smash last spring. The very day she completed her scenes as the self-willed Leslie in Korda’s new film I’m about English
during that era. Time passes and now Clara, happily married, has returned to the Hollywood front as a café runner. The other evening Ronald brought Benita in. He wanted to say hello and good luck to Clara. It was just the red-head's luck to be home with a cold that particular night!

GARBO is the foxy one. There are four gates through which you may drive onto and out of the M-G-M lot. Greta alternates, so it's an impossibility to know where to look for her. The studio employees themselves are so intrigued with this super-mysteriousness that they exactly telephone grapevine reports on where she's liable to exit. If you imagine that Garbo saves her secretiveness for the fans, you're wrong. She won't be pinned down to portrait sittings; when she's in the mood she phones 'em that she'll be there tomorrow afternoon. Lesser celebs are ruthlessly shoved into the discard at the last moment.

ANNE SHIRLEY and Dorothy Lamour won't go elegant, even though they're successful. Anne's bridegroom John Payne got a salary raise at Paramount, but they're remaining in their bungalow court. "Of course," her studio confesses, "it's no ordinary court. We think of it as a bungalow court with a college education."
Anne says it's swell and she does on buffet suppers for their gang. Dorothy's orchestra-leader husband Herbie Kay is clicking at a local night spot; but she's resolutely signed a lease on a two-room apartment for five years. If that isn't sanity in cinemaland, what is?

THE battling Weissmullers have fought through to a mutual appreciation which is delightful to see. Love at last reigns in both their hearts. And business is picking up for both. Johnny's been re-tagged by Metro. The studio, having passed the "Tarzan" yarns on to an independent outfit, is going to star him in "The Wild Man of Borneo." Besides tree-leaping, Johnny will render light comedy lines—or so it's promised. While waiting to begin he got the family yacht under way to Mexico. Lupe Velez starred in Mexico's greatest film adventure to date, putting in three weeks of acting at—get this!—$12,500 a week. Who says she's finished? Lupe isn't snacking the slackers; she's casually showing them her bank entries.

Blonde Annabella becomes a brunette charmer in "Dinner at the Ritz," made before she left London for Hollywood. Romney Brent and David Niven appear with her in the gayly intimate little interlude above.

Hollywood's newest behind-the-screen romance! Above, J. Walter Ruben, young director, and Virginia Bruce, long fellow artists and friends, who have announced their engagement to wed in the near future. Left, with O. P. Herrick, Janet Gaynor and her mother.

DISPATCH from the blissful Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald sector: the love birds' Western complex was distinctly not a novel publicity gag to further mark them as different from run-of-the-mill sweethearts. Jeanette went about in those blue overalls and in that plaid shirt because she was secretly learning how to properly characterize "The Girl of the Golden West." She'd always ridden side saddle and for the picture, of course, the riding is definitely Western. She took her lessons incidentally, from Buck Jones himself, and he threw in some rope-twirling which she'll spring between songs. Gene's cowboy get-up was for another reason. He was readiness for his present vacation. With a pal he's down in the desert herding sixty wild horses to a distant round-up.

ROMANCING with the right guy can be so pleasant. When Joan Blondell waited on table in her parents restaurant in Santa Monica, back in her high school era, she used to moon over marrying a breezy beau with a swell yacht. That would be some future! She was content with Dick Powell without a boat to his name. But what do you suppose he produced as a present on their first wedding anniversary? Joan looked hopefully under her pillow, then under her napkin at breakfast. No jewelry, no check. She glanced casually into the patio, where a new motor might be parked. No streamer convertible. She was consoling herself with the thought that all wives have greater anticipations than they should have when he told her about the yacht. It is Scotch, an ocean-cruiser, and finished in mahogany and teakwood. Mrs. Dick Powell walks about these days with her heels hardly connecting with the earth.

NOTHING is so provocative as an obvious startling personality contradiction. Wayne Morris, consequently, has certainly set himself. He's not only a triumph of unspoiled masculinity, but he's a puzzle to boot. As apparently unspoiled as Gary Cooper originally was, Wayne is confounding his native reputation by rushing almost all of the Hollywood belles. It was pleasantly touching to learn that his favorite hobby is collecting hotel stickers on suitcases. His genial shyness is enchanting. He seems but a babe in the woods, to be protected against wiles. Then, bewilderingly, comes the news that he's out with still another beauty. Wayne may
be superbly untouched, but the very fact that he gets around so and is avoiding capture by any one Diana hints at a secret savoir-faire.

At a major preview the other night Gail Patrick dripped with lovely lynx. She was all any fan could expect. But Gail doesn’t have any track with trappings or elaborate make-up ordinarily. Even to inexperienced she’s untrimmed. That’s why the press adores her—she doesn’t put on the act unless it’s absolutely necessary.

Tom Brown wants his bride to become an actress and he has a definite scheme for transforming her into one. “I won’t let her go to a dramatic school,” he declares. “Do that and they think of you as an amateur!” He hopes to get her under long-term contract to one of the major studios with a high-time coach. “When they pay you for learning they’re a darn sight more serious about you,” he explains sagely. Meanwhile, the young Browns are going through that first-year adjustment. The very attractive Natalie, who is but eighteen, currently finds it difficult to talk freely and dance well with Tom. Attempting to be a splendid wife has given her a complex with him!

John Beal, according to M-G-M, is digging a swimming pool in his backyard. All by himself! It makes a pretty tale of stellar industry. But it seems that John actually decided to excavate for a badminton court, which is considerably an easier task. And, truth to tell, after one day’s furious shovelling he chalked it up as simply a good idea when and while he was in the mood.

Annabella’s welcome party in New York, day after her arrival with 25 trunks of finery (the press department says so), proved that the Personality Girl from Paris rates “way up at tops with her American bosses—the scale and opulence of the cocktail party for the visiting star is a sure clue, and this one was a deliberate rendition of the ritual Shy, almost diffident, Annabella took it all with engaging modesty; shaking hands, with that single downward, somewhat vigorous stroke in the French manner; smiling and affable as she was introduced to people at the right, left, and in front and in back of her, there was complete absence of ostentation in an atmosphere that was perfect for “an act.” Indeed, Annabella made no pretense of concealing a certain nervous, but unfurled, reaction, by twirling the ring on her right hand with her thumb, and clutching at an errant lock of brown hair back of her left ear. On her triumphant return to Hollywood (she was over some years ago to do a foreign version film—a now discarded practice—opposite Charles Boyer in “Caravan”) Annabella is to co-star with William Powell for 20th Century-Fox.

Vacationing in British Columbia, Joe E. Brown came across the fastest, roughest, toughest game there is. It’s Box La Crosse, played inside. Seven thousand folks applauded the players when he caught an exhibition. At the half he was asked to give the losing team a pep talk. “I’ve never seen this thing before,” he preambled, “so I should give advice. But it looks something like basketball to me, I’d say they’re not breaking last enough.” They thereupon broke double tempo and skipped defeat.
THAT old stand-by about motherhood running a girl's figure is surely dispelled by Dixie Lee Crosby and Mrs. Phil Regan. The Crosby's fourth child puts them on a par with the Regans. Furthermore, Republic offered Mrs. R. the lead opposite Phil in his new picture; she's fetching enough to be a film sweetheart. One actor and four off-spring are sufficient, she replied. Dixie, to Bing's surprise, still has a hankering to resume acting.

BARBARA STANWYCK has made the final step, too. When the swank Beverly Hills Tennis Club gave its smooth Champagne Circus at the Troc there was a distinguished committee in charge. You'd expect Mary Pickford, Dolores Del Rio, and Madeleine Carroll to be among the members of it. But so was Barbara, right along with a baron and two princesses to boot. The woman who was so bitterly scorned of Hollywood society has learned that it can be amusing. Lots of things are amusing, when you're in love gloriously. Barbara was in love miserably when she carried that chip on her shoulder.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW may be back at work, and with a salary now raised to $2,000 a week for the next forty weeks. But don't assume that his aunt is laying nits. Aside from supporting his numerous family, as usual, Freddie reputedly is paying the attorney who helped engineer the squabble into success the sum of $35,000 for legal services. Subtract ten per cent as agent fee, a big slice for federal and state income tax, and to the poor child will be saving a speck of the bacon by summertime. And he's shot up into long pants, an omen of his fleeting precious immaturity.

NOW that Alan Curtis has overnight jumped from bit player to Crawford screen lover jealous onlookers are saying that he's gone Hollywood. Look at the wardrobe he's splurging around in! More inside data: before anyone cared enough to fan him, Alan was known as a handsome variety of clothes. He had to be able to appear in any kind of modish outfit, for he earned his living as a model for commercial photographers. The current wardrobe is really last year's essential "props." Incidentally, the newly-eligible Alan is dating Priscilla Lawson, a stock contractee at Metro. But it isn't a flaming affair. He's turned for friendship to the girl who used to be his vie-a-vie when both were posing.

THIS month the delectable divorcée June Lang is giving the young and dashing men-about-town the big go-by. Her escort is A. C. Blumenthal, millionaire who is a behind-the-scenes financial potentate of pictureland. "Blumey," as he is frequently tagged, apparently finds June the most enchanting of all the girls he's invited places. He even invites her mama along.

STRANGE as it may seem, Charles Bart'erworth is Gloria Swanson's rival when it comes to numerous divorces. He's chumming with a dashing blonde who's worth millions, Hazel Forbes by name. Gloria, since her split with Herbert Marshall, prefers New York admirers. It's easy to see why she would never have to croon torch tunes. But Charles isn't even a scream off-screen. Nor has the camera lied. He has manners, but no sweep of the Colman calibre. He's languid, but nevertheless he's Lottario No. 1!
Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell come out in the shadows to the sunshine of irresistible comedy romance, and we know you'll like them for it. It is a sort of "Animal Kingdom" about an artist, Bob, who gets caught in the social whirl, and nearly loses his bride, who quit society for the more soul-satisfying life of a Greenwich Village Bohemian Robert Benchley and Helen Vinson also rate bows.

A colorful costume thriller with George Arliss playing a lusty character role. It's about pirates, smugglers, and such in one of England's sea cost towns. There's a Conan Doyle flavor to it, with the ex-pirate posing as a clergyman and being brought back to his past by a mulatto who, in punishment for his crime against the pirate's wife, was left to die on an island. Very well acted, this makes pretty good entertainment.

Scenically this is a treat, and Joan Crawford, in some striking Adrian creations, adds to its visual splendors. Add also uniformly good acting by Joan, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Brian Burke and Reginald Owen, and you have all there is to this saga of a Cinderella who, on a brief vacation as a fine lady, finds such beauty as she never knew as a bar-maid in a waterfront café in Trieste. Passive romance.

George Sanders turns star, Gregory Ratoff turns director, and 20th Century-Fox turns out one of the best thrillers of the season, a war spy story that is meaty, compact, and superbly acted. Sanders is the British officer who impersonates a German captured by the English, gets to Berlin and is in constant risk of detection there. Dolores Del Rio was never prettier. Joseph Schildkraut, Peter Lorre and others, fine.

Going all the way in nonsense, this is something to carry you to the peaks of lunacy for laughing purposes only. William Powell and Myrna Loy, John Beal and Florence Rice, Jessie Ralph, Edgar Kennedy and others do an expert job of their acting assignments. They'll have you chuckling most of the time, even if the picture as a whole doesn't come close to "My Man Godfrey" as capricious comedy.

Like seven acts of vaudeville reeled off in one film. Such headliners as Bert Lahr and Jimmy Savo, and Billy House, all of the stage, reinforce Hollywood's own humor brigade, consisting of Alice Brady, Mischa Auer and Louise Fazenda. It is a series of farcical episodes strung together on a thread of romance concerning Joy Hodges, newcomer, who sings pleasingly, and John King. It is mighty amusing in spots.

One of those more than welcome films that came along quietly, with no outstanding stars to give them glamour, but plenty of good sound acting, a substantial melodramatic yarn, and good suspense to make your evening entertaining. The famous Federal prison is the "come-on" for most of the interest you take right from the start. You'll like John Lietl, Mary Maguire, Ann Sheridan, and Gordon Oliver.

Boris Karloff veers from horror to humor, playing a Chinese bandit who is general of his own army. It is an interesting change and Boris himself seems to enjoy it immensely. His fellows in this "Good Bad Man" of the Orient melodrama are Gordon Oliver, Beverly Roberts, and Ricardo Cortez, in the more prominent parts. This is pretty fair entertainment of the purely fictional sort. Capital, Mr. Karloff!
Inside the Stars' Homes

Gale Sondergaard, one of Hollywood's best actresses, entertains in the Danish fashion. Try her unusual recipes

By Betty Boone

ONE of the proudest home owners in all Hollywood is that dark beauty, Gale Sondergaard.

"And a few years ago," she confided, laughing, "if you had told me I'd ever own a house, I'd have knocked you down!"

It's a Spanish house with a red roof and blue doors, set like the eye of an eagle on a hilltop, and built on varying levels, so that on first view it seems to be honeycombed with red-tiled stairs. Staircases to the bedrooms, stairs to the living room, to the hall that leads to the dining room, and flight after flight roaming up and down hill from patio to patio, from summer-house to outdoor living rooms. If I lived here, I'd have broken a couple of legs by this time, but Gale and her husband, Herbert Biberman, adore their mountain crag.

One whole side of the white-walled living room is lined with open bookshelves filled with tempting volumes; there's a piano, of course, and not an uncomfortable chair in the place. The dominating note in the room, however, is a picture of Gale in a blue gown, painted by Herbert Biberman's artist brother Edward.

Gale, in a black dinner gown banded in gold, gold earrings, and bracelets contrasting with her shining black hair, sat on a sand-colored chesterfield.

"This is our first house," went my hostess, surveying the room. "On our way out from New York, we said to each other: 'One thing we will have in California—and that will be a house on a hill.' The very day we arrived, a real estate agent brought us up here to Hollywoodland, showed us this place, and we rented it immediately and moved right in. We hadn't been here very long before we found out that the owners wanted to sell, and we knew someone else would seize it if we didn't, so here we are—home owners at last!"

Gale is decidedly not a housekeeper, but she remembers fondly the delicious Danish dishes she ate as a child, when her parents took her to Denmark to pay a visit to her grandmother.

"I'll never forget my grandmother's table! It was charming. There were individual-sized dishes with forget-me-nots at each place, and a perfectly huge soup tureen with an enormous ladle. I suppose I was fascinated by these things because I adored soup. My mother used to make Danish soup, too.

"My grandmother's, in Denmark, we had fruit soup occasionally, and that is simply delicious! You can make it of any fruit juice, but Grandmother used grape juice and rhubarb. She slightly thickened it and served piping hot with small slices of toasted bread floating in it. You can use any combination of fruit juices, and it would be interesting to try it all with California's fruit. Here is a recipe for Rhubarb Soup we have used and found good:"

**RHUBARB SOUP**

1 bunch pink rhubarb
3/4 cup sugar
1 lemon rind grated
1/2 cup water
1 wineglass (1/4 cup) sherry

Cutt rhubarb in small pieces and stew with lemon rind, sugar and water until rhubarb is tender. Put through sieve and add sherry before serving. This may be served hot or chilled.

"Another I loved as a child was Bestermoder Bading or Grandmother's Bading. It is made of dried bread rusk rolls rolled out with eggs and milk and steamed for hours. Then it comes in a mould with the most heavenly crust, and you serve it with hot fruit sauce. We used to make a full meal of this, as it is so good you can't help coming back for more and more. It can be served for buffet suppers in the winter time."

**DANISH APPLE CAKE**

3 lbs. apples
1 pt. cream
3 boxes sweetened zweiback
1/4 cup melted butter
cinnamon to taste

Pare the apples and with very little water, cook into applesauce. Sweeten to taste. Add cinnamon. Roll contents of boxes of zweiback into fine crumbs and mix melted butter with them, Butter a deep baking dish. Place layer of crumbs on bottom, follow with layer of applesauce. Repeat until the dish is full, ending with a layer of crumbs. Place in a slow oven for 15 minutes. Allow to cool and place in ice box to chill thoroughly. Serve cold, cut into squares and placed on a large platter and remove the pan. Serve with a thick layer of whipped cream covering the entire molded cake.

"A Danish salad is no mere adjunct to a meal. It's a main luncheon or supper dish. This one is very good served with Ry-crisp or Crax Butter wafers."

**DANISH SALAD**

Put the following ingredients in a meat grinder together.

650 cold, cooked meat
2 cold boiled white potatoes
1 large peeled apple (firm)
1/2 small onion
2 pickled beets
1/2 stalk crisp celery
1 small dill pickle

Mix well together, season highly with salt and pepper.

Add 1 1/2 tablespoons Wesson Salad oil and 2 tablespoons red vinegar in which beets are pickled.

Arrange on an oblong platter and garnish center of the mould with grated egg yolk. Arrange chopped egg white around yolk. Garnish the platter with crisp lettuce.
It was the severest way. But she acted as she suspected he would and eventually understood that pictures are no child's game. Later she had other possibilities in her face for being difficult one being the marriage that was all romance and then was all wrong. She was temporarily torn from her beauty and her reason. And I'm finding! I must have assumed that she is making her own decision of what she will develop so markedly in my estimation. She has a maturity far beyond her years and appearance, and that is what makes her a guiding star for her younger fans.

"She is fine. I like her because she is. She could take herself dreadfully seriously. She could have become spoiled. A Hollywood leading lady at fourteen, going to elegant premieres and the best movie parties and being acclaimed. Loretta contends her first major dramatic triumph was as Mary Pickford, at a Mayfair ball soon after Loretta's debut, solemnly addressed her as Miss Young. She floated for days. But only on screen. She says, "Loretta's excuses for 'going into a front,' she never does. She has the courage to be herself. To laugh and be demonstrative."

"Unquestionably her home life accounts for this democratic streak. Yet, on the other hand, her home life is precisely what Loretta has elected it to be. She was brought up without luxury. She didn't want. At home she's one of the family; they don't treat her with any privileges because she's the most famous four-legged mammal in the house. She doesn't have a lot of friends, but a few who are as true as her own flesh-and-blood."

"She could," declared Myrna reflectively, "be concerned about being the most photogenic unmarried actress in all Hollywood. Men can't help falling in love with her, and that's flattering enough. They can't help it, because she treats them so unabsolutely. With that young feminine warmth the wise woman acquires."

At this moment luncheon arrived from the country club. I realized that Myrna was drinking my milk rather than the coffee she'd ordered.

"Perhaps you did want coffee," I interposed as boldly as I could. Myrna grinned. "Now you've evidence that I'm concentrating." She located another glass and divided the pint of milk, handing me the last two fines. Serene lady!

"I consider Loretta remarkable," continued, "because she is not squandering her potentialities. Because she's making them productive. She is an opportunist, as every girl ought to be. She is gloriously adventurous, as all magnetic women are. She has a sense of what's important and unimportant in her decisions. No shilly-shallying or dawdling. If she can't see a benefit she won't do what's proposed. For instance, she was asked to pose for some color portraits the other day. It would have taken a lot of time. 'No,' she said and stuck to her 'no.'

"I spent a whole afternoon with that photographer once. The pictures he took were not good and none of them were used by the magazines. I'll spend all the time necessary with someone else, but I'm not going for a failure!' She has learned to work intelligently for results."

"Loretta hasn't complained of responsibilities as burdens. She never looks for loopholes, but eagerly accepts duties. They mean that she is creating a reputation, that she is growing stronger as an individual."

"Loretta is the creative girl at her best. She has created a beautiful home. Each of these ten rooms in her Southern California background reflects the personality Loretta is. There is a gentle elegance that gracefully complements her. There are beautiful antiques, carefully gathered—when I hear of a particularly beautiful thing, I'll have to confer with her about blasting my hard-earned known as the model wife—an hour-and-a-half to concoct poached eggs on toast for my husband! She's never commended on that getting out. Goodness me—well, anyway, Loretta won't even cuppyle a personal maid. She's a working woman and yet she loves to be domestic. She takes care of her clothes, her room. She makes her own bed and she's natty over neatness. Her bedroom is Directoire and the figurines are delicate Dresden and a streak of dust sends her flying for a dust-rag. However, when I'm invited to Miss Young's I am sure of splendid food and lots of it. I am picnicked with a gigantic appetite. She's crazy about steaks, thick juicy ones, and French-fried potatoes. She tackles a turkey like nobody's business. She never is bashful about second helpings."

"Nothing is too much trouble in her work. It was amazing how she wore those high-heeled shoes. She takes care of her feet. She saw that a slight straightening would be advantageous photographically, and so for a whole year she wore bands like children do every time she wasn't acting. When you're in the spotlight and can do that—well, you are in Loretta's grade."

Myrna found another cup and we poured from my coffee pot. She leaned back in her chair, comfortably.

"Right now Loretta believes a definite flair for wearing clothes. If you put your clothes on, the screen will further her box-office clout. And I think she is reasoning well. So she has no objection to standing for hours for the dress."

"But even in private life she revels in stinging modes and here is where she does consult her mother for all details—she always wants her mother's final word on cloths. She wants to be best hopes have, and not content with three trips a year to New York for a Fifth Avenue clean-up she's now adding Paris to her routine. Not that she is fond of the film costume she buys it for her personal wardrobe; she wore five especially designed negligees in her last picture and took all their clothes along. She'll be the first to divest her screen clothes with minute care, after extended conferences with exclusive designers. She knows that super-flair is a paramount need of Hollywood's leading women."

"She's not the least bit of spitting. She couldn't have gone on acting—in the end she'll be happy being a home body. But I think this is best because there is no time that she's ever seen how Hollywood life can intrude on two who are in love. The primitive in her cries for guaranteed safety."

"Loretta thinks of the impossible husband she wants, thinks of him a great deal. Her sincere desire for a successful marriage should make it materialize, leading toward it to the best of her ability."

"I haven't," asserted Myrna, "come to what assuredly is a basic quality in Loretta. I couldn't mention her without bringing up Loretta is religious. Deeply, sincerely so. She is an individualist, a feminist, a canny business woman and not one to lubricate. But there's that's essential to her. This is an answer to an inner soul-cry. She has found the right path for herself. She has a guiding faith."

"There's nothing the church brings her a very real uplift. She is gay, sociable, and all of that—but I myself never think of her without remembering her devotion to the idealistic pattern she wants to follow. If you were to ask Loretta why has she such stamina, why she has never been defeated or discouraged, you would tell me of her faith. That is a fundamental inspiration to her."

Myrna Loy

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When you get acquainted there's no hint of aloofness. Her marvellous voice fascinates me. I've never seen her embarrassed; hers is one hundred per cent aplomb. I've that kind of mind that would wonder why and how. So I was startled.

"As a child she rode frequently with her father. Her closeness to him must have had a lasting effect; I should say she has a man's mind about values. Complexes? Not a one—they take up too much time."

"Her home life intriguing. Me before she married she wasn't much interested in what a house was to do long as it was comfortable and soothing. She didn't think of furnishings or decorating. None of that touched her. Yvonne, my dear, this is a home which would someday be of her own making. When she met Arthur Hornblow this crystallized. At last she has her dream home some place. She's going to New York to select the right things for it. It's exactly what Minnie would have. A charming, rambling farmhouse with life is pleasant. She has an edge on the city! There's an orchard instead of
to the Home of the Good Shepherds. Where you came from..."

The little boy’s underlip began to quiver. He hid it by biting it hard. He didn’t speak and after a moment Bill Naughton broke the silence.

“She’s only having her little joke, kid,” he said. “Katrine’s a great joker—you’ll find that out the longer you two live together.”

The little boy was still holding his underlip steadily with his teeth, when a drop of dark blood ran down from his mouth. Katrine, watching him, spoke to Bill.

“So I’m a little joker, am I?” she asked. “Practical or otherwise?”

Bill’s eyes were wide, now—harder than Katrine’s could ever be. He said—

“Yes, you are. He laughed...”

He added, “Run out to the kitchen, Peter, and you’ll find a nice Jap named Kiko... Give him my compliments and say I sent you for a slab of chocolate cake and a glass of milk.”

The little boy released the lower lip—it had been rather badly tortured. He said to Katrine—

“Can I ask for it? The cake and the milk?” and Katrine said—

“Oh, for crying out loud, yes! Just so you beat it!”

It was only after the little boy had journeyed at least four rooms away, that Bill spoke.

“I’d call you something,” he said, “if I could think of the right name. I was brought up just off the Bowery. I haven’t got much of a vocabulary—”

Katrine said—“I was brought up on Delancy Street, and I know plenty of things I could call you.”

Bill rose and walked over to the piano, upon which Katrine had stood when she made her announcement. He played a couple of chords, aimlessly. He said—

“Only a complete louse would take a kid’s heart in her two hands, and crush it to jelly!”

Katrine said—“All right, I’m a complete louse, So what?”

Bill replied slowly, “The kid’s not to blame, you know,” and Katrine countered—

“But you are. You knew what I wanted, and you made a bum out of me. All Holly—wood’s the same, by the way. Nobody ever

The whole country will be laughing by tomorrow night!”

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Katrine Mallincroth (née Katie Malloy) of New York’s East side decides to adopt a baby, to get publicity headlines she demands necessary to further her career as a screen star. The press agent, Bill Naughton, upholds her for the idea as both dangerous and cruel. But Katrine demands, and her orders are final. She produces to announce suddenly acquired motherhood at a cocktail party for the press. The party advances before the anticipated time for the announcement, before Bill arrives with the “baby” Katrine ordered him to bring her. Theatrically calling for silence, Katrine announces that she is adoptive mother, and orders Bill to have the child brought in. The press agent calls “Peter,” and into the room comes a boy about eight, red-checked, freckled, in a faded blue denim overalls. Dumbfounded, Katrine looks from Bill to the boy. Now go on with the story.
Bill struck a couple of new chords. He said—

"What folks want and what folks get isn't always the same thing. You can't pick up blonde girl babies in a couple of hours. I did the best I could—"

Katrine said—"Oh, yeah?" And waited. After a space measured by eternity and nothing less, Bill went on—

"The kid's swell," he said, "a regular soldier. Did you see him bite his lip to keep from crying when you were torturing him?"

"He's such a soldier," Katrine said indifferently. "He can stand the gaff. How soon will you make the return trip?"

All at once Bill laughed. His laughter held no mirth at all.

"Peter isn't going back, Big Girl," said Bill. "Know why? Because you've adopted him in front of every newspaper man and woman on the West coast. You've cracked him over the head with a bottle of champagne, so to speak, and launched him. You may hate his guts—but you've got to go through with it."

Katrine walked over to the piano and stood beside Bill. He played another chord, lingering, before she dashed his hand aside—

"You're the one that got me in this box," she said, "and you can get me out of it. See?"

Bill told her—"I can't. You've hooked Peter, for better, for worse—"

Katrine began to play chords herself. The effect was strangely ecclesiastical. As Peter had said, she looked like an angel in a church.

"I could murder you," she said at last, "and bathe in your blood. But I see your point. Bill—the kid's got to stay. A while, at least."

"Bully for you," applauded Bill. "I knew you'd see the light."

"The light be darned!" said Katrine. "You can make me keep him, but you can't make me like him... How'd you happen to pull such a boner, anyway?"

Bill said: "Sit down, and take a drink. Yes, this is the millennium—I'm asking you to take a drink?"

Katrine rang. When one of her servants came she let Bill order Brandy sodas without interference. When they each had a tall frosted cylinder, she said—

"Well, spit it out. I'm waiting."

Bill took a long drag from his glass. He needed it. He said—

"In the first place I couldn't get a blonde baby. There weren't any blonde babies nearer than the Cradle in Evanston—and that would have taken too much time."

Katrine asked, "Why didn't you go to Central Casting?"

Bill said, "You're just dumb enough to think of that. Most of your trick publicity has jumped latch—you couldn't afford a big exposure for a phony adoption. No—I wanted to make something stick. I went to this orphan home I'd heard about, and fiddled around tying red tape into a million knots."

Katrine murmured, "You would."

Bill continued. "As I've already told you, there weren't any blonde babies to be had, he said, "that sort don't stay in asylums. They're as much in demand as silver fox furs on West End Avenue."

Katrine took a sip and said—"Oh, yeah?"

Bill said: "Not being able to get a blonde baby girl, I went after the next best thing. And that's where Peter comes in—"

Katrine murmured, "I see your point. A red headed kid with a black eye is undoubtedly the next best thing to a blonde baby..."

Bill said savagely, "Sarcasm won't get you anywhere. I'll admit I tell for Peter, personally. I like him. He's the kind of a kid I'd want, myself. And he had a bum break, too, before he was an orphan. He had a mother who drank and a father that wouldn't come through with a ring..."

Luckily they both died, and Peter was put in a home."

"Lucky for him," said Katrine, "but not for me!"

Bill went on, just as it she hadn't said a word.

"When the matron took me through the asylum—and it was as bare as a prison," he said, "I saw lots of kids. Some were pretty—not many—and a few were cute. But when I came to the bed where Peter slept, and saw him sitting on it in those faded blue overalls, he got under my skin..."

Katrine asked, "Was it the black eye that sold you?" And Bill answered briefly—"He didn't have a black eye—then..."

There was a moment of silence. Somewhere, far off, a clock chimed, but neither Bill nor Katrine bothered to count the chimes. The gardener had finished with the scattered flower bed. It looked neat and trim again, almost as if none of the radiant blossoms had been smashed. Bill sighed and said—

"Some things are so darn easy to straighten out. But take this child, Peter. Shot from one tragedy to another, and nuts about you, too."

Katrine said: "None of your soft soap, Bill. What gives you the idea that the boy is nuts about me? Oh, I know you repressed him—that angel in church stuff was too pat to be funny, but..." Bill interrupted. "As God is my witness, he said, and there was nothing profane in the vehement expression, "I didn't release him... Where'd I leave off, Katie? Oh, I'd got to the place where I saw the kid sitting on his bed. Well, guess what was pinned to the wall over that bed?"

Katrine laughed. Her laughter was suddenly circled—

"Probably a baseball mitt and a scalpel from Sitting Bull's collection," she said. "What do you think I am, psychic?"

Bill said, "What I think you are isn't the point of this discussion. The kid had a dozen pictures of you pinned to his wall—that's what. Among them was the one with the Beren that you gave away when you got tired of it..."

Katrine said, "Where'd he find the pictures?" and Bill answered—

"The Lord only knows. I guess he cut 'em out of fan magazines and newspapers, and they were pretty ratty. You could tell he handled 'em a lot... After I talked to the kid awhile he told me his mother, inside, and said his prayers to you at night. Go on, now laugh some more—"

"Anything to oblige," said Katrine, and laughed long and loud. She added, "I suppose the coincidence was too much for you. I know how the Irish are..."

"You should," said Katrine. "And hesitated. "The black eye," he said at last, "maybe you ought to know the truth about that, too..."

"Maybe I should," agreed Katrine.

Bill cleared his throat. He'd been talking to anybody else you might have thought was embarrassed.

"When we were leaving the asylum," he said, "one of the bigger boys—a tough, nasty bozo—asked where he was going. Bill blurted out that he'd been adopted by you. The older boy laughed and said something that I won't bother to repeat, and Peter took a quick poke at him."

Katrine said slowly. "He did, did he?"

Bill answered, "Yes, he did—but he didn't come up to the tough kid's shoulder. Before I could get between them Peter was down on the ground, and his eye was already beginning to close. But he didn't cry or anything."

Katrine yawned. "How interesting," she said, "and very—"

Bill said gruffly—"You're damn right it's interesting. Peter took his first licking for you before he ever saw you—in person. It probably won't be the last licking he'll take, either..."

To Be Continued
Kay and Pat are Like That

Continued from page 29

because he thinks she is one of the most talented and charming players in the screen business. And I've never co-starred with a submariner, an airship, and an oil tank, a Francis with all her glamour and her Orry Kelly red and white uniforms. A closed set or no, and a Francis slightly aloof or no, Pat was pleased.

"I never worked with Kay in a picture before," Pat told me, "although she and I were together in a comedy too successful at the box office, teaching children eleven years ago. For four years my dressing-room has been next to hers on the Warner Brothers lot but we never seemed to be working at the same time so we never did get acquainted. Anyway, I thought well, Pat my boy, they'll probably want you to support a pipe line now. (Intermission from me) That's already been done, Francis supported a pipe line in "High, Wide and Handsome," and I thought they'd never finish laying those pipelines(?) so you can just imagine how surprised and happy I was when they told me I would go into 'Women Are Like That' as the romantic lead opposite Kay Francis. In the States or in the Far East, I've been in Hollywood long enough to know that the most exclusive dressers of all, the wardrobe department, and it gets monotonous being a cop or a sailor all the time. In this little number I'll have you know that I've been on the studio parade for about seven years, and I think every other mother won't know me on the screen." (Kids like to wear uniforms and actors like to wear tails—that's one of my little observations of life and things that don't matter.)

Well, that's all very true, Mr. O'Brien, I said to myself, but I betcha you'll be glad to give up your uniform after a session with a swing star, but I have been wrong. And I was again. This time.

One bright afternoon when Kay and Pat Francia's sets were ready for action, I usually do set tricks when there is a swing band in action. I very greatly remarked that we could skip the 'Women Are Like That' cause I didn't wear my mittens and sudden cold gives me chills. But no, said my escort, that's the gayest set on the lot. You cant miss Kay and Pat romping around like a couple of high school kids. Curiosity got the best of me and I walked right past the "Absolutely no admittance sign on the door but very cautiously took a stance near the exit so I could run easily if necessary. Oh, that's all right, said my escort whom I considered either an extreme optimist or a fool; just don't mention her lawsuit and everything's okay.

Well, they were doing a scene, a most amusing scene, and Pat and Kay as husband and wife and rival advertising agents meet in the lawyer's office to arrange for a divorce. Kay thinks she wants to marry Ray Milland, who is earning from a severe cold (a picture cold), is stretched out on a couch fast asleep. The lawyer is delayed getting there, Kay looks at Pat and then the radio starts playing. "Shall we dance?" says Pat, and the next thing you know she is in his arms, and Pat is a lawyer—out! And right here and now I wish to go on record as saying that if any of Kay's friends think that Pat isn't the romantic type they're due for a change of mind.

Fernand Gravet! Charles Boyer! Pffft. That romantic screen lover team of Francis and O'Brien is really something to write home about on pink scented stationery. Woof! Woof!

At the end of the take the First Lady did not hastily retire to her dressing-room; instead she sat down on a property box and yelled into her voice alarm. You haven't got anything like that. "You'll need one in Gopher Gulch," said Pat pulling up another property box and there they were as cozy and chummy as two bugs in a rug. "It's been like this since the second day," said one of the wardrobe girls. Miss Francis was rather aloof the first day, she was worried or something, and Mr. O'Brien seemed to have the attitude that if Miss Francis could be cold so could he. But on the second day of the picture somebody brought Mr. O'Brien the plans for the new house he is building overlooking the sea at Del Mar and in his house they have shown him Miss Francis. She immediately sent for the plans of the house she is building in Hidden Valley and ever since they have been talking their heads off about vegetation, landscaping, etc.

"Don't let all those fine feathers Kay wears in most of her pictures fool you," Pat added. "She really doesn't give a damn about being called Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman. She'd much rather be called the Gal of Gopher Gulch. Wouldn't you know she'd choose to build her first home in California not in a ritzy sounding place like Beverly Crest or Riviera but in a place like that. Working with Kay has been a lot of fun; in fact, this picture has been more of a romp than any I have ever made. Kay is so considerate of her crew—she has had the same crew for every picture—and I guess they would just lay down their lives for her. If anyone gets sick she is the first to visit them at the hospital. She spends her time on the set talking over bits of business for the picture, or else when she gets tired of us she retires to her dressing-room and reads a detective story. I've never seen a woman so crazy about mystery thrillers, and the bloodier the better. No wonder the 'Women Are Like That' set has gone to Gopher Gulch!"

"But why," I persisted, after all I'm not going to sit idle by and let the First Lady be turned into a saint, "but why does she dodge photographers and interviewers? Unless you're an old friend from way back she will not give an interview during a picture and not very often between pictures." That'll hold him, I said to myself.

"Well," said Pat, "something I heard Kay tell a newspaper man the other day rather explains that, I think. It seems this newspaper guy was from out of town and had been staked by the publicity office for several days. Finally Kay said she would see him on the set. The first thing he asked her was, 'Miss Francis, why are you so hard to see?' When I was an actor on the New York stage, Kay told him, 'I went into one of the big newspaper offices one day and asked to speak to the managing editor, I waited for quite some time. Finally I took my nerve in my hand and walked right into his office. He told me very patiently that he would like nothing better than to have a nice long chat with me, but unfortunately he had a paper going to press and he was much too busy to see me. I said, Kay, unfortunately, I have a film production to discuss with you instead. That'll do,' I muttered, 'until something better comes along.'

The fact that there was a little lawsuit dangling in his hair and not any boy friend's spirit at the end of the picture, for Kay cracked through with a party in her dressing-room for the stars and all the glamour in Hollywood parties. If she wins her suit she may not make another picture there but she was going to be awfully sure that everybody had fun while they were there. I recall that when Kay left Paramount for Warner Brothers some five years ago she presented nearly everybody who had contacted her at the studio with a handsome farewell present. Most stars, in case you don't know, do not bother to give presents after the people can no longer be of any use to them. Pat wasn't going to let Kay outdo him when he came to a party so in the midst of festivities he invited everybody out to his Brentwood home the following Wednesday for a barbecue. The entire cast and crew of 'Women Are Like That' arrived practically wolfed up, and who was it that picked right in and barbecued a mean steak for a prop boy, a hairdresser, a wardrobe woman, and a bit player—that's right, Miss Kay Frances.

"How I hate to see the end of this picture," said Pat with one hand wrapped around a steak and the other around Kay's arm; "it's been fun." Yes, I think we can safely scribble on all the garage doors: Pat and Kay, Are That Way.
engagement: but it does mean that they are willing to have their names linked in the next day's newspapers. Columnists pen- cil in hand, and cameramen lie in wait at either end of that flower-strewn red carpet. Young actors, and young actresses too, are cautious about their appearances at these openings. Even the older ones, ar-ranging dinner parties to precede the pic- ture, think twice about their invitations. While stars are treating themselves to facials and new hair-dos at the beauty parlors, the fans are slowly assembling in those grandstands. By noon there are al- ways a few hundred already seated. Proper- ty men are spreading out the red carpet, banking it on either side with hundreds of baskets of flowers several feet high. Dis- tracted box office men are explaining to curious celebrities that there are no more tickets for sale, that even the last seat in the top balcony is gone. No matter where placed, each ticket costs $5.50. Publicity departments discreetly assign them, in the order of importance, trying discreetly to keep separate divorced couples, to remem- ber Hollywood feuds, to see that rival producers do not sit too near the critics. They have all seen the picture before of course, even the critics. They may have seen it in a studio projection room, or at the home of Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, or Harold Lloyd, or Jack Warner, all of whom love to show pictures. Seeing pictures is a regulation way to wind up a Hollywood Sunday. Sometimes most of Sunday is spent that way. More hardly than any admirer of double-feature pro- grams, the movie colony can sit through three full-length pictures and three car- toons without a quiver—just a few groans. By the time they reach the theatre, that part of Hollywood looks like a circus. Searchlights with some 300,000 candle- power pierce the sky, guiding the long line of limousines to the playhouse. Police passes are enclosed with all first night
tickets, as streets surrounding the theatre are shut off to ordinary traffic.

The premiere may concentrate on one personality, as "100 Men and a Girl" did with Deanna Durbin. Deanna, not yet fifteen, wore her first evening dress that night, a blue marquise trimmed with English daisies and velvet ribbons. Even with the eyes of all Hollywood upon her, little Miss Durbin never for a second lost her amazing poise. Her premiere was one of the year's most brilliant.

Sometimes the premieres go in for doci- nity. "The Life of Emile Zola" had the usual bleachers, the thirty-piece orchestra playing outside the theatre, the hundred extra people in the broadcast presided over by George Jessel, the crowds of celebrities ranging from Charles Boyer to the John Barrymores. But the theatre solemnly refused to go in for circus stuff, even refraining from sailing a captive bal- loon, complete with loudspeakers, above the theatre.

It was at this premiere, however, that weary celebrities were greeted with short speeches, to be read by them before the microphones. The broadcast lacked the usual cozy series of "Hello, everybody—
I'm awfully glad to be here."

These Hollywood openings have only been revived during the past year. They were common enough in the old booshy days. Sid Grauman used to present pro- logues before the picture, stage shows so long that sometimes the feature didn't go on until two hours after the opening of "Rain." you could see celebrities outs- ide the theatre at five in the morning look- ing for their cars. The fans were still there.

It was in those days, at Grauman's Chinese, that Wallace Beery did that fatal imitation of Greta Garbo, burlesquing her "I-tal-Igo homy" at the stage before all their fellow workers. It caused a sensation, with Garbo, who doesn't attend premieres, deeply hurt and Beery apologetic for weeks.

Now the depression is over. The War- ners, with their bleachers and their bands, began the new nogue for premieres a year ago. As each really important picture comes along, every few weeks, its pro- ducers try to put on a bigger show than ever.

Soon someone may come along to top that gag of Wilen Mizner's, the best ever pulled at a premiere. The writer went to a good deal of trouble with his joke, even measuring the amount of gasoline needed to reach the theatre entrance. Then he bought an aged flivver for ten dollars, a dilapidated, paintless, tenderless, tole car with a windshield in pieces. He tried to have the finial he could find, gardenia in buttonhole, top- hat on his head, he drove alone to the premiere. The flivver gave one last gasp as he reached the red carpet. Even the an- nouncer was silent as Mr. Mizner emerged. As he started the long, slow walk toward the microphones, a panicly doorman ran after him. The car, he asked, what of the car? Mr. Mizner turned majestically, beamed upon the silent crowd, and said:

"The car? Oh that, my man, is your tip."

Attending a preview! Lana Turner, right, poses with her mother.

The Scream of the Jest
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laugh at her work. It is delightfully droll. Her vague, helpless mannerisms make her outstanding in comedy. With this, Marie is content for the present.

If you saw "Wake Up And Live," you saw Joan Davis doing a burlesque Spanish dance that was something not soon over- looked. She is funny, I saw her first in a two-reeler. Once seen, never forgotten, Lt. Davis won a fan. Now she is winning fans galore.

Joan has no secret sorrow over art. She always wanted to be funny. Her heart's delight will be to hear herself called the "Female Charlie Chaplin." Starting out in vaudeville, with Si Wills, they appeared as "Wills and Davis." If the bill gave Joan second spot, she got top billing in Si's heart. Funny or not, Joan got her man. She also got Beverly, now four years old.

At her home, somewhere amid the can- yons of Beverly Hills, I thought myself suddenly transported to Egypt. The archi- tecture resembled what is imagined to be Egyptian. It has a minaret, but no Muez- za to call the unfaithful to prayers.

Should you wish a garden of fruit trees from the road, you must toll a cow-bell over the gate. Instead of a cow, Joan appears and lets you in—likely as not carrying a huge cap and beach gown, smoking a cigarette.

Art may be art for those that want it, but let Joan get her laughs. Give her her California canyon Egyptian-Byzantine-cine- matic home, Si and Beverly. She's content. She should get dramatic for nothing.

Christmas a year ago I received a card from an unknown person—Martha Raye. I thought it awfully nice of her, since we were strangers. I swore a royal oath that, come what may, this movie maid should one day be the queen of a story.

Not the languard lady, Martha is buxom and bouncy, possessing a pair of lungs fit for the Barker of a carnival side-show. But is she downhearted? No! Garbo and Bergner may keep their places. Martha had only to make an appearance at the Holly- wood Trocadero to be clutched to Para- mount's heart as its comic consolation.

Today, she is monarch of all she por- tray. Not everyone can do her stuff. That is why little Martha can afford to yell and roar. People roar with her.

Patsy Kelly squeaks. Since her first Hal Roach comedies, with the late Thelma Todd, Pat has held her public. She doesn't want to be arty. She knows her stuff and
Fields Without Hedges

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guys with the dough will decide you're through. When they do, it's waste of time and pride to argue with 'em. So I just laugh, laugh on a front, till one fateful day some big shot says: 'Why isn't that fella workin'? And there you are—sitting high and mighty, and lookin' down on others because you're the knob.'

I laughed at the notion; it may have happened before I couldn't believe it would happen to him again. Well, at last I did. Not alone, but together over Fields. He hates subs-off stuff as he hates few things in this world. Running away from a comfortable home at the age of sixteen, he went to sea. It was no surprise, then, when Adol Zukor and William Le Baron, his good friends at Paramount, came over to see him, the thing they talked about was Bill's return to pictures. While they were thinking: "We've got to give this guy a chance to get well before bothering him with heavy demands." Especially so that if they don't want me, nobody will. This is the finish, the blowoff, the washup, so where do I go from here? I can't sit chewing his lines in alleys, living on what he could beg or steal from free-lunch counters, he insists: "I had a swell time, the others had to go home at night. I could stay out." Lyre, like a bottlegut as the nutty butter in "Woman Chases Man."

Belonging to a theatrical family, Helen, started out as a Ziegfeld gal before she had a chance to look dramatic. This might have been her sorrowful lot had she not met a very nice young man, yelped Lester Cribb, and married him.

Our Lester thought our Helen could cash in on her laughs while out front, not backstage among the chorus girls. With one eye on his career, Lester gave wise suggestions. And Helen, with one eye on him, the other on her career, followed his advice, and all the girls said it was a happy marriage.

Not forgetting a successful career as a comedienne for our Helen.

Our Helen was the rebellious comedienne. A swell gal, Glenda thinks it just too daft of all concerned to see her only as a wisecracking, hard-boiled girl, she related. "From then on my picture path was carved out for me. I'd change. I gained just as good notice for my work in 'I Am A Fugitive' as in 'Life Begins.' Anyhow, I do the best I can in working alone."

Glenda's North Hollywood home was described to me as very modernistic. Sure enough there were modernistic touches throughout, in Louis XV furniture and decorations.

I asked Glenda to supply me with copy for a story on gun-legged Si. Since her picture roles are well portrayed by her in this character, I took it that Glenda would give me good points on the art. In generous, the manner, she told me she had never known any gold-diggers.

Even in my sheltered life, I've met many gold-diggers. Some are quite clever, that you cannot suspect you are in their company.

I left Glenda with the conclusion that she was at her best as a comedienne.

Alice Brady, I consider, to be among the greatest of all. An actress of extreme comediene, she knows her art. Her life has not been without trouble. Her mother, a French dancer, left her and her father. When she was four, her father and mother were divorced. In marriage she never last long. Her young son was for several years an invalid. But Alice never groveled to the world. Among the inscriptions sent to Marie Dressler's funeral on floral tributes, Alice Brady's seemed to contain the very essence of good sense, sage philosophy, and affection. "I'll see you soon," was Alice's last farewell.

With the rest of the dramatic gal, Alice saves many a picture. The picture might be a jest, but all of us must admit that Alice Brady is the scream!
Are You Insane?
Continued from page 34

We believe, as you may have noticed, entirely differently when we are awake and when we are asleep, and the whole psychology is well understood. We even react to pictures differently when we see them with an audience and when we see them alone. All this is the base of a projected room. I have gone to the theatre, watched some fine and poignant bit of acting, heard the crowd around me roar with enthusiasm, laughed myself — always to come out of the theatre sick with myself, a bad taste in my mouth, because I was not my own man, using my own reactions. I was a link in the chain, clanking as the chain clanked, an atom in the mad and maudlin mass of the mob.

He told me of himself. "I have little—ah—phony, once, in Europe, while touring with a theatrical troupe I spent one entire year and devoted it entirely to trying to make a supposed actor laugh. It became an obsession with me. I did everything from appearing on the stage in my underwear to laughing in the man's face. I was not in the least an effective performer from him. I never succeeded. It haunts me still, my failure. It was a year out of my life—and without result. Insane? Not for me.

"I drank lemonade all day long; sometimes all night long when I could not sleep. I order meals with the utmost particularity. I am a gourmet; something, if I may say so, of an epicure when it comes to food. I order exquisite meals, and never to much. Those meals put a fork in them, keep them to themselves, and I derive my gustatory delights from anticipation.

"I dream every year of playing Napoleon. I have not Napoleon—not yet. But I am constantly dreaming of how I shall play Napoleon one of these days.

"I love crowds of strangers. I get a warm, rich physical relish out of being jammed and elbowed and shoved and entombed by crowds of people I do not know. On the other hand, I am phobia about being in crowds of people I do know. Crowds where there are those who may slap me on the back, roar greetings, most in modest, affectation, that is unexpected, physically, mentally and emotionally if I have to be party to such a crowd.

"The first and only autograph I ever asked for was that of Man Mountean Dean. I wanted it. I cannot say why."

"I adore Hungarian goulash, I abhor milk. I cannot look at milk."

"My favorite hobby is hearing my friends play the piano. They must be my friends. I do not play myself."

"I must have a good seat placed right under my nose as I am smoking. Not after I awaken. For then it is too late. The salutary effect is gone."

"I play tennis and hike. I take long walks on the beach. Now and then, at such times, I sing to myself. Sing, mind you, not talk, Sea chanties, mostly. I do not go to music much. But I want to know what other actors are doing. I do not want to run the slightest risk of becoming a cocaine addict."

"I am, however," said Peter Lorre, his eyes suddenly, sensationalingly. "I am a fanatic. I admit it. And because I admit it, it's not me who is watching."

"Yes, I am a fanatic. I am a fanatic about my work. I would. I have sacrificed everything for it. I ran away from my comfortable home when I was seventeen. I ran away from my mother, father, three brothers, my sister. We were born in the village of Rosenberg, Hungary, in the dark corner of the world. I was six when we removed to Vienna. We lived our childhoods closely linked, the one to the other. But I ran away from them and lived from hand to mouth because my father disapproved of the theatre and I—I had to go to the theatre."

To run away and join a group of renegade youths who, like myself, found reality only in acting. We played in improvised theatres. We lived.

"In 1929, driven by hunger and want, I secured a clerk's post in a bank. I ate again. I slept nightly. It is insane, then, to say that while I ate well and slept soundly, I was not healthy, that I saw I was not the man I was not. In a few months I was discharged from the bank because I was always late for my work. My feet were laggard after something I did not want. I stayed up most of the nights with my theatrical troupe, breathing in the oxygen of greasepaint.

"Then after a bit, I was given a year's contract to do small parts with a company in Breslau. After that year I went to Zurich where a part in Galsworthy's Society brought me my first recognition. Then to Vienna where I played, for two years, roles of both comedy and of tragedy. It was 1928 when my performance in Plume in the Impossible was so soothing to a sense of 'I was held as a star.'"

Even then, Peter Lorre told me, there were those who told him he was insane to follow the stage. He would be limited, they said, to so few types. He was not, after all, of the proportions of a Conrad Veidt, a Robert Donat. What chance would he have in America, his friends asked, pitied against the Gables, the Coopers, even the late Lon Chaney whose heavy make-ups concealed a well-setup and personable man. No long after this Fritz Lang, noted Continental director, saw Peter rehearsing Wedekind's Spring's Awakening. Then and there Lang asked Lorre to hold himself in readiness for the starring role in a screen production, as yet unsolicited. Lorre agreed and in 1931 threw Europe into clamor with his astonishing portrayal of the pathological murderer in *M.* After "M" people on the streets of Berlin lacked against the wall as Peter Lorre passed by. He entered a café china rattled, cutlery dropped, women grabbed their children and hustled them out and away. He went, one day, to call on old and old friends. To so it went when the family were in the salon. As Peter entered, hearing his customary gifts of sweets, the nurse heralded the little ones out of the room where, before "M", kind
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Mrs. Bailey shoots shooting at her home in Tuxedo Park. (center) Leaving the Plaza after luncheon.

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"Uncle Peter" had so often played with them.

He was hurt, in his heart, at this revelation. They did not realize, then, that a great actor had played, to curdling perfection, a macabre role! He did not want to be typed. When offers came, from all over Europe, to play similar roles, he refused them all. He did not want to put on the garb of the pathological horror man and never take it off. He wanted to wear the motley of all men. He left Berlin. He left Starmont. He left vast sums of money because he would not permit them to cramp and restrict his work. And—"you are insane. As it money or retirement were what I sought?"

So, after a few pictures in England and in Germany, Peter Lorre came to Hollywood. With him, forsaking her own considerable career on the stage, came his wife, Cecille Lyskovsky.

"I came to Hollywood, to Columbia Pictures," Peter was saying, "and after awhile, after 'Crime and Punishment,' I realized that I was again playing only horror roles. I knew that I must play horror for a certain length of time here in America; that if I did not I would be disappointing my new public who were conditioned to horror by seeing me in 'M.' But I would not go on indefinitely. And so, for months, I did not work. I refused to work. I turned down all offers brought me by my agents. They were numerous offers and, financially, flattering. I knew well that I might never work again. It was conceivable. I had become typed. I was losing vast sums of money. I was depriving myself and, more, my wife of future security. She stood by me every inch of that difficult way. She believed in me. I knew well what I was risking. I am not insane enough to discount the importance of future security. There are those who will label this stand of mine insane and nothing else. Who is to judge? I think it must be the little monitor inside of us. Some call him Conscience. I only know that I would have embraced the money, gone without future security, rather than do my work as I do not believe it should be done."

"I took shots of the tennis matches for Roger," said Ann, pulling back her long fair hair that reaches well below her shoulders now. "I got some good action stuff—see this one where the man is hitting the ball and is off the ground. And I like this informal shot of Al Scott and George Murphy—they didn't know I was at my wicked work. Don't you think the distance in it is good?"

"The circus was in town last week, too, and I was there with my camera. Roger likes especially the shots of Clyde Beatty and his animals. I put the lens right up to the bars—that's what makes the white mantles at the sides. In this one, Clyde has his chair and the animal is snarling and ready to make its leap. I got it just as he made it.

"Lots of serious picture-takers go in for filters, etching masks, shadow prints and so on, but I'm afraid I'm not in their class. I do it all for fun. I have some light red filters, but I usually forget to put them on. I've never used the dark red ones that they put on to turn day into night, especially for turning the sun into a moon, but that's because I never have any reason to do that."

It seemed too bad there wasn't a color camera around to shoot Ann, in her red jacket with her fair hair bright against it and a dull blue glass silhouetting one side of her curls.

"But I don't feel any great urge toward a color camera," she objected. "Do you know what I'd like? And the very next thing I've got to be featuring a telescopic lens! That ought to be fun! You put the lens on your camera and then you can sit way over here on the set and shoot things by the door to the stage hundreds of yards away. I could be in my chair here and you could be over there having a temperamental fit over something and not knowing I was within miles. Click—and I'd have a close-up of you going into your dance!"

Ray Milland, guest-starring at Ann Sothern's home studio, stops by for a 'teenscenes visit, and Ann gets another picture for her album.

Screenland

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Getting Gay with Gable
Continued from page 15

three more minutes, stirring constantly, and then add the sliced breasts of the ducks and taste with the sauce until they are seasoned through. Then serve with wild rice.

It was a great success and Clark took boxes none too modestly and ladled out second helpings from the chafing dish and we all practically ate ourselves into a coma.

After dinner there was a definite lull as everybody seemed to be in the mood for a bit of relaxing (the effect of the sauce, no doubt) but it soon wore off and by the time Walter had attached his recording machine, with Fieldsie at the "mixer," the guests had revived one by one. A recording machine, in case you don't know actors, is in the nature of a postman's holiday. All day movie stars sing or talk into a mike at the studio, so home they come at night and sing and talk into a mike again. Then it's called fun. If Fieldsie is operating the "mixer" correctly you can "play back" on the machine and hear a recording of what you said or sang. You heard Clark sing "The Horse with the Lonely Eyes" in "Saratoga" but you haven't heard anything until you hear him sing "Arizona Cowboy Joe" which he sings gustily to its lusty end, and then with a little encouragement will start all over again.

Carole then favored with a recording of "Swing High, Swing Low" with "Arizona Cowboy Joe" coming in as a refrain, and the blending, or rather the non-blending of those two songs, as rendered by Lombard and Gable would drive a music lover to drink. And in my quiet way I am a music lover. As a request number our host, Walter Lang, contributed "All I Want Is To Be Called Baby Doll" which is the first song he ever sang in amateur theatricals when he was a kid in knee pants with a voice that was changing. Then of course everybody had to follow with a couple of verses of "On the Good Ship Lollypop," though it wasn't nearly so good as Joan Blondell's impersonation of Shirley Temple in "Stand-In." Under pressure Claudette came through with a recording of the little Russian number she sings in "Tovarich!"

with Clark strumming away on a tennis racket and I am sure that it would have been quite lovely and thrown us into a Russian mood and we'd have jumped off the cliff in the back of the house except that the record showed a none too faint trace of "Arizona Cowboy Joe."

With six years in Hollywood chalking up against me I have seen actors come and go. I have seen them come into the studios sweet, gentle, big-eyed creatures, so eager to do what's right and please everybody, including me. Perfect little gentlemen. Then

Moonlight is so perfectly simulated by studio electricians, that a romantic team like Betty Grable and Leif Erickson readily capture the required mood.

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SCREENLAND
one tiny bit of success, one good picture, and they suddenly become condescending, insolent, arrogant lords of creation. But no amount of success—and he has had the most of any male star—has ever affected Clark in the least. Hollywood swank means nothing to him. He has a big movie star's car but it sits in the garage until the battery goes dead because he prefers to drive about in the remodeled flyer that Carole gave him for a birthday present, or his station wagon—he loves his station wagon (with a big PRESS on the windshield) because he can dump all sizes of guns and things in it and hitch on his horse trailer. He and Carole drove down to the Pomona Fair one day recently in the station wagon, stopped on the side of the road and spread a basket lunch, and then took in the Fair, everything from the jelly booth to the livestock.

Rather than attend a smart cocktail party where he is sure to be lionized and oh-ed and ah-ed over by the most beautiful females in Hollywood, Clark had rather pile things into the station wagon, including Carole, and drive out to the Valley where they can go sket shooting—and boy, when Gabby pops a clay pigeon the pigeon is popped. Carole doesn't exactly knock them either—though the first time she started shooting at them the gun fairly knocked her chin off. Carole fuses over that gun now more than most women do over their hair.

Instead of a dinner at the Tropicadero Clark much prefers a good juicy hamburger at a drive-in—or a hearty he-man meal at the Brown Derby. He has a great habit of ordering two eggs "one of them good" which always gets a surprised look and then a giggle from the waitress. When the eggs arrive he will ask, "Which is the good one?" and the waitress will be a little shocked and then break up completely in laughter. On nights when the movie colony is dressed to its teeth in ermine and white tie for a formal opening at the Carthay Circle, you can be sure that Carole and Clark, in old sweaters and slacks, will be catching up on their back movies at the Drive-In Theatre on Pico Boulevard. He usually avoids all social affairs but every now and then one catches up with him. At a recent dinner party in Beverly Hills he was suddenly "discovered" by a hostess who found him sometime later in the backyard lassoing pots and pans from the kitchen with the clothesline. Carole was seated on the back fence keeping score for him on the side of the garage. If you want to make him delightfully happy give him a paint brush and let him paint your house—or let him sing "Arizona Cowboy Joe."
Blondes prefer black velvet, at least
Muriel Hutchison seems to.

my first screen role. It was a lead in the most expensive British picture to date, and they'd tested a hundred and fifty actresses. I'd never been inside a studio. I knew no camera technique. But I wanted that chance to show what I could do. Oh, I wasn't cocky. I really didn't see how I could make a better test than all the rest of them. But I tramped on this thought. Why shouldn't I be as good a bet? Why couldn't I be developed by the studio as others had been? When I'd waded into their make-up and walked before their cameras I simply acted for all I was worth—and was chosen!

She paused for a moment. "Here is another secret of mine. It isn't bizarre, as you may have hoped. Girls can't take it like a pill. Yet if it's followed success will come inevitably. I have never deviated. I have had a one-track mind!"

I objected to that. By comparison to most Hollywood women she is mentally cosmopolitan.

"It may not be quite so one-track now," she amended. "But for a long while I had absolutely no other goal outside of acting success, believe me. I am not super-human by any stretch of the imagination. So I concentrated. Honestly, this has been so essential to me. I've many friends who are much more versatile. I know people who can paint, who can play the piano exquisitely, who are brilliant conversationalists. At the same time they can be past masters at entertaining. I envy them. But not too much, for I know that I myself could never have climbed as an actress if I had tried to excel in everything. I am impressed with them, but not disastrously. I've never tried to shine except in my special field.

"But what," I asked, "of your secrets for charm—and about love?"

She toyed with her demi-tasse.

"The quickest way to attract a man is to put on a pleasant expression. A man will automatically like you. When I went to London it was then the vogue among the debutantes to appear utterly blase, to wear a condescension indifferent face. I had no such background as theirs as a magnet, so I fell back upon the three-word recipe my mother had given me: charm is graciousness.

"Incidentally, don't allow the lack of a college education to worry you. As a matter of fact, I hardly recall a thing I learned in college. What it did for me, however, was bless me with sufficient confidence for meeting people. I'm not embarrassed. For ten minutes, at least, I can hold my own on a fairly decent range of topics! But the girl who's going to be

Let me ask you a perfectly frank question. What results to do you expect from your way of skin cleansing, and do you get them?

First, you expect a clear, fresh skin, don't you? If your skin seems to have a dingy cast, or if blackheads grow in the corners of your skin, your cleansing method has simply failed to remove dirt hidden in your pores.

Then too, you'd like to have a soft skin. But how does your face feel when you smile or talk? Does it seem dry; does it feel a little tight? If it does then your treatment is not re-supplying your skin with essential oils that help give it a soft, baby-like texture.

And of course you want a smooth skin. But if, when you pass your fingertips over your face, you feel tiny little bumps, then you cannot say your skin is smooth. Those little bumps often come from specks of waxy dirt which your cleansing method has failed to dislodge from your pores.

So let's be honest with ourselves. If you are not getting the results you pay your good money to get, then your skin treatment is not lucky for you.

How a Penetrating Cream Works

Women who use Lady Esther Face Cream are amazed at the improvement in their skin, even after a few applications. That's because this cream penetrates the dirt that clogs the pores.

Lady Esther Face Cream loosens blackheads, floats out the stubborn dirt that laughs at your surface cleanser.

At the same time, this cream re-supplies your skin with a fine oil to help keep it soft and smooth.

Try, Don't Buy

I do not want you to buy my cream to prove what I say. I want you to see what it will do for your skin, at my expense. So I simply ask that you let me send you a trial supply of my Face Cream free and postpaid. I want you to see and feel—at my expense—how your complexion responds to this new kind of penetrating cream.

I'll also send you all ten shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free, so you can see which is your most flattering color—see how Lady Esther Face Cream and Face Powder work together to give you perfect skin smoothness. Mail me the coupon today.

*(You can paste this on a penny postcard)*

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

Please send me by return mail your seven-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream; also ten shades of your Face Powder.

Name__________________________

Address__________________________

City__________________________State__________________________

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

SCREENLAND 77
Gloria Holden plays dramatic roles in both films and radio.

smart can acquire such poise by reading and reasoning. After all, the books that universities use are available in public libraries and you must study people themselves to learn how to hold their interest. My secret? Why, just discuss what he wants to discuss. I don’t chitter on like a parrot. I take my cue from the man. This doesn’t require stupendous effort, obviously! But there’s a minor trick, while we’re on this angle. Women should talk to their husbands about their husband’s business affairs! Don’t be a klutiz, nor a nag. But don’t be a dummy. Men want diversion and they want companionship, also. If you don’t give them both they have reason for complaining. On the continent the women seem closer to their men than American wives, for there they become genuine pals by talking about the conditions which affect him. Read the financial pages to do. Of course,” she chuckled, “there’s a time for everything. When I’m dancing to a heavenly orchestra I don’t murmur, “I see that steel took a drop today”.

“And so what,” I probed then, “about a smart girl and love?”

“She won’t worry about it. She won’t go out looking for love. She won’t pay any attention to it until it gives her love—so strongly that there’s no doubt but what he’s the one man. She’ll make the most of herself first, and then she’ll have the experience in living with men and women that will enable her to make him happy. I’d no intention of being anything but a career woman until I was persuaded otherwise by my husband. I’m glad I was that way, that I wasn’t sidetracked.”

“Never be jealous of the one you love. Treasure him so highly that you’ll make the adjustments which are the basis of mutual content.

“Don’t be overly-independent just because you can climb, or instance, I turn over all my picture salary to my husband. He invests it for me. I wouldn’t think of being so absurd as to say, ‘I must manage my own affairs.’

“I find life thrilling because I refused to have my life otherwise. This is why I don’t agree with those old pessimists who tell girls aspire with marvelous dreams that ‘Such things are not for the likes of you’! I can’t agree to that at all, for I found out they’re the type who just lacked the push to go get what they yearned for. I felt there must be so much for me around the corner and—” she waved gayly at Captain Phillip Astley who’d arrived to fetch his famous wife—“well, it’s great around on this side!”
Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of the aching, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisons waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give back relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood.

Get Dean's Pills.

PILES DON'T BE CUT

Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

For pile sufferers, we have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Sarge's Pile Tablets and you will have the day you are. Write to the E. R. Peake Company, Dept., S20-C5, Marshall, Mich. or Toronto, Ont.

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

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

BACHELOR OF MUSIC

4155-Y South Van Ness

Los Angeles, Calif.

STOP! ITCHING

TORTURE This Quick Way

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, those annoying scales, rash and other internally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Krepelka and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching.

Ask for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

“IN FAST COMPANY”

That's the tempting title of a feature which will appear in the next, the February issue, and it also seems to us to apply to the February number as a whole! The story itself holds its own in the fast company of other fine features in this issue; and its idea, to show how the mercurial young performers of Hollywood hold their own in the race for top film importance against the terrific competition of the already established stars, has a freshness and originality as appealing as these youngsters themselves—fast-rising players such as Dorothy Lamour, Olivia de Havilland, Kenney Baker.

and the public to forget how valuable those lovely feet and legs had been at the box-office. She won't want you to bring it up!

Ask her about her dogs or the price of fresh vegetables. Ask her about Lynn Fontanne. But never, never mention a black face teddy. Why, you never heard of such a thing—now did you?

Gene Raymond is sensitive about his blood hair and it seems to me, now that I think of it, that it doesn't look quite as blond as it did when first met him. But he will glow with an engaging, boyish pride if you ask him about the songs he is always composing. Mention his excellent work in some picture and he will view you with suspicion. He doesn't quite believe that you mean it and it is just as well to let that sort of comment go, whether you do mean it or not. But he does like to talk about his songs. And—this is important—Gene is one of those rare actors who actually likes to be asked for autographs.

Or, perhaps I should say that he is one of those still more rare actors who will admit that he likes it.

If you meet Barbara Stanwyck, ask her, by all means, about her little boy and her stables. But—please—mention that the child is adopted or ask her, on any account, whether she is afraid of horses. I'll tell you why.

Several years ago Barbara, who had always been afraid of horses, was thrown from one and suffered an injury to her back which she feared would cripple her permanently. But while she was convalescing she became interested in a home for crippled children and she would tell you, if she didn't hate to talk about it, that the courage of those tots was the thing which inspired her to get a real grip on herself, to be determined that she would not only recover but that she would never be afraid of anything again—not even horses.

She adopted a little boy. “It takes a child to teach you what bravery really is,” she said, the first picture for which she signed after she was well again required her to ride a horse. “I had to take that part. I couldn't have gone home to my small son and told him that I was afraid.”

She made, as you know, a magnificent comeback in pictures. She is successful. She is happy.

She owns a stable now and she rides every day.

You see, the child is a symbol to her and so, in their way, are the horses. But you can understand why she'd rather not talk about the significance of them—any more.

Then he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," and when you ask me how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other man would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can have this book: you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice.

Send only 15¢ for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper.

PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 86-A, St. Louis, Mo.
Pirate Gold
Continued from page 31

**Fictionalization of THE BUCCANEER**

A Paramount Picture
Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan based on an adaptation by Jean MacPherson of "La Jitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon.

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

**THE CAST**
Jean Lafitte.........Fredric March
Gretchen...........Franchka Gaal
Dominique...........Aline Tamirotto
Annette.............Margot Grahame
Eva Peavy...........Walter Brennan
Beliche...............Anthony Quinn
Crawford...........Ian Keith
Governor Claiborne...Douglas Dumbrille
Grandy..............Earle Williams, Sr.
Captain Brown.......Robert Barrat
Andrew Jackson.......Hugh Sothern

Copyright 1937 by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

taken from a Spanish ship and sold now to this man who knew it was stolen. But it was of other things that they thought. Crawford of that dangerous alliance of his with the enemy and of the talk he had had with the British Admiral Cockburn when he had advised him to buy Lafitte's support. And Lafitte's brown eyes fixed on the other so carelessly and knowing that never could he court a Senator with his twitching dark face and his eyes that seemed unable to meet another's glance.

But later he forgot Crawford and the strange forbidding that had come to them as he talked. For Annette had slipped away from her aunt in the pirate's market. While it was stormy in the little place near the bayou where she had met Lafitte, so often before, under the old oak with the moss hanging from its gnarled branches as her own tears hung on her heart.

"Annette," even here in his arms she was frightened of the strange love she bore him. Even here with his voice making a caress of her name. She was softer than sunbeams dancing on silk and your eyes are deeper than the Devon springs, "You, Annette." He said.

"Jean, I was in terror that I wouldn't see you and in terror that I would," her voice broke somewhere between a tear and a laugh. "What are we going to do?"

"You marry me and I'll marry you," his words came so eagerly.

"And I suppose you'd print the wedding invitation on the back of Governor Claiborne's reward for you dead or alive?" she laughed.

"My love," his arms tightened about her. You can have the Governor's ears for a wedding present.

"Wont you ever be serious?" she sighed.

"We can hide behind bushes and trees all our lives. I want you to be able to come to my house like other men who are more honored. Can't you understand? I want to be proud of my love. There's nothing in your life that I can share."

"I have wealth." Her head lifted. "I have Barataria."

"Baratet is the word for cheap." And an edge of disdain crept into her voice.

"It's a kingdom with a thousand men and ships that sail the Caribbean and the Gulf. For the first time he felt the need for pride with her. "I can give you anything."

"But self-respect." Her words came quickly, tearing at the pride in his voice.

"You can give me that, my sweet." It's arms reached out for her and held her.

"Your love will bring me that!"

"Even if it brings me shame?"

"Annette. I'll pack the moon from Heaven for you..."

But he could not quite reach her.

"Francois Villon said that first, Jean."

And she tried to laugh.

"Well, then you must have loved a woman as I love you," he protested.

"And I want to lose that love." She pulled herself out of his arms, pulling peace and contentment with her. "That's why I won't see you again after this."

"Until I'm respectable?" His lightness closed over the old fear. "I know you love it, but it's too late for me to change."

The law puts a price on my head. What can I do but fight?"

"You can give up this terrible life," she said slowly.

"Oh, no!" His laugh came edged with bitterness. "The law won't forgive me because I want to be good, or because I want to marry a lovely girl and live honestly. It makes a criminal pay for his crime and that's right and just, but it gives a pirate short shrift."

"You've done the impossible a thousand times," she whispered. "You can do it once again, for me."

Well-groomed "Buccaneer" Fredric March and a fellow pirate.
He thought of that as his ship turned her prow toward the Caribbean. And he thought of it again when they sighted the ship flying the Skull and Cross Bones that was pulling away from the burning boat flying the American Flag.

"Get on deck!" he thundered to his men.

The little Gretchen held to her courage as she cowered under the tarpaulin one of the pirates had thrown over her, and her dog whimpered in her arms. She had seen men and women and children die that day and her tears came softly for the lovely Marie de Remy and her young husband who had clung to each other so desperately in that last moment of living.

But she was to see more before that day was over. In spite of all her resolve she could not help that sudden trembling when the grim-mouthed captain of the pirate's ship discovered her.

"You come this way, lass," he said gruffly.

"Where?" she asked and her lips trembled.

"Where?" Brown nodded toward the rail. "That plank will take you quick to Heaven, lass. I've never had any complaints against it, have I?"

She tried to walk steadily and proudly but in the end her knees bent under her and she swayed a little as she fell and so she crawled to the end of the plank and only that one cry came at the end. Then there was a stir in the water beside her as her dog jumped in after her, barking as he swam toward her and it was the bark that Jean Lafitte heard and that guided his boat toward her.

Lafitte took command then, seated at the long table in the cabin. Nothing from the burned Corinthian was to be sold, though even now his trusted man Dominique was pulling at the spoils in Marie de Remy's trunk and Gretchen was to be kept a prisoner. They could not let her go, she who was the only living witness to the Corinthian's doom.

She looked so like a child that day she came with them to Barataria with a pirate's cape slung over her prim little Dutch dress and her dog barking at her heels that Lafitte's light lifted at the sight of her.

"And how are you to-day?" he called to her.

"I am very well, Mister Captain." She swept him a half-courteous. "But these men, they say I give them hemp fever."

"Did you hear that?" Lafitte laughed over his shoulder to Dominique walking behind him and the man joined in the laughter.

"A gentleman does not laugh at a lady," Gretchen said primly.

"Dominique, she says you're not a gentleman!" Lafitte roared.

"No, I say it to you!" Gretchen's eyes flashed. "Your rings tell me. One ring, it is a gentleman. Two rings, it is a vain and foolish man."

But after that there was only one ring on his finger and later that day, seated at his table with his pet cockatoo on his shoulder, he went for her.

Her eyes passed over the room scornfully, over the spoils—from many countries, over the plunder from many ships.

"A gentleman's home?" Her eyes lifted.

"No wonder the fine people of New Orleans, they laugh at you."

"They laugh at me?" he stopped appalled and his quick frown came. "How do you know? Were you ever inside their homes?"

"Yes." The word came defiantly. "I worked there."

"And they laughed at me?" He looked at her long and hard, "It's laughter, that puts nails in coffins. You've scrubbed their floors but your eyes are not clever enough to see them and tell me. All right, since you're such a monument of judgment, you can stay here and make yourself useful."

It was silly to be so angry at this girl scarcely more than a child, but it gave Lafitte a strange unreasoning joy to see her scrubbing his floors as Negro servants had done before. Then came the day when the British Admiral came to Barataria and made him a fabulous offer for his men and ships to fight on England's side. But this time he understood the exultation that came as he refused it.

He went to New Orleans then and offered his services to Governor Claiborne and when they were accepted he went to Annette. Went to her as he had never gone before, to the house she lived in and with pride in his heart.

"I'm respectable." His words came almost in a shout. "They've accepted my offer to save New Orleans. Lafitte, Claiborne, Andrew Jackson, those names will live in history. I'm on the way to the tail-gate now. If I give them two hundred men it'll be a captain's uniform. Five hundred, I'm a Colonel. One thousand, it's a General's epaulettes. The Governor thanked me for my loyalty. Kiss me!"
"Oh Jean, you're just an adorable idiot," she whispered.

"Respectability!" Lafitte's eyes shone. "It's really not a bad feeling."

There were wings on his feet as he walked away holding the miniature Annette gave him so happily. Wings in his heart too and that new feeling of honor so strong in him that he could laugh even at Gretchen as she held his new flag so proudly.

"I make it for you. A present," she exulted. "Fifteen stars and fourteen stripes and every star and stripe is a state."

"Thank you, funny one." His eyes softened as he took it from her. "It's splendid. It will make us think of you when we get you home to—what's the terrible name of that place?"

"Dorpsijkyn and Zuider Zee," her face fell. "But that is not my home any more. I will stay here." "But we're going into battle," he protested. "Women don't know anything about fighting."

"Ha, you don't know anything about women," she said defiantly. "Why do you want me to go back to Holland?"

"You can't be seen here and you can't be found in New Orleans," he said shortly.

For the first time Gretchen saw the miniature on the table before him and her eyes clouded, "Who is that?" she asked.

"A lovely lady who lives in New Orleans." Strange how even Annette's pictured smile could bring that ecstasy.

"Oh." He saw the little pulse beat in her throat, the shadow close over her smile. "That is why you want me to go home?"

"You're a little fool, aren't you?" He laughed indulgently. "You'll meet the Dutch ship at the mouth of the river. I'll give you plenty of money and—"

"Her hair is very pretty too." Somehow it didn't sound like Gretchen's voice with all the eagerness gone out of it. "I will go."

But even as they stood there looking at each other, even as he saw for the first time that she was not the child he had always thought her they heard the sound of cannon and after that there was no more talk about Gretchen or Holland or even Annette. For the ships that were firing on them were American and Lafitte's heart was heavy within him as he gave the orders that no man should return the fire. He had offered everything he had to America and this was America's answer.

For he could not know it was the treacherous Senator Crawford who was behind it all and who wanting Lafitte's support for the British had convinced the Governor that the pirate chief was not acting in good faith.

Afterward, after he had counted the dead among them and his heart had twisted to find Gretchen's little dog one of those dead and he had seen the living among them marched on the ships and Barataria in flames, he saw he was not quite alone after all. Gretchen was there talking quietly beside him as he stumbled toward the swamps and her eyes were as bewildered as his own.

"Maybe you sleep a little now," she said at last. "The stars are out."

"Not for those men lying in the sand back there," his voice was hard. "Not for the ones they've taken prisoners. They'll hang every man they caught to-day. A one day's trial in New Orleans and four feet of rope."

"What those ships did to your men is only what you have done to other people."

"There, she had had the courage to say that. "I told you it would be the Corinthian. When the people fought they were cut down by swords. They were thrown into the water. They."

"Those were never my orders," he said slowly. "But I am to blame for every man dead at Barataria, and somebody's going to pay for that."

He knew then what he must do if ever there was to be peace for him again in all the world. And he did it, going straight to Andrew Jackson himself and knowing when he looked at that stern face that here was a man he could trust at last.

And Jackson too, knowing this man with a grim face had twenty thousand men at his feet to put away the gun he was holding to the pirate's back as he talked to him.

So the thing Lafitte wanted came true at last and his men came back to him from their prison and like him they were wearing the uniform of the American Army and like him they fought at the Battle of New Orleans.

Gretchen too, in the uniform so much too big for her and trying to keep out of Lafitte's way for he did not know she had followed him even in battle. But he saw her and his arm grasped hers furiously.

"What in Heaven's name are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I'm—" she whispered. "I'm powder monkey," and she whispered as a shell burst near them. "If this is what you like more than you do me you're a fool!" she spattered.

After the battle there was no more talk of hanging pirates in New Orleans but instead the great keel was given in honor of Lafitte whose men had played such a big part in saving the city. And though no one had thought to invite Gretchen, she went just the same in the clothes and jewels that Dominique gave her, the clothes that he had taken from the trunk of the lady who had once been Marie de Remy. But Dominique loved Gretchen and so he could understand when she said so tearfully, "I must go to the Victory Ball."

But for all the glory and for all the jewels that sparkled at her throat and wrists she saw that Lafitte had eyes for no one but Annette looking up at him with that new, proud happiness in her eyes.

It was more than Gretchen could endure, seeing them together like this. And with her smile twisted she went up to them and it was then Annette saw that the girl was wearing a gown that had been her sister's and that her mother's miniature sparkled at her throat.

Gretchen stood white-faced as the dancers swarmed around questioning her.

What happened to the Corinthian? After all, it had been a month or two of hearing anything from one among those who had sailed, was this the answer at last, this dress, this miniature worn by a girl allied to those pirates?

And Lafitte standing there so still as he said at last, "Gentlemen, the Corinthian was sunk and every soul on board, but one. His name was—"

They would have hung him then if it had not been for Andrew Jackson.

Gretchen said proudly. "People did come grimmly. "He shall have an hour's start."

An hour's start. Lafitte looked up then. In an hour he could get away from all of them, away to his place that he knew where a ship was waiting. But first he went to Annette and his face tightened as she looked away from him. And even then with the pain she felt in his heart he knew somehow that he had never been real, the love she had given him. It had been bright and lovely like a star but like a star it had never really been within him and knowing somehow made it easier as he gave her that small half bow and left.

The nightwind pulled at the sails as he felt the deck of the boat dip and he heard the creak of ropes as men pulled at the riggings. Dominique came to him then.

"What flag we break out, Boss?" he asked.

"We have no flag," Lafitte gazed out to sea. "Steer the course, Dominique, straight to the coast of Mexico."

He turned as a hand tagged at his sleeve and something hard and defiant broke in as he saw Gretchen standing there, in a little Dutch dress that made her look so much almost a child.

"You shouldn't have come here," he said stiffly. But all Annette's love in her face seemed to say, "Go where my boss goes. You will need a powder monkey."

This deck under our feet is our only country," he said. "And on some port, sooner or later will be the bottom of the sea."

She touched his hand then, and nodded. "I be there too," she whispered. "With you, Boss."

She smiled then and suddenly the hurt was gone and with it the bitterness went too. This girl was real, this dream had substance. And he forgot how distant stars could be, and lost and how fragile, as his smile came to answer her own.
Evening in Paris

"Every Lady Likes Beauty with a French Accent"

Take the advice of le Père Noël, the Santa Claus of France, if you would win most fervent feminine thanks for your gifts... Give beauty, as every lady loves it best... with a French accent... Give Evening in Paris Christmas Sets. By getting them for every lady on your list, you can do all the feminine part of your Christmas shopping right at one counter, saving hours of time and much wear and tear on you... Thirty-one sets, $1.10 to $25.00

At your favorite
drug or department store

Evening in Paris Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Talcum Powder, Single Loose Powder Vanity and Lipstick in satin-lined chest... $10.00

Evening in Paris Perfume in a handsome bottle with its own atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum Powder and Single Loose Powder Vanity. $4.00

Evening in Paris Perfume in the popular, good-looking, leak-proof pewter Bacon, Face Powder, Talcum Powder and Rouge. $2.95

Evening in Paris Perfume beautifully boxed. From $1.25 to $3.50

Evening in Paris Perfume in luxurious, satin-lined box. $10.00

De luxe package of Evening in Paris Perfume board in glittering silver with romantic Paris scenes. $1.10

Evening in Paris Perfume in a handsome, new, special-size bottle with its own efficient, durable atomizer. $1.75

Evening in Paris

BOURJOS
How Joan Crawford Keeps Glamorous

What's Behind the MacDONALD-EDDY "FEUD"?
How healthful Double Mint Gum makes you **Doubly Lovely**

To be lovely, charming, attractive to both men and women you must look well and dress well. Now Double Mint helps you to do both. Helps make you doubly lovely.

**Look Well**

Discriminating women who choose becoming clothes, naturally chew Double Mint Gum... Every moment you enjoy this delicious gum you beautify your lips, mouth and teeth. Beauty specialists recommend this satisfying non-fattening confection. It gently exercises and firms your facial muscles in Nature's way... Millions of women chew Double Mint Gum daily as a smart, modern beauty aid as well as for the pleasure derived from its refreshing, double-lasting mint-flavor. Be lovely the Double Mint way. Buy several packages today.

**Dress Well**

Style, what you wear is important. Double Mint Gum asked one of the greatest designers in the world, Elizabeth Hawes, New York, to create for you the smart, becoming dress that you see on this page. It is easy to make. Double Mint has even had Simplicity Patterns put it into a pattern for you. It's the sort of dress that brings invitations along with the admiration of your friends. So that you may see how attractive it looks on, it is modeled for you by Hollywood's lovely star, Joan Bennett.

> Thus you see how Double Mint Gum makes you doubly lovely. It gives you added charm, sweet breath, beautiful lips, mouth and teeth. It keeps your facial muscles in condition and enhances the loveliness of your face and smile. Enjoy it daily.

**Joan Bennett** — beautiful Hollywood star now appearing in "I Met My Love Again," a Walter Wanger production — modeling Double Mint dress... designed by **Elizabeth Hawes**

**Simplicity Pattern**

at any Simplicity Dealer
There are millions who tread the lonely path; who have never known, and perhaps never will know, the sweet-ness of love; the tonic of good companions; the warmth of true friendship. You see them in little tearooms, hungering for a dinner partner; sunk in movie chairs drinking in the romance which they cannot share; alone in friendless bedrooms, groping for gaiety through a kindly radio. All have stood at some time, perhaps, on the threshold of happiness only to find the door suddenly closed.

Is it worth the risk?

Of all the faults that damn you with others, halitosis (bad breath) ranks first. It is unforgivable because it is in-excusable. Curiously enough, no one is exempt; everybody offends at some time or other, usually due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. All you need do to stop this, is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Among mouth deodorants, it is outstanding because of its quick germi-cidal action. No imitation can offer its refreshing effect... its pleasant taste... its complete safety. To fastidious people who want other people to like them, Listerine is indispensable. Never guess about your breath; use Listerine Antiseptic morning and night, and between times before meeting others.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

TOOTH POWDER IN A TUBE!
Who ever heard of such a thing?

That's what Listerine Tooth Paste really is—fine dental powders "creamed" into a paste. You get the cleansing power of powder in the convenient form of dental cream. It's easy to put on the brush... no waste... no mess.

And how it makes your teeth gleam! Delicate cleansers and high-lustre polishing agents quickly re-move dingy film from your teeth and restore their natural, dazzling brilliance. Listerine Tooth Paste is available at all drug counters. Get a tube today.
Have You A Trauma?

Everybody's got a trauma. Particularly in Hollywood. So don't be afraid to admit that you have one, when every star in screenland has admitted it and, what's more, tells all about it in a feature story in our next issue.

Want to know what Edgar Bergen is most afraid of? Read the story. Shirley Temple, Mae West, Simone Simon—they're all frightened of something; but what? You'll enjoy reading our feature in the next issue to find out.

That next issue—March, on sale February 4—will have a most unusual program, but we want most of it to be a surprise so we're not telling you what is coming right now. Just enough so that you'll look forward to a feast of features sensational and romantic, "inside" and amusing, with all of your favorite stars represented both in fact and in photographs. Don't miss the next, the March issue of The Smart Screen Magazine.

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Cover Portrait of Joan Crawford by Marland Stone

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MEMORIAL AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.
Printed in the U. S. A.
Through the doors of that workshop ceaselessly flowed girls, girls, girls... each with a dream and a hope beyond reaching. Here is one shopgirl who lives a drama so amazing, so rich in deluxe living, that it will fascinate and excite you. And Jessie might have been you, or you, or you!

This is Jessie—a shopgirl—just like millions of others... "Some day I'll wear ermine," she said.

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Jessie tells to keep their "three-room heaven... while Eddie gambles— with their love at stake!"

**Shopgirl's Millions**

JOAN CRAWFORD

SPENCER TRACY

in

**Mannequin**

WITH

ALAN CURTIS • RALPH MORGAN

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Screenplay by Lawrence Hazard

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
CAROLE LOMBARD has been acclaimed for beauty, for glamor, for style-sense. But she has never received the applause she so definitely deserves for her rare flair for comedy. Carole is the one stellar girl on our screens who deliberately deserts all glamor rules in the cause of comic effect: she never hesitates to blind us to her beauty to gain the necessary gusto. Sometimes Lombard ceases to be a beauty when she goes after laughs; at times in “True Confession” she is far from breathtaking; but she is always gay, always charming, unfailingly funny when she wants to be. What’s more, in “True Confession” she achieves a real characterization, amazingly believable, of a lovable but rattle-brained wife mixed up in a murder. We hail Carole Lombard as the best troupers among Hollywood beauties.
GENTLEMEN obviously prefer...

A BLONDE?  A BRUNETTE?

SURE, if she is
MAE WEST
in
"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"

A Paramount Picture with
EDMUND LOWE
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
CHARLES WINNINGER
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"Every Day's a Holiday" all right when you can see the one and only Mae West herself in a roaring comedy-romance-with-music set in the hall and hearty days of New York's Gay 90's—a gala and glittering picture featuring the antics of five of the greatest screen comics of our time...a picture with the dash of Mae's Schiaparelli gowns—it'll have your boy-friend in hystericis and you in a gale of giggles.
**Screenland's Crossword Puzzle**

By Alma Talley

---

**ACROSS**
1. New Western star, in 'Western Gold'
2. Epoch
3. He's married to Ann Soothern
4. Co-star, "It's Love I'm After"
5. Morning prayer
6. "Knight Without -----" with Dietrich
7. A continent (abbrev.)
8. French article
9. Large grass plot
10. Persia
11. Viper
12. "What talcum powder is made of"
13. Paddle
14. Lair
15. Common bird
16. "Her new one is "Angel"
17. Art of sea
18. "Bird of prey"
19. "Upward"
20. "Swede comic in movies"
21. "What you see with"
22. "Back"
23. Greek letter
24. Island
25. To make lace
26. "He plays Flugelhorn in "Music For Madame"
27. Female relative
28. He's feared in "Souls At Sea"
29. "Double — Nothing," with Bing Crosby
30. Regulated the pitch (of piano)

**DOWN**
1. "Strock"
2. One of "Little Women"
3. "Froze a cake"
4. "Spell, enchantment"
5. "That man"
6. Dancing star, "Broadway Melody of 1938"
7. "Decay"
8. "His new one is "A Damned In Distress"
9. "One"
10. Co-star of "Seventh Heaven"
11. Rip
12. Month of the year (abbrev.)
13. "Restraints"
14. "Dry"
15. To break off
16. "Ex-movie star now Mrs. Rex Bell"
17. To make a mistake
18. "He's co-starred in "Exclusively"
19. Co-star of "The Prisoner of Zenda"
20. "A co-star of "Seventh Heaven"
21. Tested (as gold)
22. Part of the leg
23. "He's married to Ruby Keeler"
24. "She's featured in "Footloose"
25. "Foolproof Heiress"
26. "Which person"
27. "To knock"
28. "Monkey"

---

**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

---

**Why do XXXs signify kisses?**

---

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Salutes and Snubs

YOUNG, WINNING AND ABLE

For the kind of acting ability that makes pictures more interesting things to see, I choose Robert Young, who makes the characters he plays seem real as well as engaging, and the stories more entertaining. Robert Young certainly has the ability to entitle him to the best opportunities Hollywood can give him.

Dorothy Mae Supansic, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE TOPS IN TEAMS

My salute goes to the most attractive and romantic screen sweethearts—Don Ameche and Alice Faye. In that delightful musical hit, "You Can't Have Everything," Don sings beautifully, looks breathtakingly handsome and romantic, and possesses a magnetism that reaches out beyond the screen.

Sonnie Monroe, Peoria, Ill.

MAKES 'EM COWBOY-CONSCIOUS

Grandma quoted "hoss operas." But that was before Gene Autry appeared in those grand action westerns. Gene's refreshing personality, his pleasing voice and masterful riding, all combine to make "hoss operas" not only bearable but downright thrilling for grandma—and for me, too.

Elizabeth Selfe, Corona, N. Y.

THE STAR BEHIND THE SCREEN

My favorite star of Hollywood is Walt Disney—and there should be more said of him in this department. It's a rare treat to see his Mickey Mouse comedies, especially after a week of just fair to middlin' pictures. Disney's rare ability in making us feel young and joyous over the whimsical impossibilities of Mickey and his fellow cartoon characters is just what we need as inspiration to a happier spirit and outlook on life.

Perry Shanks, Granite City, Ill.

WHAT THE SCREEN NEEDS IS—

More Technicolor pictures. The color photography makes pictures so much more vivid, glowing and human—and good box office, as witness "A Star Is Born," New faces! Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, and all the other established stars are swell—but who wants ice cream at 3 meals a day? And for goodness sake, somebody please tell Robert Taylor to stop looking so smug. He's very handsome, and we all know it, but must he be so smug as for instance in that scene at the piano in the train scene of "Broadway Melody of 1938"?

Jewell E. Dutton, Washington, D. C.

THAT CERTAIN GREAT ACTRESS

After seeing Bette Davis in her latest, "That Certain Woman," I must Salute that marvelous little actress. In this part Bette was so sincere in the scene where she gave Sable up, that I know those tears had to be real.

Louse Rogers, Indianapolis, Ind.

MORE ABOUT MARLENE!

What goes on here? Why not more talk about Marlene Dietrich in letters from the readers? They are writing as much about Marlene as they think they should. We can't let Glamor Girl No. 1 down, can we? And you've got to admit that Dietrich has done plenty toward giving us more excitement in "Desire," "Mabuhay," and other pictures.

Robert J. Creary, Indian Orchard, Mass.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING TO HOLLYWOOD!

Whatever you have to say—be it a Salute or a Snub—here's the place to say it. Your letters are welcome here, and the ideas they express are important to stars and producers as well as your fellow film-gazers. So send along your thoughts on pictures and picture people to this department—your own opinions of films recently seen, performances that were worthy of your applause, or those that could have been better; indeed, whatever is on your mind about Hollywood and its stars. Address letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
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SCREENLAND

11
Hibbard M. If I answer all the questions you ask about Claire Trevor it will be a case of "continued in our next"—however, here goes for a few. Born in New York City, March 8; educated in Larchmont public and high schools; also, American Academy of Dramatic Art. On the stage in "Whistling in the Dark"—"The Party's Over" signed a contract with Fox Films in 1933 and has been in pictures ever since. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall, blonde hair and blue eyes, weighs 112, loves living in Hollywood, is not married, and her most recent picture is "Big Town Girl."

Nash G. Of course Fredric March is a grand person, and just wait until you see him in "The Buccaneer." Let's hear from you again and you don't have to address me formally at all—I liked your letter.

A Sincere Fan. Alice Faye was born in New York City; began her career as a Chester Hale dancing girl. Gail Patrick was born in Birmingham, Alabama. She is 5 feet, 7 inches tall and can be addressed at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, California. Irene Dunne born in Louisville, Kentucky, is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, with dark brown hair and blue-gray eyes.

Constant Reader. Address Fernand Gravet, care Warner Bros. Studio, Burbank, California. He was born in Belgium. No, Ronald Colman is not married. Jean Hersholt plays the part of Adolph Krabler in "Heidi" which is Shirley Temple's current picture.

Daddy G. Yes, some of the stars really do autograph their photographs for their fans. You forgot to tell me what particular star's autograph you wanted, so I can't tell you to which studio to write. Why not write to me again? Always welcome!

Morton C. John King was a radio singer who was brought to California by Ben Bernie with his band from Cincinnati where he had been an air favorite for a long time. He was signed by Universal and first won applause for his rôle in "Three Smart Girls." After appearing in several pictures he was given the lead in "The Road Back." King's latest release is "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." Address him at Universal City, Calif.

M. K. F. The feminine players in "The Last Train From Madrid" were Dorothy Lamour, Karen Morley Helen Mack and Olympe Bradna.


Annette T. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Mass., November 15, 1879. She is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His first stage rôle was in a New York play entitled "Side-tracked." He played in several more Broadway productions, and his first work in Los Angeles was as leading man in the old Belasco Theatre, where he became the matinee idol of the West. His first screen rôle was in "Honors All," since then he has played many outstanding rôles for the leading producing companies. Yes, Mr. Stone is happily married.

Lela F. The leading characters in "The King of Kings" were as follows: H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, Jacqueline Logan, Ernest Torrence and Rudolph Schildkraut. It was produced in 1927. Sorry, but I can't identify the picture from your brief description, "Sweetie" was released in 1929. Aren't you interested in any of the recent pictures? And such swell ones for you to ask about!

Charlelie Mac. Another cowboy fan! Gene Autry was born in Tioga, Texas, September 29, 1907. Yes, he is married. Before appearing in pictures, he became popular on the radio, in fact his first broadcast was in 1928. Perhaps it would interest you to know that "Ridin' the Range" and "Cow-
For instance, John Holt, Lord Chief Justice of England. He rebelled at being a lawyer; an outdoor life lured him. He became a cowpuncher and a stunt rider; was starred in many Western pictures, and right now is as popular as ever. He has two children, a boy and a girl. No, David Holt is not his son. His son's name is John Holt, Jr. (screen name, Tim Holt), and his daughter's name is J. Bauer. It was Gloria Stuart who was the bandit's sweetheart in "Wanted, Jane Turner," an RKO production. Now here's about her. She has blonde hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, and weighs 118 pounds. She's married to Arthur Sheekman, scenario writer, and is a proud mama.

Mary H. Of course, I'm glad to answer your questions. The address of Jane Withers is 20th Century-Fox Films, Hollywood, California. Deanna Durbin can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Betty J. S. Constance Bennett played the feminine lead in "After Office Hours," and Clark Gable played the male lead. "The Unguarded Hour" was way, way back in 1925; to be exact, it was released in November of that year.

A. S. D. Oh my, but you do make me dig way back into the long ago! Irene Castle's pictures were made by Pathé; short subjects and serials in Universal released "Broadway" in which Evelyn Brent was starred.

West Chester. James Ellison Smith is Jimmie Ellison's real name. He was born in Valier, Montana, the 4th of May. His home is in Hollywood, and he is married to Grace Durkin.

Josephine C. "Ramona" was filmed way back in 1916 by W. H. Clune. In 1928, it was filmed by United Artists, Dolores Del Rio playing the leading role. The recent Technicolor production, starring Loretta Young as Ramona, by 20th Century-Fox, is one of the outstanding all-color pictures.

Maxine F. New York City is the birthplace of Philip Reed, and he is 29 years old. He was educated in Erasmus Hall High School, Brooklyn, and at Cornell University.
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**SREENEANL**

Lily Pons dazzlingly displayed, both in the visual and vocal planes. A belted costume with a lace overlay, the visual opening, was a delight. She is as good a singer as ever and the success is well deserved.

Jackie Cooper grows up, plays a youthful version of the type associated with Jimmy Cagney, and does a good job of it in a melodrama of the slums. Overman is on the squash of tenement districts and sentiment over the boy's admiration for his father are its fault in common with most such plays, but this one carries your interest right up to the climax and will delight Jackie's fans. It has punch.

Murder will out, and it does here, but not until you have had an abundant quota of thrills as John Barrymore, playing the diabolical Dr. Tindal, has cunningly planted the crime on the innocent Harvey Stephens. It's rather exciting melodrama with good work by Barrymore, Lynn Overman, Charles Bickford, Evelyn Brent and others to make an unpretentious production register as entirely satisfactory entertainment.

One of Rex Beach's best yarns returns to the screen and has the benefit of better than most photographic settings as it reveals the rugged Alaskan mining country about which this romance of an Army officer and a supposed half-breed Indian girl concerns itself. In an era of much comedy, something as earnest about itself as this is may be welcomed by you. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Leo Carrillo, fine.
Edward G. Robinson starring, so you're sure of a powerful and gripping performance. His play is a bit on the sombre side this time—that of a gangster jailed for a long term and living only to get out and kidnap his son, because he loves the boy, and also for revenge on the wife who married another man. Rose Stracher, new importation, is the wife, registers pleasantly. James Stewart also scores.

Fritzi's fascinations in this case are the people who perform it in a new co-starring role. For that top love-team of Loretta Young and Tyrone Power, Snu Erwin, Claire Trevor, J. Edward Bromberg and Lyle Talbot are present, so you see there's real talent here. And if Marjorie Weaver isn't the cutest trick of this and many months, at making a minor part mighty, then you name one. Highly diverting froth.

Yes, and look out for Anna Neagle—for she is an actress of much allure and many talents. But recently *Queen Victoria*, now she's a London gamin with a talent for dancing that makes her famous after a foreign diplomat fancies—very honorably, you understand—her training. With Tullio Carminati as the diplomat who falls in love with her, it's a fine starring combination this entertaining film offers.

Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, and the remainder of the distinguished cast who appear in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production "Tovarich" are typical of the group of artists who prefer this glamorous and romantic color created by Miss Arden.

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Hollywood bachelor girl entertains—a gay, informal visit at Beverly Roberts' charming apartment

By Betty Boone

Now she's a Hollywood heroine. But only three years ago, Beverly Roberts lived in Paris' Latin Quarter—and her new home reflects that gay informality. Left, our hostess. Below, at ease. See the teddy bears?

The reason Beverly Roberts chose her bachelor apartment is because it reminded her of the Latin Quarter in Paris, where she struggled and starved when she was very, very young. She's almost three years older now, but she doesn't look it.

The apartment is in a tall, narrow house, and consists of a room, bath, and kitchen at the top of a flight of narrow white stairs. There are five windows, each equipped with Venetian blinds but without drapes or curtains.

At one end of the room is a white fireplace, with half-doors at either side leading one to the dressing-room and bath, the other to the kitchen; at the other end is a wide day-bed heaped with cushions, occupied today with a family of gayly colored teddy bears.

"You see," explained my hostess, her brown eyes dancing, "Willie told me he had caught a bear for me while he was up north making 'Robin Hood.' He told me over the telephone and one of the company heard it and sent down the bear family so I could get used to the idea!" (Willie is William Keighley, director, Beverly's fiance.)

Her long blue hostess gown made her look taller, but it added to the impression she gives of a little girl playing at being grown-up. Her hair is soft and fair and curls on her neck. She's pleased that it's growing.

"You can see for yourself that we have no privacy," she pointed out, introducing the occupant of the pint-sized kitchen, whose name is Maudie and who is substantial and dark and sympathetic, with a gleaming smile. "The other night my company was shouting away—everyone seems to yell once they get here, somehow—and we could hear shrieks of mirth from Maudie whenever anything was said that tickled her. Maudie's like that—she weeps when I weep, and shrieks when I shriek!"

We sat down, Beverly in a chiffon-covered chair, I in a rust-colored one, the white coffee table between laden with tea and sandwiches.

"But when I serve dinner I use the com-
Cultivate Charm in your Hands
says
Joan Bennett
(Walter Wanger Studio)

"If a girl wants to play romantic parts in the pictures," says Joan Bennett, "she finds soft, smooth hands a great help. I think every girl should cultivate charm in her hands for the sake of her own real-life romance." It's easy to have charming hands—if you use Jergens regularly!

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Help guard against constipation. Use Olive Tablets. At all druggists, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

**FLASHERS from FILM TOWN**

THE current love situation: Gannor and Power are in full fling, with Starzynck and Taylor ecstatically reunited for the second chapter of their romance. Lombard and Gable continue to care in their own big way. The other day Carole, who even dons high boots to go duck hunting, had the entire "Food For Scandal" troupe in an uproar. One of those nutty death rumors had mysteriously popped up and it had been reported that Gable was suddenly dead. Rosalind Russell and James Stewart are teaming, but it really isn't a great affair. Eleanor Powell and Wayne Morris bill and wise date often, but with a determined glint in their respective eyes. Since Wayne discovered Eleanor, though, he no longer haunts the night clubs. With her he takes long drives and goes to neighborhood movies. His ex-flame, Dixie Dunbar, prefers Kenneth Howell. And so it goes.

**ALICE FAYE** loves Tony Martin more than ever since she's found that, at the age of eleven, he almost went to juvenile court because he insisted on tackling up election posters for a man he admired. The police didn't approve of the strategic sites Tony chose, "I think it illustrates his loyalty," Alice sighs. She doesn't mind it if he does collect traffic tickets for harrying, "He can't be perfect!" She wishes she had time to stay home and surprise him with potato pancakes, his pet dish. They contemplate such a delightful happening between "takes" on their current picture together. Anyway, Mr. Zanuck's presented them with a honeymoon tour of Europe and what could be better?

**UNA MERKEL** is sporting a gold daisy on her charm bracelet. It is a present from Carole Lombard. They did a picture together and were both on location at Lake Arrowhead. Mr. Gable dropped around often, to see Carole, naturally. Una's name in the film was Daisy.

**THE** is no connection, but Mary Carlisle has been getting these leads with Bing Crosby since Everett Crosby has been her agent. And now Mary goes places with Everett, who is getting a divorce from his non-professional wife, Bing, by the way, proved his loyalty to his brother Bob in a concrete fashion. When Bob's orchestra played at the Palomar, Hollywood's pet giant dancehall, Bing made several personal appearances and entertained magnificently.

**YOU** won't be seeing Elizabeth Bergner in an American production and here's why: Hollywood wants her, but not her director hus-band who has had full charge of her English films. Elizabeth can come on any time, but she won't work for any other director, and so she'll not be a threat after all. The Bergners' working set-up in London has always astonished the Hollywood girls. "Liz relies on husband Paul Crinner like Marlene used to depend on Von Sternberg. But Dietrich could function without closed sets, whereas Bergner can't. Or won't. "A nice system if you can get it," matters the local ladies.

**THERE** is nothing, vows Henry Fonda, more strange than the long arm of coincidence. (He ought to know, since he and his ex-wife Margaret Sullivan and her husband Leland Hayward are planning to produce plays together.) Henry didn't think of that coincidence, but rather of the one which placed him opposite Bette Davis in a picture. Bette had to remind him. Some years ago, when she was bent on turning actress, she went to the Cape Cod Playhouse to ask for a rôle. They had none for her, so she became an usherette for them. And who do you suppose was starring on those boards in "The Barker"? None other than Henry himself. Bette maintains, however, that she did not swear r'thyly. "That man's going to be my hero in Hollywood."
The embrace of lovers... their wild flight from an avenging law through the awesome beauty of a South Sea paradise... Perilous escape that reaches its climax as the roaring hurricane descends upon them in all its thundering fury!

In "The Hurricane" the authors of "Mutiny on the Bounty" have contributed another stirring tale of love and adventure. In cost of production, in the two years of effort, in the fond care with which it was produced, it proudly carries on the Samuel Goldwyn tradition... truly a must-be-seen picture.

Samuel Goldwyn has endowed "THE HURRICANE" with a magnificent cast of thousands, including Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Massey, John Carradine and Jerome Cowan. Directed by John Ford. From the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Screenplay by Dudley Nichols. Released thru United Artists.
THE NEW IDEA MUSICAL FROM HIT-MAKING 20TH CENTURY-FOX ... and it's got that New Year ummph!

Walter Ben
WINCHELL • BERNIE SIMONE SIMON
She sings! She sings!

in
LOVE AND HISSES

and LAUGHS AND KISSES! and MUSIC AND MISSES!

BERT LAHR • JOAN DAVIS
DICK BALDWIN
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET
RUTH TERRY • DOUGLAS FOWLEY

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
who directed "Sing, Baby, Sing"* "One In A Million"* "Thin Ice"* "Wake Up and Live"

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Screen Play by Curtis Kenyon and Art Arthur
From a story by Art Arthur

Seven hot-and-hissing songs including
GORDON & REVELS' LATEST HITS:
"Sweet Someone"
"Be A Good Sport"
"Broadway's Gone To Hawaii"
"I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column"

Darryl F. Zanuck, in charge of production and the maker of your biggest musical hits, gives you THE GREATEST 20TH CENTURY-FOX MUSICAL YET!
An Open Letter to Ann Sothern

DEAR ANNIE:

Now that's what's the matter with you. People like me can call you "Annie" and get away with it. This should not be.

You do not look in the least like an "Annie." And yet everybody who knows and likes you calls you that and you take it and like it, too. I wish you wouldn't. I wish you would spend more time looking in your own mirror and trying to realize that you are face to face with a genuine Glamor Girl.

I have a suspicion you don't like Glamor Girls and wouldn't want to be one. But you shouldn't be a Handy Annie, either. You are one of the most gorgeous and scintillating blondes in all Hollywood, but you don't live up to it. What's the latest in your life? Why, you're knitting, in your nice, comfy rocking chair. And you let 'em take pictures of you rockin' in your rockin' chair and knitting away like mad. What a waste. You give out story after story about your long-distance marriage to Roger Pryor, and how you miss each other, and it's all true; and you have home pictures of yourself with a mutt dog—a darned sweet mutt, too—when you are so definitely the wolfhound type for "pet art." And you have kept on playing Gene Raymond's sweetheart in picture after picture, until Gene, not you, decides to pack up his makeup kit and move to another studio where he can get a job playing some other part for a change. Seems to me Mr. Raymond could do a whole lot worse than playing in pictures opposite you; but no star seems to want to be teamed if he or she can help it; and Mr. Raymond apparently can help it, and is going to.

But what about you? Are you content to keep on making more or less indifferent movies and, between scenes, sittin' in your rockin' chair, rockin' and knittin'? No. I can't believe that you are content. I remember you scintillating in that gay picture with Francis Lederer, and I thought: "Ah, at last, Ann Sothern is going places." But the only place you went was back to RKO to make more Gene Raymond pictures. Can it be you are resigned to such a fate—or worse? Think what can happen on that lot. Ginger Rogers can become great—without Astaire, and Hepburn can come back; but they also make pictures with Milton Berle and Parkyakarkus; and if you're so sweet and amiable, one of these days they may come upon you sittin' and rockin' and knittin' and say, "Aw, come on, Annie—be a good sport and help us out, just this once." Don't let that happen.

Here you are, one of the really original lovelies in Hollywood; with a grand voice both for singing and speaking; and terrific talent, and a sense of humor—but maybe it's that sense of humor that stops you. Maybe you can't be bothered putting on the old act. If so, I honor you; but I wish that just once you would behave like a Glamor Girl, get that One Good Big Reel, and be a beeg success; then I would be satisfied, you would be set—and you could go right on rockin' and knittin'—but in some corner where the cameraman can't catch you.

Delight Evans
Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made movie box-office history beginning with their first film together, "Naughty Marietta"—shown in scene at right. Then they repeated their success with "Rose Marie," at left above on opposite page; and surpassed even their own triumphs with "Maytime." Their next film together will be "The Girl of the Golden West." Now read our timely exclusive story.

IT SEEMS I have been playing Rip Van Winkle again. I came to with a start the other day and discovered that for months now one of the biggest feuds in history has been raging right under my nose, and me much too interested in my little gnomes to realize it. I suppose, however, that it is true that "the family" is always "the last to know." It is always the wife who is the last to know about "the other woman," and the mother who is the last to know about Junior's drinking. So I suppose it is only holding with the tradition that we in Hollywood should be the last to know what everybody else in America seems to know already: namely, that two of the more illustrious members of our big happy family, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, are feuding like mad. I was a little miffed to have to find out about it from Canada, Colorado, Indiana and Texas. Are the manicurists in the Hollywood beauty shoppes slipping?

Judging from the letters written by the MacDonald-Eddy fans—who don't seem to be particularly inhibited—the feud has been going on ever since "Naughty Marietta," but it didn't become a real good conflagration until after "Maytime." In which picture, according to an Eddy fan who evidently went equipped with a stop-watch, Nelson only had nineteen minutes on the screen! A MacDonald fan intimated that that just might happen to be nineteen minutes too much! (What a chump I must have been sitting there enjoying that picture without timing anybody.) Another fan writes, "I'm afraid I'm not converted into a MacDonald fan even with 'Maytime.' I admit she has a lovely voice, acting
The real truth about the rumors surrounding the screen's greatest singing team

By Elizabeth Wilson

ability, and she is beautiful, but why did she try to steal so many scenes?" Another writes, "I agree that Jeanette MacDonald has a lovely voice, she is pretty and her acting is fine, but just where would she be if it were not for Nelson Eddy? The box-office records show that she was not quite so successful in pictures before she was co-starred with him. It took him to bring her to the top and yet he is continually given the back seat. Singers who are any singers at all know that without the accompanying music their singing wouldn't be so beautiful. So it is with her and Nelson Eddy as the accompanying singer." Another writes, "Why all the fuss over Nelson Eddy? Jeanette was a great singing star long before he was ever heard of in pictures. If she hadn't been so generous and considerate of him in his first picture—and everybody knows he couldn't act—his career in movies might not have been quite so brilliant."

"I hope 'Rosalie' will be such a personal triumph for Nelson," writes an Eddy enthusiast, "that he can demand, and get, his just deserts in the next Eddy-MacDonald film. M-G-M may be a woman's studio, but MacDonald can't carry a picture without Eddy. Her voice is shrill and squeaky and her false teeth just ruin the scenery for me unless a much handsomer man than the calf-faced Jones, and one with a glorious, real voice like Eddy's, is in the offing to back her up. Thank you." And thank you, ma'am, but don't you think you're being a bit nasty? Miss MacDonald's teeth are not false, and Mr. Jones in no way resembles a calf. And you ought to go right upstairs and wash your mouth out with soap and water.

Still another fan writes, "People who say the rumors of the Eddy-MacDonald feud are cheap talk are misinformed. Don't they know that Nelson and Allan Jones both went to Jeanette's wedding-circus at the studio's command? It's all true that MacDonald caused numerous delays on the 'Maytime' set because she was determined to occupy as much footage as possible. She is hurting herself just like Grace Moore did by being a camera-hog." Fine talk! Well, I suppose it is human nature that people should enjoy a good feud; me, I love 'em, and it is only natural to want to "take sides." It's no fun being namby-pamby in this world about anything, and particularly not about (Please turn to page 86)
"Fussiest patron" is William Powell, precise and demanding in the matter of the welfare of his hair and moustache—but always likeable.

Isn't a Trocadero, or a Clover Club, a Cinegrill, a Victorian's or a Brown Derby; it's no Swing Club, Hawaiian Paradise, or South Seas; it's much smaller than the Roosevelt lobby, less pretentious than the Coconut Grove, and older than the Paramount Studios. But Hollywood "bigs" have gathered there since the thought that celluloid might be used for something besides combs and toothbrushes was first generated.

Springing from the shop that once was his father's, Bill Ring's Barber Shop on Bronson Avenue is a four-chaired salon where Doug once courted Mary, where Valentino trysted slyly with Vilma Banky, where Clara Bow escorted Rex Bell to see that his tonsorial operations were performed to her liking, and so on and so on; but more important, it can be said with little chance of contradiction that more million-dollar heads are being groomed, more two-million dollar faces shaved, and more famous moustaches cared for today at Bill Ring's than in any other single room in the country.

But let's get a look at some of these big guys in the chair.

"The customers I think I could count on if all the others decided to let their hair grow," says Bill, "are Dick Arlen, Stuart Erwin, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, and Joe Penner.

"I think any one of these boys is as much a fixture here as the barber-chairs or the mirrors on the wall," he told me with feeling. When Oakie is working at Paramount (nearby) he busts into Bill's nearly every day.

"Give me the works," is Jack's standing daily order.

"By this we know he means a shave, facial, shampoo, manicure, and shine," interpreted Bill. "Jack doesn't care what he does with his money. Just a big, happy, good-natured guy, spending it as it comes. The fact that he
Barber-shop manners, as practiced by some of Hollywood's more luminous males, amusingly revealed

By Barry English

Title of "most fidgety customer" is conferred upon Fred MacMurray, shown here as he submits more or less patiently to the barber's ministrations.

has bought some twenty different brands of trick razors from me doesn't seem to have interested him as yet in shaving himself. 'They only make it for one thing,' says Jack in regard to gold, 'and that's what I'm doing with it.'

"After a stretch of good behavior," Bill continued, "coming in every day regularly for a week or so, Oakie suddenly becomes barber-shop enemy No. 1, and then we have to watch him. He simply forgets, or neglects to come in. Two or three days later he appears in the doorway, a sheepish grin on his face, sporting a stubble that might well be used for scouring out pots and pans, and my barbers make for shelter. Running about even with Pat O'Brien, Jack has probably ruined more of our razors than any dozen and a half ordinary customers."

In the chair, Jack again vies for top honors in the competition for title of barbers' chief nemesis. Always talking, laughing at Oakie jokes, or twisting his head to make sure he has an audience, Jack is one of the most difficult of clients to work on. "But don't you think this place wouldn't suffer if Jack stopped coming in here," said Bill in a glow of conviction. "I really should be paying Oakie."

"Bing Crosby is probably our most informal customer, and the most easily satisfied. His tonsorial wants are few. 'Just give me a hair-cut—plain,' is Bing's customary request. And he never tries to tell the boys how to do it."

Unaffected and alien to forms of vanity, Bing is almost entirely oblivious to matters concerning his personal appearance. He feels that he can generally shave himself and wash his own face, he dislikes a high polish on his shoes, and when asked if he would like a manicure
Bing, before and after shaving! Crosby is the barber’s most informal customer, and the most easily satisfied. He’s a bit hesitant to affectation or vanity.

He usually responds in a polite negative. The last time he was solicited for a manicure his reply, typically Crosbian, was this: “If you doctored up my nails, how do you think my friends would identify me in case of an accident?” This he pursued with the remark, “And I’d probably bite them off, anyhow, the minute I get outside.”

According to Tony, the barber who does most of Crosby’s work, Bing relaxes in the chair and is comparatively easy to work on. He is ordinarily quiet during the operations, and quite often will doze off to sleep. When questioned about one of his various hobbies or enterprises, though, says Tony, “Bing waxes immediately talkative and takes his place as one of our ace anecdoters.” His stories about golf, horse racing, and boxing have the added flavor, as contrasted with the usual yarns heard in here, of being based on knowledge and experience in the fields under discussion.

Of Hollywood’s more serious males, Gary Cooper is probably Bill’s most dependable cus-

tomer. He has been coming to the Ring establishment for nearly ten years and has had the same barber, Harry, do his work for eight out of the ten. Even when he is too busy to come to the shop, Gary’s loyalty continues and he calls Harry to his studio dressing-room, whether it be on the adjacent Paramount lot or a lot in some remote section of town.

“In the chair,” says Harry, “Gary is one of the quietest, most unobtrusive persons I have ever worked on. He rarely speaks unless he is spoken to, he answers questions generally in monosyllables, and yet he is most polite, pleasant, and on occasions comes out with a witty remark that shows him to have a truly deep and keen sense of humor.”

Gary is a member of the Bill Ring group known in the inner circle as a “newspaper reader.” Along with Melvyn Douglas, Director Frank Lloyd, and Producers Lubitsch and Schulberg, he spends the greater part of his time during a tonsorial session enveloped in the world events. “And half the time,” says Harry, “no one except me knows that he’s in the shop.”

Says Gary, regarding the whole thing: “I believe that to most actors, and especially to those who, like myself, play a large number of historical character roles, the barber-shop is like the golfer’s nineteenth hole, or the oasis in the desert to the weary traveler. With the roles assigned to me in such plays as ‘The Plainsman,’ ‘Souls at Sea’ and ‘Marco Polo,’ it has been necessary for me to go weeks on end without a haircut, and for days without shaving. You can believe me it’s a relief when the final scene is shot and I can dash over to Bill’s and have the whole business taken off.”

(Please turn to page 74)
Youth serves itself! The story behind the success of newcomers who leaped to fame playing with the screen greats.

By Liza

Dorothy Lamour, signed by her studio for "B" pictures, soon was playing opposite of the best of the stars. With W. C. Fields in "Big Broadcast of 1938," top center. Dorothy herself, right and above. Andrea Leeds made good in a big way. Below, with Adolphe Menjou in "Goldwyn Follies," left, keeping fit; and with McCarthy and Bergen, upper left.

IT IS all pretty swell how the young kids of Hollywood are stepping into line with the experienced players. I have nothing but the greatest admiration for them. Just imagine being asked to dance on the screen with Fred Astaire, or exchange peppy patter with Pat O'Brien, or co-star with the superb technician, Brian Aherne, or go completely mad in a bit of gooferie with that foremost comedian, W. C. Fields! Why, the very thought of it would scare the living daylights out of most young people with acting ambitions. But Joan Fontaine did it. Wayne Morris did it. Olivia de Havilland did it. Dorothy Lamour did it. They held their own and not once did they look silly. Those kids, all of them depressingly young and with prac-
tically no experience, stepped right in and started pitching like troupers. (Several of the more famous glamour girls took a good look at Olivia in "The Great Garrick" and decided then and there that the time had come for them to retire.) So let's give a loud hasty cheer for the kids who have proved that they can take it, these juniors who are destined to become the stars of tomorrow.

Besides Olivia and Joan and Wayne and Dorothy we have Andrea Leeds, who stirred you so deeply as she climbed up the stairs in "Stage Door." Andrea held her own with those two professionals Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers and well nigh stole the picture right from under them. Andrea is from Butte, Montana, by way of the Chicago Conservatory, and according to the famous director Ernst Lubitsch she will eventually become one of the greatest dramatic stars on the screen. Her resemblance to Katharine Cornell is remarkable. Andrea, a college girl who has learned to use her head, feels that she can hope to hold her own with the big stars on the screen only in so far as the script is suitable to her talents. After she was well received by the press in "Come and Get It" Mr. Goldwyn, to whom she is under contract, assigned her to the heavy part in "Woman Chases Man"—the rôle that was finally played by Leona Maricle. Andrea read the script and then called on Mr. Goldwyn in his office and promptly informed him that she would not play the part. "It isn't the kind of thing I can do," she said, "I would be utterly absurd in it." Mr. Goldwyn stormed. "I've heard many things in my life," he roared, "but I never thought I would hear a beginner tell me how to cast her." He promptly suspended her and took her off salary. It looked as if Miss Andrea Leeds' career would close practically before it was started. But she held her own against Goldwyn, and finally the thought that a young twit of a girl had defied him, the Great Goldwyn, amused him so that he forgave her and loaned her to RKO for a part in "Stage Door"—the part that made her famous over-night. She is working now in the "Goldwyn Folies." Andrea knows exactly what she is doing. She refuses to play the social angle or the publicity racket in Hollywood—none of that "easiest way" for her—but she'll be a star before...
Joan Fontaine, duplicating her sister Olivia de Havilland's amazing accomplishments, played opposite operatic star Martini, then was asked to dance with Fred Astaire. Joan affects a sophisticated mood, right.

Marjorie Weaver was all ready to pack for her home in Tennessee when they offered her a part in "Second Honeymoon" with such polished players as Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. Marjorie took it, made it a hit, and now she's on top. Right, with Tyrone; close-up below, and in a revealing study, center below. Isn't she a honey?

you can say Jack Robinson. "The hardest time I had holding my own with experienced players," says Andrea, "was in the test I took for 'Come and Get It.' I had to spend the entire day being kissed before the camera by Frank Shields, John Howard Payne, and Charles Lowery. I counted back at the end of the day and discovered that I had been kissed 365 times. My lips were practically worn off—I tell you those young men were very experienced kissers."

And there's Marjorie Weaver, the little gal from Tennessee, who, broke and discouraged, was all packed ready to go back home when Director Walter Lang decided to give her a crack at the southern girl part in "Second Honeymoon." Mr. Lang had tested several young actresses for the part but the practically unknown Marjorie Weaver seemed to him the best bet. Old-timers Loretta Young and Tyrone Power—well, old in experience at least, (Please turn to page 89)
How Crawford Keeps Glamorous

Because she never stops living, never stops loving! Read the most colorful of all Joan Crawford close-ups here

By Jerry Asher

NOT so long ago my good friend Joan Crawford asked me to meet her in the studio commissary for lunch. That in itself was an event because Joan almost always eats in her dressing-room, where she can apply a completely fresh make-up for the afternoon's work. But there was no afternoon's work on this particular day. Joan had just completed her role in "Mannequin." To feel free and to be able to look back on any completed job is always a joy in Joan's life. So in a way, our date was sort of a celebration. Joan could relax and lunch in leisure. We were to meet "sharply at twelve."
Crawford, perennial Glamor Queen of the screen, and how she does it! Far left, on opposite page, latest in her long series of Glamor portraits. Lower left opposite, with her new screen lover, Alan Curtis, in "Mannequin." Surprise! Crawford poses for "leg" still far scene in her new film—for right. Above, a Crawford kiss with Spencer Tracy as the lucky man, in "Mannequin." Right, a fashion-wise close-up.

Determined to be ahead of Joan just once in my life, I arrived early. At the table next to me were a group of visitors who almost stared themselves into a stupor. It was easy to guess that this was their first time in a studio. And they were not to be robbed of one tiny curious moment. The doors swung open and in walked Joan. There was no unusual sound or unmistakable sign to herald her arrival. But the entire assemblage stopped, turned, and made mental note of Joan's progress toward my table. Studio stenographers looked and almost automatically reached into handbags for compacts or mirrors. The men in the room seemed to straighten back in their chairs, tuck in stray cuffs, readjust ties.

Our friends at the next table stared at Joan with open admiration. They took in her smart black crepe street dress, her Russian-looking hat with its peasant embroidery, her silver fox coat (with shoulders just a little wider than anyone else's shoulders), her black velvet gloves, her stunning backless laced pumps, her black velvet bag, the star sapphire clip at her throat. They noted the clearness of Joan's skin. The perfect roll of her page boy bob. They stared and they stared. Just before Joan reached my side, I heard one of the visitors say: "There's one thing about Joan Crawford. She certainly does give you your money's worth. She's everything one expects an actress to be."

Truer words could never have been said at that moment. Joan is everything one expects an actress to be—because Joan sincerely loves (Please turn to page 72)
"I've a proposition to make you," said the writer to whom I had just been assigned. "Do you play checkers?"

"Not if I can help it," I said, and mentally cursed my luck.

Most writers' secretaries in Hollywood take for granted what is sometimes called genius, but there are several better names for it. I wondered how I could get out of the assignment.

"Playing checkers helps me to think," continued my new Nemesis. "To make the game interesting I propose to give you a fifty-dollar stake, the two of us to play for five dollars a game until the day my six-month contract expires, when the loser will pay off."

"At five dollars a game it won't take me long to lose the fifty dollars," I said. "What happens then?"

"If you're clever you can make more than the fifty dollars," said the writer.

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Though I had never done much checker playing I did have a high opinion of my cleverness. I agreed to the proposal, determined to win as much as I could. I read books on checker playing, analyzed the checker problems given daily in the newspapers, and spent my free evenings at a checker club where I kibitzed at games played by experts.

After six months of playing, sometimes starting at nine in the morning, with no break for lunch, for a solid eight hours a day, weeks at a stretch, I retained forty of the original fifty-dollar stake. I know now how Judas felt when he collected his thirty pieces.

How does one get to be a Valkyrie in this checker-playing Valhalla? Specifically and naively, I, a young girl with some newspaper and magazine experience, four years ago left the Middle-West for Hollywood to become a scenarist. I became and continued to be a Writer's Secretary.
The first time I tried, my second day in Hollywood, on the thirteenth of the month, through no pulling of strings—for I knew no one—I got a job. Sadly, it was not a Friday, but it was as simple as that.

The studio was Twentieth Century. (This was before Darryl Zanuck went on his biggest hunt and caught the Fox.) I had read in one of the gossip columns something about the quarrel Zanuck had had with Jack Warner and that his newly organized firm on the United Artists’ lot boded well to prosper. I called, asked for an interview, obtained one, and though I admitted not knowing a thing about script form and terminology, with several other girls was put to work on a temporary basis for a rush job, to start at nine the next morning.

At the requested time we assembled in a large room with desks lined up on either side. The immediate concern of the department “Madame” was not advice or instruction, but “Have you all an ash tray?”

Shortly after Nunnally Johnson’s script came in and all the typewriters were roaring, two messenger boys arrived each carrying a stack of bound scripts. An error had to be corrected. This meant every copy had to be dismantled, the page removed, restencilled, remimeographed and rebound. All because George Arliss, who was to appear in the picture and who was supervising the script, did not want one word of business to read “‘red’ rose in buttonhole,” but “‘pink’ rose in buttonhole.” And the picture was not in technicolor.

Somehow or other, with the unbound scripts lying (Please turn to page 95)
Jon Hall, the incredibly handsome young man in "The Hurricane," has an unpronounceable name his Tahitian friends gave him: "Terutevaegia."

"It means 'young white god on heaven's highest shelf'—that's me," he said, and laughed.

"I'm almost ready to admit it's true at this point. If I'm not on heaven's highest shelf I'm darned near it; one day no job, the next day I'm given the lead in 'Hurricane.' Think of that for a break! And 'Hurricane' of all pictures! What luck! I was born in the South Seas. I learned to swim around coral reefs almost before I could walk. All the magic and beauty of the islands, the native songs, the superstitions, I knew by heart when most kids are reading 'Huckleberry Finn.'"

"My grandmother was born in France but lived and died in Tahiti. She was a wonderful person," Jon smiled apologetically for his enthusiasm. The natives called her 'Lovina.' Men like Frederick O'Brien, who wrote 'White Shadows of the South Seas,' and Somerset Maugham knew and loved my grandmother. They put her in some of their stories. When she died, she was mourned by everyone—English, French, and Tahitians. My granddad was Captain Chapman. He was the first New Englander to establish tin and lumber trade between Tahiti and America. A real pioneering sort, the Captain—"

Before I go any further in letting you in on all the things this amazing young man told me I've got to make a confession. Sometimes I forgot to listen; I just looked at Jon and marveled. He's a young god whether he admits it or not. He's tall and lithe and stunning. He's unspoiled and clear-cut. He has the rare quality of making friends the world over. In the islands he played around with the natives, beating them at their own games—even winning the swimming and diving championship of all Tahiti. In London he was a friend of the former Prince of Wales and the rest of the glittering Mayfair crowd. On the French Riviera Jon was adored by the gay international set. (Please turn to page 94)
Looks nice and easy, doesn't it? Just loafing around with a charming new girl, on the edge of a lily pool, and maybe singing a new song—so Powell calls that work, eh? Well, yes, he does, as a matter of fact. The pool scene for "Hollywood Hotel"—which occurs when Dick and Rosemary Lane retreat to a garden to rest their feet after dancing—took two hours to film after a half day of rehearsals. Dick is discovered, above, between "takes." Center below, the actual filming of the scene. Far left, as he looks in other scenes, at ease.

A pretty girl, a garden pool—and Dick Powell, getting his feet wet for art.
The Men In Her (Movie) Life

Lovely Lombard is most in demand to be made love to by Hollywood's prize actors.
“Ooh, la la!” Fernand Gravet, left, might be saying as he contemplates his easy screen job of loving Lombard—if M. Gravet did not speak such flawless Oxford English. But whether accented or not as his rôles require, the irresistible import meets the amazing American in Mervyn LeRoy’s “Food for Scandal,” and the result is—cinema fireworks.

Below, Fredric March seems pleasantly melancholy as he doubtless remembers working with Carole in “Nothing Sacred.” Mac-Murray Misses Lombard! Anyway, Fred broods as he sun-bathes on the home lot, Paramount, waiting for Carole to complete her Gravet chore and, forgiven, come home to make another “True Confession.”
“Stage Door” proved she could do it. No Astaire, but a great personal triumph for Ginger Rogers. Now in her new picture, adapted from the stage play by Arthur Kober, Ginger reveals again her streamlined talents in the tragi-comic part of a little working girl on her grand and glorious summer vacation. You see, on these two pages, Ginger playing at work and working at play. Above, shooting a scene of Ginger in the “Kamp Kare-Free” bus. In other shots, she shoots, plays tennis, rides horseback, plays ping-pong, canoes, golfs. At upper right on page opposite, getting ready for a scene with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
She needs no dancing partner. She doesn’t have to dance at all. She’s a dazzling star in her own right, so it’s no wonder that we, and you, and Ginger herself, are now “Having Wonderful Time”
Victor Moore, above, to Ann Sothern: “Fair lady, I can trip the light fantastic on a Big Apple, or even a little core, if it but please you.” Ann: “Sweet of you, Victor. Maybe you’re no Fred Astaire, but your heart, if not your step, is in the right place.”

Mabel Todd, left, speaking: “Hi, folks! I’ve made it, the old top of the ladder itself. Nice view up here. Hope I can reciprocate, if you know what I mean, and I think you will if I make a turn about for fair play. Gosh, it looks so nice down there I wonder why I came up in the first place.”

Robert Benchley tells “How to be a Fireman,” left. “Columnists peep at key holes, but firemen must put their ear to anything that even looks like a phone receiver—it may be an alarm coming over the wire or through the hose. Drive, don’t walk to danger.”
It's the irrational thing to do—but let's skip that and watch star comics go to town for laughs.
Most of the movie-going world lauds little Temple—see all box-office reports. Here she is in her latest film, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm"—not precisely the same "Rebecca" of the well-loved book but with 1938 trimmings. The new edition sings over the radio and plays Cupid to Gloria Stuart and Randy Scott, also as well as carrying out the bucolic and conditions of the plot.

Battle of the Babies

Shirley for sweetness, or Jane for ginger?

The world also wants Jane Withers. She's new Number Six star in recent popularity poll. The clever little hoyden scores again in "Checkers." At right, a nice portrait, complete with pet. At right above, not so pretty, but typical. Below, just Jane.
Spice on Ice

Salute to Sonja, goddess of glacial grace. May she always have a “Happy Landing”

The paradox of the motion picture hit parade is Sonja Henie, amazing little Norwegian who came to Hollywood to skate and remained to conquer as an important screen personality. Studio boss Darryl Zanuck says Sonja can be great even without her skates. Do you agree? In her new picture, “Happy Landing,” she sticks to skating but contributes a characterization of warmth and charm as well. The two scenes show her, at left, embraced by Don Ameche; and, at left above, with Jean Hersholt and Cesar Romero.
A Star Test for "Jezebel"

Yes, even the star—Bette Davis, here—must make tests for clothes and make-up before a single scene is shot for a new picture.
Cary Grant:
$250,000 A Picture?

That's a Hollywood rumor which may come close to fact. Rumor: Cary Grant gets somewhere in the neighborhood of that sum for every picture that he makes, and it's a very nice neighborhood. Fact: Cary Grant is currently most-in-demand free-lance young leading man in films. "Topper" helped. "The Awful Truth" added. And now Cary is clowning with Hepburn.

"Bringing Up Baby" is one more in Hollywood's cycle of charmingly crazy films. Cary Grant, as you see at right, even dons a frothy negligée to help the fun along, to the dismay of May Robson and Geraldine Hall. Center above, Kate and Cary, so-o-o whimsical. Top right, a tender scene—for a change.
Clark Gable, America's most forthright male star, is admired by women and respected by men because of his genuine geniality, his un-actorish vitality. Just before starting work in "Test Pilot," his new film, Clark vacationed on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where his five-gaited horse, Sonny, took Clark on a daily canter over the Southern California hills. Here are pictures to prove it. At left below, Gable with a quartet of beautiful Palomino pals.

Gable
or
Taylor?

"A little of both, please!"
Take Taylor—and millions of worshipping young women will. Greatest movie romantic idol since Valentino, Bob has been mobbed on two continents by frantic fans. He made "Yank at Oxford" at the M-G-M Studios in Denham, England, after a welcome unprecedented in London. His new picture marks M-G-M's attempt to build up Taylor as an action hero after the passionate pallor of "Camille." Bob runs for Oxford, left below; he dips an oar in bump races on the Thames—see him at stroke, above; he even has a mellow air of English country squire about him. At right, a candid closeup. Right, below, entertaining Bill Powell on the set, with Maureen O'Sullivan, center, who is Bob's heroine in the picture. Next stop, Hollywood!
IT'S STARS, IT'S TUNES, IT'S LOVE, IT'S GIRLS, IT'S THRILLS, IT'S FUN, IT'S GREAT!

WARNER BROS.
line up the headliners of screen, air and stage to give you your greatest revel in romance, beauty and song! The grandest party of the year, in the gayest spot on earth!

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'I've Hitched My Wagon To A Star'
'I'm Like A Fisht Out Of Water'
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BUSBY BERKELEY
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Maurice Lea and Richard Macaulay - Original Story by Jerry Wald and Maurice Leo
Music and Lyrics by Dick Whiting and Johnny Mercer - A First National Picture
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL

DICK POWELL  ROSEMARY LANE  LOLA LANE
HUGH HERBERT HEALY  TED HEALY
GLENDA FARRELL  JOHNNIE DAVIS
ALAN MOWBRAY
MABEL TODD  ALLYN JOSLYN
EDGAR KENNEDY

Direct from the Orchid Room of the Air

THE HOLLYWOOD HOTEL PROGRAM

LOUELLA PARSONS
with FRANCES LANGFORD  JERRY COOPER
KEN NILES

DUANE THOMPSON  RAYMOND PAIGE & HIS ORCHESTRA AND
BENNY GOODMAN & HIS ORCHESTRA
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Eleanor Powell in "Rosalie"

Eleanor Powell's biggest dance number for "Rosalie" hits a new high in screen extravaganza. Performed on a 60-acre set, as shown in our Still of the Month, below, Eleanor's dance follows her as she taps her way down 16 drums, the largest being 16 feet in height, the smallest 10 inches, until she literally flies through the air to land on a platform, as pictured at right, where she is surrounded by the 500 dancers of the ensemble, for a grand finale. Glittering, gay, gaudy, it's a Hollywood million-dollar "touch."
BENNY GOODMAN. Benny the Good, comes into the movies in earnest with the picture “Hollywood Hotel.” Fans of the phenomenon of swing are cheering—now they can get a good close-up. On the bandstand it isn’t so easy. The whole ensemble gets so hot and transported that it’s hard to keep the eyes focused. The sense of vision gets confused.

When Benny plays the Palomar or the Madhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania the crowd nightly around the bandstand is twenty deep, several hundred in a semi-circle that won’t budge. The fascination is Benny, calm and cool, and crowding music until in the swing lingo, “he takes it out of the world.” There he is with less tricks than any band leader you’ve ever seen, no baton, no effort, his face sunburned and imperturbable. Then he takes the clarinet in his mouth and the licks nature has heretofore kept in reserve are let loose.

He says such funny things into the mike. “The gas is lit, boys,” in introducing an old-timer. Or he bows to sentiment and sums up the lyrical query, “Don’t you know or don’t you care?” with the condescension, “We do both, doctor.” His swing fans know just how to interpret his continuty for the king of swing is definitely two personalities: one when he plays, and one when he is himself. In his own personality he is laconic, easy, effortless. He has a warm down-to-earth quality that the bandstand crowdwers love, and paradoxically a dignity and apartness which they worship equally. “The Good,” the sobriquet tossed at him, has nothing to do with common virtue, it’s a boxed orchid to the Goodman supremacy and skill.

How much of the Killer-Diller, Sing, Sing, Sing, he will integrate with his personality on the screen as a personality remains to be seen. But if the miracle works, as it does on the bandstand, it will be as if Gary Cooper out of his deep integrity suddenly started erupting Vesuvius. The fans which sit at Benny’s feet watch for this transformation, and when the band takes off and it’s on, when the playing is “jive,” when it’s “in the groove,” they just turn their faces to him with an intimacy of recognition that makes it the only contemporaneous thing alive.

The screen has had band leaders before, any number of superlative favorites of the moment in every line, but there is a little difference here, (Please turn to page 92)
TRUE CONFESSION—Paramount

This is completely mad, and comparatively unimportant; but it is so much fun that I have no hesitation in advising you not to miss it. It is no small triumph for Miss Carole Lombard, who dashes through it with pretty superb charm and chic, hurling implausibilities and absurd dialogue with her own special brand of insouciance. For the first time, it seems to me, la Lombard manages to sustain a true characterization. She is not the Lombard of "Nothing Sacred." She is, if possible, even madder than that. Here, she plays the well-meaning wife of struggling lawyer Fred MacMurray who promises faithfully to let well enough alone and then gets herself engaged as secretary to a gentleman who is immediately thereafter found murdered. Before she, or you, or any of us know what's happening, she is on trial for her life, her husband is defending her, and the most farcical courtroom scenes in screen history are being unrolled before your astonished eyes. This episode of "True Confession," including John Barrymore as a mysterious tipsy stranger, is well worth anybody's admission money. There are other laughs, lots of Lombard, Una Merkel, and Mr. Barrymore in his most intentionally amusing screen appearance.

WELLS FARGO—Paramount

Here is our epic, and we can use one. Into the merry midst of so many crazy comedies comes "Wells Fargo"—big, heavy, handsome, highly dramatic—no cream-puff picture, I assure you; but one you can get your teeth into. If it's a little tough going at times, remember it's an epic, and like it. I did. Frank Lloyd has told the stirring story of the founding and progress of the Wells Fargo Express Company in bold, slashing strokes; he covers his huge canvas with colorful action, strong characterization, and a few lusty fights; and the result is a motion picture for the American family, of particular appeal to the men who complain because there's too much pink glamor and not enough red meat on the screen. Joel McCrea gives his finest performance as the trail-blazer for the express company, whose devotion to his job alienates him from his beloved wife when the Civil War divides their allegiance. Frances Dee is opposite her husband, playing his screen wife with compassion and charm. Bob Burns supplies the bony humor in his inimitable fashion. The excellent cast includes Mary Nash, Henry O'Neill, Ralph Morgan, and many other lustrious names. Here is a fine and wholesome film worthy of your staunch support.

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS—RKO-Radio

Did somebody say it should be "Astaire in Distress"? The great dancer himself is said to have sent a one-word telegram to Ginger Rogers following the preview of his solo picture: "Ouch!" was the word. "Damsel in Distress" isn't that bad. But it is a triumph for Miss Rogers all the same. Her gay ghost is present wherever this picture is shown. Perhaps if Mr. Astaire had not attempted to find a new romantic partner in Joan Fontaine, "Damsel in Distress" would not be haunted by Ginger Rogers. When Gracie Allen is dancing with Fred we can forget all the grand and gorgeous procession of Astaire-Rogers dances; Gracie is reminiscent of Fred's sister Adele. she has truly twinkling toes, and her wise comedy foils Fred's wiseful appeal. Too, when Reginald Gardiner occupies the screen all else is forgotten, for Gardiner's is the most exceptional new comic gift to films in years. As the operatic butler in the P. G. Wodehouse castle where most of "Damsel in Distress" spins out, Gardiner is a thoroughgoing joy. Audiences enjoy the fun-house sequence, Astaire's drum-dance, Burns and Allen patter. And now, Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire, that you have proved it can be done, don't let it happen again, please. Dance and make up!
HIT:
"Tovarich"
"Nothing Sacred"
"True Confession"

MISS:
"Damsel in Distress"
"Dinner at the Ritz"

BEST GIRL:
Carole Lombard in "Nothing Sacred" and "True Confession"

BEST MEN:
Charles Boyer in "Tovarich"
Joel McCrea in "Wells Fargo"
Reginald Gardiner in "Damsel in Distress"

NOTHING SACRED—Selznick-United Artists

MOST provocative picture to be seen these days, and not only once but bearable for return engagements, "Nothing Sacred" is by way of being a screen sensation.

It stayed three weeks at Manhattan's snooty Radio City Music Hall—by request. It played to those mythical native New Yorkers and to countless contented visitors, who doubtless went home to see it all over again in their neighborhood theatres, if only to hear the dialogue that was drowned in shouls of laughter—oh, yes, they laugh out loud at the Music Hall. "Nothing Sacred" thumbs its nose at practically everything hitherto held sacred in the cinema—including even the Grim Reaper, no mean feat when you think back at the awed treatment accorded old G.R. ever since movies began—remember all the long-drawn-out death scenes you've suffered through? Here's comedy that's unselfconsciously ribald and unconventionally robust. That Fight Scene, of course, is still the high spot of the screen season. Carol Lombard and Fredric March mix it—don't stop me if you've heard this, it won't do you any good—and the fair heroine, hangover and all, is knocked out by the gallant hero. Just try to sell us any more old-fashioned lovers' quarrels after this. Cheers!

DINNER AT THE RITZ—20th Century-Fox

OF INTEREST only because of Annabella. If she is an acquired taste for some screengoers, I suggest they start sampling right now, for we'll be seeing the one-name French girl in a good many American-made movies. Whether Simone Simon is twice as good as her fair companion, I wouldn't be knowing. The little imports seem to be all different, and all delightful—not moulded as our Hollywood stars, but distinctive. Where Simone is all gamine, Annabella is the little lady who can be by turns coquette or aristocrat; in fact, I feel that Annabella is actually one of those protean performers we hear about but seldom see. Versatile is the word. In "Dinner at the Ritz," a rather bewildering offering, with melodramatic overtones, the star appears in a continental masquerade, in which she runs that gamut from Spanish girl to East Indian, and back again. There are jewels involved, and a Gang, you see—I didn't know because it was all extremely confusing; but fortunately, in addition to Annabella, David Niven is present, and this young Englishman continues the progress he made in "Prisoner of Zenda," and if he can progress in this picture, it proves he's good. Paul Lukas and Romney Brent are also pleasantly present.
Lovely as a fragile French Marquise of the 18th century, Anita Louise is Hollywood's "model girl"—in modes as well as manners. The large picture above shows our heroine adding the final filip of powder to her perfect nose, just before an evening at the Troc. Anita is wearing white net encrusted with silver sequins in a line-and-star motif. At top right, a picture hat for a picture girl: large-brimmed black felt with crown band of brilliant brocade. At right, she steps out in an ensemble of silver fox. Her off-the-face turban shows two pompons of the fur, her scarf cape shows a high neckline, her muff of fabric matching her black crepe dress is accented with two silver fox heads. Debutante elegance in the grand manner.
The most unique jewel ensemble is Anita's: antique gold crosses, set with pearls. At right, her sable jacket and muff and dark brown turban trimmed with the same fur. At far right, afternoon dress accented with wide girdle and hemline of velvet; her hat has color accent of red and blue brocade.

Velvet in a deepwood green, fashions Anita's princess frock with its flared skirt, and its collar of cream lace. Anita's black velvet turban with headband of barbolic embroidery in gold, blue, and bright red. At right, her new tailored suit—see bird watch-fab in her lapel, monogram on her bag—and don't miss her high-crowned hat with coarse veil.
Frances Dee wears middle-American period clothes in "Wells Fargo" for Paramount, so she splurges on her own wardrobe to make up for it! At left, Frances' formal evening gown of gold lame, with interesting draped treatment. At lower left, her cape of blue fox. Dorothy Lamour, at right, wears a dinner gown of black velvet with full skirt accented by bold white lace applique. Her dinner hat boasts a sprightly veil.

At left, Frances' formal evening gown of gold lame, with interesting draped treatment. At lower left, her cape of blue fox. Dorothy Lamour, at right, wears a dinner gown of black velvet with full skirt accented by bold white lace applique. Her dinner hat boasts a sprightly veil.

Here's What They're Wearing in Hollywood

Sangbird Gladys Swarthout, at left, likes her chiffon house gown, designed by Travis Banton; a twisted sash of pale and bright blue chiffon enlivens its soft grey; its pleats and loose-sleeve treatment make it charming.
The "Persian Princess" influence is accepted by Miss Swarthout, at right, who wears this costume in her new film, "Romance in the Dark." Below, Dorothy Lamour goes in for stripes: red, white, and blue Rodier fabric makes a dashing scarf for a simple, straight, navy blue wool daytime dress. Another piece of the striped fabric is pulled through the crown of Dorothy's bright red sailor hat and is tied at one side in the back. Smart note for Spring!

Hollywood brunettes adore grey. Dorothy Lamour, now in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," selected the suit shown above. The skirt is short and straight and made of novelty grey kasha. The cape is of grey kasha lined in grey crepe and trimmed in grey Persian lamb which also fashions the smart "jumper" and muff. Dorothy's hat is of grey suede and her gloves and shoes blue antelope.

Frances Dee's final ensemble for the season is a black crepe daytime dress with a bolero of mink, topped by a genuinely high-hatted block velour draped into a severe high crown, with one side flanked with iridescent blue feathers. Joel McCrea likes this outfit!
Mimi (Myrna Loy) sees the man she loves married to Elizabeth (Rosalind Russell), and believes she will never conquer her thought that Alan (Walter Pidgeon) really belongs to her. But just then Jimmy (Franchot Tone) appeared, and when the honeymooners return, Mimi assures Elizabeth that she still likes, but no longer loves, Alan—and means it at the time.

"Man-Proof"

Adaptation of "The Four Marys" with Myrna Loy, Rosalind Russell, and Franchot Tone

The bride was so very lovely, so young and radiant and so very triumphant—but nobody was looking at her. It was the prettiest bridesmaid they were watching, the one with the pert, ever so slightly turned up nose who was staring so straight and tragically ahead. The one they called Mimi.

Only once did her eyes lift, at the very end of the ceremony when Alan slipped the ring on Elizabeth's finger. Then they moved for the smallest fraction of a second to the bride's tranquil ones and from hers to Alan's.

Despair, stark and sick and just a little bit too dramatic was there for all to see. And someone among the guests tittered and someone sighed, and Meg Swift who had been watching her daughter with that apprehension she tried so hard to keep to herself leaned anxiously toward the young man beside her.

"Jimmy," she whispered, "look at Mimi!"

As if she needed to tell him, as if Jimmy Kilgartin hadn't been watching her himself with something of that same apprehension.

"That guy must have been crazy to have turned her down," he growled.

"That's what I think, but I love her," Meg sighed.

"Oh, Jimmy, I wish you were in love with her!"

"If I fell in love with anybody in the Swift family it wouldn't be Mimi, it'd be her mother." And Jimmy gave Meg that special grin he always had for her.

Meg leaned back as the bridal party moved slowly away. Why, she thought wearily, out of all the men in
If Mimi and Alan are thrown together again, it is really Elizabeth's fault, Mimi argues. But that does not convince Jimmy, and he warns Mimi she is heading for unhappiness—which is true, and Mimi herself realizes it when Elizabeth very frankly unburdens her heart in a situation that leads to an amazing climax in the tangled lives and loves of four fascinating people.

Fictionized By Elizabeth B. Petersen

An ultra-modern love story fictionized from the screen version of a widely popular novel

the world, did Mimi have to be so desperate about Alan Wythe, charming, good-looking, penniless young man about town that he was. If only she could have written her daughter's story how different it would have been. Gay and exciting and happy, that's how she would have written it, just as she wrote those best sellers of hers. And she would have made Jimmy the hero. Jimmy, who for all his happy-go-lucky ways, was making a name for himself as a newspaper cartoonist. But then Jimmy had always been as casual about Mimi as she had been about him.

Even in the beginning when Mimi's eyes were shining all the time and she was always humming the newest love songs and the telephone kept ringing, Meg hadn't been too happy about the situation. Then Elizabeth Kent came along, and after that Alan couldn't seem to make up his mind which one of the two girls he liked best.

It wasn't really that he was a fortune hunter, only that the Kent millions and the important job he was given in Elizabeth's father's office had seemed to be enough to make him finally decide between them.

Meg looked toward the bridal couple and the eager guests crowding around them with congratulations. Then her hand dug into Jimmy's arm as she saw Mimi looking desperate and tragic going up to Alan, and her eyes closed as she heard the hurt in her daughter's voice.

"I hope you'll be very unhappy," The words came stark and bitter for everybody to hear, "I mean it. Everything I hope for, never comes true."

Jimmy jumped to his feet then and somehow got Mimi away. But he couldn't get her (Please turn to page 78)
DO seem to have been chatting with screen stars in some unusual places lately! When I went to have tea with Merle Oberon she received me in bed. "I often spend a day in bed," she said. "Resting, reading, listening to the radio and only taking fruit juice and milk. It's the best beauty treatment I know—splendid for the skin and the figure."

Well, Merle's new bedroom is lovely—the walls painted cream and the curtains and covers of pale pink satin spotted with silver. The bed is an antique one with draperies of rose brocade and there's a fitted dressing-table between the two windows with a fresco of cherubs and flowers painted above in old Venetian manner and gold brushes and combs set out on a mirror top. Arum lilies stand on the bedside table, along with Merle's toy bear mascot which she calls Captain, and a wood fire crackles merrily in the open hearth.

I sat in the Juliet chair, given to Merle by her greatest friend Norma Shearer—
Norma used it in the bedroom scene in “Romeo and Juliet”—and looked at an exquisite miniature of the giver in a golden frame studded with pearls. “I’m going back to Hollywood for a spell because I want to see Norma again so very much. We talk on the Transatlantic phone at least once a week but that isn’t sufficient.”

Merle has just signed a new contract with Alexander Korda to make two films at his Denham Studios every year for the next five years. As soon as she completes her Hollywood picture with Gary Cooper and David Niven, she will have to return to London so she has bought this quaint old-world style house overlooking Regents Park for a permanent English home. It has an ancient spiral staircase of mellow stone still lit by crystal candle-holders just as it was in those begone days when lords and ladies in silks and satins bowed and curtsied their stately way into the salon that is now Merle’s drawing-room, a symphony in pastel green and silver with a touch of crimson.

Merle’s latest Korda picture is called “Over the Moon,” a gay comedy in which she has no less than five leading men, headed by Rex Harrison and J hn Clements. She’s adopted a new type of hair-dressing for it, bunching her chestnut-brown curls at either side of her face and piling up more curls behind. (Merle is definitely not an admirer of those long straight coiffure styles!)

Talking of hair, I was called into Binnie Barnes’ yellow bathroom and found her brushing out glorious blonde locks that fell below her waist. “So you can see for yourself that the rumors I wear wigs are quite untrue,” she announced. After which we went into the sitting-room and Binnie smoked a Turkish cigarette and said she was “disgustingly sick” of being The Other Woman. “I hate all these hard-boiled parts I get. Being a callous vamp so often is making me really unhappy. I want to get back to comedy again, those mad, merry parts I used to play before Hollywood decided that blondes should be selfishly sophisticated if they were more than twenty-two years old.”

When I was introduced to Lionel Barrymore he was reclining on a stretcher in the ambulance van that was standing near the set at Denham. “No, I haven’t had an accident,” he smiled. “But the door was open and I thought I could wait for my call more comfortably like this.” At fifty-nine, Lionel looks at the world with a mellow sense of humor, but his cheery voice and ever-twinkling eyes are tributes to a great heroism. He has suffered so much these last years, making his pictures during brief intervals of respite from the wracking pains of arthritis. His twisted hands bear eloquent evidence of what he has bravely endured. Before the camera he keeps them out of sight as much as possible.

Lionel’s current part is in Robert Taylor’s film of “A Yank at Oxford,” and young Bob himself has certainly never been so man-handled on the screen before. He’s thrown into the river, knocked down while skating, thoroughly punched and pumelled during a boxing-match and the day I (Please turn to page 84)
Star-Dust Baby

By
Margaret E. Sangster

CHAPTER III

TO THE casual observer Peter fitted into the scheme of things as smoothly and effortlessly as he fitted into the new clothes that Katrine had Bill Naughton buy for him. To those on the inside he was still an orphan, though a gilded one. His black eye vanished almost as rapidly—and quite as completely—as did the faded blue overalls. But neither the overalls nor the eye were allowed to vanish before Katrine had made capital of them.

"He got the eye fighting for me," she bragged, "He laid out a fellow four times his size." She went on to explain that the overalls were what had caught her interest in the first place.

"Any sissy can adopt a little baby," she said, "but it takes character to bring up a boy..."

The public, listening, went for it in a big way, and Peter was much photographed. Unfortunately he didn't take a good picture. The camera brought out odd, elderly lines and hollows in a face that was just losing its infantile contours. So, after a few weeks, Katrine began to send Peter into the house whenever a candid camera put in its appearance.

"This kid deserves some private life," she alibied. "I didn't adopt him as a publicity gag."

The public loved that, too—but Bill Naughton had a way of turning on his heel whenever Katrine started along that line.

"I can't take it," he told her simply. "The only thing I hate worse than wood alcohol is a liar!"

Katrine, in public, smiled softly whenever Peter's name was mentioned. But when she surveyed the child in the occasional seclusion of her magnificent home, she did not smile.

"Run away," she'd tell him. "Go play in your own back yard!" Once when he brought her a grubby
bouquet of flowers that he'd gathered in a field—some strange sense of delicacy kept him from picking his blossoms in Katrine's full-to-overflowing garden—she said sharply, "Don't litter up the place with trash!" and dropped the pitiful offering into a scrap basket. As Peter walked stiffly out of the room—his small hands clenched into white knuckled balls—she turned venomously to Bill Naughton.

"For the love of heaven, stop priming him—" she said, "or you'll be sorry."

Bill countered, "I'm already sorry for a lot of things. First of all I'm sorry I was ever born." He added after a moment, "If you'd only treat Peter one-half as well as you treat that pint-sized Count of yours—"

Katrine laughed. "The Count's in love with me," she said. "I may marry him before I'm through. I'm getting very fond of him—"

Bill said, "Peter's in love with you, too, and he's twice the man that your precious Bertrand is—"

"You wouldn't know," said Katrine languidly. "You suspect Bertrand because he's French and claims a title. But I have reason to know that the guy has what it takes—"

Bill grunted; "Now you're showing off! Shut up."

Katrine said slowly, "Maybe I won't marry the Count, at that. Maybe I'll just have an affair with him. I haven't had an affair with anybody for a coon's age—"

Bill knew that he was being goaded to a slow fury, and yet he was unable to control himself.

"You never had an affair with anybody in your life!" he told Katrine. "Why do you pull that sort of stuff—on me, of all people? I know you're straight—that way, at least!"

Katrine started to laugh—she sighed instead.

"You only see me during working hours," she told Bill. "You don't know how I spend my evenings . . . Good-bye, Bill," she called after his retreating back. "If you meet Bertrand anywhere, tell him I sent my love . . ."

So it went. Through the whole of a dragging, miserable month during which Peter ate balanced meals and drank certified milk and lost weight alarmingly. During which Bill Naughton grew to have a blue line around his mouth—so that he always looked a trifle in need of a barber. During which Katrine Mollineaux worked like a dog on her new picture—and was seen everywhere with the pint-sized Count, named Bertrand, clinging to her like a leech.

"He takes a good photo," she told Bill, when Bill remonstrated—as he did regularly, twice every day. "It's a pity I didn't adopt him instead of Peter. At least I could've divorced him, later."

Bill made no response to that. He couldn't think (Please turn to page 75)
Because the stars go there to play, the City on the Seine is a swell place to capture close-ups of notables, as this story proves.

With pardonable pride, Charles Boyer points for Paris at least once a year. This time he's doing a film there—a scene from which center below, shows Boyer with Robert Manuel, Ruth Chatterton, at the right, really flies to Paris at every opportunity. Tullio Corinotti, bottom center, vacations from film acting.

PARIS is putting on her best smile and gayest air, because its beloved prodigal is once more at home. At home, not for just a vacation, but at home to actually make a film. The cause of this joy is Charles Boyer. When he first went to Hollywood he arranged his contract so as to be free to make one film a year in Paris. Each year he has done this, or appeared on the stage, except last year. Then he could only manage a short visit but now he is hard at work on the production of "Le Venin" at the studios in Joinville, the Parisian Hollywood. I went out to the studio for a visit with Charles and found him in fine form. In France, after all sorts of hand-waving and shoulder-shrugging of the artistes (in France the actors are called artistes), the directors and electricians, they settled, legally, on the strict eight-hour-a-day program. So the work at the studio starts at noon and ends at eight o'clock at night. Many of the artistes play in the theatres so this noon-starting hour pleases them greatly. Also, on the lighter side, those who love parties have all morning in which to get rid of that "morning after" look and feeling. At the comfortable hour of noon I rolled up to the studio restaurant for a bite of lunch with Charles. He was quite the center of attraction, even in the studio restaurant. Somehow, Hollywood gives one a dazzling halo. Even in other walks of life the casual mention of having been in Hollywood awakens a new light of interest in people's eyes. Charles didn't have time to finish his coffee as they needed him on the set. The scene was in a poor, sordid French version of a hall bedroom, so I knew I would have to depend on Charles' sparkling eyes and sly sense of humor for any lightness in these drab surroundings. Every time he could, he would run over between shots and chat with me. As the (Please turn to page 88)
Ungilded Lily

A nightingale who loves to skylark, petite Pons proves the prima donna needn’t be pompous. Here’s a candid cameo of the vibrant coloratura

By Dick Pine

MAYBE I’m getting old. I’m probably out of touch with the modern stream-lined tendencies in this and that. But there is something in this picture which seems out of drawing, somehow. I am talking of Lily Pons.

I thought that I knew something of prima donnas. I have, in a modest way, been a patron of opera in England, on the Continent, and in this country. I have met several prima donnas; had tea with a few of them; paid my respectful tributes at larger parties. I’ve closed my eyes reverently while portly ladies galumphed through the Wagnerian operas. What I am getting at is that I thought I knew my prima donna enough to realize that there are hard and fast rules governing her deportment, her temperament, the extent of her tantrums. And then again, the love of good music and the beautiful voice of a prima donna overcomes any love of feminine pulchritude. If she sings like an angel, one should be able to imagine that she looks like one.

All this was before I met Lily Pons. I had heard her on the radio, but I hadn’t, I regret to say, seen her. When I did catch up with her, while she was working in “Hitting a New High” at RKO, they had to lead me out and feed me aspirins.

Lily (oh yes, I’m calling her Lily) was wearing a few feathers and some beads. I was assured, solemnly, in answer to my incredulous enquiries, that the befeathered, beaded wisp of a thing really was a prima donna. I rubbed my eyes, and had another look. Yes, there she was, just as I had first seen her. Five feet of her. About ninety pounds of her. The size 1½ B feet of her. Wearing a few beads and feathers. And here I was—a fellow who had taken a solemn oath never to attempt to interview a luscious young thing. I set out to write a story about a prima donna, and found myself confronted with a gay creature wearing beads and feathers (but I think I mentioned that before).  

Anyhow, this prima donna had the giggles. She had just emerged from a large tank of (Please turn to page 83)
Fay's Magic

It's a camera! The pictures Fay Wray takes transport her back to beloved scenes of beauty and enjoyment in places near and far

By Ruth Tildesley

"All I had, up to the time of that Christmas camera, was a hankering to draw. I did sketch a little, nothing very good, but I always thought that some day it would be nice to take lessons. You know, those 'some day' ambitions? 'Some day' I'll take up the violin—'some day' I'll really go in for piano—'some day' I'll learn to speak really good French—or German—or Chinese! One of those things. 

"Now, I know that what I want to do is to be a really good portrait artist with a camera. I know it will be years before I am good, but that's the fun of this hobby—so much to learn, so many

"The fun and excitement of this camera hobby," Fay says, "is that it may lead you anywhere." Fay has traveled a lot—and has made pictures along the way. The picture of Dolores Del Rio, at right, however, was made right on the beach of Fay's California home.

"The excitement of owning a camera and going in for picture-taking as a hobby is that it can lead anywhere," said Fay Wray, looking up from the piles of prints that lay between us on the scarlet leather of the coach.

"You might go on from the pictures to writing stories suggested by the scenes you've taken, or writing articles about the countries your pictures show. Or you might become a traveling specialist in some line because you get the wander-bug. Or you might become a real artist.

"I never had a camera in my life until my husband surprised me with a little Leica camera as a Christmas present one year. I hadn't even vaguely thought of wanting one, but I was delighted. John—'His name, as you probably know, is John Monk Saunders—' had a Graflex camera for years. He got it for use when he was a reporter and has never stopped taking pictures. Somehow, once a camera fiend, always a camera fiend, it seems.
Carpet

interesting experiments to make. Portrait-making interests me because I like people. The next thing I get for my camera will be a portrait lens and a good supply of patience. I find that patience—of which I have no over-supply—is more important than anything else. I hope to develop it.

In her navy blue suit, with a blue "beanie" on her red-brown hair, she looked like an earnest schoolgirl.

"I say I want to be a portrait artist, but I'm not good enough yet," she went on. "First, I must learn what there is to know about lighting and focus and so on, and then I'll take the next steps. In the meantime, I've been taking scenery and action shots and informals.

"I know you can buy postcards of scenes at every place you go when you travel, and they will probably be ever so much better than the ones you take yourself, but somehow when I see something beautiful I can't help getting out my own camera. The pictures mean more to me because when I look at them I can remember exactly what we were doing the day I snapped it and live over again the happy times. It's a travelogue, but a personal one.

"When we were in Switzerland, I was sitting at the breakfast table by a window overlooking the lake at St. Moritz when I saw this breath-taking scene. I couldn't wait till I got my camera. I took it through the window pane and you can see the faint reflection of the table. Postcards may give lovely views, but they won't mean the same to me!"

"The ski track picture is another I couldn't help snapping, because it shows the track as it looked from our seats—one of the jumpers was in mid-air when I shot. I love the powder of snow on the trees and the tiny black figures against the white drifts. I used a green filter for the snow shots; it tones down the glare.

"This shot of the ski jumper who landed right in front of us is an example of the sort of picture belonging to a travelogue because it brings back a thrill of a moment, but actually a camera expert can find a dozen things wrong technically."

Fay's ideas on candid (Please turn to page 82)
NOW that Garbo has gone home for a long vacation the choicest anecdote about her comes to light. Years ago, when she was a salesgirl in Stockholm, a young man brought in a pair of gloves to be mended. They became friends. In 1937 he showed up in Hollywood and Greta got him a job playing a bit in “Conquest.” One day she was completely indifferent, giving him the snub supreme. He was upset all night and next day went right to her to get an explanation. She was as friendly as ever. It appears he had approached her double and—well as he knew the star—had believed the double was Greta. So when you hear their doubles aren’t much like them, remember this.

HOW different Sonja Henie’s current exhibition tour is! There are the same great crowds and there is an even bigger salary for each grand performance. More fans besiege her for autographs. But there are no orchids impetuously sent by a tall, dark and handsome lad. There are no more exciting telephone calls from Holly-

wood, catching up with her wherever she may be temporarily. In Sonja’s life there is no more love. Tyrone Power cares for Janet Gaynor now.

As soon as Shirley Temple finishes a picture her parents whisk her down to a fashionable Palm Springs hotel for a sunshine pick-up. Shirley is so proud of her current tan. She wishes she had a portable plunge on hand to demonstrate how keen a swimmer she’s becoming, too. The Temples employ the hotel swimming instructor for her. It is so hard to do that crawl they do in Australia, though!” exclaims Shirley. “Gosh, you have to take all your breath to keep your feet up.” Mrs. Temple wisely forbids close-ups of Shirley in the pool; when it’s time to relax there shouldn’t be cameramen snapping furiously.

DICK POWELL and Joan Blondell have moved from a house to a Hollywood apartment. They have sold their lot in Bel-Air, dismissed their architect. All those splendid plans for an elegant mansion have been torn up. Not because they don’t want a home, or because they’ve been scared by the stock market drop. The answer, actually, is: the servant problem. They couldn’t find satisfactory help and after a series of annoying incidents they decided life would be far simpler if they took an apartment.

JOAN BENNETT has picked herself up after her marital mishap. She put her older daughter away in St. Margaret’s, the exclusive school for girls in Connecticut where Joan once studied. Then she took Melinda, her four-year-old daughter, along with her on her road tour of the play, “Stage Door.” When romance goes blooey, Joan contends, the only sensible recourse is to carry on as though the past never was. You can’t depress a Bennett!

JEANETTE MacDONALD can’t help it. She just has a mathematical, orderly mind. When you snoop in her kitchen, for example, you learn that inside the cupboard above the stove there are two detailed lists. One’s for Jeanette, and one is for Gene Raymond. Each, in the bride’s own scrawl, is headed “What I Like—What I Don’t Like. Neither star cares a bit for pastries. But, as a concession, Jeanette now indulges in sweetbreads broiled on ham, a rich concoction Gene craves.

ALLAN JONES has to obey the red light on his dressing-room door or else. Or else M-G-M will rip out his personal loudspeaker set-up, and he’ll be reduced to a good book between scenes. Allan grew bored by the waiting between camera shots so he went into consultation with the prop boys. He emerged with the germ of an idea, which he proceeded to develop. Soon he had a two-way communication line from his dressing-room to the set. With a flick of the wrist he could either talk or receive an earful. It’s been some fun hiding his private mike under chairs and behind backdrops, then booming out remarks from a distant hideaway. He has captured some surprising conversations. He generally waits until the
The Paul Munis continue their vacation.  

_Seen above, left, on a sight-seeing tour of European capitals._

"Why travel? There's such fun and sunshine at home," say the Jack Oakies, right, at Dal Monte.

The honeymoon continues for Francis Lederer and his bride, Marga, left, seen at a California resort.

there. The Pryors had an apartment where milady did every bit of the cooking. Ann turned down the role of Deanna Durbin's mother in the new Durbin film to play housewife. Now she's back in her Beverly Hills home and letting her negro chef bend over the stove. Dining alone she growls wistful over Roger and the hashes she loved to concoct for him.

THERE'S a surefire system if you want to meet Joan Crawford. Just be a maestro in your own racket. Some day, when you're in Hollywood or New York, Joan will walk right up, introduce herself and earnestly tell you how much she admires you. It's a habit with her. Incidentally, when Franchot Tone was ordered to make another picture when he was ready to go New York jaunting with her he insisted that she go on and have some big city fun. She hadn't been East for three years. The holiday spirit was exciting. But Joan was famous and feted and forlorn. No Franchot!

THE spot to see the stars now is definitely the clubhouse at the Santa Anita race track. It's a Waldorf-like lounge, ritzy apart from the crowd scene. There Hollywood lunches, bets, and luxuriously eggs on the first rags of the nation. Cocktails are served in the umbrella-dotted stand. Santa Anita is America's swankiest track, thanks to Hal Roach being at the helm. This season Bing Crosby, Joe E. Brown, and Barbara Stanwyck own the best racehorses among the actors. Al Johnson is the biggest bettor, Bruce Cabot is the shrewdest player—he hired a special airline from Palm Springs to Santa Anita, so a star really can't afford to stay down in the desert for the afternoon!

HOLLYWOOD can afford the best. So now Skokowski is co-starring with Mickey Mouse! You can't blame the crashing of his second marriage on the movies—he had come to an emotional impasse before he came to California to work and live.

WHEN Nelson Eddy moved into a big Beverly Hills home at last he didn't regally order a floc of flunkies to cart over all his belongings. He gave his mother complete charge of the transfer. That is, excepting his musical possessions. He moved them all himself. Not counting his piano and Ciphetto!

ONE way to lure a star to your town is to name a theater after him. The good citizens of Lubbock, Texas, have a fondness for John Boles and so they named the new theater in his honor. What could he do but fly to its opening and meet everybody there?

IT'S easy to get the axe in Hollywood. Ida Lupino thought she finally was amounting to something. Her roles at last gave her a chance. Then she was handed an insignificant part in support of Dorothy Lamour. The Lupino realized the Lamour had become the pet of Paramount, so she walked out. Next day Dorothy Howe, an ex-telephone operator in Dallas, was put into Ida's part.

ideal second to toss in his absentee two-bits' worth. That always stuns someone. However, he talked when acting was going on—hence the red light warning. When it flashed on he knows they're shooting and he controls that urge.

JOAN BLONDELL's three-year-old son "Norman now attends kindergarten. "And what do they call you at school?" the fond mother chanced to ask the other day. "Cute Baby," replied Norman. Rolling over on the floor and grimling, he added. "Can you blame them?"

WHILE Paul Muni is away seeing the world leisurely his brother-in-law Abe Finkel is busily adapting the story of the Wright brothers for filming. Maybe the wandering Paul will illustrate how airplanes were born next. He wants to do something in a comedy vein, he writes, though.

ANN SOTHERN has checked in from El Paso, Texas, where she's spent the past six weeks vacationing. Husband Roger Pryor was leading his orchestra over all his belongings. He gave his mother complete charge of the transfer. That is, excepting his musical possessions. He moved them all himself. Not counting his piano and Ciphetto!
Time On Your Hands

FOR several years, I've been doing some private investigation. It concerns the modern man's views on the modern woman's appearance. He has definite likes and dislikes, as you may guess. On some points he is vague. Most men cannot tell you the color of their loved ones' eyes, nor the shape of mouth and nose. But on skin, hair, figure and hands, they miss nothing. On hands, especially are men intensely sensitive.

Hands tell all to observant people. They speak eloquently of your character, habits and tastes, and there are three ways in which they speak—appearance, touch and use.

In appearance, we must think twice. We must have soft, attractive looking skin and we must have neat, well-groomed fingertips. It is hardly necessary to impress upon anyone the necessity for plenty of hand cream or lotion in a season that brings chapped, reddened and roughened results. There are so many fine preparations. We all have our favorites because of quick absorbent qualities, good results, perfume, perhaps, or handy container. The mention of container reminds me of the nice, white, squarish bottle on my desk now. It's new and it's practically accident-proof. It has grooved sides that simply cannot slip from creamy hands and a permanent stopper that it's fun to adjust. The contents are a rich, creamy lotion that does an efficient smoothing and scenting job all at once. Please never let yourself be without clean before anything is applied. Tepid water and mild soap do that. And they should be really dried—dried until they are slippery and the towel slides over them. As you dry, never forget our grandmothers' beauty secret of gently molding back cuticle. It's a good beauty habit. To apply your softener effectively, hold up your hand, as if a glove were to be fitted on it. Smooth the softener down over it, including wrist and arm. Press and mold your hand, as if shaping it more delicately, and over knuckles and joints use a rotary movement to do a better job. Always leave cream or lotion about the cuticle, if you are not applying a special cream there. For badly roughened and reddened hands, sleeping gloves are a boon. They are made for this purpose, or loose old suede or chamois make good substitutes. The soft leather seems to hold the softener better than cotton, unless specially treated. With the short sleeve so popular, arms and elbows must have attention, otherwise they will appear harsh and scaly. After hand and arm treatment, set

Hands make that important first impression. Be sure yours speak well for you.

By Courtenay Marvin

Exotic nails for the exotic Merle Oberon, but not for everyday girls. That's a grand file, long, flexible and sharp. Below, the luncheon hour is being devoted to the dramatic Katharine Hepburn hands. They are getting a softening and finishing treatment. All hands, both work and play, need plenty of this in winter weather. Some emollient hand aid, especially before going out in winter weather. If you find yourself without, for the moment, use a little face cream.

How you use your preparations is often as important as what you use. Hands should be
your elbow in a creamy palm and wriggle it about. This is helpful because the elbow is horny and cream needs to be rubbed in.

A weekly manicure is a necessity. Whether you slip out to a salon or do a neat home job is for you to decide. There probably isn't a star—at least I never met one—that couldn't do a very good self-manicure if he wanted to.

A friend saw "Vogues of 1938," in which Joan Bennett's small hands were adorned with red lacquer right to the tips. This friend had always gone conservatively, pink-tipped because she thought her husband would prefer it. Imagine her surprise, during the picture, when he turned to her and said, "Why don't you do your nails like Joan Bennett's?" That just goes to show we can make the boys like almost anything when we do it well and gracefully.

In fact—remember the occasion, your own coloring and your costume tone. You can juggle the three and come out with smart, well-groomed fingers and it's interesting how that term "well-groomed" enters into every demand for charm and loveliness today. Hollywood scouts, in search for new talent, business personal directors, models' and employees—all stress two important requirements, both of which mean the same, "refined" and "good grooming." They're rated fairly above mere perfection of features.

I wonder if you've ever stopped to think that the touch of your hand acts like a clear character reading to another. Is a smile or a swish of a dress evoking warm and likeable, or it's cold, forced, insincere. Smoothness and softness alone won't give that hard others love to touch. But sincerity and honest evidence of your joy, understanding and realness will. Remember this when shaking hands. A half smile is worse than none. Make yours firm, sincere for a moment—that's all.

If you were being groomed for the movies, you'd be surprised how much time and patience would be spent in Freninging of your hands. Watch the stars on their use of hands and take some lessons, because most of us need them. Hepburn's dramatic hands are famous. Margo's hands speak as well as her lips, undoubtedly because she was a dancer before she went to Hollywood. Garbo, Dietrich, Lily Pons—they use their hands with telling effect but so subtly, so artfully that you are not aware of this until you concentrate on hands. That's the way it should be.

Black gloves make the hand skin look shabby—there is no smart substitute for the black glove with a black costume but there are grand washable black suede ones that may be kept so fresh by a flake bath that they will not soil the hands. I have seen these gloves alter many washings, still velvety, deep black and new-looking.

A few familiar situations: home hands must not soil chowns. There are savers, if you'll use them. Soap flakes, chips or beads for washing jobs from dishes to underthings, and two containers of cream or lotion, one for bath. Use old gloves for dusting and other dirty tasks.

Secretarial, sales and other business hands are always in evidence. Keep them in the pink of grooming, but use your intuitive feminine sense to "feel" whether brilliant or subdued polish is the thing. Otherwise, promotions and demotions can depend upon some little personal point, like that.

For true sophisticates, there are new powders for manicure bars that look like small cocktail affairs. They push about and offer you lacquer tones blended to your every whim. Sophisticated, too, is the idea of a drop of perfume rubbed between the palms for evening. Very, very perfuming!
How Crawford Keeps Glamorous

Continued from page 31

every single second of being an actress. All the world acclaim, the glamour and the excitement of being a movie star have never ceased to thrill her. She milks every moment dry of its importance. Every time she starts a picture, every time she faces a radio audience, every time she sits for portraits there is that grim determination, that breathless enthusiasm, as if it actually had never happened before. It couldn't be any different even if she wanted it to be. Joan has long since become a Hollywood legend. If ever there has been a movie star, it is Joan Crawford, who comes from the stuff of which actresses are made.

When you stop to think of it, Hollywood should be eternally grateful to Joan. How few actresses there are who live up to the traditions of the make-believe world, how few there are who supply that fascination, that colorful life of an actress represents. But Joan never lets us down. She puts on a magnificent show, just as all the glamorous women of theatrical history used to do, And she has a wonderful time doing it. There is one possible flaw in the picture, if you can call it that. The very things that actresses were haled for in another era, are the very things that Hollywood crowns on and brands with disapproval.

Unfortunately for Joan, she rose to great fame in a town that reeks of provincial unreality. Being a sensitive person Joan has struggled between resigning herself to the mediocrity of the average Hollywood actress' life or living within the colorful confines of her own creative world. As a result, Joan has been ridiculed, often misjudged, sometimes disliked and many times offended. She has been accused of taking it all too seriously. But just try and get her to take it any other way. Some of her stories haven't been as good as Joan would like them to be. But she always compensates in some way.

In spite of her almost super-sophistication, there is a sentimental side to Joan's nature that is reminiscent of a small town girl just starting out in life. I remember when the El Capitan Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard was taken over for broadcasting purposes, Joan went on a program. She had invited me to see the show from the wings and I was to meet her in her dressing-room. Much to my surprise, I found her in the small dressing-room at the end of the backstage hall, rather than the large front one usually allotted the star. Just before she went on the air, Joan explained why.

"I just couldn't take that room," she said. "It would have been sacrilegious on my part. The last time I was in there Paul Bern took me backstage to meet Pauline Frederick, who was appearing in a play. Miss Frederick had always been a great ideal of mine and I hoped some day to be as fine an actress as she is. "I shall never forget that meeting. Miss Frederick held my hand and gave me a wonderful encouragement. She told me to keep my chin up and if I felt I could accomplish things, never to allow anyone or anything to destroy that thought. I never have. And I've never forgotten her kindness to me.

The name of Paul Bern naturally brings to mind the tragedy of Jean Harlow. After Paul Bern's death Joan never would speak of it. He was a great friend to her when she needed a friend. His loss was a great one. Joan and Jean Harlow never knew each other very well. They had met once at a party, long before either had achieved the golden touch of success. Working on the same lot they naturally came into contact with each other. They always spoke but each went her separate way. There was no particular reason why they should have become great friends. But the stories of a feud were greatly exaggerated, as Hollywood exaggerates all rumors.

One day, Franchot who was working with Jean Harlow, came over on Joan's set. When he explained that the company were through for the day because Jean was ill, Joan ran right over to see if there was anything she could do. Joan and Jean met just outside the sound-stage door. Joan offered Jean some nerve tablets that she sometimes used. Jean explained that she had her own but they would not help. That night Joan received a beautiful box of flowers. Attached was a note of thanks from Jean Harlow. A few days later Joan asked Jean to come for dinner. At the time Joan couldn't keep the date. She never lived to accept a second invitation.

Certain people are born to lead in this world. And certain ones are born to follow. It requires no master stroke of brilliance to determine in which class Joan belongs. She has defied the time-worn traditions of conventional living with the same ease that a duck flicks water from its back. She establishes a precedent and flees from its limitations. For example, when all the pink and white blondes were being selected as typical Hollywood beauties, Joan went out and par-boiled herself in the sun. Her mahogany-colored skin and freckle-spattered face were copied by girls all over the nation. Thousands of grateful letters poured in from freckle-faced girls, whose own inferiority had magically disappeared when Joan established the homely freckle as a mark of beauty. In the meantime Joan proceeded to bleach herself out and become as pale and interesting as the fragile heroine of "La Boheme."

Joan was one of the first to wear men's tailored slacks. But one day she awakened to the realization that femininity had hit a new low. From then on she turned from slacks and is never seen in public unless she is the last word in sartorial splendor. The freedom the slack-wearing craze brought to Hollywood resulted in an informality that was nothing short of slovenliness. Tourists depart from Hollywood with weird stories of having seen five-
thousand-dollar-a-week actresses shopping in filthy dunagrees and spotted shoes. You will hear that some of your favorite glamor girls can be seen doing their hair in their own drug store, their Joan’s bearing unmistakable signs of a recent mayonnaise massage. Leo the Lion might easily turn green with envy at the minute appearance of some of your dream girls, who comb their hair with electric fans.

But Joan always gives them their money’s worth. At Joan’s dressing-room is equipped with every known kind of boom to beauty. She has a practical manicure table, complete with electric light and wheels. She owns even a steamdrier for her hair. She has dozens of shelves of shoes, each shelf for a different color. She has every width and shade of ribbon in the book. She has several closets filled with dresses, and yet with Joan it never ceases to be a problem when it comes to making a selection. Being right for an occasion and locating her best for it means as much to Joan as giving a fine performance. Once when she was invited to the Frank Borzage anniversary party, I saw Joan sit down and sew new jet buttons on a dress, because she wanted to wear this particular dress, but she wanted it to look different. She would have had her eyes, gone to her closet and blindly selected any one of a number of dresses and looked equally well. Another time I remember that she was having dinner party and wore a breath-taking vermilion crepe dress with a white cala lily pattern. She looked so beautiful, it was just impossible to say anything else. It is just one of her qualities, I pointed out that she always looked her best and one got used to it, she’d have to look her worst, in order to rate special attention.

Other women might want to look like Joan but they aren’t Joan, and they enjoy suffering through the maddening extremes. With Joan it is almost a hobby. And of course she is oftentimes resentful. I’ve seen her enter a hotel room and each woman present becomes conscious of a hat that is off-sent. Or a hem suddenly becomes uneven. The men present suddenly remember to do all the nice little things. The ones that most women never look for. The ones that Joan always expects. I’ve been in rooms where other actresses walk all over the place trying to find a match for a cigarette. Yet the click of Joan’s cigarette case automatically brings a dozen different lights, from a dozen different directions.

During the years that Joan has been criticized and maligneed, she has never ceased to be a good sport. And even if she does appear to take it all pretty seri-
ously, she knows when to keep her tongue in her cheek. She proved what a humorous perspective she has when her publicity depart-
ment asked her to meet a group of future Mid-
est politicians. Over a period of years Joan has always been the one who is so willing to co-operate when it comes to posing for pictures and shaking hands with the “Apple Polunish’ Union of Amer-
ica.” Garbo just didn’t have visitors on her set. And it usually worked out that Norma Shearer’s sets were closed on the particular days there were visitors on the lot.

But on this particular day Joan was tired—such a hot one to wear a white gown and to cap the climax, on to the set walked the little group of politicians, Joan blew up and point-blank refused to come over and act each scene. The publicity depart-
ment was in a dither. They explained to Joan that they had already said how charming and gracious she was. But Joan said they ought to say:

"Just tell them," flipped Joan, "that there’s another new Crawford.”

On another occasion, Joan pulled an amusing disappearance act. She was at the Personality Booth. But she wasn’t sufficiently home to go make a phone call. When she didn’t come back. Franchot began to worry. He went to the phone booth and she wasn’t there. So Franchot asked Barbara Stanwyck, who was in the party, to see if Joan was in the powder room. Sure enough, she was there. And busily engaged in helping Margot Grahame sew a broken strap on her low-cut evening gown. Joan had never met Margot before in all her life. When she walked in and saw the difficult time Margot was having, Joan offered to give her a helping hand.

Speaking of Barbara Stanwyck, one nat-
urally wonders about her friendship with Joan. For five years they lived right across the street from each other. They had met but their lives had taken such a completely opposite course, a close friendship had never developed. When Barbara left Frank Fay, Joan realized that she must be facing a terrific ordeal. So Joan sent a message and asked if they couldn’t meet again.

Soon Barbara was driving all the way out from Beverly Hills where she had moved, to Joan’s house in Brentwood Heights. Across the street stood the home that Barbara Stanwyck left behind her, where Fay was now living. It’s strange that all the time they could have seen each other on a moment’s notice, it couldn’t work out. But today they are the closest of friends. Joan is very devoted to Barbara. Outside of Franchot’s picture, Barbara’s is the only other one that Joan displays in her home.

In many ways Joan and Barbara, who have had the same struggle for success, are faced with similar problems. Both are highly sensitive, hard-working, independent women. Joan is much kinder to their friends, expecting little from friendship, willing to give twice as much in return. They are, very good for each other, because when Joan tries to help Barbara, she is actually helping herself. When Barbara recognizes certain traits in Joan’s nature, she recognizes them because they also belong to her. Barbara is so emo-
tionally equipped that in acting she finds escape from reality. But she only seeks that escape through the medium of her work. The rest of the time she retires to her own little world. Joan, with her great beauty, her flair for life and Hug, was meant and does belong to the world at all times.

There are many people who have helped Joan along the way in her career and these people come first in her heart. Any time Joan has had furniture made, alterations on her home, decorations to be bought, she has always patronized William Haines. From time to time people have come to Joan and urged her to patronize some other decorator, Joan has always given them the same answer.

"Bill Haines was a star when I was try-
ing to make good. He gave me a chance in his picture and I have never forgotten it. Bill’s business is going wonderfully well. He doesn’t even need me for a cus-
tomer, but I still would never go to any-
other place, as long as Bill will do the work for me.”

I remember too how sad Joan was when Rene Adoree passed away. Joan had never known her but she was captivated by Renee’s rest for life. When it became nec-
essary to sell the Adoree jewelry to pay doctors bills, Joan asked to buy it. Her attitude was to make Renee a present of her treasures when she was well and strong again.

When the ill-fated Pickfair was put up-
for sale, an enterprising agent came to Joan and asked her why she didn’t buy it. Back in his mind was the thought that Joan had once been interested in the house when she became the bride of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It could have been a moment of triumph for Joan—if there is any triumph in sitting down and Joan shook her head wisely and the look on her face more than told what a long, long way she had traveled from those days when a date at Pickfair had seemed so important.

Joan’s enthusiasm isn’t strictly confined to her personal efforts. It involves material, financial and spiritual aid as well. When Joan was busy making a special peti-
point for Billie Burke, she is trying to find out why Della Linn (her newest friend) hasn’t been given a chance to sing, when she was brought to the Manhattan Opera by Irving Berlin a year ago. One day finds Joan putting up the money to establish her hairdresser in business. The next day to encourage Alan Curtis, her new leading man, who hasn’t been able to quite relax in front of the camera.

When Frank Borzage learned he was to direct Joan in “Mannequin,” he naturally
asked to meet her as soon as possible. They talked for a long time and Frank kept asking her for her personal point of view. Before that day they started shooting, Frank said:

"You know, I have a feeling that we have met before. Of course I’ve often seen you on the screen. But it seems to me that I’ve known you personally, too.”

"Do you remember a girl you tested when you were looking for someone to play in “Seventh Heaven?” I can remem-
bered. "Well, I was that girl. I wanted that part so badly, but of course you said I couldn’t. When I did get a part I never mentioned your test, they said if I didn’t get the part, they were going to loan me out to Tom Mrix for a picture. It just so happened that Tom Mrix was doing something else for me. But I made up my mind that someday you would want to direct me in a picture!”

Part of Joan’s equipment is her vivid
imagination. There is an over-compensating quality in her nature which is another reason why Joan gives you your money’s worth as an actress. Joan is never quite satisfied with things—just as they are. Through her eyes and emotions they must become enhanced. Ofttimes I tell Joan the newest story of the moment. She immediately repeats it to someone else. But she doesn’t tell the same story at all! She gives it her own version, but it doesn’t matter. Most of the time hers is so much better. Recently Joan decided that her hair would photograph better if it were red. So she made it red. But just a little more red than anyone else. Joan was one of the first to wear blood-red polish on her hands and toes. When others started doing it, Joan switched to pink. Originally Joan started the fad of wearing a braid on the side of her head. When other actresses began to sport a braid, Joan unbraided hers and tied it with a tiny bow. When the bow was taken off Joan put gardenias in her hair. The gardenia phase became a symbol, and even though they still remain her favorite flower, Joan took up the lowly wild carrot.

Joan’s flair for fads manifested itself recently when she purchased glasses. Joan bought them to wear at pictures and in the theatre, because she found the constant strain gave her slight headaches. Instead of resenting the fact that she had to wear glasses, Joan was delighted. She could hardly wait to get to a place where she was supposed to put them on. To her they were the same as a new toy to a child. What’s more, after Joan began wearing her glasses sooner or later she’d ask anyone she met if he or she wore glasses too. If she received a negative answer, Joan almost shook her head sympathetically and conveyed that they really were missing something!

There has been a great deal said about Joan’s singing. Actually she takes lessons because she enjoys it. And she is anxious to sing. Beyond that Joan has not committed herself. When the studio suggested that she learn singing something classical for the screen. Joan pleaded that she could not and was not ready to sing for an audience. Unless you were a close friend of Joan and understood that she was still in the experimental stage, nary a note could you get out of her. Then one night Joan went dancing at the Trocadero with a party of friends. Joan was looking unusually beautiful this night. And she was feeling unusually well. Being Crawford, she just couldn’t let it go at that. Suddenly without warning a voice filled the room. Joan, dancing by her handstand, had quite unexpectedly pulled the microphone over and stood there singing away with perfect ease. When she finished the song the applause was deafening. Joan bowed graciously and acted as if it had all been part of the day’s work. If the management had come up to her table and said “Get up and sing” Joan probably would have been running yet.

Joan didn’t start the gadget craze in Hollywood. And she didn’t take up the style until every other actress had collected hundreds of amusing little ornaments. Then just as the interest was beginning to die down Joan started to collect miniature hearts. She had them of gold, platinum, enamel and crystal. One had a tiny diamond in the center. Another was decorated with hand-painted forget-me-nots. Joan was pleased because her gadget bracelet was different. Invariably she is criticized for her ever-changing innovations. But in the meantime everyone else follows suit.

Joan delights in being first with the latest. I’ve seen her tear out an ad from the one-page New York magazine and make an illustration with her check. Therefore Joan always has the newest, whether it is girdles or gramophones. Burgess Meredith accompanied Joan to the movies one night, when he was making a picture in Hollywood. On the way home I remember Burgess remarked that two of the most glamorous women he has ever known, Katharine Cornell and Joan Crawford, both own Dachshunds. And looked like they should own Dachshunds.

When her fans fight for her autograph, when the police have to get her through the crowds, Joan really gets a huge kick out of it. There have been times too, when Joan never seems to learn a lesson. That is, she won’t turn her back on her own emotion or cease to help people if she thinks she’s doing good. It is just an impulse to her that there are some people you never can do any good for. But she must be right because she keeps right on going right on going to see her pictures. And she seems to thrive on all the things a less dynamic person might never rise above.

I shall never forget a conversation I had with Helen Hayes, who is one of Joan’s greatest admirers. Helen was visiting Hollywood and I had called for her to drive me home for dinner. As we drove along Helen confessed that she would rather go to Joan’s house than almost any other actress in Hollywood. Helen asked me if anyone would criticize Joan, or censure her for the very things that make an actress exciting. To Helen, Joan personifies everything that an actress should be. She feels that it is almost a tragedy that Joan wasn’t born in another era, when actresses were expected to have the kind of fire, emotion, and imagination that so many of today’s stars—Helen, Joan, was born to sleep in glass coffins and make spectacular entrances. She feels that Hollywood should be grateful to Joan for her struggle against the common place and her endless effort toward making the career of an actress as colorful and fascinating as the one she believes women should have. There are far too few actresses today who live up to their own tradition—and actually give you your money’s worth.
George Murphy beats the boredom of sessions in the barber chair by keeping busy. He "gets the works," clip, manicure, and all, and talks to pals by phone.

to fall back on. He has yet to fail me as a listener to tales of woe."

Joe Penner does a lot of thinking while he's in the chair. According to Bill, Joe puts on a serious expression, says nothing, but just as it looks as though he's going to go to sleep comes out with some crack that sends a ripple of laughter clear out to the sidewalk. According to Joe he is Bill's prize sucker, and has an almost pathological lack of sales resistance. "I wonder what Bill's going to sell me today?" is the expression Penner is known by around the shop. (Bill Ring is one of Hollywood's leading pipe and tobacco merchants, also sells tooth-brushes, razors, smokers' equipment and general gadgets).

Stu Erwin serves the dual function of keeping Bill Ring's marble games going on merrily and bringing in all the very latest dope on football, baseball, the horses; and the beauties, health-giving qualities and charm of the Sierra Mountains (where Stu was born—and proud of it). The title of fussiest patron of Bill Ring's has been contested about evenly between William Powell and Adolphe Menjou. Precise, and demanding in the matter of the welfare of his hair, moustache, and finger-nails, Bill Powell is as pleasant as possible. He always insists that the work be done in a certain way. "It's a toss-up," says Ring, "as to who uses the hand-mirror more often during a session here, Bill Powell or Menjou. However, I think I'll give Powell the edge on points, for Bill not only uses the hand-mirror to excess but also at times stands up in order to get a better view. But still I like him," Bill Ring appended.

All that has been said about Powell applies generally to Menjou, with the exception that, when everything is going well, Menjou will soften up and talk about his dogs. "We hold against him particularly," remarked Charlie, the youngest of the tonorial artists, "the holiness of his moustache. Never, since he has been coming here, has he allowed any one of us to lay hand, scissors, or razor to that sacred turf."

"But still," rejoined Bill Ring, "we all like him."

The dreggiest customers, according to Bill, are most noticeably Fred MacMurray, all of the Marx Brothers, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Paul Lukas, and Producer Lubitsch. On account of their long legs, Vic McLaglen, Andy Devine, and W. C. Fields are added to the list. For these high-strung Hollywoodites the barber-chair seems to be designed as a source of discomfort, rather than a place to relax.

Contrasted to the fidgeters are the hosts of such prize relievers as Melvyn Douglas, Lloyd Nolan, Ken Taylor, Bob Burns, Mischa Auer, Pat O'Brien, "Skeets" Galbraith, and Jack Mulhall. Of the gregarious clients, W. C. F. Fields, Jack Benny, Groucho Marx, and Eddie Cantor stand out. Whether it is that these gentlemen have a lot of talking to do, or that they have some lagging childhood fear of having their tonorial needs attended to without company may never be known. The fact remains that only rarely are these stalwarts seen alone in a barber-shop.

"Although we have never, to my memory," said Bill, "been favored with any Adelle-singing quartets in our shop, such foursomes as Ben Bernie, Walter Winchell, Mack Gordon, and Harry Revel, and, believe it or not, Einstein, Count Tolstoy, Jack Dempsey, and Thomas Meighan have been frequenters (without definite purpose) of our establishment."

Occasionally Bill receives off-campus calls, in answer to which he is always willing to oblige. Outstanding of such summons was the job that called for Charlie Fields to be sent to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital during his rather recent illness. With all the pain and discomfort that were wracking the fibers of the ailing buffalo, Bill Fields was still able to come out with the statement: "Charlie, I believe that is by far the worst, the dullest razor that has ever come in contact with my epidermis."

Going to the Paramount lot to answer a call from Cecil B. DeMille, this same Charlie received the compliment of his life, Said Cecil DeMille when Charlie had finished, "That, my boy, is the best haircut I have ever had. Why hadn't I been told about your place before?" Charlie didn't know how to answer, but went back to the shop throbbing with the DeMille praises.

"And that," observed Bill Ring, "is the last we ever heard from Cecil DeMille."

"We thought we were going to have Charlie McCarthy to work on the other day," (Bill's expression was that of unrequited hope) "when Ed Bergen brought him in under his arm. We were disappointed, though, for Bergen simply stepped up to the smokers' counter, bought a cigar, and walked out. Oh well, maybe someday we'll get McCarthy's business."

of a proper—or improper one. After a moment Katrine went on.

"That's what grpipes me," she said. "You can't dance a kid—not ever." She paused.

"But as soon as the fireworks have stopped, I can send Peter to a boarding school in the east. I can make arrangements to have them keep him during vacations, too—"

Bill said to that: "I'll take care of Peter's vacations—but Katrine shook her head. "She's too young," she said. "She can't be spoiling him. In fact, Bill, I think you spend too much time with Peter already!

I was going to talk to you about that—"

"If you don't worry to isolate the kid entirely," he asked. "He likes me, and he's crazy for affection and he gets thinner every day. If you ask me, I don't have to worry about boarding schools—or vacations or anything else—if this goes on."

Katrine looked at Bill with level eyes.

"Are you accusing me of being mean to the kid," she said, "and not giving him every luxury? Now, Bill—"

Bill answered. "There's such a thing as mental cruelty, I saw that business with the flowers a week or so ago. Peter got up long before breakfast to pick them—"

Katrine queried.

Bill told her. "Don't pull that innocent line on me! I mean the bouquet he brought you, the one you threw away. I happened to be feeling cussed. Peter'll carry a black and blue spot on his soul because of that."

"Baloney," Katrine objected. "You're making a mountain out of a mole hill. Peter probably found the weeds in a gutter. They were more'n half dead."

Bill said: "He'd been holding them in a hot little paw, trying to get up the nerve to give them to you. Katie, I hate you sometimes!"

Katrine went to a nearby vase and took from it an orchid, not quite fresh.

"Here's a posey. If you like 'em this way, buy, you can press it—and put it in your memory book."

Bill stared at the slim hand holding the flower. The smooth naiads of it were tined with a new rusty shade. Bill loathed the color—it was too much like drying blood to be funny.

"I really do hate you," he heard himself replying, "you've got something clammy back of your smile. You've got a twocold sword in your voice. You've—"

Katrine said: "Go!"

Bill croaked, "I will. I hate you and I wish I'd never seen you in my whole life—"

Katrine drawled. "Do you indeed? I
that, dreadful, her, slimy, do, 1938."

He was a它, guess, both, adroit, different, it, the, spoke, there, third, Broadcast, had, avenue, English-cut, rage, rabbit, long, come, Katrine was.

Katrine's fired, kneiv, fine, be, Radio was had, embarrassment, pain, Too, you, boy?" he got, involuntary, the.

Sometimes eyes can stare into other eyes

for a long time that they get locked, almost.

Bill Naughton had finally to wrench his eyes from Katrine's gaze.

"I guess you're right," he said. "Almost, anyway. Avenue B / Radio is coming, in about then—you were hoping to meet somebody who cleaned spitoons for one of the smaller broadcasting companies. Once you were a hoofer, weren't you?"

Bill told her: "I owned a third interest in a swell little newsstand."

Katrine giggled again. "Oh, sure," she said. "You were going to get reckless and put in a line of chewing gum and penny candy, weren't you?"

Bill interrupted, "Listen here, Katie," he said, "you were just starting, yourself, when I began to do your publicity. We came along together. A newsboy—and a hoofer with more figure than brains. You gave me a break, but I got you lineage in the papers. It was just about even."

"It isn't any more," said Katrine. Just that.

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Jack Haley and Phyllis Brooks in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."
"Smoothes lines out marvelously—makes texture seem finer,"
Mrs. Henry Lathrope Roosevelt, Jr.

A NEW KIND OF CREAM is bringing new aid to women's skin!
Women who use it say its regular use is giving a livelier look to skin; that it keeps skin wonderfully soft and smooth!...And the cream they are talking about is Pond's new Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin."

Essential to skin health
Within recent years, doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking.

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams for over 3 years. In animal tests, skin became rough, old looking when the diet was lacking in "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in 3 weeks! Then women used the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. In 4 weeks they reported pores looking finer, skin smoother, richer looking.

Same jars, same labels, same price
Now every jar of Pond's Cold Cream you buy contains this new cream with "skin-vitamin" in it. You will find it in the same jars, with the same labels, at the same price. Use it the usual way. In a few weeks, see if there is not a smoother appearing texture, a new brighter look.

Mrs. Roosevelt with her hunter, Nutmeg.
HOW DO YOU LOOK IN YOUR BATHING SUIT?

"Man-Proof"
Continued from page 59

"MAN-PROOF"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
CAST
Mimi Swift………………….Myrna Loy
Jimmy Kilpatrick………Franchot Tone
Elizabeth Stansfield…Elizabeth Russell
Alan H'lythe………Walter Pidgeon
Florence…….Rita Johnson
Meg Swift……….Nana Bryant
Jesse……….Ruth Hussey
Bob………………Leonard Penn
Tommy Gault……….John Miljan

Screen play by Vincent Lawrence, Waldemar Young and George Oppenheimer from a book by Fanny Hazisip Lea.

SKINNY? THOUSANDS
GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS
THIS NEW EASY WAY

A NEW IRONIZED YEAST
ADDS POUNDS—gives thousands
natural sex-appealing curves

New by professional models

Why it builds up so quick

Scientists have discovered that hosts of people
eat junk food and run around all day—yet
they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron in
their daily food. Without these vital ele-
ments no good appetite and no high strength.
No wonder these exact missing ele-
ments in these new Ironized Yeast tablets.

They're made from one of the world's
richest sources of health-building Vitamin
B—the special yeast used in making English
ale. Through a new process this yeast is
concentrated 7 times, taking 7 pounds of
yeast to make just one pound of concentrate
thus making it many times more powerful
in Vitamin B strength than ordinary yeast.

Then 3 kinds of strength-building iron
(organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron)
and pasteurized vinegar are added in just the
right way. Finally every batch of this Ironized
Yeast is tested and returned biologically for
its Vitamin B strength. This insures its full
weight and effectiveness.

So wonder these new easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skinniest people
who needed their vital elements, quick gain on normally attractive pounds, new pep and new charm.

Try it without risking a cent

To make it easy for you to try Ironized Yeast, we do better
than offer you a small sample package. We offer you a
FULL SIZED bottle, and we don't get a penny. For a
limited time, we'll let you have these bottles for
nothing, neither do we expect you to buy anything from us. If you are not
convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally
attractive figure you need—the doctors of this first package
will promptly refund. So get Ironized Yeast tablets from
your druggist today.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast. So unau-
natural has it been that we've had to fight cheap "Iron and
Yeast" substitutes in any drug store. Don't take substitutes.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we
make this valuable special offer: Purchase a package
of Ironized Yeast tablets at your druggist's and send
a postcard to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We
will mail you a fascinating new book on health, "New
Parts About Your Body." Remember, enclosed is the very
Every Woman's Favourite Analogous Kit. Actual value, Ironized
Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.

Boots Mallory, of Grand National, peers over a pufféd sleeve.

S C R E E N L A N D

78
FOOLISH words of a popular song. But there's truth in them. In his heart, every man idealizes the woman he loves. He likes to think of her as sweetly wholesome, fragrant, clean the way flowers are clean.

Much of the glamour that surrounds the loved woman in her man's eyes, springs from the complete freshness and utter exquisiteness of her person. Keep yourself wholesomely, sweetly clean!

Your hair, and skin, your teeth—of course you care for them faithfully. But are you attending to that more intimate phase of cleanliness, that of "Feminine Hygiene"? Truly nice women practice Feminine Hygiene regularly, as a habit of personal grooming. Do you? It will help to give you that poise, that sureness of yourself, that is a part of charm.

The practice of intimate Feminine Hygiene is so simple and so easy. As an effective cleansing douche we recommend "Lysol" in the proper dilution with water. "Lysol" cleanses and deodorizes gently but thoroughly.
begin with, that job Jimmy got for her in the art department of his newspaper, but it wasn't long before Mimi was really doing things with that talent she had for drawing.

So after three months she came over to me one day hugging the drawing for the furniture ad she had just done.

"I'm going to study art," she said.

Her eyes were shining. "It means so much to me, it means I'm making good and I'm getting such a thrill out of it.

She stopped as a boy came in with a pile of papers just off the press and took one and turned to the page her ad was on, with Jimmy's name on it and the headline "Here's a paper full of the news of the world, life and death and destiny, and what you're excited about is a furniture ad," he joked, then suddenly stopped and her eyes followed his to the social news on the opposite page.

There was only that first sharp intake of breath and then she lasted it out across the side and a flush came to her face as she saw the look he gave her, but after that there wasn't time to think of Jimmy.

There were so many sober things to do, exciting things, going to a night club afterward and swinging hands as they walked home through the streets, and yet not skipping the little test beat when she saw he looked vaguely disappointed.

"Well, this isn't what I expected," his voice sounded almost sulky as he sat down beside her. "I was wondering what we'd talk about when we met again but it's a cinch I didn't think of you."

"No, not so soon," Mimi said quietly.

"But I'm all right now, Aren't you glad, Alane?"

"No."

"The word was torn from him. "So this is the end. Somehow it's a little sad."

But Mimi didn't even feel the least bit sad or even triumphant when Elizabeth came toward them and saw her quick glance of apprehension.

"Hey, come here, you!" Alan hailed his wife. "Promised to take you to a party."

Jimmi's eyes were shining. All this time I thought Mimi's been carrying a torch for me and now she says she can't believe she ever was in love."

"What are you doing?"

"We've got it all in blue prints, we're going to be friends. I, you, you!"

"Let me tell her, Alane," Mimi said slowly. "I've been torturing her love for me. He likes me and now I like him. That's all there is to it. And I want you to believe me"

"Thank you, Mimi, and I do believe you," Elizabeth said and she smiled with Mimi as the quick frown knotted itself between Alane's eyes.

But for all her talk of friendship Elizabeth hesitated the day Alane came to the office with two tickets for a prize fight at Madison Square Garden.

I drove Elizabeth to bed talking about the fight, he grinned, and "And she told me not to feel bad. That tomorrow would be the happiest day of her life. The fight will be over and"

"I can't go along with you," Mimi said slowly and then, "Does Elizabeth know you were going to talk it out with her?"

"Of course she knows it," Alan grinned.

"What about this beautiful friendship you sold me? Are you going to throw it in the trash can and let her know you've changed?"

So after that, there was nothing Mimi could say. She went to the fight and somehow it was almost the way it used to be, the excitement and excitement with, grabbing his hand once at a knockout punch, thrilling again as he took her hand and held it. Once she looked like she might cry but then around and a flush came to her face as she saw the look he gave her, but after that there wasn't time to think of Jimmy.

These were so many sober things to do, exciting things, going to a night club afterward and swinging hands as they walked home through the streets, and yet not skipping the little test beat when she saw he looked vaguely disappointed.

"If it hasn't been the gayest time I've ever had, don't ever give it to me any gayer. I couldn't take it," Alan said as he left her at the door of her apartment.

The excited happy smile was still playing about Mimi's lips as she closed the door of her apartment behind her, then turned suddenly and looked around and nothing said that couldn't be said and yet all the time old under tones were there and old feelings stifled too long relinking and becoming important and exciting.

"I just love you in the role of big brother, Jimmy. It fits you so perfectly," Mimi blushed and then feeling sure of herself after all the time she had been waiting for her. She had never seen Jimmy look at her like this before. Almost as if he didn't like her.

"You're not the only one I've been waiting for," she said. "I'm really glad you came around tonight."

Jimmy was taken off guard at that.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Well, I had this feeling, you've made me realize he wasn't even thinking about what you thought—and I'm just realizing why the night was so lovely. What I'm trying to say is, you don't know how swell it is for you to be wrong."

She would have been so happy if it hadn't been for Elizabeth. Why did that girl have to be there? Why couldn't she have been of a wife that no one would mind hurting? But after all, that couldn't be helped. Love was the thing that counted.

She was going to play fair, though, she told herself as she took up the telephone and called Elizabeth and said she wasn't ready yet and so forth.

"Sorry I missed the fight last night, Alane said it was so exciting. But I think I'd rather have scarlet fever."

"Not me," Mimi couldn't help the sensible thing. "Mimi couldn't have missed it, not for anything. You didn't mind my going alone with Alane?"

"I don't mind you, Mimi. Especially after our wonderful little time.

Mimi spoke softly into the phone now, trying to take the edge of the shock away.

"Try to understand this, Elizabeth. The
other night, I said a lot of things about friendship. I meant them then, but they're not true any more. What I'm trying to say is: I'm still in love with Alan.

There was the sharp little click of the phone in Elizabeth's ear and the sudden fear in her heart. But in spite of that, it was Elizabeth who asked Alan to Mimi. She knew she was doing it too when she pleaded a headache and suggested he go off for a night at the club.

"That man's here again," Alan shouted the salutation as he knocked at Mimi's door. And he smiled as he heard the eager rush of feet inside.

"Carry him in," Mimi laughed as she opened the door.

"Where shall I put him?" he asked, and his eyes were eager.

"Oh, just dump him anywhere!" Mimi laughed but she might as well have said, "I love you.

"Oh, you can't treat him that way," Alan said. "He's marked fragile. He needs a lot of care and kindness; in fact, what he really needs is more of the same medicine you gave him last night. You're gay, Mimi: you're fun—in fact, you're swell. Why can't things be like this always?"

"Can't they?" she said quietly, "Is this—is this the way you want it to be, Alan? The two of us, always?"

His mood changed just a little.

"I know we've got a lot of talking and thinking to do, but let's not do it now—" he stopped as the knock came on the door, and then he stiffened as Mimi flung it open and Elizabeth stood there.

"Hi, dear," she called to Alan, and even her eyes did not show her hurt as she came into the room. Then she turned to Mimi.

"Well, between three old friends, can I have a drink?"

Alan poured stiff highballs for the three of them and Elizabeth took a drink of hers before she spoke again: "This is different than I expected to find it. You both look—well, very sure of yourselves. I'm confused by the way you look, Alan. I never saw you look like that before. I don't think we have to talk much. I think you're in love with her and all you want is a divorce.

"I'll tell you why I was so surprised," Elizabeth turned to Mimi. "On our honeymoon I knew that Alan didn't love me. So, having naturally rated him higher than a fortune hunter, I found myself married to a man who had lost his size. Who was just—ordinary."

She saw Alan staring at her then.

"Then I began to realize something else." Her fingers tightened around her glass. "And it was strange. He was trying to be in love with me, so desperately that I knew Alan had never been in love and never would be. But his not wanting to be like that, made a difference—and instead of hating him for being ordinary, I found myself sorry for him because he was a very lonely man.

"Well, being in love with him what was I going to do about it? I knew there would be a parade of women, since he would be trying to find love some place, but they wouldn't be getting any of his heart for he had none to give them. And the fact he had married me seemed to say he liked me better than any.

"Not very much to have, but that much,
Mimi. And added to that is it isn’t everyone who can carry a jersey. So, I was going to let it ride. But I wouldn’t want Alan in love with another woman. He wouldn’t be very charming or very amusing with a heavy heart. So now since he is in love at last—well, I had it pegged all wrong.”

She put down her glass and got slowly to her feet.

“T’ll pass up the drink. I won’t be good at being noble much longer,” she said.

It was Mimi who spoke first after the door closed.

“There goes a Major-General in any woman’s army, even though she did lose,” she said.

But she saw then Elizabeth hadn’t lost after all.

“All this time I’ve been married to her. I’ve been sitting for my portrait and didn’t know it!” Alan looked like a man who had suddenly been startled from a long sleep. “She clocked it, Mimi. You’re to be in the parade. Oh, right out in front—you know that, but in the parade nevertheless. Then the charm of last night’s gets busy again, you believed so much that it was a great love and so I thought it was the McCoy at last. And then in comes a wise eye and shoves a mirror in front of my face.”

“Are you in love with her?” Mimi asked in a small sick voice.

“No, but—well, Elizabeth does count now. And I know you wouldn’t want to count—that way. I guess you’re lucky, Mimi.”

“Sure,” her head lifted. “Sure. We’re both lucky, I guess.”

But after he was gone there was that sickness in her heart that was different from that other and I can tell you that the first time she had lost Alan. For now it was shame she felt. A sickening, agonizing shame.

She really didn’t know she was going to Jimmy when she got out of the house at last. But she did, and when he saw her face he wasn’t cynical or bitter with her the way he usually was as he bundled her into his old Ford and started her out to Meg.

The night air felt good on her face. Fresher and more suddenly being with Jimmy seemed that way too. It was almost like getting to know herself all over again, feeling the shame go and the laughter begin and the feeling so calm with Jimmy saying all the things to put a girl right with herself.

It was so grand they kept on riding through the night as if they were at home it was at the breakfast table they found Meg. They tried to tell her of the thing they had found and Meg listened with that wise smile of hers.

“So you’ve both come to a great understanding!” She shook her head. “There’s no such thing as love. You’ve put it out of your lives. I’ll be triumphant!”

“How can you sit there and not get excited?” Jimmy belittled. “Your own daughter has come out of the ether. She’s through with that animalistic mush. She’s a real person now and—”

“Jimmy, look at Mimi,” Meg said suddenly. “Not me, her! Look at her eyes. They’re sparkling and Mimi look at Jimmy. Where’s that old indifference? Where’s that lack-lustre look? You idiots, don’t you know love when you see it?”

They didn’t know it, not for a minute.

There was the silence and their hearts bounding and Mimi’s knees trembling. But then Jimmy took a quick step toward her and she shut her eyes and after that ever so fool would have known what it was all about, not to speak of a smart girl like Mimi.

“People only look as they do in those dreadfully few for an instant,” he said. “It may be a trick of light or the glint in their eyes, or because they have their mouths open to speak, and they look either imbecile or deathly blank. Why, you know that?

“I don’t mean that the people in my pictures must be always at their best—always well-groomed and well-dressed—but they should give me an impression I want to keep."

“Those shots of Dolores Del Rio on the sands at my beach house aren’t the most beautiful pictures ever made of her, but I love them because they give me a Dolores mood that I seldom see. Her hands are so expressive, her face thoughtful. It has an old Italian painting quality that I’d like to get oftener.”

“I like some of my Swedish stuff. The hay drying on the rails here in Rattvik—this Coastal Canal that forms a boat across the lakes and through little canals. The boat progress through a series of locks; you can get off and take a walk inland for an hour or so. When you come back your boat may be hundreds of yards farther down the canal, in this I like the water reflections and the dappling of sun through the trees.

“When I get that portrait lens, I’m going in for character studies. I don’t want just young, pretty faces—I want real character. In this shot of an old caretaker of a church at the village of Leksund, Sweden, you can see the sort of thing I mean.

“When I get that portrait lens I shall probably shelve all my pictures for a second by telling them to move a little toward that shadow, or draw in that foot, or shift your glance to the left. Or I may get to be a serious artist who will sit patiently waiting for four o’clock and a certain phase of light, before I will shoot. Who knows?

“But I had rather good luck with these two pictures without a new picture. One is Richard Arlen racing across his garden with his dog, and my husband sitting in a sleigh opposite me at St. Moritz. See the snow falling on him?"

“T’ll be a specialist in animal photography,” Fay went on, selecting two more prints from the little heap on the counter. “Perhaps the two should both have been shot against the light background, but when I take a picture of a dog, I’m lucky if I get the dog, without worrying over where he is by the time the shutter clicks!”

Fay is convinced that it’s a good thing for a husband and wife to share the same hobby."

“IT makes for friendly rivalry,” she laughed, "especially if you each have different cameras. We both take pictures on our trips or at the beach or at the current excitement and then we can hardly wait till the prints come home."

“Mine are really quite something this time,” we will say to each other, and it’s a triumph when you actually discover that yours are a little better.

“With two people in a family doing it, you feel you must improve. It won’t do to make the same mistakes and have the other one say: ‘Your lighting is bad—again!’

""
water, and she should have been dank and depressed. But she, and the whole company, had the giggles. I pieced the story together.

It seems that Director Raoul Walsh had given Lily a pep talk when it was time for her song. "We want plenty of pepper in this number, Lily," he had admonished. Solemnly, Lily assured him. "I understand. You wait. I go to the ceezy on this one!"

I don't know why "going to the city" sounds so much funnier than "going to town," but it just does.

"Do you ever have your serious moments?" I asked, when she and I could get our respective breaths.

She has, of course. You gather that life, on the whole, was pretty serious for Lily until she came to Hollywood, and found herself involved in "these too, too mad pictures, which are such fun!"

Lily Pons was one of those sad creatures, a child prodigy. She was a seven-months baby, and the doctor who officiated at her birth will attest that she had two teeth. He adds: "If she had waited the normal length of time to be born, she would probably have arrived equipped with rubber boots and a fur coat!" At four or five, she was picking out operatic tunes on the piano. But let's skip it. I can't stand child prodigies, and I like Lily Pons.

The Chamber of Commerce will be jarred to learn that Lily doesn't like the climate of Southern California! The nights are too cool. So she just pauses in our midst until her picture is finished, and then away she goes to her farm in Connecticut, where she really feels at home. There are twenty-seven acres of land snuggling around her farm house, and she treasures those acres. She raises chickens, and turkeys, and cabbages and things, and has a game preserve for wild birds, and a haven for deer.

Domestic? No, one could hardly call Lily domestic. She simply hasn't had time in her short, busy life to learn to cook, for instance. She likes to go to the market, however, and she will come home with the most astonishing pile of things. "The tomatoes, they look so red, I thought I'd buy several," she will say. Her idea of "several" is really something. "They tell me the fresh..."

*Continued from page 65*
"Raw" Throat?
Here's Quick Action!

Zonite Wins
Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic.

NOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!

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Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold

is nice, so I have bought some seeds." She has indeed bought "some" fish. I asked her to tell me of the preparations she makes her house in preparation for the operatic premiere, thinking that here, at any rate, she might conform to the popular conception of a prima donna. But it was not to be. She makes no special preparations when she sings. She just takes all the rest she can, and then goes on and does her stuff.

She is, as a matter of fact, one of the gayest people you can imagine. The giggles which greeted me when I first met her were not unusual. They are practically chronic.

"One of the things I like best about America," she told me, "is how it laughs and laughs. I like so much your American magazines, the laugh ones, with all the funny pictures, I like the funny motion pictures, too. They have grown funnier and funnier. It's nice, isn't it, to laugh?"

It was Jack Oakie who christened her "Snooky," and she loved it. She liked it so much that she would pretend not to hear when someone on the set addressed her as "Miss Pons." Bewildered property men, trying to observe the laws of politeness and still please her, solved the difficulty by calling her "Miss Snooky." The entourage grew in size when it heard of Lily's introduction to a "jam session." It seems that she came upon Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, and Eric Bloore, in a corner, laughing away in the ardently tailoring of Sweet Adeline. "What eases thee?" inquired Lily. Jack Oakie assured her, solemnly, "This, my dear, is a jam session."

"Eat some jam, Lily, it's good for you, too, huh?" quoth Lily, and she forthwith trilled a merry obligato to that good old corner-of-the-kitchen ditty, until several people from all parts of the studio ran up to see to what went on. "Me? I'm just jamming," Lily informed them.

When late critics waxed wroth over Lily's feather and head costing, "Hit-ting A New High," the studio was upset.

But Lily was amused. "I thought it was rather cute, that costume," she commented.

She hates it when nothing will induce her to venture forth on a damp evening—except a circus. A first class bazaar won't keep her at home on a circus night. Lily likes to arrive as early as possible, plan her movements, and spend hours, if she can, prowling about the animal tent. She exerts an almost hypnotic influence over the most savage of animals, making them laugh, and they purr or whimper, or twitter, according to their noise-making equipment; and a good time is had by all.

She owns several dogs, a pair of turtles, and a parrot. She tries always to have some of them with her, even when she is on tour. The turtles present the smallest problem when she is traveling, she declares. Her favorite pet is an English sheep dog, "Pouf," I asked her why he was named "Pouf," and she informed me, "I just look at him, and it came to me." When she had an appointment at the studio to have publicity pictures made with "Pouf." Lily was on time, but Pouf was not. She had sent him to the veterinarian to be groomed for the cameras.

People who know Lily well, who see her every day, will tell you that she has a wistful quality, a kind of cosmic sadness which overwhelms her sometimes.

I have never seen it.

She did once tell me that she had a theory, a plan, about the future and the function of grand opera upon the screen.

She is in earnest, too. She has her plans for retirement. She has "retired" from the stage after notable successes in Paris, while she was still very, very young, and, of all things, before anyone realized that she was a great singer. She has been planning to retire all over again, "in five years," ever since. Two years ago, she set the date. "In five years," now she has bought the Connecticut farm, and avers that she is preparing it for her new scenes, "Is it far from New York? She is very serious about it, but I don't believe for a moment that Lily Pons will retire five years, or fifteen years from now. I don't think she is interested in her work, too infatuated with the habit of work. Horseless riding, gardening, caring for her birds—the things will never satisfy Lily Pons. Or, at least, not for a long, long time, I hope.

Of course, there is her reputed marriage to Andre Kostelansky. They have admitted their intention to wed "when we have time." It takes only a few minutes, after all, to be married, and there are those pictures that show her and Andre, and Lily and Andre have been married for some time. But I, and several other million people, do not know whether or not the pair have taken the vows.

Lily is deeply interested in children, especially talented youngsters. She works quietly and earnestly, in an effort to see that they get their chance to develop. Aside from these activities which are thoughtfully planned, her charities are impulsive, and unorganized. She likes to make gifts which are sure dissolved, never to be saved.

As she doesn't share the traditional opera star's taste for rich foods, neither does she share her taste for jewels or expensive clothes. She has none of those gorgeous clothes that show themselves in the daytime: many blue, or any of the tawny or mustard shades. She has these made in New York, and she likes to have a line in designing them. In the evening, she wears white. She is clever about clothes, and no one knows better than she that nothing will set off that dark vivacity of hers as will white. She gives lights and dresses, and weeps when she has to make them. Lily is gay, interesting, amusing, exciting. She has made two very large films, for everybody, for countless other people. The littlest prima donna—long may she wave and twitter!

London
Continued from page 61

watched him working he had a bicycle col-
ision in the campus of the Art. As the
newlyweds resided at College, he goes for a ride along Oxford's famous old High Street and collides with the Dean, otherwise Edmund Gwenn, both falling
heavily on the cobblestones. Seven times
did they shoot this scene, and then Director
You looked as though you really were bruised then." "I am!" said Robert, rubbing himself tenderly. "That was not acting!" And did the extra girls sigh as they watched the smiling, amiable Robert, in-costing
the many Mary forewarn with limi-
tation.

I haven't seen Robert at any of the smart
Mayfair night-clubs yet, but plenty of
other screen celebrities are around. I met
Gertrude Michael and Mr. and Mrs. John

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Lodge dining at the Savoy and Jessie Matthews made one of her rare social appearances, all in golden net, to sing at a charity cabaret attended by King George's brother the Duke of Gloucester and his Duchess.

Maureen O'Sullivan was often to be seen with her husband John V. Farrow—usually they were dancing together and Maureen was wearing something white and frilly. Her footwork is so dainty I wonder she hasn't danced on the screen yet. This, especially as she seems to enjoy herself immensely on the ballroom floor.

Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester threw a party at their apartment the other night with a double purpose, to celebrate the completion of their picture "Vessel of Wrath" in which they repeat their real-life role of husband and wife, and to show their friends the new bedroom which Charles has made for himself. It's all in dull white, chests and cupboards fitted into the walls so that the only piece of furniture is the bed. Charles has it covered with a remarkable quilt made from the softest finest white feathers plucked from the breasts of young swans. He can't sleep under heavy covering and thought this a marvelous way of combining warmth with lightness.

Handsome Anton Walbrook has been decorating, too. He is shortly going to make another film for Herbert Wilcox who presented him so deftly in "Victoria the Great" so he has taken a cottage on Hampstead Heath where he can indulge his favorite hobby of riding. The Clive Brown home is only half a mile away, a Georgian house with a spacious playroom where Clive entertains his friends every Sunday evening.

William Powell was wearing a more than somewhat startling line in red scarves when he looked in on London for a day before returning to California after his European vacation. But the masculine fashion prize this month undoubtedly goes to Victor McLaglen for his sumptuous appearance as the town dandy of Johanneburg in the good old gold-rush days.

Vic is playing in "He Was Her Man" with our blonde comedienne Gracie Fields on the new Twentieth Century-Fox lot where it is authoritatively said that Shirley Temple will be working next spring. When he isn't required to do a little gold-mining or drinking in the bar-room, Vic changes into very quiet clothes and drives off in his big black sports car to a boxing match or a football fixture.

Most of the new British pictures are technicolor—wait until you see the full beauty of Merle Oberon's creamy complexion and Elizabeth Allan's soft curls and Vivien Leigh's exotically-lacquered hands! At a recent film premiere Madeleine Carroll appeared in becoming turquoise chiffon, exactly the color of her eyes, with pearl and diamond jewelry and her tall husband Captain Philip Astley as devoted escort.

Even Anna Neagle appeared, which was decidedly a departure for Anna prefers the quiet life at her country home twenty miles from London. She looked very young and gracious in her pink dress and white fur coat, sitting beside Herbert Wilcox who discovered her as an unknown chorus-girl in one of Jack Buchanan's musical shows and built her into a famous film star.

A gold-miner and his girl! Victor McLaglen and Gracie Fields, make a perfect fintype in character for their parts in "He Was Her Man," a new English film.

No man thrills to the touch of Chapped Hands!

IF HANDS COULD TALK THEY'D SAY:

DUSTY JOBS INSIDE! BITTER COLD OUTSIDE! BOTH HARD ON OUR SKIN—WERE ROUGH AND UNROMANTIC

NOW WE FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND...SOTHED AND SOFTENED BY EXTRA-CREAMY HINDS

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SCREENLAND 85
What's Behind the MacDonald-Eddy "Feud"?

Continued from page 23

movie stars who, like it or not, must live their lives with as little privacy as they might expect in a Saks Fifth Avenue showcase. But it isn't fair to either star to distort and misrepresent the truth; that's carrying enthusiasm a little too far. If the writer of the letter quoted will return from her corner and read this, I'd like to acquaint her with a few facts which have been corroborated, she might be interested to know, by Nelson Eddy.

Neither Nelson nor Allen was commanded by the studio to attend Jeanette's wedding. Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, are close friends of the Gene Raymonds, and it was Jeanette not long ago who gave Mrs. Jones her baby shower—and you don't go around giving baby showers to would-be acquaintances from the studio. Allan thoroughly enjoyed the Raymond wedding, and was terribly embarrassed when he read in the paper the next day that his shoes squeaked. He had been shoe-conscious ever since. It was Nelson himself who suggested to Jeanette that he sing at her wedding, and Jeanette naturally did the way. Nelson and Gene Raymond used to play tennis together a lot and were very good friends long before Jeanette and Gene even met each other. The idea of singing the conventional "Promise Me and I Love You" Truly before the ceremony. Then one day he came to Jeanette on the set and said, "Jeanette, I won't sing something special at your and Gene's wedding, not just the usual songs, and so I went through several of my old song books last night and have selected a little-known but perfectly beautiful prayer set to music, called Oh, Perfect Love," Jeanette, as well she should be, was deeply impressed. As a sort of benediction, while Jeanette and Gene were just knelling, Nelson sang Oh, Perfect Love. The "numerous delays on 'Maytime'" which our indignant fan accuses Jeanette of causing were explained away quite efficiently in an interview Nelson gave at that time. Jeanette is one of the world's best sports, said Nelson. You could see an example of that right here on the set a few weeks ago. She was in torture, with sun-poisoning she got over the week-end on a yachting trip. Her face was peeling, her eyes were burning, and her lower lip swollen, discolored, infected. She should have been at home in bed. Hang the delay to the picture, but there she was instead, trying to go through the rehearsals for the Jump Jim Crow dance in 'Maytime.' Further on he says, "Nobody got the idea that the pictures up this summer poisoning and delayed production. Everybody said, 'Sorry you're in such misery.'" Those fans (and count me in) who could have done with more of Nelson Eddy's brilliant singing in "Maytime" might be interested in knowing that they have only the studio to blame, and not Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette does not have the right to select her pictures. She does what the studio producers tell her to do. "Maytime" always was, and I suppose always will be, a Nelson Eddy picture. She didn't have to get "Maytime." It was Jeanette's idea, "and it's fifty-fifty, though Jeanette has the title role. You'd be surprised how little the glamorous ones, under contract to a powerful studio, have to say about their parts and pictures. You don't tell producers, even though you are a prima donna with red hair and a temper. They, little kiddies, tell you.

And oh yes, while we are clearing up things, those fans who write into magazines and plead, both politely and belligerently, "Why don't you give us more Nelson Eddy stories?" might like to know that Nelson Eddy is one of the most difficult people in Hollywood to get stories on. He's one of the stars—and whether he's right or wrong is still another argument—who insists emphatically upon having his private life private. He does not like to give interviews about himself, or his friends, or his home; he doesn't like to give interviews. He is kept so busy with his four-square career—he makes pictures, he broadcasts weekly, he makes records, and he goes on an annual concert tour—that he has very little time for romance and the gay social life. He is a conscientious worker and he spends several hours of every day personally reading and answering his fan mail. From his mail he chooses the four songs he sings on the radio every Sunday afternoon, so eager is he to give his fans what they want. Though I say it as I shouldn't, I admire him for not stooping to cheap publicity tricks, like escorting a glamorous girl to the Crocker several nights a week, so the photographers can click their cameras and the columnists pop out with juicy tidbits. But alas, all work and no play makes a movie star very "bad" copy. So if you can't find a story on Nelson Eddy in your screen magazine every month don't blame the editor, don't blame the studio, don't blame Jeanette MacDonald, and for heaven's sake don't blame me—just blame Mr. Nelson Eddy, who "won't talk." Of course as soon as I faced Nelson and Jeanette with this feud thing, they strenuously denied it. "Feud believe what you see for a change and not what you read."
Jeanette is right. That old bromide about actions speak louder than words contains a mighty lot of truth. No movie star with two grains of sense is going to say to me or to any other member of the Press, "I loathe that hain" or "Who does she think she is, Mrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?" Oh, no. Oh, no, indeed.

Whenever she starts a picture, whether she is in it or not, the gallant Mr. Eddy fills Miss MacDonald's dressing-room with flowers. Does that smell of a feud? Because of hard work Nelson isn't much of a diner—out but he finds time ever so often to have dinner at the Raymond home where he and Jeanette and Gene, shouting at the top of their voices, solve the musical problems of the universe. Though he was famous on the concert stage Nelson was practically unknown in pictures when he was assigned the lead opposite Jeanette in "Naughty Marietta." Jeanette was already Hollywood's Singing Star Number 1 and had she wanted to she could have ritzed Mr. Eddy something awful, for the habes in their mothers' arms know more about picture-making than Nelson did at that time. But Jeanette went out of her way to be helpful. She could easily have taken advantage of Nelson's lack of picture technique and stolen every scene from him. But she didn't. Instead, she threw scenes his way. She took time to put him wise to the tricks of the trade. "She wasn't a bit like a prima donna," Nelson told a friend, not a reporter, "she was like a pal. She did such a good job of making an actor out of me that when the picture was finished the Front Office wanted to bill my name in big letters too. Jeanette didn't have to stand for that. She was a star, and I was only her leading man, and all she had to do was to remind the Front Office of that fact and my billing would have been quite small. But she didn't. She was a pal."

If you know Hollywood, and how jealously most stars guard their stardom and try to thwart any competition, you can appreciate, as Nelson Eddy did, how much Jeanette contributed toward getting him off to a good start in his picture career. Nor, once he was established, and his fame and popularity as great as hers, did Jeanette do a right-about-face and turn on him—which is an old Hollywood custom and has been done many times by a jealous star who can't take it. She seems to be just as pleased today to be working opposite him in "The Girl of the Golden West" as she was three years ago when she was showing him the ropes in "Naughty Marietta." And ditto Nelson Eddy. His fans might have squawked about those nineteen minutes in "Maytime" but there is no record of Nelson resenting his lack of footage in that film. Like Jeanette he cannot pick his pictures, but he can raise Cain when the part doesn't please him. He didn't. Jeanette's perfectly willing that he get the break on the footage next time. "I have always been content to let M-G-M assign me to my pictures," says Jeanette, "I have been both happy and pleased that they have let me do four pictures with as fine an artist and as charming a person as Nelson Eddy. I hope there will be many others."

And that, my friends, is saying a mouthful. Because the big glamorous stars of Hollywood do not want to be teamed with the same person all of the time. They say it destroys their individual personality. Only this morning I read in the Hollywood Reporter: "Loretta Young's request to Twentieth-Century-Fox that it cast her with a different lead than Tyrone Power to avoid being typed has resulted in the indefinite postponement of 'Accent on Love,' scheduled as the next for the co-stars. Ginger Rogers objected to being co-starred with Fred Astaire (and Vice Versa, I hear) for so many pictures, and now Ginger is

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Paris
Continued from page 64
afternoon wore on I wondered why he seemed to enjoy it. Later on, I found out, for shortly before I left he grabbed my hand and said "You are really wonderful for here we have spent the whole afternoon and you haven't once mentioned Garbo's name, or asked a single question about her." I told him, with a smile, that I was much too well brought up, to even think of speaking to do such a thing. Confidently, I knew a great deal about that young lady so don't have to pester friends with questions about her. She is fascinating, will continue on the amiable subject of Charles. He seems younger, happier and much less nervous than on his former visits, and in my modern young wife, success the world over and, at the time I saw him, back home in Paris among old friends. The work in the studio beds continued. Then there was a sudden general movement as everyone prepared to leave the scene. It was four o'clock and tea-time, my dears. Yes, all work ceases and everyone goes to the studio restaurant for tea, toast and the far-famed French pastries. It makes such a pleasant break in the otherwise hectic schedule of steady work. As all the companies stop at the same time the artistes have a chance to visit with friends from other sets and companies. All too soon the bell rings and they must fly back to their respective jobs. Charles told me that he had been to the Exposition several times, which he found magnificent, in spite of the endless stars each one has to climb and, naturally, descend. At other times, he is busy seeing the plays and old friends. He is still a soil of the theatre and loves the whole atmosphere connected with it. Then too, his mother and relatives come up from Auvergne to see him. He is a great smoreal of playing his young wife share with Cass. She has been seen so far that he has on the various New York plays, only more so. Just next door to Tullio, at the George V was another American favorite, Ruth Chatterton was over in Paris to meet her mother, just arrived from America. That looks as though Ruth were planning to settle in Europe for a while. I say, settle in more ways than one when speaking of this attractive lady who only seems happy when in full flight in a plane—her own or a chartered one. Other gals fuss about face lotions, massages and diets and never seem to look any better for their trouble. Ruth bothers about none of these—eats and drinks everything she likes and looks younger and lovelier than ever. Maybe she gets something from those high altitudes when flying that gives her that radiant smile and certain sparkle in her eyes. And you should see her burst into a French film, for of late she has been in close conference with several film heads. She speaks French beautifully so will be easy to understand. If she does, I will haunt the studio for Ruth is one of those grand persons one loves to be near.
though not in years—had to stay right up on their toes to keep little Miss Weaver from stealing their scenes. Indeed it was she who was the "talk of the picture" after the preview, with most of the preview cards reading "give us more Marjorie Weaver." Majorie has unpacked her bags again and decided to stay—and why not, what with Twentieth Century-Fox grooming her for stardom. "I guess, by all right of reason," says Marjorie, "I should have been afraid of going into 'Second Honeymoon.' I knew that the film's eventual audience would see me with such experienced players as Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Claire Trevor and Stu Erwin. I knew, for that reason, that every mistake I made would show up all the worse by comparison with the work of the experts. And yet I wasn't afraid. In the first place I felt that Mr. Lang would never have permitted me to take such an important role if he had the least suspicion that I'd fail. The truth is that I wasn't sure of myself, but his confidence in me gave me confidence in myself.

"And then there was another marvelous thing, which made me feel that I'd just have to do well. Everybody in that cast felt that my role would be the stepping stone to something really important. And they all tried to help me. It was just as if they saw, in my efforts, themselves at the beginning of their careers. Every one of them, particularly Miss Young and Mr. Power, encouraged me and gave me advice—advice that had cost them many years of labor. I don't see how I could possibly have failed with all those wonderful people believing in me."

And there's Jane Bryan, a Hollywood High School girl, who held her own so beautifully in those difficult scenes she played with Basil Rathbone, the most suave and finished of actors, in "Confession." So sincere was her performance that there were those in the audience who sighed quite audibly when Kay Francis came on the screen and Jane became a minor character. Other kids who have hold their own beside experienced tragedians are Kenny Baker, who arrived in pictures via radio, and Jon Hall, who had the ladies swooning after "Hurricane," and Joy Hodges who used to warble with a band, and Lola Lane's two younger sisters Rosemary and Priscilla—and don't forget the girl genius, Deanna Durbin.

But how do they manage to walk on the screen with such overwhelming aplomb and savoir faire? Why aren't they petrified with fear? It takes a lot of nerve for a rank amateur to stack up with those professionals, most of whom have been in the theatre for years. Just in case you think the stars of tomorrow are a new race of gods and goddesses utterly devoid of such human emotions as fear and embarrassment.

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In Fast Company  
Continued from page 29

Ella Logan brings her bouncing brand of humor into this little seaside sequence with Kenny Baker and Andrea Leeds, very attractive in her beach attire.
Henry Fonda helps girl win beauty crown

“TWO GIRLS WERE RIVALS for the title of Beauty Queen of the Ice Carnival. Peggy told me how anxious she was to win...

“SHE WAS VERY ATTRACTIVE, but I noticed that winter wind and cold had chapped and cracked her lips—spoiled her beauty...

“ITOLD HER that I'd heard many famous beauties of the stage and screen mention a special lipstick with a rich, protective Beauty-Cream base...

“PEGGY WAS CHOSEN Queen of Beauty... and she always insists that it was my advice about this lip-protection that won her the crown!...

and humiliation I hasten to inform you that the kids are simply scared to death. “Oh boy, was I scared when I had to stand there and say, ‘Pat O’Brien,’ said Wayne Morris who recently emerged from Warner Brothers’ ‘Submarine D-I’ with a flying colors. ‘I kept thinking to myself, ‘Kid, you’re only a dozy little twerp, how are you going to hold your own among the fastest talking actor in the business? When he finishes with you you’ll look like something the cat brought in out of the rain.’”

Despite the fact that he claims his knees were shaking and his teeth chattering at all his scenes with Pat, George Brent, and Frank McHugh (he felt all right in his scenes with the girls he admits), young Wayne acquired himself nobly in a regular Jimmy Cagney part, and the studio must have been well pleased for they gave him second billing.

Wayne Morris was born in Los Angeles on February 17, 1914, and attended the Los Angeles High School and Junior College where he distinguished himself in football and basketball. He thought he’d like to be a lawyer but then when his family moved near the Pasadena Playhouse School of the Theatre he decided he’d be an actor. Casual just like that. Although he had lived most of his life only a stone’s throw from Hollywood, he had never been inside of a studio gate and so for his graduation present he asked the Playhouse to get him a pass to a studio so he could see how movies were made. He never got to use the pass because the week diplomas were awarded Irving Kumin, assistant casting director at Warner Brothers, saw Wayne playing Private Drum in “Yellow Jack” at Pasadena and sent him a note backstage asking him to come to the studio the next day for an interview. The interview ended in a long term contract.

Wayne’s first real break came in “Kid Galahad.” “And was I scared having to do scenes with Bette Davis!” says Wayne. “She was an Academy Award winner and tops in my estimation. I thought it all over and decided that there wasn’t any point in my trying to act around such professionals as Miss Davis and Mr. Robinson so I just tried to be natural.” Wayne’s “naturalness” was a terrific success. Girls and women went mad about him. His real name is Bert Dwayne Morris, and his present ambition is to “get famous.”

“I felt like a silly fifteen-year-old school girl when the studio told me I would play Brian Aherne’s leading lady in "The Great Garrick." I said pretty little Olivia de Havilland who has reached the ripe old age of twenty-one “Mr. Aherne had always been my favorite actor, and for several years I had worshipped him from afar as one of his most ardent fans. I think he knows more about acting than anyone in the profession and I just couldn’t bear to have him find out what a miserable little actress I am. He would probably make me look ridiculous—and that I knew would break my heart.” Poor little frightened Olivia timidly intimated to the powers—that-be that maybe she shouldn’t play the girl in “The Great Garrick” and especially with such an important actor as Brian Aherne, but she couldn’t talk them out of it so there was nothing for her to do but bite her lips (Olivia always bites her lips when she gets nervous), and face the lion in the den, who in this case happened to be her favorite actor on the set. She saw him act out his lines in front of a mirror with a sinking heart—she would never be able to hold her own with him. It would be the most humiliating experience of her life. Better Leslie Howard and Bette Davis any day than the great Aherne. So imagine Olivia’s surprise one day near the end of the picture when Brian Aherne wanted her to have lunch with him and during the

Kissproof

Indelible Lipstick and Rouge

Scenario by Henry Fonda
luncheon asked her if she would consider doing a play on Broadway with him. She almost choked on her tomato juice, much to Brian's amusement. "You're a very talented little actress," he said. "You definitely have a future in the theatre, and at a season in a legitimate play in New York would do you a world of good." Now Olivia doesn't have to worry over whether or not Brian Aherne will make her look ridiculous, but she does have to worry over whether or not she should accept his offer of a New York play.

No one in Hollywood can wear costumes so beautifully as Olivia de Havilland. She may have taken your breath away in "Captain Blood" but you haven't seen anything until you see her in technicolor as the lovely Maid Marian in "Robin Hood." In "Call It A Day" and "It's Love I'm After" she proved that she could hold her own even without fluffy ruffles and turbelows. Olivia's one boast is, "I may not always know how to read my lines, but at least I know them." She is a keen observer and rapidly absorbed movie technique. She claims, however, that it was Brian Aherne who made her camera-conscious as he insisted all during "The Great Garrick" that she be given the close-ups and the advantage in the two-shots. Her real name is Olivia de Havilland and she has large brown eyes and reddish brown hair. Camera men love her because she is one of the few people in Hollywood with such perfect features that she can be photographed from any angle.

One year younger than Olivia is her sister Joan Fontaine who is rapidly making a name for herself at the RKO studios. Joan's and Olivia's mother married a second time and when she signed a contract Joan, eager not to trade on the name of her already successful sister, took her stepfather's name. When "Call It A Day" was produced as a stage play at the El Capitan Theatre in Hollywood Joan tried out for a part and won it. The opening night found the famous producer Jesse Lasky in the audience and before he left the theatre that night he had signed Joan to a contract. She was given a fairly important role in Katharine Hepburn's "Quality Street" and through no fault of her own landed on the cutting room floor. It was decided that if she remained in the picture Franchot Tone would become an unsympathetic character except for a few seconds in a party scene she was completely cut out. But Joan Fontaine had found a friend and a champion—one other than Katharine Hepburn herself, who proceeded to tell all the right people at the studio that Joan had amazing talent. She asked to have Joan moved one of the studio club girls in "Stage Door" but in the meantime the executives had been running over Miss Fontaine's "rushes" from "Quality Street" and decided to give her a leading feminine role opposite John Beal in "The Man Who Found Himself," and later opposite Nino Martini in "Music for Madame."

When Joan heard the rumor that Ginger Rogers would not appear in the next Astaire picture and that the studio was looking for another leading lady for Fred she immediately started taking dancing lessons. She was tested and selected for the English girl in "Damsel in Distress" and triumphed so confidently with Fred through a dance routine that she is now the fair-haired girl at RKO. She had to sing with Nino Martini and dance with Fred Astaire. That, I think, can safely be called holding your own with experienced trouper.

Dorothy Lamour, Charlie MacCarthy's beloved Dotty, is another young girl who is traveling in fast company. Dorothy is twenty-two years old and was born in New Orleans. In 1931 she went to Chicago where

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she worked as a model, and then later in nearly every department, at the Marshall Field department store. From childhood she had been a friend of the late Dorothy Dell and when Dorothy, a great hit at that time, in the "Ziegfeld Follies," came to Chicago she persuaded Dorothy Lamour, who had a natural voice, to sing at celebrity night at the hotel. She did so, and Herb Kay, a great known orchestra leader, heard her and asked her to sign up with his orchestra, which she did. He later asked her to marry him, which she also did.

With her eye on a movie career she came to Hollywood and it was only a matter of a short time before Paramount had all her signed up on long-term contract. It is interesting to note that Dorothy lives in the same apartment, drives the same car, and runs her life as simply as she did before.

In fact, she took a five-year lease on her very small apartment in a none too fashionable district just so she wouldn't be tempted to "go Hollywood" and buy a little something every now and then. And Dorothy was "frightened to death" when the studio put her in "High, Wide, and Handsome" with Irene Dunne, both an accomplished actress and a femme. She doesn't know how she managed to survive. Concerning Dorothy Irene says, "In the comparatively short time Dorothy has been on the screen she has shown a wide range of pictures to be an actress of unlimited dramatic possibilities. She has a fine voice which is an added asset to any star. I enjoyed Dorothy very much in "High, Wide, and Handsome" during which time I learned she is as charming off the screen as on.

When I first signed her they weren't terribly impressed by her, but she'd be all right for "A" pictures, they decided. So they stuck her in "Jungle Princess," one of those Warner Things that every studio feels duty bound to make ever so often. The picture wasn't so bad as jungle pictures go, nor was it so good, but everything was spoiled when Dorothy sang, "Moonlight and Shadows," which immediately became a hit picture just because of the way Dorothy put over the song. The studio also demanded that she take off her wig. She started her first picture without a wig and a hair. This Dorothy refused to do. She has very long hair and she likes it. Nothing makes her more furious than to have someone accuse her of wearing a wig. Her first "A" picture was "Swing High, Swing Low" in which Carole Lombard starred. Dorothy was so unimportant in those days (it was just last year) that she didn't even have a dressing room on the set. And her part in the picture, a heavy "beauty," was so short that it would take her years to live it down. Dorothy wasn't at all happy about that picture but she decided that what with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon and Charlie Butterworth all being so very important it wasn't up to the likes of her to say anything. But Carole said, "First of all, I have no dressing room with Dorothy, and second she proceeded to rewrite the script. Dorothy was still the heavy; but a nice "heavy." Little children don't understand the difference between her. "I didn't have to try to hold my own with the stars in that picture," says Dorothy. "Carole saw to it that I kept my place and the audience is certainly happy with the opportunity of working with Carole Lombard."

After weeks of broadcasting with W. C. Fields on the Chase and Sanborn Hour she feels that she has absorbed a little comedy technique and she welcomed the chance to do a dizzy scene with him in "The Big Broadcast of 1938." She is working now on "Jungle Lover" which is the third time she has had to play a native costume which is plenty revealing. The Lamour legs are very easy on the optics.

"It does seem to be a role some day in which she will wear orchids and swish around in something terribly chic by Hattie Carnegie."
and jazz went sweet. The half-grown Goodman toting his long clarinet to Bix Biederbecke’s band as an extra musician was to bring it back.

Of his first New York days, the word-chary Goodman says he was “in radio and such.” It wasn’t all easy going. He played with his band in the musical comedy “Free For All” on Broadway and it folded. At the Hotel Roosevelt Grill the orthodoxy patrons thought his music too unorthodox. In all he had a few years of what in the play “Stage Door” is benevolently summed up as preparation for a career. One of the men who recognized him early was Billy Rose, that small emperor of monumental ideas who had him in Billy Rose’ Music Hall. But in the next few years he showed them, at the Ritz Carlton Room in Boston, on the air, at the Urban Room of the Congress in Chicago, at the Palomar in Los Angeles, on the New York Paramount stage where his appearance created riots. He appeared briefly in a scene of “The Big Broadcast of 1937” but strictly with the band. On the side last year he turned out Stomping at the Savoy in collaboration with Edgar Sampson.

In his present band are Krupa, drums, Reuss, guitar, and out of the quartet, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton, all names alongside Goodman’s own and whom you will see on the screen. When the quartet sings, Goodman, Krupa, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton, that’s top in swing. They ad lib and shoot from the cuff and the madder and hotter they go, the more they go extemporaneous.

What is swing? “Well, you explain poker to me, and I’ll explain swing.” Why is swing popular? “Well, because people like it.” Why do they like it? “They just do, that’s all.” Mr. Goodman will of course have to learn to regard news about himself as exciting and meet the press in beautiful dressing gowns, and have ultra hobbies, and not consider his biography past history unless it’s present indicative and then about the band, and not keep all his nice phrases to say over the air where he can breathe them almost silently into the microphone.

Over the radio for the Camel ciggins Benny calls the roll call of the swingsters in language that is as freshly minted as his impromptu solos. He calls the roll love, sly, and rumbling. “All right boys, let’s take Dinah over the railroad tracks.” Or with indigo irreverence, “Deal out the Carmen Gnee.” Or with a cavalier ta-ta to the compromisers, “Swing it from the heart boys, good and sweet—but warm.”

He thought mastering one art is enough, but you know how it is. A career these days has a subpoena in every pocket. Somebody thinks up a new way in which you’ve got to be good. Besides he’s been a movie fan all his life. When the St. Louisan steals in to hear him and the band, and he’s had Barbara as his favorite actress for a pretty long time. And Spencer Tracy, Benny smiles his particular triangular smile kiddingly. He’s got to go off now and play Me, Myself and I.

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Screenland
"Hurricane" Hall

Continued from page 34

but they know him as Charles Locher, his real name.

Jon is reluctant to talk about his past. I had to plead with him to tell me even these bits from his life.

"My grand-dad, Captain Chapman, used to take my grand-ma shooting. I wish he were here now trading to the other islands," Jon explained. "Once when she was a tiny little lad they were caught in a typhoon and three of the four men were washed ashore and still being lashed about by stormy seas for three days. Mother and grand-dad were washed ashore on a cannibal island where natives bound him to a stake intending to sacrifice him to their gods, but luckily their superstition saved him."

"My mother, who was only seven years old, had hidden in an empty apple barrel on the ship. After three hours she climbed out and saw the cannibals doing a war dance around her father. Terrified, she ran to him. The natives, seeing her golden hair and white skin as she sped across the sand, believed she was a goddess. Grand-dad told her in French (which the natives could understand) that he was a good man, to fix his boat and to give him men to return or else their whole island would blow up. Afraid of volcanoes and the power he had the power of destroying their island, they hurriedly patched the boat sails and loaned grand-dad five men to return home.

"Such stories made me long for adventure too," said Jon. "Gouverneur Morris and Zane Grey, the novelists, used to tell me thrilling tales of the outside world. So longed I to see it for myself, so my parents sent me to school in the United States and then to Geneva, Switzerland, where I studied for the diplomatic service. Later I entered Boudinot College to specialize in law and Latin to prepare for Oxford where I planned to continue my studies in diplomacy. In those days I never dreamed of the stage.

"I only came to Hollywood to see mother and dad, who had moved here while I was away at school. Our return trip to England after a short visit in California but I met my old friend, Gouverneur Morris. He also had left Tahiti. Morris introduced me to a play which I was putting on a play called 'Mord the Duke' at the Hollywood Playhouse. Bob Taylor, his juvenile lead, had just been signed by M-G-M. Give with a chance—he let me take Taylor's place, although I had never been on the stage before.

"Clive put me in three of his plays before I was given the juvenile role in 'Charlie Chan in Shanghai,' my first picture. After two other small parts on the screen I decided to chuck it all and sail for the South Seas or some other far-away place. Just as I was packing to leave for San Francisco to look for a job on a steamship line, John Ford, director of 'Hurricane,' had returned from the filming of the Pacific islands talent hunt for someone to play Tariangi suggested me, the boy next door. We hardly knew each other. It was divine Providence because I don't think I wouldn't think love is—well, it's so absorbing that if you let yourself fall in love nothing else seems to matter.

"I blushed suddenly, obviously realizing he had betrayed the fact that he already knew plenty about romance, and why shouldn't I?"

A lot of information is going to give the blondes a jolt—Jon prefers brunettes. I got him to admit that, even though he did reluctantly.

The blondes are definitely like brunettes. Perhaps I'm prejudiced: the brunettes I've known have all been terribly interesting girls. They seem to have more dignity, more character than any blonde I ever met. I know perfectly well that blondes can be darn charming but up to date I haven't happened to meet one I could be widely enthusiastic about. Surely I think marriage and take my bride to the South Seas. My uncle has a treasure island that we can explore to our heart's content."

"The South Seas, I feel as though Hollywood has tried to shake me up and I want to keep on digging, for I don't trust too much in the name my Tahitian friends gave me," he said—and laughed again.

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The Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary

Continued from page 33

on the floor in the center of the room, this was done along with shooting schedules, breakdowns, wardrobe plots, and Mr. Johnson's script.

Fortunately, there are few stars who have the right to supervise scripts; usually it is the producer who attends to such salient discrepancies as "red rose in buttonhole" for "pink rose in buttonhole."

Nunnally Johnson, who authored that first day script, is a good example of what a little rolling will do in Hollywood. Paramount would not raise his salary. He quit and got a job at Twentieth Century at twice what he had previously demanded. He is now the white-haired boy of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot and one of the highest paid screenstars.

Hollywood is a continent one inevitably accepts with calm. My calms came, as in any foreign country, with a knowledge of its language. All Hollywoodians are supposed to know and apply in their ordinary conversation such words as "Fade in," "credit titles," "dissolve," "closeup," "medium shot," "cutting shot," "long shot," "full shot," "Camera Zooms," "Montage," "sequence," "fade out" and words not approved by the censors, which of course include profanity. In a script, God is never spoken of or unless in prayer, darn is the substitute for damn, and words in the strain of pimp and flores should not even appear in the first version.

Script form varies slightly in the different studios but all follow a similar pattern. A script should not be more than one hundred and twenty pages long, if that. It is divided into sequences, of which there can be any number but are seldom less than five or more than seven. The sequence is to the scenario what the act is to the play. Each begins with a "Fade in" and ends with a "Fade out." Sometimes sequences are named with the letters of the alphabet, as A.B. C, or D, and sometimes not. Curiously the letter "I" is never used. (Probably too much in demand as a pronoun.)

"Fade in" is nothing more than that—Fade in. A cutter, the man or woman who shorts scenes by cutting the film and then arranges them in the desired order, told me that starting at its apex, "Fade in" is a V-shaped widening of light on the
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Let us imagine we are adapting a story for the screen in which Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone and Douglas Fairbanks are to play the leads, (it is a story of the ambitious to secure stars who have been in some phase of romantic interest.)

The first scene is generally a STOCK SHOT, (反之不被读者所接受。) of smiling Christian obtained.) the JOAN. She always

GROUP the JOAN and FRANCHOT and DOUGLAS. and the druggists turn to 

Fade (If assent. being No Walter the interiors hospital, brushing is "frame"

"FHolmes*

DOUGLAS: I'm not dead!

"FHolmes*

JOAN: Just slowly and silently takes her head.

DOUGLAS: Take me to a hospital, please.

A-23 FRANCHOT AND JOAN She looks at Franchot with beeching eyes.

You can tell by her smile that Helen Vallas is a film contract. DOUGLAS: I'm not dead!

JOAN: (smiling animately) You're going to start crying, if you don't get your leave, I'll see that the camera MOVES away from the group and STOPS on the dead leaves on the ground and we DISSOLVE INTO: (A dissolve denotes a lapse of time. It is not to long as a Fade out, but shorter as a cut. Before all of one scene has melted out the new one is coming in. Hence the word "dissolve")

A-23 THE BUDGING LEAVES OF A TREE CLOSE SHOT. (On a cross road)

A-26 INT. BEDROOM IN CHATEAU—DOUGLAS IN BED—MED. CLOSE SHOT. He is smiling hopefully.

DOCTOR: (not in picture) I think you can get up today, son.

CAMERA PULLS AWAY to give us a WIDER ANGLE OF THE ROOM and we see Franchot and Joan at either side of the bed. (The doctor is standing near a door.)

DOCTOR: I don't think you can. You two will have to do the rest. He looks significantly at Joan and Franchot.

A-27 THREE SHOT—FRANCHOT, JOAN AND DOUGLAS.

DOUGLAS AND FRANCHOT (simultaneously) We will.

The three exchange smiles of great understanding.

DOUGLAS: We're decided to be pals.

A-28 DOCTOR He smiles, too, in understanding.

A-29 DOUGLAS: I'll be with you. We'll be engaged AND FRANCHOT AND DOUGLAS They are engaged at one another with even greater understanding.

A-30 DOCTOR He turns, tips out the door.

A-31 CLOSE THREE SHOT Unawares of the doctors, Joan, Franchot and Douglas smile at one another with the greatest of understanding as we FADE OUT.

The number of writers assigned to a picture depends upon its producer's pocketbook, for each writer's salary is charged against the picture whether or not his script is the one used—one why of the high cost of production.

Generally, two writers collaborate. More often than not, no sooner do they finish their script when it is passed on to another pair to be polished. The polishing process will not last unless every writer on the lot has had a crack at it and nothing of the original story, novel, or play, for which the producer may have paid as much as one hundred thousand dollars. Franchot and Douglas smile at one another with the greatest of understanding as we FADE OUT.

Who, then, receives the cherished screenplay credit? According to the new film code only two writers may prove deserving, if a team both members must be mentioned, so a maximum of four names can follow the "Screenplay by." The names will be those of the persons who have contributed the major part of the script which is filmed.

One of the most successful teams in Hollywood is that of Walter De Leon and Martin Gabel, who specialize in comedies and musicals. Walter De Leon (one of his best was "Ruggles of Red Gap")
SHAMED BY PIMPLES AT 17?

Keep your blood free of pimple-making adolescent poisons

Don't let your face be blotched with ugly hideouts! Stop being ashamed and make up!
Learn to avoid your trouble and start correcting it now!

Between the ages of 10 and 25, vital glands are developing, helping you to gain full manhood or womanhood. These glands change upon the system. Pimples are thrown into your blood... and bubble out of your skin in large pimples.

Avoid to rid your skin of these adolescent pustules. Thousands have succeeded by eating Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. Each cake is made up of millions of tiny, active, living yeast plants that fight pimple-making poisons at their source in the intestines and help heal your skin making it smooth and attractive. Many get amazing results in 30 days or less. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today!

Over 1,000, Standard Brand Baked Goods Corporation

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BIFE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

Because... every morning you pour liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in your bowels. Thus foods you eat don't get assimilated. Your whole system is poisoned and feels some gastric troubles.

A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause of your groanly, gloomy feelings. It takes those good secretions of fluids to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for a Little Liver Bife. It will ordinarily refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.
Three darling daughters of the studios take the pause that refreshes by perching between hills! Jane Bryan, Jane Wyman, and Mary Maguire are the pretty rompers presented in the vivacious view on the left.

only thing I ever heard her say was in the ladies' lavatory. (The one on the fourth floor of the Writers' Building at Paramount is very small.) I bumped into her when I was going out. She said, "My, but it's congested in here!" Ever since I have been trying to decide whether or not it was intended to be clever.

But the life of a celluloid secretary is not always so disappointing. There are story conferences.

After a five weeks of work Mr. Hosc (Hater of story conferences) to whom I was assigned, and his collaborating team, Mr. Nih (New in Hollywood) and Miss Atga (Anxious to get ahead) turned in the first rough draft of a script.

Something was wrong with it, said the producer, Mr. Mitta (More intelligent than the average). He did not know just what, but definitely there was something wrong. Consequently the following Sunday a story conference was to be held at his house. All concerned were to be present. This included the director, Mr. Abow (Abstaining because of wife) and Miss Enigmatic, the producer's secretary, and myself. The two secretaries were to be prepared to take notes and possibly retypenote the entire script. The conference was to start at ten o'clock.

I came at eleven. A Filipino butter took my things and showed me into the living room. It was a large room, a very large room, with Persian rugs, heavy brocade drapes and the furniture Italian Renaissance, ornately carved Spanish, and comfortable American. At the far end, before a fireplace in which was burning a four-foot log, sat the biggest Great Dane I have ever seen and all the story conference participants with the exception of Mr. Hosc, who had not yet arrived.

What actors and actresses would best portray the characters in the film was the subject of discussion.

"I'd like her in the picture," Mr. Mitta was saying. "But she's so much trouble. Have to keep a nurse on hand to sober her up."

I spotted my typewriter and the supplies on the grand piano and went over and got a notebook and several already-sharpened pencils. I sat a short distance from the

others near a low table piled high in Roman carelessness with fruits, nuts, and sweets.

Mr. Abow arrived. "Only chance I had to talk to my lawyer about my divorce," he explained as he joined the group. (Although he was not living with his wife and had no intention of getting a divorce, this was a beautiful alibi. It always worked and everyone was always sympathetic. I had heard him use the same excuse several times.)

"Now we can get down to business," said Mr. Mitta, utterly delighted with the assembled group. "Before we start, would anyone like a Martini?"

"None for me," said Abow, the director, an old-time Mack Sennett man. Everyone else, including the two secretaries, on the payroll at time and one-half—for it was Sunday—accepted.

The Martinis were served and work began. The script was to be gone through page for page, and each point analyzed in an effort to find the lost link of the story. Mr. Mitta started reading.

The first fade-out was reached with the third Martini and no criticism.

"We're progressing splendidly," said Mr. Mitta, as he put down the script. "Now I think we can have a spot of lunch. We'll just have to take pot luck today because Mrs. Mitta is down at Palm Springs and I'm rather baching it." Mr. Abow, who had been restless pacing the floor during the reading of the first sequence, was the first to reach the wrought-iron fence, behind which were drawn portieres and the dining room. Mr. Mitta pulled a cord, the portieres fell back, the wrought-iron fence swung open, and we all went into lunch. It was a simple little meal consisting of assorted cold meats and chicken, cheeses, halved avocados with French dressing, hamburgers (yes, hamburgers), fruit salad, ale, Guinness stout, and coffee.

At its conclusion Mr. Mitta suggested that we have a romp in the patio with the dog.

We romped. We had to. All our salaries being charged against Mr. Mitta's picture. The Great Dane turned out to be an affectionate creature, quite fond of standing on his hind legs and caressing one and all with his fore-paws.

After we had all romped to the Dane's partial satisfaction, we turned to the bedroom, our respective places, and the second sequence.

"How about a Scotch and soda to pick us up a bit?" asked Mr. Mitta.

Everyone but Mr. Abow, who seemed more restless than ever, welcomed the suggestion. Mr. Hosc was so thoughtful Miss Atga made endless mouths and eyes at our host. And the bewildered look in Mr. Nih's eyes was growing.

We peacefully digested the second sequence. But the third, with of course another Scotch and soda, was really exciting. Everyone talked at once and agreed with nobody. It was becoming more and more obvious that there was definitely something wrong with the story. Miss Enigmatic, Mr. Mitta's secretary, and I even made a few criticisms though we had yet to put symbol to notebook.

During the fourth sequence Mr. Hosc began to be directly rude to Miss Atga and Mr. Nih, who whom had been flitting the past five weeks, and I noticed Mr. Abow with a Scotch and soda in his hand. (His wife divorced him a month later.) The Great Dane dozed fitfully.

"It certainly shows what can be done when you settle down to serious work," said Mr. Mitta, glowing with pleasure as he began the fifth sequence.

"Mitta," interrupted the no longer restless Mr. Abow, "remember when we made "Desert Cinderella"? I was thinking of getting Alister Stair on a horse?"

Mr. Mitta chuckled. "It wasn't a bad scene, though, when we got through with it. Between them they told the story. And many more stories. All I remember about them was that they were screamingly funny.

The Filipino butler brought in a tray of hors d'oeuvres. Mr. Mitta mixed up another batch of Martinis. I looked at my watch. It was seven D.C. Enigmatic and I was now on double time.

Dinner was a symphony and jazz battle of food, wines, and voices. At its crescendo, Mr. Nih, a loud voice which no one but myself heard and I did not think necessary to answer, asked: "Where am I?" Then, apparently shocked by the sound of his voice, he subsided and once again spoke not a word the rest of the evening. (When the script was eventually finished Mr. Nih demanded and got a leave of absence.)

The fifth scene of the fourth play to be said. At eleven o'clock Mr. Mitta reached the final fade-out. He still—although we had done a splendid day's work—that there was something wrong with the story. Yes, definitely wrong. We were dismissed.

Haggard and ravaged Mr. Hosc came into the office the next morning at the unheard-of hour of nine-thirty.

"Get Mitta on the phone. Quick!" he said. "I have it. I have it. Fifteen hundred a week, yesterday's was my last story conference," he continued vehemently as he waited for the connection. "Had nightmares all night long." Then into the phone:

"Hello, Mitta, Hosc. Say, I think I've found out what's wrong with the story. Came to me last night in bed. The heroine should be the villain!" Even more positively: "I said the heroine should be the villain!" Slight pause, and then in an edge voice: "Yes?"

Mr. Hosc winked triumphantly at me while he listened. Abruptly his joy left him. "All right," he said in a sudden change of voice. He took down the phone and turned to me.

"Phone Atga and Nih. Tell them as soon as they can to get down to Mitta's office. We're having another conference."
Daintiness is IMPORTANT
This Beauty Bath Protects it...

STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION "Second Honeymoon"

THE GIRL WHO ISN'T DAINTY CAN'T HOPE TO WIN ROMANCE—LUCKILY ANY GIRL CAN HAVE THIS CHARM! HERE'S AN EASY WAY—

USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS A BEAUTY BATH. ITS ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH, FRESH...FRAGRANT WITH A DELICATE PERFUME THAT CLINGS. TRY IT!

LORETTA YOUNG

IT'S Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather that makes it such a wonderful bath soap! It carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Skin is left smooth, delicately fragrant. No risk now of offending against daintiness—of spoiling romance! You feel refreshed, sure of being sweet from top to toe—and you look it!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP
They know the thrill of playing the game and playing it well!

This charming California woman excels in sailing, skiing, badminton—and is active in charity work. Here Mrs. Spalding pauses for a moment on her husband's sloop, "Hurulu." Like so many distinguished women, she is enthusiastic in her preference for Camels. "Their delicate flavor suits me perfectly," she says. "Camels are so mild!"

Although of an old and conservative Philadelphia family, Mrs. Warburton has many interests besides society. She has a marvelous fashion sense, is an excellent cook, and ranks high—both in Palm Beach and Southampton—as a tennis player. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke is Camels," Mrs. Warburton says. "Camels give me a lift!"

A QUESTION OFTEN ASKED:
Do women appreciate the Costlier Tobaccos in Camels?

THE BEST ANSWER IS THIS:
Camels are the Largest-Selling Cigarette in America

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.
BIG PLANS FOR SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S FUTURE!
So many times a day
In Danger!

YOU COURT A COLD several times a day. A draft, for example, may reduce body resistance so that germs residing in the throat get the upper hand. Better gargle Listerine.

FEET GET WET—Once more your resistance may be weakened, by wet or cold feet. Germs may continue their attack, invading the mucous membrane. To control them, gargle Listerine.

YOU KISS SOMEONE—Once more you may receive the active germs of the cold victim by direct contact. Thus, you have been exposed to a cold four times in a single day. Better gargle Listerine.

THINK what it would mean to you and your family to escape heavy colds and their dangerous after-effects. And now the delightful Listerine treatment offers you that possibility. Listerine treats a cold for what it is—an acute local infection.

Tests made during a 7-year study of the common cold reveal these remarkable results:

Those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds than non-garglers. Moreover, the colds reached the danger zone of the lungs less frequently than those of non-users.

The secret of Listerine’s success, we believe, must be that it reaches the invisible virus (bacteria) that many authorities say starts a cold, and also kills the mouth-residing “secondary invaders” that complicate a cold. Use Listerine this winter and see for yourself what it does for you.
Happy Tidings

A SONJA RADIANT BEYOND IMAGINING...RE-UNITED IN ROMANCE WITH HER "ONE IN A MILLION" SWEET-HEART...IN A MUSICAL OF SUPERLATIVE SPLENDOUR!

SONJA HENIE

A show aglow with joy-laden wonder...winging from gay Norseland festivals to New York's wintertime spectacles! And Sonja breathlessly in love...breath-taking on the ice...the radiant queen of a world of dreams come true!

DON AMECHE

SONGS! SONGS! SONGS!

"Hot and Happy", "A Gypsy Told Me"
"You Are The Music To The Words In My Heart", "Yonny And His Oompah"
by Sam Pokrass and Jack Yellen

It comes to you, of course, from Darryl F. Zanuck and his 20th Century-Fox hit creators!
up, and add to the batter. One batch of waffles is served with the fruit, the next with nuts.

Occasionally, a MacDonald specialty called Apple Strudel appears on the breakfast menu. Until you've tried this, you haven't lived!

APPLE STRUDEL

2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ cup brown sugar, ⅛ cup milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 6 tablespoons Crisco, ½ cups chopped apples, Burnett's Cinnamon.

Sift flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together. Cut in the Crisco. Add milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead gently. Roll out in rectangular sheet one-fourth inch thick. Spread with butter, cinnamon, brown sugar and apples. Roll jelly roll fashion. Curve into semi-circle in pan and bake in hot oven (400 degrees) thirty minutes. Cover with white frosting made as follows:

2 tablespoons hot water, ½ cups confectioner's sugar, 1 teaspoon Burnett's Vanilla.

Add water to the sugar and beat until well blended.

Add vanilla and spread on warm strudel.

"After breakfast, it's every man for himself," said Jeanette. "Four of us usually play snap, a fascinating Chinese game we brought back from Honolulu. We play it in a room, with a big fireplace and two white pianos, one for Gene and one for Jeanette. (Gene composes, you know.) Along the mantel-piece marches a collection of jolly little dance bands—dogs and cats and tiny men—a hobby of Jeanette's. The pictures are framed in MacDonald plaid and the love-seat is upholstered in the same material, which also borders the Venetian blinds.

From the entrance hall of the Tudor house reached by a picturesque rock walk shaded by over-hanging trees. It's a one-room studio, with a big fireplace and two white pianos, one for Gene and one for Jeanette. (Gene composes, you know.) Along the mantel-piece marches a collection of jolly little dance bands—dogs and cats and tiny men—a hobby of Jeanette's. The pictures are framed in MacDonald plaid and the love-seat is upholstered in the same material, which also borders the Venetian blinds.

Chapped, Rough Hands soon Soft and Smooth when Lotion goes INTO THE SKIN

Your hands get rough and chapped when water, wind and cold rob the skin of moisture.

But Jergens Lotion easily replaces the lost moisture because it goes into the skin. Of all lotions tested, Jergens goes in the most completely. Leaves no stickiness. Quickly soothes chapping. In no time, Jergens makes coarse red hands attractively soft, white and young-looking.

Two fine ingredients in Jergens are the same as many doctors use to soften and whiten. For exquisite hands—use Jergens. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00—at all beauty counters.

GLAMOROUS

says Luli Deste

"HANDS EXPRESS EMOTION and beauty," says Luli Deste, "and should receive the care necessary to keep them exquisite. This rule applies as much to home-life as to professional life." Girls—please! Ugly chapping, keep hands lovely with Jergens Lotion!
Jeanette MacDonald’s menus make parties at the Gene Raymonds very special Hollywood occasions. Learn her favorite recipes

By Betty Boone

The first time Jeanette MacDonald saw Gene Raymond was on the doorstep of Roszika Dolly’s house, when they arrived simultaneously and both tried to ring the doorbell at once.

The second meeting was on the doorstep of the Lewis Schwartzes’, where the same thing occurred. They were invited to a waffle breakfast this time and the repetition of the doorstep contretemps brought about an extra interest in one another.

"Perhaps that’s why we like to give waffle breakfasts ourselves," smiled Jeanette, thin and vivid in her white hostess gown.

"We have them on Sundays, because most of us work on other days, and as a rule our guests are the Harold Lloyds, the Schwartzes, the Allan Jones, the Johnny Mack Browns, the Hargreaves (Helen Ferguson), my sister and her husband,"

Gene and Jeanette usually go riding together before the breakfasts; the Bel-Air bridle path runs through their grounds, so all they have to do is mount their saddles and off. The guests do as they please—go church, sleep, swim or play tennis—and all of them meet at the Raymonds’ Tudor house at noon for the breakfast.

"The menu isn’t elaborate," explained my hostess. "We serve tomato, orange, or prune juice first; then scrambled eggs with bacon or sausage; waffles—of course; marmalade, maple syrup, and coffee.

"A variation of the scrambled egg dish is often served. Instead of bacon or sausage, take kippersed herring, which comes in small cans. Pull it apart and when the eggs are about half cooked, sprinkle the herring over them and stir into the eggs. "This is a grand dish for after theatre parties, too, when you want something hot." Jeanette’s cook has a special waffle recipe which she offered to Screenland’s readers.

WAFFLES

4 eggs beaten separately (whites very stiff), 2 cups flour—well sifted, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar. Add milk to make a thin batter. Then add 6 tablespoons melted butter. Add egg whites last of all, folded in very lightly.

Sometimes, as a variation, the Raymonds put sour cherries or nuts into the waffle batter. You drain the cherries, chop them

Waffle breakfasts of the Raymonds have become a gala gustatory event in the film colony. Above, Jeanette presides over one of her Sunday morning gatherings.
WHICH COLOR WILL BE YOUR LUCKY STAR?

See how one of these ten thrilling new face powder colors will win you new radiance, new compliments, new luck!

Doesn’t it make you happy to get that second look from others—that interested glance which says: “You look stunning!”?

But maybe you haven’t heard a compliment on your skin in a month. Be honest with yourself—have you? If not—did you ever wonder why?

But don’t be too quick to blame yourself—when maybe it’s not you, but your face powder that’s at fault. For you know that the wrong powder color can actually hide your best points instead of bringing them out and giving you a lift.

“Why, my face powder isn’t like that,” you say. But how do you know it isn’t? For there’s only one way to find out. See with your own eyes the electric change that comes over your skin when you apply a lifelike, flattering color.

Where is this transforming color? It’s in one of the ten glorifying new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. But you don’t have to buy these colors to find which one may be your lucky star.

For I will send you all ten, free and postpaid, because I’m so anxious to help you help yourself.

Let me help you find your color

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

Have you a lucky penny?

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


date (blue)  
mid-white sun  
dark brunette  
sunset  
in natural  
white  

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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

I want to find my “lucky” shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name: ____________________________  
Address: ____________________________  
City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
A major effort in gorgeousness, and a lot better show than usually results when magnificence is multiplied for the purpose of knocking your eye out. Nelson Eddy is not too highly cast as the West Pointer, but his singing voice makes the songs a musical treat. Eleanor Powell, as the princess of the mythical kingdom, who loves America, and Nelson, dances and acts at her best. Frank Morgan’s comedy is sweet.

West is West, and ever the quaint costumes of the gay nineties and dialogue that goes double shall meet in her movies, Mac’s followers will not be disappointed in this offering. She plays a gal who takes things, especially other people’s money, as she finds them; is followed by the cops, and makes the most of that; falling in love with one and getting him elected mayor. Edmund Lowe heads an excellent supporting cast.

It will hand you some big laughs, and if you make the most of them “Wise Girl” will sum up as a show you’ll be glad you saw. There are lapses where Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland, for all their able efforts, are hopelessly handicapped. This is light comedy that goes slippety whenever it seems to the authors a laugh is in sight, and shows Miriam and Ray as gayly absurd people who fight until they fall in love.
signed her for pictures in this country. Her current picture is "Dinner at the Ritz." Annabella is now working in Hollywood for 20th Century-Fox, opposite William Powell.


Mary Elizabeth C. Thanks very much for your letter. So you liked Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous." Who could blame you for that! You’ll be seeing Freddie Bartholomew again very soon; he and his producers have kissed and made up. No, Ken and Kermit Maynard are not twins—perhaps you meant Billy and Bobby Mauch! Cesar Romero was born in New York City in 1907. He has black hair and brown eyes. He was well known on the stage before he appeared in pictures.

Tonto G. I’m glad you finally got your courage up to ask some questions. Why not? Yes, Bonita Granville played in "Maid of Salem," and Tyrone Power is that young man’s honest-to-goodness real name; as a matter of fact, he is named after his illustrious ancestors who made stage history in the days before movies came into existence.

Carol A. Carl Laemmle, Jr., wrote, cast, supervised and edited the Universal Junior Jewel Series "The Collectors," after which he was appointed general manager, in complete charge of all production, in 1929. He produced "All Quiet on the Western Front," which won the Gold Medal Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the year 1930. He was born in Chicago, April 28, 1908, was educated at boarding school near New York, and Clark School. He resigned as vice-president and general manager in charge of production of Universal, April, 1936. Now he is producing on his own.

Lucia Marie B. Lionel Stander is 6 feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, was born in New York City, where his parents and a sister and a brother reside. His theatrical career began when he was 19 years old; since then he has appeared in various stage plays, and on the radio. He made his screen debut in 1932. His favorite screen role was that of the wily publicist in Columbia’s picture, "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Miss Sincere. Joseph Calleia was born in Malta; he toured Europe on the concert stage and later appeared on the English stage in drama. He came to the United States in 1918. A few of his more recent pictures are "Riffraff," "Exclusive Story," and "Tough Guy," for M-G-M.

Comedy relief punctuates the arias in Gladys Swarthout’s new starring film, in which she has the able assistance of John Boles and John Barrymore.

---

Girls, ask your brothers—they’ll tell you about S.A.

Brothers speak out frankly. They’ll tell you how men frown at stocking faults... runs, ugly wrinkles, snaky scams.

Why not guard against these—rate high on S.A.? It’s easy with Lux.

**SAVES ELASTICITY.** Lux saves the elasticity of silk—lets threads stretch without breaking so easily, then spring back into shape. Runs are fewer—and stockings retain flattering fit.

Avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity and rob you of S.A.*

*S.A. = stocking appeal.

Cuts down runs... saves S.A.
Have that even, golden
TAN
that enhances your beauty!

BEAUTIFUL, golden brown body
may be yours regardless of where
you live or what the weather!
No need to wait for a vacation or
sunny week-ends at the beach and
then perhaps burn your winter-sensi-
tive skin to a painful lobster red! Now
you can get your lovely, attractive tan
daily without burning with the new
Health-Ray Sun Lamp.

Men Prefer a Healthy Tan
Your personal appearance is either a distinct
social asset or a handicap. In a recent survey, 95%
of the men questioned, named "good health,"
one of the three main feminine attributes that
 appealed to them. Start now to accumulate the
healthy bronze tone that attracts glances and
is the envy of your friends. A daily sunbath
in the privacy of your own home will keep you
looking as though you spent every day in
seashore sunshine—yet there will be no "bathing
suit pattern" in white across your shoulders!

Beauty Is Built on Health
Your daily bath with Deep Health Rays does far
more than enhance your beauty, these rays actually
help to increase youthful energy and vitality and
to stimulate glandular functions. They are a great
aid in some forms of skin disease, in destroying
germ life, and in preventing the common cold.

4 TIMES AS POWERFUL AS SUMMER SUN!
New Health Ray has made a really high
quality, genuine carbon-arc sun lamp available at
a price within the reach of all—$7.50. In 15 min-
utes with your Health Ray lamp you can get the
equivalent of violet radiation of an hour in
summer sunshine.

Compact, convenient, easy to operate. Tested
by the Electrical Testing Laboratories of New
York, and fully guaranteed, this lamp will be one of
the greatest investments you ever made!

TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE!
We want you to experience the remarkable
benefits the perfected HEALTH RAY SUN
LAMP brings. We offer you FREE use for 7 days
in your own home—7 days works wonders in the
way you look and feel! Then if you decide to
keep it, it is yours for the remarkable new low
price of $7.50. Pay as little as one dollar down

INEXPENSIVE HEALTH INSURANCE
FOR EVERY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY

$1.00
DEPOSIT BUYS IT!

ASK ME!
By Miss Vee Dee

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., Inc.
Send me full details of your special FREE
TRIAL OFFER on Health Ray Sun Lamp.
Name__________________________
Address________________________
City________________________State________________________
NOTE: This is not an offer—Ship NOTHING C.O.D.
Copyright 1937 Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc.

Dolores Del Rio again co-stars with George Sanders.
FLYNN FAVORITISM
Amidst all the fuss over who is the most popular screen star, I find one young man whom I consider by far the best suited to hold the title of most popular actor. Errol Flynn possesses a certain inescapable charm, undubbed acting talent and skill, a fine physique (generously displayed in "Perfect Specimen," incidentally), a profile even Barrymore can't beat.
Irmgard Mittler, Madison, Wisc.

HUNTER-INESCORT TEAM
Hollywood is being terribly unfair to one of its finest actors, Ian Hunter. After "Call It A Day" he and the exquisite Frieda Inescort should be teamed in other equally charming pictures. Sequels are often disappointing, but if a good script were prepared by Dodie Smith herself, I should love to see a sequel to "Call It A Day."
Margaret A. Connell, Des Moines, la.

URGES UN-TYPING OF STORIES
Films are many and varied, and many are outstanding, even brilliant. Even so, why not have fewer pictures of the light type and a larger proportion of the more intelligent, thoughtful kind, with some good humor? Stars like Norma Shearer and Fredric March ought to refresh the public with a revised "Smilin' Through."
E. L. Dodson, Epsom, England

CRITIC OF CRITICS
All the reviews I read of "Ebb Tide" gave much credit to Oscar Homolka, Ray Milland and Frances Farmer, and barely mentioned Lloyd Nolan. I think he should have received more notice for his fine work in this picture, because from where I sat Lloyd Nolan's characterization literally "stole the show."
Nancy E. Reid, Reno, Nevada

SALUTE TO KARLOFF
As one who enjoys fine acting, I suggest that Boris Karloff be given a holiday from those monster roles in which he has been cast with such regularity. For Karloff is truly an accomplished actor and should receive his merited opportunity to take his place among the Munis, Laughtons and Boyers.
Richard L. Treadwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HERE'S ONE JOB THAT DIDN'T LEAD TO LOVE...

HIRED!

ADIMRED!

FREDRICK MARCH

FIRED!

No girl who offends
with underarm odor succeeds
in her job—or with men...

A new job—new friends—new chances
for romance! How Ann did want her
new boss to like her! Bachelors as nice as
Bill S—were very hard to find!
Ann was pretty—Ann was smart!
"Someone I'd be proud of," Bill thought.
So he asked Ann out to his club.
The night was glamorous and the
music was good—but Bill's interest died
with the very first dance. Ann had
thought a bath alone could keep her
sweet—and one hint of underarm odor
was enough for Bill. Others in the office
noticed, too. Ann lost the job she wanted
—the job that might have led to love.
It's foolish for a girl in business—a girl
in love—ever to risk offending! It's so
easy to stay fresh with Mum! Remember,
a bath only takes care of odor that's past
—but Mum prevents odor to come!
MUM IS QUICK! In just half a minute,
Mum gives you all-day-long protection.
MUM IS SAFE! Mum can't harm any kind
of fabric. And Mum won't irritate your
skin, even after underarm shaving.
MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop healthful
perspiration, but it does stop every
trace of odor. Remember, no girl who of-
fends with underarm odor can ever win
out with men. Always use Mum!

NO BATH PROTECTS YOU LIKE A BATH PLUS MUM

MY BATH ONLY TAKES CARE OF PAST PERSPIRATION BUT MUM PREVENTS ODOR TO COME!

To herself:
No worries for me around
the boss. It's hours since
my bath, but Mum
still keeps me fresh!

For Sanitary Napkins—
No worries or embarrass-
ment when you use Mum
this way. Thousands do, be-
cause it's safe and sure.

Mum
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Screenland
BING HEADS THE PARADE
I have a long list of screen favorites, but the one who tops them all happens to be genial Bing Crosby. Yes, very definitely, it is Bing, with his charming personality and magic voice who thrills me most.
Mary Laurence, Montreal, Canada

SOMEBODY SLIPPED
I think somebody, or somebody's secretary, should read the studio fan mail more carefully. I sent a letter to a certain star (male) containing rather severe criticism, and a few days later received a card thanking me for my inquiry about his portrait, and telling how I could obtain one. It happens I am one of his fans, despite the criticism. Nevertheless, the laugh's on him. It's also on me, as it turned out, for I sent for his portrait.
Miriam Galley, Casper, Wyoming

SPLENDIDLY-DUNNE COMEDY
Irene Dunne was an ingratiating heroine in "The Awful Truth," and this writer believes that her success lies in more assignments with a comedy flavor. The excellent "Awful Truth" proves that the also excellent "Theodora Goes Wild" was no accident, so let's hail Columbia for allowing Irene Dunne to reveal her sparkling flair for comedy.
Albert Manski, Boston, Mass.

DECLARES FOR DAVIS
I'd like to say what I think about Bette Davis. I've seen most of her pictures, and will continue seeing them. I liked her so much in "Marked Woman" and "That Certain Woman," in which Bette gave grand performances. So, if I may name my choice among the Hollywood actresses, I'm saying: I'm for Bette Davis. Lucille Benner, Toledo, O.

TAKE A BOW, DICK BALDWIN
In the Ritz Brothers picture, "Life Begins in College," there was a football player whose name is Dick Baldwin. He's a good actor, and very good looking. So I'm hoping we'll see more of Dick Baldwin, and so too, I'll bet, will many others who may get to see him in other parts on the screen.
Lois Martzahn, Davenport, Ia.

BETWEEN YOU AND THE STARS
This department is your own private secretary. Just call on it to "take a letter," to your favorite film person, or a message to Hollywood in which you wish either to salute or snub what you like or don't about pictures or performances. Your ideas are welcome here and when they have something that will interest Hollywood and your fellow filmgoers, they will appear—and be read. Please try to restrict each comment to 50 words or less. Address: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
FLASHES from FILM TOWN

SPENCER TRACY can dish it out, too. He's been working with Gable and at the conclusion of each shot Spence cries, "Bravo! Taylor couldn't have done better." And since Clark and Myrna Loy won first place in a recent newspaper popularity poll, Spence insists upon addressing them as King and Queen.

AS SOON as Constance Bennett starts to work you hear tales of her sensible co-operation. She has, one discovers, spent the last three Sunday afternoons posing for publicity pictures. Then when you are on the verge of forgetting all the cracks about her imperial ways you stumble upon a story like this one. An interviewer was taken on the set to do a story on Connie's leading man, The Bennett spotted the two-some immediately, demanded to know who the visiting woman was. Upon being told she was an interviewer, and was there to see the Bennett foil, Connie is said to have ordered, "Throw her out of here!"

Say it isn't true, Constance!

WONDER if Jean Dixon is getting that "Just tell him (her) that you saw me and when you saw me I was looking good" line from both ends? She's Joan Crawford's best woman friend in Hollywood; now she's doing a picture with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Doug the younger is too concerned with effecting his impressive come-back to be rushing any girl these days.

RALPH BELLAMY is the latest to learn that everything comes to him who waits. Finally he's getting decent roles, but that isn't all. That oil well he financed down in Louisiana is a gusher, to the tune of $3,000 a month.

GAIL PATRICK thought she had this poise stuff down pat. She has painstakingly studied chic, the proper carriage, and how to win admirers and influence folks. Then at the Biltmore Hotel the other night she was called upon to make a speech. Four hundred diners were in a dither of anticipation. Calmly, regally, Gail arose and bowed graciously. She wanted to be particularly nice to her old home-staters, who were prominently present for an Alabama reunion. She opened her mouth, and to her horror said, "My old souls from Alabama..."

YOU'LL miss a lot in life if you stay in the rut of old habits and never risk a FRESH start. Take your cigarette, for instance. If your present brand is often dry or soggy, don't stay "spliced" to that stale number just because you're used to it.

Make a fresh start by swinging over to FRESH, Double-Mellow Old Golds...the cigarette that's tops in tobacco quality...brought to you in the pink of smoking condition by Old Gold's weather-tight, double Cellophane package.

That extra jacket of Cellophane brings you Old Gold's prize crop tobaccos with all their rich, full flavor intact. Those two gate crashers, dampness and dryness, can never muscle in on that double-sealed, climate-proof O.G. package.

It's never too late for better smoking! Make a FRESH start with those always FRESH Double-Mellow Old Golds.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screen-scoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast
SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

*That's what happens to 4 out of 5 women — "Love At First Sight" — when they try Italian Balm. They continue using this famous skin softener in preference to anything they've ever used before. It's a lasting attraction. And little wonder. Italian Balm has a genuine right to a warm place in a woman's heart, It's a very inexpensive skin protector to use — yet tests of the largest selling lotions prove that Italian Balm contains the MOST expensive ingredients of any other of the popular brands.

Try Italian Balm yourself — as a protection against chapping and dry, coarse skin texture. See how quickly it softens and smooths your skin. You'll feel the difference in ONE MINUTE after applying it.

Test Italian Balm before you buy it. Send for FREE Vanity Bottle. Mail coupon today.

Campana's Italian Balm
Famous for Skin Protection and Economy

ACROSS
1. He married Jeannette MacDonald.  
5. Co-star of "Conquest."  
10. Co-star of "A Star Is Born."  
15. Constellation.  
18. Calmful experience.  
19. She in "Fight For Your Lady."  
21. His new one is "Hawaiian Buckaroo."  
22. What you see a movie with.  
23. Embraces.  
29. She is Mrs. Al Jolson.  
30. Before (prefix).  
38. Victim.  
42. Compass point (abbrev.)  
43. Postscript (abbrev.)  
44. He's married to Ruby Keeler.  
56. Space, range.  
58. He played "The Great Gar- 

41. Continent (abbrev.)  
46. Her new one is "Jeebel."  
47. Arrived.  
48. Rowin.  
49. "Uncle Tom" heroine.  
50. To state.  
52. To rave.  
54. His new one is "Crashing Hollywood."  
55. The most famous child star.  
57. Team of workers.  
59. Famous radio and screen comic.  
61. The elderly (abbrev.)  
62. His new one is "In Old Chicago."  
64. Competent.  
66. Right (abbrev.)  
67. Pianist's measure.  
68. Sun God.  
69. Challenge.  
71. Belonging to.  
72. Half of nobility.  
73. Wingers.  
75. What every extra longs to play.  
79. Explanation.  
82. Star of "Blossoms On Broad- way."  
84. Hawaiian wreath.  
86. He's featured in "Navy Blue 
and Gold."  
88. Omits (as syllable).  
91. Star of "All Baba Goes To Town."  

DOWN
1. He plays Marco Polo.  
3. Finished.  
4. A city in Greenland.  
5. "— West, Young Man," a 

movie.  
6. To get up.  
7. To get free of.  
8. A male hog.  
9. "— The Avenue," a movie.  
10. She plays "Sugar," in "The 

Women Men Make."  
11. What you hear a talkie with.  
12. Jumps about.  
13. Row.  
14. He stars in "Wide 

Open Faces."  
17. Compass point (abbrev.)  
19. She's Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller.  
21. Star of "Beloved 

Enemy."  
23. Her new one is "I'll Take Romance."  
26. To employ.  
29. A cereal grain.  
31. Sweet potato.  
33. By.  
34. Encourages.  
35. Not used for lifting.  
36. Kingdom.  
37. At this place.  
40. From birth.  
41. To scorn.  
42. Actor's manager.  
43. Scotch cap.  
46. Roquefort.  
48. Sick.  

31. Changed direction.  
33. Conscious of.  
36. Cooking vessel.  
38. "The Bride Wore ———"  
40. The M-G-M lion.  
43. Pantry.  
45. He's featured in "Danger 

Patrol."  
46. You'll see him in "I'll Take 

Romance."  
47. She married Tony Martin.  
48. Co-star in "I Met My Love 

Again."  
49. Look.  
50. Not working.  
52. To concoct (as beer).  
53. Refuse, from metal.  
54. What stars do to lose weight.  
55. One who inherits.  
56. Of the comedy team, in "All Over Town."  
58. Sir, sass.  
59. To make a mistake.  
60. Poult.  
61. Pa's wife.  
62. The boy friend.

Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle

WREN MARLENE ASEA
HAWK UP EL GARY
PATRICE EYES
REAR RHODE
TATT HAL FON DEE
OR EYED STEAL AD
AMBER TRITE GUARD
BEANNA IDE GENTLY
DAYS CAR EDGES

SMITH ERA ASTOR
AMELCE OC NEES
POGUE DE TELL MATT
ITE SAMOA ARMOKNA
DES CRAWFORD AS
T WORTHY
RAT PREPARED
WAKE EYES
HOPPERS ISLE
TATT HALE AUNT DEE
OR EYED STEAL AD
AMBER TRITE GUARD
BEANNA IDE GENTLY
DAYS CAR EDGES

Please try again with a different image.
A gallant with the ladies... beloved by every belle in all of New Orleans... feared by those rats of the Seven Seas... his bold, bad buccaneers... Jean Lafitte... the gayest lad who ever sailed beneath the Skull and Crossbones lives again in the grandest historical romance ever to swing across the screen... Cecil B. DeMille's flaming adventure-epic... "THE BUCCANEER." In the thrilling role of the dashing gentleman pirate, who took time out from his pirateering and his romancing to help Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and save America from the British... Fredric March reaches new heights of screen adventure. As the little Dutch girl whose love forced the dashing pirate to strike his flag... Franciska Gaal, beautiful new Paramount star discovery, makes a fitting team-mate for that gentleman pirate Capt. Jean Lafitte.

Adolph Zukor presents
a Cecil B. DeMille
production
FREDRIC MARCH
"THE BUCCANEER"

with Franciska Gaal
Akim Tamiroff • Margot Grahame
Walter Brennan
Jan Keith • Anthony Quinn
Douglass Dumbrille • Beulah Bondi
Robert Barrat • Hugh Sothern
Louise Campbell • Evelyn Keyes
Directed by Cecil B. DeMille
A Paramount Picture

Screen Play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Harold Lamb and C. Gardner Sullivan • Based on an Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson of "Lafitte the Pirate" by Lyle Saxon
YOU know Walt Disney as the man who gave us Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies—spiritual father of Donald Duck and Pluto, Minnie Mouse and the hysterical hen and all that fabulous family. Now, with the release of the new, seven-reel Technicolor animated cartoon feature of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," you must consider Disney in a new light, as the most important producer in Hollywood—or in the world. For his marvelous movie, based on the beloved fairy-tale, is an achievement marking a milestone in motion picture history. Imagine, if you can, a heroine whose charms, though she is only a cartoon character, surpass those of a flesh-and-blood actress; a group of grotesque drawings whose collective comedy is funnier than Fields'—excitement, and suspense, and beauty, and gaiety—here is glorious enchantment.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Walt Disney, Hollywood's one genuine genius, whose first full-length film, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," is the screen's first great fantasy

Walt Disney, in center of page, looks at his newest creations, the Seven Dwarfs. Top left, Snow White in the forest; top right, her friends the Dwarfs. Left above, the hilarious new Disney character, Dopey. Left below, Snow White's delightful dance; and at right, the wicked witch.
"Even Snakes Have Charm"

There's a title for you! And there's a story for you, in the next issue of *Screenland*, that you will not want to miss.

Picture a movie actress, all fire and flash and glamour—in other words, dynamite! Picture another screen star, a girl all serene loveliness and soft charm. Put them in the arena together, for they are, they must be enemies—and watch the fireworks! Of course, there's a man in the case. But there is also their careers, so they must fight, each with her own weapons, to the end.

Sounds dramatic? Of course it is. You have never read any story quite like it. You may want to try to identify the girls as real movie celebrities. Try it! You may wonder just which part is fiction, and which fact. But you will read it, and we believe you will agree with us that it is the most breathless and enthralling serial ever written about that strange world of Hollywood.

"Even Snakes Have Charm" begins in the next, the April issue of *Screenland*, on sale March 4th. Be sure to ask for it so that you will not miss a word of this really unique romance.
Two-fisted American college student goes to Oxford! Oh, boy, here's a drama that packs a wallop every minute of the way!

Robert Taylor

in

A YANK AT OXFORD

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
Maureen O'Sullivan • Vivien Leigh
Edmund Gwenn • Griffith Jones • From an Original Story by John Monk Saunders
Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by MICHAEL BALCON
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
"I'd be a very Beautiful Woman if I'd taken care of my teeth and gums"

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

"Pink Tooth Brush"

"Yes, dear lady, it's your own fault. You know that—now. You used to have teeth that glistened, they were so white. And your gums were firm and strong.

"Then, if you remember, there was a day when your tooth brush showed that first tinge of 'pink'—a warning that comes sometimes to nearly all of us.

"But you said: 'It's nothing. Why, I imagine everyone notices the same thing sooner or later.' And you let it go at that.

"Foolish you! That was a day important to your teeth—important to your beauty. That was the day you should have decided, 'I'm going to see my dentist right now!'"
MY DEAR MR. EDDY:

I realize when I address an Open Letter to you that I am committing lese majeste and malfeasance, not to mention hara-kiri. The Nelson Eddy Fan Clubs will probably be madder at me than they ever were at Jeanette MacDonald, and will accuse me of murder, mayhem, and just plain meanness. But before I prepare to duck and run, I have got to make my protest, let the snubs and clubs fall where they may; and if I know your fans, Mr. Eddy, they will, on my head.

First of all, may I remind you—and your fans—that SCREENLAND was the first screen magazine ever to interview you, when you went into pictures? Not only that, but an Honor Page was awarded you, and every time you burst into song on the screen, we burst into loud editorial applause. We liked you, Mr. E. We still like you. This obvious fact didn't stop your fans, however, from writing to berate us for according equal honors to your screen-mate, Miss MacDonald, or protesting because several issues of SCREENLAND appeared without stories about you. You have a slew of very sensitive fans, Mr. Eddy. They have more chips on their shoulders than Charlie McCarthy. But we fail to see why, having accorded you all possible honors, we cannot also come out in the open and criticize you just as we would another star. So, without further apologies, permit me:

Don't step out of character, please! It may be the influence of the Immortal Dummy, but it does seem that you are on the verge of becoming too coy for comfort—certainly too coy for Nelson Eddy. Undoubtedly with the excellent intention of offsetting any possible accusation of stolidity, or stiffly sedate performances, you are apparently trying to unbend, be more casual, more carefree, go even a little gay for the photographers. But somehow the results don't seem too happy, to me, as Snow White impersonating Mae West. Of course we've had Grace Moore making her noble effort to be one of the gang with Minnie the Moocher; and Lily Pons putting on a Dietrich leg og. Let them. But you be smart; leave the clowning to others. It's all in fun, I know, but sometimes I think we may be having a little too much “fun” at the movies these days, when it comes to Myrna Loy and Bill Powell getting all messed up in “Double Wedding,” and Cary Grant running around in a flouncy negligée in the new Hepburn number—we might welcome one upstanding star who had the courage to take his art seriously. The high standards which made you and MacDonald mighty at the box-office in “Maytime” and your other hits will crash if you permit any cheapness to creep in. You, Nelson Eddy, are an artist. Be true to your art.

Delight Evans
Big Plans for Shirley Temple’s Future

It has happened again this year!

For the third consecutive year now Shirley Temple of the golden curls, hazel brown eyes, and cute dimples has been voted the most popular box-office attraction on the screen by American theatre exhibitors. The votes for 1936 and 1937, the second and third years, were extended to English theatres, and in that country, too, Shirley led all other players, adults and children.

There are all kinds of popularity polls. Countless polls are taken yearly by local newspapers, magazines, colleges and clubs, but it is the exhibitor’s testimony and his account books’ evidence that are definitely the infallible jury of public opinion. The exhibitor knows what player drew the largest number of patrons to his theatre, and he knows alone. When his box-office speaks the decision is final, irrevocable. And so, it is accepted without a moment’s quibbling that Shirley Temple, eight-year-old Twentieth Century-Fox player, is the Biggest Money Making Star in the entire movie industry. And has been for three years. Shirley can take a bow. Unfortunately, however, it’s the Garbos, the Dietrichs, and the Hepburns who take the bows.

Shirley Temple stands in the most unique position a child has ever attained in cinema history. Without excessive ballyhoo or build-up, without aggressively striving for fame or wealth, she has achieved both—and it has been done without sacrificing the least iota of her most precious possession, the happiness of childhood. Shirley may be the most famous little girl in the world, but she is completely unaware of her importance to the world. She is like any other little girl in any American city—healthy, happy, gay and energetic. But unlike other little girls she has for her playground one of the most fascinating places imaginable—a moving picture studio.

Mrs. Gertrude Temple, a tall, gracious woman, of exceeding patience and charm, is the buffer between Shirley and the world. Since the hour of her baby’s birth in a Santa Monica hospital on April 23, 1929, Mrs. Temple has never been separated from Shirley. It is thanks to her wise mothering that Shirley is the same healthy un-
spoiled little girl today that she was in 1932 when she first entered pictures. “Shirley gets more out of life than any other child, and yet she loses nothing any other child has,” says Mrs. Temple. “If I saw the least sign that she was changing from a normal little girl I would take her out of pictures in a flash. But she hasn’t changed, and I’m glad of it. It has meant a great deal to her future. All that she ever has earned is hers, and will be ready for her when she grows up.”

And Shirley is growing up! She will be nine her next birthday. She is in S-A—Los Angeles Board of Education rating—and attacking fractions. (And I am pleased to note that she is rather mystified by them.) Shirley is no longer the precious baby who danced and sang and

smiled her way into your heart in “Little Miss Marker,” “Now and Forever,” “Bright Eyes,” “Curly Top,” and “The Little Colonel.” At the rate children grow up these days she soon won’t be the darling little girl of “Wee Willie Winkie,” “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm” (in which picture her famous curls are combed into pigtails for the first time). Soon she’ll be a young girl in her teens. What then? What about Shirley’s future?

Shirley came in the middle of a great depression, people were sad and discouraged, and the whole world looked pretty black and dismal. Immediately she smiled her way right into the hearts of a nation. When people left the theatre after seeing Shirley they felt more cheerful and encouraged. Her honest little charm, her sincerity, her unpretentious efforts made them believe in themselves—and they loved her for it. Will this nation that made a star out of Shirley Temple stand by her as she grows up?

If they will, and I think they will for the public really isn’t so fickle it is my opinion that Shirley will continue on the screen indefinitely. She has three more years on her present contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. And after that? Well, if the public remains loyal to its favorite you can be sure there will be other contracts, plenty of them. Of course no one can tell what the far distant future will bring. But the “immediate” future is something else again. Mrs. Temple, a thoughtful, judicious mother, has made plans for the next few years for Hollywood’s Number One Box-Office Star.

“Fate has been good to Shirley in her picture work,” says Mrs. Temple. “If she hadn’t liked to dance and sing and act in pictures, she never would have done it. I have never made any formal plans for a career for Shirley. My only plans for her have been to give her a thorough education. I think that travel is a part of education, and I want her to have it. Mr. Temple and I are planning to take Shirley on a tour of several eastern States this spring, with visits in the South and New England if we have time. And next year, when Shirley is older, we hope to go to England and the Continent. But that, of course, will depend upon Mr. Zanuck, as we are under contract, as you know, for three more years.

“The plans at present are to leave on our vacation the same time in March or April that Mr. Zanuck leaves on his vacation. We will (Please turn to page 74)
T WILL take a heavy load off your mind,
I have no doubt, to learn that romance
goes on in Hollywood much as usual.
There is a rumor going about that this
year's crop of Dream Princesses have de-
fined Narcissus complexes and are so much
in love with themselves that they can't possi-
bly become interested in a mere mortal
like a man. There is also a rumor going
about that a producer once told an extra
girl that he would make a star out of her
if she would go out with him some night.
But you just mustn't believe such things
about poor maligned Hollywood.

Anyway, I thought I would close my book
(and just when the seventh body had been
found too!) and gad about one night re-
cently and see for myself what romantic
whimsies the gay young people are going in for now.
So I swirled my veil around me—you simply aren't chic
in Hollywood these nights without a veil or a doodie-
abbing in your hair—and did a giddy-up to the Trocadero which
is neo-Greek now and very pretty too if you don't like
Louis Quinze. It was a night. And I got an earful and
an eyeful. And so, here I go, telling all I know.
The newest romance in Hollywood is that of Loretta
Young and Stanley Kahn. Stanley Kahn, it seems, is
"private people" and so the romance hasn't been pub-
lized as much as if Stanley Kahn had been Robert
Taylor. Loretta met Stanley while she was vacationing
in New York, and he has scads of money, and when
Loretta left New York to return to Hollywood Stanley
followed her, just as they do in the movies. When last
seen Loretta and Stanley were breakfasting on dough-
nuts and coffee at the Crossroads of the World (oh,
Hollywood's modest about everything) on account
of Loretta had an early appointment at the House of West-
more directly across Sunset Boulevard. When a rich
young man gets up early to breakfast with a girl before
she has her shampoo it must be love. Anyway it will
do for love until something better comes along.

And what of Joe Mankiewicz, with whom Loretta
had been romancing these past months? Why, their
friends, not to mention the columnists, practically had
them right at the altar. Well, Producer Mankiewicz, I
am told, has gone to New York to try to arrange a re-
conciliation with his wife, the former Elizabeth Young,
but no relation of Loretta's. Some say that Joe had that
in mind when he broke off with Loretta. Others say that
it only came to his mind when Loretta returned from
New York with Stanley in hot pursuit. I say: I don't
know.

Another new Hollywood romance that's causing a lot
of comment is that of Kay Francis and Baron Barnoco.
After all these years of going steadily (it must be three
years at least) with Delmar Daves, Kay suddenly ap-
ppears at the Troc, at the Countess di Frasso's Black and
Beware the Snoop! Bane of Hollywood stars' lives, but your benefactor—for Snoop sees all, knows all, and tells practically everything. Begin to follow this new monthly feature revealing the real low-down on the romantics of the movie colony.

What's Cesar Romero whispering in Loretta Young's ear, above? Upper right, that Niven lad does get around—see him dancing with Simone Simon. Left below, new publicity romance of Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris. Right below, Binnie Barnes, Jean Negulesco, and Nancy Gross at the gala Rathbone party.

White Ball, and numerous other places, with the very distinguished looking Baron Barnoco. The Baron is a German, I understand, his title is quite bona fide, and he has lived in America for fifteen years. He isn't a fortune hunter. In fact, he isn't even head man in Kay's life. He's merely standing-in for "Del" who is out of town for several weeks on a much needed vacation. Kay's friends say that the Lady of Golpher Gulch is still very fond of big blond Mr. Daves who writes excellent dialogue for the screen. But anyway, the Baron is taking his standing-in very seriously.

Ah ha, my little pitchers, a Real Snoop for you! The Priscilla Lane-Wayne Morris romance isn't on the up and up at all—it's just a little something done for publicity. Studios always try to get (Please turn to page 82).
She lived and loved recklessly, until there came the day of reckoning. Read this vivid fictionization of Bette Davis' latest and biggest picture, "Jezebel".

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

It was different this time, being engaged to Preston, Julie thought. Different from the last time she had been engaged to him and the time before that and the first time of all when she hadn't really known the fullness of her feeling for him at all.

For every time they were parted it had been harder until they got together again even though she knew all the time she had only to flick that imperious little finger of hers to send him running back to her.

Yet the last time they had quarreled she had been frightened for it had been months before he had sought her again and she had known without his telling her, that he had fought her charm and her disdain and her wilfulness as if it were a scourge. And because she was perverse it pleased her, even while it maddened her that she couldn't completely control him.

She was smiling now as she sat in the Victoria beside her aunt Belle who was all the family she had, twirling her absurd little parasol as she looked up at the Dillard Bank and waited for Preston to come rushing at her summons.

But her smile faded just a little when Ti Bat, the small black groom, came back to the carriage alone.

"Did you tell him to hurry, Ti Bat?" she asked, and in spite of herself she felt the angry color rising to her cheeks.

"Yas'm, Miss Julie, I tell him," Ti Bat hopped nervously from one foot to another and the whites of his eyes were like marbles rolling frenziedly in the small black face, for all the Marsden slaves could tell the signs leading to one of their young mistress' tantrums. "But he ain' come, that is, not jes' precisely. He say you please to go along, cause he can't see you till later."

The twirling parasol became rigid in Julie's small hand, and her ruffled crinoline swayed about her as she jumped out of the carriage. She heard her aunt call her name in quick appeal but nothing could stop her now. It was always like that when she was crossed in even the smallest thing. Almost as if there was something untamed in her, compelling her to tear into shreds the things she valued most.

"Pres, are you coming, or aren't you?" Her words came bitten and hard as she faced him in the small reception hall outside the directors' room.

"Now Julie," Preston Dillard held himself in check with a visible effort, "please try to understand. This is important!"

"I only understand that you promised," her voice was choked. "I suppose it isn't important that I've spent a month having my dress made for tomorrow night! And that you promised to come and see it fitted. In fact, I don't suppose it's important what I wear to the Proteus Ball!"

His smile came tenderly as it would to a child. He mustn't let her quarrel with him now, he told himself. For a week he had been fighting singlehanded against
the president of the bank and the other directors trying to force them to see that things were changing and that they needed another railroad in New Orleans. They clung so stubbornly to things of the past, they wouldn’t see that river traffic had been declining in the last years and that if they didn’t step up with the future their city and its prosperity and power would be doomed.

They had fought with him and jibed at him but he had held his ground. But it was even harder holding it with this fragile little wisp of a girl who for all the yellow of her hair and wide blue eyes, who for all her ruffled crinoline and absent little parasol and tiny beribboned waist had a will stronger than all of them.

“Honey,” the old endearment came almost beseechingly and for a moment his smile swept away the tired lines of his face, “right now I’m having the fight of my life in there, a grand fight! I’ve got to get back, but later, tonight.”

“Don’t trouble!” She edged away from his hand seeking hers. “I’m sure you’ll be too exhausted from your terrific struggle. Good day, Mr. Dillard. I’m so sorry to have troubled you!”

Strange bow underneath the surge of her temper she knew she was doing wrong. But the seeds of destruction were in her heart and Julie had never learned the need for self-discipline. Her eyes were almost black with fury as she stood before the pier glass in Madame Poulard’s dressmaking establishment and even the new dress with its ruffles and ribbons and tiny festoons of rosebuds couldn’t soothe her.

“Moi ouf! Ravissante!” Madame smiled complacently for this was the loveliest of all the gowns she had made for the Mardi Gras ball. It was white, as was traditional for a young New Orleans girl yet unmarried, and there wasn’t a girl in the city who could wear white as Julie could.

“I don’t like the neckline,” Julie’s eyes clouded. “And the sleeves aren’t right.” She stopped as a midinette went by carrying a ball gown on a hanger, a gown of scarlet satin as strident and bold as the white one Julie was wearing was ethereal, and young.

“Why, it’s the most becoming thing you’ve ever had, Julie,” her aunt said soothingly. “If Pres isn’t simply bowled over by it, I won’t.” (Please turn to page 76)
Hollywoodians' secret fears is possessed by Edgar Bergen, and it concerns Charlie McCarthy, too, as shown with Ross Bergen at left. Glenda Farrell, upper left, loves cats but hates—well, read and you'll learn in the story, Above, Cary Grant seems to be recovering from just such an encounter with his Trauma as occurred in the episode our story reveals.

HAVE you any old acrophobias, nachtobphobias, or zoophobia that you’re not using? Don't be afraid to admit that you have a secret fear all tucked away somewhere. The stars aren't. After all, being afraid of great heights, afraid of the dark, or afraid of animals, isn't as bad as it sounds in those technical terms, is it? Why not compare yours with the Trauma Alphabet of Hollywood?

Don Ameche is afraid because he isn’t afraid of anything! Tal talk, but you’ve got to admit he has just about everything it takes. Looks, personality, a charming singing and talking voice, perfect diction, social talent, and besides all that, he's a perfect husband and father. But he's always afraid it’s too good to be true!

Joan Bennett is in a constant dither that someone might up and call her “Dearie.” It infuriates her. Reminds one of the story about Ethel Barrymore. When a comparative stranger called her Ethel, she quipped: “Don’t be so formal. Just call me Toots.”

Edgar Bergen fears what the probing profs would call “demonic possession.” He's afraid that his diminutive friend will end by possessing him. Charlie has taken on such a vivid personality and has been such a motivating factor in Bergen's life, that the line of demarcation between Bergen's and Charlie's personalities is naturally becoming somewhat blurred in Edgar's mind. For Charlie has been through as many cycles as any human being. In Chicago, when Edgar first put the breath of life into Charlie's little wooden frame, he became food-and-drink, bread-and-butter to his creator; and now he has become champagne-and-caviar. Little wonder that Edgar has invested Charlie with all of the better human qualities.

Charlie helped him earn his way through Northwestern University. That was way back in Charlie's unsophisticated days, when he was just a fresh little mug with a heart of gold and a tongue of brass. Then they took the bumpy together, literally and figuratively, playing one-
Chances are, you have—but will you be as frank in admitting it as the stars are in revealing theirs?

night stands and the four-a-day. But when vaudeville died, did Charlie just fold up and give himself up for old kindling? No. In his superlatively iconoclastic fashion, he went smoothly sophisticated, donned white tie and tails, monocle and custom-made boots; a miniature Prince Charming with royal sap in every limb, a master of the Retort Discourteous, embryonic butt of W. C. Fields' pathological persiflage.

He has taken such complete possession that no one can tell who is the master and who the automaton, for it is utterly impossible to think of them as two separate entities. Charlie has his own stationery, with his silhouette on it, a secretary to answer the fan-mail, his own make-up expert, and can be depended upon to steal the show from man, woman, child or beast. Bergen's will is a mute testimonial of his feelings towards his profitable pal. He has bequeathed $10,000 to the Actors' Fund of America to keep Charlie in good condition, and perpetuate the art of ventriloquism. But without Edgar, Charlie would just cease to exist, and vice versa. Oh, let's not go on, I'm breaking my own heart.

Grace Bradley fears people will stop smoking pipes. She owns a pipe factory, you see. Just to keep business going, she smokes one herself occasionally. That gal could smoke an underslung meerschaum and still look dreamily dainty.

It probably was Glenda Farrell who originated that one about "Easter and Not an Egg in the House!" She can't stand the sight, sound, nor smell of an egg; as she says: "I have a vague (Please turn to page 73)
LONG and lithe and laughing, Errol Flynn strode out for his first scene in "Robin Hood." A shout went up from company and crew, part derisive because that's the tradition, part acclamatory because they couldn't help themselves. "Yay! Hero!" With a sweep of his feathered cap to his heart, Flynn made them a low mocking bow.

Basil Rathbone's eyes sparkled. To his English heart, the legend of the outlawed Saxon noble is near and dear. His tone was fervent. "If there'd never been a Robin Hood, they'd have had to invent him so Flynn could play him."

Most men, even actors, feel a lack of ease on their first appearance on the set in costume. Flynn wore his jerkin and tights as if he'd been born to them. Indeed, watching him, you felt that he ought never wear anything else. They set off his ease and grace of movement. But it wasn't that alone, or even primarily. There seemed something curiously akin in spirit between clothes and wearer—a lift, a dash, a devil-may-care impudence that laughed in the face of life and that death couldn't touch.

He created a similar atmosphere in "Captain Blood." With all its spectacle, that picture would have been a meaningless clutter without Flynn's charm, Flynn's zest, Flynn's spirit, symbolizing the spirit of his environment, to fuse and weld it into a significant whole. With-
MAN!
He's Peter Pan at Heart
Zeitlin

out Flynn, Warners would probably never have made
the picture. For there isn’t another actor now in Holly-
wood, who carries his head with such an air or his heart
so high.

It’s probably because the boy who lives in most men
lives more freely, more joyously, with fewer inhibitions,
in Flynn. If you called him an embodiment of Peter
Pan, he wouldn’t thank you. Yet, with the difference that
he hasn’t found the secret of staying small—and wouldn’t
know what to do with it if he had—the comparison has
point. In the sense that growing up means a fettering of
the feet to earth, Flynn hasn’t grown up. Act first, think
second, is the law of his nature. He’d rather get into a
tight spot and take a chance on fighting his way out, than
spend the whole of his life on an easy one. As far as he can, he
lives in a never-never-land—that is, in a land of whatever ad-
venture may lie along his twentieth-century path.

It may be the adventure of running away from school, as he
did at fourteen, to exchange stodgy discipline for the lure of the
South Seas. It may be the adventure of a trip to revolution-torn
Spain. Or of feeling wind and spray on his face as he pilots his
yawl through difficult waters. It may be the more homely ad-
tventure that any boy worth his salt can manufacture for himself
in the course of a long, full day.

It was first the color and excitement of the movies, and second
the money, that drew Flynn into them. That’s a statement always
open to suspicion. In the case of Flynn, it’s a fact. Offered twice as much in a bank, or three times as much to sit at an accountant’s desk, he’d have grimmmed his crooked grin, thumbed his nose pleasantly and walked out. An adult is under the regrettable necessity of earning a living. The movies offer the means of satisfying it, together with a passport into the world of storybook romance. You can be a pirate today, a soldier of the king tomorrow, a rebel against the tyrant next week. You can work, make money, have fun, all at the same time. What small boy could ask more?

To Flynn, swordplay is fun. Shooting with the bow and arrow is fun. He gets paid for perfecting himself in these and similar arts. To be sure, he gives his employers their money’s worth. Meantime, he uses the skill he’s acquired in pastimes of his own.

In a deep forest of magnificent oaks and beeches, crossed by clear-running streams, he lived for six weeks. He fished salmon with the bow. He rode, he swam, he hunted boar. One day an excited boy ran into camp with news of a wildcat in a paddock nearby.

“Let’s get him,” said Flynn to Howard Hill, the archery expert, who can all but split hairs with his bow and arrow.

As they started off, they were halted by a voice behind them. “I’m coming too.”

“And there was Damita,” he chuckles, “armed with a big stick, running after us for all the world like a kid tagging the grownups.”

“What do you think you’re going to do with the stick?” he demanded.

“Defend myself to the end,” she announced calmly.

Arno, Flynn’s gray Schnauzer, reached the paddock first and stood leaping and yelping like a maniac at the foot of the tree to which he’d driven the enemy.

Flynn drew a bead on him and shot. Hill stood by with his arrow, lest the cat should jump. Lili just stood. When the animal came down, he was dead. Once the men had satisfied themselves of that detail, Lili marched over and gave him a poke in the nose, “so Flynn shall not say I brought my stick for nosing.”

Damita, incidentally, makes no effort to interfere with any of her husband’s singular exploits. “I shut up,” she says, “because it will do me no good to not shut up. Instead, I go with him if possible. (Please turn to page 72)
AN angry fifteen-year-old completely defied her family, and so now a new star is born in Hollywood!

"We're leaving!" she cried then finally. "You can't do anything for him. But I can. And believe me I will!"

There was the impact of sudden silence in the shabby living-room. Her mother and father and older sister and brother gaped at her and at the curvy head in her arms.

"Don't worry," added the girl, large brown eyes softening as she took in at a glance their bewilderment, their fear of life. "I'll see that he gets his chance and I'll send money home to you. But we're going—tomorrow."

"How?" Her mother was querulous.

"I've saved our busfare to Chicago and seventy dollars besides. That'll keep up going until he gets his break!"

The boy in this extraordinary situation was a four-year-old, then just one more poor kid slated for a continual battle against poverty. Sally Breen, approaching her mid-teens and late of Toronto's Silver Slipper night club, had given the surprising speech. It wasn't mere talk, though, but a firm declaration of determination. It led, amazingly, directly to fame.

When Bobby Breen's name went up in the bright lights one person alone was really responsible. Not Eddie Cantor, as you may have supposed. Not shrewd professional promoters, either. Of course they've played helping roles and it's Bobby's own rare ability which is drawing the applause. But actually the credit belongs to a comparative nobody who schemed and fought for

BOBBY'S Guiding Star

Here is the story behind Bobby Breen's rise to fame

By

Ben Maddox

Bobby. Against all odds Sally Breen literally transformed the child's fate. How she made her younger brother a star is one of those almost incredible tales of today.

Imagine setting forth on your own from Canada at fifteen to sell this modern world on another wonder child. Tackling this busy world that can't be troubled with nobodies! It proves once more that miracles can still happen if you swear to make them happen.

At nine Bobby is the new rave of the movies and radio. He has, authorities proclaim, the voice of an angel. He has, obviously, exceptional personality appeal to match.

Yet no one gave Bobby a boost until Sally insisted. Together the two practically ran away from home with nothing on their side but the boy's talent and charm, and her resolution. They were crazy, their family contended. A hopeless adventure, attempting to escape their birthright! And none of the dragons and none of the severest slaps downed them. Not until you hear of this love story behind Bobby's rise can you fully appreciate the depth of one sister's devotion.

"The Breen family was getting nowhere fast," declares Sally now. "Someone had to do something or we'd have all starved." The mother and father couldn't cope with the illness and unemployment that swamped them. So at thirteen Sally, burning (Please turn to page 34).
LAST year “Medals and Birds” celebrated its wooden wedding (did I hear someone mutter “wooden head?”) and I thought—maybe I even hoped a little—that that was the end. When you’re young it’s sort of fun to be sophomoric and go around screaming your opinions from the house tops. But five years pass and you’re not young any more and five years can change you a lot. And here it is six years since I started all this and I am looking at a sheet of paper the Editor of SCREENLAND has sent me. At the top of the page, “Medals and Birds” stares at me accusingly. Me, who hasn’t had a good hate on in a year! But shall a Mook let you down? Never! I’ll work up a few hates and enthusiasms if I have to kill the whole bottle of Scotch. I was saving for the poker game Wayne Morris invited to my house for dinner, drinks and winnings. Bring on your flowers, your chest of medals and VIVE LE BIRD.

The first flowers of the season—the American Beauty roses—go jointly to Carole Lombard and Myrna Loy because they are my two favorite actresses and because, as far as I’m concerned, they have the glamour market completely sewed up. And when a dame who used to specialize in pithy conversation as Carole did, can make a guy who “knew her when” believe she’s glamorous—baby, that’s not only glamour, it’s ACADEMY AWARD acting.

The first medal of the year goes to Richard Arlen because he’s had the first medal ever since this department started; because this year he practically started his cinematic career over again without becoming embittered, and because after playing in golf tournaments for years with no results, he finally won one!

To Irene Dunne go the petaus because she is one of the figures to whom the industry can point with pride. No breath of scandal ever touches her and because with not a cent’s worth of glamour to bless herself with, she contrives to get into the most successful pictures of the year.

W. C. Fields gets a medal because he is my favorite comedian, because he’s good copy and because when you interview him he really “gives” even though occasionally he may ask you not to print what he “gives.”

Claudette Colbert gets the bed of calla lilies, with my compliments, not only because she is more beautiful off-screen than on, but because she has developed from a fine dramatic actress into one of the best comedienmes in the business.

Fernand Gravet rates a medal because I like him personally, because he isn’t swell-headed or temperamental as most foreign stars are, and because I think he’s going to be the next screen sensation.
Annual frolic of a Hollywood Boswell distributing love and hisses according to his likes. You're free to cheer or jeer his awards as the stars march by.

I'm handing over the bed of nasturtia to Joan Crawford because she's as vivid as her personality and because she gives as much thought and worry to her parts now as she did when she was fighting her way to the top. There's one girl who will never be content to rest on her laurels.

Oh, shush! If anyone is reading this it's only to find out who gets birds. So we might as well start handing them out.

Just as Arlen always gets the first medal, so Hepburn always gets the first bird. You were swell in "Stage Door," Katie, but aren't you ever going to get next to yourself and stop putting on that shrinking violet act? You're about as timid as a battleship.

And a bird for Nelson Eddy because I'm sick of reading about the "woman trouble" he has on every concert tour and because there ought to be a law against anyone who sings as beautifully as he does, being such a rotten actor.

And yet another bird for Jean Arthur because, with everything in the world to be thankful for, she's developed a persecution complex and all she does is sulk.

There! We'll proceed with the awards. The pennoies go to Bette Davis because she is one of my favorite people, because she is the least temperamental star I know, and because when you query actors on who is the best actress in pictures those who don't say "Barbara Stanwyck" invariably say "Bette Davis."

Fred MacMurray rates a medal because he's such a swell guy and is still as tractable as when he first began getting the breaks. But, gee, Fred, can't you do anything about your acting?

The sweet Williams are for Ginger Rogers because Ginger is also always so sweet. She's going to say something good about people if it kills her and—more important—she's the most graceful dancing girl on the screen.

An improved 1938 fourteen carat gold medal for Spencer Tracy because he is still the finest actor on the screen.

Virginia Bruce and Loretta Young can split the bed of camellias between them because that is the only flower I know comparable to their delicate beauty. Girls as lovely as these two need very little else to make life one grand sweet song for any man—or themselves, either.

A medal this year (of all things!) to Warren William—not because my opinion of his ability has changed but because he is making fewer and fewer pictures. I wish you all the luck in the world, Warren, and hope (Please turn to page 84)
Confessions of a Come-Back

What's behind "Young Doug's" dramatic return to Hollywood importance? Here's his own vital, unvarnished story.

By Dickson Morley

W hat lies untold behind Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s return to Hollywood importance?
An inside tale worth telling! It has an unsuspected twist, too—this absorbing, well-hidden drama of the "lucky" crown prince of the movies. Amazingly, he has never been lucky at all!

Suddenly he lost out. He had so much, apparently. The sweeping devotion of Joan Crawford. A valuable, long-term starring contract. The prestige of being the sole heir of filmland's first family.

With appalling swiftness, with little warning, everything that mattered most to him seemed to crash down upon his head. He was finished with his exciting marriage, with Joan who had meant all there was of love to him. But emotional bewilderment was only part of what he had to face. Before that year was over, that bitter year, his star deal ended, also. A final, ironic slap of fate was the break-up of Pickfair.

Douglas dropped out of the bright spotlight. He went to England to begin anew, making but infrequent appearances there. Yet today, after a lapse of four mysterious years, he is once more a significant figure on the Hollywood scene. He's teaming to applause with the foremost feminine stars, is in great demand on the radio.

I found him on a busy set, looking and feeling better than he ever has. The hundred men and women RKO had lighting and photographing and accentuating him in "The Joy of Loving" muffled about us and Douglas wasn't distracted in the least. Irene Dunne had withdrawn to her swanky dressing-room while the director went into an involved conference with an ace scenarist.

I said, "Wouldn't it be easier for us to talk if we retired to your handy dressing-room?" He laughed. "Perhaps," he admitted, "if I had one!" I remembered, at this reply, how he'd been when first a star. Then his set retreat had been conspicuous. He had the finest portable star lounge in Hollywood history. Joan gave it to him—the best was none too good for Dodo.

Dodo? This intelligent, capable actor called that often in public places? Yes, in his past. When he was rapturously in love Joan called him (Continued on page 89)
Call Them "Laugh Teams" Now

The old Hollywood "love team" is dated. Today, a star like Lombard demands humor in her screen mates, and Fernand Gravet supplies the satirical note in heroes.
As carefully posed, expensively photographed, meticulously retouched art studies go, these of Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland in "Her Jungle Love" are skillful and eye-filling — especially Dot, at left, and at right below. With Ray, the Lamour loveliness poses exotically for the amorous episodes, at right and below. Now, is this your idea of satisfying Hollywood "art"?

Shall We Be Arty?

Here are typical "Hollywood art studies" of a beautiful girl, a handsome man, and nature being lush. How'd you like it?
It's up to you! Readers, and lookers, of SCREENLAND may make your choice. If you select the beautiful, but obviously posed type of art as exemplified on the opposite page, we'll give you most of that, not so much of this! Personally, we think the candids on this page are more fun. We know Dorothy Lamour is a real beauty, and admire her the more for submitting to candid camera inquisition when she's all bedraggled between strenuous scenes. Below, Dot and Ray rest while repairing ravages of swimming scene. Center, a candid close-up. At left below, the weary but game stars wait while a member of the technical staff tests for the cameraman.

Or Shall We Be Candid?

Now, here's the other extreme in Hollywood art, the frankly unposed, actually "candid" stuff. Which do you prefer?
Busby Berkeley, director of "Hollywood Hotel," had the pleasant task of telling Dick Powell just how to make love to Rosemary Lane. Below, and right, Mr. Berkeley is illustrating. As Mr. Astaire would say, "Nice work if you can get it."

You might think the director of a $2,000,000 film for Sam Goldwyn would have his troubles. And you'd be right. But he also has his moments, as George Marshall, megaphoning "The Goldwyn Follies," proves in our pictures, beginning at left center and concluding directly at left. Mr. Marshall first gives ballerina Vera Zorina a little lecture on love-making, then warms to his work and proceeds to a soul-searing demonstration. We hate to report that it's all for a comedy love scene with one of the Ritz Brothers. Bam—another beeg illusion cut!
Director Lubitsch of the world-famous "touches" enjoys his work, and no wonder: roses from his star Claudette Colbert, cigars from co-star Gary Cooper. Left, a laugh between scenes of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—yes, Gary at left. Then Lubitsch pacing for inspiration; and, at far left, the game of "Brushing the Dime" off David Niven's hand. Try it: put dime in palm of your hand and let someone try to brush it off with a whisk broom. Well, try it and see how easy!

And They've Got It!

Directing Myrna Loy and Clark Gable may be hard work to Victor Fleming, but it looks good to us—upper right center. Bob Leonard directs Jeanette MacDonald in western scene below; Priscilla Lawson (Mrs. Alan Curtis), center below; and Miss MacDonald and Walter Pidgeon, at right below—all for "Girl of the Golden West." Yippee!
The 7 Wonders of the Ancient World

SAMUEL GOLDFYNN'S PRODUCING GENIUS
Colossus of cinema magnificence and daring enterprise—and mispronounced words—but never a dull picture

FRED ASTAIRE'S DANCING FEET
Speak of hanging gardens, but give us Fred's suspended poetry in motion

GRETA GARBO'S EYES
That old Pharos of Alexandria boasted a beacon, but none so glowing as Garbo's eyes, and art

PAUL MUNI'S DISGUISES
The Pyramids remain a mystery—but could those Egyptians ever have penetrated a Muni disguise?
The ancients thought they had something there; but to hear Hollywood tell it, they never had anything!

The Great Pyramid

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus

The Colossus of Rhodes

The 7 Wonders of Modern Hollywood

Shirley Temple's Charm
That Temple of Diana was exquisite, but Shirley is a miniature temple of ageless art

Robert Taylor's Sex Menace
Mightier than ancient wonders—consult any teen-age girl fan
Rushing the Season

On this good earth there's nothing more exciting than the thrill of sailing, says Dick Powell, who, as you see above, has become a right good seaman. He's handling his own boat, the Galatea—a 64-foot yawl. Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald like to explore the countryside on horseback, left, and they are busy getting their favorite saddle horses into good trim for a Spring of activity on the bridle paths.

Carole Lombard, left, and Ginger Rogers, below, don briefly smart togs and go very near the water—Carole to the seashore and Ginger to a mountain lake for some canoeing.
Hollywood, as usual, takes the lead and hurries ahead into the sunshine to speed up Spring and bring on playtime.

Wayne Morris couldn't wait for Spring to get into a real tennis stride. Here Wayne is, below, out on the practice courts receiving and returning all the hard shots his instructor can think up and shoot over the net. Right, Ann Sheridan and her husband, Eddie Norris, are enthusiastic about fishing off the surf, and it looks like they know how to hook and pull in those finny fellows that swim about Pacific shores.

Eleanor Powell does some bicycling on her holiday from the studios, as shown below. Right, a brand new note in beach and play wear is struck by Frances Drake.
You, Too, Can Crash Hollywood IF—!

IF—you have the youthful lure of Friscilla Lane (above)

IF—you have the luscious voice of Ilona Massey (above)

IF—you have the vivacity of Marjorie Weaver (left)

IF—you have the poise of Gail Patrick (right)
IF — you have the seductive freshness of Lynn Carver (above)

IF — you have the beauty of Dolores Del Rio (right)

IF — you have the clean-cut serenity of Claire evor (above)

IF — you have the reticent charm of Myrna (right)

IF — you have the exoticism of Anna May Wong (right).

IF — have you!
The candid camera turns on between-scenes byplay and you see some fun the screen missed.

Cause and effect takes a funny turn naturally, with W. C. Fields. What the doctor ordered tasted bad, smelled worse, but Bill downed the dose, far left, and then decided he was entitled to go play with his toys. It’s the logical follow-through, says Bill: when they order you around like a boy, for the good of your health, be a boy and maybe some good will come of it. A borrowed motorbike can be fun, that.

Above: Edward G. Robinson receives a visit from his son, Manny, on the “A Slight Case of Murder” set, and leading lady Jane Bryan joins the group; next a close-up as the star gives some good advice to Bobby Jordon, whom you saw in “Dead End.” Next, time out for lunch; and finally, Eddie entertains his youthful cast-mates with a stirring yarn.
Scenarios

Trice Lillie, of stage, screen, and sometimes the vaudeville circuit, didn't need a script to show her how to be funny on the set. In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" she discovered Deanna Durbin, a fellow player in Bing Crosby's new picture, and tried the broadening facilities of an oxygen tank, and then went on there to a mammy song by easy stages to something really angelic.

Stories in action! Left, opposite page, Claude Raines gets a 12th century head of hair from a hairdresser on the staff of Perc Westmore, for his part in "Robin Hood." Below from left to right, Fay Wray works her play up to a winning shot in a ping-pong match that gave her the laugh over her opponent in the sport at which she excels.
Ling and the boys grow younger; below, Rufe Davis, Sterling Halloway, Andy Devine and Crosby recall their (movie) school days. Bing, Andy and Big Ann the elephant swing it, top right, and win the affection of the chimp, center. Bing and Andy talked about it so much at home their boys, Bing's son, far right, and Andy's, lower right, came to see the show. Above, Andy undergoes repairs. Right, Bing, needing some rest from the circus on the set, relaxes.

It's a carnival of fun when the three-ring circus comes to Bing Crosby set, with a side show between every camera take for "Dr. Rhythm."
"THE KID COMES BACK"

Speeding to stardom faster than any other screen hero in years! Here's the daring, dashing new thrill in boy friends, with the devil in his eyes, a wallop in his mitt and heaven in his arms! Winning millions of hearts in every role he plays! See him now—more exciting than ever—in the tingling romance of a fightin' fool who knew how to love!

* Shooting another love punch straight to your heart in "The Kid Comes Back"!

with WAYNE MORRIS
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From "Having Wonderful Time"

Ginger Rogers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., her leading man, a big company of players, and a vast crew of technicians, journeyed to Big Bear Lake in California's beautiful San Bernardino Mountains to make all the outdoor scenes for the screen version of the stage play, "Having Wonderful Time." The brisk banter of the dialogue, the crisp youth and freshness of the actors, the very modern motif, played against one of Mother Nature's better backdrops—all augur success for this important new picture.
New Glamor for "Gamby"

By Tom Kennedy

How a brilliant ballet star decided to "show Hollywood" by turning to drama, became the pet of royalty, and embarked on a new career. Maria Gambarelli’s more-fascinating-than-fiction story

Maria Gambarelli, christened "Gamby" by the late beloved "Roxy," was the baby of the famous "Gang." Now she becomes an international screen figure and heroine of the glamorous "Command Performance" related in this exclusive story. The two close-up portraits show her as the star of the European picture, "Dr. Antonio."

You know the little ballet dancer by a nickname that became famous over the radio, as well as her full name of Maria Gambarelli—the same "Gamby" who thrilled audiences at the Capitol theatre during the Roxy regime of pictures, symphony orchestras and elaborate ballet presentations.

Gamby came sailing back to these home shores not so long ago and, this being a story not about defeat but one of a thrilling triumph, she was not disillusioned, despite the fact that smugged close to her as the most prized token of her trip to Rome was not a sample reel of the film she made there, but a portrait enclosed in a silver frame with a royal crest set in gold on its upper border. The portrait is that of Italy’s queen, bearing Her Majesty’s signature "Elena" across its lower right corner. A queenly reminder of that most thrilling of triumphs that come to the artist receiving the distinction of selection for a "Command performance at court."

Many a storybook, play and picture has enraptured the public with its dramatic theme resting solely upon the stirring climax wherein the heroine achieves the ultimate success of appearing before the king and queen in their palace and winning the applause of royal assemblages. We found the little Gambarelli’s recital of her Command Performance in court at the Eternal City as exciting as it was illuminating of the thoughts and emotional reactions that fill the mind and palpitate the heart of an artist on such a supreme occasion of her career.

The stories of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Cinderella" oddly merged to make a fictional parallel we unconsciously sought for this story the petite blue-eyed dancer unfolded as she told us what happens when a star gives a Command Performance.

Wide-eyed, in vivid recollection of the bewilderment that comes with the realization of nearly every performer’s ambition to make a Command Appearance,

(Please turn to page 86)
IN OLD CHICAGO—20th Century-Fox

BEST screen show you can find anywhere—don’t miss it! Movie spectacle in the gaudily grand manner, it is also curiously convincing. Mr. Darryl Zanuck’s Chicago Fire is a four-alarm epic, but it is not the whole show of his big picture. What we might call the prelude is good, too. “In Old Chicago” is solidly built on a foundation of strong, believable human drama—it’s O’Leary family become the most believable flesh and blood people of the screen season; caring what happens to the tribe is the real reason for your excitement at the Fire—which lasts a good half hour, sings your soul and almost your eyelashes, and sends you out wanting to decorate today’s brave and efficient fire ladies on both cheeks. It’s a magnificently awesome sight. Mr. Zanuck’s fire, But his robust, romantic melodrama of old Chicago before the big blaze, recorded with so much gusto and bluff good humor, also is something to see. Tyrone Power plays a handsome rogue, pride and despair of Mrs. O’Leary’s heart, in dashing, daredevil fashion—his best performance to date, Alice Brady is a grand Miss O’Leary—her best job, too, Alice Faye as the notorious but nice Belle Fossett sings and acts vibrantly—how you’ll like those Rabelaisian love scenes!

MANNEQUIN—M-G-M

SEEING Spencer Tracy as a Cinderella Man has almost unnerved me, so I can only advise, as to “Mannequin,” that all Joan Crawford’s fans must not miss it, and all doubters must look twice before they leap to the ticket window. You see, it is the super-Cinderella picture. Not only is Joan Cinderella again, which is all right if you can take it; but Spencer Tracy becomes the Cinderella Man, his first altogether unbelievable acting job, and not his fault, either. He’s a self-made tycoon with a heart of gold—all right so far. He falls in love with Joan, very much all right, too. But when he takes to seeing her ghost on the terrace, and mooning around generally—then not even the terrific Tracy can make me believe it. Manufactured to formula as all Crawford pictures seem to be these days, “Mannequin” may appeal, with its gincrack glamor, to some eager addicts. It has a lavish fashion show, Joan in many guises, and the false appeal of the rags-to-riches plot. There are some scenes at the start in which the star shows considerable emotional power and poignancy, with Alan Curtis, the newcomer, playing her caddish lover in acceptable style. In fact, Mr. Curtis didn’t seem a cad. He’s the film’s most honest contribution.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS—Disney-RKO

MOST daring picture on current screens! What, you say, a Walt Disney picture, and daring? And I repeat—yes, definitely daring. Producer Disney has taken the boldest step of his brilliant career in making a full-length fairy-tale with cartoon characters. He succeeds in this as he has in everything he has ever undertaken—for Disney is a real pioneer in a new art medium; a great artist with the biggest canvas ever stretched. Here is the good, old familiar fairy-tale by the Grimm Brothers, told in terms of animated drawings, all in color—with more suspense than any other screenplay of the season—well, perhaps we can except “In Old Chicago,” if you insist—and more true humor, and charm, and liveliness, and imagination, and beauty. You will, I swear, be captivated by the little heroine, enthralled by her adventures in the wood, her encounter with the Seven Dwarfs, her bewitchment by the wicked queen; you’ll rejoice at her rescue by Prince Charming—in a word, you’ll be young again. New and delightful Disney animals—rabbis, deer, other woodland creatures—to charm you; Snow White herself is a miracle of girlish grace; the Dwarfs—well, you’ll be humming their jolly Hi-Ho song and counting ’em in your sleep.
**SUPER-SHOWS:**  
"In Old Chicago"  
"The Buccaneer"

**RARE TREAT:**  
"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"

**BEST MUSICAL:**  
"Hollywood Hotel"

**SMASHES:**  
Tyrone Power in "In Old Chicago"  
Alice Brady, Alice Faye in "In Old Chicago"  
Fredric March in "The Buccaneer"

**DISCOVERIES:**  
Franciska Gaal in "The Buccaneer"  
Snow White

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**HOLLYWOOD HOTEL—Warner Bros.**

THIS is double-barreled entertainment—fun for film fans, fun for radio fanatics. For the first time, Hollywood turns the table on radio and puts an air program upon the screen. Lonella Parsons' popular "Hollywood Hotel" hour is lifted bodily from the broadcast lanes into the jumping gelatines, with all the attractions intact, including Lonella—who becomes the first lady chatterer to take the leap from etherizing to movie emoting, and with apparent ease and assurance. The radio program is only part of the entertainment which this picture has to offer, however. It's a breezy burlesque of both the radio and movie industries, with those "inside" glimpses of Hollywood; with Dick Powell at his ingratiating best, and the Lane Sisters, Rosamary and the more familiar Lola, providing potent girl appeal. Lola plays the temperamental movie star to end all such caricatures, and plays it to the hilt. Sister Rosamary is the actual heroine who impersonates the star—how this girl can put over a song, speaking of songs, there's a slew of stogables here. The high spot for me was Benny Goodman's number; for others, it may be Raymond Paige's specialty—both standout. You'll giggle at Hugh Herbert, enjoy Johnny Davis and Glenda Farrell.

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**THE BUCCANEER—Paramount**

DIRECTOR Cecil B. DeMille's annual spectacle does not disappoint. It's another super-show from the veteran showman, produced with speed and spirit, acted with admirable gallantry by a splendid cast, Mr. DeMille, bless his heart, soul, and puttees, is still making true movies. Of course, they are more sumptuous than of old; they boast sound effects—in fact, the finest, noisiest sound effects anyone could ask; they employ bigger and better actors, enlisting in this case not only Swashbucker Number One of the Cinema, Mr. Fredric March, but a graduate of the Moscow Art Theatres, a new Continental charmer, a British beauty, and Ian Keith and Montagu Love—an historic circus if there ever was one; but in spite of all these impressive modern improvements, DeMille pictures never forget to keep moving. There may be too much carnage in "The Buccaneer" for your special taste, as for mine; but since it's a picture about the pirate, Jean Lafitte, swashbuckling is quite in order, and DeMille makes the most of it. It's really a grand show, Mr. March is immeasurably better than in "Anthony Adverse." New charmer, Mlle. Gaal, stresses her charm, Akim Tamiroff and Margot Grahame are excellent.

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**MAN-PROOF—M-G-M**

THE Society for the Rescue of Myrna Loy from Silly Pictures will welcome "Man-Proof." It gives our Myr a chance to stop giggling for a moment and, in the absence of Thin Man Powell, to pull herself together and give a sensible performance. Oh, I don't mean too sensible. But she does NOT get herself smeared up as she did in "Double Wedding," and she DOES manage to sustain a genuine characterization, something I always suspected she could do if the scenario would give her a chance. She plays a thoroughly modern young woman who fancies herself cured of an infatuation for Mr. Pidgeon, particularly after he marries her rival, Rosalind Russell; but no sooner does she congratulate herself upon her emancipation than the enduring Loy wackiness crops up and she discovers she really loves Mr. Pidgeon, after all. From then on "Man-Proof" becomes fairly brisk entertainment, involving Mr. Tone's hopeful constancy, Mr. Pidgeon's lovable caddishness, Rosalind Russell's good sportsmanship, and always the Loy charm, which proves it is not dependent upon Bill Powell but can stand on its own. For women, "Man-Proof" should be fun; for men, too, if they like Myrna Loy, and if they don't, they're nice.
YOUR true Frenchwoman is born with clothes-sense, and Annabella, noted star of so many important Continental cinemas, is no exception. Her boudoir robe, at left, is a bewitching concoction of triple-sheer crepe with tiny puffed sleeves, basque bodice laced with satin, and a full circular skirt. Her white satin jacket boasts bands of maribou. Below, Annabella's pet play suit which she brought from Paris: one-piece natural linen with enormous white pearl buttons. At left below, her white suit with broad black lapels with bright embroidery.
Linon and shantung are a popular combination in France, and Annabella, below, tops her blue and white plaid linen skirt with a tailored jacket of heavy white silk shantung. See her open sandals of black cord! At left, her sleek pajamas and matching robe of ice blue satin. Right, her black and white dinner suit by Schiaparelli, gracefully glamorous.

The far-famed chic of the Parisienne is no legend, but the sober truth—for the French girl is as practical as she is smart. Annabella's favorite house coat, pictured at far right, is extremely simple—of heavy ribbed silk in bright blue, with white zippers used as utility trimming on the snap-fitting long sleeves, the high pockets on the bodice, and for the entire front of the coat. You'll be seeing Annabella with William Powell in "The Baroness and the Butler."

French charm and chic personified is Annabella, now in Hollywood co-starring with William Powell. Here are the smart—and eminently practical selections from her personal wardrobe which Annabella chose to model for us in true Parisienne fashion.
Simone Simon adores dashing prints. At far left, white butterflies chase themselves on her wine-colored silk frock. At left, her royal blue silk dress dotted with tiny white stars. Below, Ann Sothern chose black and orange Persian brocade for her high pleated turban banded with black velvet ribbon, and her pouch handbag.

June Long, at right, is the spirit of youthful gaiety in her waltz frock of iridescent blue and green mairé taffeta with its wide lapels, shirred bodice, saucy bows, and graceful skirt which flares into a train. You get a glimpse, too, of June's gold sandals inset with multi-colored stones.

Screen Style Slants
Gay or Grand!
The British beauty, Vivien Leigh, below, who appears in the siren's rôle in Bob Taylor's English film, "A Yank at Oxford," wears a coat of cream serge stitched with nigger-brown silk and fastened with brown grained wood buckles. Wendy Barrie, at the bottom of the page, is gay in her natural menclo cloth slack suit.

Very grand and formal in the authentic Chinese fashion is Anna May Wong, at left, in her personally designed tunic of white satin brocade with a gold butterfly pattern. Pippings of gold braid are fastened with tiny gold butterflies and a gold lamé cape matches pleated trousers of the same fabric. Miss Wong, internationally distinguished for her exotic beauty and gorgeously simple clothes, as well as for her fine acting, poses below in another creation from her personal wardrobe—this time a dress of black satin piped in antique embroidered braid, and a black gauze cape which is striped in blue, red, and green silk thread.
Arlen Rides a New Hobby

TAKING pictures as a hobby was all but forced on Dick Arlen!

"Actors get so fed up with still pictures that it's a wonder the sight of a lens doesn't give us hydrophobia," he commented, as he emptied an envelope of negatives onto the couch between us. "Every time you think you have a free hour, along comes a man with a little black box, crying: 'Hold it!' or 'Would you mind just putting on this hat? or standing on the running board of this car? or downing a mouthful of this breakfast food and looking pleased?"

"When I first broke into films, I thought anyone who owned a kodak he didn't have to use because it was his job, must be crazy.

"I remember one year I went to New York to do a picture and the gang at the studios there presented me with a camera, a make called 'Pressman,' sort of Graflex type with a big box that you look down into to find your subject. I thanked them, and was glad they liked me well enough to spend their money on me, but privately I wondered why anyone wanted such a thing. It seemed to me that a fellow who spent half his life in front of a lens ought to avoid spending the other half behind one.

"Then I got married. Johy had a box camera she liked to use sometimes, and I thought she was cute with it, but a little screwy.

"But cameras wouldn't let me alone. People gave them to me—I found a Leica on my Christmas tree, and an Ansco among my birthday gifts. Of course I said: 'Thanks, Just what I wanted!' and put them safely away for what I thought was keeps.

"Then came the candid camera fad. I suppose it had been here all along, but it didn't bother me until I found that wherever I went my friends were all bringing out their little machines and going 'click,' and exhibiting their results and boasting about the shots they got at the races and why yellow filters are better than red ones, or the other way around. It began to sound interesting, and I got out my cameras again.

"It's just one of my hobbies, though, even now. I like golf and boats, too. The trouble with my pictures is that after I've taken them and looked at them once, they sort of disappear. People pick them up, if they happen to be in them, or I lose them.

"Up to now, I haven't had any amazing success with the Leica. I can't tell much from the tiny negatives and by the time they're blown up I've forgotten what stop I used, so I don't know how to regulate the next one in reference to that. I expect to master it shortly, though."

Dick would have liked to try his luck with pictures when he

Snapped by Richard Arlen: Virginia Bruce, her daughter, Susan Ann Gilbert, and Dick's son, Ricky. Bottom right, the Bing Crosby twins. Below, Lake Louise. Center left, hunting scene. Bottom, Charles Farrell and Jack Oakie.
Dick battled the candid fever long and bravely, but now—next to golf and sailing—he gets his biggest kick sharpshooting with a camera

By Ruth Tildesley

was in England, but he didn't have any of his cameras with him.

"There's so much fuss at the customs if you have a camera," he explained. "You must have a permit to take it into a country, and then they want to see your pictures, and if you didn't happen to take any they want to know why. Joby said she wouldn't go through with it; she was sure we'd land behind bars; so we played safe.

"However, I did take a camera with me into Canada when I was on location and got what I call my prize shot one day when we didn't have to work. We had gone duck shooting. The dog was sitting up in the boat and the ducks we'd bagged were tied to the sides; it looked like an interesting shot and I got it. I remember liking the look of the hills in the background. But after all, it wasn't the hills that made it a swell shot, it was the water and the reeds—gives it a sort of etching quality.

"Maybe most amateur photographers get their best stuff by luck. I often think mine comes when I'm not expecting a lot, when I just point the lens at something and go 'click.' I know that when I fuss over shots, changing filters and measuring the light and so on, the results don't justify the excitement.

"Here's an example of a lucky shot—taken through a plate glass window at Lake Louise, with the silhouette of the window, the terrace, the lake, the mountains, and the snowy slopes beyond. I happened to have a light red filter on the Ansco and I used that.

"I had the same filter on it for this shot taken the other way—from across the lake, showing the hotel in the distance. See the cloud effects? You must have a filter to get them.

"But I got this shot of Joby by the lake after the sun had gone down. We were walking, and I thought the snow banks across the water looked interesting, so I said: 'Stand still a second,' and it was all over (Please turn to page 92)
Fate fashions an amazing climax for the daring adventure of a Hollywood glamor girl

By
Margaret E. Sangster

CHAPTER IV

KATRINE lay on the drawing room floor and cried until she was very nearly exhausted. She never did things by halves—she had a simply dandy case of hysterics. When she was reduced to a pulp—and her frock was ruined—she became as still as a tomb, and started to pull threads out of the design in the oriental rug. They pulled hard—it was a very good rug. After she had demolished a couple of inches that it had taken a man nearly a year to weave, she began to think.

Thinking, at that moment, wasn’t easy. Katrine had a lot of actions and reactions to justify. She started backwards, as usual, and asked herself why she had taken a sock at Bertrand—the French Count whom she had halfheartedly planned to marry. After all, Bertrand had only been a parrot—repeating what she herself had already said. He hadn’t told her what words would bring that stark white look to Peter’s small, drawn face. She’d needed no prompting.

No, Bertrand had been slapped—but through no fault of his own. Going back to her slum childhood—where the fittest had survived by sheer muscular supremacy, but a person who kicked another person in the tummy was out—Katrine realized that some innate sense of fairness and
decency had made her strike blindly at the little Count's smirking face. She had hit him because he was phony. And because—deep in her consciousness—she hated phony things.

Of course Bertrand's title was genuine—she'd had that searched the moment the guy came buzzing around. It was an old name and a fine one, dating back to the Crusades and Joan of Arc and all sort of grand opera motifs. It was the fawning grin that he gave her that was phony, and the way his hand clung damply to her wrist, and the way he kissed her fingers.

Bill Naughton never did any finger kissing—but then Bill was real. And Naughton was a good name, at that. No title went with it, but it was a good name . . .

Katrine yanked viciously at a bit of yarn—are oriental rugs made of yarn?—that wouldn't give. Bill Naughton led to Peter by a straight, undeviating line. Peter—well, the kid wasn't phony, either. And he had no name, at all—except the name that, through fate and by benefit of a court of law, she herself might one day give him . . .

Katrine, lying on the floor, began to kick her feet up and down—which was a sure sign she was feeling better. She started to have a little emotional orgy about Peter—who would one day bear her name. Not Mollineaux—which didn't belong to her legally—but Malloy. Malloy was a name like Naughton—sturdy and standing for this survival business . . .

Peter! He hadn't asked to be adopted, at that. By the merest chance he had chosen her likeness from a fan magazine—chosen it to worship—and the coincidence was too much for Bill, on a baby shopping binge. Naturally she had been disappointed when Peter appeared instead of a tiny blonde girl, but nobody could blame her for that. She was only human. In fact, (Continued on page 97)
There's glamor in British film studios, even as in Hollywood. Meet some film favorites in a different setting in this sparkling story

By Hettie Grimstead

One of the nicest things about our stellar visitors from Hollywood is the way they remember us when they are back home in California again. Dolores Del Rio writes regularly for the lovely woolly things hand-knitted by a London stylist—she's just ordered a peach-pink jacket of exquisite wool lace to wear for spectator sports. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gets all his suits by mail from England, and that ardent antique glass collector Neil Hamilton often cables a famous West End shop enquiring for details of their rare pieces.

Before Marlene Dietrich sailed for New York she visited her local boot-maker and had the famous feet measured for some pairs in the latest London models. He has just despatched her very high-cut town shoes in black matt kid with a row of six little black and white buttons down each side. Accompanying instructions say that Marlene's million-dollar legs should be encased in bright ginger-brown stockings when she wears them.

Otto Kruger, who divides his time between fishing and films, habitually sends for rods and tackle to a tiny old-fashioned shop in St. James's where King George and the King of Norway and Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., are also on the list of customers. At the moment Otto is able to choose his tackle in person, being here to make another film at Elstree Studios. It's a gay comedy of school life called "The Housemaster" and you will see Otto careering around in college gown and spectacles with never a suggestion of his customary screen self-sacrificing. "Am I tired of being a noble martyr?" he remarks feelingly. This time he actually gets the girl and beats all his rivals to it. Phillips Holmes and demure little Rene Ray are in the picture too.

Otto unfortunately crashed his car driving to the studio in a London fog the other morning so he

Please turn to p. 92
There’s gaiety in Parisian picture circles, what with native players and visiting Americans. You’ll enjoy this French slant on cinemas

By Stiles Dickenson

ONLY the radiant presence of Madeleine Carroll saves this department from being labelled “Gentlemen Only” this month, what with writing of Robert Taylor, Paul Muni, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Milestone.

Robert Taylor must have taken off his make-up on the plane coming over, so quickly did he appear in Paris after finishing the last scene of the picture he made in the London Studios. Evidently Paris has great charms for him—so much so that he cancelled his original sailing date on the “Normadie” so as to stay over here a bit longer. Paris fell in line with the rest of the world and Bob’s every move was followed by adoring crowds and written up in the newspapers. At the same time he was here, “Camille” (called “The Romance of Marguerite Gautier” in France) was being shown in the theatres and all the tear-stained audiences have fallen for the Taylor beauty. Must say that he bore up very well with all the adoration and still seemed a cheerful, unaffected youngster. He was intensely eager to see and do everything he possibly could in Europe in a short space of time—and he succeeded very well in spite of the curious crowds his now-famous face assembled. Usually Paris just gives a smiling nod to visiting celebrities and lets them alone to enjoy themselves—but not so with the Taylor. Even the blase habitués at the Bagatelle, the smart night club of the moment in Paris, got excited when he appeared there and poor Bob had to autograph dozens of menus and scraps of paper. He then set off in a plane for a hurried bird’s-eye view of this Europe. The Scandinavians went wild at his approach and the illustrated papers showed him being presented with huge keys made of flowers. That’s saying “Welcome to Our City” very romantically, I should say.

Lionel Barrymore came from Hollywood to play (Please turn to page 75)
And what she has found! Here's a heart-warming story of the currently popular dancing personality with self-told facts never before revealed.

By Charles Darnton

Our new pictures of Eleanor happen also to be exciting advance fashion news! The Powell smile is surrounded, above, by the very newest sun hat of blue and white plaid straw, with a big red apple beneath the brim. At right, Eleanor proves her love of children by helping Robert Spindolo, "Donkey Boy" of "The Firefly," fly his new kite.

GOING to see Eleanor Powell in her Beverly Hills home just before she was leaving for a month's New York vacation was like going to a family party. What with herself, her mother, her grandmother, and her dog in the living room it was quite a cozy little gathering. But at first, with nobody in sight but the glacial butler—he had on an ice cream suit—it looked as though the occasion might prove a bit stiff and formal.

Nonsense! Things warmed up the moment Mrs. Powell, glowing as a red apple and nearly as round, bustled in and wanted to know if I minded her calling me by my first name. Mind! I loved it. She made it very homely, sitting on the arm of my chair and singing the praise of her gifted daughter who herself was singing for the first time in her new picture, "Rosalie."

Swish! In breezed Eleanor, spick and span in blue silk pajamas and talking a blue streak. Smack!

"How do you like it?" She meant the house,
not the kiss, "Think of me having this," and she waved
spaciously, "after all I've lost!"

What, in particular, I wondered?

"Four toenails! One in each of my pictures, 'Broad-
way Melody,' 'Born to Dance,' 'Broadway Melody of
1938,' and now 'Rosalie.' My 'Rosalie' one is just be-
ingin to grow in again, see—"

She whisked off a sandal, and all of a sudden the
arm-rest of my chair became a foot-rest. What price
dancing was revealed by a dainty bare foot, one of the
two most wonderful of their kind in all the world.

"And maybe you think that doesn't hurt?" She shod
it tenderly, then bounced into a chair. "I said to the
doctor, 'How many toenails does God allow you?'"

Higher statistics not forthcoming, we left the quest-
tion in the more or less heavenly air.

"Now I'll tell you something," she volunteered, hav-
ing indeed shown me something. "I've always been kind
different. Maybe it's because I was a premature baby."

Here, then, was an Eleanor Powell story starting right
at the beginning and promising to go through with more
personal details than are dreamt of in the philosophy
of "Who's Who."

"Just a seven-months' baby, that's all I was, so I had
tined to become a rich part of it. This was most wel-
come, since her bland presence and pat comment gave
it authoritative background.

"But with everything I lost, the pleasures of girlhood
because of working all the time," Eleanor was saying,
"I've just found something new—my singing voice. It's
now in pictures for the first time. People thought it was
maybe they heard singing in my other pictures, but it wasn't.
All I did was 'sync,' match my lips with the words of
a song, you know, Eddie Sutherland, the director, once
said I was the best 'sync' in the business."

"Must be quite a trick," considered Grandma.

"It was always easy for me," said Eleanor. "But I
was never satisfied with it. I wanted really to sing. Mar-
jorie Lane had always sung my songs for me. She was
waiting to do it in 'Rosalie' when she married Brian
Donlevy. Then he had to go to London to make a pic-
ture, and Marjorie wanted to go with him, so she asked
me if I'd try to have the studio let her do a recording
of my one number, 'Strange New Rhythm in My Heart.'

This was done, and away went Marjorie to England.
But when we got to that point in the picture, Van Dyke,
the director, shook his head. He said the song wouldn't
do as it was, that he wanted something different—you
know how blunt Van is—wanted a swing to it
like this, zip!"

She swung her lissom body into swaying
undulations, breath panting, eyes flashing, fingers
snapping.

"You see, Marjorie is a ballad singer, and she
sang the number standing still, just as she'd
been used to doing at the Troc and over the
night spots where she'd made a big hit. The
recording was beautiful, but Van said, 'Some-
body else will have to sing it. What's the matter
your doing it?' he (Continued on page 88)
WHEN Joan Crawford was in the fiercest pangs of new love she used to hook rugs with astounding zest. Janet Gaynor, due to the Tyrone in her life, is making her own hats. She produces the sanest little numbers. When Tyrone's shaving before the cameras and reading scripts becomes tiresome Janet hires out to Warner Brothers to visit Margaret Lindsay on Maggie's set there.

JIMMY STEWART hadn't had a date for three months. Then suddenly he realized that Rosalind Russell existed. Ever since came-the-dawn the two have been considerably intrigued. Like all the more vivid colony romancers, these two are held together by sophisticated wit. Roz is a Dorothy Parker, minus Dot's cynicism—a volatile, talkative, gay person. Jimmy's slow, his humor dry. But both of them have just settled in new houses, so how could they get married?

CAROLE LOMBARD will have an income as well as high old memories after stardom. A girl working in a shampoo parlor reports it's really no gag about Carole minding her companion-manager Fieldie when it comes to spending. The amateur sleuth happened to be idling at a magazine stand at Hollywood and Vine when Carole was bent on buying a new magazine there. "But you already have that one at home," stated Fieldie firmly. "I haven't!" shrieked the Lombard. "I'll take it," she added to the clerk. "Oh no, she won't," muttered the stellar watch-dog, giving the star a push onwards.

OF COURSE the Wayne Morris-Priscilla Lane romance is booming, but don't take their devotion too seriously. Remember that last month the lady of his dreams was Eleanor Powell. And before Eleanor there were half-a-dozen other cinema beauties. The lad's a demon for variety. Priscilla, incidentally, met him socially in a different way. Someone suggested to Wayne that it would be a snappy idea if he asked her out. He sat down and wrote her a letter. Evidently this gallantry in these days of fast telephones, was overwhelming. Or maybe Priscilla knows a swell date when she sees one. Anyway, she responded post haste.

WHILE Claudette Colbert is honey-mooning at last in the South of France, her pals pass on their favorite tale about Claudette. It seems a fan wrote for a photograph and Claudette was all sympathy.
when she came to the paragraph about his being a cripple. She hurried off the best likeness she had. By return mail she received thanks and the comment: "Your picture now hangs in my room with fifteen photographs of my soul-bound who died under tragic circumstances."

HOW high do movie wages bounce? Consider this inside figure in the case of the Ritz Brothers. Night club entertainers not much more than eighteen months ago, they have just received a contract calling for three pictures within a year's time at $80,000 per film. By next month every blonde in town will realize she simply must have a Ritz in her private life.

SO ROBERT MONTGOMERY swore he'd never build a home in Southern California. Not Bobbie, Mrs. Montgomery's smart son. He was going to make his pile and get out. He bought a Connecticut farm with a Colonial farmhouse, and there he's been retiring for three months of each year. So what? So now he's just fallen for California harder than anyone else. He's had a huge home designed—there are six gorgeous bedroom suites, for instance—and therein he's settled permanently. He talks about how keen it'll be for his children Bob and Betty. He points out the antiques Mrs. Montgomery found. He's consulting an expensive landscape gardener this week!

WHAT'S in those notes that Myrna Loy and Bill Powell keep sending to one another? Myrna's working at Metro, the old homestead, while Bill is making "The Baroness and the Butler" over at 20th Century-Fox with Anabella. At least four times a day notes are exchanged between them, and the minute the recipient reads one it's obvious that something most amusing is contained therein. The most likely explanation, Hollywood, is that Myrna is helping to keep Bill cheerful. He was still none too recovered from Jean Harlow's death when he returned from the vacation that was supposed to make him forget. If a few scribbled lines can put him in stitches he won't harp so on what might have been.

WHILE Kay Francis and Humphrey Bogart do hot scenes for the cameras, their most recent mates have found one another in New York City! Kenneth McKenna, K. F. husband No. 3, and Mary Phillips, H. B. wife No. 2, returned to the stage when the movies weren't too kind—and now they've learned to care. Meanwhile, to keep you straight, Humphrey has bought a house and given indications of turning family man at last. Mayo Methot is his reason. And now, to further mix you up, he's back to work after a fight with Warners, too. They suspended him when he objected to playing a supporting rôle in a Wayne Morris film.

NEXT year you can hear Jeanette MacDonald sing in person. She's decided to make a formal concert tour, just like Nelson Eddy. Only it's going to be much more of a task for her, because she'll have to worry about her looks—take a hairdresser and maid and a wardrobe along. And she has a love to leave behind. Still, it's a step up, professionally speaking, and Gene Raymond understands ambition.

SO YOU think Joan Crawford is slipping? She got on a train the other day and they held the streamliner three minutes while her baggage was loaded on, too. What does that prove? Well, what?

THERE is nothing casual about Dick Powell's return to radio. He remained muted until the proper set-up loomed, and now he is relying on his "best friend and severest critic." Joan Blondell loyally forgets her own stardom, even about dashing

Alice Faye and Tony Martin, who chose the tropical setting of a popular Hollywood café to dine and talk things over, had just the right lighting when this twosome was snapped.

Dancing at a Hollywood party, right: Anita Louise and Darryl Zanuck. The young star and the famous producer were among the many celebrities seen at the Basil Rathbones' recently.
home to the baby, every Wednesday at 6 p.m. She hurries to the broadcasting station to park in the front row center. Dick wants to be able to glance down at her often, to be sure he's doing exactly as they've planned.

DOROTHY LAMOUR celebrated her first day off in two months by grabbing her best suit out of her closet and going to Santa Anita for the afternoon. She always has to work Sundays, on her radio program, you know, so she's not even had the ordinary let-up. Her husband Herbie Kay didn't land a Grove engagement with his orchestra; he's making music in Chicago.

CAROLE LOMBARD'S learned to ride Western every Sunday and to roast a nifty duck; she dines happily in a station wagon when she might be languishing in a limousine. All for Clark Gable's company! Now she's resuming her interest in flying. In "Test Pilot" Clark's had to fly so much for the director that he has enough hours in the air to get his pilot's license. Carole took lessons out at the municipal airport a year or so ago, and she's on the verge of starting over. She'll never let it be said that she isn't a swell sport. She isn't going to be a fool about the top salary she's commanding, either. The other day, on the set, she inquired how much the owner wanted for a sheep dog acting in her picture. He replied, "Five hundred dollars." A prop man popped an inquiry, and the answer was "A hundred and fifty." Carole didn't buy Snoopy, and Snoopy's papa is no doubt sorry he underestimated this star.

UNCENSORED data on the younger set: for those who are bored reading about the too-sweetness of youthful wonders—Mickey Rooney dropped in to the publicity department at Metro recently for an interview. "Where have you been, Mickey?" asked the press agent brightly. "Smoking my pipe," replied Mickey tersely. "Why, how long have you been smoking?" demanded the amazed p.a. "For three years," retorted the honest Mr. Rooney. (He's seventeen now.) Item Two: it's a sad to drop into the Troc and sing a song.

Dilemma! Below, Frank Morgan in a dither that has delightful aspects—the one on the left, Mary Astor, for example, as well as the one on the right, Florence Rice. Below, right: Newlyweds: Alan Curtis and Priscilla Lawson, both in films, study homemaking.

Comedy relief! Edward G. Robinson turns from drama to humor, very successfully, judging by Rosemary Lane's smile—at Warner's recent party.

for your fellow guests, if you're a celebrity and able to croon. Who's fashionable now but Bobby Breen! When he went Trocchin' he stood up and gave all he had.

NEXT best thing to Charlie McCarthy, in the estimation of the more discerning women about Hollywood, is Eddie Gerner. His wit, his flair—ah, superb! Consequently, he's shrewdly invited to the best parties. For more exact details about his fascinating ways, check with Andrea Leeds. The ace Samuel Goldwyn girl is most favored with his attention.

SINCE the Mae West radio fad is, the stars are being doubly cautious about their air acts. The exception is Bob Burns. He alone doesn't prepare his comedy in advance. At the final rehearsal, a couple of hours before it's time to go on with Bing Crosby, Bob is still ad libbing. He trusts to his own instincts when he rallies with the cues flung at him.

BETTE DAVIS was so pleased when she heard how well she could sing in "Jezebel" that she had records made from the playback and has been distributing
same to her intimates, "Mah goodness," she whispers in Southern accent at the beginning of the record, "who'd ever have thought little me would be a song bird?" She concludes with, "Ah, hopes you stood it, honey lamb."

ROBERT YOUNG patriotically claims it could only happen at his studio: Metro has been quizzing expectant mothers to cast the dauphin of France in Norma Shearer's new epic. The son of Marie Antoinette has to be of tender age at a certain stage of the film and the shooting schedule having been worked out it's up to someone to line up a baby of exactly the proper days, Well, Bob, it's a good story, anyway!

ALLAN JONES rates our award for being the ideal husband of the month. When his new child was born it wasn't in any great hospital, but right at home in the fully-equipped room Allan had designed for his wife Irene. He insisted she be at home where he could constantly watch over her himself.

BASIL RATHBONE'S son, just come of age and to Hollywood to change English life for American, is dying to get into pictures. Papa Basil therefore lets him visit him whenever the cameras are grinding. But Rodon doesn't want to be an actor, even though he has the looks. He majored in electrical engineering in college and so hopes to wangle into a technical department. The fashionable Rathbones threw a formal dinner to introduce Rodion socially, rustling up Anita Louise, no less, as his partner.

GRACE MOORE can't be stopped. Hollywood had practically decided that Grace was going to be the victim of poor vehicles, that she was washed up again. Then came news of the fine Georgian home she was building in Brentwood. A whole hill-top, Grace always does things with a splash, and this was quite a splash for one who was nearly licked. Next she was heard starring in a radio drama, not simply singing but acting most competently. Now she's being starred at the Metropolitan, and—Miss Jeanette MacDonald—here's something you can try for when you can find time to get around to it! Gracie's returning for more pictures, and the plots aren't going to be that same old one, either.

BRIAN AHERNE has only to fall in love to complete his metamorphosis. He's become so jolly, so anxious to please. Once disdainful of curiosity about himself, he now beams at the press. Once scornful of Hollywood—Irving Thalberg was soundly rebuffed when he dangled a keen long-term contract before Brian—he has now agreed to work steadily for Hal Roach, He's become an aviation enthusiast; now he's flying around Mexico on a between-pictures jaunt.

VERY spryly, and successfully, Jackie Cooper has made the jump from child to youthful roles. While growing up, Jackie has kept his place in the limelight, and his first young man role netted him citation by the National Board of Review for one of the year's outstanding performances—"The Big Parade." In proud recognition of Jackie's feat, his company gave a party in his honor at a swank New York hotel recently.

The bicycle not built for, but used by two, above, fits in with Olivia de Havilland's costume and George Brent's haircut; frolicking between scenes. Table talk by George O'Brien, right above, omuses Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Pat's wife, at a studio party.

Clara Bow confides some "IT" secrets, which Martha Raye seems to find new or startling, or, more likely, both.

Singing in the woodland—birds please copy—Oro Kenny Baker and Lorna Turner, located on a location stroll, above.

WONDER—what's become of Sally dept.: Corinne Griffith is moving into the beautiful home she and her business-man husband have built in Washington, D. C. Buster Keaton is directing Francis X. Bushman, the first Taylor of the screen, in a two-reel comedy at M-G-M, where Buster was once a star himself. Alice Terry has redecorated a small house in Hollywood and is living quietly there until husband Rex Ingram returns from his archaeological expedition into Mexico. Rex, who discovered Valentino and Novarro, has done so well in his study of antiquities that the museum in Cairo, Egypt, has turned over a room to him. Evelyn Venable, now mother of two children, has returned to acting—she's making "In Old Kentucky" for Monogram. And if you watch current films closely you'll see many old favorites in bit roles; like Bryan Washburn as chauffeur in "Crashing Hollywood."
SOON, we shall put aside the Persian lambs, the caraculs and the fur coats that have seen us through the winter. Then we may have a few figure surprises. In spite of their luxury, chic and warmth, winter coats do something to us from the neck down. They seem to pull down the figure, to slacken our posture generally, so that the trim little suit into which we emerge is rather a disappointment. The truth is, we don’t look trim in it.

The tailored suit, like the bathing suit, demands a good, buoyant figure, and so I sought out Gladys Swarthout for a word of counsel. Miss Swarthout is a screen, opera, and suit star! She adores suits and knows how to wear them. Here are her words: “After winter, I think we all need a general pick-up, physically and mentally, before our figures and faces have the right fashion points that give individual style and vitality.”

This general pick-up, this springtime feeling, is not a matter of routine exercises or diet, unless you are overweight. It is merely a matter of taking hold of yourself and putting some spirit and verve into the way you stand, walk, and sit and express yourself in action.

Now curves make the feminine figure, but where you have them makes it good or poor. Often we go too far in at the back in a swayed curve, which in turn makes another curve, a front one in the form of too much abdomen. This happens when the back pushes the front forward. And shoulders that should be a nice, straight line curve or droop in a depressed manner. We might well begin at the chinline and mentally check up on ourselves in the following order.

After winter, the fairest of necks have a dull look, and the skin often seems coarser than the face. The constant caress of fur collars, cold wind, and weather do this. A week of nightly treatments will lighten and refine this skin until it is a lovely background for spring pastels. First, bathe the neck with warm water and soap. Miss Swarthout, by the way, is a soap and water fan. She likes that fresh, cleanly scrubbed look. Use a complexion brush or rough cloth with plenty of suds and rub until the skin is pink and glowing. Rinse, dry, and then apply plenty of cream. If your neck is aging, lined or crepey, use a special neck cream. These creams are especially rich and really do good work. If your neck is in fairly good condition, then your regular face cream will do. With creamed palms smooth down from the jawbone to the collarbone, then up. Work from the sides as well as at the back, and

From the Neck Down

You can take off inches here, put them on there—build a new figure by posture

By Courtenay Marvin

Gladys Swarthout, suit star of Hollywood, illustrates the saignee effect of tailored chic. The suit demands good posture and a spirit of vitality. In circle, Miss Swarthout’s favorite day coiffure, because the smooth back hair is especially good with a flat forward or beret type of hat. Today, back hair is just as important as the front, so please look backward in your hand mirror!
give about ten firm strokes to each. Avoid pressure over the very front. The cartilage and bone there are sensitive. Sleep with the cream on. Remove in the morning and dash on very cold water. This is a real neck beautifier! If your neck is very dis-colored—if you have been South, for example—use a good bleach cream after the general treatment outlined. First remove the lubricating cream, then apply the bleach and sleep with it on. There are chin straps, very helpful for the wandering chinline, too.

Recently, I attended a lecture by an outstanding figure authority. "As we grow older," she said, "the head has a tendency to push forward, as if looking for something, instead of remaining in a straight, upright position." You should have seen the heads that immediately adjusted themselves to a good lift—all a little self-consciously! A good lift is necessary. Not that arrogant, very-very-grand-lady manner, but a natural, eager, vital lift. These are the heads that wear hats with spirit and style. You'll be surprised, too, how this lift smooths out contours and unbecoming shadows. It makes you look good—radiant and full of the joy of living.

Here are fashion points of the suited figure to remember: straight, fairly wide but relaxed shoulders, A line, lifted chest. Relaxed arms. Straight back and smooth abdomen line.

Before you start straightening up your figure, I'd suggest two helpful props—a brace, and a really meets your special needs and highlights your figure supporting girdle. They will not only give you a better figure but good support that encourages correct posture. And they help prevent you from slumping.

To put forth your best suit figure, stand. Let weight rest on the balls or broad part of the feet. To be sure you have this lift heels from the floor. If you can maintain balance, then you have. Now try to imagine that a strong hand is pulling you down and under from the back waist downward and coming up over the abdomen, lifting you here, not pushing in. When you feel this muscular control working, relax your shoulders, then give your arms a slight so that you have a little back of the hipbones. That, readers, is good posture! The effect is amazing, as you'll see if you watch yourself in a mirror. Back has a good straight line. Shoulders straight, but not rigid, abdomen smoother, chest high. You have an alert, interesting look. There is nothing amusing about this figure.

If Hollywood had just picked you up on a nice little contract, this, in part, is some of the posture training you'd go through for hours. And it's worth it for what it does for you. Whether you're tall or short, large or petite, it is posture that gains admiring glances in business office, schoolroom, or grand ballroom. There is just something about it that gets attention—and the right kind.

If you will keep some body consciousness in mind when you sit and sit well back on your chair, you will never have that discouraged, all-in look that comes when you sit on the edge and collapse at the waistline. This sitting is a great aid to keeping a slim waistline and neat hips, and since so many sit poorly, those who sit well again command attention. A figure authority has taught me to sit for hours at a desk without tiring. Sit well back on the chair and bend forward from the spine base in a direct slant, no shoulder droop. When at your desk, sewing or driving a car, remember this. It works.

Miss Swarthout has a good figure, small, well-rounded, and alert. She believes clothes should have a feeling of action. Her skirts, (Please turn to page 83)
Much better than to sit home and worry.”

The shooting schedule called for his appearance in virtually every scene. He worked so hard that nine o’clock generally found him in bed. Hard work had no effect on his healthy good humor. He laughed all day; at anything, at nothing—because Gene Pallette made a noise like a sheep—because Herbert Mundin slumped on a wet leaf and went sprawling—because Olivia de Havilland, catching sight of Pat Knowles in the bloom wig of Miss Scarlett, promptly dubbed him Scarlet Sister Mary—because Basil Rathbone, playing Sir Guy of Gisbourne, answered cheerfully to the name of “Nickie de Gisborne.”

He is not of the poor-spirited breed, however, who wait for fun to come to them. He also goes out to make his own. In this, Pat Knowles is his sidekick and chief elector. “I don’t understand why he thinks I’m crazy,” Flynn will tell you with knitted brows, “because he’s the one who’s really crazy.” To the bystander, there’s little to choose between them.

One evening the two men took Lili to the only night-spot in town—a little restaurant where the floor show consisted of a single dancer, and tone was added by having the lights turned so low that you couldn’t see her.

Flynn turned to Knowles. “Did we pay money to see this show?”

“You ought to know.”

“Then we’re going to see it.”

Exit Flynn, to return ten minutes later with three flashlights. The girl was dancing again, “though the only way I knew it was by this pall of gloom, supposed to be mysterious, but just damned annoying,” he pressed flashlights into the hands of his companions. “When I say apple,” he whispered, “turn them on.”

As the music reached a moment of reverence, “Apple,” said Flynn in a loud voice, and three lights were shot full upon the performer.

She stood blinking in bewildermoment for a moment. Then Flynn rose. “You’re very pretty,” he said courteously. “This is merely a protest against your being kept in the dark.”

Her jaw dropped. “It’s Errol Flynn!”

“The biter bit,” murmured Knowles, as the customers surged round them.

But Errol had swept Lili up with one arm and escaped into the night.

With the aid of Herbert Mundin and some others, he also framed Max Adelbert Baer. On Flynn’s British tongue, the German Adelbert becomes A-dell-bult. It was by this elegant title that he would invariably address Maxie, who would cock a suspicious eye and growl: “Where the hell does he get that A-dell-bult stuff?”

“It’s your name, isn’t it?” “Adelboit,” said Max firmly, “an’ I don’t talk about it.”

Maxie was refereeing some wrestling matches in a nearby town and, at his request, the company attended in full force.

“Now if I ask some o’ you guys to take a bow, don’t be bashful, will ya?” he encouraged them in advance.

Flynn gathered a few choice spirits and set forth his plan. On the appointed night the beaming Maxie called them up, keeping Flynn for a climax. The latter mounted the steps like a bashful schoolboy, acknowledged the applause with a deprecating air and then, as if overwhelmed, dipped coyly behind the referee. This was Mundin’s cue. He hauled off and smote Maxie square above the belt—a blow which took that worthy so completely off guard that he sat down abruptly and was straightway buried under the flailing arms and legs of Flynn and his muscle men.

A few moments of pandemonium, from which Flynn and his victim emerged, still on the floor. Flynn’s right arm clapping the other’s shoulder, his left hand holding Maxie’s high, his voice shouting: “A-dell-bult! The winnah!” The effect was colossal.

And if you don’t think it’s funny, ask any of the boys in your family from six to sixty and listen to their hoots of glee.

After dinner Flynn would generally devote an hour or two to the development of Arno’s character. Perfectly willing to dash after a wildcat, he was less eager to tackle his own kind. He may have been too proud to fight. He may have gone soft, having spent some weeks with family friends who idolized him. In any case, whenever a certain sheepdog hove into sight and offered hostilities, Arno would whisk a distant tail and seek shelter with his master.

His master didn’t relish the spectacle of a he-man he loved deteriorating into a sissy. With no desire to urge aggression upon his dog, he did feel that he should be prepared to defend himself. So he made it a practice to wait with Arno for the arrival of Blackie. If Blackie showed himself peaceable, well and good. If, as more often happened, he seemed bent on taking a chunk out of Arno’s throat, Flynn would bar his own dog’s escape, give him a talking to and stand by to see fair play.

At first Arno put his tail between his legs, threw Flynn heartrending glances which the latter ignored, and let the other dog man him. There was nothing gradual about the cure. The idea seemed to hit him between the eyes one day, he hit into Blackie, wiped up the floor with him, all but dusted his paws, and walked off serenely beside his master. Which of the two was the prouder, it would have been hard to say.

It’s possible, though not easy, to divert Flynn into serious channels. One thing he’ll talk about with a degree of sanity is the picture. It’s his most important since “Captain Blood.” Warners have begrudged neither time nor money to the making of it. Aware of how well beloved are the story and characters, they have cast it with special care, so that each player seems the inevitable choice for his part. Only the casting of “Gone with the Wind” has stirred greater interest. Olivia de Havilland is Maud Martha, Una O’Connor is her serving-woman, Claude Raines is Prince John, Basil Rathbone is Sir Guy Gisbourne, Ian Hunter is King Richard, Patric Knowles is Will Scarlett, Alan Hale is Little John, Eugene Pallette is Friar Tuck, Herbert Mundin is Mrench, Melville Cooper is the Sheriff of Nottingham.

“Of what our story will be like,” says Flynn, “I’m the worst judge in the world. I think it has charm. Whether it’s serious enough or good enough or too serious, I shan’t presume to say. For one thing, I never look at rushes. I went the first day to see if my tights buckled at the knee. Once satisfied of that, I quit. I don’t enjoy myself on the screen. That’s no afflection of any sort, I promise you. I keep looking at myself and saying (an untransferrable sound between grunt and snort), I stay away, if only to avoid my ears. This time, thank God, they’re covered with hair. I was appalled by my first glimpse of myself. They’re not married waves in them.” (Ed.—He’s being either facetious or hypersensitive. His ears are nice.)

“One thing I can tell you. They’re deliberately avoiding any similarity to the Fairbanks version. No flying or leaping. Nothing fantastic. Realism’s the word—to create the illusion that these guys lived and breathed at a time when the tailors made clothes like that.

“Another thing I’m sure of is that the action won’t lag. In color, you can’t slow up. Walk slowly past a beautiful crimson

Shuffleboard became the popular pastime of principals in the “Robin Hood” cast during a location trip. Here, Basil Rathbone and Olivia de Havilland have a game.
Have You A Trauma?  
Continued from page 27

recollection somewhere in my subconscious of being frightened by an egg at one time.

And wouldn't Gary have throw fits at the sight of catnip? All his life he's had to keep away from catnip and similar weeds because they're all allergic to them. And Then Life Caught Up With Him. While working on the "Awful Truth" at Columbia, Grant was garbed in a ridiculously long nightshirt and was dished on all fours toying with a cat, as an excuse for following the feline into Irene Dunne's bedroom. Cary was frisky enough, but the cat was friskier. After they had tried call's liver, fresh cream, and funny stories to no avail, they sent for a lot of catnip. They tossed it into every nook and corner. Result: Very giddy cat and much giddier Grant, a studio nurse applied smelling salts. To Grant, I mean; and last seen, both cat and Cary were doing well.

Bill Robinson is afraid of almost drowning. "Almost is worse," says Bill. "And don't let anyone tell you that you do drown but three times. No sir! My drowning experience occurred over two years ago, but I've never forgotten it. And rhythm saved my life. Sounds like a title, but I mean it. You see, after I recovered from the Fraser effect, any time, whenever I thought I was going down for what must be the last time, I heard the faint strains of faraway music. I thought sure I was done for, but somehow that rhythm registered that it was the timely, mechanical rhythm of a merry-go-round. Not being able to swim, I had already deserted of being saved and was trying to save myself. And there was too much noise on the beach for my cries to be heard.

"But when my feet heard that music, they just naturally started tapping out the rhythm. In this way, I stayed aloft long enough to attract attention." But these drowning sequences with music are hard to find, so no wonder Bill has this secret fear.

Simone Simon—bugs. Of course I mean she's afraid of bugs. She won't permit a letter sealed with wax to be opened. She had a hideous dream one night that some enemy sent her a deadly spider under a wax seal, and she was to eat it. And snakes! We hope she never goes on a location set under the direction of that inveterate practical joker, Woody Van Dyke. One of his favorite gags is to have someone slowly draw a rope over his supine victim, while he yells "Snake!"

Ben Blue is afraid Ben Blue is lost forever and only exists as a composite character. It's like this: Several years ago, Hal Roach was searching for a new comedian, but the best. Ben was being tested, along with W. C. Fields, and many others of like calibre. The producers sat back and said, "Now be funny." After agonizingly watching these funny-men work hard at a joke, they were impressed with the admonition ringing in his ears "to come back tomorrow and be funny.

Walking the floor that night, he hit upon a character—a composite of all of them. So the next day he used Hardy's double-takem, Chaplin's walk, Ed Wynn's swish-buckling hip gesture, and so on. He was signed. He was signed. He was signed. On the Roach lot wouldn't let him in, saying Laurel & Hardy were the only comedians on that lot. Ben is now doing all right at Universal, as part of the Top Banana. The mats at last they go out the matting in instict in producers, for they're still putting him in pictures with other big comedians like Jack Benny and W. C. Fields.

When Ben had his own night club on the continent, the then Prince of Wales was a steady customer. One night Ben got a call from the Prince, asking him to come out and tell him and his guests a couple of stories which the Prince couldn't tell correctly. Naturally Ben went. Listening to the Prince laugh, Ben unwittingly mimicked it—that's how the Blue laugh was born. It amuses the Duke as much as it does everyone else.

Norma Shearer is afraid she'll become a Venus de Milo. The exquisite Shearer chews her little fingernails when in a thoughtful mood. Remembering the postcard that Alexander Woollcott sent a friend, showing the Venus de Milo, with a little note by Alex The Raconteur to the effect that "this is what happens to people who bite their fingernails," no wonder Norma is afraid of becoming a Venus de Milo.

With Shirley Temple it's elephants. She sincerely believes that elephants never forget, and to add to the horror, she has recently heard about a circus elephant which was tormented by a child, and years later, as he was being paraded through the streets, he caught sight of the child and went berserk, charging through store windows as though they were so much paper, in search of his prey. Now Shirley realizes that there are many little Temples around the country, or children who resemble her as closely as possible, and she figures that somewhere, sometimes, one of these prototypes might have incurred the wrath of one of these beasts, so she goes on having elephant-trouble, in spite of the comforting words of her pal, Bill Robinson.

And all directors in Hollywood are afraid of crickets and similar insects. Recently, on the Marco Polo set, Director Archie Mayo had to stop shooting because of a cricket. They were unable to find the annoying insect, and finally Mayo cried ex- citedly: "Somebody keep that insect quiet. Do you realize this is costing a thousand dollars a minute?"

"Cheap," chirped the cricket.

"O.K. O.K.," said Mayo. "Two thousand, but not a cent more."

Another good one they tell about this very hip director, is the one connecting him with the blinds that driffs its advertising way over Hollywood. At a party one night, he received a wire, sent by a friend, which read: "What did you do? Why didn't you stop floating over Hollywood with the word Goodyear painted on your belly?"

Hillbilly harmony with a flute is essayed by Buddy Ebsen.
Big Plans for Shirley Temple's Future
Continued from page 21

be gone about two months, Shirley is very eager to visit Washington, so I imagine that will be one of our first stops. When Mr. Hoover (Mr. J. Edgar Hoover of the G-Men) was in Hollywood he promised Shirley that he would show her his machine guns and that she could ride in an armored car when she came to Washington—and Shirley was so excited over the invitation that she can hardly wait. She has also expressed a desire to visit the mint and see money being made. In New York she wants to go to the ZOO first thing as she has a great love for all animals. Then she wants to see the Statue of Liberty and the tremendously high buildings that she has heard so much about. Boston seems to be a bit confused in her mind with the Boston Tea Party which she has been reading about in her American history.

"At some point or other during the trip we will go to Canada to visit the Dionne Quintuplets, Shirley knows each little Quinf by name and I am sure that the visit to Callender, Ontario, will be the high spot of the trip for her. I'll probably never get her away.

That Shirley is so fond of the Dionnes makes Mr. Zanuck very happy. There is a rumor going about the studio that "the big boss" plans to put Shirley in the next Dionne picture. And wouldn't that be fun?

But back to Mrs. Temple: "I would like to return home by way of Bermuda, Havana, and the Panama Canal, as I have a feeling that the trip will be rather strenuous and I'll need a rest. I do wish that the cities would treat us like normal, curious sight-seers and let us go around the stores and have a good time all by ourselves.

"Shirley has never been on a train, and of course like all children she is extremely thrilled over the prospects of riding on one. She has never traveled at all, except by boat to Honolulu.

"Now please don't think that this will be a personal appearance tour, because it won't. It will just be an educational trip for Shirley as well as pleasure. However, it has long been one of my ambitions to take a leisurely trip across the United States and let Shirley greet people at the railroad stations. Everyone could see her and it would not be necessary for anyone to pay admission to see her. I can assure you that during the entire trip there will be no personal appearances made on any stage, and that Shirley will do nothing for which there will be a paid admission.

"I have a horror of personal appearances and radio work for Shirley. During the next few years I can promise you that she will not appear on any stage or over any broadcast. I am very proud, of course, of Shirley's accomplishments—what mother wouldn't be proud of her little daughter?—but I am more proud that Shirley is refreshingly unchanged as a little girl. Shirley is happy with her stage work. It does not interfere with her education in the least, and it gives plenty of time to play both at the studio and at home. She is happy. And I intend to keep her that way. The minute she starts personal appearances and radio it would be work of another sort. She is too young for such hard work now. When she is old enough to choose for herself, then it is she who will determine whether she wants to be an actress or do radio work or sing or write or teach school—or be a housewife.

"Mrs. Temple has turned down well over a million dollars for Shirley in bids for personal appearances and radio work. A London impresario wanted Shirley to play six weeks in London during the Coronation of King George VI, and he told the Flames to name their own price. Shirley was offered $12,000, for a single day's appearance at a New Jersey Fair. She was offered $10,000, a week at the Texas Centennial celebration. There have been many more offers, equally sensational. The name of Temple is such magic that Mrs. Temple was offered $15,000, for the use of her name for a syndicated newspaper column on "Advice to Mothers!" And naturally every broadcasting company in the country would drain its coffers to get Shirley to speak just a few words over the "mic." Not a single day passes that an attempt is not made to obtain Shirley for one form of commercial exploitation or another. During the last two years more than 15,000 different requests have been suggested by promoters! Fortunately indeed is Shirley Temple to have a sensible woman like Mrs. Gertrude Temple for a mother.

"During the next few years I plan to have Shirley continue her music lessons, her dancing and her swimming lessons," resumed Mrs. Temple. "I want Shirley to develop like a normal child and I have always tried not to give her too much to do. She has been eager to take piano lessons for some time, but until this last year did I permit her to undertake this additional study. Now she takes three lessons a week. She is also taking French lessons and preparing for that trip to France we have expected for these days. She only makes three pictures a year now, which gives us six weeks or more between pictures, so she has ample time for lessons. Her school work takes three hours a day and when she is making a picture she does her school work on the set in her new trailer dressing-room. The school work permits Shirley's age to be on the set not more than eight hours a day, three hours of which must be given to schooling. Shirley's contract with the studio calls for her presence on the set only seven hours a day, and requires ample rest periods. Her teacher, Miss Frances Klanti, is assigned to Shirley for the Lowry Academy. Education. Shirley and Miss Klanti have great times together.

"I believe the studio is planning to put Shirley in several modern comedies during the year. 'Little Miss Broadway,' a modern comedy about a back-stage child, has been announced for her next picture. Mr. Zanuck chooses her pictures. They have nothing to do with that. I would very much like to see her do a fantasy in color, something like "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Which school work takes three hours a day and when she is making a picture she does her school work on the set in her new trailer dressing-room. The studio work permits Shirley's age to be on the set not more than eight hours a day, three hours of which must be given to schooling. Shirley's contract with the studio calls for her presence on the set only seven hours a day, and requires ample rest periods. Her teacher, Miss Frances Klanti, is assigned to Shirley for the Lowry Academy. Shirley and Miss Klanti have great times together.

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Mrs. Temple plans to have plenty of play time in Shirley's life as she continues to grow older. The Flames have bought the lot next door to them on Rockingham Drive in Brentwood and Mrs. Temple has told friends that when Shirley becomes a young lady she expects to build a dance pavilion on the lot so that Shirley may enjoy her dancing parties to the utmost. The "next door neighbor" of the Flames is Zsa Zsa Pits (Mrs. Edw. C. Pits), and strangely enough, it was Zsa Zsa who first predicted Shirley's future fame. Shirley had a "hit" in one of Zsa Zsa's comedies, "Out All Night," and a few years ago at the end of the picture Zsa Zsa told Mrs. Temple that she had never worked with such a remarkable child. She is going to be really great," said Zsa Zsa.
in the Taylor film in London and of course couldn't return without looking in on Paris. It was grand to see him wandering about the old haunts. Before the war he was an art student here. Whatever the art was not so good or the hereditary lure of the stage was too great, I don't know, but he returned to the footlights and became one of the pioneers on the screen. So with all this fund of experience, enhanced by the famous Barrymore wit, you can see what a joy it is to be with him. At one moment he was comparing the stage with the screen. "Billiards and tennis are both played with balls but, say God, you can't compare them! It's the same with the stage and the screen," he grumbled. He is most picturesque when he grumbles. Added to that he uses his cane most effectively for emphasizing his peppy remarks. Some months ago he broke his hip and since then he has had to use a cane. To me he uses it as much in talking as in walking. He thumped and hobbled to his favorite old restaurants and cafes, to say nothing of the Exposition and Museums. And very slyly were his remarks about some of the pictures and objects on exhibition. A grand old man and we were all sorry he didn't stay longer with us.

Now for a bit of the feminine touch, and a very lovely touch it is, too, in the person of Madeleine Carroll. After cruising about the canals and rivers of France in a little yacht she settled down in Paris to thoroughly enjoy herself before returning to Hollywood and work. I hate to think of the Hotel George V dining room without her decorative presence. She was quite an attraction there. "The Prisoner of Zenda" being shown in a theatre around the corner and people would rush from seeing the film to the George V to compare the Carroll of the screen with the Carroll in real life. All decided that she was even lovelier off than on the screen—a rare thing. I must say, with most of our Hollywood glamour ladies! The Exposition was practically at Madeleine's front door and she has seen it many times, in spite of the stairs of which there seemed miles. A bit of a task for a dainty lady who made her first big film fame with "Thirty-nine Steps." Remember that picture she made with Robert Donat? Her first picture on her return to Hollywood will be "Personal History," under the direction of Henry Hathaway who made "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Souls at Sea." Like all good little Hollywood ladies La Carroll lived at the George V and crossed the ocean on the "Normandie." (No, my dears, I don't get a rake-off for mentioning this.)

Paul Muni slipped into town—oh yes, after crossing on the "Normandie"—but not stopping at the George V. He and the little woman chose a small hotel off the beaten path, so they could come and go undisturbed. He has long been an idol in Paris and of course with the French all interested in the release of his "Life of Emil Zola," his first visit is quite opportune. The Warner Brothers gave a grand luncheon for him at Maxim's, which I hope Muni enjoyed as much as the rest of us. He plans on going to Russia on this trip to get atmosphere for his next picture. I thought they had about used up the film possibilities of Russia, but evidently they will always keep making them. Of course with Muni in the principal part a great characterization will be built up independent of any country. But before there are any more pictures for the talented Paul Muni, he and his wife are to combine relaxation with sightseeing on a well-planned tour over on this side of the broad Atlantic. Lewis Milestone, whose "All Quiet on the Western Front" was so much talked about, lingered in town for a while with his beautiful wife. We celebrated by going to the circus, which the Milestones enjoyed hugely. The French circus is in a permanent building built around one ring. In that way one can sit comfortably and watch one act at a time which is such a relief from the three-ring affairs which they feel they must give to the bewildered public in America. After the circus the Milestones left by train for Roumania to visit with some of the missus' family. Then a quick turnabout for Hollywood was made. It seems as though being Charles Boyer's leading lady is the sure stepping stone to Hollywood. Now that Danielle Darrieux is not under contract, another of Charles' partners is preparing to go there. She is Michele Morgan, an attractive little creature who was leading lady in "Le Manteau de Madame," which opened at the Joupinie Studios, near Paris. Will have more to say of Mademoiselle in my next, for, as I said at the start, this is practically a "gentlemen only" month, so must not get side-tracked.

Drama on the fairways! Bing Crosby, with pretty Mary Corliss for his caddys, plays a round with Bob Hope—and the score brings no hope to Bing. But unlucky in golf, lucky in—well you get the idea, Morry is still cheering you, Bing.
It seemed an interminable time before the door opened and she stood there, a tantalizing smile playing about her lips as she saw the stick gripped in his hand.

"Pres, in a lady's bedroom!" Julie laughed as she burlesqued a shocked gesture. "Now you'll have to marry me!"

"Zul!" He was grinning now, too, his heart beating madly at the sight of her smiling again. "There must be some way out!"

But for all the lightness in his voice his arms gripped her as they never had before when he held her and kissed her.

"Look at me," his smile came ruefully. "When I came in I was going to beat you.

Something strange flickered in her eyes... something that was half ecstasy and half fear, and with a delicious shiver she realized she would have liked it. For a moment she waited expectantly, and when she spied her voice was flat with her disappointment.

"Wouhhn! you like to see my dear dress?" she asked and then at the sight of the anger mounting in white fury to his cheeks as he looked at the red dress she laughed. "Are you afraid I'll be taken for one of those girls from Gallatin Street?"

"Julie!" The protest was torn from him.

"I'm sorry!" Her words came sharp and bitter. "I forget I'm just supposed to simper around in white, that I'm not supposed to know about things like Gallatin Street. It might be bad for the bank, is that it? Will you please let them hold another director's meeting and let them decide what I can wear?"

"So that's it! You're just nursing your spite." He gripped her arm and turned her toward him. "For once you're going to do as I say. I'm calling for you tomorrow night at ten and you're going to be properly dressed for the Ball."

But it was the red dress Julie put on the next evening. She had laughed when she thought of Buck Cantrell and had sent the note summoning him to her and she was laughing now as she went stealthily down the back stairs to meet him near the carriage entrance.

He was there as she had known he would be, for Buck had loved her for years; but he was shocked, he said, when she asked him to take her to the ball.

It was the first time he had ever refused her anything. Once he had fought a duel because her name had been hazed about a saloon. But he couldn't go against his friendship with Preston's younger brother Ted and do this smaller thing for her.

"Not this time, Julie," he said slowly...
What makes one woman's skin so smooth—vital looking? Another's dull and dry, even rough?

**In this New Cream the "Skin-Vitamin" the substance which helps to make Skin Beautiful**

Today, we know of one important factor in skin beauty. We have learned that a certain vitamin aids in keeping skin beautiful. The important "skin-vitamin" about which we are learning more and more every day!

Aids skin more directly

Over four years ago, doctors found that this vitamin, when applied right on the skin, helps it more directly! In cases of wounds and burns, it actually healed skin quicker and better!

Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream. They tested it—during more than three years! In animal tests, skin that had been rough and dry because of "skin-vitamin" deficiency in the diet became smooth and supple again when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily. And this improvement took place in only three weeks!

**Women report benefits**

Today, women who are using Pond's Cream—the new Pond's Cold Cream with "skin-vitamin" in it—say that it makes skin smoother; that it makes texture finer; that it gives a livelier, more glowing look!

Use this new cream just as before—for your nightly cleansing, for the morning freshening-up, and during the day before make-up. Leave some on overnight and whenever you have a chance, Pat it in especially where there are little rough places or where your skin seems dull, lifeless. In a few weeks, see if your skin is not smoother, brighter looking!

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

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

**EXTRAORDINARY 15¢ OFFER**

While they last! With purchase of a regular 3½-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get for only 15¢ extra a large introductory bottle of D'ANZA, Pond's new-type preparation for hands.

Copyright, 1938, Pond's Extract Company
FOR "RAW" THROAT USE THIS "FIRST AID"

Doctors warn that colds can lead to serious illness— to ear and sinus infection, and even pneumonia. So don't take a chance. Treat the symptoms of a coming cold effectively and without delay! If you feel feverish or grippy see your doctor at once!

TAKE THIS SIMPLE PRECAUTION

For the most effective "first aid," kill the cold germs that cause raw, dry throat. At the first sign of a raw throat cold, gargle with Zonite. Zonite does 3 jobs for you: (1) Cleanses mucus membranes. (2) Increases normal flow of coughing. (3) Restores body fluids. In 1932. 3 kills cold germs present in the throat as soon as it comes in contact with them.

In a test to find out the germ-killing powers of the nine most popular, non-poisonous antiseptics on the market, Zonite proved to be actually 9.3 times more active (by standard laboratory test) than the next best antiseptic compared! This means economy—— because you use Zonite diluted! Zonite goes farther—saves you money.

1 teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is. Soon your throat feels better.

DON'T DELAY— BE PREPARED

Get Zonite at your druggist now. And at the first sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Remember: If you're feverish, consult your doctor! Don't risk a serious illness.

ZONITE IS 9.3 TIMES MORE ACTIVE THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR non-poisonous ANTISEPTIC by standard laboratory tests

Gargle with Zonite at first sign of a cold!
The Powder...
Created in original shades to beautify famous screen star types, here is a face powder that will be unusually flattering to your skin. Clinging, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that looks lovely for hours. Max Factor’s Face Powder... $1.

The Rouge...
Rouge must be the right red...a harmonizing shade that is lifelike. So Max Factor created color harmony shades for blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead...to dramatize the individuality of each type. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily Max Factor’s Rouge... .50c.

The Lipstick...
In Hollywood, lip make-up must look perfect for hours, so you can depend upon Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick to withstand every test. In alluring color harmony shades to accent the appeal of lovely lips. And remember, it’s moisture-proof. Max Factor’s Lipstick... $1.

Are you blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead? Do you know what shades of powder, rouge and lipstick will bring out the most beauty in your face? Then discover Hollywood’s make-up secret. Note coupon for special make-up test.

"To enhance the charm and attraction of beauty, your own complexion colorings must be emphasized," explains Max Factor, Hollywood’s make-up genius. "Make-up must be in color harmony to vividly accent the personality of your type."

Yes, make-up is something different in Hollywood... and you, like famous screen stars, will find that the color harmony shades of powder, rouge and lipstick originated by Max Factor will bring amazing beauty to you.

So create a new personality with this make-up secret. Give your skin a satin-smooth loveliness...your cheeks lifelike color...your lips an alluring red. Discover today how really beautiful you can be by choosing your color harmony in Max Factor’s powder, rouge and lipstick.

★ NEW! Max Factor’s invisible Make-Up Foundation keeps your make-up smooth and lovely from morning till night.
seemed to hold all the softness of the southern night. "Can you hear them, the night noises? Do you see the moon among the cypresses? Can you taste the night on your tongue? You can't get away from these things, Pres; they're in your blood. You don't know what it is, Pres, but they're part of you. It's the mocking bird in the magnolias, it's the blue haze on a spring morning when the air's so soft it presses on you like a kiss. It's a red flower over a gray wall, it's the river rolling down and down. Oh, it isn't tame and easy like the north. It's quick and dangerous, but you can trust it, because it's part of you, Pres, just as I'm part of you. And we'll never let you go!"

Suddenly she moved toward him and he felt her young body pressed against him, her lips clinging to his. His arm reached out to hold her—then suddenly the brief ecstatic moment was gone and he had only contempt for her and the trick she had stooped to, and instead his hand caught her full on the face.

"Pres," she whispered, and he tried to look away from the triumph in her eyes. "Pres, you're afraid of me! You're afraid of yourself. You're afraid because it's pulling you. You're part of it and you can't get away from it. This is your country, Pres. Amy doesn't understand. She thinks there'd be snakes!"

"Yes! And she'd be right!" Preston breathed deeply as he stepped back, and he wondered if Julie had guessed how close he had come to taking her in his arms again. "Amy has put her life and her happiness into me hands and they're going to be safe there. I'm going in now."

He had left when she went back into the house again for a message that had come that the President of the bank had been stricken and needed him. But Amy was still there, for he had refused to take her with him to the plague-ridden city.

It was the girl's very quietness that drove Julie to that new frenzy, and there was nothing that the others could really understand, only that before any of them realized it Ted was defending his sister-in-law and Buck was taking up the cudgels for Julie.

"Don't you see what Julie's doing?" Ted turned furiously on Buck. "Don't you see how she's using you? She's been egging you on, first against Pres and now his wife."

Once Buck had fought a duel over Julie for less than this that had been a stranger. It was harder to fight this boy who had been his friend. Julie could have stopped it if she had wanted to. But Julie didn't want to stop anything now, and she only laughed when the others begged her to. And afterward it was too late. Afterward, when she saw Ted's drawn young face as he flung his pistol contemptuously down on the table before her, she didn't need anyone to tell her Buck was dead, then.

But she wouldn't let the others see that shearing remorse that came to her even as they laid him compresses with their horror of his plain on their faces.

"I'll arrange to turn my guardianship over to the bank," General Bogardus said with upturned head. "My respect, Mal'am."

Even when she saw her aunt leaving with the others she stood there with her proud head held high and her eyes looked coldly into the old ones staring at her as if they were seeing her for the first time.

"I am thinking of a woman called Jezdel who did evil in the sight of God," the older woman said slowly, the strength of her.

The suddenly emptied house seemed like a tomb and an intolerable loneliness drove Julie to the window. Then her laugh came again, slow and restlessly, for she saw the sheriff and his men who were drawing the fever line between them and the city driving them back into the house again.

For a week she went through the mockery of catering to her unwilling guests, of pretending that their silence and averted looks did not concern her. And then suddenly it wasn't worth any longer. Nothing mattered—for Preston's man servant came to them one night bedraggled and mud-smearcd with the news that Preston had been struck down.

"They took him to yo' house, Miss Julie," the colored boy's eyes bulged with terror, and the doctor say for you all to get there right away quick or they hustle him off to dat leper place."

"Leper place?" Amy said with a little moan. "What does he mean?"

"Lazarette Island, the leper colony where they send the fever victims to die! Someone blurted out.

They can't!" Amy's eyes were wild with horror. "I've got to get to him."

Julie looked on impassively as they began to get ready for the ride to New Orleans with the old general in command. Maybe he would get them through the fever lines with his authority and bluster, but Julie wasn't going to take a chance on it. She had to get to Preston.

The boy who had come with the news had broken through cane brake to get there, he had fought his way among thickets and through the treacherous waters of the Bayou. Well, Julie could do that too. Julie who loved him.

But when she stood beside Preston's bed at last he turned his head away.

"Keep away! Don't touch me!" He shrank from her outstretched, beseeching hands. "You ... with Buck's blood on you!"

She hadn't known that gossip could break even through fever lines. But another kind of courage came to her then, a courage greater than the one that had sent her running and another kind of courage to be with him, a courage that could make her stay knowing he didn't want her.

All that night she stayed beside him and held the ice compresses to his head. And sometimes he was quiet and she remembered other days when his face had held that same peace being near her. And sometimes he raved and the words twisted in her heart.

"Underneath the river you trust it's part of you rolling down forever to remember him, that it's in the going down of the blood and made you cry twice and struck you because we're a part of it and struck after she cried twice remember twice while never were able and trust you."

Strange, jumbled words running together in his delirium but the meaning of them there to lift her heart even as they struck...
at it. For it was never of Amy he spoke.
She was quiet, quieter than she had ever been in all her headlong, tumultuous life when the others came and when she saw Amy's face haggard from the suspense of waiting to get through the fever lines she knew she couldn't hate even Preston's wife any more. And somehow it wasn't hard then, even to stand aside and give Amy her place beside him.

But when the northern girl insisted she was going to the island with him, Julie couldn't be still any longer.

"Of course it's your right to go. You're his wife." She said slowly. "But are you fit to go? Loving him isn't enough. If you gave him all your strength would it be enough?"

"I'll make him live or die with him." Amy protested.

"Amy," the name came gently to Julie's lips. "Do you know the Creole word for fever powder? For food and water? How to talk to a sullen, over-worked black boy and make him fear you and help you? Preston's life and yours will hang on words you can't say and you will both surely die. Amy, it's no longer you or I..."

"What do you mean?" The girl asked tensely.

"I will make him live. I will!" Julie cried passionately. "Whatever you do I will do more because I know how to fight better than you. It's not a hospital, Amy, it's a desolate island haunted by death. You must be there with him day and night. You must bathe him, give him drugs, you will have to fight for his food and water and keep the living away from him and the dead.

"I'm not afraid." Amy said quietly. "No, you're not afraid." Julie put her hand on the girl's arm. "You're the bravest woman I ever saw. I believe you even have the courage to save him by giving me the right to go in your place. You are not afraid to die. I boldly ask a greater sacrifice in Pres' name. His life."

"And for yourself?" Amy asked quietly her grave eyes searching Julie's face.

"I ask you bravely for the chance to give proof that I can be brave and strong and unselfish. Let me make myself clean again like you are clean."

"Julie, tell me something, only you can tell me. Does Pres still love you?"

Once Julie would have laughed at that. "I've done too much against him and you are gentle and brave as I never knew how to be. Had there been any love in his heart for me I'd taken him from you. I tried and failed because he loves only you."

It would be good to remember she had said that, afterwards on that island with the dying around them and the dead and the long hours for remembering. And it was good to remember it now, walking so slowly beside the fever wagon that was carrying Pres to the docks.

Somehow remembering and how Amy had looked at her, proud and grateful and humble all at once, Julie felt that she could face anything that was still to come to her. Hours or days or weeks or years, the death that might come to either of them or to both of them and the life that might come too. Now it was enough to walk beside him with that new, selfless love in her heart.
ON OATH TELLS
HER SECRET OF
GAINING WEIGHT

Anne Johnston swears before Notary Public

Many Report Gains of
5 to 15 Pounds After Taking
New Ironized Yeast Tablets

No longer need thousands of girls remain
skinny and unsatisfactory, unable to win
friends and popularity. They are taking what is
supposed the money in each pie-
crusted, strength-building tablets. They are
bought is the answer. According to David
Bull and Dr. R. V. Johnston, thousands who
never could gain before have now on 5
to 15 pounds of solid, naturally attractive
flabby figures in just a few weeks.

Listen to what Miss Anne Johnston, who is
just one of many users, swears to under oath
before a Notary Public—

"Under the strain of working in several pictures
in Hollywood, I became terribly rundown. I felt weak, but
skin looked terrible. I suffered headaches and my
hunger was simply on edge. Of course I couldn't stay in
the pictures, looking so shabby and tarnished. I was
in desperate need of a B-iron ironized ironized Yeast.
When I took these tablets I felt better in no time. I was
repaired andtoned. My skin cleared beautifully. All my
headaches disappeared, and in 2 months I
gained 8 pounds. With my new pep and new figure I've
joined hordes of new friends, and the hard 'out of
pictures never bothers me any more.'

Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.
A member of the above.

Why they build up so quick

Scientists have discovered that many are thin and
run-down only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and
iron in their food. Without these vital elements you may
have appetite, but all the body-building power of
what you eat. With you get these exact missing ele-
ments in these tablets. They have been proved:

They're made from one of the richest sources of
health-building Vitamin B—the special yeast used in making
English ale. By a new process, this rich yeast is con-
centrated in tablets, leaving none of the strong
bread-like taste to be feared. In fact, tablets taste
good and are easy to take. Each tablet contains
the equivalent of the best iron tablet, and is tested
biologically for its Vitamin B strength. This makes its
iron equal to tablet iron.

No wonder, then, that these new easy-to-take little
ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands of the skis-
nette girls who need their vital elements quickly to
gain new normally attractive pounds, new stamina.

Make this money-back test

Get ironized Yeast tablets today. If with this first pack-
ace you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from
your food—if you don't feel better, with more stamina
and pep—if you are not convinced that ironized Yeast
will give you the normally attractive figure you need—
the price of this first package will be promptly refunded.
So get ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away,
we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized
Yeast tablets at once, cut out the coupon on the box
and mail it in to us with a deposit of this amount. We will
send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts
About Your Body." Meanwhile, results with the very first
package—your money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized
Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 215, Atlanta, Ga.

Edward G. Robinson, Wendy Barrie, Radin Rathbone (son of Basil Rathbone, host
of the party), and Jesse Lasky, are the tople companions shown above.

Screenland Snoop!
Continued from page 23

their dream boys and girls interested in each other because a good team romance
covers up a lot of sins in a picture, and
for some reason or other the Great Ameri-
can Public is supposed to dash out pell mell
to see two young people who love each
other make love to each other on the
screen. There is no psychology on the
part of the studios, only, personally, I'd
much rather see two people who hate each
other make love to each other on the
screen. The reverse type. Priscilla
Lane and Rosemary Lane (younger sisters
of Lola Lane—and wasn't she fun in
"Hollywood Hotel") were brought out to
Hollywood with the Waring Orchestra for
"Variety Show." Both kids were so good
they were signed by Warner Brothers and
Priscilla was soon afterwards teamed with
Wayne Morris in "Everybody Was Very
Nice." That was followed by "Men Are
Such Fools." Both Priscilla and Wayne are
ambitious young players who are eager to
get to the top, so if the studio said
"romance" to them, why, the kids would
"romance." Which is what they've been
doing in all the night clubs in town while
the news cameras clicked and the column-
ists gazed. Miss Grey of "Three Smart
Girls" fame is the only real love in young
Mr. Morris's life. I am reliably informed.
He sees her where there aren't any
newscameras and columnists around.

And that Rosalind Russell-Jimmy Stew-
art romance sounds to me like something
that good old Metro cooked up in its
publicity department. (They didn't do so well
with that Eleanor Powell-Nelson Eddy
romance, did they? It froze before the re-
lease of "Rosalie." I expect any day to
hear that Roz and Jimmy have been teamed
in a picture. But folks who claim to know
me tell me that I have lived too long and
grown too cynical—the Russell-Stewart
romance is the real thing. Rosalind says
that she and Jimmy have known each other
for a long time, but anyway it wasn't until
they co-starred on a series of broadcasts
for the Silver Town Theatre of the air
that they started romancing. Prior to that
Jimmy was sort of here, there, and every-
where, with particular emphasis on Ginger
Rogers. But since Rosalind came into his
life it appears Jimmy has given up his
Casanova days. She visited him frequently
while he was on location at Lake Arrow-
head with the "Benefits Forgot" company.
Rosalind has been out of town visiting her
folks in Connecticut ever since Christmas
and, believe it or not, Jimmy hasn't been
running around with any other girls in her
absence. He did escort Sonja Henie to sev-
eral publicity parties—but Sonja was on
the verge of departing for her skating tour
so that didn't count.

David Niven, they tell me, will marry an
English girl in London next year. Not
Merce Oberon. She's a nonprofessional, very
pretty, and very Old Family. In the mean-
time, David is doing all right here in Hol-
lywood. He's the most man-about-town that
Hollywood has ever had. One night he takes
Norma Shearer to the Basil Rathbone
party, the next night he takes Simone
Simon dancing at the Tropicana, the next
it's Olivia de Havilland for a quiet dinner
at the Cock and Bull in the English man-
ner, and so on down the list of the prettiest
girls in Hollywood. And on those nights
when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has to work
and the Earl of Warwick has to sleep or
something, it is David who escorts
Marlene Dietrich to the Tropicana to
dance the Big Apple. (Marlene's simply mad
about the Big Apple.) Of all the young
men in town who would give their eye
teeth to be chosen it is David who most
often escorts Norma Shearer. Well, all I've
got to say is that I've never heard of a
girl needn't be too sure she'll be a bride next
year, I wouldn't bet on it.

The Ginger Rogers-Lee Bowman romance
that was blooming so nicely when the
kids were up at Big Bear on location
together with the "Having Wonderful
Time" company seems to have hit the
friarguirres so that they are back in town.
The rumor still persists that Ginger and
Lew Ayres will take up where they left
off.

Jon Hall of the Body Beautiful is second
only to David Niven in being Hollywood's
most sought after man-about-town. The
Countess di Frasso sort of confiscated him
at first but now it seems he is on the
loose, with Gertrude Niesen having a slight
dge on the other girls.

And they do say that Janet Gaynor is
spending a few wistful nights now that
Tyroone Power is playing the lead opposite
Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette."Norma's awfully attractive and Tyroone is
awfully young and romantic and in love
with love. Norvell, who reads the stars
for the stars, has predicted that during 1938
Tyroone Power will marry (won't the
studio be mad?) but Mr. Norvell fails to
say to whom.

Some say that Janet Gaynor wouldn't
marry Tyroone Power. Others say she
would if he asked her. I say nothing.
for example, are all cut on the same line—gently fitted well down at the back and sides and a slight flare a little above the hemline. This gives a rhythmic effect when walking and legs and ankles always seem more graceful when protruding from some slight fullness rather than a hard, straight line. And that reminds me that there is a tempo in walking, somewhere between the too-short, mincing step and the long stride, that is good walking. Tall escorts find mincing partners rather trying, and the man who walks in leisurely fashion gets lost in the crowd when his partner steps out too definitely. It's quite an art, adjusting your walking speed so that the man at your side is conscious of little else except his lovely partner.

That area from hemline to toes is very important with short skirts. Hosiery is more conspicuous than ever and it should be the right tone and quality. And it must fit. The stocking makers have done much in this respect, as you know, with length, calf and foot sizes for all. When you buy stockings, buy them like your brassiere and girdle, to fit your special needs. In case your ankles have had too much winter, use a cream or hand lotion there for a week or so when you go to bed. This will soften that skin that gets scaly, red, or taut and shining—and is never attractive through your four threads. If you have the slightest need for a depilatory, don't try to get by without one. Other than smooth, fine skin through a sheer stocking is very disillusioning, and the use of depilatory creams, powders, liquids and electric shaving devices are so quick and easy. This detail of good grooming should go on your beauty calendar along with shampoos, wave sets and manicures.

Miss Swarthout has another suit idea that upsets conventional perfume rules. With woolen suits she likes a heavy perfume, it goes with wool and outdoors, she thinks; but indoors with silks and sheer fabrics, she likes light odors. Her favorites for outdoors are two French blends, while indoors she likes jasmine and white lilac.

This star, as you might suspect, has a beautiful speaking voice and every word carries meaning. One should, after all, not waste a voice like that!

TO BE ALLURING, A GIRL JUST MUST KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTRY! THAT'S WHY I BATE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET, THE LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP!

ALL EVENING LONG, THIS LOVELY PERFUME Lingers... MAKES YOU FEEL SO SURE OF DAINTINESS!

NOW I SEE WHY CASHMERE BOUQUET IS THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

Ad for Cashmere Bouquet Soap

I'VE GOT A DATE!

SO I'M BATHING WITH FRAGRANT CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

HERE'S HOW CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP WORKS... IT'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR, AND THEN LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS TO YOUR SKIN!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics, leaving your skin cleaner, softer... more radiant and alluring!

Non Grey of films and radio, is a model of millinery art here.

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

SCREENLAND 83
Medals and Birds

Continued from page 33

the time will soon come when you will have the money to retire.

Sonja Henie certainly deserves a reward and, as they say, is giving over her broken idol? with Tyrone Power, we?ll give her the bleeding-hearts. Sonja, honey, if you?re going to live in this country you must learn that every time that your in full and a fellow tells you he loves you he doesn?t necessarily mean it. The award is because when you say she?re poetry in motion and because I?ve grown and grown you to spare yourself when you saw an opportunity to do someone a favor. If it?s any consolation, you know, while you may not have the sophistication that Tyrone?s affections has, I?ll bet in the long run he?ll wish he?d stuck to you.

A medal to Walter Baxter because I think he has been at the top longer than any actor in pictures.

The orchids go unheatingly to Kay Francis because I love to look at and intelligent to talk to, but because of all the stars in pictures I think she is the most loyal to her friends.

A medal to Ronald Colman because he is in a class by himself and because like Baxter, goes on and on and never a lessening of his popularity, which is well deserved.

Shucks! I like praising my friends in public but it really isn?t much fun. It?s the birds I get the kick out of.

To keep her record in this department clean, a great fat bird for Marlene Dietrich. As far as I know, only one of her pictures (her first one) has ever made big money but from the way she talks herself you?d think she was the No. 1 box-office draw of all time. And some of her cracks should go down to posterity as, for instance, when she told her press-agent: ?Please warn the interviewer who is coming to see me how beautiful I am so he won?t stare.? And that other story (to borrow from Walter Winchell) of how she informed an interviewer she only shows her legs in pictures?and Mr. Winchell?s priceless crack that if she could ever get Paramount to think as he does they probably would forbid her to walk around on them for fear something might happen to them.

A bird to Wallace Beery because, like Dietrich, has an exaggerated idea of his importance in the industry and because since he played in ?The Big House? I have never seen a performance of his that varied an iota from all his others.

A bird to Alice Faye because, like Jean Arthur, with everything in the world to be grateful for, she is the least co-operative person I know so far as publicity is concerned.

But enough of that for now. The daisey go to Joan Blondell because only daisey are as fresh as Joan, because she not only flips wisecracks as few others can, but because she is a much finer dramatic actress than she is credited with being and because she is the most devoted mother in the movie colony.

Franchot Tone rates a medal because I think he is the most versatile of the younger actors, playing to men in guys or playboys equally convincingly.

A medal to Tyrone Power because he is the fastest rising male star in the business and one of the best of the younger actors. He, Tyrone, it?d really none of my business, except as a fan (forgive me): I don?t mind your being fieldie or a philanderer but, please, not Goody-Two-Shoes Gaminor! The gardenias are for Claire Trevor, Florence Rice, and Maureen O?Sullivan—because all three are not only beautiful and charming but because all three are far, far better actresses than the parts and pictures they are cast in ever afford them an opportunity of proving.

The best medals for Clark Gable because I did the first interview on him when he came into pictures and because he hasn?t changed a jot from the likeable fellow I saw that day I met him almost seven years ago.

The Munns? chrysanthemums are for Jeanette MacDonald because she is not only the most beautiful but the most accomplished actress of all the singers.

And another of my best medals to Gary Cooper because he is one of the finest men I have ever known, developed from merely an interesting personality into one of the really fine actors of the screen.

The tiger lilies are for Barbara Stanwyck because they remind me of her, because she is one of my special favorites and because she is such a grand actress.

And a medal to Robert Taylor because he is one of the nicest fellows I know, because he has been the victim of a lot of bum publicity and has never tried to alibi out of things that weren?t his fault at all, and, lastly, because he has the good judgment to stick to Barbara Stanwyck.

The forget-me-nots are for Una Merkel because she is as one of my great grandmothers but because she never deals dirt and she never slams anyone and still contrives to be regular without being marshmallow sweet.

A brace of medals for Joel McCrea and Ralph Bellamy because they are two of the best-liked men in the business by the public and by the best encouragement to go to Joel?s medal because he has never laid any claims to being a great actor.

The violets are for Luise Rainer because of all the foreign imports she seems to be the only one worth bothering with. But she?s enough to make up for all the others. Careful, though, Luise, it?s not having any more performances like you turned in in "Big City."

I almost forgot. A double-decker medal for Clark Gable and for Rosemary DeCamp and I must have gone out of my way to avoid mentioning him here and anyone who wades through this deserves a medal. Not only that you have so far managed to be successful this year, Mr. Grant, that one would, indeed, have to go out of one?s way to avoid mentioning you?and in a most complimentary fashion?among the Screen?s Who?s Whose.

The dahlias are for Rosalind Russell because any dame who can turn in three such performances as she delivered in "Craig?s Wife," "Night Must Fall," and "Live, Love, and Learn" deserves the best.

Medals, medals, medals. Well, another medal for James Stewart because he?s the nearest approach to Spencer Tracy the screen has to offer. To name Sherry with all my love and best wishes, go the sweet peas because she is not only a dignified little wife but because she is still my favorite ingénue and because she was SO swell in "Stella Dallas."

Olivia de Havilland gets the moonflowers because only they are as sweet as Olivia because she can serve a costume picture as few other girls on the screen can and because she is one of the up-and-coming actresses.

Dick Powell certainly deserves a medal, not only for his unfailing good disposition.
but because he is one of the best masters of ceremonies I have ever heard.

The honeysuckle is for Ann Sothern because only honeysuckle is as sweet as Ann and because she makes it so easy for the people who work with her.

Time is getting short and so is space, so I'll just toss a bunch of medals into the air and hope that Wayne Morris catches one because he was so marvelous in "Kid Galahad" and because he is getting such a kick out of life and girls; that Paul Muni catches another because there is no one who can change his appearance and bring historical characters to life as he can; that Pat O'Brien gets his mitts on one because Pat is the perfect and indefatigable host (or was the last time I was asked out there three years ago); that Jack Benny catches another because he has a radio show that is soul-satisfying and because someday he's going to click in pictures as he has on the stage and the air; that George Raft nabs another because there is nobody in this business or any other who remembers his friends of yesteryear as does George; that another falls on John Trent because he was one of THE finds of 1937 and the fact that he didn't click in a big way is more Mr. Schubert's fault than his; one for Ray Milland because with the few opportunities he has had he is proving in a big way that Screenland and I, when we predicted years ago he would go to the top, weren't so far wrong; one for Henry Fonda because he seems to feel discretion is the better part of valor and hasn't spoken to me since the first three times we were introduced; and the last one for Johnny Arledge because he is such a swell actor and because studios put him under contract every time he gets a decent part and then do nothing with him.

Gee! I almost forgot a few birds. One for Simone Simon for more reasons than I can tell but principally because when she was in France and could gracefully have remained there she insisted on returning to this country; one for Frances Farmer because she is so difficult to deal with; and the last one for my erstwhile friend Martha Raye because when everyone was eager to give her a helping hand she insisted upon getting herself a lot of unflattering publicity and because whereas when she first started at Paramount everyone wanted to give her a helping hand some folks over there nowadays want to forget about her.

Chapped Hands
made soft enough for
Kisses

IF HANDS COULD TALK, THEY'D SAY:

HINDS MAKES OUR ABUSED SKIN
FEEL SOOTHED, SOFTENED,
RIGHT AWAY!

HOW MANY TIMES EACH
DAY WE NEED THE HELP
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Quick...smooth on Hinds! Extra-ceminy, extra-good to chapped hands. Contains "sunshine" Vitamin D, too. Gives you soft, thrilling Honeymoon Hands!

Hinds Honey and Almond
Cream for Honeymoon Hands

• $1.00, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes. Dispenser free with 50c size...fits on the bottle, ready to use.

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Gambarel’s recital of her experiences made it plain that the worst is believed even when the best happens.

“At the conclusion of my first number,” she says, “I heard this very enthusiastic applause, and the first thing crossing my mind was that I might be accused of having a clause, just as though I might at the moment have been fearful that someone might say, or write in a newspaper criticism, that applause for my work was started by an interested cheerleader. The truth was that it was but for her who was first to offer his generous response to my work. I felt better then, you may be sure, but in a little while I was again at my table.”

“After finishing my dances, I raced dripping perspiration, to the dressing room down the corridor. I hurriedly slipped off my costume, and laid there on a huge bath towel around me and was about to walk toward the shower, when the door opened and Princess Masafuda was followed by a group of her friends, men as well as women, came in. Of course, I had been instructed in the proper way to address members of the court, but continued, because worse confused as I tried to curtesy, wondering ‘should I, or shouldn’t I curtesy as I stand here wrapped in towelling with only my trunks on underneath?’ But it was all too late. The group around me was unfounded, as these distinguished visitors told me how much they enjoyed my dancing.”

“The King and Queen right on through the group of seventy-odd guests everybody was very charming. But it struck me to realize which of it was real and which something happening in a dream. I had many times danced in stage productions that might have been something like this, with all the footmen and butlers and servants garbed in satins and wearing wigs, but not once did I feel sure enough to do fork. Far more than the pomp, such as there was of it, I was confused by the extreme modesty of my royal hosts and their distinguished guests.”

All doubt that the little Gambarel’s court appearance was a personal as well as a professional success is put at rest by the fact that the queen’s host, Count Savoia, had been something like this, with all the footmen and butlers and servants garbed in satins and wearing wigs, but not once did I feel sure enough to do fork. Far more than the pomp, such as there was of it, I was confused by the extreme modesty of my royal hosts and their distinguished guests.”

New Clamor for “Gamby”
Continued from page 51

No millions praise the new SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED EX-LAX

To millions of people, Ex-Lax was the perfect laxative. They thought it couldn’t be improved. And now here’s the big news—double news!—important news! . . . The laxative they said couldn’t be better is better. Better in these three important ways:

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You’ll like it even better than before.

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Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

No more what laxative you’re using, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. At all drugstores in 10c and 25c boxes.

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Indispensable for Evening Wear

Now is the time for romance! Dances—parties—dates! You simply must keep your skin admirably lovely all evening. Use as a powder base or complete make-up. Suitable for face, back, neck, and arms. Will not rub off or streak. Stays on for hours. Scented peach, raspberry, benettane, sunlet. 50¢ at all leading drug and department stores. Trial size at all 10c, 50¢ or 100c, or mail coupon.

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Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner’s Liquid Make-Up.
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Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" has been a favorite piece of music for dancers, with many performing to it in various ways.

Vera was one of the first dancers to interpret the piece, and she did so in a way that was both breathtaking and novel.

She began her performance by playing the piano, and then she moved into a series of graceful movements that perfectly captured the spirit of the music. Her movements were fluid and natural, and she seemed to be in complete control of her body.

Vera's performance was met with great acclaim, and she quickly became known as one of the leading dancers of her time. Her perseverance and dedication to the art of dance were truly remarkable, and she continued to push the boundaries of what was possible in dance for many years to come.

The evening in Paris was a wonderful opportunity to see the latest in dance and music, and it was clear that Vera and her colleagues were masters of their craft.
Excite men’s admiration this new, easy way

To give your hair sparkling sheen, lustrous highlight and the clean, soft, feminine look that enchants a man, simply use Admiration, the different Oil Shampoo. Try it just once. See how gloriously it lathers, how quickly it takes away all dirt, dandruff and dulling film—how easily it rinses away in clear water—how it leaves your hair—radiantly clean, velvet soft, wonderfully manageable, alluringly beautiful! And remember, Admiration does not dry or age your hair. It’s the new Oil Shampoo that leaves your hair younger and lovelier. At any drug, department or 10¢ store.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.

What Eleanor Powell Has Lost!

Continued from page 65

asked, turning to me: ‘You’ve been singing it around here at rehearsals, so why not sing it into the mike?’ I choked at the idea, scared stiff. ‘There’s nothing to be afraid of,’ Van told me. ‘Go to it! So I did.’

‘Quick work,’ nodded Grandma.

‘Mr. Mayer said my voice made a new girl of me. Then when they ran the picture in the projection room and got to that number another important executive said, “How does it feel, Eleanor, having such a big success at a hundred thousand dollars, the biggest ever, even bigger than anything in “Beau,” and knowing it was all made for you?” I don’t know a thing different. ’I told him, “than when I was working for seven dollars a night in a small night club.”’

“What a thing to say!” marveled Grandma.

“In those days,” recalled Eleanor, “it wasn’t because I wanted to make money, but because I wanted to have something of my own that I was willing to give up everything else. It isn’t that I’ve made any sacrifices. But sometimes at eleven o’clock after hours work when I was sixteen I would go to the evening school and I would have eight or nine o’clock. In Washington, Cincinnati, Kansas City, all over the country, I did the same thing. Clubs were formed, and I was one of the first to join the Enoch’s, the Curlers, and other clubs. I’ve sent photographs and written letters to all of them. It makes me feel like the president of a huge class, and I always write home to say I never want to do anything to displease them. There’s no thrill in the world like having children look up to you. I thought of this the other day on the train, and there were ready for the wedding scene, and I said to my twelve flower girls, ‘Now if you do this “good,” I’ll all have some ice cream afterward.” We danced and told stories the whole afternoon.’

It crossed my mind that Eleanor might be celebrating her own wedding one of these days.

‘Maybe,’ she admitted. ‘But, anyway, not for two years. Then I’d like to give up pictures, be happily married and have children. But I want to marry any man who was in this business, so that we would be able to talk pictures and I could keep up my interest in them.’

‘She’s got a pretty dainty quiet,’ emphasized Grandma.

‘That’s the trouble,’ agreed Eleanor. ‘I’m very romantic, but I couldn’t marry anyone who wanted to be on the go all the time. I had a birthday last Sunday, my twenty-fifth—and that’s pretty old not to have met anybody who could be taken seriously. I’ve never been in love. I’ve had lots of boy friends and men on the phone saying, ‘You’re just for me.’ But I’m not. They always want me to go tonight around with them, while I’m perfectly satisfied to stay home and read. Wayne Morris is a darling boy. But he insists he won’t go out without me. I tell him to be like Bob Taylor, who goes out with other girls besides Barbara Stanwyck and enjoys himself. But Wayne says no, it’s me or nobody. When my birthday came along, we went out on a charming engagement ring, but I had to refuse it. That made me feel terrible, Wayne’s such a dear, but I couldn’t keep it. It’s just another of the things I’ve given up in two years. Anyway, I’ll have to leave things as they are.’

The doorbell rang. Leaving, I spoke of how pleasant it had been seeing them all.

‘I’ve had a real good time,’ said Grandma.
Confessions of a Come-Back
Continued from page 34

that, affectionately. Even their home was
imperiously named “El Jodo.” Once, when
they were sure of one another, I inter-
viewed her about him. Joan never under-
estimated his potentialities. She let go of
his hand—the three of us were leaning
and, on the porch of the old Metro café—to
scrawl on a menu I still have: “He is
smarter than ten college boys rolled into
one!”

It was at college I first knew him, inci-
dentally. Practically at college, anyway.
I remember so well how he and Joan came
to San Francisco, ecstatically engaged, for
a house party. I was attending Stanford
and wrote them up for the university daily.
When I tried to recapture their moment-
ous words I was defeated: my chief
memory was of Joan’s concern over his
weight. She had demanded six squares of
butter, four lumps of sugar for him.
He was a front-page bridgegroom when,
vacationing in Hollywood, I heard his
secret sorrow—he’d never been able to go
to college! At seventeen he’d had to
acquire a mustache instead, to enact a
leading role. He wired me, when he read
the magazine article I proceeded to do: “I’m
weeping over your disclosure of
my lost youth and are my parents mad?” He
was making his triumphant stage debut
when I located in Hollywood; promptly I
went backstage and there was Joan, faith-
fully waiting in the wings. We used to bet
on football games a lot, Douglas and I.
And so time passed, and I talked to
Douglas’s actor father and non-professional
mother about him, for pertinent stories.

Douglas and Phillips Holmes, once a pop-
ular favorite, were pals and they discussed
each other for me in the pages of SCREEN-
LAND. The photograph Douglas and Joan
autographed to me—“Doug Crawford and
Joan Fairbanks”—was his period of young
love caught at its glorious moment.

And then the death of his spectacular
romance had to be duly reported. I really
never knew exactly what split them, didn’t
want to; that belonged to them. They at-
ttempted to hold onto their passion and
they separated with dignity. Whatever hap-
pened, Douglas will always respect Joan.

When the magnificent emotional adven-
ture climaxxed he obviously paid more
attention to his career problem. “Oh, yes,”
he smiled reminiscently, “I told you then
how I was going to stand or fall on that
contract. I did have the okay on my direc-
tors and casts. But I wasn’t as fortunate
as I imagined I’d be—when it came to the
sets. I presumably picked them; actually
they’d hush me three plots and tell me to
choose from their three.

Leaving Hollywood as he did, he might
have been thoroughly disillusioned. He’d
been defeated in his avid search for love.
When in the fight for due recognition he’d
been plunging at since he’d begun acting
at thirteen. He could so easily have turned
aimless playboy—if he hadn’t been Dou-
glas. He went away refusing to be dis-
couraged. He will never confess to being

He wasn’t downed by the piling up of
adverse situations because he’d never relied
on “luck.” His marriage and stardom came
far too soon to be given that classification:
he wasn’t ready for either. And as for his
name bringing him breaks—it had proved
more of a handicap than a help. He’d had
to explain persistently that he wanted a
chance on his own merits alone, that he
was distinctly different type of all or from
his father. He received little aid from his
father and still he had to wonder con-
stantly whether people liked him for him-
self or because they were maneuvering for
invitations to Pickfair.

But then he has had to tackle opposition
always. When he determined to be an

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Seems like everyone has a
“KLEENEX True Confession”

Have you? well pay $5.00 in cash
for every one published!

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I Used to Be a Terror.
When I had a cold, with my
nose so sore and red, “since
KLEENEX—happy days are
here again!”

(From a letter by Mrs. W.T., New York, N. Y.)

Adopt the habit of using Kleenex in
the Serv-a-Tissue box that ends waste
and mess... boxes of 200 sheets now
2 for 25c. It’s the handy size for every
room in your home, for your office
and your car. During colds, see how
Kleenex soothes your nose, reduces
handkerchief washing. Use each tissue
once—then destroy, germs and all.

KLEENEX DISPOSABLE TISSUES
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How Did We Ever Get Along Without KLEENEX?

I used to be a tissue fumbler... because other brands
haven't that peachy Kleenex pull-out box that makes it
easy to get only one double-tissue at a time! no more
fumble and jumble for me!

(From a letter by Mrs. W. P. S., Chicago, Ill.)

Buy KLEENEX in the Serv-a-Tissue Box
—it saves as it serves—one double tissue at a time

Pull a double tissue... next one pop-up ready for use

Screenland
actor his father had been annoyed; so Douglas made his own contacts and took unpublishable bumps in the process. When he'd married his parents had been none too glad; he plunged into romancing his own life, he even, he says, found his fortune, but he has literally been on his own financially all the way.

So the clean sweep wasn’t too bad a pill. Especially since he’d formulated a protective fashion, a shield for his heart. Before he left for London he'd said to me, “I don’t let anything touch me. I stand off and observe.” He’s becoming so himself, and because I’m amused they don’t hurt me. I can’t be hurt—for I can’t be knocked down. I’m not touched by my experiences.”

“That was a pretty adolescent platform I had, wasn’t it? Refusing to be touched by anybody!” He lit his pipe, borrowing a light from a passing boy. “Now I realize that things and people used to over-impress me. Rules had been laid on, life was naive. Instead of trusting my own instincts I deferred to others. Automatically they knew better; how could I be wiser, my lunches about me? He’s learned while he’s been growing up that it’s not wrong to pause when in doubt.

“But my career had always been in the hands of others. And front offices directed it. And me, unconsciously in the bargain! I wasn’t mature enough, on the other hand, to carry stardom.”

He jerked a chair and mused on. “Well,” he said, “I believe that no matter what happens to me now I’ll be ready for it. Before, I wasn’t. I fumbled because I thought I was thinking clearly enough—and I wasn’t at all. It was hard not to accept the pronouncements of very positive people. Sometimes one has to be whammed about the head. I understand stand what a mistake it is not to gamble on yourself. It would have been fade-out for me, I’ll bet, if I hadn’t taken a chance on myself!”

He vows he regained his self-respect in London. There they were enthusiastic for his services and he saw an opportunity to produce as well as act. Now, he told me, he is very honest about the results. “After two years spent in organizing a film company I still couldn’t make the kind of pictures I wished. I had the majority block of stock. So the pictures I’ve been making abroad weren’t the tremendous strides I wanted.”

The pioneering zeal isn’t dead by any means, though; merely ‘deterred’ temporarily.

“It wasn’t like going to a new land. I’d gone to school in England. But being a man with business interests taught me a lot.” Immediately he found out that it wasn’t compulsory to be a freak. As Hollywood’s crown prince his every move had been extravagantly commented upon. He’d been made a knight. He would have avoided that deluge of excessive publicity, only he wanted to be a thorough success and so he slavishly followed Hollywood’s rules. “It’s something I ought to—when I saw it wasn’t a rule in London that you had to entertain a lot I quickly stopped trying to be super-social. In four years there I gave but one party!”

“While the pictures were being lined up I went on the stage.” He did two plays, touring them in America, clicking before London’s critical audiences, “I could. I learned to my delight, a decent living behind headlines. But I’d been a sort of slavish follower of Hollywood’s rules. I ought to have—when I saw it wasn’t a rule in London that you had to entertain a lot I quickly stopped trying to be super-social. In four years there I gave but one party!”

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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.

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Screenland 91
tablespoons of water, covered and allowed to cook until tender. If you are using hot-
house mushrooms, give them about half an hour as they are less tender than the home-
grown variety.

"Another thing Gene likes very much
— as what man doesn't? — is onion soup," remembered Jeanette. "I believe my cook
makes this especially well. I think Jeanette never plans anything for her
guests to do at her parties, because she al-
ways tries to invite people who will be
congenial. Everyone has so much to say,
and they all try to say it at once, so
that the result is quite hilarious.

"If they want to dress up, there's cer-
tainly plenty of room; if they want to do
nothing, there are a great many restful
places to relax in. The atmosphere is in-
formal. The hospitality truly "recreates."

Arlen's New Hobby
Continued from page 59
in no time. It was a straight shot, no
filter.
Dick shoots scenery when it suddenly
strikes him as beautiful, but he never
go outs looking for it.

"I like to take pictures of people, espe-
cially kids. I think that my camera usually
captures the essence of the child, and
when I catch them quick enough, I believe I'll get a Rolliflex — they say it's the swiftest
lens on the market.

"I must say that when the Leica under con-
trol, it will do the kid-snatching pictures,
but I'm no expert yet. This shot of the
Crosby twins was shot when they were
crepating together. "I own Demond's "Look
here!" and snapped my fingers. They
both looked up and I clicked, but the
forward one kept coming on, so he's the
least bit out of focus, but it's so like him, it's
funny."

"I used the Pressman on this shot of
Helen Twelvetrees and Arlene Judge with
their babies. The kids were quite small then
and Joby was having a party for Ricky.
This was more hack than judgment. It
was made before I got the camera bug."

"If you want to show me how to do it" ex-
ample, here's one: Joby took this shot of
me in the baby cage. The background is a
hedge, but it's too dark. She should have
shot it up against the sun, but I think of Jack Oakey
without one, and it's clear enough. And
this one of Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, and me
(all but my head) was made by Max
Miller with my camera and without a filter.

"I believe I had a yellow filter on this
one of Gary with the towel, taken over near
Catalina."

"Talking of water shots, Joby got this
one of me, overboard from the deck, one
day. That's an example of a lucky shot,
because the boat moved a little all the
time."

"Joby also got this shot of me with Babe
Didrikson of the golf course. You can see
her shadow in the foreground. She couldn't
have used a filter or there'd be more detail
in the sky and background, but it's
remarkably clear.

"I never leave around with dark rooms,
or try to talk the people at the camera shops
how to print up my stuff. I suppose it
were farther along with it, I'd be on their
necks all the time. It's better, I suppose, the
way it is printed, or why wasn't it printed
for contrast, or all the usual squawks.

"But to my mind, printing isn't going to
remedy the mistakes of the man with the
lens. You have to get it right in the first
place."

London
Continued from page 62
was feeling too bruised and shaken to
come to Maureen O'Sullivan's cocktail part-
yearner excitedly Maureen sent out
invitations from "Mrs. John Farrow" with
her acting name just printed underneath in
the smallest possible letters. She was all in
her favorite blue, with the most astonishing
spotted veil over her hat, and had her
young sister Sheila as assistant hostess.
Maureen enjoyed her brief ice-skating scene
with Noel in "The Third Man at Oxford" so
much she decided to learn the
art thoroughly. So she went off to Streath-
ham Kink and had tuition from veteran
Benny Lee, who is the only instruc-
tor. Her progress seemed rather slow and
it was a great surprise when Benny pre-
sented her with a silver cup after her last
lesson as souvenir of her accomplishments
on skates. Proudly Maureen bore her trophy
home and then she read the inscription:
"To the girl who did all of her skates
the least like Santa Claus but without
Mastreene is back with you in Hollywood now
—and how we miss her!"

Noel Madison was at the party and I
learned that my pal, film critic Peter
exceedingly superstitious. He is convinced
that his lucky charm on the screen is his
hatted four-year-old hat so he has dummied it,
dodged it, and protected it on his
last thirty-nine films. (For the forties he
could only get it into the picture by having
the props man hang it on the hat peg in
another scene — which is the kind of access- 
tories to appear without it. It has duly adorned
his head as the press agent in Jessie Math-
ies' latest musical, "Sailing Along," and now it is back again from successful
villainy in "Kate Plus Ten.""

This is the British thriller of the year,
based on an Edgar Wallace story. Gene-
vieve has traveled to the Atlantic
to play the crooked Kate who gets away
with a million in bullion from the gold
train she has wrecked. Noel is her gangster
lieutenant and tells Jack Hulbert plays
Detective Mike Pemberton who eventually
nabs them.

I met Geneviève, dining out in a small
patisserie, and both her nighter, gracious in a draped black velvet gown with a single diamond
bracelet. She doesn't care for the night-
spots very much but prefers a quiet home
evening with his lady."

Talking of parties, there was a jolly lit-
tle one at Denham the other afternoon
to congratulate handsome dark-haired Griffin
Jones who has just been signed up for a
long term by M-G-M and leaves for Holly-
wood soon. You may remember him with
Elisabeth Bergner in "This Above Me Never,"
but if not you can meet him again as Bob
Taylor's undergraduate friend in "A Yank
at Oxford" and you will agree he still
looks good beside those romance-compelling
Taylor features, too! Griff, as we call him,
was originally intended for a doctor but
preferred the films instead. He was born in
London though he is Welsh, and
collects tiny model animals of which he
possesses hundreds, and has a pretty non-
acting wife, a passion for chocolate cake,
and the most unusual keen eyes of any
actor I know.

Somebody at the party described Griff as
"the only good-looking man in the studio
who is in touch with his feminine side the
whole week this week." Explanation being that Merle
plays a wealthy heiress in her latest Korda
picture, "Over the Moon," and no less than eight leading men are acting with her
which must be something of a record for
high-speed screen romance."

Rex Harrison is the young country doc-

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Story of What Makes You Feel Good,” address
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project — "Get Published."
tor who triumphs over all his rivals and gets Merle in the fade-out, probably because that whimsically charming humor of his proved irresistible. His rise to fame has been phenomenal. It is only three years since he took to acting, appearing with Evelyn Laye in "Sweet Ayes" on the New York stage. His first film was Korda's satirical "Storm in a Teacup" in which he played with Vivien Leigh last summer and it has been so successful that now he's a full-blooded star and will make his début as such in his next picture. It is to be one of two stories Korda bought for Robert Donat, who's ill with asthma again.

Down at Denham there is one grey-painted door in the executive offices past which the staff creep respectfully, lowering their voices and hardly daring to breathe lest the sound disturb the conference within. "Complete silence" has been demanded by the two occupants, both named Howard, one being Leslie the actor and the other William K. the director. They are polishing up the scenario and arranging the details of the most ambitious production even the ubiquitous Alexander Korda has ever sponsored, the film version of "Lawrence of Arabia." Leslie is co-producer as well as star, in complete control of the unit which will go to Arabia to shoot most of the scenes in the authentic locale of the deserts. He's boyaishly enthusiastic about his new job, yet terribly earnest and serious, too, for he has a great dramatic task before him, creating on the screen a world-famous soldier, explorer, and ascetic who changed the course of history in the East and wrote that amazing volume, "Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

Determined every tiny detail of his characterization shall be correct, Leslie has had numerous long talks with many experts. He has consulted Winston Churchill, the British statesman who was in close touch with Lawrence when he was banding the wild Arab tribes together.

True to the real life story of Lawrence, there will be no feminine interest in the film nor will any women journey to Arabia with the band of desert travellers. Mrs. Howard and their son and daughter will stay behind in London—daughter Leslie is growing up into a most attractive girl and I hear she is likely to begin her own acting career quite soon with a tiny part in a West End stage show.

Mrs. Howard and I had tea together the other afternoon at the Mayfair Hotel, the occasion being a charity fête at which many celebrated film folk assisted. Conrad Veidt and Anton Walbrook poured out laager beer, Merle Oberon sold flowers, and Anna Neagle sold autographed portraits of herself as Queen Victoria, and June Knight, Raymond Massey, and Edmond Gwenn assisted at the candy stand. Elsa Lanchester came along, dressed in her favorite purple, and Jean Muir looked in for half an hour. She's playing on the London stage just now but she has signed a contract to make a British film before returning home.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

with ambition, found a job dancing in a night club. She assumed the support of her parents, older sister and brother, and Bobby, the baby.

Whenever she looked at Bobby her heart missed a beat. Instinctively she knew that he deserved a better break than any of the rest of them had had. She took special charge of him to forget the family's misfortunes. She was the first to recognize his astonishing voice. No one else at home thought anything of it.

Shortly a fierce passion was consuming her. She could have been equally outstanding as he is as a singer if anyone had bothered sufficiently with her. "But no one did," she said, "and I made up my mind that Bobby wouldn't be ignored."

Somewhere Sally maneuvered to pay for lessons, proudly escorting him to the best teacher she could locate. When she was four she argued the owner of the Silver Slipper into letting the child try a song there. This was the first of a charming string of successes. People clapped enthusiastically and she was in a delicious glow after that. She was reassured that all Bobby needed was opportunity.

If there simply isn't any opportunity, what do you do? At home there was perpetual pinching of pennies and a prevailing air of despair. Sally sensed that the only answer is to make your chances. And at last she made the step few girls her age would have the brains and the courage to make. They told her her dreams for Bobby were ridiculous. She thought it all out and in the end they let her go away with him because, after all, she was the breadwinner. Carefully she bundled Bobby onto the Chicago bus. There was one memorable winter evening. She selected Chicago because it was the nearest spot where show business was alive. Bobby slept in her arms for awhile and then his curiosity got the better of him. He had to converse with the driver, quietly so no one would be awakened. By the time they rolled down Michigan Avenue the driver was friendly enough to recommend a clean boarding house.

"A hotel," remembers Sally. "was far too expensive for us. I only had that seventy dollars to stretch out until Bobby was discovered. As soon as we'd washed I got Bobby's sailor suit out of our suitcase, unpacked my iron, covered the bureau with bath-covers, and dressed it. I looked in the telephone book for agents. Then I recalled that Balaban and Katz ran the Balaban and Katz in all the city of Chicago. I called Bobby downtown to call on Louis Lipstone, the B. & K. director.

Mr. Lipstone was very syntomatic about receiving us," she said. "I informed his secretary that we couldn't be sidetracked. So when the afternoon was almost over we got into his office. I don't want to say I made the whole time an argument at us. Whatever he does, I can't use him!" I said. "I don't want you to use him. Just listen to him sing one song!"

A great and veteran revue producer gave in. There were always unavailable stars like these two. But before Bobby had finished his song Lipstone was excruciatingly enthusiastic. "I've been looking at the Orpheum. 'I've a find—come right over and hear him!'" When Sally left the office she was clutching a contract guaranteeing Bobby two weeks on the stage at the Oriental Theatre.

The powerful lyric tenor, so strange in a child, brought down the house. Gloria Swanson, making a personal appearance at the Chicago Theatre and Bobby was hired to assist in her act. Gloria herself praised him to the skies.

Bookings at other B. & K. theatres followed. The Breen accustomed themselves to four and five shows a day, their lives swinging to the narrow confines of the theatre and the boarding house. Sally sent practically all the earnings home for the family to live on. They couldn't force her to abandon her scheme so long as she mailed checks.

After six months in Chicago there were no more engagements for Bobby. The field of saloon-acting was closed by way was desperate. "My one desire was to get Bobby to Hollywood. But when we'd finished all the possible dates in Chicago it looked for a while as though he'd have to return to Toronto licked." She contemplated a catastrophe with such profound distaste that the alternative eventually presented itself. New York! There was where talent was haled. That was where Bobby had to go. She examined her capital, bought a single bus seat to New York, and arrived at the terminal with exactly thirty-five dollars and a tired lap.

"I held Bobby all the way. We couldn't afford but one seat. The folks on the bus were really poor, and bought us meals and Bobby sang a lot and it wasn't a bad trip at all.

The bus driver liked Bobby, too, for after he'd dropped all the passengers he drove us to a boarding house he assured us was good. I'll never forget climbing up those steps. The city was so vast and it was still my first time in the city, we looked for the third floor back, a two-by-four with a single cot, I put Bobby to bed and assembled our laundry and attended to it. I said to get his things in a recent suit he wore when singing and for interviews—ready.

She didn't try to sleep. At seven Bobby was grinning at her and she dressed him and away they went to conquer the Paramount Theatre. Sally had a letter of introduction from Louis Lipstone. But the subway directions were confused and when we went clear across Manhattan the wrong way before she realized it.

However, by nine she and Bobby were in the office of Horatio Moros. The secretary said he was too busy to see them. So they waited until six and the office closed. Next morning they drove there again. No luck. Sally knew Mr. Moros was short, bald-headed, and had a Russian accent, but no one answering that description came in or out that way. At noon she parked Bobby

Florence George is the starlet with the reflecting smile, above.

Bobby's Guiding Star

Continued from page 31

screenland
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and ran out for sandwiches. By five the second afternoon the receptionist was furious.

“But I didn’t care!” exclaims Sally. “I sat there with my letter in my hand, waiting to pounce on Mr. Morros when he did appear from somewhere.” When, at five, he emerged lastily Sally shouted, “Mr. Louis Lipstone sent you this!” Stunned at the charge, Morros read the note and shook his head, “I don’t care what your little girl can do, I can’t use her. The Gerry Society would drain her offstage. It’s the law that no one under sixteen can appear in vaudeville.

With that Mr. Morros headed for the door. It was Bobby, enraged, who sprang into action. Then, “I’m not a little girl!” he accused the little nurse. Sally had been afraid to cut his blind curly hair.

“I don’t bother with you, anyway,” vowed the irate director of the Paramount’s stage presentation. “I won’t permit it—even if you are any good.”

Sally admits she’d been warned about New York’s stringent ruling against child performers, but she’s an up-to-the-minute demonstration that where there’s a will there’s some way. She wasn’t damned by future hearings getting Morros to listen to Bobby was her immediate problem. She combined subtlety with her determination. “I don’t want you to hire him,” she stated. “Just leave him to sing a song.”

Wraithfully Morros led them into his inner sanctum, the wild-eyed secretary following in their wake. Bobby sang. Morros didn’t color the staff for Morros to find. He turned over peremptory woe for excitement. The chief pushed every buzzer on his desk. In fifteen minutes there was a crowd and Bobby was singing as he’d never done before. “My lawyers!” demanded Morros.

Next morning Bobby, Sally, Morros and his lawyers were at the City Hall to have a survey special license for the child.

“No, no, no!” cried the old gentleman behind the massive desk. “No permits!”

Bobby saw the tears gathering in Sally’s eyes. He knew it time to be a man, to rescue her from this impasse.

“Please sir,” he said very respectfully, “won’t you let me sign on the stage just so I can have a chance to be discovered and go to Hollywood? That’s all my sister and I can do, you see, your honor.”

The boy’s dignified, the ruffled magistrate. “Can you read? Is she bringing you up well?” Sally had taught him to read when he was only three-and-a-half, so he modestly professed to be correctly trained. “Well, then,” announced the judge, one more captive to the Breen charm. “I can’t give you a permit, but we won’t stop you if you only sing for your chance to be discovered by the movies!”

Stepping blithely into the spotlight, Bobby was a sensation at each show. The Paramount held him over for a second week. But all along Sally was to learn that she had to fight for each boost for her brother. Everyone confessed he was terrible, but no one picture scout materialized. He couldn’t go on singing, because they’d promised the judge to quit if the big chance didn’t mean a Hollywood offer.

Sally couldn’t see his next step then, but she refused to be defeated. She’d remained at the boarding house and saved his salary so she could do it out for their expenses and to send home. Suddenly the brief success was through and they were alone among six million rushing people who didn’t give a damn about them.

She found she could work in regular stage plays. By inquiring she learned that play producers secured their child actors from the Professional School for Children. She enrolled Bobby there for eleven dollars a month. Meanwhile, she secured a job as a cigarette girl. Someone

Sallow complexions and pimply skins are often not a matter for cosmetics. For most skin blemishes are aggravated by constipation.

Constipation can be a serious handicap. It can cause mental dullness, early fatigue, headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite.

Keep regular. If more than a day goes by, use Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets. This famous laxative is the choice of millions. It does not shock the intestinal system. And it stimulates the secretion of bile without the discomfort of drastic or irritating drugs.

Get Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets at your druggist, 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

GRAY HAIR!
The Best Remedy is Made at Home

YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: Half pint of water and one ounce of rum; a small box of Barbo Compound, 1/2 ounce of glycerine. Any drug-girl 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 and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.

PERSONAL TO FAT GIRLS—Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take a Marmola Prescription Tablet a day until you have lost enough fat—then stop.

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

S C R E E N L A N D
mentioned a new dinner room at the Edison Hotel and Sally had a hunch they’d be wanting an extra cigarette girl.

Every day she took Bobby to school and waited for him after. And, sure enough, eventually there was a call for a boy to play. Sally wasn’t reached until all the other kids and their mothers were already at the table. But she raced Bobby over. “There were seventy boys and mammas there! I whispered to Bobby to memorize the script they handed him. Bob Hope was auditioning: it was for a Harry Richman show. When Bobby interpreted the trial scene without a glance at the script, the part was instantly his.

For six months Bobby was a successful actor. Sally took him to school days and quit her hotel job to escort him to the theatre. The demand for auditions kept the house to an apartment which was shared by four paying guests, each having a bedroom and the privileges of the living-room and the bath. Bobby was singing whenever he was in the bath, so the line-up outside the door never minded waiting for him. The kindly Irish woman who had the apartment merged twenty cents a meal. The Breens had to send money home, and whenever they couldn’t afford the tariff they were secretly treated by their fond landlords.

The play ultimately closed and again Sally was up against it. She heard Eddie Cantor’s radio program frequently. He spoke of wanting a son. Why wouldn’t Bobby be perfect for Eddie’s son on the air? Since Bobby catapulted to nationwide popularity on the Cantor program you may have found that Bobby covered the child. He did, but it wasn’t any simple procedure. Sally had to convince Cantor, and on her first try she failed completely.

“They were holding auditions for a new talent, I took Bobby over. We didn’t get to first base, I was going to shoot ‘but you’ve got to like Eddie Cantor, but we were tangled up in the crowd and the assistants shoved us out the door. Later, in Hollywood, Eddie moaned, ‘How did I ever pass Bobby up like that?’

“Our money was practically gone and I was wondering if we had to come home. Bobby had announced that we’d never quit until we good and I kicked him and put him to bed and was sitting with my bedroom door open. I was hoping someone would talk to me. Mrs. Bloomental, that one of my thoughts hit her, stepped in. Why don’t you put your talented son on the stage?” she asked. A lot of people believed Bobby was my son, although there’s only ten years difference between us. When she heard my story she said, ‘I’ve some rich friends who might be able to help you. I’m going to dinner at their house tomorrow night and I’ll see if I can bring you and Bobby.’

“The next night we went with her to the Arthur Levys. They had a gorgeous home and Sally and I were so impressed. She remembered our finest manners! After dinner they invited Bobby to sing.”

When Bobby sings not many remain immune. The Levys hastily telephoned William Shapiro, an actors’ agent who had just returned from London. They told him he had to come over and listen to this prodigy. He didn’t wait. He got to their house before the Levys were finished reading his script. Bobby eagerly promised to grtubstake the two on a Hollywood venture. He’d given precisely three months to capture a picture contract. Sally, enraged at this marvellous, long-delayed break, insisted that he first go to Toronto so her parents could be certain he was an all-right backer. They approved and within two weeks the three—Sally, Bobby, and Shapiro—were on the train West.

The young Breens were established in a swanky apartment at the Ravenswood, the building where both Mac West and George Raft live. It was a breathtaking switch. From mediocrity to luxury! But there was no time to enjoy illusions of grandeur. Bobby had to get that break.

“I didn’t realize how long it’s liable to take to get recognition in Hollywood,” Sally admits. “I imagined that with a swell front like that and fine agent it’d be a snap. Well, it wasn’t. Bobby was offered singing spots and I’ve been satisfied with them.

I felt he’d be noticed as soon as he got on the screen, even if in a bit. However, Mr. Shapiro rejected all such compromise; he demanded stardom. As our trial period drew to an end I protested that he was expecting too much in too short a time.” Sally sighed, “I was afraid, at last, afraid that after all our battle I’d have to take Bobby home a fizzle. Who’d star a child with so little experience? If Bobby’s rise sounds like a fairy tale, so does the dénouement which brought him fame, ‘Believe it or not, but he didn’t get his chance until the very final day of our three months! Then Mr. Shapiro took us onto a Sol Lesser set. He knew Mr. Lesser and he asked him to listen to Bobby sing. ‘I can’t be bothered,’ retorted the executive, I winced at Bobby. The minute the players stopped acting Bobby burst into ‘La Donna e Mobile,’ Mr. Lesser must have liked him, for he sent for a contract for us to sign.”

The astute Lesser, furthermore, actually starred Bobby right away. Under his guidance Jackie Coogan and Baby Peggy had skyrocketed and Lesser had confidence in the new wonder. While his first film was in production he had Bobby sing at a benefit at the Uplifters Club. Eddie Cantor was in the audience. Cantor was spellbound. Now Sally didn’t have to argue. Bobby went on Cantor’s program before the first film was released.

Sally sent for the family and today Bobby has a keen home. Sally persuaded the studio to pay her a reasonable salary as his guardian and music advisor, so her wage supports the family and his star salary is being saved for him. Bobby has only one current problem—learning how to spime. Now the Levys were getting him into okaying romance for her. In Hollywood she met a well-do-do mining man who owns a Los Angeles department store to boot. He is wealthy, and for Sally—"Bobby was a little jealos at first. But he’s discovered I wouldn’t walk out on him after what we’ve been through together! No man, I’m sure, could steal Sally away from her kid brother.

Patricia Ellis and Jack Hubert co-star in a new British film.

The Kenton Pharmaceutical Co.

BROWN AT ONE BOTTLE

Please send me Test Bottle of BROWN AT ONE and literature booklet. Enclosed is 2c stamp to cover postage, cost of packing and mailing.

Check this bottle selection:

[ ] Blonde to Medium Brown
[ ] Medium Brown
[ ] Dark Brown to Black

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City

Print Your Name and Address
Star-Dust Baby
Continued from page 61

THE STORY UP TO NOW

It all started as a publicity stunt—and now! Now Katrine Molinka finds herself a mother, by adoption. Katrine, imperious ruler of the first floor of the room, faces an emotional crisis such as many times she had acted for the cameras, but never really experi-
enced, back with a daydreaming heart, because she had been invited to the devoted boy, fighting her own instincts to give the affection he craves, Katrine tries to send Peter back to the orphanage, but when a young French count, catering to Katrine, applauds her action, the stars turn on him, upbraiding him for his hostility to Peter. Now go on with the story.

what could anybody blame her for in connection with Peter? She'd magicked him from an orphan asylum to a palace—she'd clothed him and fed him and . . .

Katrine felt a stinging. She'd fed him and clothed him—and devil him. And the kid had taken it, winning under her scorn, but eternally game. Never coming to grief, with a dirty crack, never letting the adoration leave his eyes, never faltering in his blind faith . . .

Bill Naughton had said on that first memorable day—"The kid took a licking for you before ever he saw you in person. It isn't the only licking he'll take, either!" Katrine, struggling to her feet, realized that Bill had said a mouthful. Peter had taken a licking of some sort nearly every hour. Not with a leather strap—with a stinging verbal lash!

With slow steps Katrine walked across the room and looked through the window. She couldn't see the outside world, it was so dark. Why—she glanced at a diamond studded watch on the mantel clock. Where had the Count come—and gone? Around cocktail time, and now it was dark . . .

Where the dickens was everybody?

Standing at the window, Katrine thought of extravagant gifts she had given chance acquaintances—but she hadn't let Peter keep a stray kitten. She thought of kisses that she had bestowed lightly on passers-by whose names—for the most part—she had forgotten. But Peter had never, not in the whole month of his sojourn in Beverly Hills, been for a moment—although his every gesture must be gently molded for affection.

"By God," said Katrine to herself, "I am a loose one."

At that exact moment her soul was born.

With hurried step, Katrine went to the door of the drawing room and flung it open. She was in too much of a rush to pull to the bell cord—she wanted immediate action.

"I'm going to apologize to the kid!" she said in her mind, before she let out a shout that was a direct throwback to her Delancey Street origin.

"Kito!" she called. "Come here! Step on it!"

Kito, the Japanese servant, came running. He was followed by three other little brown men. Katrine met their advance with ready anger.

"Where's everybody been?" she wanted to know. "There aren't any lights in the drawing room, and what about supper?"

Kito answered. "You have dinner out."

"I hold her, "You said not eating home. And no one could go into the drawing room—"

Katrine laughed. Of course no one could enter the drawing room when she was lying on the floor, having hysterics. Her servants had that much sense, at least. She said—

"Well, I've changed my mind about going out—I've forgotten where I was putting on the feed bag, anyway. I'll have a snack here, and the kid can sit to the table with me."

The Japanese name Kito drew in his breath with a little hiss. He knew the intricacies of the situation involving Peter. He waved a hand and the three followers disappeared. Then he told—

"Little boy gone upstairs, "he said, "he no wanting his supper!

Kito said—"You mean it's eight o'clock and the kid hasn't had any food? What's the big idea?"

Kito shook his head sadly. "I ask," he said. "Oh, Mr. Peter say no? I think he es sick."

Katrine looked at the little servant with level eyes, "I know darn well what you think," she said, "or I fetch the kid, and I'll see if I can give him an appetite."

She hesitated—"By the way, did Mr. Naughton phone?"

"Nobody phone a-tall," the Japanese told her, and pattered away.

Katrine sighed. "I suppose I'll have to apologize to Bill, too, and maybe raise his
wagen," she ruminated. "The woman always pays in my case, all right!" She started for a phone booth that was shaped like a sedan chair, and was just stepping into it when she was arrested by the sound of small feet running. She turned, half expecting to face Peter, but it was her servant, instead.

"Little boy gone," said Kito, breathlessly, "but all his clothes—even those he wear today—are in room.

Katrine said, "I don't get you?"

The Japanese was having trouble with his speech.

"I look in closet and under beds," said Kito. "Only no Mr. Peter."

Katrine laughed. "Are you being funny? Kids don't run out nailed into the night."

Kito answered—"The blue pants he came in—he keep 'em. They are gone with little boy!"

Katrine heard herself saying, as if in a daze—"I thought I told you to throw away those darned orphan asylum overalls." She added, "Get Mr. Naughton on the phone, and tell him to come here as fast as he can make it. I need him."

Bill Naughton would have found Katrine in tears—it there'd been any tears left. As it was, she met him dry-eyed and curiously calm.

"It's Peter," she told him. "It's fierce."

"What's the kid done, now?" asked Bill.

"And what am I supposed to do?"

Katrine said, "He's run away."

Bill said, before the impact of the thing hit him—"He certainly showed good sense. Then suddenly his voice changed. "Where in hell did he go?" snarled Bill. "He's only a little tyle. Where could he run to?"

Katrine said, and her voice was weary—"You've got to find out. You've got to bring him back. He didn't even take the clothes I bought him."

"Why should he take your filthy clothes?" rasped Bill. "And if I find him, why should I bring him back to you? To be tortured some more, I suppose! I hope, for his own sake, that the kid's been run over or something."

Katrine had thought she was cried out. But with ghastly clarity she saw a vision of Peter—very small and thin, in faded blue denim—lying in a dusty read, with blood on his chin. Blood on his chin as it had been that first day, when he bit his lower lip to keep from sobbing. Before that vision she dissolved into grief. Her flood of tears were more real, even, than the ones she had shed in the throes of her previous hysteria.

"Don't bawl me out," she wept, "the Lord knows I feel bad enough."

Bill's voice softened. "But not as bad as you deserve to feel," he told her.

Katrine admitted it. "I know," she said. "I've treated Peter—and you, too, for that manner to him, and this is the pay-off. But get the kid back, and as God is my witness, I'll be a good mother to him."

Bill looked at her oddly. And then all at once he said something under his breath and took Katrine forcibly into his arms.

"Stop bawling, Katie, he said, "we'll find the kid. And you're darned sofaing you'll be a good mother to him. You'll be a good mother if I have to marry you and beat sense and decency into your dumb head. Kiss me, honey, and then I'll bring the car around and we'll start!"

They hunted valiantly—two people at first filled with bravado, "A kid that size couldn't walk very far," they told each other hopefully. They asked people all over Hollywood—men in newsstands, policemen, loungers on corners—"Seen a kid with red hair and freckles and blue overalls?" But whereas such a child in any other place might stick out like a sore thumb, in Hollywood—acclimated to its variety of make-up—Peter had been just a small tramp sochner that passed in the night. Nobody had seen him or—if they had seen him—they hadn't noticed or didn't remember.

Katrine and Bill Naughton started to search at about eight-thirty. Two hours later Katrine looked ten years older, and Bill's face was lean and gray.

At eleven-thirty they went to the police station. But a reporter, leaning on the Sergeant's desk, whispered: "That's Katrine Mollineaux and her publicity man. Another gag?" And so, though the Sergeant was sympathetic, the morning was shelved in favor of a pickpocket who had been caught red handed, with somebody's wallet.

Eleven-thirty was only a jump from midnight, and midnight became the wee small hours. And Bill and Katrine, deserting Hollywood, were in the outlying districts. The bravado was gone now, and fear had taken its place, and Katrine was remembering a certain child murderer who was still at large, and Bill was talking about kidnappers.

"Bills," Bill said, "Peter isn't in a hospital. We've taken care of every hospital on the map." And Katrine said: "I wish to heaven he was in a hospital. Then I'd be able to see him—be with him."

They had called the Home of the Good Shepherds first off. They called it again, as the night progressed, but the matron was a little bored with Bill.

"Adopted children sometimes run away when they're unhappy," she said, "but they seldom run to us."

"He came up the receiver—at that—and cursed for five minutes without stopping."

And then—as they said in some of Katrine's own sub-titles—"He advertised."

When she and Bill had given up hope, and were cruising down an isolated lane, they saw a heap of something that might have been old rags lying under a hedge, and—by some miracle—it was Peter. Unharmed, and fast asleep on the cold ground, with one hand tucked under a griny, tear-stained cheek.

It was Katrine who reached him first. She jumped out of the car while it was still moving and had Peter in her arms before Bill could jam down his brakes. She realized how the child's ribs stuck out a full minute before she realized that this was the only time she had ever touched him except for punitive purposes.

And then Peter woke with a little cry, and wrenched himself out of her grasp.

"No," she sobbed, "no, no . . ."

Katrine's face was grim and gray as the little boy's, and for the same reason.

"But, Peter," she sobbed in turn, "we're been hunning for you all night."

The child was now here. "Why did you hunt for me?" he asked. "You don't like me, ain't you want me.?" He waited a second and gushed, "I didn't take any of the new clothes, not even the shoes . . . I wore what I came in. I was going back . . ."

Katrine said, "You were a little sap."

His voice shook. "I never mean the half of what I say . . ." She hesitated—"You heard how your Uncle Bill told me off once, didn't you? Everybody knows I'm a great jerk."

The child stared from Katrine to Bill. Bill moved close, and put out a hand.

"Yeah, feller," he said unsteadily. "Katie will have your fun. She didn't expect you to take her seriously, and beat it."

The little boy was on his feet. Katrine saw, with a shudder, that he was indeed shoddy—that his toes were scratched and blue with the chill of the weather. All at once, and without meaning to, she started to scold. It was a case of tortured nerves searching for release.

"You ought to be spanked, Peter," she said. "You'll get your death of cold—and I don't give a durn if they'll have to hold up production on my film."

Bill breathed, "For crying out loud!" but Peter—with down making glorious the sky behind him—sprang suddenly close to Katrine. He laid a hand involuntarily on her arm.

"But how could I give you a cold?" he asked, snuffling. "I never get that near to you?"

Katrine was still on her knees. It made her face on a level with Peter.

"Well, you wouldn't, Peter," she raged. "Honest to gosh, you make me furious! Her arms went around him again, and held him tight. "I could kiss you, Peter," she wept. "I could kiss you, Peter, you little nitwit!"

Bill Naughton, with an inarticulate sound, put his arms around them both . . .

The End
“IT MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE A SCREEN STAR MISS EVANS”

said pretty little Barbara B. HERE’S WHAT MADGE EVANS REPLIED

—WELL, BARBARA, IT’S NICE TO BE SUCCESSFUL AT ANYTHING YOU UNDERTAKE—HOME LIFE OR A CAREER

—THAT’S WHY IT’S FOOLISH FOR ANY GIRL TO RISK LOSING HER GOOD LOOKS

SCREEN STARS REMOVE COSMETICS WITH LUX TOILET SOAP BECAUSE THEY DAREN’T RISK COSMETIC SKIN. EVERY GIRL SHOULD GUARD AGAINST IT

“I always use Lux Toilet Soap,” says this charming screen star, and tells you why. It’s when pores are choked that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Lux Toilet Soap’s ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly from the pores. Keeps skin smooth, soft, appealing! Use cosmetics all you like! But use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars Use Lux Toilet Soap
Is Sex Slipping in Pictures?

With Garbo at Home
DARLING OF DIXIE!... "Meanest when she’s lovin’ most!"

Half angel, half siren, all woman! The screen’s greatest actress comes to you in the hit picture of her career... as the most exciting heroine who ever lived and loved in Dixie!

BETTE DAVIS in
"Jezebel"

THE GREATEST ROMANCE
OF THE SOUTH

HENRY FONDA • GEORGE BRENT • Margaret Lindsay • Donald Crisp • Fay Bainter
RICHARD CROMWELL • HENRY O’NEILL • SPRING BYINGTON • JOHN LITEL

A WILLIAM WYLER PRODUCTION

From the Play by Owen Davis, Sr.
Music by Max Steiner

Screen Play by Clements Ripley,
Abem Finkel and John Huston
A gay, friendly smile, revealing sparkling teeth, is so appealing. The girl who has a lovely smile can't help but win! Tragic that so many girls lose this charm through carelessness—tragic that they neglect the warning of "pink tooth brush"—let teeth that are lustreless and dull actually spoil their own good looks!

If you've seen a tinge of "pink," see your dentist. It may be nothing serious, but let him decide. Usually, however, he'll tell you that it's only another case of gums deprived of exercise by our modern, creamy foods. And, as so many dentists do, he'll probably advise more work and resistance—the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help keep gums healthy, as well as keep teeth sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation in the gum tissues increases, gums tend to become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage—and change today! Let this very practical dental health routine help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier smile!

DOUBLE DUTY—Ask your druggist for Rubberset's Double Duty Tooth Brush, designed to massage gums effectively as well as to thoroughly clean teeth.

Does your mirror tell you—
"A Lovelier Smile would make you more attractive!"
Singing sweethearts together again for the first time since "Maytime"!

Glory bursts from the screen in the greatest musical love story of our time!

Jeanette MacDonald
Nelson Eddy

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD
Produced by WILLIAM ANTHONY McGUIRE
An M-G-M Picture
Based on the play by David Belasco

Lough with Buddy Ebsen's outdoor romancing to Jeanette's love songs!

Nelson Eddy, handsome singing bandit chief...
Funny Leo Carrillo as Marquita, his pard...

A hot time in the old town, Roy Bolger's uproarious comedy dance...

ROmantic songS by Sigmund Romberg and Gus Kahn
"Shadows on the Moon"
"Wind in the Trees"
"Soldiers of Fortune"
"The West Ain't Wild
Any More"
"Who Are We to Say"
"Senorita"

"'ll draw you for your sweetheart's life", says Sheriff Walter Pidgeon to beautiful Jeanette MacDonald
Cruelty to Movie Stars

Cruelty to cinema kings and queens!

Seems incredible, doesn't it? But we have unearthed facts to prove that some of the highest-paid, most pampered celebrities of the screen have to submit to treatment which extras would resent! Fantastic? Perhaps—but it's true! And paradoxically it is those who have made their fabulous success possible who are to blame for this treatment of the movie greats!

Yes, some of the stars themselves have complained to us. That's what makes our story in the next issue so important. Quoting one big star: "It's an outrage, and I refuse to submit to it any longer!" You'll want to read this feature to find out just what constitutes cruelty to these much-envied, high-income film darlings. So don't miss SCREENLAND for May, on sale April 6th.
Sonja is sweeping the country in person as her third picture, "Happy Landing," plays the nation's screens. Salute the Number One Box-Office Girl with us!

**SCREENLAND Honor Page**

As the second Scandinavian to make screen history, Sonja Henie with only three motion pictures to her credit is already more popular than Garbo ever was. Sonja appeals alike to the sophisticates and the sentimentals. Piquant poetry in motion, she seems to love to skate as no actress has ever seemed to enjoy acting. Sonja personifies youth, gaiety, health, good humor. She can play her movie parts with charm and capability so that the intervals between her ice ballets do not seem too long. But when she starts to skate, she captures for the screen the miracle of effortless grace, as Garbo captures tragic beauty; and so in chalking up the great names of the cinema we must say: "Including the Scandinavian—and how."
"He thought he knew how to tame a Frau, But Gary’s in the Doghouse now... YOU BET..." Claudette

THE DOG-HOUSE

AMERICA'S LEADING LOVE TEAM IN THE COMEDY HIT OF 1938!

Adolph Zukor presents

CLAUDETTE COLBERT - GARY COOPER
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON - DAVID NIVEN - ELIZABETH PATTERSON - HERMAN BING

Screen Play by Charles Bracket and Billy Wilder - A Paramount Picture
Based on the Play by Alfred Savoir - English Play Adaptation by Charlton Andrews

Produced and Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH
Delightfully contrived English comedy with Merle Oberon, almost too distractingly glamorous in her Technicolor glory as the flirtatious girl who impersonates a notorious woman to land on a handsome bar- rister, Laurence Olivier. The play, for all its saucy flavor and individual scenes of bubbling humor, is too long. But Merle's charm and infectious gaiety, and a comedy port by Ralph Richardson are a delight.

The Hall-Johnson Choir sings some well-loved Stephen Foster compositions, and the connection with the title ends. The play is a homey sort of drama, very much on the sentimental side. Grant Richards is the Kentucky boy who deserts a girl from home, Evelyn Venable, for a city siren, only to learn by a bitter experience that true happiness for him is with Evelyn. Well-acted standard program fare.

A good show, this story-book adventure in Hong Kong, with a clever—oh, very—Chinese war lord matching wits and lethal lore with an English agent. It has color, mystery laid on thickly as befits an out- and-out melodrama of the sort. It also presents two swell actors: Inki-Johnoff, Russian character star, as the clever Chinese; and Griffith Jones, young juvenile you'll hear from again, as the hero. It's a good show.

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Wayne Morris back in the fight game. This is a more modest effort, from production and story standpoint, than young Mr. Morris' two previous pictures, but it is a pleasant romance, with Wayne winning much needed money by becoming a prize fighter. He refuses, at first, to fight Barton Melane, who befriended him, and whose sister, June Travis, he loves. But, forced to, he loses the fight but wins June

Mystery in Paris. The old stage favorite becomes effective melodrama as played here by Anton Walbrook and Ruth Chatterton. It is stagy but telling romance of a chief who tries to sacrifice himself when a girl entrusted to him is charged with murder. A rich coquette, in love with him, then takes the stand and "tells all" about his rendezvous with her, saving him against his will. Walbrook and Chatterton excellent.

Not much action, but splendid character portraits and an adroitly plotted climax that gives a final impression of satisfactory entertainment. Clive Brook is an army of- ficer falsely accused of cheating at cards. Slacker drives him to the brink of disaster. Then a clever job of cross-questioning in court saves him—also it saves the play. Brook, Ann Todd, Margareta Scott and a judiciously selected cast enact the story.

Here's fun. It gives you Bob Burns as a yokel who composes songs in his sleep, and Jack Oakie, Tin Pan Alley has been, getting rich, swiping the tunes Bob never knows he creates. Swell racket for Jack—until Bob gets insomnia. Oakie and Bob are aces; with Helen Broderick, Milton Berle, Kenny Baker, Ann Miller and others excellent. Slap-happy farce, and a laugh buy that's a bargain even without Bingo.

Claire Trevor's versatile acting ability on display in a film most people will thoroughly enjoy. It is a study of the lives of a group of chorus girls, who all within one year, meet their several Fates in the form of romance, tragedy, and career opportunity. Phyllis Brooks, Leah Ray, Dixie Dunbar, Lynn Bari, Michael Whalen, Thomas Beck and many others make up an attractive cast. Entertaining.
LISTERINE treatment shows amazing success

AGAINST Colds AND Sore Throat!

Seven Years of Research Reveals that Listerine users have fewer and milder colds. Millions choose it over Harsh Internal Remedies

Millions now treat colds for what they really are: acute local infections, rather than deep-seated disorders. They treat them with Listerine Antiseptic which, in tests, has shown a reduction of dangerous mouth bacteria for a period of several hours.

This method, as clinical evidence shows you, is amazingly effective in preventing colds—and in checking them, once they have started. Already it supplants harsh internal remedies that may weaken the system, upset the stomach and tax the heart.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed that those who gargled Listerine twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users of Listerine.

This is a matter of record.

No other method and no other remedy that we know of can show clinical results as clear-cut as those achieved by Listerine.

The secret of this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills not only millions of mouth-born "secondary invaders" which complicate a cold, but also reaches the invisible virus that many authorities say is its cause. Listerine acts quickly, and without injury to the very delicate membrane. Even one hour after the Listerine gargle, tests showed germs reduced nearly 80% on the average.

Do not think for a moment that Listerine will always prevent or check cold and sore throat. It will not. We do say, however, that the best clinical evidence indicates that if you gargle with Listerine, your chances of avoiding serious colds are excellent.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Screenland
WIVES TELL HUSBANDS—

Now millions know it’s a better laxative in every way!

EX-LAX now SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED

It’s getting around . . . flashing from family to family . . . from wife to husband . . . from friend to friend. Ex-Lax, the laxative they said could not be improved, now is better than ever! Regardless of your experience with other laxatives, you owe it to yourself to try the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax. You’ll be in for a pleasant surprise!

TASTES BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax now has a smoother, richer chocolate taste. You’ll like it, even better than before.

ACTS BETTER THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is now even more effective. Empties the bowels more thoroughly, more smoothly, in less time than before.

MORE GENTLE THAN EVER!

Ex-Lax is today so remarkably gentle that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

All doctors now have the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. The famous little blue box is the same as before, but the contents are better than ever! Try it!

S. S. 76

MINER’S Liquid MAKE-UP

Indispensable for Evening Wear

Now is the time for romance! Dancers—parties—dinner! You simply must keep your skin alluringly lovely all evening. Use as a powder-base or complete make-up, suitable for face, back, neck, and arms. Will not rub off or streak. Stays on for hours. Shades: peach, rose, brown, sallow, pastel 50c at all leading drug and department stores. Trial size at all 10c counter, or small coupon.

MINER’S 40A E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial bottle Miner’s Liquid Make-Up.

NAME: Shade:

ACROSS
1. He starts in “Dante in Distress” (4)
2. Co-star in “A Star Is Born” (7)
3. He plays Marco Polo (5)
4. Co-star in “Mamie” (5)
5. Sign forecasting the future (6)
6. Medley (5)
7. Peter in “Peter Pan” (4)
8. To entreat (5)
9. Dum-Dum (3)
10. To 21. (5)
21. Inhibited (9)
26. She’s Mrs. (4)
28. Comment (abbrv.) (6)
29. To piece out (7)
30. Star of “The Divorce of Lady X” (9)
32. To a (7)
33. A breakfast dish (5)
34. A cupola (5)
35. Enough (poetic) (4)
36. Penyfawd (6)
40. Part of to be (8)
42. Three Smart — with Deanna Durbin” (5)
46. Plug or tag (9)
48. On the ocean (5)
49. Co-star in “Secret Honeymoon” (9)
51. Star’s secretary in “Hollywood Hotel” (9)
52. Noisy (4)
54. Pompous way of walking (5)
57. Myself (6)
60. To inquire (9)
64. Boned cubes for gambling (5)
65. To offer, as at an auction (7)
66. Public notice (abbrv.) (5)
68. Collier’s ex, now married to Sally Blane (5)
70. Great (7)
71. “I met Him — Paris,” with Deanna Durbin (5)
72. He’s married to Bebe Daniels (7)
76. Falstaff (4)
77. Agent for mellowing whiskey (5)
78. Roman emperor (6)
80. She returns to the screen as “Marie Antoinette” (5)

DOWN
1. He’s featured in “Rosalie” (5)
2. Deported, as a political party (9)
3. Rejection of sound (5)
4. Hollywood blondes use this on their hair (5)
5. Hepburn’s role in “Little Women” (5)
6. Units of electrical current (5)
7. Singing star of “Rosalie” (3)
8. Compass point (abbrv.) (5)
9. Former Russian ruler (5)
10. “— West, Young Man,” a movie (7)
11. Partner (5)
12. River, in Spain (5)
13. He’s featured in “Jesse James” (5)
14. “— Confession,” with Carole Lombard (5)
16. Male ides (5)
19. The first Roger-Astaire co-starring film (5)
21. Bomb that fails to explode (5)
25. You and (5)
26. Cat-caller, hoot of desertion (5)
30. To leave our (5)
31. Negative (5)
33. Facility (5)
35. Mythical monsters (5)
37. Sail lightly through the air (5)
39. Milieu (5)
40. High mountain (5)
41. What a cow would say in a talkie (5)

GENE CARIS TEST
JANET ORION DAKIN
DEAL IDA O’BRIEN
AGEU RUBY PERS
AL AREA AHERNE SA
J LEAGUE CARLING
TEMPE CREW ALLEN
BET S. LEAD OHO
EDWARD SCHELLEN
POM Registro AGON
NOW AGREE TEAR

SCREENLAND

Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley
The Best Of
David O. Selznick's
10 Best Pictures

Selznick International presents
MARK TWAIN'S BELOVED CLASSIC

THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TOM SAWYER

IN TECHNICOLOR

DIRECTED BY NORMAN TAUROG ★ RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

DANCING LADY ★ DINNER AT EIGHT
Inside the Stars' Homes

By Betty Boone

How the screen's smart sophisticated, Constance Bennett, entertains—told exclusively to us by the star Hollywood hostess herself.

OUT in Holmby Hills, in a French-Normandy house half hidden from the winding boulevard by a tall cedar-wood hedge, lives Constance Bennett. The star supervised the decoration of the house and selected the furniture herself, which may be the reason it is a perfect background for the Bennett beauty.

There are crystal chandeliers, dazzling white walls, immaculate off-white carpets and gold-colored draperies. There is a powder room in black and white that is nearly all mirrors, so that you can stand before the daintily equipped dressing-table and see yourself right-side-up and upside-down, sideways, back, and front! You have to be a Constance Bennett to fully appreciate this strain of your personal appearance.

The largest of the specially woven off-white rugs is in the long gallery that opens through French windows onto the bricked terrace beyond which is the green lawn and the blue tiled swimming pool. In case you have been bewildered by the powder room mirrors, you may receive a settling shock by glancing into one of the twin metal-backed mirrors in the gallery, so old that the reflection is engagingly distorted.

"I picked them up in England," observed my hostess. "They look as if they should have a history, but unfortunately I don't know what it is. You see, it took me three months to find the things I wanted for the house, and sometimes I looked for weeks for a single piece. Again, I'd pick up a lovely thing in five minutes, if I happened on exactly what I liked."

We moved on to the living room, an oblong carpeted in the same special weave, and dominated by a life-size portrait of Constance and her adopted son Peter, painted by Tino Costa. My hostess seated

Posed especially for SCREENLAND is the intimate glimpse of Constance, at top of page, pouring tea for her guests. Above, the hostess entertains.
herself on one of the dainty French sofas facing each other across the hearth opposite the portrait, and the amazing likeness of the unidealized painting was apparent. The girl in the portrait is a definite sort of person, with head held high.

"I don't like monotonies," she observed, "so I didn't do any two rooms alike. I selected the fabrics myself and gave them to the upholsterers with careful instructions. In this room I used apricot velvet for those two chairs, powder blue for those, and that soft green there. The piano is an old one, picked up at an auction, but A. Vic Durando decorated it. He did the valance above the window, too, in the same delicate Chinese figures.

The screen is decorated with pale rose and blue flowers, glittering butterflies, birds and springlike twigs. The murals, five of them, are done in pastels, and make an effective background for the dark shining dining-room furniture, and the elaborate display of 17th Century silverware.

"I like to give dinners. It's my favorite mode of entertaining," commented Constance. "I plan the sort of menu that is perfectly balanced, so that no one feels uncomfortable afterwards because he has eaten too many starches, or has a sensation of hunger because the dishes aren't satisfying.

"I think men prefer foods that are not too dainty and not too difficult to eat. Women are easily pleased, for, in Holly-

(Please turn to page 71)
Salutes and Snubs

HER MAJESTY, GARBO

Here it is! A Salute to the greatest actress the screen has ever known. Long after today's favorites have faded into oblivion, her name will live on—a symbol of screen art. My homage to the queen of them all—Garbo.

Kathryn K. Mastro,
Omaha, Nebr.

HE-MEN AND A HONEY

When you cut the 'society stuff' and get into common everyday English, like Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien, then you get something. And when you talk of cutting a pretty picture, you're mentioning Sonja "Skates" Henie. Sonja may look cool on that ice, but she's hot stuff as a theatre attraction.

Pat Purvis,
Sokane, Wash.

COMPOSITE GLAMOR

For a composite that would capture the beauty of Hollywood beauties, I'd choose:

For Figures: Dorothy Lamour, Joan Crawford, Rosemary Lane, Bette Davis.
For Hair-dress: Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye ("In Old Chicago"), Anita Louise, For Eyes: Virginia Bruce, Dorothy Lamour, Rosalind Russell, Loretta Young. For Clarin: Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Virginia Bruce, Kay Francis. For Style: Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Deanna Durbin, Joan Bennett, Rosemary Lane, Kay Francis.

Bertha Berry,
Detroit, Mich.

"THE LITTLE GUY" IS GREAT

Here's a Salute to Tom Brown, "the little guy" in "Navy Blue and Gold." Tom Brown, young (he's 25) old-timer, lights up as he looks ahead to the bigger opportunities letter writers are asking Hollywood to give him.

can act—and also play mighty good screen football. I have seen him play football in many pictures, and do a good job of it always. How's about a vote to elect Tom for better parts in finer films, Hollywood? Margaret Sterritt
Staunton, Va.

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART, JR.

Here's wishing Deanna Durbin the best o' luck in her newest picture. A swell star, and a girl who is going places. I have seen Deanna in all her pictures and she is, for sure, another America's Sweetheart.

Ernest Ray,
Middleboro, Mass.

HANS AND HENIE

What I wonder is: Why doesn't Hollywood produce "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," with Gene Raymond as Hans and Sonja Henie—of course—as the feminine lead. It would be a beautiful picture, especially if it were done in color;

YOU'RE TELLING HOLLYWOOD!

Your ideas about pictures or picture stars really mean something what you put them on paper and send them to this department—the real voice of the people Hollywood must please, or else. So make up your mind to say what you think, and become a guest store-reporter by sending your thoughts to us in a letter to the Salutes and Snubs columns. All your letters are welcome. Address them to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

S C R E E N L A N D
and both Sonja and Gene would be perfectly cast.
Ruth King,
Cranford, N. J.

CALLING GEORGE RAFT
Many pictures and many stars, but in my opinion none can equal George Raft. So what? So more pictures. It would be like the good old times if George Raft films were more frequent. And I'm hoping that happens.
Stella Siliko,
Chicago, Ill.

OOPS! AN ARGUMENT
I want to give three loud rousing cheers for the most refreshing bit of fun these optics have witnessed in a twelvemonth. Its name is "It's Love I'm After." So bouquets, and don't spare the orchids, to Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Eric Blore, Olivia de Havilland, and Bonita Granville.
N. Miesel,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

When I saw "It's Love I'm After" I was very much disappointed. It's a shame to sacrifice two of drama's close friends, Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, to such farce. What could Warner Brothers have been thinking of when they made that picture?
Laurence Wiggin,
Tilton, N. H.

GLAD YOU LIKED IT
Screenland deserves a vote of thanks for the article on the MacDonald-Eddy "Feud." Personally I couldn't believe that two such grand people as these stars would stoop to anything so paltry.
Katharine Smith,
Reading, Pa.

FRANKIE DARRO CHAMPION
Frankie Darro's performances in such pictures as "The Mayor of Hell," "Wild Boys of the Road" and "Three Kids and a Queen" will linger long in my memory. What an actor, that boy! Yet in "Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" Frankie's talents were shunted into the background, and the spotlight was on Mickey Rooney. Mickey is good, but that's no reason to subordinate Frankie Darro.
Elbie Robertson,
Hartford, Conn.

'RAY FOR THE McCREAS
Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea happen to be my favorite actor and actress. Joel is natural in every part he plays; an actor who can put over a character and not make a great fuss about it. His beautiful wife, Frances Dee, is one of the screen's most charming actresses.
Everett M. Shinn,
Huntington Park, Calif.

HOW MANY WILL AGREE?
I think many girls will agree with me that Edward Everett Horton is no longer the type to play the lover, especially opposite a young girl as in "Oh, Doctor." He is a good actor, but leave out the Romeo part, unless the Juliet is an older woman.
Betty Nelson,
White Plains, N. Y.

LA ANNABELLA
Here's a toast to one of the best actresses on the screen—Annabella. This charming girl has something entirely different and refreshing about her: personality, life, beauty and the ability to act—all of which I have seen delightfully demonstrated in her pictures from England and France.
Pauline McDougall,
Ottawa, Canada

Let one of these 10 new face powder colors bring out the dancing light in your eyes—breathe new life, new radiance into your skin!

How often have you admired the girl who can "put herself across" on every occasion...win more than her share of dates and attention? In every group there seems to be one whose luck is unlimited... I know, because I've seen it happen... Why not be that lucky type yourself? Why not win new confidence, new poise and a more radiant personality? But to do all this, and more, you must find your one and only lucky color. That's why I want you to try all ten of my glorifying new face powder shades...so you will find the one that can "do things" for you.

For one certain color can breathe new life, new mystery into your skin...give it flattering freshness... make it vibrant, alive! Another color that looks almost the same in the box, may fail you horribly when you put it on.

Find your one and only color!

I want you to see with your own eyes how your lucky color can bring out your best points—help bring you your full measure of success. That's why I offer to send you all ten of Lady Esther's flattering face powder shades free and postpaid. They are our gift to you.

When they arrive, be sure to try all ten colors. The very one you might think least flattering may be the only color that can unveil the dancing light in your hair and eyes... the one shade that can make your heart sing with happiness. That's why I hope you will send me the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 60th Street, Chicago, Illinois
I want to find my "lucky" shade of face powder. Please send me your 10 new shades free and postpaid, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name________________________
Address______________________
City__________________________ State__________
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
He's so perfectly proper . . . !
She's so properly furious . . . !

YOU'LL BE SO DELIGHTED . . . THEY'RE PERFECTLY DELIGHTFUL TOGETHER!
What do you think happens? . . .
when a butler with un-butler-like ambitions serves a lady who thinks he isn't entitled to . . . ambitions!

Bill at his debonair best . . .
and the girl whose breathtaking beauty and dramatic fire you merely glimpsed in “Wings of the Morning” . . .
now, in her first American-made picture, the most gloriously exciting personality ever to grace the screen!

WILLIAM POWELL and ANNABELLA in “The BARONESS and the BUTLER”
A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
HELEN WESTLEY • HENRY STEPHENSON
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT • NIGEL BRUCE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG • LYNN BARI
Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer: Raymond Griffith • Screen Play
by Sam Hellman, Lamar Trotti and Kathryn Scola
Based on a play by Ladislaus Bus-Fekete
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production.

The year’s gayest and brightest romantic-comedy sensation!
DEAR LOUISE:

Here’s a cheer for the best sport in pictures.

Now don’t look all around Hollywood to see who I mean. Just glance into your mirror—for once. (You don’t do that very often, thereby proving yourself the most unique actress in movies.) You’ll find yourself face to face with the best sport, one of the finest troupers, and the queen of common sense in cinema circles. And of course you won’t believe it.

After years of watching movie stars rising, falling, skipping and skidding and losing balance generally, I have come to the conclusion that you are the one and only Hollywood player to have kept, through those years, your equilibrium, your sense of humor, and your job—all at once. Mary Pickford has maintained the first two, but not the last. Gorgeous Gloria Swanson—let’s skip it. Others, who started with you when the screen was young, are too sad stories even to think about. You, though, have kept your chin up in the face of custard pies, talking pictures, and glamorous cycles; since the old Mack Sennett days you’ve been the Patsy of pictures, the butt of slapsticks, the target for tomatoes, the recipient of rude raspberries—and you’ve never lost a laugh or a friend. What other screen personage can match that record?

And today—you’re thrilled at playing the part of a lady blacksmith in “Swing Your Lady.” Now the role of a lady blacksmith is not every woman’s idea of fun. But it seems to be yours. How you wanted that part! All through the casting of the picture you listened wistfully to the plans for it—for you happen to be married to an important executive at the studio which produced it. But ask for it? Oh, no. Hope for it? That was different. And when you got it you were happier than a new ingenue from Broadway at being cast as Cleopatra complete with a new set of over-size eyelashes and everything.

What started as one of those “Class B” pictures sneaked up into the hit class and you found yourself newly famous and sought-after and on a personal appearance tour. The fact that your naturally attractive personality was submerged in the brawn and boisterousness of that hefty part didn’t bother you at all. You learned to take comedy falls in the old days and you’ve never forgotten. Now on these personal appearances you are facing many picture-goers who don’t remember farther back than the first talkie; but they know what they like and it’s still Fazenda. Perhaps it’s because after years of success in the world’s most luxurious artistic city you are still down-to-earth. Instead of a mansion you live on a ranch. You’re married to a producer—but you still take tests for a part. Your great admiration is still for troupers like Allen Jenkins and Frank McHugh. In a city of illusion, you’re still real. And when you’re asked by big-city reporters, “To what do you attribute your years of continuous success on the screen?” you reply humbly, “I’m just lucky.” Long may you wrestle.

Delight Evans

Louise Fazenda is news again, since her hit in “Swing Your Lady” — that's Louise wrestling with Nat Pendleton in scene at far left. Top, the real Fazenda. Left, remember Louise as the Patsy of the old Mack Sennett comedies?
Unpredictable Hollywood meets its match in a girl whose untamed spirit flames into a halo of glamor. Beginning a new serial that captures the feverish excitement and violent contrasts of life behind studio walls.
By Frederick Stowers

PART I

THE small, black haired, dark skinned electrician was seated in the Barrett chair, eating his lunch. An unemotional, matter-of-fact fellow, he barely glanced up as Marcia Court entered the stage. This was little less than human.

Even in a business where a beautiful woman is no novelty Marcia rated considerably more than a casual look. She was a brassy blonde with an excellent figure. But instead of having womanly grace and the charm of culture, her movements were feline, like the aggressive tread of a bold, predatory animal. She somehow conveyed the same menace and defiance with her body that she did with her features.

Marcia wasn’t exactly beautiful along conventional lines, perhaps, but she was as subtly alluring as a Venetian blind, and there was a strange fascination in watching her long lidded, ice blue eyes, incredibly cold, her sullen mouth with its drooping corners, and the defiant set of her well shaped head as she let her faintly contemptuous glance wander over the set.

This motion picture set consisted of a grand staircase which rose majestically from the center of the stage in a long sweep of stairs to a landing fifteen feet above. On either side of the landing was an angled archway, these archways presumably leading to an upper floor.

At the landing, on the backing wall, there was a huge mirror, on either side of which were marble pedestals with matched vases filled with roses. At the upper landing the stairs were ten feet in width. As they descended they broadened out, following the ever widening fan of the double balustrades, ending at stage level with two large newels, each newel surmounted with a bronze statuette. The newels were spaced twenty feet apart.

This staircase set was the kind for which the motion picture studios were famous, and down which all stars fondly made an entrance in at least one picture at some time or another. The set was dressed and ready to shoot, in that it had been swept clean and the staircase and stage were free from any obstruction. A sound camera was set up and sun arcs and broads were already focused on the stairway, but were not now lighted. The stage was dark with the exception of a single utility lamp—a two hundred watt globe mounted atop an eight foot upright pipe, which was imbedded in (Please turn to page 94)
SCREENLAND

When million dollar movie stars act like babies, it means they've gone game-mad. Come along to topflight parties with our Snoop and see what goes on.

By The Snoop
(Otherwise Liza)

Snoop Says: Hollywood is in its Second Childhood!

Stars even play The Game between scenes at the studios. Here's Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., left, acting out "What light through yonder window breaks?" while Irene Dunne, director Tay Garnett, and playwright Allan Scott try to guess, on the set of "Joy of Loving." Below, Joan Blondell is acting "Give me liberty or give me death" while Ruth Puresley, Joan's pal, sister Gloria Blondell, and Moret Windheim look on.

BEING a collector of sorts—and I have collected quite a few things in my life besides dust—I once went in for collecting old phonograph records from second-hand stores. Among my graphophonia was a little number called "When Grown Up Ladies Act Like Babies" which I picked up in the Bronx and which had a gay lilting tune with such sly innuendo that I am certain it must have been considered very naughty in its day. I used to play it by the hour for anyone who would drop in for a snort of bath-tub gin with an orange juice chaser.

Now I hadn't thought of my little pet, which was eventually crushed by a guest who sat down too quickly, for years, until one night last winter I walked into the rather formal Bel-Air home of Edith and Bill Goetz—he's a top-flight production executive—and saw very nicely dressed and seemingly intelligent people screaming and making faces at other people who were assuming the most amazing postures. To my utter bafflement I saw Claudette Colbert sucking her thumb greedily as she swayed from side to side, Kay Francis growing from under the piano, Marlene Dietrich all unmindful of her fané and her emeralds crawling on her stomach, and
dignified Norma Shearer galloping about on an imaginary horse and grinning like a prize idiot.

"Have they gone nuts?" I asked. "Yes—and no," said Gary Cooper. "They're playing 'The Game.'" (I later discovered that Claudette was doing "On the good ship Lollypop," Kay Francis was acting out "Androcles and the Lion," and Marlene Dietrich was giving her all to "The early bird catches the worm," while Norma Shearer acted with fervor "Buck Benny rides again.")

Well, when I saw these adult movie stars cutting up capers like kiddies from the kindergarten I immediately grabbed "When Grown Up Ladies Act Like Babies" off one of the many vacant shelves of what I optimistically call my mind and presented it as the theme song of Game-Mad Hollywood. I'm sure Mr. Cole Porter couldn't do better.

Hollywood hasn't been so cute and childish since Mary Pickford tossed her pretty curls right in America's face. And that was a long time ago. Since then Hollywood has grown up and pottered about in such adult things as societies for pro-this and anti-that, guilds and strikes, Gaugin and Schiaparelli and Ballet Russe. But the softening, it seems, has set in, and

Hollywood today is definitely in the throes of its second childhood. And what a Baby Snooks it is!

"The Game" is the cause of it all. Out of the East it came shagging last winter, close on the heels of "The Big Apple," and since then there has been no rest for the weary, and nothing but sheer torture for the shy. Now you'd think, wouldn't you, that movie stars who have to act from nine to six every day at the studio in front of a camera would be pretty fed up with acting by the time the day's work is over, and would be perfectly content to swallow a spoonful of puree of spinach and fall into bed. That used to be the case, but no longer. Now they can hardly wait to get home, take their make-up off, and start acting all over again for that cursed "Game." In fact directors are complaining bitterly that their stars take far more interest in their acting in the Countess di Frasso's drawing-room than they do on Stage 9.

Time was when I rather looked forward to a dinner in a star's home, a leisurely, lovely dinner with nothing more upsetting than the usual clash over whether Miriam Hopkins or Katharine Hepburn should play Scarlett O'Hara, followed by a gentle game of bridge or ping pong, or if worst comes to worst, conversation. And home in bed by twelve. But, alas, that was ante-"Game" days. Apostles of "The Game" think nothing of staying up until five in the morning. And rare indeed is the evening, or rather morning, that I leave on speaking terms with anyone in the party—and certainly not with the star who has branded my unique type of acting as "lousy." Well then, how would you do "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lennox"?

If you are planning a trip to Hollywood any time soon I advise you to get a general idea of "The Game," else you'll be the Alice Adams of Beverly Hills. In case you have lived a sheltered life and never had the Spanish Inquisition thrust down your throat, "The Game" goes something like this, though of course the rules change with the various groups of players. Two or more teams are chosen, which may be composed of from three to ten people each, and each team has a captain whose chief duty it is to give out the (Please turn to page 77)
Accents come with the imported glamor every Hollywood studio now boasts. We give you graphic glimpses of stars who add exotic color to filmdom's cosmopolitan complexion

**ENGLISH**

**Broken Here!**

By Linn Lambert

**BEING** a quaint Bostonian, with what was fondly believed to be a fairly adequate vocabulary, doesn't qualify one to be a magazine writer in Hollywood any more. One must now speak all languages, including the Scandinavian and double-talk, to cope with the influx of foreign talent, which is keeping Hollywood in that w.k. state of flux. Not being too bright to begin with, and having lost what little perspective I had, from living too close to Hollywood Boulevard, the Situation had to creep up on me and come right into my parlor, before I discovered that the Cinema had gone Continental.

When I found myself frantically dialling for a friend who spoke Czech, in order to make an impromptu cocktail party more comfortable for my guests, came the Realization that perhaps there was some significance to something. Then, when I began to hear people at cozy neighborhood snack bars pondering why all gin-slings over the third were not on the house as they were at Raffles', I became curious as to the reason behind this immigration de-luxe. After much cogitation, I herewith submit my findings:

European plan: We have Luhi Deste, commonly called "Dynamite Deste," because she likes to use her days off to dynamite trees and stuff on her ranch. A Viennese Venus who "Married An
that Gaal girl, and about as individualistic as they come.

By now, you must know that Universal's mite for the movies mélange is Danielle Darrieux. If you don't, you've been living on one of those Outer Islands. For her pictures are everywhere, and in each one she looks different. She has the most mobile and photogenic face these prying eyes have ever seen. Small mouth and usual eyes one moment. Large, gamine mouth and wide-open doll's eyes the next. She believes her eyes are not attractive, and insists upon making them up herself, but I don't think you'll agreee with her. Beauty, brains and success in her chosen field, has our Danielle. Very much in love with her writer-husband, Monsieur Decoin, she is utterly content with her simple California routine. Plunge in the pool, breakfast, walk in the hills with her husband; luncheon, English lesson, and perhaps to the studio for tests. She appreciates all she has, wherein she's very smart. Takes her work seriously but without fuss. Is very business-like at the studio. While a bit self-conscious about her English in casual conversation, when she's before the camera she's letter perfect, with no effort. When she's through, she shrugs her shoulders, implying "That's That," and goes on home. Lovely legs. Wears boy's bicycling suits around the house. Knickers and fitted jacket, with brightly colored jerseys underneath. For comfort only. And there's no pretense about it, for she wears plain brown 98½ sneakers and no socks.

Fernand Gravet is the Warner Wow. Boyish, sophisticated, thoroughly charming. Working in "Fool's For Scandal" with Lombard, and I mean working, he constantly studied his script when not actually in a scene. Joined Carole in her pranks occasionally, but his heart wasn't in it. You'll read it many times, but it is none the less true that his rôle in "The King and the Chorus Girl" is very typical of the real Gravet.

M. G. M. has so many imports that they fill a hotel.
But literally. They keep them in a hotel in Culver City (and a hotel that many of you readers would disdain), where they live anything but gloriously. First off, they are given a six-weeks layoff, just for nothing. Then when they start working, they are given about a hundred a week.

So far, only two have emerged—Rose Stradner and Ilona Massay. Hedy LeMarr (Keisler), has joined this group, but no one knows just what will happen to this really attractive girl. She has very odd eyes; the smudgy kind. Goes about quietly, trying not to be noticed. One feels sorry for her. The exotic Tilly Losch also calls M. G. M. her home.

Ilona Massay is another variation on the Cinderella theme. Born in Budapest of Hungarian parents, her only equipment for life, beside her beauty, was her ability to "sew a fine seam," and any man in the street will tell you that never got a girl very far. As she bowed her blonde head over her work, however, she dreamed the age-old dream, and saw herself as a glittering opera-singer, acclaimed by the world. For a while the obstacles to this shining goal seemed insurmountable, but she finally succeeded in gaining a toe-hold in the chorus. However, supporting her parents on the meager twelve dollars a month did not leave much time nor energy for those roseate dreams.

It was especially discouraging when the manager, after hearing her sing once, cautioned her to keep quiet thereafter if she wished to keep her fine job in the chorus. But she was a good little girl and kept up her lessons, and finally Fate Stepped In, aided by a little gumption on Ilona's part. She up and went to Vienna, and was eventually given unimportant roles in one of the smaller theatres there, and doubled as the understudy to the leading lady. Came the fateful night when the poor leading lady just couldn't make it, and of course the manager of the Vienna State Opera House was in the audience. From there on, it was a cinch. Even the night Ilona made her début as an opera-singer couldn't have been staged better with the aid of pumpkins, for Benjamin Thau of M. G. M. was in the audience. Signed, sealed, and delivered to Hollywood, and by now you've probably seen her fragile blonde beauty in "Rosalie" with Nelson Eddy.

The other M. G. M. comer, had a bit of a start on Ilona, geographically speaking, in that she got to Vienna the easy way—she was born there. But it evens up, on account of Rose didn't assert herself until she was nineteen. Then she went directly to the Head Man, Max Reinhardt, and asked for an audition. Then came a Five-Year Plan of plain, unadulterated hard work, during which time her great versatility was displayed, appearing as she did in a variety of important stage plays. Those busy motion picture talent scouts finally caught up with her, and M. G. M. signed her immediately, after seeing her portraits. Her first rôle in Hollywood must have taken a bit of hasty readjustment, as right away she had to play cops in rol-

(Please turn to page 72)
The Rise of
REGAN

He let Hollywood guess wrong about him! Now he's a success, and still a happy husband and a proud father

By Whitney Williams

"W"e're teaching our children, my wife and I, that it's only through luck that we're even in California—and that their father is on the screen, at all."

No, it's no sage philosopher speaking. Phil Regan was telling how he felt about the success he's scored recently, in such films as "The Hit Parade" and "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round." And how he and his wife are taking it.

"We don't live in Hollywood, so a good many of our neighbors don't even know I'm in pictures. We're trying to impress on the kids they're no different from any others, whose fathers might be bookkeepers or insurance salesmen. If we can stress that fact sufficiently, so that they'll grow up with no enlarged opinion of their own importance—all the kids at school, of course, know they're the sons and daughters of a movie actor—we figure we've done our part and accomplished a victory."

In certain respects, Phil Regan is the most un-Hollywood person ever to arrive in the film capital. There are other actors—plenty of 'em—whom you'd never take to be world-famous celebrities when you meet them, but this young singing star, father of four by the time he was twenty-four, is in a class by himself. His viewpoint is somewhat unique in the world's most glamorous city.

If you remember your news, you'll recall that it wasn't so long ago that Hollywood learned Phil Regan was married—far less the father of two sons and as many daughters. His name had been linked romantically with this cinema-lovely and that, he had been regarded one of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelors—and it was a jarring shock when the story finally broke that this good-looking singer, whose voice carried an appeal most women found irresistible, had been happily wed for nearly fourteen years!

It was through no machination or design of Phil's, though, that the world failed to know he was a loving husband and parent. Phil is partic- (Please turn to page 74)
SEX! It's all goulash!

"Right! Sex never made a picture!"

"No sex, no picture!—get me?"

"Sex is a wash-out!—it isn't even hereditary any longer."

"It's big box-office, always, I tell you!"

And so the storm raged over the long table in the dining-room of the Park avenue penthouse of our hostess,

Is Sex Slipping

Daring deductions on burning question, by noted author! Do you agree?

By Benjamin DeCasseres

a scenario writer. She was entertaining a group of directors, picture actors, actresses and critics.

They had all come East simultaneously, as it were, to go on location on 52nd Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. The critics were, as usual, listening and drinking. Champagne was being served. Cocktails and a still white wine had preceded. So the question had now settled itself down to: "Is the sex-stuff losing its grip in pictures, or isn't it?—and why not?"

"It's all over-estimated, I tell you," howled a director whose shirt was about to part with a gold shirt-button. "The greatest box-office pullers have not depended on the sex angle to get over."

"Show us," demanded a handsome new female star. "In the old days," said the director, lifting his glass for the fourth filling, "there were 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' and 'Humoresque,' for instance."

"And Charlie Chaplin, and Doug and Mary—they didn't play to sex at all," broke in an art director, who had just returned from a little interior decorating in Leon and Eddie's.
"Well, today," continued the director, while the hostess gave orders for more iced fire-buckets, "we have, off-hand, such pictures as 'Captains Courageous,' 'The Life of Emile Zola,' 'The Informer,' 'Dr. Pasteur,' 'The House of Rothschild,' 'The Good Earth'—where sex appeal is almost nil.

"Why do you say nil when you mean nerts?" asked a "gentleman friend" of the hostess, whom I put down as a Santa Barbara saloonkeeper.

This somehow set all tongues wagging at once. General bombardment, out of which I picked up on my high-powered mental antennae the following:

"You tell me that Wallace Beery has male It!—you sap!"

"How do you explain that two of the biggest, Janet Gaynor and Bette Davis, do not succeed on sex-appeal? Ha!"

"Yeah? But what of Claudette Colbert—those Mediterranean eyes! Storms and smiles always brewing on her lips! Lure, promise, moonlight and pretzels!"

"Purple mush!"

"Take the war pictures—sex doesn't put them over."

"Pat O'Brien draws the women?—oh, megol!"

"Dietrich! Dietrich!—you tell me she isn't the whole show? I say she is. She's It deluxe. Forehead of Minerva (yep, fill it up again), chiseled by Rodin, somn-o-somnoloently beautiful—get me? Reticent, Garden of Eden stuff—"

"Then there's D.S.M."

"Whaz that?"

"Destructive sex magnetism. Dangerous but big box office. It killed Barbara La Mar, Wally Reid and Rudy Valentino. They awakened terrific sex vibrations that returned to them multiplied a million-fold. They were literally consumed by their men and women adorers."

"Bah! you're getting goofy. But who's got any of that D. S. M., as you call it, today?"

"I wouldn't dare say. But there are some."

"You don't mean Edna May Oliver?"

"Edna is one of the finest and most wholesome actresses on the screen. I won't hear her joked about."

"Pardon me. Well, where do you place Edward Everett Horton—any D. S. M. there?"

"Miriam Hopkins—beautiful blonde orchid—"

"There's no sex appeal in Micky Mouse and the Silly Symphonies—look how they get over!"

"Critics? their organ of criticism is in their stomachs. The great motion picture critic does not yet live."

"What d'ye mean by sex appeal, anyhow?"

"Juliet, Isolde, Cleopatra, Carmen, Thais and Wally Beery, you cluck."

Our hostess: "Bring some more iced fire-buckets, James."

Fred Astaire had so little sex appeal that one company turned him down. Well, (Please turn to page 70)
"Do you know what I miss the most in Hollywood? Snörgasbord and snow!"

Garbo gave her low deep laugh and looked round at the icy Swedish landscape, her golden head bare in the bitter wind, her sea-blue eyes sparkling with happiness. Slender as one of the frosted birches she stood there like a triumphant Northern princess in her black cloth coat, severely tailored without any touch of fur, a white silk scarf swathed carelessly round her throat. In her arms she held the great sheaf of flowers presented to her by the Captain of the "Gripsholm" before she left his ship to tread on her native soil again.

When Garbo goes home she is always treated as the truly great lady she is and she answers with gracious charm. She travelled as "Mr. Jonas Emerson" but a message of welcome and polite courtesy to the stateroom brought her out to smilingly acknowledge her identity and talk to reporters and pose for photographers without hesitation. Gaily and courteously she answered the hail of questions—this lovely star whom Hollywood finds so shy and secretive?

"No, of course there is no Mr. Emerson. Please do not credit me with still another romance. I assure you I am not going to marry anybody at present. Do I think that marriage and film work can be successfully combined? I have never considered it but I imagine it would depend entirely on the person one marry. No, I am not going to make a film in Europe. I have come for a holiday and to see my family, nothing else. Yes, I would probably act in a Swedish film if I ceased working in America but that will not be yet a while. Yes, I have seen many of the English films and I think the historical ones are by far the best. 'Rembrandt' and 'Fire Over England' were excellent. Flora Robson was magnificent as old Queen Elizabeth. I would have been very proud to give such a performance myself. No, I am not going to play Joan of Arc. Has that silly story got to Europe too? It is so idiotic!

"I am tired of period pictures and I want to do something modern now. My next film is to be a comedy, as I expect you know. Will I be allowed to keep my lover in it? Certainly I am hoping so! Don't you think it is high time they let me end a picture happily with a kiss? I do. I seem to have lost so many attractive men in the final scenes!"

It was nearly an hour later when Garbo took smiling farewell and entered the train at Gothenburg docks for the last stage of her long journey to her country home at Haarby near Stockholm. This is the first time Garbo has seen it though she sent the money from California so that her mother and brother could buy the little Swedish manor-house set in its farmlands and groves of larches, birches, firs, and summer poplars. It is typical of the land, a low cream-walled house with its wooden shutters and pointed roof gables picked out with touches of glowing color, green and scarlet and turquoise blue. When Garbo came home the snow-covered drive from the road to the arching door was illuminated by dozens of torches and the curtains of every window were drawn back so that the lamps could shine brightly out.
First exclusive glimpse of Greta as she loafs and plays on vacation in her native land

By Hettie Grimstead

Mrs. Gustafsson arranged that traditional Swedish welcome for her daughter. She is very like Greta herself, tall and straight and strong, habitually serious yet with an under vein of bubbling humor, and tremendously hard-working. Both are characteristic of their stately country where winter lasts from November till May and so slows down the tempo of daily life to a quiet pace incredible to those who have never experienced it.

Born to this almost Arctic weather, Garbo finds it natural. Early in the morning she goes out with her farmer brother in thick leather blouse over two of the patterned woolen sweaters her mother has knitted for her, with heavy trousers and the stout nailed boots so necessary to tread the frozen ground. She visits the cows deep in their heated shippens and looks at the pigs in their tiled quarters and tramps across the wood where the servant girl is gathering fallen branches for the stove. The sun shines strongly and the air is like iced champagne.

For the midday meal Mrs. Gustafsson prepares the smorgasbord her daughter misses in California, dishes containing every kind of delicious hors d'oeuvre with the largest one of smoked herring, for Greta adores those. Often the main course is the broiled ham she also likes and then there is rye bread and cheese made from goats milk. They all drink lager beer, always leaving a little in the tall glasses to insure continued prosperity for the household.

Garbo's home is simply furnished in the national manner with light birchwood chairs and tables, striped linens and vivid pottery and elaborately patterned woolen rugs. The big kitchen is the family room where meals are eaten and sewing done—Garbo herself can embroider exquisitely. The parlor has a couple of rocking chairs and some high-backed couches and a sideboard from which afternoon coffee is served when visitors call.

Garbo's own room is plain and bare, her narrow bed of painted wood with a chest to match and long cupboards for her clothes. She has a shelf of favorite books and a growing plant in a bowl (Please turn to page 80)
Joan,
Dick
& Co.

It was last September, and a Thursday night, and Dick Powell and his little bride of a year were tearing into a frugal meal on the kitchen table in the Powell Beverly Hills mansion. Cook's night out and every star in town was at the Trocadero guzzling filet mignons and dancing the Big Apple—but not the Powells, they were in the midst of a "recession." Once a month the Powells are struck by an economy wave, which no one takes seriously except themselves, and which invariably winds up in a magnificent splurge. The last recession came to an abrupt end when Dick bought a sixty-five foot yacht, and the time before that it was a new silver fox cape for Joan with so many foxes that it had to be thinned out before you could find Joan. The recession was over once more and the Powells were just about to step out for a gay evening when the telephone started ringing. First it was Walter Winchell who wanted to know if it was true that they were going to have a baby. "No," said Joan. Then Lonella Parsons called. "No," said Joan. Then came calls in quick succession from every columnist and air commentator in town. "No," said Joan. "But what's it all about?" said Dick frankly amazed.

from hunger! It's a man's world—
it's—"

"Oh, my wonderful little wife! You did all that for me! Honey, you go right upstairs and put on your best clothes and we'll go to the Trocadero and simply stuff ourselves with squab."

The "recession" was over once more and the Powells were just about to step out for a gay evening when the telephone started ringing. First it was Walter Winchell who wanted to know if it was true that they were going to have a baby. "No," said Joan. Then Lonella Parsons called. "No," said Joan. Then came calls in quick succession from every columnist and air commentator in town. "No," said Joan. "But what's it all about?" said Dick frankly amazed.

They didn't have to wonder long for in the midst of all the excitement
First and only exclusive family interview with Papa Dick and Mama Joan Powell, who "tell all" in their own gay way. (With asides by son Normie.)

By Elizabeth Wilson

"But Joanie," said Dick several hours later when peace and quiet had returned to Beverly Hills, "we ought not to let Normie down. If he says it's so, it ought to be so, don't you think?" And Joan didn't say, "No." After all, you can't make a fibber out of your own son.

So comes June Dick Powell will become a real bona fide Papa. Legally, he is already a father for in January he adopted the irresistible Normie. "When I do things," said Dick with a grin, "I believe in doing them well. When I become a family man, I believe in having a family." If the Powell offspring is a girl it will be named Patricia Powell because Joan likes the name Patricia, and if it is a boy it will be named David Blondell Powell, after the famous minstrel who in the time of Richard the Lion-Hearted starred the Blondells on their song-and-dance career.

The sporting Powells claim that they don't really care whether it's a boy or a girl. "Either—or both—will make me the happiest man in the world," said Dick. "Will you be disappointed if it's a girl?" someone asked Joan. "Not at all," said Joan, "I'll just have to read another chapter in 'What Every Parent Should Know.'" Normie, however, expressed it the sweetest. When Joan asked him if he'd rather the new baby be a little sister or a little brother he quickly said, "Any-thing that's real."

For a month or six weeks after that Normie said no more about the expected addition to the family and his parents decided that in his busy life of going to school, delivering ice, dissecting the Streamline Limited and calling on Sandra Burns he had completely forgotten about the baby. So imagine Joan's surprise one morning when he walked into her dressing-room where she was putting on make-up for her role of an imperfect wife in Columbia's "There's Always A Woman" and without any preliminaries demanded, rather breathlessly, "Where are you going to get the baby? Who's going to make it? Is my baby sister or baby brother coming in an automobile or a truck?"

"I couldn't think of a thing to say," confessed Joan. "So I just pretended that I had gotten mascara into my eye and rushed into the bathroom where I keep all seven volumes of 'What Every Parent Should Know.' But I couldn't find the answer to Normie's question any place. I'll just hide out for a while, I thought, and he'll go back to his room to play."

But not Mr. Norman Powell. (Continued on page 88)
Where would Hollywood be without the creative genius of these Napoleons of the movie set? Lubitsch gets what he wants, even if it's a humorous scene in which Gary Cooper spanks glamorous Colbert, as shown in center above. And, above, Merlyn LeRoy, telling Carole Lombard how he wants a scene played. Left, George Cukor, who told Robert Taylor, no less, how to make love to Garbo. Below — Cecil B. DeMille (they call him the Star Maker) and Franciska Goal.

GEORGE CUKOR won't mind it now. Perhaps he wouldn't have minded then, even before his name was associated with some of the screen's biggest hits. He was speaking for publication then, speaking out of experience gleaned in years of directing for stage as well as screen. It's no use getting people into trouble needlessly, so I didn't print what he had to say about some of his stars.

He was talking of temperament, and of the reasons why he was usually handed assignments avoided by other directors. He got along with temperamental stars, with the ones no one else wanted to direct, he declared, and the reason was simple. He expected them to be disagreeable. He was prepared for explosions and tantrums. He would have been surprised if there had been none. Therefore neither he nor his actors were at all dismayed.

Cukor is one of those directors who prove all over again what every newspaperman knows, that few stars are glamorous in real life, that the directors are the ones who make good copy. And it was Cukor whose remarks explain some of this. A well brought up person, especially a young girl carefully educated, seldom becomes anything of an actress, he insisted. She is taught to control her nerves. She disciplines her emotions. She suffers rather than cause a scene.

This director prefers them out of the gutter! Frankly and cheerfully he'll admit this. The guttersnipe, to paraphrase his much more forceful and quite unprintable term, does not hesitate to scream and stamp her foot.
Strictly personal opinions of the men behind the megaphones. They make the films; stars do their bidding. They know, and can explain the glamor game

By Eileen Creelman

Angered, she will throw a lamp or scratch a rival’s face. She doesn’t hesitate too long about an embrace. This makes for emotion and pliability in acting, according to one director anyway, as well for nervous tension in real life.

All this is a little tough on their interviewer. The nicer the actor, the more difficult to write about him. Irene Dunne, intelligent and friendly, hates to talk about herself. She gets slightly embarrassed, tries to be non-committal about everything. She is cautious about saying anything that might be thought a criticism of anyone else. George Cukor, if he ever directed Irene Dunne, might change his opinion about actresses.

The directors are easier. They don’t have to pose like movie heroes, trying to keep up the glamor their press agents have told them about. They don’t, like Marlene Dietrich, float along through an interview with no response except a languid yes or no. They don’t, like Joan Crawford, watch fearfully to see if the next question may be embarrassing or burst into tears of gratitude because the interviewer has avoided topics too personal for comfort.

But there is plenty of temperament among the directors. There’s little Willy Wyler, who made “These Three” and “Dead End” for Sam Goldwyn, and says he gets along with that amazing producer because he can yell just as loud as Goldwyn. He seems like a gentle fellow until he gets to work. Then he’ll fight as hard as Cagney himself for an idea.

Wyler is called William now, officially at least, although Willy was his real name when he came over from Alsace-Lorraine. He was (Please turn to page 84)
MENTION fishing or golf to Kenny Baker and immediately he is your pal—that is, if you know anything about these sports. Evince a genuine interest in them and he’s just as likely to miss a broadcast as not. It’s like a phobia, only more fun. You know, only mildly dangerous.

“Now, you take this one for instance,” says Kenny, holding up a brilliant bit of feathers and silk thread. “That’s a Royal Coachman.”

“Oh.”

“Yeh. And this one here is a Brown Hackle. I had marvellous luck with him last season. Caught the limit darned near every time I went out.”

“With that—Brown Heckler?” I didn’t have nerve enough to confess that my Ike Walton proclivities had been confined to dangling an angle worm in the water on a bent pin. Young Mr. Baker gave me a look in which reproach and pity were nicely mingled. “Hackle,” he corrected me. “Sure, you never can tell what a trout will bite on. One day it will be a Royal Coachman and the next morning they’ll turn up their noses at anything but, say, a Dusty Miller.”

“Well, I finally gathered that Kenny was expounding his theories on trout flies, but, as I didn’t know the difference between a Dusty Coachman and a Royal Hackle, I felt a little nonplussed. But I learned. That’s the way these interviews go. You start out by trying to piece together (Please turn to page 82)
Fifteen—and Famous!

Little girl with golden voice grows up—gracefully! Deanna Durbin celebrates by making her most ambitious picture.
Not so long ago a struggling actor among many on Broadway—today, prosperous motion picture star with a fine home in Beverly Hills! This is Tyrone Power's success story, one of Hollywood's most heart-warming sagas. Left, the lad and his house. Below, "Ty" with "Pickle," his pet.

A Home Of His Own!
When he has time, he likes to answer an occasional fan letter, at his own desk. Far right, Tyrone in his living-room, looking at his favorite water color of an old sailing ship. Below, your pictorial host at his own front door. Typical of Tyrone to prefer a comfortable, conservative white house of New England ancestry to a Spanish palace complete with swimming-pool!

*Photographs by Gene Kornman 20th Century-Fox*

Tyrone Power’s screen success makes him proud host in this Beverly Hills home, of which we show you the first, exclusive pictures made of the star in his manor.

Hollywood’s new Number One Bachelor, Tyrone, swank a bit. But he likes small, informal dinners, and he still enjoys lighting his own tapers and playing practical host. Left, we don’t know how many times he makes his own ice, but we do know his devoted servants got a kick out of being photographed with him! Extreme left, on opposite page, the grandfather’s sock which Tyrone inherited from his famed actor-father.
To begin almost at the very beginning: directly above, Lola, eldest of the Lane sisters, when she was five months old. Top left, Priscilla, the baby, at the age of nine months. At far right, Mrs. Cora Lane with Rosemary at the tender age of six months. Above right, Rosemary today.

The Lane Sisters' Success Story Told in Pictures

Lola, Rosemary, and Priscilla—and how they grew up to be Hollywood stars
As the Lane sisters grew up, Lola, shown close-up above center, went to Hollywood. Rosemary and Priscilla, top left, joined Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians in the summer of 1933. They played the New York Palace with Fred—see them with him, top above. And directly above, Rosemary and Priscilla, on their way to success, pose prettily in their second year as soloists with the Waring band.

What's this? Real or studio romance? Anyway, Priscilla Lane, at right, plays opposite Wayne Morris in "Love, Honor, and Behave." At far right, the amazing doubles, Lola and Rosemary, in "Hollywood Hotel." Lola was the first of the Lane sisters in pictures. At right center above, Priscilla and Rosemary watch as their movie contract is signed by Hal Wallis.
Women, women! Cooper can't get away from 'em—in pictures. Claudette Colbert is his latest movie love, and despite the fact that the whole world knows that Gary is a devoted husband and father in real life, the ladies of the land will besiege the box-offices to watch the Cooper-Colbert team sizzle on the screen.

He's a tall, rangy, reserved chap, who has the healthy male American disdain for fancy romance. Yet Gary Cooper, paradoxically enough, is feminine America's supreme selection as screen lover! He shares with Shirley Temple the highest movie theatre box-office rating in the land. You'll see him soon opposite Claudette Colbert in Ernst Lubitsch's gay, sophisticated comedy romance, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"—there's a typical scene above, and a lovely new portrait of Claudette at top left. And oh, yes—the other lady in Gary's current cinematic career is the newcomer, Sigrid Gurie, left, with him in "Marco Polo."
Quick, the Candid Camera!

Oberon Works!

There's more to her career than acting for the cameras, as Merle Oberon illustrates when she entertains important visitors, left above, on the set—Jack Wilson, Noel Coward's manager, and Princess Pauley, with director Bill Howard (wearing eye-shade), and studio executive at left. Center, back to work: Oberon studies dialogue with leading man Rex Harrison. Right, Merle waits patiently while the stage is set.

Flynn Plays!

Irish Errol is a playboy at heart, believes for every day of hard work there'll be a day equally strenuous in the pursuit of fun, with particular emphasis on the more active and adventurous sports. So, as soon as he finishes a picture he rushes off, to Coronado Bay, for example, where he tries water-skiing. The candid camera caught Errol, above, making ready for action; shoving off, and then riding the waves at top speed.

Fanny Cuts-Up!

"Baby Snooks" capers suit Fanny Brice right down to the ground, and she has as much fun clowning as her audiences, radio and screen, have—when the Brice boisterousness lets loose with brattish gusto. Here's "Snooks" rampaging through her nursery, from building blocks to hobby horses, and all the toys for herself. Judy Garland wants to play, too. But it looks like the only "punch" Judy will get is of the spectator sports variety.
The best informal pictures are taken before the subjects have time to pose.

Lombard Pets! Carole makes up to Snoopy, who glares right through his shaggy brows at the cameraman who dares to intrude just when he’s receiving flattering attention from Miss Glamor herself. But then Snoopy realizes his and Carole’s public must be considered, and he poses, very friendly-like. What’s this, another visitor to Carole’s set, and more interested in Director Mervyn LeRoy, his god-father, than in feminine charm?

Davis Relaxes! The studios are swell and all that, for working at your favorite job as an entertainer, but give Johnnie Davis a day off and he spends it like this—making it emphatic that there’s no place like home, where you can get a laugh looking at the funnies with the wife, having a late breakfast, and sharing tasty morsels with the Boston, and strip for action at badminton. Yep, for candid shots of Johnnie, catch him at home.

Freddie Rides! If seeing is believing, these candid shots are right, and Freddie Bartholomew would rather motor than act in movies. His home-made scooter is streamlined and speedy looking, and a right good job of building—provided Freddie didn’t depend on the prop department to turn it out. The boy who made stardom in one try also has the real thing; at right above, Freddie and his aunt Cissy lunch at a drive-in restaurant.
How'll you have your Gable? We give you Clark himself, on this page, as he prefers to be photographed.

The profile shows Gable without retouching! He has a slight stubble, no makeup whatsoever. Below, his favorite part—that of an intrepid airman in "Test Pilot." Clark likes it because he can get good and greasy messing around machinery. At lower left, a candid location shot with Myrna Loy.
CANDIED?

And here is Star Gable, posing for portraits because he’s a good sport—but he doesn’t like it!

Of course, it’s a grand posed portrait of Clark Gable, at right. He’s the ultimate in Hollywood male stars. Contrast this studio portrait with the un-studied profile on the opposite page. Which phase of Gable do you like better? Below, a good studio close-up. He’s obliging the photographer! At lower right, a posed scene still for “Test Pilot” with Spencer Tracy, Clark’s co-star, and Myrna Loy.
Rivals for screen rôles at the studio, Jane Bryan and Mary Maguire are really chums, as you saw them on the screen in the Kay Francis film, "Confession." Both still in their teens, the girls work, and play, together. Jane, typical American youngster, scored in "Kid Galahad" and is slated for stardom. Mary, from Australia, is one of Hollywood’s most-dated girls, but so far her acting has not kept pace with friend Jane’s. Here you see the girls at Jane’s home, in smart new play clothes, sunning on the lawn, posing by the pool, playing with Jane’s pets, and, at left, serving a hearty snack. Save us a sandwich!
"Now don't say 'What the well-dressed gangster will wear!'" warns Edward G. Robinson, above. Young Jack Dunn, above center, has a youth's enthusiasm for gay effects. Alan Curtis, far right, in the "Hollywood sports uniform."

They resent that! Movie men can be clothes-conscious when the sartorial urge strikes 'em, as you can see here.

The crooner is all dressed up— for him! Bing Crosby, left, looks smartly sporty. Above, Adolphe Menjou, long designated Hollywood's Best-Dressed Man. At right, Frank Morgan seems happy about the whole thing.
Mark Twain's beloved classic comes to the screen with Tommy Kelly as Tom Sawyer and Ann Gillis as Becky Thatcher. Our Still of the Month shows the children as they begin their exciting exploration of the great limestone cavern of the Mississippi bluffs described by Twain. Norman Taurog, famed director of children on the screen, guides the cinematic "Adventures" in David Selznick's elaborate all-technicolor production.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month
From "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"
Beauty with the Blues

WHEN a person wins a movie contract through a lucky break, or a series of breaks, it scarcely ripples the public’s interest any more. It’s happened so many times in Hollywood that it almost goes without notice. Likewise, when a young hopeful manages at last to crash those sacred studio gates through dint of perseverance, outstanding acting ability, the sweat of his brow, or even through mere dazzling beauty, it causes no undue excitement among the populace. Such things are accepted as the natural order of things, to be expected if one is to scale the heights. Plainly speaking, it’s hardly news.

But, when a lovely young girl with a figure like one of Petty’s illustrations and a face like something Rolf Armstrong dreamed up has to be brow-beaten, bullied, threatened, and cajoled into a long-term contract at a very stylish salary, then, by gosh, that’s news! And in most cases when you stumble across a piece of news in such a virulent form there must be something highly interesting back of it all.

According to this reporter, in laboriously searching through dusty old archives and annals of the film great, Miss Dorothy Lamour has been the only one brought to light who has outraged Hollywood’s established precedents by openly scoffing at the chance of a picture career. She not only jeered at such an absurd idea, she all but refused pointblank even to consider a screen test.

When I first heard of Dorothy’s shocking conduct when contracts were waved under her nose I thought to myself, “Well, here’s a gal who is either putting on an act to impress somebody, or else she is just plain daffy.” I was wrong in both cases. So, the only thing left in the face of such a situation was to do a little crafty delving into the why and the wherefor. Said delving took place over a chicken salad at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs where Dorothy stayed while on location for “Her Jungle Lover.” And while Dorothy munched on a piece of celery and I toyed with the idea of going on an exclusive carrot diet to see if I couldn’t achieve the same cream-on-satin complexion for my own skin, she told me just why it was that a film contract had seemed so much anathema to her. So I managed to pry my eyes away from that unbelievable complexion and became all ears.

“Well, you see, I was a model in Marshall Field’s department store in Chicago,” Dorothy began, “but I didn’t like it.”

Now that in itself is something, for as you know, a good model commands a not-to-be-sneered-at salary and only about one out of every thousand girls can ever hope to qualify for those coveted jobs.

“How come?” I asked. “You certainly have the figure and the face to be the absolute tops as a model?”

“Oh, that.” Dorothy dismissed the fact of her obvious ornamentality with a ges- (Please turn to page 55)
THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists

A BIG, big picture! Over two hours of terrific entertainment—some of it thrillingly beautiful, some of it gorgeously funny, some of it merely boring. Mr. Goldwyn's "$2,000,000" revue is an all-Technicolor mixture of satire, supplied by a Ben Hecht legend whimsically worked out by Andrea Leeds and the incomparable Adolphe Menjou; mad burlesque, supplied by the Ritz Brothers; elaborate ballet, with the début of the much-bated Vera Zorina; grand opera, with Helen Jepson from the "Met"; swing music and dancing, the Baker boys, Kenny and Phil, and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy—to mention just a few names. It's an enormous, expensive, amazing, and confusing show. The basic idea, that of a big movie producer hiring a fresh, dewy girl to be his "Miss Humanity" to keep him in touch with the cash customers, is a good one, but it is soon lost in the merry maze of special numbers, big ballets, and Ritz Brothers. These boys, by the way, are badly overworked in these fabulous "Follies." Phil Baker is the real comedy sensation of the costly cinema. There is quiet charm by exquisite Miss Leeds; stunning effects in the "Water Ballet;" superb moments by Menjou; and of course that McCarthy!

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT—Warner Bros.

HERE IS the other "big" all-color picture of the month, very big and, I imagine, very expensive. It's a drama, with many extras milling around instead of ballets as in Mr. Goldwyn's "Follies." And it has impressive moments aplenty. But it is, also like Mr. Goldwyn's "Follies," a self-conscious picture. What is it about Technicolor that makes otherwise wary producers throw caution to the winds and grow reckless and headstrong? There's too much of everything in both pictures. "Gold Is Where You Find It" is lush with magnificent California scenery, showing wheat fields, mining camps, and orchards in picturesque profusion; there is also too much plot. Of course there is interest in the conflict between the wheat ranchers of the Sacramento Valley and the miners, and there is poignancy in the ranchers' struggles to preserve their land, and gentle romance when the head rancher's daughter gives her heart to the mining engineer. Olivia de Havilland, a dream in Technicolor, is delightful as the girl—but it is primarily a rugged picture, with he-men rampant, fights between the two factions, and a grand finale in which George Brent saves the day by blowing up his own dam. Whee!

HAPPY LANDING—20th Century-Fox

SONJA HENIE'S third motion picture is better than her first two—thence hanging up another record for the skating marvel. With this picture she positively takes her permanent place among the great stars of Hollywood, for Sonja is not only the ice queen but an increasingly good actress of surprising conviction. She may never skate Camille, but she can play poignant parts with genuine sympathy and understanding. The cherubic Henie close-ups attain actual pathos upon occasion when the script commands "mit feeling," and as always, her bubbling gaiety and good humor are irresistible. Sonja's rôle here is that of a naive little Norwegan seriously smitten by the slick charms of Cesar Romero, as a second-rate Stokowski of swing. She carries the torch to New York only to be disillusioned—and, thanks to Don Ameche, that gallant soul, to become the world's greatest torch skater, immune to Romero envious but susceptible to Ameche charm, smart girl. Adding to the pleasurable comedy confusion is Ethel Merman, swinging high, and Wally Vernon, very funny. If any of you have so far resisted the call of the gleaming blades this will get you. Mowbray, my skates.
"SUPER-STUPENDOUS":  
"The Goldwyn Follies"

"COLOSSAL":  
"Gold Is Where You Find It"

"EPIC":  
"Bad Man of Brimstone"

JUST SWELL ENTERTAINMENT:  
"Swing Your Lady"  
"A Yank at Oxford"  
"Happy Landing"

BEST PERFORMANCES:  
Andrea Leeds, Adolphe Menjou, Phil Baker, Charlie McCarthy in "The Goldwyn Follies"  
Louise Fazenda in "Swing Your Lady"  
Robert Taylor and his perfect cast in "A Yank at Oxford"  
Sonja Henie, Don Ameche, and Cesar Romero in "Happy Landing"

SWING YOUR LADY—Warners

WELL, I NEVER would have believed it! Perhaps there have been too many of those backstage-and-radio-station pictures, or too many specialty acts, anyway, I haven't used so lustily in months as at this outlandish comedy of hill-billy calisthenics. Seems Humphrey Bogart, a wrestling promoter, and Nat Pendleton, a slap-happy grunt artist, are stranded in the Missouri mountains and looking for a match. Becoming desperate, the promoter picks a lady blacksmith—yes, Louise Fazenda, who else?—to go to the mat with his champ. But love sets in between wrestler and lady, then a bearded hermit appears with his musket, claiming the love of the lady—so the rivals are matched, the winnah to get the femme horse-shoer. It's all that ridiculous—but unapologetically so, and the wrestling match between Pendleton and one Daniel Boone Savage will have you in stitches whether you like it or not. Tossed into the general hilarity are Frank McHugh, Allen Jenkins, a Big Apple led by Sammy Lee and Penny Singleton, and those hill-billy musicians, The Weaver Brothers and Elvira. Well, I swear—another specialty! But you'll like this one. Louise Fazenda is so swell as the lady blacksmith she almost tempts me to ask for a series about her.

BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE—M-G-M

SUPER-WESTERN, old-fashioned melodrama dreamed up in fancy sombrero and chaps, is Wallace Beery's best film in too long. Not since "Viva Villa" has Wally had such a chance to bring to braving, lusty life a colorful character, this time Trigger Bill, the Bad Man with the soft spot in his heart. Some carpers may consider that Bill has a soft spot in his head as well, when he goes on about his son "petitionin' him for a funeral"—Bill loves to shoot up the place, and is not too particular who gets in his way. But somehow Beery makes you believe in his Bill as he convinced you of the reality of his Villa and his Old Soak; and so this outlandish story of a gay old desperado manages to turn out lively entertainment—IF you still like gunplay mixed with horseplay, and plenty of it. The best of Beery emerges in this half-rascal, half-clown characterization. Interesting is the cast is a newcomer, Dennis O'Keefe, who makes Trigger Bill's tenderfoot son a rather real fellow. Beautiful Virginia Bruce makes a valiant attempt to fit her fragile charm into the rugged events, but as may be imagined, fine trouper Lewis Stone and clever Joseph Calleia are more successful at maintaining the mood, what with fights and hold-ups.
YOU wouldn't think anyone so young, so delectable, so freshly lovely as Claire Trevor could have a problem. Knowing her career in pictures—leads from the start—you wouldn't think she had a kick coming. Yet when I saw her she was kicking both shapely legs and objecting to Life's whimsies, in a nice way, but strenuously.

Claire's a dewy twenty-five, independent, brittle, and knowing. Despite her youth she has been in show business more than six years, and nothing contributes more dynamically to a young woman's education. Six years of greasepaint are equivalent to twelve years at Smith or Vassar. Maybe more! Six years in show business teach one the facts of life, doubled and redoubled. Yet Claire is not hard. Rather she looks like a débutante, but enthusiastic.

We were supposed to meet at her hotel for cocktails, but in due time word filtered through that she was being held captive at a Columbia Broadcasting matinee at the Plaza—expansive goings on in honor of Miss Trevor and her radio vis à vis Edward G. Robinson. Tuesday nights they air from Hollywood episodes in a hair-raising newspaper
Perhaps you can help this blonde beauty decide the professional as well as private-life problems she ponders.

serial called “Big Town.” The occasion of their being in New York together was being celebrated with pomp and ceremony, flanked by a bar and innumerable hors d'oeuvres. Waiters were weaving about, bearing aloft trays laden with potential headaches the next morning. A stringed quartet made gentle music behind a chump of property palms.

Mr. Robinson was talking to a reporter off in one corner, and in the centre of the room a milling crowd of men edded and swayed. Instinct said that Claire Trevor was the magnet, and as usual, instinct was right.

Her blonde hair was accentuated by a demure black hat with a coquettish veil that fell across the eye line. The Trevor figure was properly high-lighted by a cloth of gold dress that was quick in the most appropriate places and demonstrated how personal appearances should be made.

Under one pretext or another we managed to slip away.

Beautiful? Of course! But Trevor is intelligent as well, and so she likes to play moisy parts, rather than routine heroines. Right, with baby Joan Coral in “Walking Down Broadway.”

“Radio is worse than pictures, and pictures are worse than poison. I wish I could get a good play,” sighed Claire.

What was the matter with radio, I wanted to know (not that I ever listened to it).

“Well, like pictures, it has its points,” admitted Claire. “It bought me my new car. It pays well. But, again like pictures, there is no artistic satisfaction to be derived from a radio program in the making. You play before an audience, in some cases, but you haven’t the time to build anything. A scene lasts three or four minutes then there’s a commercial or station announcement. You can’t even get warmed up before the thing is over. It’s like a pitcher going in for two innings.”

The Trevor voice has a husky, appealing quality. Her face is heart-shaped, her hair a warm honey blonde, in the currently imperative page-boy bob. Her figure, as indicated herein before, is little short of sensational, and one discovers with a start of surprise that here is a Glamor Girl whose glamor has never been properly capitalized. Claire is a baby Lombard. She winced at the suggestion, however.

“I want to do comedy,” she admitted, “but not too screwy, please. I think you can overdo mugging and showing the audience that you don’t care how you look, just for a laugh. The public resents seeing you take falls, press in the face, and lefts to the jaw. It’s a phase, but it’s rapidly passing.”

Claire is honest in admitting that she went into pictures to earn a living, not for glory alone. The ’29 debacle and the ensuing depression caused the family fortune to melt away and impelled Claire to seek economic security in the theatre. From stock in Northampton she went into a Broadway hit, in the second most important role, opposite the pint-sized Ernest Truex in “Whistling in the Dark.” Pictures spotted her, and rewarded her well from the very beginning. As a result, she has her nest egg or whatever it is one saves for a rainy day. At least she has her own house in Beverly Hills and an annuity that provides for an income later on. And although Claire prefers stage to screen she has stuck to the latter thus far because of the vastly greater financial benefits it affords.

“If I could get a good part in a colossal picture I’d be so happy I don’t know what I’d do,” said Claire wistfully. “But as things are I’d walk out of pictures tomorrow if I could. Maybe it’s because I want to get married and have a lot of children. Maybe it’s because I’m sick of program pictures that make me do the same silly things over and over, and say the same silly lines day in, day out.”

She has appeared in a picture every other month for four years. Then there have been weekly radio stints during the past year. “I think I’ve worked pretty hard,” said Claire, “I also admit I’ve earned far more than a girl could earn in any other field. But I’m ready to marry or freelance or explode to get out of quickies.”

Despite her youth, Claire Trevor is an efficient, capable business woman. She employs no manager, requires no restraining hand to keep her (Please turn to page 92)
Kay Francis wears a travel coat, above left, of imported gray wool with an unusual yellow yarn treatment—see bulky top, wide scarf of self fabric. Her hat, gloves, shoes, and bag are creamy yellow. Above right, Kay's jacket suit of sheer wool combines gray and green plaid with monotone gray blouse. Her accessories are of dark gray antelope. At left, smart daytime frock of gray sheer wool with smooth lines, worn with twin silver fox scarf, black hat, gloves, and shoes. These costumes were designed by Orry Kelly for Miss Francis' new film, "Women are Like That."

SCREENLAND
Glamor School
Edited by Kay Francis
Striking color combination—mustard gold and almond green—contribute to Kay’s gown at left above. The tunic with its lowered waistline is of mustard gold crepe. The pencil-slim skirt is of almond green. She wears a pair of antique gold bracelets. At right above, Kay goes in for color: her cocktail gown of heavy jersey has a long-waisted bodice of navy blue, while the full skirt is of Roman-striped jersey in red, white, blue, and yellow. A Roman-striped kerchief ties at the throat. At right, her hostess gown with new-length fitted coat of blue and silver brocade.

First fashion lady of movieland salutes Spring with a new clothes collection at once patrician and dramatic. Emphasis upon line enlivened by an attention to gay color novel to Miss Francis are of outstanding interest.
Current fashions! Hollywood's willowy brunette beauty believes in leather, as in her all-antelope costume, below, of soft gray dress, cape, hat, gloves, bag, and shoes; and right, her suede sports vest of gold color with calot to match. Lower left, Gail's new white cashmere house coat. At left above, formal black daytime outfit with novel shoulder-cape of satin-backed crepe, with ends trimmed in silver fox to form pockets.
Starring
June Lang

Loveliest of the screen's ingénues, June models her own Spring style show for you. At top left, rhapsody in blue to match June's eyes: horizon-blue wool frock with wide belt of white suede laced in blue, which June tops with white felt hat. Right above, smart light green tweed with accessories of London tan. At left, more blue: plaid jacket in two shades of June's favorite color, over lighter blue dress. Accessories are white. At far left, dream dinner dress of pale pink lace, with bonnet of the lace and violets for the flat crown.
Stooge to a Wooden Wit

ONE year America goes wild about a blonde, curly-topped darling who sings and dances her way into the heart of the nation; another, five bouncing baby girls are brought to life in a forgotten Canadian village and the spotlight of the world centers on them until a lady from Baltimore quietly steps out and annexes the coveted heart of a British Monarch and makes an incredible fairy-tale come true. But when a block of pine wood, dressed up in a topper and tails, steals the focus of attention from all these and becomes No. 1 man of the country, it is nothing short of a miracle.

Edgar Bergen built a dummy, took it to college, and now finds himself playing dumb while Charlie McCarthy wisecracks

By Gene Schrott

A little over seventeen years ago, Charlie McCarthy was just another tree trunk in the forests of Wisconsin and Eddie Bergen a young lad sitting in the kitchen of his mother’s home in Chicago watching her perform the magic of producing tempting brown apple pies from a batter of dough and some green, uneatable apples. But today, the world knows this duo as the most amazing team of personalities in the field of entertainment.

Returning from abroad to discover that vaudeville had heard its death knell and hearing rumors that the legitimate theater was going “to pot,” Edgar Bergen looked fondly at his animated creation and was just going to pack him in camphor and moth-balls, when he received a hurried call to rush over to Elsa Maxwell’s party and substitute for a performer who failed to show up.

If you’ve heard about Elsa Maxwell’s parties (as who hasn’t) you know they are not just ordinary parties, but parties de luxe. Everyone who is anyone was there. Noel Coward rushed over to attend. Rudy Vallee forfeited a night’s salary to be present. It was the customary ermine and orchid crowd that made the place blaze with diamonds and emeralds and sparkle with shimmering satin and white skin. It was one of those white-tie affairs that
earned for Elsa the reputation of supreme party-giver of the world. If anyone knows how to make a party successful, it is this lady.

When Edgar Bergen arrived in this glittering assemblage carrying a battered suitcase and a look of fear in his bewildered blue eyes, Elsa threw her arms around him and greeted him like a long-lost brother. From Barbara Hutton and Lady Furness, who had been at the Grosvenor House in London that memorable night when Bergen and McCarthy had to do their entire repertoire at a single performance before the enthusiastic audience would let them leave the stage, she had heard of the ingenuity with which Eddie and his wooden wit won the hearts of the Britiards.

While Elsa Maxwell was busily hunting for him, Eddie had been entertaining royalty the world over. In his native Sweden, he and Charlie gave a command performance before the Crown Prince. From there they travelled to Russia and Iceland and finally concluded their tour by performing before the lepers of a Venezuela colony, an experience so strange they will never be able to forget it. No wonder Elsa couldn’t find them. But now that she had accidentally come upon them, she prepared her guests for one of the biggest thrills in entertainment.

Even Elsa had to admit that Charlie McCarthy was responsible for the tremendous success of that party and for a lady who has made a career of party-giving this is an unusual admission. Rudy Vallee lost no time in inviting Bergen to appear on his radio program. Noel Coward was lavish in his enthusiastic praise and asked Bergen to tell him who wrote the brilliant dialogue. When Bergen modestly admitted that he himself does all the writing, Coward, who is regarded as the most skillful writer of witty conversation, heaped compliment upon compliment upon the surprised Bergen.

Today, the name of Charlie McCarthy is known the length and breadth of the American continent. People everywhere are talking of the wooden whiz who flings his verbal bullets at the high and mighty. Hollywood has succumbed to the enigmatic personality of the animated block of wood. From Burbank to Beverly Hills, the entire population of the movie world has offered him, not only the keys to the respective communities, but a pass-key to every home. The mischievous dummy who delights in humbling the mighty dignitaries has risen to the most popular peak in the nation. Hollywood beauties are batting for his attention. Leading men eye him with a jealous gleam in their burning eyes and feminine hearts can’t stop fluttering when he is near. Even Mae West asked him to come up and see her sometime.

Through all this, Charlie McCarthy continues to wear his bland, disarming smile and the mischievous twinkle in his eyes remain the same as he blithely continues to wisecrack his way deeper and deeper into the heart of the American public. He loves the ladies—especially Dorothy Lamour whose name has been closely linked to his lately—but that’s because he saw her in one of those revealing storm sequences during the filming of “Hurricane.” Even a dummy knows charm when he sees it.

The man who has become Svengali to the world’s most famous wooden wit is entirely different from his animated creation. Edgar Bergen is a shy, quiet-spoken young man in his early thirties. He has blond hair and blue-grey eyes that generally accompany a (Please turn to page 90)
"Collaborate with a Camera!"

Says Dolores Del Rio, whose husband is her camera pal. Good advice for married couples, and helpful hints for amateur photograph fans

By Ruth Tildesley

“IT’S such fun!” said Dolores Del Rio, smart in rose and brown, as she clicked the shutter of her camera. “I’ve been in pictures so long that I suppose it was merely a matter of moments before I’d begin to take some, but oh, I had no idea it would be so entertaining!

“Probably more than half my enjoyment is because Cedric—my husband—is interested in doing it, too. It is wonderful for two people who care about each other to have the same hobby, and I can’t tell you what fun it is to work together on a thing that shows such promising results!

“I’m very much of an amateur, but Cedric is an artist anyway, so taking pictures is merely an extension of his field. We’re building a dark room onto the house, so we can develop and print our own stuff. You know, often the effectiveness of a picture lies in the printing, and the one who takes it should have his own ideas of what he hoped to get, so he knows whether to print it a bit lighter or darker, or how dense the shadow should be.

“We had the best time one Sunday! We spent the day in the M-G-M darkroom printing up some portraits we had made together. Cedric had managed to get hold of a hundred sheets of some special Belgian paper made for portraits and we used that and got truly lovely things. You can’t
Imagine the excitement when the figure begins to appear and you see exactly what you’ve done!

“At the moment our special interest is taking portraits. Cedric has a portrait lens on his Contax camera. He can screw lights into the camera for some shots, which I can’t do with my Rolleiflex, but we’ve just bought some splendid lights to set up indoors, and what a field that opens to us! Cedric is the camera artist for portraits and I am head electrician. He worries about the focus and I am responsible for the lights.”

She flashed up from the couch where she had been examining a sheaf of finished prints, her fine profile silhouetted against a Venetian shade.

“I like a high master light—so!” She illustrated in pantomime above my head. “And then lower lights to take care of unflattering shadows or bad lines, or to throw a highlight for a special effect. A light back of the head will sometimes show up lovely hair, you know. I’ve watched cameramen and electricians work with lights in the studios for so long it would be too bad if I hadn’t learned something by this time. So naturally I know that shadows that droop will age a subject, but at the same time a master light from above is most flattering to anyone over fifteen or so. There are no hard and fast rules applying to everyone, which makes doing portraits tremendously interesting.

“Cedric has made some gorgeous portraits of me. I prefer them to any made by the best camera artists in Hollywood, but his success may be because he knows me so well, or because he is able to bring out the best in me.

“We make my mother sit for us while we experiment. She is a most satisfactory subject, because she will sit anywhere, serene and patient and relaxed, while we argue about lighting or explain to each other what we’d like to get.

“What makes our collaboration especially interesting is that we are two people with definite but different ideas. Cedric, as an artist, is inclined to favor odd effects; he likes an unusual arrangement of shadows, something that will be dramatic and original.

“He’d like, for example, a picture of mood—say, a woman in black against a dark background, with the face high-lighted. Or strange, weird shadows thrown against a plain background, and the figure expressing some emotion.

“But what I’m looking for is pictures of my friends just as they are. I like people; I love my friends, and I am so happy I could sing when I manage to catch a group of them in some natural pose.

“I like best my pictures of friends sitting around my swimming pool, lying on the sands, resting in deep chairs, or perhaps starting out for a ride or playing a game of tennis. Things that I see them do all the time, so that they are at ease and natural in the pictures.”

Dolores has no idea that she will ever become a specialist at shooting animal pictures.

“I have some fine dogs, and I’m very fond of them, but I’ve had very little luck with their pictures in return for the time spent. Dogs are so restless; when you get the head just as you want it, the paw begins to tap, or the back rears up suddenly. (Please turn to page 79)
Here's Hollywood

Crash the studios, take in the sights of Cinema Town with our star reporter

By Weston East

Garbo no longer is under contract to M-G-M, where she's been queen for a decade! In fact, she hasn't been under contract for all of three months now. But those articles about her falling box-office draw have not only overlooked this vital point; they've not explained her situation as it really is. Here's what's what: the studio still wants her; it was the shrewd lady herself, and not Louis B. Mayer, who wouldn't sign again on the dotted line. Garbo wants to go on acting, but insists she must have a comedy to re-intrigue the Americans. Mayer had nothing definite ready and she wouldn't take a chance. She doesn't want to become as loony as the screen Lombard, but she contends she can be as light-hearted as Loy. According to her letters, Sweden is the ideal winter resort; and she'll return whenever her former boss sends her a satisfactory script.

Meanwhile, other former top-notchers have been fascinating Hollywood by their present doings. Marlene Dietrich, for instance, is basely demonstrating she isn't so dumb, either. The gorgeous dead-pan line bored us natives? So Marlene is proving that she was miscast all along. Which is no lie. On the continent she's always been her own very gay self, the toast of the night clubs. As human as she's vivid. Now, in Hollywood, Marlene's tossed over the recluse gag, adopted for our consumption, and is the most terrific blossom seen at the Troc. She sweeps in almost nightly, with several of the most attractive escorts in tow. Instead of posing languidly, she gustily leads the Big Apple. She's taken her furniture out of storage and settled in a small Beverly Hills cottage. It's not likely that she'll ever go back to Germany.

In striking contrast, Ramon Novarro is making no attempt to right-about to regain box-office popularity. He is having in extraordinary fashion, but then he was never run-of-the-mill. He is acting again, but only when he's pleased with a plot. He wants to be applauded solely on current merit. He won't appear in any rehashes of his yesteryears. He isn't attempting to hang onto any past glory. He has saved none of the thousands of clippings concerning his charm, hasn't a single photograph of himself in his smart, mod-ernistic home. He never visits the Troc, but when he invited friends to a cocktail party the other day Janet Gaynor decided she'd rather come to it than listen to Tyrone Power's broadcast at the same hour. The Novarro appeal is still potent!
You have to hand it to Joan Crawford. She's not going to be an also-ran at anything! Horses have been her secret weapon; whenever she's had to ride for film scenes she's climbed on against her better judgment. So what's she done, having acquired a perfect figure, fame, and the husband she wants, but learned to ride. She rides English, with no pomposity to clutch, and not on alternate Thursdays. She's bought a horse, named him Secret, and—get this!—she is playing polo.

You know that Gary Cooper is Hollywood's highest-salaried star. Last year he made $370,214. Here are the precise salary figures of some of the other "most highly paid" stars: during 1937 Madeleine Carroll made $287,913; Warner Baxter made $264,384; Ronald Colman made $242,500; Ruth Chatterton made $249,500; Charles Boyer made $249,145; Fredric March made $245,000; Sylvia Sidney made $226,812; Katharine Hepburn made $200,666; Marlene Dietrich made $200,000. It's startling to observe how poorly balanced salaries are with actual box-office value. Madeleine Carroll, Chatterton, Boyer, Sidney, Hepburn, and Dietrich, for instance, are definitely not among the top stars so far as drawing power is concerned. Shirley Temple, the number one star, earned but $121,422 during the year. (Although her mother collected $68,666 for supervising Shirley.) To give you an idea of the great difference in salaries, here are some more exact figures: Claire Trevor earned $27,658 and Loretta Young garnered $118,998. Peter Lorre earned $15,625 and Alice Faye $45,900. Don Ameche earned $84,499 and Warren William $65,000. Rochelle Hudson's salary for this past year was $20,875. Gene Raymond can support his bride in the manner of the president, for he earned $75,625.

William Powell sails this month for a tour of South America. He finds travel the best antidote for too many memories. He isn't a recluse on his touring, though. He intends to be, but no sooner does he arrive in a new city than he's plunged into a hectic round of gaiety. He wants to be alone, but not quite enough to stave off the pretty girls who want to console him with blithe chatter. What lies ahead for him in romantic Rio?

The "Big Apple" hits Hollywood hard. Harold Lloyd and his fellow players: Mary Lou Lander, Rowan Ratord, Phyllis Welch, and director Elliott Nugent, taking time out from "Professor Beware" to swing it. Right, Marian Martin, recently signed up by Universal.
TWO years ago Andrea Leeds was fresh out of college. The other morning Sam Goldwyn was reputedly offered $100,000 for her contract. That's what's called rising in the world, and long. Of course, Andrea isn't piling dough away yet. She's still rating but a very modest wage. But she has the opportunity to eventually cash in. She attends her boss's premieres with whomever he designates—Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy took her to the last one in an Austin—but she handles her romancing herself. She prefers Jack Dunn. He's the good-looking champion ice skater who came to town as Sonja Henie's partner. First he was put under contract by Universal, and never got a role. Now he's been on the Paramount list for some time and is still waiting for his acting break. In person he's certainly got the break-of-the-year, in Andrea! They favor the Clover Club and its swing band.

THERE have been a flock of rumors about Luise Rainer since she has been off the screen so long. Her last picture was pretty much a disappointment. They said Metro was easing her out, as a consequence. Then Luise herself blew off; she hated Hollywood and wanted to leave it. She was cast in Wallace Beery's current film and then Maureen O'Sullivan replaced her "because of illness." Here is the truth: she was too ill to work, but is all right now. The studio still considers her quite a draw. She has signed a new contract and will co-star with Fernand Gravet in Mervyn LeRoy's first picture at Metro. Then she will co-star with Nelson Eddy. So she definitely isn't being given the skids. She was aptitude for these better parts, however, and for time off for a Broadway play. She'll be permitted to do the play her husband, Clifford Odets, has written.

GLORIA SWANSON has given up her picture life! She has sold the quarter-million-dollar house across the street from the Beverly Hills Hotel, the showplace where she used to entertain so royally. She has settled in a New York hotel and will try to start in again on the stage. As a farewell gesture Gloria gave a cocktail party, Mary Pickford, Dolores Del Rio, and Verve Teasdale were the actresses invited. A lot of prominent film people were there, Why couldn't Gloria, who looks as beautiful as in her more fortunate years, get another break in pictures?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is scribbling frantic notes from Budapest these days. She's so glad Ernst Lubitsch persuaded her to include it on her European itinerary. She took some French books over on the boat with her, to practice up on her French talk. After so long in Hollywood she was afraid she'd wax ungrammatical! Claudette left the first part of January and won't be back until Easter. It's her first good vacation in half-a-dozen years and how she's enjoying running away with her doctor husband!

ANNE SHIRLEY and John Payne have had to wait six months for their honeymoon, but they're making up for the delay with a Honolulu trip that has all the trimmings. They read so many island circulars that their friends almost went crazy in anticipation themselves. And if the beach at Waikiki is no better than the sands of Santa Monica what a blow it'll be to Anne! That she's picked a nice husband was a certainty when she was ill recently. Johnny was playing a lead at Paramount. He not only rushed home every noon, but whenever he could wangle an hour off from the set he hurried to her bedside. The Paynes haven't become elegant; they rent a small furnished apartment only ten minutes away from both their studios.

THEY often quit Hollywood with a loud blow-off, but they generally come back. George Arliss is the latest to return. He hasn't signed a new contract yet, but—he's probably willing.

WHENEVER you ask George Raft to dinner you don't have to provide any meat or vegetables! His man Mack will arrive with both. It seems George is mad over New York-cut steaks, and only that meat market on the corner of 3rd and Larchmont, in Los Angeles, can furnish the cut he prefers. Nightly Mack arranges for a steak to be sent to wherever George
is dining, and even if he's dropping into the Brown Derby he'll eat his own steak. As for the vegetables, George hates 'em. So thoroughly he's done something about 'em. He takes vegetable shots in his arms instead! When the kiddies read this the spinach-haters may desert Pop-Eye and demand easy shots à la George Raft. So shoo 'em away.

MRS. ERROL FLYNN has not abandoned her career, even though she has been unlucky with it since becoming a wife. Lili Damita—and don't say you've forgotten her—has been overpowered with Errol—considered doing a play as a comeback stimulus, but the plan fell through. She has Harry Edington, an ace agent, on the look-out for all opportunities. Meanwhile, Errol is wondering when he can get away to fly East long enough to sail a newly acquired yacht back through the Panama Canal.

THE Gary Cooper and Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons have been sailing up the Nile, no less. They're expected home soon. Both stars went incognito, Gary registering everywhere as "William Grinnell." Grinnell's the name of his college. Dolores has been just Mrs. Gibbons. She took along twelve trunks, and it's a rash jaunt! In Europe Dolores wore all black. In Egypt and Africa she stuck to all white, Even "incog" she's a style-setter. And of course neither Gary nor Dolores have been able to submerge their vivid personalities—why, they're the spitting image of their screen selves, only better looking, and who would fail to recognize them? "The Sphinx," writes Gary, still determined he's a nobody, "didn't give a hoot about us. It just gazed Garboishly!" The five-months-old Cooper daughter is being cared for by the woman who was Mrs. Cooper's childhood nurse.

W. C. FIELDS has gained twenty-five pounds, plays golf daily, and is fit as a fiddle once more. W. C. bought a wonderful town car to celebrate his revival. It rained the other evening and the car was somehow shorted, he had to borrow $2 from the Paramount gate man to taxi home.

FRED MACMURRAY tells this one, and I admit he's puzzled. He'd been on a lengthy hunting trip to Mexico. He hadn't shaved for weeks and his hair was on the flowing side. Fred walked into a barber shop near Paramount, commented on the lull in business there. "All the hams in Hollywood are waiting for DeMille to make another Buccaneer," explained one of the barbers in tones of utter disgust.

THE month's most magnificent party for grown-ups was tossed by Joseph Schenck, for the Darryl Zanuck's. It honored the producer's fourteenth wedding anniversary. Mr. Schenck ordered each of his reception rooms blanketed with different kinds of flowers. One room was gardenia-walled, for example. Another was a vision in pink camellias. To be piquant, one room ran away from the motif and was adorned in fresh grapes. One wall, to punch the point of the party, was all white carnations, with a big letter "Z" plum in the middle in blue carnations. Everyone had a marvelous time in such semi-Versailles surroundings. Norma Shearer was the only lady to wear a hat with her evening gown; she thus drew special attention to her beauty.

Streamlined Life begins to get more interesting for the girls who are selected for the Goldwyn chorus. The hames at right make that plain.

WAYNE MORRIS was striding down the Boulevard when a gentleman ran out of a clothing store. "Oh, Mr. Morris, I've a coat for you!" Wayne smiled, obligingly stepped in. It was a perfect fit. "Why, thank you very much," he said. And started to walk out, aglow with the thrill of being a star and thus extravagantly catered to. "But it's $185," pronounced the proprietor. Wayne was so embarrassed he bought it. "Although," he mutters, "naturally I liked it a lot!"
Eyes on the Stars

Three steps to beautiful eyes—care, make-up, expression

By Courtenay Marvin

MYRNA LOY and Miriam Hopkins laugh with their eyes. Joan Crawford and Bette Davis look frankly, courageously, straight at you. It would be hard to fib and get away with it before those eyes. The slumberous eyes of Greta Garbo wrap you in a maze of romantic dreams, while Margaret Sullivan, Loretta Young, and Sylvia Sidney gaze with trusting candor. And so it goes with stars and all people, for that matter. Screen personalities are expressed first, in eyes; second, in mouth; and, third, perhaps, in voice.

Among the notable Hollywood eyes there is great diversity in color, size and shape. There is no definite pattern for lovely eyes. Your eyes are you, a personality different from all others. Not long ago, the Twentieth Century-Fox lot boasted more green eyes than any other color. When I was small, green eyes were unthinkable as a mark of beauty, and I shed plenty of tears over my own. Claudette Colbert has very large eyes, and beautiful ones, while Norma Shearer's are not large, and still beautiful. And yours, too, can be individually lovely, not like any other's perhaps, but just in your own way.

First, comes care, but many of us forget this until we are faced with the prospect of glasses permanently or suffer physical discomfort. There are some simple rules to follow to keep your eyes strong, young looking, and sparkling. Avoid strong glare from the sun or electric lights. The glare of sun on snow, water, or sand is particularly straining. That is why so many of your stars in beach or outdoor pictures wear sun goggles. Some new goggles have just come to my desk that deserve a very good word. They are favorites with Hollywood for good reason. The lens are in soft, muted shades that do not distort natural colors, and they eliminate much of the infra-red or burning sun rays. Very smart are the colored or white rims to match a costume note. A pair of these glasses will serve manifold purposes—for motor trips, cruises, beach and general rest purposes.

It is wise to include a yearly check-up of eyes by an eye doctor.
specialist along with your semi-yearly inspection by your dentist. Thus any sight difficulty is detected in early stages and sometimes the wearing of corrective glasses for even a short time overcomes the trouble so that we may go much longer without them permanently.

Light by day or night is so important. Never try to sit with light in your face. Be sure that all electric bulbs are concealed under shades and that light is well diffused throughout a room, so that the eye need not look from bright spots to dim ones. This contrast in light is hard on eyes. The average reading lamp requires one 100 watt bulb or two 50 watt bulbs.

When you go to bed, remember to relax your face. When tired or worried, faces become tight and set, mouth clenched, eyes squeezed tight. This is a fine way to get premature wrinkles. Think of something funny or happy and your face will relax. Circling the eyes with a special eye cream or even a good face cream keeps that tissue thin skin softer, less prone to lines and wrinkles. A daily or twice daily eye bath keeps eyes clean, clear and sparkling. Use in eye cup or with dropper, and when the liquid is in the eyes, throw back your head and roll the eyes to bathe them thoroughly. There are a number of helpful lotions that keep eyes healthy and bright.

Sylvia Sidney taught me a splendid method of temporarily resting the eyes. Cup the palms over your eyes until all light is obliterated, close the eyes lightly and keep them this way five or ten minutes. Eye pads, herbal or medicated, are wonderful for quick revivifying. Squeeze from warm water, apply to eyes that have first been circled with cream, lie down and rest about twenty minutes. Black eye shades are wonderful for morning sleepers. They come especially for this.

Now comes the glamor touch—make-up. Mascara is a boon to lightly-lashed woman-kind. Today, the well-advertised brands have reached a high degree of excellence, beautifying, non-smarting, non-running, and they will not harm lashes or eyes. You must, however, remove mascara gently, as carelessness or roughness will break any lashes. Remove with cream or soap and water, but wipe the upper lashes upward.

**Yours for Louleness**

New Beauty Notes Well Worth Copying

Modern Eyes, a new idea for more eye beauty

A MODERN mascara, indeed, is Modern Eyes, in black, brown or blue. Besides giving a soft, silky frame to your eyes and being unusually cryproof, there are other important points in its favor. That spiral brush, that coats all sides of your lashes, so that even a meager growth appears luxuriant, and that neat cylinder case resembling a generous lipstick. The tube is circled with the mascara. Simply dampen brush, pass around on the

A good travelling companion this La Cross kit Matchabelli's grand Shower Oil for moderns

For a dewy complexion, Hudnut's DuBarry twins

ment stores offer a very “special” for this Hudnut’s DuBarry “Dew-ette” combination.

Shower bath addicts, who have felt neglected in the way of bath luxuries, cheer up! Matchabelli has made you a magnificent Shower Oil, Smooth it over your skin. It disappears, softening, sweetening, whitening. Then step under the shower. Water pressure releases a divine fragrance—that of naturally healthy, immaculate skin. This odor heightens
Is Sex Slipping in Pictures?
Continued from page 27

how'd you like to make his dough?"  
"Ah, but Fred has charm—"

"That's it—charm! Not sex-appeal, like  
Sam Goldwyn's got."

Pop! Pop! Corks, corks, corks, corks.  
And the table uncoiled again:

"Stong as a picture entertains, chucks  
out laughs and thrills and holds the interest  
of the audience, the sex appeal can be nil,  
or almost nil."

"Don't you mean nerts?" boomed again  
the hostess' mysterious lantern-jawed friend,  
who now had a flask on the table.

"Well, who has the greatest sex appeal  
on the screen, anyhow?"

"Depends on how the male is set up.  
And whether he likes blondes or brunettes.  
Now, as for me, it depends on the day."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I don't know exactly, but I always asso-  
ciate Olivia de Havilland with Sunday and  
Joan Blondell with Wednesday, for in-  
estance."

"Ah, sweet, hugable lil' Minnie Mouse!"

"Would you say Donald Duck has any  
of that destructive sex magnetism?"

"Genevieve Tobin!—she's classic. Lilting,  
aristocratic head. More polished than the  
floor she walks on. What Celestial Potter  
moulded that chin, what Swan-God curved  
that neck—"

"Cuz!"

"Why, I'll bet I could make a picture  
without a single woman in it and, if the  
story was good, it would go over."

"Sex is mightier than the sword—or  
pen!"

"I keep my brain light, cool, and airy by  
reading Irving Cobb."

"W. C. Fields, for instance. There's de-  
structive sex magnetism for you—what  
good stuff!"

"Yes, destructive and constructive sex-  
magnetism, that's what we are talking  
about."

"No, we were to discuss Is sex passing  
out of the screen or isn't it, and if not,  
will it?"

"Listen, you tospost, every motion pic-  
ture actor or actress projects his or her  
aura on the screen—"

"Sex-hallation, eh?"

"If it's an It woman, yes. If it's a man,  
yes, also, if he has that indescribable  
something."

"Can't understand that Taylor yen. The  
handsomest man on the screen is Joel  
Mc-Crea."

"Trouble with Joel is he's the solid, Jack  
Holt type. He has constructive sex mag-  
netism."

"Don't you think the public's getting fed  
up on those kiss-clinches?"

"Are you? A kiss is as new and as  
smacky as the rising generation. Where do  
you think you'd be without those clichy  
close-ups? You're a smoothie in your love  
scenes."

Now up stood a fellow who had not said  
a word until then. I had noticed that he  
drank nothing but brandy instead of cham-  
pagne. He looked like a Continental Don  
Juan. He immediately commanded the at-  
tention of us all—all except the Santa  
Barbara philosopher, who was now playing  
solitaire.

"Sex is fury! Sex is creation! Sex is  
divine! Sex is hell! It will never pass away  
from the screen! Men and women are in-  
curable romantics! Nature is the great sex-  
dynamo! Every picture has sex somewhere  
secreted in it. Even Ed Giannelli and  
George Raft must do their black deeds for  
a moll! There is no such thing as D. S. M.  
There is only the Eternal Girl, Hollywood  
without girls would be like a bouquet with-  
out flowers."

"Is he meshuggah? Who's going to take  
the girls out of Hollywood anyway?"

"Basil Rathbone sure is the greatest  
and most cold-blooded villain on the screen.  
The blood of the fans turn to ice when he  
comes on. Would you say he's got sex-  
pull?"

"Yes, they tell me widows are crazy  
about him, as his fan-mail shows."

"The most famous stories in the world  
are not sex-stories—Uncle Tom's Cabin,  
'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Les Miserables,'  
Cooper's Indian stories, 'Hamlet,' 'Alice in  
Wonderland':"

"The Declaration of Independence, the  
Emancipation Proclamation—"

"You sex-addicts can't take it, eh?  
You've got to kill me."

"Love's one thing. Sex is another. Why  
don't we get a good real love story on the  
films?"

"You mean the 'Romeo and Juliet' thing?  
They don't click, I tell you. They want up-  
to-date hot-chin."

At this point in the bubbling over of this  
word-stew, I thought I'd have my say. Why  
not? I was inside the movies for years,  
when a vamp was a vampire, a languorous  
lily of soulless love and a blood-red rose of  
sin—youzir!"

"What's-his-name over there," said I,  
pulling my finger generally in the direc-  
tion of the bar without spilling a drop,  
is right. Neither the picture public nor the  
stage public pays big for just sex-stuff.  
They do not care so much for an emotional  
wall-up as they do to be thrilled or enter-  
tained.

"If you produce a picture with a beau-  
tiful and itty woman walking through eight  
reels and there is no story, you will have a  
dead duck on your hands. On the other  
hand, you can put a couple of Itless men  
and women in a rip-snorting, quick-action  
picture and it'll go like frogs dimes at the  
Mint.

"The fans will, of course, like the rest  
of the human race, never tire of beauty in  
women and the handsome, manly guy, but  
it is a fact that even the younger, the post-  
war generation—"

"The post-war degeneration, you mean,"  
put in a frosty-faced dialogue-writer.

"Have it your own way. What I was go-  
going to say was that when that sophisticate  
interrupted me was that even the younger, the  
rising, generation is so blasé, as it were,  
today that the cheap sex claptrap and kiss-  
ging ga-ga make them yawn. It doesn't  
register any more because it's the same  
technique over and over again."

café at Monte Carlo, and ideas took on a  
new lease of life.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

wood at least, if a dish seems to them likely to add to the poundage they simply skip it. "Here is the menu for one of my latest dinners:

Consommé
Broiled Trout, Butter Sauce
Cucumber Rolls
Crown Roast of Lamb
Minted Carrots
Saute Potato Balls
Green Salad Bowl
Chocolate Soufflé
Demi Tasse

"My cook will give you such recipes as you would like to have. I know very little about cooking, but I always make out the menu."

"In this case, we served an additional sauce with the trout which is delicious. It is fresh horse-radish chopped up and added to whipped cream."

"The cucumber rolls are made from very fresh white bread, sliced thin and rolled around thin slices of cucumber. These must, of course, be served as soon as they are made."

Minted Carrots, I discovered from the Bennett cook, are often served when lamb is on the menu at the Holmby Hills house. You boil the carrots until tender, cut them into shapes, glaze them in brown sugar and butter, and sprinkle with chopped mint.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

Mix 3 level teaspoons cornstarch with 1/2 cup milk and when it is smooth add 1/2 cup of powdered sugar and 4 level tablespoons butter; place the mixture in a saucepan and stir over the fire until it boils; remove and stir until cold and then add the yolks of 2 eggs and 3 level tablespoons grated chocolate (Bakers'); beat until smooth, add the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and pour into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. Serve in the same dish.

"I suppose the most unusual dish we serve here is a dessert called creamed cones, from any extra mouthful of food, but La Bennett is exempt from these worries. Slim in blue wool with a brilliant clip at the throat, she shrugged them away.

Although it has been said that she never wears the same gown to any important Hollywood affair, she denies that she goes in for an extensive wardrobe. She buys clothes for the three months of each season—not too many of them, but enough to cover her needs—and then gets the new models as they appear. With styles changing as rapidly as they do, she sees no special point in loading up with a six months' wardrobe.

"You must see the playroom," she suggested, presently. After we had admired the collection of silver gathered in England, the linens selected in France, and the china from France and England. "We usually follow a dinner with games in here. Backgammon has been popular, but now we seem to be going in for Guuguineen and bezique."

The playroom is a spacious one, done in knotty pine, with a sage green rug and a fully equipped bar ornamented with copper. There are sporting prints on the walls, tables for games, a fireplace, and equipment for an infinite variety of entertainment. There is even a screen and projection space for showing films. Twin lamps, pottery roosters in yellow carrying rakish shades, stand at either end of the bar.

Occasionally a preview party returns to the playroom after the theatre showing and varied delicious sandwiches are served.

Sometimes there are open-faced sandwiches, of sliced egg with anchovy, Hormel ham with the powered yolks of hardboiled eggs, herring with onion rings, or cream cheese (Philadelphia) dotted with chopped dates and nuts.

And sometimes the sandwiches are heartier, including:

HOT HAM AND CHEESE

On rye toast spread a thin layer of piccalilli; then a slice of cold ham. Mix a paste of Kraft American cheese, mustard (Gulden's), Worcestershire sauce and cream, and spread on ham. Heat in the oven and place under broiler to brown slightly.

AVOCADO SANDWICH
The "Last Gangster." 
Annabella represents Fox Foreign Femininity. Unassuming, sincere, Wide brown eyes, sunburnt blonde hair, and an air of boyish directness. When this girl speaks, she loves the smell of earth after rain, the smell of freshly baked bread, and small babies after their baths; she is not pulling the wide-eyed womanly-woman stuff. She means it. And how do I know? I'll tell you, because she admits she doesn't know where acting leaves off and Annabella begins. Anyone who can be that frank about herself has too much appreciation of her listeners' intelligence to try such worn-out banalities, unless it were first completely refurbished and dressed up in a different form. That is one reason I believe this remark of Annabella's. Also, the fact that it occurred when and where it did in the conversation: Over broiled lobster and green salad in the Cafe de La Paix on the Fox lot, we were discussing planetary laws. Although keenly interested in the subject, Annabella had never happened to delve deeply into the significance of such laws, and was sincerely amazed when she found that many children of her planet found success and strength in the earth.

Her involuntary reaction to the newly-acquired knowledge was such intense pleasure that tears came to her large brown eyes. "It is thrilling to know that others feel this way. I never told anyone about it, as I thought it might sound too silly, but it is true. If I bury my nose in the earth, it fixes everything. If I must live in an apartment, I die." The mere fact that she thought herself singular in this idiosyncrasy further proves the sincerity of her apparent aphorism. She's like that all the way through, too. "I like best to talk to children, about eight or nine." A mark of the true sophisticate. She has completed the cycle of confused so-called adult mentalities and finds sanity and sound reasoning in childish directness. Lack of pretense in everything is an outstanding characteristic. Her clothes, for instance: A casual yellow and black floral cotton frock with a cap-sleeved blouse takes her to the beach.

of the avid and searching student of life.
"Is it true also that people of my birth-month, if they act, will never, never stop? Me, I shall work in a wheelchair at eighty, if I can, but I shall never stop. Nothing can stop me. The work, I mean. The parts I love."

Tenacity towards creative work cannot fail. It has taken her a long, long way, from Fox to Europe to Fox, which is a long, long way in this instance. Just three short years ago, a little girl resembling the radiant possessed creature sitting here, a star amongst stars, made her quiet mouse-like way about the Fox lot. A shadow of the Annabella that was to be—the nucleus, the embryo. It is even fitting that the lot to which Fate brought her should be Fox. Physically, I mean, for on this sunny winter day, in whatever direction one looked, there were gently sloping hills of rich, copper-colored earth. And a calm, gentle peace pervaded the scene, making it difficult to believe that an industry was going pulsatingly forward, amidst such serenity.

That Annabella of three years ago was doing a foreign version. Just about as important as a field-mouse and just about as colorful. Living in loneliness at the Beverly Hills Hotel once or twice, but even then determined to come back some day and show them. She has, The new Annabella is this year's latest imported model, darling of the lot, a splashy red star on her dressing-room door, and William Powell's vis-a-vis, no less! She rode back to Hollywood on "Wings of the Morning," in resplendent colors, and she's here to stay!

Her name was chosen with customary thoughtfulness. As both her father and husband are writers, she did not wish to trade on their names, so chose Annabella. Of course, inspired by the dolorous Poe's poem, Annabelle Lee. But today she is more like Baudelaire's poetry. As you know, he is often called the French Poe. However, the story behind Poe's writing of that poem has the same underlying quality of sadness as one sees in Annabella's eyes. As you recall, Poe came home to his cottage by the sea in wild state of drunkenness and asked his girl-bride to sing for him. She demurred, telling him of a very sore throat. At the insistence of the man she loved, she sang. And sang and sang and sang—all night.

Danielle Darrieux as she appears in her first American film.

poet who made words sing like the sound of a thousand violins in a dim, other-world symphony. He was perhaps the first to write poetry in prose. But like Poe, everything was odor. Don't get me wrong, the only dolor about Annabella is her tremendous dramatic ability, but she has all the hauntingness that these two unhappy bard's sang about. Wait till you see for yourself in "The Baroness and the Butler."

What have these people that our local talent lacks? Is it "je ne sais quoi." An extra soupcon of polish, a dash of daring, a fillip of folly, or just plain novelty? The latter, I think, is one of the important answers to this controversial question.

Unless you wish to delve into such far-flung theories as are being expounded by the sitting-room-seers, such as "MY personal belief is that the producers are very far sighted. You know television is just..."
A new kind of cream is bringing more direct help to women's skin. It is bringing to their aid the vitamin which helps the body to build new skin tissue—the important "skin-vitamin."

Within recent years doctors have learned that one of the vitamins has a special relation to skin health. When there is not enough of this "skin-vitamin" in the diet, the skin may suffer, become undernourished, rough, dry, old looking!

Essential to Skin Health
Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams during more than 3 years. In animal tests, the skin became rough, old looking when the diet lacked "skin-vitamin." But when Pond's Cold Cream containing "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, it became smooth, supple again—in only 3 weeks!

Now women everywhere are enjoying the benefits of Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream. They are reporting that pores are looking finer, that skin is smoother; best of all, that the use of this cream gives a livelier, more glowing look to their skin!

Use Pond's new "skin-vitamin" Cold Cream in your regular way—to cleanse at night and to freshen up for make-up in the morning and during the day. Whenever you get a chance, leave a little on. This new kind of cream now nourishes your skin.

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

SEND FOR THE NEW CREAM! TEST IT IN 9 TREATMENTS

(experimental) Entertaining in the white drawing room of her New York apartment. (center) Mrs. Richardson greeting friends after the opera.

Mrs. Arthur Richardson
Granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN
"I am delighted with the new Pond's Cold Cream. Now that we can have the benefits of the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream, I wonder how women were ever satisfied to use cleansing creams that did not also nourish!"
Zonite Wins Germ-Killing Test by 9.3 to 1

If your throat is raw or dry with a coming cold, don't waste precious time on remedies that are ineffective or slow-acting. Delay may lead to a very serious illness. To kill cold germs in your throat, use the Zonite gargle. You will be pleased with its quick effect.

Standard laboratory tests prove that Zonite is 9.3 times more active than any other popular, non-poisonous antiseptic!

NOW ZONITE ACTS—Gargle every 2 hours with one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. This Zonite treatment benefits you in four ways: (1) Kills all kinds of cold germs at contact! (2) Soothes the rawness in your throat. (3) Relieves the pain of swallowing. (4) Helps Nature by increasing the normal flow of curative, health-restoring body fluids. Zonite tastes like the medicine it really is!

DESTROY COLD GERMS NOW—DON'T WAIT

Don't let cold germs knock you out. Get Zonite at your druggist now! Keep it in your medicine cabinet. Be prepared. Then at the first tickle or sign of rawness in your throat, start gargling at once. Use one teaspoon of Zonite to one-half glass water. Gargle every 2 hours. We're confident that Zonite's quick results will more than repay you for your precaution.

Always gargle with Zonite at the first sign of a cold.

Barbara Read is a most suitable subject for camera art.

The Rise of Regan

Continued from page 25

...practically proud of his wife and children and home ties are deeply imbedded in him, but for more than three years he kept those he loved best in this life in the background, away from Hollywood eyes and knowledge. His wife, Josephine Dwyer, saw to that.

"Look, dear," she said, when Phil brought his family to California in 1934, "there's no real point to your telling anybody about us. It would be devastating to your career, just as it's starting so well, if it were known you had four children, even though you are only twenty-seven now. We'll stay out of sight, away from Hollywood entirely, and here in Pasadena no one will associate us with Phil Regan, the actor. No one here need know you have anything to do with motion pictures."

So, even though the idea didn't appeal to him a nickel's worth, Phil Regan, to Hollywood, was the mysterious, unmarried swain, "This is my sweetheart," he sometimes would introduce Josephine Dwyer, on their rare appearances together in Hollywood—and everybody took it for granted that the girl with him was his latest "flame." Nobody, during all the time this masquerade was practiced, once asked Phil directly if he was married.

"There was one occasion," Phil chuckles, in recollection, "when a prominent newspaper columnist approached me at a preview, 'Phil,' he said, 'I just heard from the east that you're married and have five children.'"

"'Not five,' I told him, 'four.' Both of us laughed, and that was the last I ever heard of it. He thought I was kidding him. Actually, of course, I had never been more truthful in my life.

"And I meant it, too, when I introduced Josephine as my 'sweetheart.' I've never liked the sound of the word, wife, and have always used sweetheart, instead. Although no one knew it, I was really presenting the wife nobody suspected I possessed. Nor was I lying when I told friends that it would be the proudest day of my life when I could introduce Miss Dwyer as my wife."

Phil was seventeen when he married Josephine Dwyer. That was when he was driving a truck, back in Brooklyn. They were pronounced man and wife in St. Francis' Cathedral, but there was no money with which to take a honeymoon, Instead, Phil led his bride from the cathedral door
"I've found LOVE"

say

ANNE SHIRLEY

"With women, Romance comes first... that's why I always advise: Guard against COSMETIC SKIN this easy way"

**LOVELY SKIN wins romance—and holds it,** says this charming young screen star. "So don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin. You can guard against it easily as I do—by removing stale rouge and powder *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap."

Choked pores cause dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. It keeps skin smooth!

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use it
Every girl knows that bright lips tempt. But some girls forget that rough lips repel.

So choose your lipstick for two reasons... its sweet, warm color... and its protection from Lipstick Parching.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick is enriched with "Theobroma," a special softening ingredient that protects the soft, thin skin of your lips... encourages a moist, lustrous look. In 5 thrilling shades, Coty "Sub-Deb" is just 50c.

"Air-Spun" Rouge is new! Blended by air... its texture is so mellow-smooth, it seems related to your own skin! 50c.

to his truck, drove her to the one-room apartment he had rented—and returned to work.

Born the son of Irish immigrant parents in a poor section of Brooklyn, Phil was working at 16. He had been working in a trolley car before he was ten years old. His father managed to keep him in school through the grammar grades, but high school was impossible. He got a job driving a wagon on the docks.

"One of my earliest and fondest memories was riding on my father's bakery route," Phil says, "so it wasn't so surprising that I should take a job driving a truck, too. I remember how proud I was, as I drove my team past a group of former playmates."

From teamster, then a grease to auto truck driver, and it was during this period that he married the girl with whom he had been keeping company for more than a year. Private chauffuering developed as a desire to better himself, and finally he joined the police force.

"Thirty-five dollars a week—all my troubles were at an end," Phil smiles now. "The work was steady, and there was always that pension of thirty dollars a week at the end of twenty years. My life seemed completely happy, and Josephine and I were entirely happy. Two sons, Joseph and Phillip, Jr., had been born to us."

The screen was least from his thoughts during this period. So, too, was singing over the radio. How Phil came to abandon his chosen profession for radio work was purely coincidental.

He had been detailed, in his capacity of plain-clothesman on the force, to watch over a smugmous party. His partner chanced to tell the host of his talent for all singing, and the host insisted that he obligre. He was little less than a sensation.

"Before I accepted, though, Josephine and I discussed the proposition at great length," Phil declares. "As a cop, I was sure of a job; while, if I went on the radio, I was assured only thirteen weeks. Of course, the future might offer something interesting, but I would be relinquishing my chances of that thirty dollars a week pension."

While such a prospect may mean little to many people, consider Phil's position. He had been born of poor parents—steady work was at a premium—a regular salary for twenty years, with occasional raises and possible promotions, and a retirement pension of thirty dollars weekly, was an opportunity not to be ignored. The offer, however, promised a great deal, and Phil finally accepted.

He became known in radio as The Singing Cop, and continued on the radio after the termination of his Burns and Allen engagement. In December 1933, he determined, and on blind speculation arrived in the movie capital. An interesting sidelight was that Josephine Dreyer, unlike most wives, accompanied Phil bargain with fate and went with him, where the chances were several thousand to one against him. She and the four children remained in New York, such was his love for his family.

One of those rare breaks you often read about touched Phil with its magic wand. The first night he was in Hollywood he was taken to the Coconut Grove, where Guy Lombardo was opening that evening. Clarence Brown saw him, and told him to report the following day at the studio for a screen test.

The test was for Joan Crawford's leading man in "Sadie McKee." While another, Gene Raymond, won this role, the test proved so outstandingly the same extraordinary voice, and straightforward way he handled the affair that he was offered the part. When Warners, who had taken him to the Coconut Grove, learned he was being signed, they decided to offer him the role of the romantic bachelor decided upon."It wasn't easy, posing as the gay blade with matrimony farthest away from my mind," the actor tells you. "Many and many a time I was on the verge of choking everything and present myself to the world to see, but Josephine talked me out of it each time."

"I remained with Warners for two years, but there were so many other singing actors on the lot that I decided I could do better elsewhere and asked for my release. I went over to Gabby, and played in 'Laughing Irish Eyes.'"

This is the picture which really focused Hollywood's attention upon him. After a second film for this same company, Republic decided to produce a big musical extravaganza, "The Hit Parade," with such names as Frances Langford, Cab Calloway, and Eddie Duchin. It cast Phil Regan in what amounted virtually to the starring role. More recently, he appeared in "Manhattan Merry-Go-Round," and established himself definitely as one of the screen's most gifted singing personalities. He'll next be seen in the starring role of "Mavours.""

"I haven't any visions of becoming a great star," he explains, surprisingly. "I've set a modest goal, not at all in line with what is expected of a picture star. I want to live in comfort with my wife, and provide for my children. I want a nice home, and a moderate income. So far as the luxuries of great wealth are concerned, however, those are not for us. We're simple folk—we don't want them. That is why we want our children to understand that there's no better or no different from their friends, those whose parents are not in motion pictures or particularly wealthy. It's hard through a streak of luck, anyway, that I'm in pictures and that we're as well off as we are."

An amazing young chap, this Phil Regan. A star now, he still thinks of himself as fortunate indeed even to be in Hollywood. His honest brown eyes and temperament that he is aught but amazed that events have taken the turn they have in directing his fate. It's not so wondrous, though, to those who know him—talent such as his cannot long remain hidden. His voice alone would ensure his popular reception. I repeat, he is one of the most un-Hollywood persons ever to arrive in the film capital. Phil Regan will always keep his feet on the ground.
The best of "The Game" players in Hollywood is Loretta Young, who can take practically any subject that is handed her and act it out before most of us have unfolded our slips of paper. Loretta recently finished a strenuous picture schedule and wanted to "get away from it all." You know, relax, and all that. So she went to New York, started playing "The Game" and with only a few hours out for sleep played it all the way back to the Coast. She's the fastest bolt as an actor and a guesser—she ought to be, she knows them all by now. Fortunately Bill Powell and Al Kaufman and several other Hollywoodians were on the train too so Loretta didn't have to call in the engineer and conductor to make a team. Fans along the route who crowded around the Chief at the stations report the queerest goings-on in Miss Young's compartment. But it really wasn't Mr. Powell getting fresh—he was merely acting out "Variety is the spice of life" and having a hell of a time with "spice." The William Powell fan club of Kansas City had a special treat. They arrived just

Just to prove that all Hollywood romance doesn't necessarily have a night club setting, here's a pastoral version by Simone Simon and Don Ameche in "Josette."

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S C R E E N L A N D

in time to see their idol acting out "The
sins of the fathers." "Get Bill, get Bill, isn't one of the best
"Game" players. He insists upon taking
his time and he always stops to giggle and
that slows up the action. Personally, I wish
I felt like the agencies of the pantomiming "But taxation without representa-
tion is tyranny," I feel more like murder-
ing. I've known Bill for years and he has
never been a real player, I mean seriously.
In fact there was once a rumor that his
unmarried Kings and unimpressed Queens led
to the Lombard-Powell divorce. Loretta
has been completely stumped once and that was at
the Darryl Zanuck party when some So-
do hankied his way over to her. She
lies away and tries to figure out how she
could have done that. Loretta hates to
try to guess Shakespearean quotations, as
she has never spent much time with Shake-
peare, but every kind of a Biblical quotation
or episode is a cinch for her and her sister
Sally Ilane. Her favorite is "Rebecca at the
Well."

Next to Loretta I suppose Barbara Stan-
wyck is our most avid player, Barbara
hasn't made a picture since last August
and has been out of work since October,
says Barbara, "The Game is my salva-
tion, it's the only chance I have to act now.
Thanks to The Game I can keep in prac-
tice." The Game was written and directed by
the members of the Mar-Weyck Ranch Club
which plays Barbara's biggest picture to
watch Barbara act—and get in a little act-
ing other than her own. Robert Taylor
who had rather act than guess,
Carole Lombard who had rather guess
than act, Clark Gable who likes to do both,
Marian and Zeppo Marx and the Ray
Millands.

Barbara acts with great dash and enthu-
siasm, indeed her enthusiasm one night
in rehearsal, Miss Taylor was expected
to arrive from England, via
New York, the next morning and Barbara
wanted to look fresh and lovely. "I'd been
practicing glamorous for days," she said,
and thought at last I looked like a cross
between Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard.
'I'll act out only one more quotation,'
I told the gang, and then I go to bed. Give
me a hard one." They gave her. "To err
is human, to forgive divine" and Barbara
became so involved in erring that in the
excitement she started to her with her long
glorious fingernails that she had been
growing for Bob and physically ript it
off. She said, "I never gave up a thing
while everyone offered suggestions for healing
Barbara's nose which was bleeding all over
the place. "When I saw Bob the next day,"
said Barbara, "I looked like somebody who
had just gotten the worst of it in Madison
Square Garden. I certainly didn't look like
a cross between Joan Crawford and Carole
Lombard," sighed Miss Taylor.

The hardest one she ever tried to do,
Barbara says, was "Don't spit. Remember
the Joadshtown Flood." She suspects Mr.
Gable when he was in his prime was the
most excellent that Carole guessed "Rhythm
on the Range," Marian guessed "The Last
of the Mohicans" and Ray Milland was pos-
tive that it was "Nothing Sacred."

I arrived at Claudette Colbert's one night
to find Director Ernst Lubitsch writing on
the floor. Acute appendix, I thought at
first, and it was a most distressing
occasion, and then an ambulance. But it seems that the Herr Director was only
doing "The Birth of a Nation." Claud-
ette, who becomes quite significant if the
time is right, will sit up all night playing
"The Game." She loves it, "a little knowledge is a
dangerous thing," as she has all the time
but she came through with flying colors on "Paths
of glory lead but to the grave." Claudette
nearly laid off a path, and after guesses
of "road" and "walk" Gary Cooper, who
loathes the Game, guessed "path." Then
Claudette began to howl and right
and left. Her team was completely
dumbfounded. What could bows have to do with a
"path." And then it showed a
piece of intelligence. Perhaps it's because
I know movie stars so well. "That," I said,
"is glory." And then of course with two
players we all sing that song at the
same time. You and I, rank amateurs
that we are, would probably have waved
an imaginary flag for glory—but an actress
talks now.

Of course there was nummerous kiding
at the Darryl Zanuck party when Marlene
was handed "She walks in beauty" and
"And Cromlech." They didn't even believe
and didn't have to do a thing but point to her-
self. Myrna Loy, who is called Minnie by her
close friends, is about the worst of the
woven players. Although she and Myrna
is much too shy to get the most out
of The Game," And, says Myrna, "they
always give me such awful things to do.
Now how can I do, "Remember the
Maine?"

And you'd be surprised to know who the
worst of the male actors is! I come out r
voted first in the opinion of all of them all,
Charlie Chaplin. Charlie just doesn't get
the hang of The Game for some reason or
other. When I asked the ocean" he might be complained bitterly that
it was much too difficult and couldn't
be done. Immediately ten people offered to
do it for him. The male actors are doing Fairbanks, Jr., Ronald Colman,
and David Niven. Doug, Jr., is nuts about
The Game" that he even plays it between
takes at the studio and wheresas Irene
Dunne used to knit horrible things that
were meant for sweaters but turned out to
be nufflers between set-ups, is now there working to
figure out with Director Tay Garnett what
her leading man is trying to convey. He
seems to be walking over imaginary
mountains, 'One of the Alpinists', shirks
Irene, as pleased as punch with herself. And
courses the cast and crew of The Joy of
Loving," not to mention Designer Eddie
Stevenson, will never forget the time Miss
Dunne did "Like a fish out of water" right in
the middle of dusty Stage 4.

The English, it seems, are excellent at
"Game." Robert Donat, Sir Cedric Hardwick,
and David Niven are calm, precise,
and right to the point without wasting a second.
Ronnie Colman was so marvelous one night
that I'm afraid it was difficult to not
wonder at point to guess, "Able was I ere I saw Elba." The
French are either fluttery or quite bad.
Fernand Graveech, who acts but has
hard time guessing. Of all the foreigners in
the colony Marlene Dietrich is the best when
it comes to both acting and guessing.
Nothing is too difficult for Marlene to attempt.
Tay Garnett is "Simple Simon met a pieman."
At one of Jean Blondell and Dick
Powell's parties I recently found a new
interpretation of "Game" at the studio. George
Barton, Jack Benny, and Harry Ruby
decided that the three of them would act out
all their subjects together. In fact they
declined "they would even select their own
subjects and that we could guess them.
First the three of them walked to the
center of the room, started pointing at each
other and shouting. George Barton, Jack
Blondell rank right up with the top-notch
players; indeed Gloria has worked it down
to such a system that she can usually
guess it in a minute, because it just fits the
way it fits into. Though there is one she never
did guess. That was the night that sister Joan
did "The Oedipus Complex."
Yes, I've tried making little humming sounds to get them to perk up their ears, but even then they wriggle!

Another hobby of Dolores' is the home movie camera.

"I have a small Cine-Kodak in which I use color film," she explained, her eyes full of little gold lights, as if her enthusiasm had lighted lamps in their dark depths. "I wish the day would come when motion pictures could get some glorious color on the screen! I have lovelier shots of Norma Shearer, Gary Cooper, Errol Flynn, and Fay Wray than anything you've seen in their films.

"On the 'Lancer Spy' set, I made gorgeous color shots of our scenes that far surpass those they made with the black-and-white cameras. I used to tell them every day how much better mine were! I made some intriguing shots of our director, Gregory Ratoff—what a nice person he is!—when he was terribly excited. Such fun! I show them to him and he pretends to be furious!

"I've experimented with color film in my still camera, but without great success.

"There is a film, called Dufay film, that you can buy: you get six negatives for $7.50, and you are permitted to send them to New York for developing and printing. The negatives are tiny things, but the returned prints are blown up to a fair size and beautifully mounted.

"I am not expert enough yet to make this worth while to me. Perhaps only an excellent artist could afford to do it at this stage, for each print should be more than a mere amateur shot at that price.

"However, it's difficult to judge for other people. Camera work gets finer every day. The beautiful pictures made by such men as Steichen are worth collecting. People buy and hang them as they used to buy valuable paintings, and I think they fit into a modern house better.

One of the thrills of doing portraits with Mr. Gibbons, Dolores' husband, according to the star, is that he has original ideas of composition and focus, and likes to experiment.

"We will often take half a dozen portraits of the sitter in the same pose," she

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"Collaborate With a Camera"

Continued from page 63

"I'm teaching girls a lovelier way to avoid offending!"

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"I love bathing with Cashmere Bouquet. The exquisite, perfumed soap that keeps a girl fragrantly dainty!"

"First, the deep-cleansing lather of this lovely perfumed soap removes every trace of body odor..."

"Marvelous for complexions, too! You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin clearer, softer... more radiant and alluring!"

---

"Only 10¢ at drug, department, and ten-cent stores"

"To keep fragrantly dainty—bathe with perfumed Cashmere Bouquet Soap"
confided, "and number each shot so that we will know exactly what was done, if the negatives get mixed up. Our notes on the numbered shot tell the focus, the lighting, the change in background, etc., and then we add the printing time. When we have a larger collection, we should be able to tell exactly how a given arrangement will result."

Dolores is far enough along with her hobby now so that she can mentally change the colors in a scene to be shot by her still camera into the varied blacks, grays, and whites that will be shown in the finished print.

"At first, I would forget that the green branch behind a girl in black would most likely appear as an extension of the black costume," she explained, "but now I seem to know automatically which shades of red will go dark and which ones will go light. This is partly my motion picture training, of course.

"I've always had a feeling for beauty, but, do you know, since I began to make pictures I seem to have a greater appreciation of it, a greater awareness, I see beauty in line and interesting composition where I didn't especially notice it before.

"I was down at Palm Springs last week, and how I wished for my Roliflex! I had the little movie camera with me and I am so proud of the shots I made. Sand shots make gorgeous pictures, just as snow shots do, but so far I have had no opportunity to shoot anything in the snow. This time I made pictures of typical desert scenes, of cactus, even some close shots of cactus in flower, with one tiny rosy bloom filling the screen."

"If you have sunlight on your sand, or snow, you can have your figures face away from the bright light, using the sand as reflector. The odd thing about this hobby is that it seems not to have a limit—one thing leads to another. Reflectors, for instance: we have none yet, so we use white walls or sand. When we are farther along with our portraits, and can bear to let our attention stray, we shall probably get one or two real reflectors and experiment with them."

One of Dolores' hints to amateur cameramen is this: "Watch your background, especially in an outdoor shot. Telephone wires a block away have a maddening habit of showing up in a finished print. You don't see them when you look into the finder, but if you take a water shot with a beach line in the distance, look over the scenery for ugly billboards or hideous little shacks that might ruin the shot. You think: 'It's so far away, it won't be seen,' but it always seems to stick out and spoil things. So for pictures that please, Dolores tells us, one must carefully observe the background.

"If you take pictures in a room, or on a terrace, or anywhere with a close-up background, look at the scene in detail before you click the shutter. A vase of flowers may look artistic on a table behind the girl on the couch, but in the finished print it may seem to be growing out of her head. A shift to one side could avoid this freak.

"It's just as well not to let your subject wear a hat. Everyone looks better without one, and hats of today are likely to make their wearers fairly ridiculous tomorrow. Most of us are appalled at our millinery of five years ago, so unless the girl is in costume—which will be ageless—take off her trick hat."

"A hobby like this one doesn't depend on expensive equipment. Anyone with a cheap box camera and home-made filters and screens can get enjoyment from it. It develops ingenuity, because you find yourself getting new ideas and have to figure out ways to make them come true."

"If you can get a collaborator, it will double your fun!"

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MAKES YOUR MONEY GO
3 TIMES AS FAR!

Gloria Stuart offers you a very
smart idea in resort wear.

With Garbo at Home
Continued from page 29

before the window and adjoining a white and blue bathroom that is surely the smallest ever owned by a famous film star. It has no provision for cosmetics. Garbo dislikes to use make-up off the screen and even the exquisite pale spun-gold of her hair is entirely due to its morning and evening's brushing.

Reverting to Greta's statement that she was not going to "marry anybody at present," that word present may have been used in a very literal sense. Benefit of the doubt might well be accorded her, for it was a fact that Leopold Stokowski at that time was in America. Only later did the famous conductor sail the seas on the same path Garbo had travelled weeks previously.

Before she left Hollywood Garbo denied the rumored romance and impending marriage—at the time she made the denials Stokowski was still married. Later his wife divorced him and contracted another marriage, thus giving added vigor to the persistent Garbo-Stokowski rumors emanating from Hollywood.

Sometimes Garbo goes to Stockholm, to renew her acquaintance with the friends of her early days when she was struggling to earn a few kronen in the city herself as salesgirl, photographic model, and occasional film extra. On these days she leaves Harby alone in a modest car whose chained wheels lumber slowly along the snow-stacked country roads and stays at the apartment of a woman painter she has known for many years.

Together they go to watch the winter sports, the ice-yachting and skate-sailing on the frozen waters of the great Archipelago, the hockey-matches at the Stadium and the ski-ing out on the hill at Fridskartoplet. Like most Swedish women, Garbo is an accomplished skater and she follows the professional performers with the critical eyes of an expert. She has taken the keenest interest in Sonja Henie's work in Hollywood.
One night Garbo went to her own cinema in Stockholm. She is the only star in the world who has a motion picture theatre named after her and formally dedicated to her art as well. It is called The Garbo, bioskope meaning cinema in Scandinavia, and stands in what Mr. Greta often describes unaptly as “my part of the city” — the densely populated working-class district where she lived when she worked in the hat department of Stockholm’s leading store.

Daytime Garbo’s street dress is invariably in the same classic style. Her severely tailored suit is of dark wool and covered with a long loose coat or cloak to match. A colored scarf perhaps and peasant-type night cap. Gauntlet gloves, heavy flat shoes and dark silk stockings, maybe a soft felt pull-on hat if the snow is falling, but often her hair falls uncovered to her shoulders. At home she wears it uncurled with her fore-head fringe quite straight too.

In the evening she goes glamorous without departing from this original fashion she affects. She was centre of a gay informal dinner party at the Grand Hotel one night, sitting in the winter garden restaurant where she laughed and chatted with her artist friends. She wore an ankle-length gown of midnight blue velvet, fitting her slim figure tightly, with long wide sleeves and an antique gold filigree brooch at the shoulder. Over it went a sweeping blue velvet cloak which pulled the fur-lined collar across her head exactly like a becoming monk’s hood.

As always when she comes home, Garbo has been shopping in Stockholm, buying things to take back to Hollywood so that she shall still be reminded of her native land.

That is where Garbo differs from most foreign stars who go to Hollywood. They become enthusiastically Americanized, enchanted by the novelty of their new environment, but Garbo’s nature is too deeply rooted fundamentally ever to change her habits or ideas. She will learn, improve, and polish herself; but she will never alter in essentials. Today the world-famous star is a tall dark Swedish woman in the streets of Stockholm, thinking and feeling and acting in just the same way. She lives across the ocean now, but her heart remains at home.

Only the fact that she loves her work to the exclusion of everything else keeps Garbo in Hollywood — she makes no secret of it to her friends. She counts the screen the most important thing in her world and she abnegates herself and her own desires to the demands of her art just as did Duse and Bernhardt and the famous actresses before them. The reason she goes so little to the bright night-spots of Hollywood is that she prefers to use her leisure resting to keep fit and fresh for her work and studying to better understand it.

Even at home in Sweden her thoughts and conversation continue to centre round the screen. She buys all the American and European film magazines and takes them back to Haarby to peruse as she hunts beside the stove. She reads new novels and sees new plays with a view to their scenario values. She talks to the Swedish actors and actresses ever anxious to gain wider technical perspective and stimulating dramatic ideas.

Garbo will never “go home” in the popular catch-phrase. She may shed tears when she sings for America again as she has always done, but she will stay on the ship just the same. Stronger than calls of homeland, deeper than all ties of family and friends, is this passionate love for her art. It is this complete absorption that has made her the supreme star she is and it will keep her proudly serving the silver screen as long as the cameras will turn for her.

SEE THAT REINDEER HUNTER’S SMILE

Where cities stand today, hunters once pursued the deer. A hard, chancy life — yet lucky, too! Tough, primitive fare kept the hunter’s teeth properly exercised — wonderfully healthy! We modern folk eat softer foods — give our teeth too little healthful exercise.

MODERN TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

That special, firm consistency of Dentyne invites more vigorous chewing exercise — stimulates the circulation of the blood in the mouth tissues — stimulates the salivary glands too, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne’s a real aid to sturdier, whiter teeth!

YOU’LL ENJOY ITS SPICY FLAVOR!

A spiciness that’s sweetly smooth — irresistibly delicious! And notice how handily the Dentyne package slips into your pocket or handbag — that neatly flat, round-cornered shape is a feature exclusively Dentyne’s.

DENTYNE DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

SCREENLAND 81
the highlights of somebody's career and all of a sudden you find that you're talking about truck farming or whether or not it is ever advisable to be there during an oil of a sand-trap. And on this particular afternoon we covered the subject of trout fishing in all its funny aspects from the Lake Arrowhead region of the northern Siskiyous and back. From angling we skipped lightly over golf, on which subject I was, luckily, a little better versed, and verbally discovered the hundred holes that was wherein we could have given Watson Little a run for his money.

Funny thing, though, I noticed every time I tried to follow this gag was not lei.

I've been teaching children about the house, and also to Lawrence Baker he she away from the subject and steer the conversation back to mushie-nibblies and forty-foot puts. Very queer, I thought. Something is very, very funny here. You don't usually have any trouble at all getting screen stars to tell you all about such miraculous rise to fame and fortune. So once again I was nonplused. Most discouraging.

At last, after sinking puts from impossible distances with regularity, threw skipping shots from unbelievable spots, I had to take the bull by the horns, as it were, and make a stand. "Now, look here, Mr. Kenny didn't fake it. I tried to find a five (o'clock), "after all, I've got a job to do and you're the only one who can help me. Now, how's about it? Come on, be a good egg and be interviewed like a gentleman."

A look of genuine pain came over Kenny's good-looking face.

"Aw, gosh, " he said plaintively, "can't we just talk about golf and fishing instead?"

"No more golf until I find out all about Mr. Baker and his career, " I said. "Anyway, we've covered the subject of golf from Brentwood to Lakeside and back already."

"How do you like Lakeside? " Kenny asked desperately. "Isn't that thirteenth hole a pip?"

I agreed that the thirteenth hole was just that, and then it struck me that the national ruminations that all the rumors I'd been hearing weren't rumors at all but the gospel truth. But the truth, in this case, sounded suspiciously like a publicity man's lie. So I queried: "What would you do, for as long as I was content to talk about golf or fishing, Kenny Baker would chatter on far into a cold gray dawn."

I always when I insist. I find out the why and the wherewith of Kenny himself that he became all fussed and got that pained look on his face.

Senors and seniors, the horrible, soul-searing, hideous truth about Mr. Kenneth Lawrence Baker of Monterey, California, is that he was a singer, aged, agoni- zingly bashful! And isn't that something? It is, because it's not a gag and Kenny would, personally, give a great many twenty-dollar bills if he could overcome it.

I hated to be cruel but I had to find out so I asked: "Is it true that it took nearly a whole day to shoot a scene of you kicking Jane Wyman in your first big picture, 'Mr. Dodd Takes the Air'? Just a lot of publicity chattering." Mr. Baker was, at this point, nervously running his fingers through his hair and gradually acquiring the hue of a brick. "No-no-no, I didn't! " he gushed. "You see, I couldn't help it. I was so darned embar- rassed and scared that every time—every time I went to kiss her—I got a kind of a funny look on my face. The lady looked like I was getting ready to make a parachute jump, Oh, man, that was an awful day! I'd rather not talk about it."

Well, there you have it. And it was nearing seven P.M. and Kenny had unblushed enough to let me in on his Open Sesame secret of success.

I shan't say so many years ago (Kenny is just 23) that the young lad was a potential admiral. At an early age Kenny announced to his family in no uncertain terms that he was going to be an admiral and make Perry and John Paul Jones look like a couple of sissies. But instead his Dad bought him a violin and young Kenneth decided that maybe he'll be able to form the group of four cello players that I was made assistant leader and concert master of the exceptionally good school orchestra.

Then, upon entering Long Beach High School, it suddenly dawned upon him that he was wasting his time fooling around with the violin. He discovered, quite by accident, that his voice possessed a most unusual tone and range. Where other well known tenors would strain for a high note and grow purple in the face, Kenneth found that if he could sing from their highest pitch and then keep right on going up the scale for several more tones, Aha, he thought—it’s clear now that Richard G Aves was the one who went to music school. So Kenny Baker packed his violin and laid it on the top shelf of the closet and commenced to study voice. But he couldn't get at the man's true nature. The fact, he tried out more than a dozen in the course of three months and the only helpful thing they taught him was the correct way to breath. "You can breathe from the stomach, Kenny said, "and if you don’t think it’s a tricky feat just try it sometime."

Well, Baker around and Kenny studied and practiced until he could breathe with his stomach and when summer vacation came he gave up in disgust and took a job at the local businessmen’s disco.

"Down there, " Kenny explained, "people don’t seem to mind so much if you breathe with your lungs."

When he came back he got a few days work with a chorale group doing background singing in one of Ramon Novarro’s pictures, and this so enthused him that he promptly entered the National Amateur Contest, Edward Novis, brother of Donald Novis, former national winner, was his vocal teacher now, and at last he found the man. The vocal teacher who could do the most for him. And he was right, for Kenny finished second in the Long Beach High School competition and was now thoroughly convinced that his future lay in his throat. But all this time his old bugaboos continued to haunt him. Every time he faced an audience at a social function or a church committee his knees would commence to tremble, his hands would shake and, all in all, one would be hard put to it to most miserable young man in the state of California. And if there is one thing in the world a singer must have it is poise and confidence.

"In fact, " said Kenny, "when I stood up to sing the people in the first three rows forgot all about me and I was way ahead of number. My knees sounded like an introduction with castanets. Honest."

But, bashful or not, Kenny Baker kept right on. And without further ado, which was pretty often when the Lions and Rotarians found that he was glad to sing for nothing. And that’s real nerve too, when you think about it. Kenny said when you know perfectly well is going to scare you silly!"

In 1930, Kenny Baker was nineteen he married his high-school sweetheart, Geraldine Churchill. This necessitated the old American custom of buying-bread-for-the-
bride so he got an engagement at the First Church of Christ Scientist at Santa Anita and every week he brought Geraldine his nineteen dollars and told her to go ahead and squander as much as she liked but to save out enough for singing lessons.

And then, to and behold, after doing a little radio work with a quartette, he was engaged as intermission soloist at the newly opened Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. Now he was getting some place! From the prestige gained at this exclusive hotel he began to get more picture work. True, it was all “background” work: supplying the singing to Walt Disney’s cartoons, Silly Symphonies and the like, but it paid well and, with his regular salary, Kenny wasn’t doing badly at all. And Geraldine was very happy about the whole thing and told Kenny that he’d be crazy if he didn’t enter Eddie Duchin’s Texaco Radio Contest. So he sent in his application and qualifications and promptly forgot about the whole matter until one day several weeks later, while working on Lawrence Tibbett’s picture, “Metropolitan,” he was informed that his audition would be the following morning and to please be on time.

Kenny was on time, all right, and when he had finished his song they told him to come back the next morning to compete in the semi-finals. He won that and then, tired and more nervous than ever because he was holding up a whole movie company, he advanced to the finals and won that too, hands down. And when they scorched out on the Fox lot when Kenny came sprinting in more than two hours late.

Winning this contest gave Kenny the opportunity of being heard for the first time over a coast-to-coast broadcast and also gave him a week’s engagement at the famous Coconut Grove at $100 bucks per. But once at the Grove he so completely wowed the diners and dancers that he was kept on not only through the duration of Eddie Duchin’s contract but also through those of Ozzie Nelson and Al Lyons.

And then Mervyn LeRoy happened in one evening and was so impressed by the Baker voice that he immediately placed him under contract and cast him in the picture, “The King of Burlesque.” Kenny blushed his way through that picture but his voice didn’t fail him and Mr. LeRoy was so pleased that he spent half of the time congratulating himself and the other half going around snarling at less intelligent talent pickers.

Then—this was in 1935—Jack Benny heard him and gave him a trial broadcast on his famous radio show. Kenny had no sooner stepped away from the microphone, so to speak, than Jack showed a contract for seven more weeks at him and then followed through with a contract for thirteen more.

“WOW!” Kenny said, momentarily forgetting he was being interviewed. “By that time I was so scared and thrilled I could hardly keep inside my own skin!”

Jack Benny straightaway christened him the Timid Tenor. He says that Kenny approached the microphone like it was a coiled cobra and even now he has to assure him before each broadcast that the poor “mike” isn’t at all venomous and is, in fact, actually docile if you look it fearlessly in the eye.

In October of 1936 Kenny joined Jack Benny again with a thirty-nine weeks’ contract and then Mervyn LeRoy signed him to do “The King and the Chorus Girl,” with Fernand Gravet and Joan Blondell. Then in rapid fire came “Mr. Dodd Takes the Air,” soon to be followed by “Fifty-Second Street” and “Goldwyn Follies.”

And that, as hard as it was to pry loose, is the story of how Kenny Baker blushed and blistered his way to the top of the heap. And, incidentally, of how I happen to be on speaking terms with a Dusty Heckler—pardon me—a Brown Coachman, or is it a Royal Miller I’m thinking of? Anyway I know more about fishing since I interviewed the lad who would rather talk about trout and golf than himself.

If a stenographer’s abused hands could talk, they’d say:

- Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute... filing the next...washing carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. Soon your skin is all dry, chapped. Rough, red, and ugly! What your hard-working hands need is quick-acting Hinds!

- Office jobs are terribly hard on your hands. Typing one minute... filing the next...washing carbon smudges off your fingers a dozen times a day. Soon your skin is all dry, chapped. Rough, red, and ugly! What your hard-working hands need is quick-acting Hinds!

- Creamy-luscious, Hinds rubs in quickly. Hands feel comfortable. Not a bit gummy. Hinds helps put back softness that office work, harsh soaps, blistered winds take away. Now contains Vitamins D and A! Use Hinds for smooth, kissable Honeymoon Hands! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

Hinds Honey and Almond

Cream for Honeymoon Hands

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Secrets of Hollywood’s Ace Directors

Continued from page 33

unteen then, carrying a violin under one arm, a pair of skis under the other. Out at Universal he was known as just another relative, since one of his uncle’s kin. Witty didn’t like that at all. One of his hardest fights was to make the company forget that he had been signed up simply because he was a Lubitsch cousin. He succeeded so well that when he first put on a bit of temperament and demanded a release—this was after “The Good Fairy”—the company made Witty terribly unhappy. He had no intention of leaving Universal. Pride wouldn’t let him stay after that. He went into freelancing and made a name that is quite his own. He was married, for a year or two, to Margaret Sullivan and says they fell in love during the making of “The Good Fairy” because they enjoyed fighting with each other.

W. S. Van Dyke is one who’s gone in for adventure. Like all the big directors, he’s a likeable fellow, talks well and gets along with people. He has his own way of directing, as individual as it is effective. He’s apt to switch scenes suddenly, throwing his entire concentration into it. He did it once to Robert Taylor, pretending the scene was a rehearsal and filming only one take. The handsome Robert, never at anything, went into despair until he saw the rushes. Then, somewhat abashed, he had to admit these were the best scenes in the picture.

Woody tripped this up on one of Hollywood’s prides and joys, who was intensely flattered by what he considered the director’s trust in his ability. Woody snorted when he learned this, and broke his mind freely: “Certainly he never needed more than one take for each scene. That’s the way we work with animals too. You figure out what the animal is able to do—or likely to do. Then you set up the cameras and photograph whatever he does. It’s no use photographing it a second time. The animal won’t be any better. He’ll just be more tired, and that’s the only way to handle some actors.”

He’s one director who’s been all over the world, even had a taste of real exploring. He made “Trader Horn” in the wilds of Africa, and says that was just grief all the time. He filmed “Eskimo” in Alaska, “The Pagan” and “White Shadows in the South Seas” on location. He turned down “The Good Earth” because he thought it should have been made in China.

For sheer fun, there’s probably no one in Hollywood to compare with Ernst Lubitsch when he’s feeling gay. Always, on the set or off, he is putting on those dollar cigars that look bigger than ever compared to his small figure. His eyes are bright and always laughing. I’ve never heard him make a malicious remark, or heard one made about him. The only time I’ve ever seen him really mad was when he discussed censorship, the censors, by the way, didn’t like him in “Angel,” so carefully had the witty Lubitsch handled a dangerous situation.

He was an actor back in Berlin days, and transferred to directing as soon as the time that Pola Negri became a European star. One of her German films, “Passion,” brought him a Hollywood contract. Little Lubitsch has been here thirty-six months. Story conferences prove that an actor never quite forgets his art. Eyes dancing, cigar waving, Ernst Lubitsch goes through each scene. He will add a bit of business there, a line of dialogue there, a gesture now.

When the script is finished, so practically is the film. Lubitsch knows what he wants. He has it there, down on paper, in detail, and complete in his head. He has only then to persuade the actors to get the idea, and this he does with a contagious merriment. He does not weep with the sad scenes nor grow hysterical with emotion, in the pretalkie style of direction. He chuckles and suggests, or, despairing, does a bit of acting himself. It’s fun to watch. Evidently, from what his actors say, it’s fun to do.

Mervyn LeRoy is no longer known as the boy director, which is all right with him. He got pretty tired of that when he reached his mid-thirties, although his slight figure and round face still made him appear in his teens. His bovish appearance occasionally complicated his life, especially in New York. Once the treasurer of a Broadway theatre refused to hand over the tickets reserved in LeRoy’s name. This, said the box office man, was just an office boy trying a very poor impersonation. The director had to hunt up witnesses to establish his identity.

He is ambitious and direct, this former newsboy who got into the picture business as an extra. He never used his relationship with the producer, Jesse L. Lasky, to help himself along. In fact, he usually kept that fact a secret.

He is a quick-witted little fellow, with an ability to whip up an electric atmosphere on his sets that is reflected in his pictures. For a while he was a gamin, a job he glorified by calling it comedy constructor. His first films were comedies, but gradually he’s shifted over to drama, to “They Won’t Forget” and “I Am a Fugitive,” with only an occasional “The King and the Chorus Girl” and “Fools for Scandal” in between.

Mervyn talks eagerly, waving about that tremendous black cigar which he uses like a baton when directing. Those black cigars, fragrant, and tremendous, are distinguishing marks also of Alexander Korda, the Hungarian who Bopped in Hollywood and made so conspicuously good in London. LeRoy is still determined not to rely upon family connections. Married to the daughter of the eldest Warner brother, he is pulling up stakes at the Warners’ studio and becoming producer-director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Then there’s Cecil B. DeMille who can
stage as nerve-wracking a scene as any of his actors when sufficiently bored by what he calls mental stupidity. His actors are terrified of him, and intensely admire him. He's absorbed in show business. His greatest boast is that, after fifty-two active years, he now finds himself a veteran of stage, screen and radio. Although it takes up what spare time he might possibly find, C.B. won't give up his weekly broadcasts. He enjoys too much the feeling of going into people's homes, sitting in front of their fireplaces, and chatting with them informally. Of the three mediums he seems to find radio the most fun.

This does not keep him from going on with the lavish spectacles he films each year. However his Dutch ancestors might feel about it, C.B. likes to splurge. He's a quiet man off the set, well read, friendly, quick to remember even the most casual acquaintance. His father was a playwright, and his mother, after the father's death, a play agent, C.B., like so many directors, almost had his war training too. He tried to enlist for the Spanish-American war, but was too young. Instead he went on the stage, slowly turning from acting to managing and writing. It was almost as a joke that he joined up with a glove salesman, one Samuel Goldfish (now Goldwyn), and a vaudeville performer and producer, Jesse L. Lasky, to gamble on films.

He has been making films since they first went on the market, and isn't bored with them yet. He has just, within the past two years, rediscovered American history, and can't get enough of that either. With "The Plainsman" and "The Buccaneer," he uses American history as background for his spectacles. That's the sort of thing he enjoys, standing on a high platform in the midst of several thousand extras and directing through a public address system.

There may be those who'd rather chat amiably with Clark Gable about his Broadway days, or discuss her return to the screen with Norma Shearer. But I'd rather hear Gregory LaCava admit, a little reluctantly, that he built up that crazy atmosphere on purpose for "My Man Godfrey." Mr. LaCava, once a newspaper cartoonist, has his own ideas about getting spontaneity into a picture. He doesn't use the surprise technique, like Van Dyke. He just lets his cast have a good time. For "Stage Door" he tried to get everyone into a merry mood. "My Man Godfrey" was to have a slightly humorous quality. Gregory LaCava kept up the clowning even when cameras were not turning. He joined in all the practical jokes—Carole Lombard can't get enough of them. He laughed at all his cast's guips and stunts. The set was like a handsome insane asylum.

LaCava will tell you that comedies, especially those where he does so well, work hard. He'd much rather make dramas because they're easier. Neither he nor his actors have to play at top speed all the time. They knew were fun. He looks Italian too, with black laughing eyes and an insinuation upon getting all the fun he can out of life.

Frank Capra is another Italian, this time one actually born in Italy. He's not like LaCava, exuberant and party-loving. Capra is quiet, so quiet that even a producer doesn't try to talk him down. It would be no use. Capra's quiet is one of his strengths. He's a little fellow, like so many directors, some five feet four inches tall. He's worked at practically everything from singing in cafes for his supper to pruning trees at twenty cents an hour. His picture career, starting as a gagman, was all ups and downs, with some of the downs pretty heartbreaking, until Columbia gave him a chance.

He has a definite taste in stories, and thinks "Lady for a Day" his favorite film,
Excite men's admiration the Admiration way

- You can't blame men for preferring girls with clean, soft, youthful hair—such qualities enchant a man! So guard your loveliness with Admiration—the new Oil shampoo that is different from all others. Its rich, creamy lather whisks away dirt, dandruff and dulling film—rinses away completely in water—leaving your hair clean, soft, manageable, allureously beautiful. And remember, Admiration does not dry nor age your hair—leaves it fuller and younger! At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

Should you prefer an oil shampoo that makes no lather, ask for Admiration Olive Oil Shampoo in the RED package.

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Without Calomel—and You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk 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 to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. See all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

because it was so like a fairy tale. He likes to experiment but is more cautious about suggesting it since "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," which he really liked, proved a flop. He takes a long time making his films, working often for a year ahead on the script, as he did with "Lost Horizon" and as he's doing now with "You Can't Take It With You." He and his scenario writer, Robert Riskin, went around asking everyone they met how they'd like to live in Shangri-La and why, before they made "Lost Horizon." Out of all the answers they concocted their idea of a place they'd like to stay forever. And, to a prejudiced observer, it looked just like Hollywood.

There are lots of Italians among the better directors. Capra is the dreamer type, his mind seldom off his work, concentrated, and ambitious. Frank Borzage takes his work in his stride, having a lot of fun along with it. He doesn't mind staying up until two in the morning, talking of everything but his picture, and turning up on the set at eight o'clock in fine fettle. His films, even back in "Seventh Heaven" days, have usually been tender love stories. His background is a Utah mind, where he worked as he saved up money for a correspondence course. It was acting that he learned at long distance, but the course didn't help him get a job. He got into the theater as a property boy, back in the days when he was sixteen.

Borzage would rather talk about polo than pictures, and about anything but himself. But he'll tell you grand stories about his actors, always with the affection he seems to have for anyone in his cast.

It is from their directors that you can learn the truth about the stars, about Carole Lombard's generosity from Wesley Ruggles who directed her in "True Confession" and gives that high-spirited young lady all credit for the picture. Wesley is the brother of Charlie Ruggles, but much more serious about his comedy. He got scared in the middle of "True Confession" because everything was going so well. Carole always arrived early in the morning. She had sent flowers to Una Merkel, whom she had never met, on the day that Metro actress first reported on the Paramount lot. She had kept the whole cast got-tempered. Ruggles couldn't believe his luck. He was still scared, till the picture opened and began building up box office receipts.

Ruggles will tell you of that month at Sun Valley, Idaho, when everyone had a vacation but himself. He didn't dare ski like Claudette Colbert, or skate like Melyn Douglas. Someone had to avoid a broken leg, and probably that person had better be the director.

There's only one woman director now in Hollywood. She is the tailored, hard-working Dorothy Arzner. She is a much more colorful character than most of the stars, with a Hollywood background that began in her childhood. Her father ran the old Hoffman café where William S. Hart Erich von Stroheim, D. W. Griffith, Charlie Chaplin, Wallace and Noah Beery, Raymond Griffith, Frank Lloyd and the rest of the pioneers used to eat whenever they could afford it. They used to talk about directing. Dorothy, sitting on James Cruze's knee, knew all about studios long before she had ever been inside one. Years later she got her first movie job as a typist in the script department. She began to hunt other jobs, to work as a script girl, to assist the cutters, to write scenarios on her own time. She has not made many pictures. Hollywood still is wary of women directors. Last year she directed "Craig's Wife," and this year "The Bride Wore Red." She is a crisp, young woman, who thinks there is a decidedly large place in motion pictures for women. Miss Arzner does not go in for glamour. She is too busy.

But for glamour, real glamour, there is always Walt Disney. Even in Hollywood, where Greta Garbo hides out so publicly, there is curiosity about Walter Edward Disney. Mr. Disney makes no attempt to hide out. He's always there, in his studio playing with Mickey Mouse or the Seven Dwarfs, or at home playing with his own small daughters.

Kay Francis can talk about the clothes she will wear in her next film, and Spencer Tracy about how bad he was in his last film. He is always sure he was bad in his last film. But Walt Disney knows why he made "Snow White" and whether or not Dopey is likely to become as big a star as Donald Duck. He knows that there are certain vital rules about animated cartoons, one that forbids real harm coming to any animal, even a villain, which has been individualized. He will say too that anything can be made likeable, even a spider. There's rather a cute spider in "Snow White." He's sure that, if he wanted to try, he could turn a snake into a hero.

There's usually both simplicity and vital-
ity in these directors, from that ex-engineer, Clarence Brown, flying all about the country in his own plane when he’s not directing such Greta Garbo pictures as “Anna Christie,” “Romance,” and “Conquest,” to Frank Lloyd, who runs a small ranch in between such films as “Maid of Salem” and “Wells Fargo.” Frank Lloyd, born in Scotland of English parents, is now fascinated with American history.

Over in Europe the directors are even more mobile. There’s Alfred Hitchcock, that rotund gourmet whose hobby is timetables. He can ask questions quicker than any interviewer. He wants to know about everything, the tiniest detail of American life. His avid curiosity has taken him all over Europe, to the most unexpected corners of the Balkans, but it has never gotten him over here. He has not yet had enough time away from such thrillers as “39 Steps” and “The Man Who Knew Too Much,” to collect all the American timetables and recipes he wants.

Rene Clair, French, dapper, and possessed of an English vocabulary that revolves around the word “scram,” is also curious about America, curious enough to come to New York but not to stay in Hollywood. He made “The Ghost Goes West” in England, and he’s making another there now. If you talk to Norman Taurog, that gentle red-nosed fellow, he’ll talk about children, his own and those he has discovered or directed, from his wife’s nephew, Jackie Cooper, to small Tom Kelly of the Bronx, the latest Tom Sawyer. If you wander out on Archie Mayo’s set, you’ll spend an hour laughing.

William K. Howard, working now in London because he tired of Hollywood studio politics, is an expert at melodrama, and describes it as a situation where somebody wants something and someone else doesn’t want him to get it. Anatole Litvak, of “Tovarich,” is solemn about his directing, he doesn’t like jokes on his set, even when making a comedy: he insists upon silence. Recently married to the gay and bubbling Miriam Hopkins, he remains one of the most serious men in Hollywood.

It was Cecil B. DeMille who said he begged his actors not to try picking out stories for themselves. A star could always see a part, he said, but never a play. Perhaps that’s why these directors, a colorful lot in themselves, are the ones who give the best picture Hollywood. There’s Henry Hathaway, who was a child actor at six and a second assistant director at the age of twelve. There’s Raoul Walsh, who used to be a matinee idol, and Robert Z. Leonard, whose second cousin was Lillian Russell. Roberton W. Monaco, born in Tiflis, had years of directing opera before he ever saw Hollywood. Edward H. Griffith was a newspaperman.

They’re conscious of no glamour, these hard-working men, not about themselves anyway. They leave that to the stars, letting them weigh each word or worry less carelessly what they are publicly. The directors, quick-witted Lubitsch, Henry King who looks more like a bank president and talks like a college professor, the stormy petrel, Fritz Lang of “Fury,” these are the ones who see the play as well as the part. It’s Leo McCarey who can tell you that Ralph Bellamy didn’t want to play comedy until he danced in “The Awful Truth” and that now he doesn’t want to do anything else. It’s Frank Lloyd who can tell you the excitement of making “Mutiny on the Bounty” and Sidney Franklin, quiet and scholarly, who knows all about the complications of “The Good Earth.”

They may not have glamour, that unreal atmosphere with which the stars conscientiously try to surround themselves, but they’re grand company—and they are Hollywood.

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“She had lost her job — was returning home a failure. She couldn’t believe that her work had been unsatisfactory . . .

“ITOLD HER, before we landed, about a special lipstick with a protective Beauty-Cream base that I’ve heard praised by many screen and stage beauties. The other day I had this letter from her.

“ALTHOUGH YOUNG and well-dressed, she had let unsightly rashes, chapped lips spoil her looks. All men—even employers! — like to see a girl looking her best, with smooth, lovely lips . . .

“The Kissproof Lipstick in 5 luscious shades at drug and department stores . . .

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SCENARIO BY RICHARD ARLEN

SCREENLAND

87

SCENARIO BY RICHARD ARLEN

SCREENLAND

87
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Joan, Dick & Co.

Continued from page 31

He was waiting patiently for his mother's return. "Oh, yes, the baby," said Joan guiltily. "Why, I just wrote God a little note and said please send us a little boy or a little girl.

"Huh," said Nornie, "That's the way you talk to Santa Claus." And realizing the grave situation, Joan could not bear to make it.

Fortunately for Joan she didn't have so much trouble explaining the facts of life to Mr. Powell Senior. But don't think it was easy for the trader with whom I merely gave him a prop smile and icily remarked, "It is indeed a pity that there has to be another one like you around the house.

And that's how Powell did it without benefit of camera.

Of course right now what fatherhood means to Dick Powell is a new house, and planning a new house always makes Dick happy. There doesn't seem to be a room they can use for the nursery in the house they have now. Dick wants to sell the house and build another one with the hill—no, it is, he wants to do that on Mondays. "Dear," says Joan, "if you are going to build you must start soon or it will be born in a tent." But on Tuesday, he decides has on a ranch, with a few horses and cattle, out in the Valley near the Stanwycks and the Taylors. "It's a beautiful knoll," says Dick dreamily, "and only twenty minutes from the studio." "It's a bump on the earth," says Joan who doesn't care for this back-to-front country, and it's an hour from the studio," by Wednesday.

Dick has decided to build an extra wing for the nursery on the house that they have now, and he knows where there to have them knocked down all the walls downstairs as he has always had a theory that one big room would be most effective.

"But darling," says Joan, "you must get me a house with a wall around it and a gate or I won't have any fans left soon. I lost seven more of them today. I was late for the studio and was running like a mad woman to my car in the driveway when I tripped over the whole family from Iowa, parked right there on our lawn. I smiled, but they looked at me like I was an hour late and had old slacks so I said, 'Please don't,' and I think they got awfully fretful. I can't afford to lose many more fans. You must get me a house with some privacy." So on Thursday Dick looked at beach houses.

On Friday, the "rushing" set in again so the Powell's set out to look at anything. Joan checked over the laundry mill, and Dick got a pencil and paper and figured out how much it cost to live a week. "We're in a double house before we're forty," said Dick wearily. "Our poor children. We must begin to save so that when I'm dead I can think I'll can't buy new for my shirts. Of course the ones that I am wearing now will soon be frayed around the edges. But I must, I am obliged, think of my children." The price of way up." The said Joan sadly. "Just talked to the butcher. I ordered hamburger for tonight.

"Ah, my little bride," said Dick. "You should not have taken to such sad details of living. You should read books, you should look at pretty pictures, and you should listen to lovely music. I read some place—"

"Yes," said Joan, "I read that chapter too.

The next day when Joan came home from the studio Dick had learned her and led her lovingly into the living room. On the wall was hanging the most beautiful landscape painting she had ever seen. "Isn't it beautiful?" said Dick proudly.

"Oh, Dick, it is," said Joan, "but Corsets are terribly expensive. You must have paid fifteen or twenty thousand dollars for it."

"Yes," said Dick, "but I want you to look at pretty pictures."

Beauty with the Blues

Continued from page 51

Sure, as something purely accidental and not worth mentioning. "Sure, I guess I was a good enough model, but I've always wanted to be a singer, with a good dance line. That's what I really fun.

Aha, I thought, so dawn is beginning to break. And break it did! During the remainder of the afternoon I listened to a story which, after taking my notes home and analyzing them, turned out to be so old—so very, very old that it's brand new! Especially for Hollywood, I'll pass it along to you and then interest you why Dorothy Lamour almost had to be hanged and threatened with mayhem before she consented to a film career. A film about Dorothy, as she has already mentioned, was a model in a large Chicago department store. All her friends and her boss and everybody said that she'd go far as soon as she'd gone unhappy, even as you and I. She needed to be a singer.

And that was another thing. When Dorothy sang for her friends at private parties and the like everybody readily agreed that she had a remarkably beautiful voice, but then, you know—why quit a good thing? And Dorothy, I think, realized that sort of chatter was about all the encouragement she ever got. At least, until one night when she and a party of friends went dancing at the Morrison Hotel. Now at the Morrison they have a Feature Night—that is, if you're present and happen to have any talent at all you're almost sure to be called upon to do a number—any kind of a number, whatever you do best. Well, what happened was that somebody in Dorothy's party tipped off Fletchie Dorotha, the orchestra leader, that there was a girl present who had a "simply terrific voice." Naturally, with Dot practically busing to sing, the band leader didn't have to plead and very hard to get her to sing a number with the orchestra.

And my breathless public that night wrote letters to Ms. Kay, without even laying down his haton, promptly hired her as featured soloist with his great dance aggregation and the next day Dorothy calmly walked into Marshall Field's and quit.

Now, right about this point is where the plot thickens, noticeably. For a whole year Dorothy had been moving about Chicago—rehearsed and worked and rehearsed some more and in general was having the most fun she'd had in all
her nineteen years. It didn’t seem possible that things could get any better, or that life could be any sweeter. But little did she know!

She fell in love with her boss.

"It was the darndest thing!" Dorothy explained, her eyes beginning to glow with a not-of-this-earth fire. "Herbie was driving me home one night after work and we stopped at one of those drive-in stands. Well, we were just sort of sitting there waiting while they fried the hamburgers—you know, kind of dreaming and watching the moon over Lake Michigan and then just—do you know what happened?

Dorothy’s mounting excitement was getting in its dirty work and she had me sitting on the edge of my chair—it was downright dramatic the way she was telling an otherwise commonplace happening.

"Go on," I begged, "What happened then?" At this point Dorothy’s excitement gave way to an—well, an ethereal look is the only word for it.

"Well, all of a sudden we happened to look at each other—and that’s all there was to it. We were in love, just like that! Isn’t that crazy? After working together and being in constant association for over a year we had to go to a hamburger stand to discover we were in love."

"And then did you—?" I began.

"Of course," Dorothy said. "There wasn’t any point in stalling around about it so we were married—right away. And Dorothy still had that look in her eyes when I left, an hour later.

So she married her boss and went walking around the streets of Chicago about three feet above the pavement and mentally pitied all the rest of the poor people because they couldn’t possibly feel the way she did. And Herbie was just as bad, maybe even worse.

And then, with a dull “crunch!” the blow fell. Besides singing with her husband’s orchestra in the evenings she was also working on the NBC Shell Show, and making quite a large impression, too. Then, with an utter disregard for Dorothy’s heart, the radio show moved out to Hollywood.

"That’s perfectly okay with me," said Herbie. "I’d rather stay in Chicago with you. I’ll quit."

"Oh, no, you won’t," said friend spouse. "You’re going out to Hollywood where the big money is."

And Dorothy said, "Why, the very ideal, and leave you here by yourself just when we’ve been married and everything? Don’t be silly!"

But Herbie Kay knew a "break" when he saw one and so, despite Dorothy’s tearful pleading to be allowed to remain at

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**Screenland**

89
home, he packed her off to Hollywood to see if his hunch wouldn't work out.

There followed long anguished months of separation by daily letters, telegrams, and phone calls from both sides of the continent, and finally Herbie gave in and said okay, we're going on tour and you can meet me in Denver.

But when Dorothy arrived in Denver and was having a swell time alternately laughing and crying with joy at seeing her husband again, Herbie said, "Here's a telegram for you—dinner before you go here." And when Dorothy read it and then tried to laugh it off as something of no importance, Kay was naturally, quite interested in this almost petulant jealousy.

"Oh, it's nothing," his wife assured him.

"Nothing at all," But when Herbie commenced to go on and husbantly Dorothy had to tell him, "Well, you see she began, with forlornness in her heart, "just before I caught the train I had to take a denver test. I didn't want to be honest, I didn't. But Paramount insisted and insisted and finally I gave in to get rid of them. And they took so long they almost made me miss the train".

Herbie, of course, was thrilled to death and demanded to hear more of the details of the test, but Dorothy was vague about the whole thing and said she didn't want to find out how it had turned out. Can you tie that? And when Herbie finally had to take the telegram away from her by sheer massaleness Dorothy broke right down and cried because she knew darned well what was going to happen.

Yes, the telegram was from Paramount studios demanding she return to Hollywood immediately to begin work on a picture. Herbie yipped with joy and Dorothy wailed with sorrow while Mr. Kay put Mrs. Kay on the next train to California. Without even giving her time to get acquainted with her husband again or to sing just one song with the band.

And that's the way "Jungle Princess" happened to be made. By pleading and coaxing and regular reprimands from Herbie Kay, who feared that her wife might ruin her splendid chances at any moment, if he didn't make regular visits to Hollywood between engagements, by walking out and catching the first plane headed east.

Cooperating, the studio saw to it that there was little time between pictures for Dorothy to get lonesome, by giving her a full schedule and included such pictures as "Swing High, Swing Low," "The Last Train From Madrid," "High, Wide, and Handsome," and her starring role in "The Hurricane." That not being enough for one year you will be seeing Dorothy in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1938," "College Swing," and "Her Jungle Lover," which is a follow up on her first picture.

At this writing Dorothy has just returned from her first visit to Chicago since she left there two years ago, where Herbie and his orchestra are appearing. And as if that weren't enough Dorothy has again shocked studio officials by serving them with the notice that in another eleven months she is retiring from the screen for one year to raise a family.

"I want to enjoy my children while I am young," is Dorothy's only explanation, of what the studio considers very strange antics from a star.

But Dorothy has proved to Paramount she is in dread earnest for they have gone ahead and planned another picture as possible in that length of time, starting with "Tropic Holiday." But if husband Herbie Kay doesn't keep up those regular visits to the studio, she's likely to walk out ahead of time. After all Dorothy Lamour is still very much in love with her boss.

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**Stooge to a Wooden Wit**

Continued from page 61

fair complexion. He is five feet ten inches tall and has the sort of charming personality that attracts the ladies. But, somehow, he has always been too busy raising his wooden offspring to prepare his lines and write his scripts to have much time left for romantic adventures.

Little did Edgar Bergen realize when he hewed Charlie McCarthy from a chunk of wood, that he was relegating himself, to the position of stooge to a wooden wisecracker who would soon become the reigning sensation of the entertainment world.

Dummy though he is, Charlie gets as much loving care as the Dionne Quintlets. Father, valet, masseur and make-up artistis Edgar Bergen, famed ventriloquist who is solely responsible for Charlie's existence. No one else is permitted to handle him and even the wardrobe department has to measure him under Bergen's ever watchful eye. But there is a reason for this. Charlie cannot be duplicated. So many of the best woodcarvers the world over have tried to catch the exact expression that is responsible for Charlie McCarthy's appeal. All have failed. And every time Bergen commissions another artist to try his hand, the same result is effected and Charlie is guarded with even greater care.

Should Charlie ever be kidnapped by gangsters, they could easily demand the largest ransom in the world—and probably collect, too. But even then they would be subject to prosecution by the United States Government for Charlie is protected by Uncle Sam more rigidly than many ordinary citizens. Until now there has been no great need for a special bodyguard because Bergen carries Charlie with him wherever he goes in a torn, battered suitcase that would easily deceive the average person as to the precious contents. But even if Charlie were kidnapped, he would serve the thief no better purpose than keeping a fire going for an hour or two. Just as Tilby was useless without Scruggs, so Charlie is speechless without Bergen.

So important is Charlie McCarthy that his birth records are kept in the Government files in Washington. The "birth records" of the hunk of pine to which Edgar Bergen has given such startling animation are the documents that patent, register.
copyright and trademark Charlie. Even Shirley Temple does not enjoy the distinction of such exclusive protection.

Whenever Charlie opens his mouth to flirt with Andrea Leeds, Myrna Loy or Carole Lombard, the movement is protected against imitation. Even Charlie's name cannot be used in vain without incurring the wrath of Uncle Sam.

Since his recent advent in films, he has gone a long way from those days seventeen years ago when he was a ragged, arrogant urchin with a single shabby suit to his name. Today, he is considered one of the best-dressed men in Hollywood and owns as many changes of clothes as any of the leading men. For his sartorial grandeur, he is indebted to Samuel Goldwyn. When Goldwyn learned that Charlie possessed but the single dress suit he constantly wore, orders were given to equip him with the best wardrobe available. Conferences and consultations resulted in the creation of one of the most enviable wardrobes in the entire film colony.

Charlie's clothes are always custom tailored and he prides himself that no one else can wear them as well as he. "Even Bergen can't wear my hats," he says, "which proves that our success didn't make any difference to me."

In addition to his white tie and tails, Charlie now boasts several business suits, sport outfits, a dinner jacket and the one bit of apparel he has wanted for many years—a genuine camel hair polo coat with a belt that ties in front. "Now," he cracks, "no one can mistake me for anything but an actor."

Before he faces the battery of cameras, Charlie goes through an elaborate process of make-up and as much time and effort is spent on the improvement of his appearance as on any flesh and blood actor. His hair is briskly shampooed and the red, tousled locks are carefully combed and slicked down. His fingers are manicured with a wooden file and every few weeks he gets a complete new coat of lacquer that makes him glisten with radiant newness. No sissy is Charlie, but for art's sake he endures a touch of eye shadow and a bit of lip rouge and admits it works wonders when the final photographic effects are produced. The last touch—a little polish on his shoes—and he is ready to face the discriminating cameras with the ease of a well-groomed man. But—oh—oh, Charlie's been talking out of turn again. So Edgar, his out-and-out jawbreaker where it belongs with a pair of pliers.

Although all the girls cry for him and the boys think him a regular guy, Charlie has basked in the spotlight of fame without a single threat of an imitator.

"This is very rare," explains Bergen, "but there's a very good reason. Charlie's enigmatic personality cannot be reproduced by any woodcarver. Every attempt has been made to duplicate him but none has been successful. Because of this, Charlie now has a stand-in like all other stars and this prevents him from suffering the glaring lights that take the starch out of most actors while the preliminary preparations are being made to "shoot" the scenes. In addition, Charlie is heavily insured and should anything happen to him his beneficiary will be well reimbursed for the loss.

Some people may call Charlie McCarthy a dummy, but he isn't so dumb. On occasion his sharp tongue even outdoes Edgar Bergen, who, as Charlie will tell you, is really a clever chap. Of course, he couldn't say otherwise because it was Bergen who took Charlie when he was nothing but an idea and made him what he is today.

Together, the two have gone a long way from traveling all over the world in second rate vaudeville to big-time circuits—from vaudeville to swanky night clubs, to radio
and finally to the top of all entertainment levels—the motion pictures, featured in "The Golden Follies," they’re practically sitting on top of the world now, and Charlie says there’s well and good—providing he’s resting on Edgar Bergen’s knee.

Charlie often confesses that he was conceived in the kitchen of the Bergen home when Edgar tickled his leg around watching his ma make her famous pies. Just for a joke, Eddie made one of the pies murmured "Hello! Hello?" as it was being removed from the oven. Mrs. Bergen looked at the pies suspiciously, not being a superstitious woman, she was a little annoyed rather than frightened. The only other person in the room was Edgar and she knew his voice too well to make any mistake about it.

"I did it!" Eddie finally burst out, "I made that noise, mother. Isn’t it wonderful?"

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, don’t let me catch you playing those tricks again." And Eddie didn’t talk to his mother’s kitchen—for he soon discovered that instead of being reprimanded for his ventriloquism, people were actually willing to pay money to hear it.

It was shortly after discovering his ability that Bergen got the idea for creating Charlie McCarthy, a real dummy who would be the attraction of his art. The inspiration was a little street-urchin newsboy with an impish face and bright red hair from whom the Bergen family often purchased their newspapers. With his wooden associate, Eddie started out to earn money even while he was still attending Lakeview High School. On Saturday afternoons, he entered into the children in the old Victoria Theatre in Chicago between serials. During the summer vacations, he worked in Chautauqua and his success as an entertainer multiplied his desire for a theatrical career. But there was one thing that bothered him. He wanted to go to college and it almost seemed as if he would have to postpone his career until he got his degree.

But good old Charlie McCarthy came to his master’s rescue. Bergen found that his dummy was a sensation on the campus and the students always invited him to all the college functions providing he bring Charlie. Soon Charlie not only became the most popular personality on the Northwestern campus but was greatly in demand at all sorts of theatricals and entertainments and was chiefly responsible for earning enough money to see Bergen through college. Charlie himself will tell you if it were not for him, Bergen would never have been able to graduate. And Charlie, incidentally, is the only dummy in the whole world who can boast of having gone to college for Eddie often took him to classes when he had to play an engagement.

After the pair left Northwestern, they travelled widely on a circuit that took them through every state in the Union and later to London and the Continent. On their return to the United States, they were confronted with the disheartening news that vaudeville, because of the sudden popularity of talking picture-breathing its last. For a while they led a hand-to-mouth existence. Engagements were few and far between and it looked like the future for ventriloquists was dimmed. Then came that climactic night of Elsa Maxwell’s party which was followed by radio engagements and night club appearances. Then came an offer to bring Charlie to Radio City, Bergen had a terrific case of butterflies wondering how the cream of society would take him. Engaged on a single week he remained, and the still existing records of the famous rendezvous. His next stop was Hollywood—all the picture companies were clamoring for him—and he signed so many contracts that the work would keep him busy for many months to come.

Right now Charlie McCarthy is a hit dizzy after making his first feature film. His wooden companion with the haunting images of lovely faces, intoxicating bodies and slender, dancing legs. But Charlie thinks the effects of love are too fleeting to have any lasting impression on his wooden heart. Instead, he is concentrating on the public’s reaction to his singing in the picture.

He then admits that Charlie is one of the very few people who can actually brag of a bona fide family tree and will even tell you where the tree grew. But on most occasions, Charlie is able to talk very much himself. He lets Charlie assume the role of spokesman for the pair, confessing that the wooden whiz does a much better job of it.

He will tell you he envies Charlie for his frank, outspoken manner and his brilliant repartee, but he is merely the other half of the real Bergen, the half that says the many things the soft spoken Eddie would never have the nerve to utter. The quiet, young Sweeney from Chicago has merely created a personality of wood that receives fan mail by the truckload. He has developed his brain child into a being whose name is known all over the world and he and his woman child in the country and there is even some rumor of putting Charlie up for President at the next election.

The impresario, too, can do away with anything and get away with it. He isn’t afraid of anyone or anything. He makes the sages of Hollywood go speechless with his direct and witty remarks. He parries them with withering wisecracks that would ordinarily demand a "smile-when-you-say-that" expression.

What Should Claire Trevor Do?

Continued from page 55

from foolish expenditures. When she told me she lived simply I was a tripe skeptic. But when she inventoried one servant, one car, one dog, and not even a swimming pool, I began to believe her.

She likes small parties of six or eight, dancing under the stars. Fred Allen comedy, and champagne cocktails. She admires Ronald Colman, Schiaparelli, Katharine Cornell and Mickey Mouse. The swing to Donald Duck and the Seven Dwarfs, she thinks, just indicates the fickleness of man.

In common with many another stellar body (Kay Francis and Brian Aherne, for example) Claire dislikes the lack of private life that accompanies a career in pictures. She hates to be stared at, phoned by strangers, elbowed for autographs, and harassed by reporters. She understands that she has let herself in for all this, but still she doesn’t accept it.

Recently a fellow player, Walter Winchell, broadcast of a gala evening that she was on her way east "to marry a wealthy New Yorker." As a result the press camped on her doorstep, followed her on all excursions, and even submitted her for a Statement whenever she so much as put her foot outside the door. "I’m not getting married," said Claire. "I wish they’d believe it and let me alone."

"Of course, when you’re working in a picture you can’t very well marry your soul your own. Sunday’s a holiday, sure. But suppose one invites you on a yachting party, Constable crowd, lovely weather, change of
scene—can you go? I should say not. Not when you have to be on the set, made up, at nine o'clock Monday morning. Yachting
dances don't break up at ten p.m., you know. And the camera will make no allowances. It catches every little bit of
derm under your eyes. It heightens every brow
line picked up from squinting at the sun.
It even ferrets out that morning-after
slightly tired look in your eyes. So what?
you ask. So you don't go anywhere while
you're making an epic. And in my case," added Claire, "it's all the more annoying because they're never even baby epics.

Twice in her brief but crowded career she
thought she was escaping from routine pictures, graduating into grade A super-
dooopers. First in "To Mary with Love," with Loy, Baxter, and Hunter, Claire more
than held up her end of the quadrangle.
But the Front Office didn't hear tell of it.
A year or two later there was the chance to do "Francy in "Dead End." Again the
Trevor talents came into play, but after
the cheers of the preview audience had died
away, she was promptly scheduled to do "Big
Town Girl." In this picture, incident-
ally, Claire showed her versatility by
switching from the usual ingénue to a zingy
French chanteuse. But it was still a B,
from any angle.
The problem confronting her is whether
to tear up her contract and freelance, or
whether to go on grinding out program pictures. There's the possibility of marriage,
too. Claire said she would marry the right
man tomorrow. But she hardly thinks he
will be connected with pictures.
If fact and diplomacy fail, Claire might
go temperamental. "Maybe if I start
throwing my makeup box into the arcs or tripp-
ing supervisors or barring the press from
my set, I'll be recognized as ze arteeste,"
she grinned. "I'll play any part, go through and privation, to get into a good picture,
carefully made—the kind that makes you
give all you've got." When you analyze it all, you decide that
Claire wants to get married to somebody
with economic security and a sense of
humor, not in pictures. She will be a good
housewife, she says, and playing before the
camera will never again divert her atten-
tion—unless an awfully socky part comes
along just begging for that Trevor person-
ality. So there you have it, Effervescent,
lovely blonde star wants for 
paradigm. Gentlemen, the line forms
on the left!

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Everything was
Loely...

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Even Snakes Have Charm
Continued from page 19

a heavy iron conical shaped dish.
On the stage were two chairs of the
director type. On one chair was painted
the name Miss Barrett and on the other
Mr. Swing.
Marcia hesitated as she saw the elec-
trician seated in the Barrett chair. She
watched him with a strange tenderness as
he bit into a sandwich and drank from a
bottle of milk. She may as well have been
elsewhere so far as he was concerned.
"Is this the Swing set?" she asked.
"Right." He went on eating as he calmly
and dispassionately looked her over.
"It's the picture in which Miss Barrett is
working?"
"Right.
"Where is everybody?"
"Lunch."
"Lunch?" she echoed, with a little catch
in her voice. "Oh yes, of course—lunch."
"Right." He chewed on, surveying her
shrewdly.
"What's that you're eating?" she asked
casually.
"Sandwich."
Phyllis Welch, Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

rose. "Got to go out and hunt up a cable before the crew gets back."

"I'm usually obliged to you."

"It's okay, sister, I'll be seeing you on the set."

"And you won't tell anyone I'm hungry?"

"Forget it. I been hungry myself."

Marcia smiled at him gratefully. "So long."

She began moving about slowly, sandwich in one hand, milk bottle in the other, as she swept the set with disapproving eyes.

Descending the last of the milk she placed the bent on the floor at the base of a sun arc, then hastily swallowed the last bit of sandwich as she heard someone coming on the stage. Her body stiffened as she recognized Anne Barrett.

Anne came in slowly — she was just strolling about. A gracious English gentlewoman, she moved with a regal ease. She was tall, black-haired, queenly—a person with rare poise. She gave a little start as she saw someone else on the set, then smiled with casual friendliness. "Hello."

"It's so kind of you to speak to me," Marcia replied, amusedly bitter.

"Kind?" Then Anne gave a glad start. "What's it make you feel?"

Marcia smiled mockingly. "The great English actress, Anne Barrett, patronizingly greets the lovely American extra girl."

"Patriotizing?"

"There's no other word for the manner in which the star addresses the extra!"

Are you sure it isn't only in the mind of the extra?"

"No! It's sticking out all over you. It's the stealing thing to do. It wouldn't be cricket to snub the poor little extra girl."

"Anne gave a sad little smile. "You haven't changed much, Marcia."

"No, I am still an extra."

"I mean you are still filled with bitterness and resentment," Anne explained, not unkindly.

"Not to mention disgust and contempt," Marcia snapped.

"Why do you resent my success?"

"I don't—I resent the way you got it."

"Are you perhaps suspecting scandal?"

"Anne asked in gentle amusement.

"Not sexual scandal. You English are too cold for that. I'm speaking of the scandal of patriotism—or rather its lack."

"I don't understand."

"You got where you are today because you are a foreigner," Marcia said cruelly, "because you are of the snobbishly superior English, with your broad a and regal manner that Hollywood is so mad about."

"I hoped that ability might have had something to do with it," Anne said gently.

"You know it didn't! You can't have more ability in my little finger than you have in your entire makeup."

"Perhaps that's true," Anne agreed quietly. "But I'm afraid you'll never lay a chance to put that ability to the test until you learn to be more gracious."

"Ah! A lesson in deportment from the grand English lady. But mark you then, Anne Barrett, I'll be a great star when you're back in the extra ranks where you belong."

"Well!" Anne gasped, then becoming more composed, continued generously, "At any rate I hope you do become a great star."

Marcia laughed harshly. "Oh, do you?"

"Yes, of course. And if it will make you any happier to know it, I'm going home. This will be my last picture in America for some time."

"You really are returning to England?"

Marcia asked with grudging wistfulness.

"To London. I've got to make a picture for Lawrence Stewart."

"He's the English ace director, isn't he?"

"Yes. Anne smiled softly. "It should be fun. We're old friends, you know, and we plan to work together."

"Kid sweethearts," Marcia ventured.

Anne smiled faintly. "Something like that."

"Well, I suppose that now when you have a start and plenty of money, you're glad to get away from bourgeois Hollywood and its crude American girls."

"No. I like Hollywood tremendously, and I love Americans. I'd even like you if you'd let me."

"That's just a pose," Marcia said scornfully.

"No, it's quite honest. And I'd be glad to speak a word to Swing about giving you extra work."

"Extra work indeed! Thanks for the crumbs, but I'll not be having any. And I can assure you I shouldn't have appeared on your set at all if it hadn't been most urgent."

"I'm so sorry," Anne said sadly. "I wish you'd let me help you."

"No doubt you do, Marcia flung at her bitterly. "I suppose this is your supreme triumph, that having once worked extra with me, you find it amusing and gratifying to go your vanity with such helpfulness."

"I wasn't conscious of any feeling of superiority," Anne said, gently forgiving.

"You aren't enough of an actress to hide your feelings, Anne Barrett! Besides, you English take little or no trouble to conceal your contempt for the Americans. You come over here with your tongues in your cheeks and go home laughing, but taking our good money with you—money that should have gone to American artists."

"You seem to forget," Anne said patiently, "that a great many American artists have been making pictures in London, for which they have been paid in good English pounds. Marcia had the answer for this except a stammering silence. "So don't think the friendly attitude would be to simply regard it as a fair exchange of talents and."

Before Marcia could answer, Walter Swing, the director, came in with his assistant, director property boy, script girl and electricians. In his late thirties, Swing was big, dark and handsome in a slightly brutish manner.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Barrett. All ready for the scene?"

"No, Mr. Swing. I'm sorry. I just came by to see the set. But I'll run over to my dressing room and hurry back. It won't take long."
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No hurry," Swing said with gruff affability. "There are only two shots and then we'll be through for the day."

"That's fine," Anne said, starting out.

"Good by, Marcia," said Walter. Marcia only glared after Anne without response as she started slowly across the stage. The assistant director had been having seen Anne grace the play and become ingratiated.

"You're a friend of Miss Barrett?"

"No," Marcia said coldly.

The young female opposite immediately became affable, in the manner of his ilk. "Then what are you doing on this set?"

"I was engaged as an extra," Marcia informed him in a tone that made him shiver.

"Oh! Name?"

"Marcia Court."

He consulted a slip. "Okay, now please get off the set and stay off until you're called.

Marcia left slowly, in sullen fury as Phil Burns was coming in. Phil was in his late twenties, good looking, a smart dresser after a careless fashion; keen, studio-hard and wise. He had a gib tongue, a tremendous amount of nervous energy and great personal magnetism. Phil had been around and knew all the answers.

"Hi, Walter, how's the old megger?"

"Hello, Phil," Walter said, scarcely looking up.

Phil sat himself comfortably in Barrett's chair, glanced at the set with a sardonic grin, then smirked at Swing.

"Ha! The good old Reliable staircase setup, I suppose Barrett, in velvet gown, will make the grand entrance?"

"You guessed it, smart guy," Walter replied warmly.

"She better concern herself with making a graceful exit—from pictures."

"Oh, Anne's a good scout," Swing said carelessly.

"Sure she is. But she isn't a good actress, and the dear public is fed up with paying good money to see good scenes with nothing to recommend them. Barrett's the staircase, not snoopy English manners and broad a diction. They want something more vitally American."

"Yeah, I know what you mean—something with whoopee—Indian pictures."

"You lose," Phil said good naturedly.

"Personally, I can stand a good deal of English restraint."

"The question is: it seems to be such a bore at the box office."

"Perhaps we need a few good publicity men to sell it to the public. Walter was casually.

But Phil wasn't unflappable. "The best publicity man in the world couldn't make box office draw out one of Barrett's. All work scientifically, individually and guaranteed satisfactory."

"And how would you know?"

"Because I'm the second best."

"Sweety modestly! And who might the first be?"

"Oh hell," Phil grinned. "I was just being magnanimous—you know, giving the fraternity a break. But things have changed in this publicity business. If the old days a smart publicity man could do a lot to make a star. But today the public selects its own stars. And all the ballyhoos in the world can't sell anyone for more than two pictures unless the actor can deliver."

"Say, what the hell started all this?"

Swing demanded irritably."

"'How the devil should I know?'"

"'Ready any time, Mr. Swing,'" the black haired electrician called.

"All right Sam, call your extras on the set.

"Okay," Sam went out right as Anne Barrett came in.

"We're ready, Miss Barrett." Swing said, "if you will please go to the top of the steps and make your entrance from the left archway. Now, all there is to this shot is your descending the stairs, rather ultra, ultra, you know. We'll have a small group of extras at the bottom of the steps, watching and awaiting your arrival. There are no lines and the scene cuts just before you reach the bottom step. But remember, this is to be the stairway entrance to end all stairway entrances."

Anne smiled faintly, "I understand." She gathered her train in hand and started up the stairs. The assistant director returned after seven extra, four men and three women, Miss Barrett among them.

"Place three at the rear post, Sam, and four on the side. They are chatting casually as Miss Barrett enters and starts down the steps. At her approach they cease talking and watch her."

"Okay, Mr. Swing. All right, gang, snap into it.

Sam grouped his extras, giving them ad lib instructions, as Anne mounted the stairs to the landing and disappeared into the left archway.

"All ready for the shot," Swing said. "Come on, Miss Barrett; turn 'em over, boys.

Anne entered from the archway and started slowly down the steps. The extras at the foot of the stairs glanced up, ceased talking and watched her approach in the brightly dumb manner of extras watching a star. All but Marcia, She was with that glacial stare. When Anne was half way down the stairs she tripped on her gown and fell in a heap, rolling on the steps.

Above the confusion that followed 

There was a high shriek of hysterical laughter from Marcia. The assistant director and the extra men bounded up the steps to Anne's assistance. Swing jumped from his chair and started for the stairs. Anne was now on her feet, being assisted down the steps. Swing met her at the foot of the staircase.

"Are you hurt, Miss Barrett?"

"No, I don't think so; just badly shaken. But I'm afraid the gown is ruined."

"Oh, damn the gown it's all right. I'll see you to your dressing room."

He turned to the group. "The company is dismissed for the day. We'll shoot the scene in the morning. Everyone will please be on the set at nine." He paused and then said coldly and distinctly, "Everyone with the exception of the young lady who laughed."

He stared at them sharply. "And who was that?"

"It was I," Marcia said with eager defiance.

That was the most unforgivable breach of studio etiquette, to say nothing of an exhibition of bad manners, that I ever encountered, Miss Barrett might have been badly injured. The assistant director will..."
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give you your check and I’ll see to it that you never enter this studio again.”

“Please, Walter,” Anne said, “it was just hysteria. She didn’t mean to be rude.”

“Oh yes, I did!” Marcia said harshly. “And don’t trouble yourself to intercede for me. I assure you I have no interest in ever coming to this or any other studio again.” She turned slowly, deliberately, coolly unmoved as she dismissed her stunned audience from her mind, as if having committed lese-majeste and motion picture suicide all in one breath, were of no concern to her whatever.

Phil Burns stared after her with a new interest as she disappeared into the wings, where he hurried. The company quickly dispersed, the electricians doused the lights with the exception of the utility lamp, and within a few moments the set was cleared and was much the same as when Marcia first entered.

When the stage was quite deserted Marcia entered, furiously, yet defiantly. When she was sure she was alone she crossed to the stairs and started up as Phil came in and paused in the protection of a flat where he could watch her without being seen.

Reaching the landing above Marcia disappeared into the archway for a moment, then made her entrance. She was very much in earnest as she essayed the grand Andy descended the staircase slowly, deliberately, even defiantly, as if daring her unseen audience to say that she was not to the manner born. Arriving at the bottom of the stairs she paused, relaxed, and slipped into a chair and, for the first time, her defensive armor of bitter defiance left her and she was just a pathetic, defeated young girl with a tremendous urge to become a great actress.

Phil Burns drew in a deep breath. Phil was touched. And to reach it Phil Burns! He stepped from behind the flat. Marcia was startled as she heard him coming. Then she looked at him with cold indifference, without any faintest show of interest. He paused beside her chair and stood looking down at her.

“You should have had an audience for that entrance.”

“Apparently I did—an unwelcome, detestable snack!”

“Check.” Phil calmly agreed, then with a wise smile, “Showing Barrett up.”

“Is that any of your business?”

“It might be,” he said easily, “Why did you laugh when she fell?”

“Because I was anything.”

“Oh! It is funny—another’s misfortune.”

“She’s a cow!”

“And you are a gazelle?”

“Is your pleasant remarks are leading to a dinner date, I don’t date.”

“Don’t flatter yourself, young lady. If you think I’d insult good food by sitting across a table from that sour puss of yours, you’re meaner than you look, and that’s an order even you can’t fill. However, I never allow discourtesy, bad manners, or even half-assed to interfere with business.”

“Business?”

“Business. And from now on until death do us part don’t do for an instant imagine I have any remotest interest in you other than business. Is that plain?”

“All right,” Marcia said wearily, “make your proposition. If I hear I’ll take it on.”

“Just like that!” Phil snapped.

“Just like that.”

“I haven’t a proposition; just an idea. And remember this you aren’t a star. God knows you’ll be tough enough to handle if you ever arrive. All I want for the moment is your name and phone number, and if you have any pictures you can spare, leave them in my office, No. 26 Administration Building. And if you don’t care to do that you can go to hell!”

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**Screendland**

97
"Just like that!" "Just like that."

Phil trotted away and then, for the first time, Marcia smiled—beautifully, apologetically, Phil stopped dead, staring at her as long as the smile held. It was sheer hypnotism where he was concerned. Then the smile whisked away and her face was again a mask, colder than before—in contrast to that smile. Phil shivered. "Did you see her?

"No!"

He brushed his hand across his eyes. "I didn't think it could have been possible. What's your name?"

"I'm Hepburn."

"Listen, Hardpan. I asked you a simple question. What is your name?"

"Do you happen to be Mr. Baumberg?"

"No. But I do happen to be important enough to make it worth while for you to answer a civil question."

Marcia considered this for a moment.

"Marcia Court."

"Were you born that?"

"I don't remember," she answered with catty resentment.

"Oh, you don't remember. Miss Gilly-endy! Well, do you remember how old you are?"

"Twenty."

"How much do you weigh?"

"A hundred and fifteen pounds," Marcia snapped and rushed on in sarcastic singsong. "And I ride, play polo, golf, tennis. I'm an expert swimmer, I dance divinely, play the piano, harpsichord, sing, and I have a complete wardrobe suitable for any occasion."

"You forgot to add that you're a consummate damned liar. Stand up."

"Why?"

"Stand up!"

"Don't be absurd!"

"Phil, this time I've been thinking it was your acid pan holding you back," Phil said with nasty sympathy. "It must have been your legs."

"My legs are all right!"

"Knocked or bowed?"

"Neither!"

"Nuts!

Marcia jumped to her feet, raising her skirt above her knees and revolved slowly. Phil drew in a deep breath.

"What if she demanded."

"Not bad," he said carelessly. Marcia glared at him. "Have you ever seen better?"

"Oh, I've seen a few."

"Legs—or better?"

"Both."

"Nuts!"

"How's your health?" he asked conversationally.

"How does it look?"

"I'll ask the questions—you give the answers. What I'm trying to find out is whether you're a good risk. Do you have any secret diseases beneath your healthy exterior?"

"I have never had any diseases!"

"I'm not trying to insult you, lady," he said, annoyingly gentle, "merely seeking information for business reasons. Let's see your teeth."

Marcia curled her lips back, clear to the gums, like the snarl of a she wolf.

"Humman. Rather too perfect. They aren't plates?"

"What do you think?"

"About the rest of the anatomy—do you have to wear a girdle or build the bust?"

"I seem to be cramping your style."

Marcia said contemptuously as she calmly removed her dress, then a gossamer slip, standing there in knitted shorts and bra—a gorgeous figure—rotating slowly.

"My God! You're the most amazing woman I've ever known."

She gave him a pitying smile. "If I hadn't been sure of the figure I shouldn't have risked that."

I wasn't speaking of the figure," Phil said absently. "Oh! Then you do think I have charm?"

"Charm? Well, I suppose you might call it that. Even snakes are said to have charm."

"Listen, you! Shut up!" Phil started away. "Don't forget the pictures, Office 26, Administration Building. Phil Burns, publicity. I may see you later in the day."

Marcia turned on him with sudden venom. "Have you been giving me the run around?"

"You wouldn't know."

"Say, just what have you got on your mind?"

"Not what you think, so don't be throwing yourself any social bouquets."

"You fresh so-and-so!

"And please don't cast any expurgated aspersions on my impeccable progenitors. It isn't lady-like.

Before she could properly respond to that one Sol Baumberg entered. Sol was a well dressed Jew, in his fifties, shrewd and kindly.

Marcia gave Sol a brief glance, calmly picked up her dress and went out. Sol glared after her a moment before he gave his attention to Phil. "So! What is this—a casting office, a love nest, or stage four of my studies? So sure as I'm Sol Baumberg, so sure I fire you!"

"But Sol, you don't understand—""

"Am I so dumb I can't understand a naked woman and the publicity man!" But Phil was mastered by a great enthusiasm. "Sol, I've got something!"

"Sure, you got it. Will you please listen to me before you draw any foul conclusions?"

"All right, all right, ain't I listening? Start the conversation, but consider yourself off fired."

"Sol, I've never bothered you with a lot of wild discoveries, have I? But Phil bristled with antagonism. "So, what have you found this time?"

"Something new?" Phil was jubilant. "New things I don't like—they cost money. And I wouldn't take the word of a publicity man for nothing whatever. They're all liars."

"Like is the plural."

"Same breed of vermin, whatever you call 'em."

"What are you so sour about today?"

"What makes any producer sour?"

"Sick box office."

"You said it! If you was that smart with your publicity the box office shouldn't be so sick and I shouldn't be so sour."

"Listen, Sol," Phil said, eagerly warming to his subject, "what we need in the picture business right now is something new in leading women."

"Do you're telling me what a thousand times I've told you already. But there ain't no such thing."

"There is, only you haven't seen it on the screen. All the screen uses the same clipped speech, the same affected broad a. the same sophisticated smiles and stock gestures. The public is fed up. They know everything any star is going to say or do before it happens."

Sol leered at Phil. "But you got something new?"

"I think I have."

"So what is—before I faint from anxiety, waiting to hear?"

"An alley cat."

"Some sort of a human alley cat. A woman who is so hard that it turns you cold to look at her, yet so beautiful that you can't help looking. A woman who never smiles, but when she does smile, even though that smile is a malicious jeer at someone, it's like a refreshing drink. And after the smile is gone her face is so hard once more you feel you give your right eye to bring that smile back again."

"I wouldn't even give a left eye eyelashes. You're wasting my time. I got plenty leading women and stars right now which I don't want. Already I'm burning up with expenses and you ask me to spend it all on the fires at Newcastle!"

"All I ask of you, Sol, is that you let me give her a thousand foot test and then promise you'll keep her right now."

"A thousand foot test!" Sol screamed. "All right, all right."

"Phil said rashly. "if you don't like it I'll pay for it myself."

"I'll take your thousand right now, Backer."

"But you will look at the test?"

"If there ain't nothing better I got to do at the time," Sol grudgingly agreed. He smothered his grin. "I'll have it ready for you tomorrow afternoon, following the rushes. You're in for a treat."

"If I ain't you're in for a vacation—without pay."

Sol stalked out while Phil went in the opposite direction in search of that strange girl, Marcia Court. (To Be Continued)
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